

Creatively Dangerous

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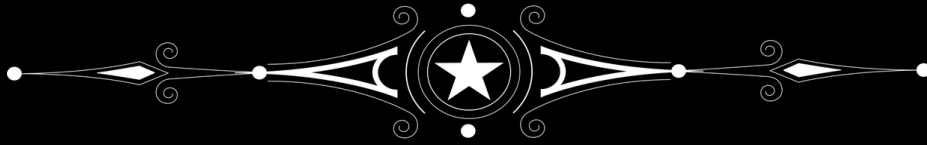
Commission for Dezblade

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: male human to female anthro dragon, gender euphoria, lesbian cunnilingus

Read at your own discretion.



It was a little sad the way modern book stores have gone out of style with the march of technology. People would rather flick through phone screens reading some barely inventive slop made by AI on Kindle than hold real bundle of printed paper. Razzen really appreciated having a family-owned place nearby that managed to stay in business, even through the pandemic.

The refreshment services were no mall cafe, but he enjoyed some tea and a muffin to nibble on while there. Today was being exceptionally good after the young man stumbled across an older fantasy novel from the nineties. Dang thing was amazingly preserved, containing the kind of romance stories people were too cowardly to right in these days.

Course, any story that involved courting a love sick dragon woman was New York Times worth by default.

"You planning to read that whole thing here, Raz?"

"Hm?"

Figures Stacy, an older but still pretty woman in her forties, chose one of the best parts to break him out of the fantasy. One of the dragoness's many knight hunters had just become smitten by her ability to make craft beers. After ten pages of heated back and forth, they were having a drinking contest with their lives on the line and...

"Oh..." Razzen blushed at letting his mind almost instantly wander back out of reality again. Not only was his phone reading close to six PM, but he just took notice at being more than halfway through this book. "Right! Guess I'll be buying this one then!"

The owner grinned, collecting his clutter of plastic cups and wrappers. They both knew if she didn't have to close he'd never leave. "Meet me at the register when you're ready then. I gotta lock the back really quick."

Razzen grunted in response. Once again, he'd spent more than a few hours in the same slouching position. Everything was so stiff he had to do several stretches just to stand without toppling over. Not his fault Stacy had comfortable recliners.

She was already waiting by the time he reached the front check stand with his latest find. Ring out was quick since both of them were clearly tired and ready for a restful night back home.

"Be safe out there," Stacy said on seeing Razzen to the front door. A usual parting phrase for her at this point with how often he stopped in.

"You too!" he replied without looking back. A quick hop down the stores three stairs took him directly onto a main road through town.

Razzen only lived a few blocks away and never saw a reason to drive here. Maybe when he was coming back from a work commute. Damn summer air was finally cooling down enough that this walk wouldn't leave him a sweaty mess either.

Things were a little quiet this evening, for some reason. Traffic was never a seriously thing around dusk to begin with, but Razzen felt off at the seriously long intervals before any car passed through. He shook his head chuckling at such gut instincts. Maybe he'd been reading too many fantasy and suspense novels lately.

"Excuse me!"

The woman's shout came so suddenly he'd nearly screamed at the jump scare effect. Razzen had been halfway through a crosswalk when he saw a figure coming towards him from a side street.

So many red flags went up right there one would think the man's mental scape was a race track or something. Despite the unbearable eighty-degree weather, this person wore a full body trench coat that bulge and swayed in odd ways with their walk. It certainly made them look bulky under there. Both hands were stuffed in deep pockets while a large hood hid most of their head. The only thing sticking out from their face was something that looked like a long nose covered in black and white fur with a pink tip.

Were they wearing some kind of skunk mask?

Their whole get up reminded Razzen of those joke means of three kobolds wearing a trench coat. He could barely hold back a chuckle when they stopped several yards away, as if afraid to enter the crosswalk themselves. The lack of traffic wasn't prompting either to hurry.

"Are you Razzen?" they asked amidst labored breathes. That extended mouth of theirs hung open and he could see a surprising number of teeth in there for a mask.

"Uh, yeah?" he took a quick look around with that off feeling returning in earnest. Every building and shop had their doors shuttered and lights off, making him take a cautious step away from this weirdo. Fighting the urge to suggest they don't wear thirty pounds of clothing in summer, he opted instead for a simple, "Can I help you?"

That muzzle, as Razzen realized it was, twisted into a smile that bared all its fangs. This woman was not wearing a mask.

"Thank the gods! I've been stumbling around this shit hole so long I was about to die of dehydration." A hand slipped free from its pocket, nearly making Razzen jump

again. Fear promptly turned to confusion upon realizing it was wearing a very thick ski glove.

And holding a very thick wad of dollar bills.

"I need your help for something really important. Here's five-hundred dollars up front if you come with me right now to discuss more."

What the actual hell was happening? Razzen stared at the outstretched bills being waved in his direction, eyes wide as dinner plates. That was well more than a week's worth of pay from his job.

Luckily, mother Razzen didn't raise an idiot. This lady's whole presence screamed bad tropes at his creator instincts. This was a scene right out of ten sci-fi and horror stories he'd read. Off the top of his head anyway. Going with her was a bad idea even if she offered four more of those stacks.

"Sorry, I'm late getting home." He didn't bother waiting for a reply. Only the biggest of restraint let him turn and leave without breaking into a run. "Let's meet up at the book store tomorrow or something."

A growl echoed across the empty intersection. There was nothing human about the sounds this coated person was making and it froze Razzen mid-step. Despite everything yelling not to, he shot a glance back. Whatever was under that coat was shaking so violently its hem fluttered about, revealing feet so malformed they looked like animal paws standing on the tips of giant clawed toes.

"Billions of humans in these worlds and I get assigned one of the few dipsticks with a sense of self preservation." She tossed the bills aside, seemingly having no care for the papers value. Instead, fingers worked at awkwardly tugging off the oversized cotton gloves. Under them was another set of black and white furry ones. "Whatever, I tried to be nice, monkey. Come with me or I break a leg."

It took Razzen a moment to realize those sleek digits she waved at him weren't gloves. Those feminine hands were covered in fur, sporting white claws and even fleshy pink pads on their fingertips. Of all the times now more than ever he wished he'd listened to mother and invest in pepper spray. Some lessons just don't transfer fully to kids.

"Look, I don't want..."

She didn't rush at him so much as explode. One second Razzen had an entire crosswalk worth of distance for safety. Soon as he blinked, this ominous woman had closed that distance and slammed both fist into his chest with the force of a runaway car. A discarded trench coat and hood were still fluttering in the wind back where she'd been standing.

And then Razzen was flying. Not staggering over from the attack, actually flying. The sky spun while wind whirled across his back. He might have gone a fair distance

down the street if the wall of a closed gelato shop wasn't there to catch him. Slamming into solid brick did still make him very worried about snapping a few bones, however. He stayed glued to the impact zone for a few seconds until gravity reasserted dominance, after which Razzen could do little but crumple onto the asphalt a wheezing mess.

"I didn't say we were negotiating, dumb ass."

Those giant paw-like feet entered his view from the floor, stopping close enough he could smell the dirt stuck in that toe fur. Razzen fought through the pain enough that he could glance up at his attacker with one watery eye.

She was a freaking skunk. Well, a woman with lots of skunk like traits mixed in. the trademark black fur with white stripes included an enormous tail sticking out on her rounded behind. Circular ears were currently folded back to match the agitated sneer she was directing back down at him. Their figure itself looked amazingly athletic, stretching out red spandex shorts and sports bra with generous amounts of fat in all her right places. Razzen might have been getting aroused by her if she hadn't just attempted to shatter his rib cage.

Holy crap. He was being assaulted by a furry of all things? There was no way this was really happening. How was she able to punch so hard or move that fast? It didn't look like she had an ounce of muscle under that fur.

Just to put a stamp on that weak attempt at denial, the skunk woman's lips pursed and sent a wad of spit shooting down, narrowly missing his eye. When it was clear he wouldn't be getting up that quickly, she fished around a back pocket for a flip phone.

"I got him," she spoke into it after hitting one button. "Hurry around with the car."

"W-who...?" Razzen rolled his back against the buildings wall, nearly biting his tongue trying to choke out words.

"Shut it!" One of her paws pushed against his throat. The pads on her toes threaten to choke his gaping mouth in the process. "I want to go home too, so just stay limp and we'll be done quick."

Turns out having one's face smothered by a giant paw was not as attractive as online artwork made it look. She only let up just enough to allow for a breath. Claws did a good job of limiting Razzen's struggles being so close to his eyes.

The suffering didn't last long when Razzen heard a squealing of tires. A U-Haul van came charging out of the side street the skunk had gone down, pulling a break slide so careless it stopped just shy of slamming into both of them and the shop wall. As if this night couldn't get any weirder for the injured man, the side door slid open, allowing a pig and cardinal man in leather clothes to jump out.

"Told ya the bribery tactic wouldn't work," the pig chuckled on his waddle over.

"Don't make me beat your ass too!" The skunk finally lifted her foot off Razzen's face, only to send it slamming into his already injured chest for good measure. He was sure something snapped that time while rolling on the sidewalk trying not to vomit. "Get him in the van before more humans see us."

"Geez! Chill already you stink witch." The cardinal hefted Razzen to his feet with the same effortless strength his skunk friend possessed. Those wing hands had no apparent problem holding a two hundred pounds human a foot taller than him. "It's not grandma walking her dog can do anything about us."

"We were still told not to get a lot of attention. We did you think I tried baiting...just get him in the van before..."

Something crackled with electricity, cutting off the trio's actions.

"That happens," the skunk finished with her most angry growl yet.

Static tickled at the back of Razzen's neck, making his hair rise straight on its ends. Coming with it was such a strong breeze he could feel his clothes fluttering about. Not just his but the three anthro's all had to raise their arms as improvised face guards from all the rocks and trash being whirled around in the gale storm.

At this point Razzen was sure he'd totally lost the plot. From what he could see looking back from the cardinal's grip, a swirling vortex of green and yellow colors had opened on the wall behind him. In a complete defiance of physics, the force of its existence was blowing away every nearby object, except him. The spirals of energy tugged at his clothes and hair like it begged him to pass through. Shame it wasn't strong enough to break his captor's grip.

"Move you idiots!" The skunk screamed after realizing everyone else had remained in stunned awe at this development.

Too late. Apparently since Razzen wasn't going in anytime soon, something decided to come out. He'd guessed that this hole cutting through space and time looked to be about five feet in circumference. The shark woman that shoved her way through was much larger.

"Oh, this is what's going on?" she straightened to a full height that must have surpassed seven feet. The figure she sported in a latex black body suit was even more jaw dropping than the skunks. Just one of her tits was easily bigger than Razzen's head. Her hips were wide enough they blocked a good portion of the portal behind her. A thick fish tail above her plump butt still had half of it disappearing into the ether. Waist length hair, impossibly colored black with blue on the inside, immediately went into a fit under the static field.

Her golden eyes caught his and that wide snout twisted into a smile so cute it made all of Razzen's current injuries feel superficial. Something about her aura screamed differently from the other three, which brought an unexpected comfort.

But then she glanced past him at the skunk taking a furious, if struggling, step toward them against the winds.

"Hey, Jennifer! Still up to no good?"

Wow. Her voice was gentle, yet carried the strength to be easily heard over all this displacement noise. Razzen would love to know how she was doing that.

"Damn it, Tamao!"

The skunk reached for something that looked like a toy gun, but the giant shark proved faster. They raised an open palm and a whole blown geyser of water erupted from her hand. It struck the skunk dead in her face, decking with enough force her body got launched into the pig so both took a tumble across an empty night street.

The bird holding Razzen made the mistake of looking at his companion's falter. That left them open for the shark to waltz up with a hard bump of her hips and smack in the back of his neck. Razzen winced at hearing something crack while his cardinal capture crumpled to the asphalt.

"Yoink!"

Talk about whiplash being released from one strong anthro's grip just to be scooped up into another's. Razzen couldn't manage a cry when Tamao wrapped an arm around him from behind and pulled him close. Something soft pressed in on the back of his head, easily warping around it like foam. She was hugging him right up to her boobs!

He no longer had the physical or mental power to resist if he wanted to. The poor man took one last look at the streets he'd walked home dozens of times before an electric tingle passed over his skin. The shark seemed to have just as easy an effort carrying his body as the other anthro's while they back stepped through the portal. Like stepping through any old door, Razzen's entire surroundings changed.

Things did not feel like that big an improvement, honestly. From the wide-open space and towering mountains of clutter, it was clear he'd been dragged into some kind of warehouse. Most of the immediate area had been cleared of the major debris so several tables holding lab equipment could be set up.

The portal was quick to seal up once he and his hugging shark kidnapper had passed through. Tamao was just as quick at releasing her grip. He had become so rattled by the past ten minutes that Razzen couldn't even think about standing. He crumpled to the cold concrete floor still sore where that skunk had struck.

"You'll be safe here for a moment, sir," she said, strolling over to an open laptop on one table. "Take all the time you need to catch a breath. I bet that was scary."

Razzen twisted his head around, but the retort he'd planned fell off his hanging tongue. Damn! Her ass was huge in that rubber suit. Seeing Tamao hunched over with thick fish tail wagging while typing at keys was hypnotic. She must have still been

concerned, though, since she glanced back after a few seconds and caught him gawking.

That muzzle opened into a smile that showed all her sharp teeth. "See something you like, hun?"

"Uh," Razzen needed a second before chivalry compelled him to take a sudden interest in the roof. Rusty sheet metal and barely working light bulbs. This place was ancient. "Is this real? How can anthro's exist?"

"It's not as hard as you think." Tamao shrugged and straightened back up with a snap of the enter key. "There's variations all over the place with religion and evolution and what have you, so whatever that amazing imagination can think of is probably already happening."

"What the heck does that even mean?"

"Christ, fish breath!" a male voice called out from the darkness, making Razzen's heart skip a beat. A figure he hadn't noticed before was shuffling from around shelves and crates to get at the lab area. "I warned you about giving cryptic answers and vague information to newbies. It just makes everything sound more convoluted."

Tamao shot them a raspberry, using the table for a makeshift seat. "I was wondering where you went. Explaining all this chaos is supposed to be your job."

A scrawny little guy shuffled his way forward on big digitigrade paws. His black and blue fur patterns seemed to resemble that of a fox, but the pointed muzzle, long ears, and enormous fluffy tail made Razzen consider them part squirrel. Meeting those bright yellow eyes clouded in black sclera brought a rush of recognition somewhere in the human's mind.

"Holy crap! Aren't you Desmond Fallout?"

Roaring laughter broke through the warehouse coming from Tamao. Her head rolled back, tits bouncing with every hard gasp escaping that wide maw.

"I knew we'd run into another reality where you're famous," she teased after laughs died into giggles.

"You shut up," Desmond snorted, hands sticking into the pockets of his red hoodie. Turning back to face Razzen, he worked a softer smile. "Yes. But not the one you're thinking of. I'd assume a fellow human that has some likeness of me used for their avatar."

Razzen found the strength to get back on his feet. This blue guy really was short, barely coming up to his chest. "Okay. So, what is going on?"

"You're the chosen one!" Tamao declared before Desmond could lift a finger. "Congratulations savior!"

"WHAT!?"

"By the goddess! Shut up Tamao!" Desmond had a hard time forming words trying to hold back his own laughter. With a sad head shake, he busied himself setting up some folding chairs for them to get comfortable. "That's a bit of a half-truth. Tamao and I are from separate realities from the one that created us."

Razzen was glad for the chair or he might have collapsed to the floor again. "You're from a multiverse?"

Desmond held up a flat hand that he dipped back and forth. "Kinda, sorta? Think of it as more of a butterfly effect. You know all that furry porn that gets posted online?"

A blush came over Razzen's face before he gave a stiff nod.

"Every artwork and every story has the potential of sparking its entire reality into being. We're still figuring out if this is relevant to the creators or just random chance. But it does seem especially apt to certain characters the more they are used in someone's imagination." The squirrel-fox's muzzle cracked a grin. "You would not believe how many Krystal's are kicking around."

"None of them want to date him so far," Tamao added. Somehow, she'd prepared a mug of tea in their explanation.

"I only asked two of them! Anyway, this reality you live in seems to be at the center of this creator multiverse, I guess we could call it. Lots of normal humans with no magic or substantial technology to speak of, yet boundless creativity seeping through the cracks."

Razzen forced a chuckle. "You make it sound like my world is falling apart."

"I'm bad at metaphors."

"And public speaking."

"Shut up, Tamao!"

The pair exchanged raspberries until Desmond relented. "Anyway, to make a long story short..."

"Too late," Razzen interjected, much to Desmond's annoyance.

"Many of you have been flagged with high potential at either creating some new avatar of exceptional power or whole realities to be cultivated. Some creations have taken a violent interest in this. We haven't figured out the exact leaders behind the organization. We just know some want to harness creation for their own greed, and many of their numbers are just angry at their creators at being made for fetish fodder."

"Not me, though," Tamao said, giving her body a wiggle that made her chest bounce. "I think I'm damn awesome. When I meet the guy that wanted a rocking shark

with big tits, I'm giving him, or her, the best thank you blow job of their life for my creation."

"And yet you spurn all my advances." Desmond put both hands over his heart in melodramatic pain. Ignoring the sharks giggle, he gave Razzen a reaching pat on the knee. "Anyone they capture doesn't really make it out the other end in one piece, so I'm glad we could get to you only a step behind them."

"Well..." Razzen's mind worked slow to process all this information. Everything he thought he'd known about the laws of reality were suddenly a lie. Not to mention furries were freaking real and one was rubbing his finger paw pads on his skin. It tickled so badly. "That's...uh...that's a lot to take in. So, what am I going to do now?"

"Mmh." He really didn't like the hesitant way Desmond grunted at him. "I would not recommend sending you back home. I'm sure you can imagine they already got you tracked cold."

"Great..."

"But you still have plenty of options!" Tamao jumped off the table, her tail dancing like a snake in her waltz over to stand beside Razzen. Sitting down somehow made her feel giant compared to his human stature. "The boring one is that Dessy is like a hub between thousands of realities. We can send you someplace safe and very close to your home world so it's like nothing changed. Better, you can go somewhere you won the lottery and live as a millionaire."

He looked up at her, though it was hard to meet her eyes with those boobs in the way. That kind of proximity was probably on purpose. He decided to turn his attention back on Desmond.

"I assume that means there's a 'fun' option, or something?"

The hybrid rolled his eyes. "She calls it fun, but it's a bit drastic. With the help of several rescued creators, I've devised a serum based on the essence that allows them to alter reality to directly effect a human's physical form. In short order; we transform you into a creation like us and remove the ability for those rogues to track you."

Desmond blinked at the way Razzen's entire attitude changed. Suddenly he had this guy's full attention without a sliver of fear in his body language. He couldn't help smirking at where this was obviously going to go.

"What kind of creation would this turn me into?"

"It's responsive to your desires as a creator, so the being you've most wanted to become."

Razzen seemed to think on this for exactly three seconds. "And there's...no downsides to this?"

"I mean, you'd be giving up your current life and having to start with a blank identity."

"Done deal!"

Both Tamao and Desmond laughed, shocking Razzen out of his earnest enthusiasm.

"Not even going to question this any further?" the shark asked, leaning in so her face was close enough her snout touched his nose.

It was so hard not to glance at those hanging boobs.

"So, you're saying you guys are going to turn me into my creation, Dezzy, with no conditions or drawbacks what so ever?"

Desmond shrugged. "Apparently?"

"Done deal!"

Tamao clapped her hands in joy. "As expected, no one ever takes the boring option."

"I still can't believe any of this is really happening." Razzen's smile waned at seeing Desmond approaching with a giant gun device. The glass container attached to its top carried some kind of sloshing orange fluid. "Is...uh...this going to hurt?"

The squirrel fox tsked softly. "Don't be a baby. No one's died yet."

"That's not a no!"

"It's not a yes. Hold still."

"Nggh!?" The nozzle pressed into Razzen's arm and gave off a loud click. There came a sharp sting of a needle, followed by a cold sensation running up his limb. The liquid inside that canister could clearly be seen emptying a lot more than he thought a human body should ever take in.

"There we go." There came another click before Desmond pulled back. A quick wipe of stray blood and fluid from the injection sight left Razzen looking no worse for wear. "Everyone always freaks out at the needle."

"That thing is kind of huge." Razzen shifted in his chair. The cold continued spreading across his chest, racing into every part of his body. Hard to tell if his legs were trembling cause of that or the anxiety of what was coming. No turning back now, either way. "To be honest, I was expecting something a bit more, I dunno, ceremonious?"

"Hey. I'm not a Disney producer. You have those in this reality?"

"Yeah, but they're really hung up on live action remakes right now."

"Ew. That's a tragedy. By the way, you might want to take off your clothes."

Razzen blinked, watching his blue host lock away that needle gun in a steal case. "Why?"

That got a shrug without Desmond turning his way. "Suit yourself."

"Wha-uuugh!"

Razzen's stomach lurched, making him hunch in the chair in a self-hug. Then his insides seemed determined to force themselves down and out through his digestive track. He tried to stand, only for his knees to buckle. Nothing responded to his commands, leaving him tumbling to the floor on all fours.

"I'll give you girls some privacy," Desmond said with an air of disappointment. "The new meat is going to need an outfit in a few minutes, anyway."

"You know she's going to need a lot more than a minute when this is done," Tamao replied with a knowing wink. "You're fault for designing such a kinky serum."

"I keep telling you this side effect wasn't intentional." The squirrel-fox stormed away in a huff, flipping off his amused shark companion along the way.

Their banter wasn't really reaching Razzen. His insides had stopped bubbling around, but now he couldn't quit shivering. Goosebumps sprouted everywhere with his brain crackling from the over stimulation. It sure didn't take long for this to make his member rock hard against his pants.

"O-oh godddsssss..."

"Trust me, babe," Tamao said, having knelt beside him for a few reassuring pets along his sweating back. "The best part is coming."

Something tickled at the back of Razzen's neck. At first, he thought the shark might be helping tease him. Suddenly he found his vision becoming blocked by the rapid descent of rich hair. His brown, short style cut was growing rapidly in a way that should normally take years to achieve. Bangs became so thick and puffy they could almost mask his face in their hang. Locks continued crawling around his shoulders probably going all the way to his waist in a gorgeous mane. The fact their pigment shifted into a sandy dark red before his eyes made the man's heart quicken.

"A-amazing," was all he could get out through the overwhelming pleasure. Razzen stared at his hands splayed out on the floor. Nails cracked with their rapid growth, developing a slight curve into thick animal claws. Fingers twitched in random intervals with the subtle shifting of bones and tendons that made them longer but thinner. They gained a very lithe, feminine touch while skin became covered in a layer of grey scales. "This is...actually happening? I'm becoming HER?"

"Exactly as advertised." Tamao's fingers combed through Razzen's new hair. It was so thick and silky to the touch. She found the changing human's ears already

moving slightly upwards and gaining shapely pointed lobes. "Hope you don't mind me providing a little emotional support. Although, looks like you're already having fun."

That was an understatement. Razzen would have been crying if she wasn't getting insanely horny right then. After years of hiding it, he...she could finally be her true self in ways never thought imaginable. Peeking inside the collar of her shirt, her stomach pudge that'd been year's worth of shame melted away faster than doing hundreds of sit ups. Waist caved in with a few soft pops, making her look incredibly thinner and curvy in some alluring ways.

The fat of her scaling middle didn't seem to vanish so much as relocate. Razzen grunted softly at the way her pants and underwear began pinching around her lower body. She watched over her shoulder the way thighs inflated so thin the denim looked almost skin tight. A few more inches finally caused the seams to burst, letting grey scaled flesh bulged out, soft and rounded.

Even then, it was her butt getting the lion's share of bulk. Razzen couldn't believe how wide her hips were stretching a forty-inch waistband. Cheeks bloated like rising bread until they spilled over and pushed the rim down their rounded bumps.

That half-mooning turned out to be helpful when the tail poked its way out of her spine. At first Razzen thought she'd grown an oddly shaped mushroom above her big hump. It's pointed spade wiggled a few times as if to say hello, then her brain became assaulted with enough pleasure it sent her dick throbbing. Having new vertebrae grow in one plate at a time, wrapped in raw nerves and muscles, tickled straight to her pleasure center. Growls filled the makeshift lab in her blind euphoria, loving the way that thing slinked between her cheeks with every inch of length and width it gained. The draconic tail only stopped when it'd surpassed her own reshaped legs by at least a foot, wagging it's pointed spade around the floor in response to her elation.

"Oh my gosh!" Razzen gasped at the way she could make the new appendage move on command. That was going to take some getting used to. Something to worry about later. A rush crawling under the skin of her chest called on something far more important. "Oh, hell yeah!"

"That's right, girl, savor this moment," Tamao giggled, following Razzen's gaze down to how her shirt was filling up rapidly with a heavily hanging mass. "You're looking beautiful already and getting hotter by the second."

Razzen managed to balance enough for one hand to pull down the collar of her tightening shirt. The way her chest puffed out, filling the limited space with nicely plump breasts felt too good to be true. She could actually feel the sensitive mounds getting squished back against her rib cage fighting for more space. Areolas stretched wide and tented little nipples poked through the cheap cotton, adding minor jolts to her already over stimulated brain. She wasn't nearly as thick as the shark cooing over this development, but Razzen was already eager to see how she'll look in a new outfit. Perhaps even a dress.

"URGH!"

Something popped just behind Razzen's narrowing shoulders. Suddenly her already cramped shirt found itself being pushed in the opposite direction. Some new growths were demanding so much space the nerves couldn't take all the pinching. Her mouth opened in a roar mixed of pain and pleasure. A long, forked tongue flopped out several inches too long for its home.

"Oops. Let me get that for you."

Tamao stood and sidestepped around Razzen. She couldn't see what she was doing with the mixed compression of breasts and something else keeping her grounded. There came a hard jerk on the back of her collar, followed by a loud rip. With one swipe of her claws, the big shark had torn away the former human's shirt in three pieces.

Razzen's relief was near instant. Her member pulsed several wads of thick spunk that leaked through her briefs cotton as she quivered on all fours. It barely registered how two large wings exploded out of her back in their newfound freedom. Tamao was quick to step back while they took a few test flaps before finding their synchronicity.

Having her tips bounce hard before coming to a rest squished between her biceps was something Razzen could really appreciate, though.

"Unreal..." she gasped between looking at her amazing chest and back at her shifting wings. Their dark red membrane almost perfectly matched her rich hair. Then there was the sexy way her feminine voice purred out every word. She really was becoming a whole different person.

No. She was becoming herself. Something that was all but a pipe dream an hour ago.

"The exact opposite, actually." Tamao was quick to rejoin her side. The shark dipped her body from one side to the other as if inspecting a puppy on display. Her gaze lingered especially long at Razzen's curvy new behind. "Looks like you still got a bit left. I can help with that."

"W-what...ah!"

Of all the things Razzen expected, getting gently rolled over by the shark's superior strength was not one of them. They were very careful to mind the wings and especially not sitting on that massive tail. She didn't have time for the world to stop spinning when her hips were yanked off the floor. Tamao easily shredded off her remaining pants, followed by the stubborn briefs, letting the new dragons butt smack against the concrete again.

"O-oh my..." Now fully naked, she looked down at her transformed body dumbstruck. A sleek, yet curvy body sat with spread legs showing off all its lovely grey scales. It was perfect. Everything she had created her personal avatar to be.

Expect for that penis glistening in its own spunk. It and the accompanying sack had diminished in size, but still throbbed a painful erection out in the open air.

"So," Tamao regained the dragon's attention by taking knee between her legs. Hands wryly played along the soft flesh of her inner thighs, working their way towards her crotch with a fanged grin. "What did you say your name was, cutie?"

The dragon could feel her face burning with a blush, but she returned the smile. It almost felt like a forbidden word on her forked tongue, yet the fact she could say it wouldn't hold her back. "Hi. I'm Dezyy."

"Nice to meet you, Dezyy!" The shark leaned in, wrapping the dragon's mouth with a kiss.

She tasted like salt water, which turned Dezyy on more. The dragon was quick to grab them by the shoulders and push in until their tongues were in an aggressive exchange of saliva. Tamao sure enjoyed letting her hands roam around Dezyy's curvy outlines, occasionally giving those lovely dragon breasts a squeeze.

Something in Dezyy's nose tensed and she wasn't about to let it stop her releasing all this built-up sexual energy. Her face was pushing back against the shark's muzzle on its own accord, nose developing into a long bridge while it flattened into wide nostrils. If anything, trying to work around a growing snout only encouraged the girls further. Their hands roamed across each other's bodies, enjoying their warmth. Their flavors.

Eventually even a shark needs to take a breath. Tamao pulled away, leaving a string of spit connecting to Dezyy's chin for a few inches. They stared into each other's eyes, taking in the fiery passion behind them. The dragoness could not express how much she appreciated such a welcome into her new life, so she let her hands reach under to squeeze those enormous globes in latex instead.

"Now that's a sexy face." Tamao used both her own hands to squish either side of Dezyy's muzzle. The dragon was almost sad when they started to pull away, until she realized the shark had eyes on their groin. "That's gotten too small for me, but we can still give the old you a proper send off."

"O-oh..."

Dezyy realized the intention only seconds before Tamao engulfed her crotch in that big shark nozzle. Damn, they were not exaggerating about giving the mother of all blowjobs. The shark moved expertly around her sharp teeth, prodding with a thick wet tongue that lapped up what remained of Dezyy's cock. Hard, deep breaths sucked tightly on the dragon's receding balls, massaging them on the way out.

Each little pass or bob of Tamao's head made it clear the dragons member was vanishing. Dezyy was all for that. She never hated her human life, but no longer saw a reason to hold onto it. It could all leave. The shark needed to take it all away.

"Oh fuck!" Dezzy writhed on the floor. Claws scratched long trails in the smooth concrete with minimal resistance. Muscles tightened across her pelvis, gradually lifting her butt high into the air. That didn't dissuade the shark clamped to her crotch. Their clear signs of climax spurred her to sock that dwindling nub of manhood for all it was worth. "Oh fuck! FUCK! Take it! Take my dick, Tamao! Make me a...ah haa! AAAAARRRGGGHH!!!"

The tiny spurt of cum that rewarded Tamao's efforts would have been considered pitiful under normal circumstance. But then, that wasn't the point. Watching Dezzy hump the air, roaring her orgasm to the world in a declaration of her arrival was a true beauty to behold. The dragoness undulated widely for nearly half a minute until she became stiff. That cute scaly ass remained lifted high in the air for much longer while she struggled to reclaim air in her lungs. Those boobs were still big enough they jiggled softly with every expansion of her powerful new lungs.

Finally, they flopped over onto one side, still taking in heavy gulps of air while the shivering died down. With the gradual return of her senses, Dezzy became annoyingly aware of how cold this warehouse floor was. Without even thinking about it, a wing folded over her figure trying to provide a mix of modesty and warmth. Looked like a few things might have come pre-programmed for this new self. Another thing she was going to appreciate.

"Hey now!" Tamao, unfortunately, wasn't about to let her be. The shark grappled both of Dezzy's sides and ignored their startled yelp as they were lifted back onto trembling paws. "I know that was intense, and you looked adorable when you gained your pussy, but this is no place to be taking a nap."

"R-right." Dessy hugged herself, accidentally hefting her breasts on her forearms. Hearing that magic word made it impossible not to look down and confirm what her still twitching insides were already saying. She had a full-blown vagina down there. One drenched in the glaze of sex. "This is...so cool!"

"I bet!" Tamao put a gentle hand on her shoulder, guiding them to the folding chairs. "It's so much fun helping creatives realize their full potential. This is why I love that I was made. You good?"

Dezzy sat down, gave a cute yelp, and shifted to get her tail through the back hole. "Yeah. I think so. This is just so much new stuff to take in."

"Take your time, girl. Desmond should be back with some outfits soon. He's got an endless supply, for some reason." Tamao licked her lips, savoring the dragon juices that lingered on her muzzle. A few quick steps brought her to their laptop, where one hand flew across the keys. "Any thoughts yet on what comes next?"

It was not surprising that the dragoness stiffened at the question. Dezzy had become distracted by the plush feel of her breasts again. "Next?"

"Well, yeah. You didn't think we'd just make you a hot woman and dump you naked somewhere?" Tamao smacked the enter key and smiled full teeth at the results

on screen. "Infinite timelines, Dezzy. What kind of new life would you like us to put you in?"

"O-oh, um..." That answer had already been decided before Dezzy had even started her transformation. Now that the moment had come, however, she couldn't help rubbing her knees together squeamishly. Pointed ears folded back with her blush. "I was actually wondering if you guys were hiring."

"Good choice, hun!" Tamao's hand flew over a few more keys before the answer seemed to click. Her fingers stopped hovering in the air while shooting the nervous dragon a side grin. "Wait, what was that?"

"I mean, I never really thought far past the notion I could actually become my fursona." Dezzy chuckled, forcing her body to relax under the shark's warm gaze. For a big fish, she could be surprisingly disarming. "You said the multiverse is infinite, so now I'm kind of wanting to go exploring. And I like helping people too. So, if there's guys like me in danger of being hunted, I wouldn't mind seeing what my new self is capable of."

Tamao gave a knowing nod. "Trust me, those sexy scales can do everything you've imagined and more. But I shouldn't be surprised a creative would give that answer. You're far from the first to join us like this."

"Oh?" That got Dezzy's ears perking and tail wagging.

"Once the blue punk gets back with some clothes, we can go over all our info in graphic detail." Tamao hit a few keys and closed the laptop. Her expression turned unexpectedly serious when facing down Dezzy. "You can make a final decision once you know everything we do."

That almost felt like a formality. The feeling of helpless fear at being assaulted by three anthro's was still as fresh in Dezzy's mind as the shark's blowjob.

"Thanks, Tamao."

"Don't mention it!" The shark's bubbly enthusiasm returned with a clap of her hands. "Now, ya hungry? We can at least snack while we wait."

"Hell yeah!" Dezzy's muzzle started leaking drool at the mere thought. "After all that, I feel like I could devour a whole cow."

Creatively Dangerous

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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.

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