

Rubbing for Scented Results

By: Firingwall

Story done for Marciwrites on Discord

“Alright, you just hang tight!” The red dog's tail wagged eagerly. “Your masseuse will be in shortly! He's just finishing up with his current client!”

“Of course, I, like, totally understand!” Molly nodded. If she had a tail, hers would wag too, probably even faster.

With that, the soft dog girl gave her a polite bow and left the room without another word. Molly was left to her own bearings.

The human stretched and tried to ease her eagerly beating heart. She took a moment to breathe and look around, really take in the room's relaxing aura. It was like most normal spa rooms but with a Japanese decor and flavor, right down to those sliding screen doors. Beside the door the dog left through, there was another that was opposite of it, opened to a lovely view of a little pond in the center of the building.

So fancy! Molly giggled softly to herself. It was hard to believe she was there and about to go through with things.

She had heard of this massage parlor from a few of her friends. It had only opened two months ago, but it had already built up such a reputation. Her buds spoke of how incredible the place was, how it relaxed the body and soul, shaping it into something truly special.

What effects it had only lasted a week, but the feelings and emotions it gave were unlike anything one could ever experience: total bliss and contentment. All one had to do was show up, explain what they “wanted”, and what kind of massage they sought. From there, the staff worked their magic.

It seemed too good to be true from what they described, but Molly trusted her friends.

So, there she was now. She stood there anxiously and excitedly, her body edgy with anticipation. She followed her friends' advice and thought long and hard before she came. She decided on what she wanted for herself. It was something special, something different, something she truly wanted to experience.

If this place could deliver what she sought, she would be eternally grateful.

Thankfully for her trembling body and soul, the tension was finally broken. The door slid back open when her back was turned to it. “Good afternoon, Miss Molly! I hope you are ready to feel it, heh!”

A heavy guttural voice had greeted her feelings. When she turned, she discovered that a heavy figure had stepped into the room, pushing a little trolley cart. He was a very large, very wide, very tall grizzly bear anthro. The cart he rolled in was full of body oils and other curious-looking bottles.

He looked down at her jovially, extruding a pleasant vibe. However, Molly couldn't help but flinch a little when he smiled a muzzle full of sharp teeth.

The bear didn't seem to notice, continuing to talk. “The name is Torben, bear masseuse extraordinaire that'll make your dreams come true!” He pushed the cart up to the massage table, stopping and cracking his paws. “I read up on the form you filled out. You want a very special massage. It's not something that a lot of people get.”

“R-really?” Molly thought about it. Was what she wanted really all that special? Was it really that different from what people wanted? If so, perhaps people should lighten up and try new things, like what she was going to do!

“Mhm!” Torben nodded pleasantly, rolling his shoulders and popping them. “That's why *I'm* here! I'm called in for these particular kinds of massages since I got the most experience with unique rubbings.” He flashed her a thumbs up. “You can count on me, ma'am!”

She couldn't help but smile. While that toothy grin was a bit intimidating, the bear seemed like a nice fellow. Whatever tension she had felt, it had already melted.

“Now, let's get down to business!” Torben clutched his paws together with a loud clap. “Please, undress and lay out on the table. We can begin then.”

Molly nodded, doing so. She removed her shoes, bow, choker and purple dress, putting them all in a neat, folded pile on a chair in the corner of the room.

As she took off her bra and underwear, she snuck a look at the bear. He was busy looking through the bottles he brought, carefully studying them and mumbling under his breath. It seemed like he was determining the right brand for this job, totally lost in his thoughts.

Molly stared a little longer, eventually clearing her throat. “Ahem!” He looked at her. “I'm ready!”

He doesn't seem to notice her naked, curvaceous form or, if he does, doesn't seem to care or be phased by it. He looked her straight in the eyes and nodded. "Okie-dokie, just hop up on the table like I said."

Molly nodded but did not do so. She instead merely sighed. Not one out of depression, but one that was oddly pleased sounding.

"Hmm, something up?" Torben asked curiously.

"It's, like, silly and stuff," Molly chuckled awkwardly, "But it's, like, super refreshing and stuff to see you not, like, react at all. No ogling or anything."

The bear laughed. "Oh, did you want me to?"

"Oh no!" The human said, shaking her head and then readjusting her long hair, "I mean, I do like attention, but it can be sooooo annoying sometimes. Like, so exhausting when all the guys only seem to care about tits and ass!" She motioned to both parts of her body. "It's why I'm totally getting this massage!"

"So, you not staring like you wanna hump me is so nice!"

"Well, it's just me being all professional, but I'm glad I'm putting you at ease." Torben smiled and motioned again to the table, gently patting it.

Molly gave him a nod and got up onto the table, laying on her stomach. The bear came to her side and spoke, his tone gentle and reassuring. "Now, this massage is going to go deep, very deep to get the results you'll want. If there's ever *any* issue, do let me know and I'll stop right away. I want to make sure my clients don't feel uncomfortable or awkward after all."

"It's fine!" Molly said, her voice also reassuring, "You gotta do what you gotta do, right? I read the waiver very closely."

To be fair, she had really skimmed the document more than anything. Legalese was so dreadfully boring to read and get through. Still, she was eager and ready for whatever it took to reach what she wanted. She was ready for this massage.

"Alright then, let's begin!" Torben rolled his shoulders again. "Just keep in mind what I said is all." He took one of the bottles from the cart, popping the cap on it. She couldn't see it, but she could hear it clearly. He squirted some sort of gel-like liquid into his palms, clasping them together and rubbing.

“We'll start with the basics: proper form and shape!”

A moment later, Molly felt her hair brushed to the sides and then, those big hands. They clamped down into her shoulders, soft, fuzzy, and with something liquidy on them. She shivered, finding them and their pads to be quite warm and pleasant.

With that, he began to massaged. She melted, her body relaxing and head resting deep against the pillow on the table. He was good, very good. He only just started, and she was in love with it.

As he massaged her shoulders, they seemed to tense and relaxed again. Slowly, they broadened, losing their curve and dip while rising straighter. They were similar to Torben's in a way.

Molly shivered as she felt his paws move down, leaving her shoulders and pressing into her back. They gently rubbed into her skin, starting in the upper back and moving down. Her back slowly thickened, if only a little, to match better with her shoulders.

Torben's hands slid along her delicate, narrow waist up and down, gently patting and pressing it in several spots. Goosebumps broke out, Molly suppressing a small coo. Her waistline also widened but not too much. It was no longer as narrow or had its hourglass-esque shape, but still retained a subtle curve to it.

Molly bit her bottom lip, quivering again. *Man, he has a way with those paws of his.* Her hands and feet clenched and unclenched. *Mmmm, feel sooo alive!* She giggled softly. *Ooh, I can't wait until he-* “OOOOOOOO!”

His paws went lower, right onto her lower, more sensitive half. They started on her hips, massaging them carefully and sliding across their curves. Surprisingly, to anyone unaware of what Molly wanted, her hips actually widened. They stretched just an inch or two more, their curvature enhancing.

The bear's paws slipped onto her butt, really causing her to quiver. They kneaded each cheek carefully, his big paws able to fully grasp each one by themselves. Her body felt on fire, excitement growing and want increasing. Were massages always like this?

Her rear swelled much like her hips had, but in one difference. Its toned, bubble butt look faded, weight piling into it. It was more chubby and a touch saggy, its firm shape diminished.

Just at the absolute height of it all, Molly felt some relief as Torben moved onto her legs. *Ph-phew! Got intense there, fosh!*

His paws rubbed and rubbed, feeling those lower limbs from thigh to ankle. His approach was slower, more efficient she felt. He got into every little spot on her legs, a shiver going down each. Each limb shortened a little, cutting an inch or two off of her height. Her thighs thickened, swelling to match perfectly with her soft tush and hips.

Molly sighed again, enjoying that sensation. Then, a fit of giggles struck her as the bear reached her feet at last. His fingers massaged them carefully, rubbing and sliding his pads against her soles and in between her toes. Her feet grew ever thicker and wider as he did, pushing her up an extra shoe size or two.

She wiggled about, unable to stop the giggling. The bear stopped, chuckling himself now. “My apologies for tickling, but it was necessary to work those feet.

“Now, I’ll need those hands of yours. Mind putting them against your sides?” Molly nodded, settling down a bit. She brought her hands out from under her pillow and laid her arms along her sides comfortably.

“Thank you!” Torben went to work on the hands. There were pleasant tingles as he did, her hands clenching a little against his paws. Her digits grew pudgier, fingernails shortening and looking like filed down. Her palms pulsed, hands growing just a bit meatier.

After a moment, Torben stepped back. “Okay, that’s everything I could do with you lying on your tummy. Could you flip over? I need to work the front now.”

Molly nodded. She wanted to do that anyway. The sensations from his rubbing so far had made her so tingly.

Plus, she needed to stop laying on her big tits. They were becoming more awkward and uncomfortable by the second. Hopefully, he would fix that soon.

She flipped over, taking a deep breath as she did. She squirmed as she released her breath. Her butt felt so tender and warm, so positively sensitive now as she lied on it. How was her front half going to handle this?

Molly watched as he squirted a bit more oil into his palms and rubbed it together. He gave her a reassuring smile, this time keeping his fangs closed up. “First, we’ll match these up.”

He reached forward and placed his hands on each arm, slowly rubbing and kneading them. She couldn't help but sigh pleasantly again at how nice it was. The pleasantness of it only increased as a smidgen of fat filled her limbs.

“Perfect! Now, the tummy!” He used both hands this time, placing them over her stomach and belly button. He gently pressed and held them there before rubbing gently.

The pleasure of it was incredible! A soft moan escaped her lips as her shoulders tensed. She did her best to stop from squirming and trembling. She never expected her stomach to be so sensitive of all things!

It slowly grew wider, softer, rising like baking bread in an oven. It only stopped after she developed a decently pudgy front. It was the kind that would give her a reasonably sized, noticeable muffin top. It felt wonderful.

Though, for a moment, enjoyment turned to anxiety. His paws left her tummy after finishing his work and moved up... and up. They came to her throat, both wrapping around and working it. A tinge of fear struck her, feeling such a large bear of a manbear pushing his thumbs against her fragile neck.

However, the fear and anxiety faded. There was no reason to be worried. He was so gentle, so sweet. She was at peace with him, knowing she was safe.

At the height of it all, she moaned. Her voice drifted out in a huskier, more boyish tone.

His paws slid up to her cheeks, pressing and continuing their heavenly massage. Despite their rough appearance, the smoothness of those pads on her cheeks was delightful. She could almost drift off to sleep in the pleasant stupor she was in.

Her eyes closed as her face trembled. Cheeks grew pudgier, jawline widening a little. Eyebrows thickened ever so slightly as even more subtle changes washed over her mug. Her face was positively boyish now!

“Okay,” Torben spoke gently, Molly's eyes remaining closed and soaking it in, “This is where it gets really sensitive. Again, just let me know if anything gets to be too much.” Molly was barely aware of his words, but she still managed a meek nod. She was ready.

Moments later, her eyes opened wide, jaw going slack. His paws were upon her breasts, groping and squeezing them. She uttered out the horniest moan yet as her body quaked. She felt those hands go everywhere, over the tops, between and under the mounds, and across her nipples. It wasn't that too much he indicated, but it was almost at that edge.

With it, her breasts deflated like a pool toy losing its air. They lost shape and form but didn't completely go away. They merely deflated to a wider, pudgier shape: the shape of moobs. They were a better fit for her chubby, boyish frame.

Molly panted over and over, eyes wide and tongue starting to hang loose from her mouth. It was a lot, but she loved it. It was all part of what she wanted after all, just with extra total bliss on top of it.

Her pupils dilated, any meager thoughts left in her mind scattered. His dense fingers went south, all the way to her loins. They came to her vagina and folds, slowly tracing their shape. He was careful, moving delicately to avoid scratching anything with stubby claws.

Even then though, Molly might not have noticed. She was in utter bliss, moaning loudly as the bear did his magic. She shook, pulsating as her eyes rolled back and her crotch grew wetter. It was so good that she almost missed a certain pull and then a push down below.

Looking down, her eyes widened. Torben was fondling a pair of balls and cock in his paws now. They were fairly average size for a guy (at least from her experiences), that rod erect and quivering eagerly.

It felt like any second now, Molly would blow her load with her new dong. However, Torben, with a satisfied smile, gave a nod and stopped. "There we go!" he remarked, "Plumbing all set and ready to go."

"Mmmrrumph... please... more..." Molly groaned, unable to help herself.

Torben chuckled, shaking his head. "Sorry, miss. I'm merely a massage specialist. I try to avoid going too far purposefully with my clients. It's not professional of me."

Molly gruffly groaned, disappointed. Still, looking at that cock of hers... no, *his*, he felt pretty good. His body was just great! He had such a chubby, guyish, but with a touch of femininity look to him now. He wouldn't be turning heads like he used to, or, at least, with the same kind of heads as before.

He was just fine with that.

Molly sat up, giving himself one more look over before saying to Torben, "Great job! I really like what you've done with me!"

The bear warmly smiled. "I'm glad to hear that, but remember: there's still more work to be done, right? I had to get your body prepped for this phase. It's when things get even "hotter", if you will."

Even hotter? Awesome... Molly grinned. He did forget about the second phase, caught up so much in what was just the opening. *This oughta be fun!*

"Now, once more, and I promise for the last time, if things get awkward or don't feel quite right, just let me know and I'll--"

"Oh buddy, you, like, don't need ta keep saying that!" Molly chuckled, "I'm ready for whatever you got next!" The bear gave her a nod and grabbed a new bottle of oil. The bottle itself was black and white, the wording on it being French from as far as she could tell.

Splattering the thick liquid into his paws and rubbing them together, Torben cooed, "Let's begin. Please lie down."

Molly happily did so, laying flat and still as possible. His mind was racing. What would Torben do first? What would he touch, rub, grope? Oh, please don't leave him in suspense!

The bear stood at the table's side, looking Molly over from feet to head. After a moment, he nodded and brought his paws down to his belly. He carefully rubbed and stroked its soft shape, getting around and into that chubby fat.

Molly sighed pleasantly, feeling the changes beginning again. There was no more fat this time but fur. Lots of fur. White fur sprouted all over the belly, almost seeming like it was pouring out of his belly button. It flowed up to below his moobs and along the sides, the latter of which began sprouting black fuzz where the white stopped.

Warm... Molly pleasantly thought, looking down his front. It felt so pleasantly warm. Would the rest of his fur be this nice?

Finishing with the core and tummy, Torben worked that chest next, massaging those moobs just as efficiently as he did with the breasts before. The nipples turned black and, soon, vanished as thick white fur sprouted around them. White fuzz went up to the collar bone, black fur taking over the rest of the way up.

"Okay, that's the front!" Torben exclaimed, looking proud. Maybe it was just him, but Molly felt the bear was moving faster now. Maybe the ursine had gotten used to his body or Molly had gotten used to the rubbing that he could notice such a thing.

“Now, let's add more fuzz.” Torben brought his paws to Molly's sides, rubbing gently them. He started above the hips and moved higher and higher, getting under his armpits. Molly chuckled softly, feeling that ticklish feeling again.

Black fur sprouted where Torben worked, leaving no visible trace of skin left. The toasty warmth of the fur increased, relaxing him further while adding to his excitement down below.

After finishing the bits, Torben moved right back down to hips and then the legs. He definitely was moving faster, a bear on a mission after finding his proper groove. Yet, despite the speed, the quality of the massage didn't diminish.

If anything, it felt even better now. Besides the relaxing warmth of the fur, his body felt even tinglier and more excited. Horniness was rising, his new rod throbbing eagerly.

After wrapping with the fur-coated legs, Torben was onto the feet. This time, his process seemed slower and more careful. There was more pressure applied to them in certain spots, specifically on the soles and undersides of his toes. The sensation didn't get a giggle or laugh out of him, but he still quite enjoyed it regardless.

As Torben worked those feet, they began to shake, toes clenching and unclenching. Black fur sprouted but not everywhere. In some spots, the skin puffed up and swelled, turning pink instead. Puffy pads came out as toes melded together, forming four puffy digits per foot.

When Torben released them, Molly lifted a foot up and wiggled her digits. *So plush, so soft. So very, very cute.*

“And for symmetry!” Torben pleasantly joked, taking the soon-to-be-former-human's hand. He massaged it just as carefully, leaving it in a state of black fur, pink pad, four digit bliss. He finished the first hand and moved onto the second one quickly.

Once done, Molly brought her mitts in for a closer look. He smiled, liking the shape and feel of them.

“Gonna work on that head of yours,” Torben spoke, pulling Molly's attention back to him. “Bare with me on this. I'm not really much of a hairstylist.” The bear shifted around the table until he loomed over the former woman's head. He placed his paws on top of it and began to knead, fingers going between his locks.

Molly's pupils dilated, an eyelid twitching. That felt amazing, somehow even better than when he originally touched up his face.

Molly's hair shrunk. From its long, flowing state, it pulled almost all the way back up to his noggin. The color faded as it did, becoming a silverish white that still had its glossiness. It shrunk down into a short, puffy, cute mane, a bang of it falling over part of his face.

Torben stepped away, giving Molly the chance to feel his new do and run his paws through it. Its texture and feeling were similar, but different. He traced the locks from their roots to their tips, ending on the bang covering his face. *Very nice! I can't wait to see what I loooooooooOOOOOOH!*

Everything clouded over with intense pleasure, Molly's eyes going cross and his body throbbing. Torben was back on his junk, massaging it once more. His balls pulsed and rod trembled as white fur covered his crotch.

Soon, its form shifted like everything else. Black fur sprouted over his balls, a sheath developing above them and at the base of his cock. The head of his cock turned pointy, the coloring turning a dark red.

Sooooo good! Molly panted, tongue hanging out. *Sooooooooo, OOOOOH!* His rod blew, spraying thick cum into the air and splattering his thighs and the table.

“Ooops!” Torben pulled away in time. He awkwardly chuckled. “Sorry about that. I try to avoid that, but it always seems to happen when one's equipment switches over to the wild side. Let me clean that up.” Molly panted some more, barely hearing the bear. He was lost in his own stupor, his rod retreating into his sheath.

Torben quickly got some paper towels and wiped everything up from the table and Molly's fur as best as he could. Once done, he went over to the small sink and washed up before returning. “Should be all better!” he said, reapplying the lotion, “Let's get to finishing you off, shall we?”

Molly weakly nodded, still not hearing him too well. He barely noticed the bear placing his palms against his ears, rubbing and gently tugging on them. Letting go, the ears slid to the top of Molly's head, pulling into triangular points coated in black and white fur. A trail of black fur was left in their place.

The bear's paws moved to his cheeks and nose, gently massaging them as well. The former human's nose turned pink, its shape becoming bean-ish. His face pushed forward, white fur developing around his mouth and eyes as black crept up everywhere else. Soon, he had a short but rather cute skunk muzzle.

Molly reached up and gently rubbed his mug. It felt so charming. He couldn't wait to nuzzle someone with it!

“Good good... let's flip back over. Got to get everything back there now.” Molly eagerly nodded, fully with it again, and flipped over for the bear. It was a bit awkward laying on his front. His balls and sheath provided the same awkwardness that his breasts did before.

Thankfully, the bear was fast moving on his back too. Molly felt those paws work their magic all up his body, the warm, pleasant tingle of fur sprouting following. Even if he couldn't see it, he could sense that everything was covered in black fur, no more visible skin left.

Molly was partially right. Everything was black except for a white stripe that ran down his back to his rear.

“Should be about done...” Torben said, finishing the massage on Molly's rear. “Well, except for the big, important thing!” His paw slid to the spot about the rear, the tail bone. He gently rubbed at it, occasionally putting pressure with his thumbs on one partial spot.

It was odd. All of Torben's rubbing had usually left Molly feeling sensual, excited, or even just warm. This, though, was a strange, hard to explain sensation being rubbed there. Not a bad one, but an odd one that he couldn't quite parse his feelings on.

He didn't have to think about it for long. There was a fluffy **FWOOMP** sound. From that spot, a big, puffy, black tail erupted forth. It was as long as one of his legs and wider than his torso. It curled a little at the end, a white stripe running to its very end from the base.

“And poifect!” Torben chuckled, stepping back, “My work is done!”

“R-really?” Molly's heart beat quickly as he sat up. He could feel the odd, floofy tail behind him. He couldn't get the best of looks at it glancing over his shoulder, so he reached and tried pulling it around to examine it.

He stopped quickly, quivering. His tail was pretty sensitive to tugging, it turned out.

“Here, this will help!” Torben strolled over to the closet and rolled out a large, full-length mirror. “You can check yourself out in this.” Molly eagerly hopped down from the table and hurried over, moving up close to the glass.

The massage had done wonders. There was no Molly. There was a cute, handsome, chubby femboy of a skunk looking back. There was a lady-like, cute charm in his face and with his wide, curvy hips, he was an utter delight to look at.

“So!” Torben started to ask, “What do you think about-”

“I love it! I love it!” Molly blurted out. He spun around and shook Torben's paw hard. “Thankyouthankyou! I’m, like, soooo adorable now! You're, like, a master class masseuse or something! You're awesome!”

“Heh, thanks!” The bear shook back, his strength shaking Molly's entire body, “Glad to be of service!” He pulled his hand back. “So, now that you're set, let's talk about clothes. We can provide you with attire that'll fit your new physique.”

“Oh that's okay!” Molly nodded to the corner of the room. Beside the chair he had placed his clothes on before was a duffle bag. “I brought my own!”

He headed over and got out his new outfit, happily putting it on. He dressed himself in a delightfully pink, spaghetti-straped top with a short yellow skirt and pink panties, ones that were meant to be fairly stretchy in the crotch region. Though, even with that in mind, they did feel fairly snug on his junk.

Molly returned to the mirror and did a few poses, smiling the entire time. With his new ensemble, he looked even more dazzling and cute as a skunk femboy. He was totally going to rock this look no problem.

Hopefully, it would indeed last a full week... and wouldn't wear off at an embarrassing point. That certainly wouldn't be the blissful, relaxing experience he was promised.

He would worry about that later. After satisfying himself enough in that mirror, he packed his old clothes up and got out his purse. He took a fifty from it and handed it to the bear. “For all your incredible work, Mr. Torben!”

“Why thank you, Molly!” He happily took the bill and pocketed it. “I'm going to finish cleaning up here. You can head out. Just retrace your steps back to the lobby.”

Molly nodded and left, his mind already lost in thought. What would he do now as this striking skunk? Naturally, he had to hit the town and do some shopping! He needed a new wardrobe that benefited his elegance and fast!

Heheheh, I'm gonna get so many fans and so much attention... He paused briefly as he walked down the hall. *Wait... like, wasn't I wanting to avoid that?* His face scrunched. *Aren't I just putting myself in the same spot as before?*

Perhaps the skunk didn't really think this out as much as he should've.

Molly shrugged. He would figure something out. Besides, surely the kind of loving attention he would get as this cute femboy of a skunk would be way less obnoxious than the kind he'd get as a busty blonde, right?

THE END?