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# WERE IT IN STYLE

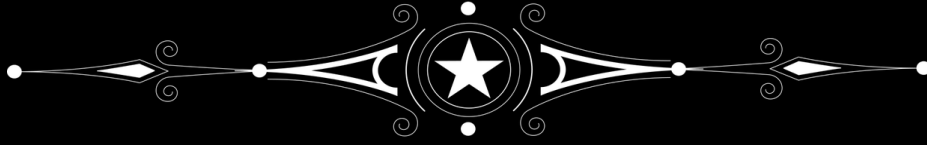
Commission for Jacob

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Human male to anthro female tiger, muscle growth.

Read at your own discretion.



The stupid needle refused to thread again. Kevin always hated this part about sewing. No matter how many times he tried wetting the tip it refused to go through the little metal eye. Eventually he had to look up a few videos on his phone to get things back on track. Social media was always nice for teaching a few handy tricks. Some simple repair jobs shouldn't be this dang frustrating.

And it only got worse for the young man after the shop's door swung open with a jingle of announcing bells.

"Welcome to Patch it Up!" he looked up from the jacket he'd been stitching with the usual friendly energy that came second nature to greeting customers. Making eye contact with the older man entering quickly dispersed those feelings of genuine friendliness. Years of working behind a fast-food register taught you exactly what trouble an analytical stare like theirs would bring.

"Where is Sonia?" The man snapped before Kevin could offer his assistance. Given they were holding three suit bags in a boutique it wasn't hard to guess what they might want. "I have a very important order and I'm not about to leave it to her...apprentice? Janitor? Whatever she's got you doing."

Kevin shrank back in his chair behind the workbench. He'd actually been taught sewing from his great aunt since visiting her as a little kid. What'd been simple child curiosity turned into a hobby over the years. Something that became invaluable during these post-college years, where the occasional commission work was the only thing paying an overpriced studio's rent.

Not that he found the nerve to utter a word of his life story to this pompous stranger milling about the store's display racks.

"Aunt Sonia passed away three months ago," he said barely above a whisper instead. "I'm Kevin, her grand nephew. She left me this shop and a lot of her best tools.

Answering the question bluntly didn't stop the man from glaring at Kevin like one did a trash spill. Even when the news softened their expression, it apparently wasn't in sympathy for the young man trying to find his footing.

"Well, that's a shame. She should have closed down and donated to someone with talent. Family is never good at carrying on someone's legacy."

Kevin bit his lower lip trying to pretend he was focused on his jacket mending project. He wasn't doing a very good job. Keeping a needle steady was hard enough without the hands holding it trembling with silent rage. Another reason he wasn't too

fond of these tools right now. They were a special set Aunt Sonia had gifted with her last request. The letter had described them as being imbued with ancient magic and were a massive secret to her success. They should have been able to improve not only his crafting skill but his confidence.

Talk about a failure on both counts so far. Any person with half a spine would have shown this jackass the door by now.

“Sorry, sir. We only got all the legal transitions done last week. I’m still getting things back in order and...”

He didn’t get a chance to finish, much less react before the man flopped his trio of body bags on the workbench right on top of Kevin’s struggling hands. Unless a pained yelp counted as a reaction. Kevin reeled his hands out from under the pile nursing the pointed finger where his aunts ‘magic’ needle had accidentally stabbed into it. That was definitely going to need a Band-Aid. Hopefully that unsterilized metal hadn’t cut right through a vein.

“Fine. Fine. I’m sure we can make this work...well enough.” the man continued, oblivious or indifferent to Kevin’s minor injuries.

It didn’t matter either way. That smug grin was just begging for a slap. For the first time in forever, Kevin actually found himself having to fight back the urge to deliver such a blow. At least there was the excuse of having to put pressure on his finger wound, even if the prick had long since ceased bleeding. The finger itself was starting to grow some fine orange and white hairs.

“I’m going to need a refit on all of these. The girls haven’t worn a classic dress in years, so there’ll be a lot of extensions involved.” The man tossed a fairly thick folder onto the clothing bags. “Luckily I’m used to dealing with a professional like Sonia. Here are the new measurements and photo references of the ladies that’ll be wearing them. If someone like you had bothered to learn anything from her, this should be all that’s needed. Right?”

Nostrils flared several times as Kevin steadied himself for a response. He had no idea where this slow bubbling anger was coming from. There was no comparison to a legend like Sonia. The shop still had some of her final dresses on display in the front windows. Up until the deed had been signed this had been a ‘for fun’ kind of profession. Such jabs should sail right over what little pride he had.

He clenched his fists on the workbench and slowly opened them, pretending to let go of the tension in his mind. All of his fingers had grown a fine infection of fur; orange on top and white across the palms. The hands themselves were getting too thin and elegant to resemble his anymore. What was really impressive was how his nails grew out the front of each digit into sharp black claws. “Sir! I’m not really experienced with just numbers to go off from. It’d be much easier if we could schedule your subjects to come in for a proper...”

“No time for that. We’ll need these done by Monday morning. The girls already got their schedules filled up with other preparations. You know the usual perms, waxing and what have you.”

Kevin let his jaw hang open with his shock, showing off lots of sharpening teeth. His whole face was feeling a bit tense with his jaw gently pushing out. Nose turning a bright pink as it rode the front of a stretching bridge. “S-sir! We’re not open on weekends. That barely gives me four days to... and I already got...”

“Sonia knew how to work magic. I know.” The man didn’t care enough to question the odd pitch fluxes in Kevin’s words. He was making a show of judging one of the suits near the back room. A personal project that still had a lot of work needed. “I can’t expect miracles from nepotism, but this might make good practice for you. Consider it a free trial by fire from a sympathetic old client.”

“Sympathetic?!” The word rolled off Kevin’s plumping lips with a bestial snarl. The anger was getting near impossible for his timid nerves to hold back anymore, nor was he sure he wanted to hold back anymore. His body began to tremble while the orange and white furs overtook every last bit of skin. Exotic black stripes even formed a pattern along his thinning waist and back. “I’d appreciate it if you’d stop comparing me to my late poor aunt. I...”

“Am just starting out. Yes. No need to keep going on with your sob story.” The rude customer had strolled over to the window of the fancier displays. One greasy hand reached up to feel along the hem of a Sonia made dress. “Her loss will have a hard impact on the whole community. It’s very tragic. Think of it as an opportunity like I do.”

Kevin blinked, ear flicking through his hair to rest higher up his head as two rounded lobes thick in black fur. “Opportunity? What!?”

“Well, you don’t expect to be paid a competitive wage when you’re new blood. Right? That’s just bad business. You’ll be getting tons more customers that could never afford someone like dear auntie. Especially when my associates all see the work you can do on short notice.”

He shook his head trying to deny the insanity being preached in his own shop. The motion caused his short cut hair to explode in a wave of growth as it swayed around thinning shoulders. It settled back down as a gentle cape on his upper back as a bright red mane. A few more pops sounded with Kevin’s jaws pushing into a proper feline muzzle. When he opened it to speak again, out came an undeniably female voice. “Sir! The rush order on materials alone will be pretty high. Not to mention overtime labor will be insane.”

“I’m sure it’ll be a sound investment on your part for the kind of exposure I’ll bring.” The man smirked hearing Kevin slam both hands on the table. Sounds of wood scraping the floor meant he’d finally broken the stupid boy enough to jump out of their seat. “Now that we understand our positions, we should discuss...a-are you all right!?”

When he'd turn back to drive the final nail it was a surprise to not see Kevin at the workbench. Glaring daggers back across the table was some kind of tiger humanoid in the proprietor's ill-fitting clothes. Instinct caused the man to stagger back, grasping at the front door. But no sooner had his fingers gripped its handle than a loud click locked him inside with this weird creature.

Making only angry growls and hisses, the feline that'd been Kevin made slow, deliberate steps around the table towards their supposed customer. Each time her foot slammed into the hardwood floor it seemed to send a spark coursing up through their body. Their height surged inch after inch. Hips slowly began spreading, gaining a harder sway with the swing of their legs. Seams cracked around their backside as it inflated into a pronounced hump. Pectorals disappeared with the rapid bubbling of soft furry flesh, lifting up the hem of their shirt thanks to two very pronounced mounds hungry for what room the tight garment could offer. This inadvertently exposed a white furry belly hardened by an impressive set of abs.

The man pressed hard against the glass door, even slammed a fist on it, but the portal refused to open. There was little he could do while the tiger woman drew closer, getting bigger and thicker with rich womanly curves in the process. She only stopped just a stride away from where he stood, by which point her eight-foot figure would absolutely rock any of the dresses around her.

An arm beefed with muscle slammed the door frame narrowly missing the man's head, eliciting a satisfying yowl of fear. Her other hand came to rest on the side of her striped hip only partially covered by now torn jeans. The thing that'd once been a timid human had to lean down far to even make eye contact. Eyes of bright gold and slit like a predator just dared this trembling upstart to steal a glance at the enormous breasts hanging in her tight t-shirt.

"So I should bust my sexy ass on a rush order for free exposure? Is that right? That's certainly a great way of paying respect to a seamstress that's always treated you right. Hey! You know what? It seems only fair to me, then, that you put in some free help with this for exposure too!"

Her hand lashed from the doorframe, making the man scream. A few seconds passed before he realized that instead of going for a strike she'd seized a tight grip on the wrist he'd shot up in defense. A hold she used to pull him away from the front and towards the fitting area with the ease one has carrying a paper bag.

"Let go of me, you monster! I'm going... I... I..."

The man's voice died in his throat after catching sight of his hand in her much larger grasp. Hairs of pure snow white were developing across his skin that quickly made their way along his arm. His digits popped and twitched from shifting bones, making them smaller as nails developed into manicured claws.

A sultry chuckle whipped the man's horrified gaze back to the tigress, which she met with another flash of her fangs. Somehow the smug satisfaction of that smile was more terrifying than her rage.

"Sadly, tigers were last year's fad. But we think it's the perfect season for bunnies."

\* \* \*

Kevin was concerned for a variety of reasons. One moment he was taking passive aggressive talk from a pompous jerk ass. Next thing he knew it was the crack of dawn the next day. When and how he passed out on a customer was an embarrassing mystery.

Much like the mystery of why he was in a dress. Sitting up from his work table immediately alerted Kevin to the fluttering freedom that came with not wearing pants. He could only stare at the crimson red gloves on his hands before moving them to fixate on the blouse sagging across his chest. Everything was decorated in golden leaf patterns and aqua studs.

This certainly wasn't one of Aunt Sonia's creations, much less his own. The shop didn't even have gold thread shipped in yet. Everything hung on his body almost baby loose, clearly designed for a very large person. Kevin's mind whirled with dozens of questions while he fished around for his phone. It was found resting atop an envelope and the box of Aunt Sonia's old sewing tools.

He'd meant to check the time and messages, but instead unlocked the screen to find his camera app already open. The video it had loaded was paused on a jaw dropping tiger woman wearing the exact same dress Kevin had on. The camera angle was from the selfie side, holding the phone in one hand while the other gloved one was frozen in a wave. Her grin showed off rows of sharp teeth feeling oddly familiar. Ignoring the immediate instinct to chuck the device and run home in toeless heels, his shaking finger pressed the play button.

"Hi, Kevin!" The creature said, her hand resuming a blurry wave. Now that she was in motion the clear view of her buff and amply buxom physique blew Kevin's mind. "Boy, this is awkward since I'm technically talking to myself. Anyway, if you remember anything from yesterday, this little call is to assure you that it was definitely not a dream. You totally turned into, well, me!"

Kevin's buckling knees forced him back into his chair. Eyes remained glued on the furry feline striking a magazine style pose that showed off her glorious bicep strength. It took both hands just to keep the phone steady enough while she waited a few seconds for some silent applause before continuing.

"I don't totally understand the details myself. After I put my dazzling charms on our...rather rude customer, I did some digging in the back office and found a letter Aunt Sonia left for us. You should really get to cleaning that up. I know it sucks, but she left us a heck of an inheritance. If I do say so myself."

His eyes darted to the envelope laying atop the sewing kit. The flap had been easily torn open, probably by one really sharp claw.

"There's a lot she goes over, but the gist I got is; you're a weretiger now. Congratulations baby! Turns out we have some magic in our lineage and that sewing kit of Aunt Sonia's was the literal secret to her success after all. We just needed a little prick of the needle to wake up the muse. I mean, what do you think of the dress I made for us in just a few hours? This is just our warm up."

He blinked, glancing back down at the crimson gown that tented his normal human body. There was that instinctive urge to answer despite this being a recording, until he noticed the tigress had glanced off camera herself.

"Aaaanyway, sunrise is coming and I can, I guess, 'feel' you coming back. Just wanted to introduce the new awesome you and let you know not to panic. This isn't some hostile she-hulk take over thing from the comics. I think we got ourselves a long and glorious fashion career ahead of ourselves. Feel free to change into me for help at any time. Oh! And Aunt Sonia did mention in the letter about being mindful of where you are during full moons." Her muzzle curled into a toothy grin. "I get to come out three nights a month whether you're ready or not. Love ya!"

The tigress leaned in to put her plump lips against the camera in a kiss before the video ended. For the longest time Kevin continued staring at the phone. He didn't need to hit the offered replay button on the black screen. The minute and a half introduction repeated just fine in his mind several times over. A complete run down of every she...he...that woman said was needed just to unpack one sledgehammer of information provided.

"T-this is crazy!" he finally put the device down only to direct his mile long stare at the sewing kit and envelope at his tables corner. Denial was proving a bit hard when he was wearing the dress he'd supposedly made in the course of a night. "Got to admit she does do a great pattern design..."

"Um. Excuse me, miss? Sir?"

Being quiet and meek didn't stop the voice from startling Kevin out of his chair. He scrambled up from the floor desperately grasping at his blouse trying to stutter some excuse for its existence. All his embarrassment melted away upon spotting that the speaker was in an arguably worse position. Sitting at attention in the corner of his shop was a white furred bunny woman in a traditional black maids skirt. Her equally coal black hair was styled back in a bun, making her pleading blue-eyed stare look cartoonishly large.

"H-have you been here the whole time!?"

The bunny gave a nod, making her long erect ears sway with the motion. Delicate hands with pink painted nails fidgeted with the white apron covering her modesty busty front. "S-she said I couldn't leave until I was dismissed. If she's, um, gone for the day, then could you...I mean, may I...?"

"My wha... Y-yeah. Go home or... sure." Kevin had so many damn questions, but at this point he wanted to curl up in a ball under his table until the world started making sense. He settled for retaking his seat and fishing out a bottle of water from his aunt's old mini-fridge.

The entire contents had nearly been gulped down before Kevin realized the bunny hadn't taken this opportunity to leave. Instead their posture had become more naturally relaxed while they'd taken a few steps closer towards him. At this range he could see her nose and tail twitching violently like he was a predator.

"I...um...don't suppose you know how to change me back?" Both furry hands clenched tightly on her apron. Her nervous gaze turned desperate. "I'll triple whatever my dresses would have cost."

The realization of who this cute bunny must have been proved the final straw for Kevin. His head rolled for a second before face planting onto his work table with an echoing bang. This was definitely going to be one hell of a career he'd just inherited.

"I'm guessing that's a 'no?'"

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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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