

The Bite of Popcorn

By: Firingwall

“Oh no...”

“Oh yes!” Rachel's grin was almost ear to ear, holding aloft her prize up to JD's face.

Her partner could only look at it with a flat, empty expression. It was a special movie bucket made to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Jaws. It was one of those tin buckets with the movie logo and poster on it.

That part was normal and wasn't what drew JD's dour look. It was what was on top of it, acting as a covering of sorts. The “cover” was shaped like the shark's head from the movie, made from some kind of plastic. Its jaws were open wide with the clear intention that you would have to stick your hand in to get your buttery treat.

“Cooooool, isn't it?” Rachel pulled the bucket back, wiggling her eyebrows at him. “I saw it at the concession stand and just *had* to buy it! I mean, look at it! It's so awesome!”

“Seriously?” That was all JD said, giving her the blank look now.

Rachel took it in stride. “Well, they didn't have any M3GAN buckets for our movie, so I thought this would work instead.”

JD snorted. “Oh no no, that's not what I'm getting at. Come on, don't tell me you forgot the last time you bought a bucket at this theater.”

“Oh that?” the long blue-haired woman laughed, waving her hand, “That was nothing. Sure, the Venom Head bucket was very messy.”

“Clean up got docked from my pay,” said JD in the flattest of voices.

“But come on!” Rachel wiggled the bucket again. “It's just fun! What do you have against fun, hun?”

“I'm against fun if it causes another scene like before,” he mumbled, “That was so embarrassing.” The entire situation was one of the reasons why he took a few less shifts at the movie theater these days, and why he and Rachel usually went to a different theater across town if they wanted to see anything. Today was an exception, the two alone in their auditorium.

“Oh please, stop worrying!” Rachel hopped into the theater seat beside him and casually leaned back. She plopped the bucket beside her, waving her arm in his face. She dramatically lowered her hand into the bucket, through the shark's maw.

A few seconds later, she scooped out a handful of popcorn. She shoved it into her mouth, leaning into JD's face and eating it with her mouth partially open. “Saaaa?” Crumbs fell out as she spoke, “Safe!”

JD rolled his eyes. “Fine, but you can enjoy that yourself. I still don't trust it!”

“Psssst!” Rachel chuckled, gulping down the last bits in her mouth, “Such a worrywart!”

JD didn't answer her back, just staring ahead with his arms folded. He focused his attention on the generic commercials for local businesses that played on the theater screen during the preshow. It didn't matter how cheap or annoying they were, he just didn't want to see her smug expression.

“Ow!” Less than a minute later, JD found himself looking back to Rachel after that little exclamation. She had stuck her hand back into the bucket, but it hadn't gone all the way in this time. The shark head's maw had clamped down into arm, just below the wrist.

The blue-haired woman grunted and pulled. The shark immediately gave up its prey and opened back up, the arm coming out with ease. She groaned, shaking her limb and whisking her hand about. “What the hell was that about?” she muttered, “Stupid prank bucket.”

JD didn't say a word. Once she stopped her shaking, his eyes focused on where she was “bitten”. There was no blood, those teeth too flimsy to do any real damage thankfully. The spots they dug into were just red.

Then, they weren't red. They were grey, grey as freshly poured cement. The skin looked a little... rough as well.

Of course. JD sighed, staring at her arm more. It pulsed, the veins and muscles in it throbbing. The grey marks spread out, merging together and crossing over her arm, up to her elbow before climbing onto her hand. Her mitt jiggled and jittered, slowly swelling up.

Her fingers twitched, light webbing appearing between them. Her fingernails pulsing and turning a dark grey. They popped and thickened, pushing to the tips of her fingers before swelling more. They soon formed stubby claws, befitting her beastly hand.

“What?” Rachel’s attention turned to JD, noticing his staring. “What’s your prob?” Her eyes followed his gaze down to her hand. “Oh... huh.” She twisted and turned it over and back again. “Well, what do you know!”

Her entire arm quivered and pulsed. Slowly, it thickened, muscles and tendons building up into meatier, stronger proportions. Grey, roughish skin spread onto her bicep, stopping at her shoulder briefly. In mere seconds, she had an arm befitting that of a powerful beast man, double, perhaps almost triple its original size.

Rachel trembled, grabbing onto her armrests. The bucket started to wobble in her lap, but JD quickly snatched it up and set it aside in the other seat beside him. He didn’t want to cause another mess... well, make a bigger mess given what was certainly about to happen.

The woman pulsed and quivered, her body jerking in different spots all over. Her shoulders both broadened at once, thickening into meatier proportions as grey scaling passed over. Her spaghetti straps on her top dug in. Her other arm ballooned to match the first one not a second later.

“Well,” Rachel chuckled, coughing a little, “I-I guess **you were right!**”

“No more of these special movie buckets for you,” JD answered back with a somehow even flatter tone than before.

“**You’re no fun, ya know that?**” Rachel huffed... and huffed again. More huffs followed, her chest vibrating with each breath taken in. Her breasts jiggled, drifting back into her torso. They were stretched out, matching her wider shoulders, their shapes more squarish by the second. So, they pulled back far enough to where they were now just puffy pectorals.

The widening spread downward. Her narrow waistline pushed out, her stomach bubbling and moving forward too. Everything widened and swelled, but the skin never softened. If anything, everything felt denser and heavier, providing the woman with a thick muscle gut.

All the extra weight and pressure was so much. Her poor top remained on, but it was stretched to the max with all the massive girth she packed on after only a few seconds. The spaghetti-esque straps eventually snapped, while her gut popped out from underneath. With the latter visible, more of her scaly skin could be seen, grey on the sides and back with white over her tummy. The latter even went up and over her chest, stopping at her collarbone.

“**Phew... so hot!**” Rachel squirmed in her seat, biting her bottom lip. Her hands dug deeper into the leather upholstery of the armrests. “**Not... not as intense as that last bucket, but man! Just... just so... so...**”

Her eyes closed, a guttural moan escaping her maw, the teeth within it looking sharper. JD blushed, that sound making something deep within eager. His eyes went downward as her legs suddenly swung open.

The crotch of her jeans was bulging now. It pulsed, slowly inflating before fading back a little and then swelling right back. It did that several times, turning into quite the large bulge. The button on her jeans just popped open, the zipper dropping a bit to make room for it.

JD had a good idea what that all meant, his heart starting to race. However, it raced for different reasons soon as he was caught off by Rachel abruptly throwing herself forward like a crash test dummy.

There was a sharp but short tearing sound from behind her as a large, dense, aquatic tail sprung out, nearly as long as her legs. It was gray with a white under bottom, the tail fat at the base but narrowing the further it went along. At its end, a caudal fin sprouted out.

The large, shark-esque tail filled up a lot of the seat, forcing Rachel to stand in the aisle. It would be a bit embarrassing if not for the fact they were alone in that auditorium. Thankfully, most people weren't interested in seeing a horror movie early in the morning.

Rachel looked over her shoulder, shaking her booty. Her tail shook with it. **“Big!”**

JD, for his part and not leaving his seat, looked at the tail, following it from its end back to her rear. His eyes observed her shape had changed there too, with a far tighter and firmer rear instead of her bubble butt. Her wide hips had narrowed, matching better with her broad frame.

Everything kept swelling for Rachel. Her legs buffed up with thick thighs and dense calves, her jeans digging into her skin and threatening to split open. Her sandals did split as her feet ballooned, tripling their old size. Toes bulged into four-toed feet with stubby claws at the ends, gray scaly skin cloaking them.

“And there goes another pair of good sandals,” Rachel huffed, kicking the remains of them away from her feet. **“Good thing I got tons at home.”**

Yeah, because this keeps happening to you, JD thought. His gaze went up to her head, her back still turned to him. Her blue hair was shrinking, retracting quickly like a tape measure shooting back into its metal container. Her head was soon bald, gray cloaking it as well.

From that empty noggin, there was a bulge in the back. It throbbed, pulsing as it grew longer, curved back and narrowed. She soon had her own dorsal fin sticking out.

That throbbing and lack of hair caught her attention. Her hand went up, feeling that smoothish dome before reaching that fin. She slid her fingers up and across it, taking in its full shape.

Rachel turned around, awkwardly smiling at him. **“Well, guess it's shark time for me!”**

Their face suddenly cringed, brow furrowing and teeth clenching tightly. The rough shark skin crossed across the last trace of their original self, their face. Gray cloaked most everything, except for their lower jaw, which turned white like their belly and chest.

There were a few pops and cracks, everything shifting in shape. Her original beauty soon became masked in something masculine and bestial. Their brow thickened as their head swelled in size. Their nose broadened, nostrils flaring and brought in closer. Jaws popped and cracked more, pushing forward into a wide, roundish muzzle befitting that of a shark.

As his face finished growing, he smiled widely as a pulse of bliss struck him. Rachel was complete. He stood before his lover as a large, musclegut shark man.

The new guy let out a long sigh and looked down at himself, his smile growing wider, revealing rows of razor-sharp teeth. **“Heh, not bad!”** He brought his thick hands to his tummy and pecs, squeezing them through his straining top. **“Not bad at all!”**

Rachel flexed his arms, looking between them eagerly. Their muscles bulged like they never had before, almost as thick and wide as a basketball doing that. **“Reeeeeal nice!”** He kept one arm flexed while he used the other to feel it up. **“I always appreciate extra mass like this!”**

“Well, I appreciate that this is just a hell of a lot less messy than last time!” JD remarked, casually leaning back and observing his improved partner.

“That the only thing you appreciate about this?” The shark winked, putting his arms around his head and pushing his torso out. His top strained further, looking almost like it was painted on with how it clung to his pecs and gut.

JD blushed, trying to act smooth. Frankly, he did like it. Rachel made for one fine, strong, handsome shark man. In the back of his mind, a thought... a wish to be carried in those big arms floated to the front. It seemed so pleasant.

However, neither of them had the time to tease each other. The lights slightly dimmed, a movie trailer appearing on the screen now. **“Oh! Almost show time!”** Rachel grinned, turning around to face, **“Let’s do this and then after, you can play with your new shark.”**

The shark began to sit back down. He did not make it that far.

His tail hit the back of the recliner. It pushed into it, moving upward as more tail went in. However, it became too dense and firm to push further back, most of that aquatic tail taking up the entire seat. He couldn't even put a smidgen of his rear on that chair.

Rachel looked over his shoulder, frowning. He stood back up and tried twisting his tail to the side with his hands before sitting down again. It didn't work, still too thick and inflexible to properly do so. That attempt got him to at least put his butt slightly on the leather upholstery.

He tried a few more times, bending the tail every way he could or just forcing himself against the seat as hard as he could. Nothing worked. His tail wasn't flexible enough to allow himself to sit down normally.

“Well, this sucks!” Rachel huffed, folding his arms like a pouty child, **“How can I enjoy the film if I can't sit down? Worst movie promotion ever!”**

With a snort, he turned and started down the stairs from the top row. JD looked at him for a moment before calling to him, “Hey, where are you going?”

“I'm gonna complain to management!” Rachel looked over his shoulder and wiggled his rear, his tail swaying. **“If you're going to run a shark change promotion, you need to have better tail accommodating seats!”**

With that, the shark departed, disappearing around a corner once he reached bottom. JD leaned back in his seat, now alone with the movie trailers. He gave them no mind, glancing at the shark head bucket he had placed in the seat beside him.

I wonder if Rachel learned his lesson about buying these... He frowned. Probably not. Maybe I should just stop taking him to this transformation-focused theater...

THE END