

Warped (TG, Inanimate TF, Animal TF)

He was in chemistry class when it happened.

Sitting there at the back of the classroom, his feet up on the desk and a piece of paper in his hands, Hiro folded it into an airplane, drew back his arm, and launched it at Miss Yebisu's tightly-clad crack. Sailing over the heads of his classmates, it looped once, then twice, and finally dived straight between the curvaceous cheeks straining to escape her skirt. She dropped her chalk with a squeak and turned back with a glare. "Who did that?"

Smirking, he looked away, careful to hide his smile, but no sooner had she huffed and turned back to the blackboard than he picked up his notebook, tore out another page, and started to fold it again. Some of his fellow classmates watched him and snickered.

As he drew back to throw it, however, something made him pause. There, floating in the middle of the classroom, just over the head of that stupid slut Megumi, a tiny pink dot flickered on and off like a failing bulb. He lowered his arm and squinted harder, furrowing his brow in a furious attempt to figure out what it was. Was someone messing around with a laser pointer? ...They couldn't put a dot in midair, could they?

Even as he struggled to figure out what was going on, the light grew, shining brighter and bolder, like a little fairy searching for someone to speckle in dust.

Now he wasn't the only one who'd noticed it. With a squeal of surprise, that nerd Shinji leapt from his seat, pointing. "What is it?! Look!" It wasn't long before half the class were out of their seats, eyes wide in shock as well. Only Megumi seemed to have failed to notice it.

"What--?" said Miss Yebisu, turning back with a frown, "--are you making such a fuss about--?" She saw the light. Her eyes went wide. The piece of chalk dropped from her hands. "What the fuck is that?!"

Before anyone could chide her inappropriate language, the light grew again, expanding into a translucent ball that washed over the entire room, shining as it struck the walls. For a second, they were all silent.

A second later, the room started to rumble.

As he grabbed the wall for support, the floor seemed to drop away beneath him. One moment, he was standing in the classroom, struggling to keep his balance, the next he was tumbling head over heels through a swirling pink maelstrom, fighting to keep himself from throwing up. The screams of his classmates and teacher rang in his ears as they dropped through the vortex with him.

As he fell, a strange feeling rolled through him. A filling and a squeezing and a releasing, as if he were a sponge being wrung. Starting with his legs, it passed rapidly through his body, leaving him mewling as it finally let go. His cock throbbed, intensely erect.

Nearby, Miss Yebisu slipped her fingers deep between her legs and squealed as her own body pulsed with wild energies. And she wasn't alone: most of his class were either playing with themselves or visibly struggling not to.

A tingling in his own crotch snapped his own attention back to it. As Hiro squealed in horror, the bulge in his pants collapsed, sucked inside him, alongside every ounce of muscle on his body. Squealing in a high-pitched new voice, he moaned as his body lost what little masculinity remained to it, chin softening, hair lengthening, shoulders thinning, while his hips stretched outward, grown to childbearing width.

Finally, his ass and his bust stung as if slapped and exploded into a jiggling booty and ridiculous pair of boobs. Hiro clasped them and squealed. What was happening to her? ...Him! She—he looked like a hentai character!

He wasn't the only one affected. Around him, the rest of his class screamed and moaned as their bodies underwent their own strange contortions. As he watched, Shinji took a seat in the air and hardened into a wooden chair, while that stupid slut Megumi grew a long mane and hooves, and dropped to all fours as a virile brown stallion. Nearby, prom queen Hinata bulked into a muscular knight, while her boyfriend plumped into a curvaceous princess.

One by one, his classmates vanished, replaced by stools and tables and goblins and adventurers. Finally, Miss Yebisu's body pulsed and bloated, turning a dark shade of brown as she hardened into wood. Metal collars appeared around her neck and her ankles, hoops binding the staves of her fractured body. Finally, her head and her feet flattened into lids, and with that, she was gone, replaced by a fat barrel. Hiro could already hear its contents sloshing.

A sudden feeling of cold snatched his attention back to his own form. Looking down, he gasped to see his school uniform had melted, flowing around him in coiling rivers of cloth which shimmered as they flowed into their new shape: a frilly skirt, a tight brown corset, and a frilled bodice that did very little to conceal her big new breasts. As a collar wrapped around her neck, she looked down at herself and squealed. She looked like... She looked like—

With a clatter, they came to an abrupt stop. Hiro found herself behind a bar, her hand on the lever of a... a keg? Those of her classmates who'd retained an animate form stood nearby, looking around in shock.

Stumbling backward, Hiro slammed into something hard. Looking up, he found a big, bushy beard looming over him. "What's the matter, honey?" said her husband, gigantic muscles rippling as he spoke. "Did one of those adventurers upset you?"

Hiro slammed her thighs together with a squeak.