

For Sun Protection, Add Feathers

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

“Why of course you can have one!” The woman smiled as bright as the sun, adjusting her thick-rimmed glasses. “They are free samples! Just remember to report what you thought about the results when you're-”

“Yeah, thanks!” Nicolai said, snatching the plastic blue bottle from the woman's table and hurrying off.

“W-wait!” she called to him, “I got to explain some more-” It was too late. He was already heading down the stairs to the beach. He was definitely not listening now.

He was too busy being happy that he didn't have to feel like a total idiot.

Nicolai had rushed out the door that morning to get to the beach before the crowds rolled in. He was in such a rush that, apparently, he forgot to pack an actual bottle of suntan lotion. He could've sworn up and down he did, but when he parked his car and checked his bag, his heart instantly dropped.

He had sunk even lower when he realized he had two options. The first was to drive back home and get the bottle, risking the beach being overcrowded when he returned. The second was to buy an overpriced bottle from one of the few stores nearby. He could feel his wallet ache in pain at the thought.

Thankfully, he saw salvation through his car window. Not too far from one of the stairs leading down to a beach was a makeshift stand, the kind one might find at a job fair. There was an Asian woman with twin black ponytails behind the counter, straightening some bottles on it.

Above her was a sign that made his spirits lift. It read, “Free Suntan Lotion Samples, sponsored by Happy Feeling Co.”

He never heard of that company before, but that offer was all that mattered! He hurried on over, quickly asking the woman if that offer was real. She confirmed it and tried explaining about the different kinds she had and how he only needed to use a little. Overdoing it would cause... something or other.

He wasn't listening, just grabbing a bottle at random and double-checking again about if it was free or not.

And now, he set foot on the sand, huffing a bit after his rushing. The beach laid before him, a large crowd already taking up much of it. He had gotten there so early. He could only imagine what've happened if he decided to go home and come back.

Still, it was best not to dwell on the what if and focus on the now. He thankfully saw a decent spot up ahead to set up his beach operations. Not too crowded by people, not too far from the water too. It was a sign that the speed bump he had was only a speed bump. He could enjoy his beach day that fine summer.

He sighed, happily reflecting on that as he walked to his spot. He liked hitting the beach during the summer. It was the best time in the world to finally unwind and relax as far as he was concerned. He could also feel like his worries and troubles would fade away in that bright sun and cool sea breeze.

He was also a rather big fan of the ladies. Plenty of local and cute out-of-towners loved enjoying the scenery as much as he did. He could enjoy watching them or even hitting them up if he felt like it.

Nicolai dropped his bag and unrolled his beach towel. *Okay, time to tan it up!* He glanced at himself. *Ugh, way too pale.* He hadn't gotten much sun during the past winter and even spring months. He needed to get his warm brown shade back.

Plus, according to what he read online and the movies he watched, ladies did supposedly love a good tan.

He sat down on the beach and sighed, stretching his arms. He could almost feel himself start to fall back and relax. He knew he obviously couldn't. The sensation from that burning, hot sun blaring above was a strong warning. He had best get lotioned up before too long.

He took the bottle out of the bag and gave it an actual look. "Sunshine Smash," he read the label aloud, the font of it looking very familiar to him. He couldn't exactly place where it came from, nor could he understand why someone would name their suntan lotion, Sunshine Smash.

But, what did he really know about branding anyway? What mattered is if it worked or not ultimately.

Nicolai squirted some of the goo into his palms. The substance was surprisingly cold to the touch, only warming up when he rubbed his mitts together. He spread the lotion across his legs, stomach, and heavily on his chest, spraying more into his palms when needed. He always used a lot given his tanning, sunburning accidents of the past.

As he applied it, he couldn't help but feel a little tingly... and even warmer.

He didn't give it much thought, applying the lotion to his cheeks and nose lastly. *There we go...* He really rubbed it in on his sniffer, getting the bridge and nostrils covered. *That should be all...*

As he was finishing his sniffer, there was another strange feeling cropping up. It felt numb to the touch, like he couldn't feel his hands on it.

Then, it just felt hard, starting at the tip before spreading out everywhere else. The skin was solid, like it was being replaced by something slick and dense to the touch.

“What dauh heuu lish slaat?” He tried to speak, but he couldn't get proper control of his maw. Everything came out slurred and disjointed, that numbing spreading to his mouth, tongue, teeth, and lips. Everything but his tongue was stiffening as well.

He couldn't see it, but things were changing. The tip of his nose turned a tannish yellow, stretching and then tipping downward. Nostrils were pulled in, the hardened yellow going up his bridge and down onto his mouth. His teeth pushed out, merging with his lips and growing nose, becoming harder and more avian.

His face pushed further and further out, the yellowing stretching over his lips and onto his cheeks. Holes opened in the top part of his new jaw, his tongue within lengthening. In only a minute at most, but he now had a sharp, strong beak.

It didn't stop there either. At the edging of that beak, blue feathers began to sprout. They bloomed across his cheeks, running under his jaw and up onto his forehead. The only parts they didn't cover were around his eyes, which instead sprouted red feathers.

“Whaaaart whas that?” He shook his head. He could feel his face again, even talk too. “Everything felt so weird and-THE HELL?”

He reached up to feel his head but ended up bonking against his new jaws. His hand clutched it, tracing the bottom part of his beak, feeling its smoothness and curve. It slid up and onto the top of it, feeling its shape and form as well.

“N-n-no way... what the...” His heart began racing. Narrowing his eyes, he could just see the yellow, hardened surface of his new mug.

He could also see blue where his hand was. Holding it out for a better look, there were blue feathers sprouting out of the tips of his fingers, flowing onto his palms. Digits slowly extended a little longer, feathers growing even longer and wider on them. The coating grew puffier and thicker, making his hand seem even larger.

“Holy crap!” He held out his other hand, seeing it was changing the same way. He flipped them over and back again several times, just to convince himself this was real. He really did have feathery mitts for hands now.

And those feathers kept on going, not content with his hands. They ran down his arms, heading for his shoulders. His body started tingling all over before they did, goosebumps breaking out from chest to rear.

He could tell. Things were about to erupt.

All over his torso, blue feathers bloomed across him. His stomach, back, chest, shoulders and down to his hips, disappearing under his swim trunks were coated in the plumage. It made him feel very toasty, though not unpleasantly.

Nicolai couldn't talk or think. All he could do was stare in pure shock, watching as the feathers coated his top half completely. He looked like such a blue bird man.

A blue bird man that began growing beyond just feathers. He rose, gaining an extra foot in height. His torso broadened, shoulders rising and thickening.

His muscle mass was building, making his figure even bigger. Arms thickened, biceps and forearms teaming with muscle mass he never had before. His chest inflated into thick pectorals, abs forming and pressing out. Even with the feather coating, they seemed to conform to his body, showing the outline of every inch of musculature.

Nicolai gulped, looking at one of his enhanced arms. He lifted and flexed it. Those muscles bulged impressively, far more than he ever achieved at the gym. It was something he'd probably like under different circumstances and with far less feathers.

His legs trembled, toes clenching and unclenching repeatedly. He eyed them, seeing blue feathers grow out of the leg holes and onto his thighs. Said thighs buffed up themselves, matching the rest of his physique. He expected it to continue down.

Yet, the changes went in a different but obvious direction. His calves narrowed, his skin turning roughish and gray. They kept shifting and thinning, his feet narrowing too.

However, those also stretched, their human shape eroding. Toes extended, crawling forward a few inches as they merged into two large digits. Toenails thickened, jutting out into dark, brownish gray talons. From his heels, an additional toe bulged out with its own claw. He now had perfect-looking bird feet.

Nicoali gulped, wiggling those front toes of his. He still was at a loss on what to think or even properly feel. *This... this is nuts!* He knew that for sure. *I'm turning into some kind of bird freak! This isn't right...*

Yet, it felt so strange. This bigger, buffer, feathery form? It was rather nice. The trembles, heat, and out of nowhere nature were one thing, but the sight and sensation of it? He couldn't truly dislike it.

He winced, an odd, uncomfortable feeling coming from behind him. His swimtrunks were bunching up, like something tight was pushing against them. He wiggled a bit, reaching around to adjust his trunks. That was a touch more difficult with his new bird hands being so big and clumsy, but he managed.

Lowering his shorts down, the feeling quickly subsided. Freed from his clothes, long, striking tail feathers stretched out. They were longer than his thighs, coated in the same dark blue as his hands.

He only took a minor look at them before shakes and trembles struck. His head felt numb, sensation almost being lost completely. His heart raced, the quakes stronger all over. He could tell. This was the big finish.

For his head, it fully bird-ified. Black hair morphed and shifted into light blue feathers. Feathers in the top back extended and curved upwards, giving him a bird crest. Ears vanished beneath his plumage, his hearing remaining. His head grew in size a little more to match his new avian form.

It almost looked like he was done, only his shorts left as a sign of the old him, but then those shakes turned into a powerful, thick surge. He somehow got even bigger and broader, putting him nearly seven feet/well over two-hundred centimeters tall! His muscles swelled, making it look like he was a bodybuilder.

The biggest, most enticing and hottest of it all was beneath his swimtrunks. He quivered as the bulge in them swelled. Not by a lot, but more than enough for it to stand out prominently and protrudingly. His fabric seemed to happily hug and highlight its impressive shape.

Afterwards, the cooldown came. The numbness faded away, the trembles and quivers leaving him. The heat subsided a little, but he was still so sweaty and panting deeply. He didn't move for almost a full minute after all of that.

Once he did move, his hands were soon tracing his body. They ran, again, over that beak carefully, taking its size. They felt around his torso, pressing those beefy biceps and abdominals pectorals of his. They even rubbed his prominent pectorals, squeezing them.

Taking it in, there was such a wild, wide range of emotions in him. He still wasn't sure what to feel or truly think of it. That blue bird body was great. He was so strong and full of energy. Yet, this freaked him out intensely on the inside! How could it have hap-

As he was looking over himself, his eyes fell to the side. There was that suntan lotion bottle on the blanket beside him, having long been forgotten about in all of this.

“...report what you thought about the results...”

I... I think she said that? It was probably something she said when he was barely paying attention to her at all. *Maybe... maybe I should've listened more...*

Still, it was a start to a potential answer for what had happened. *Better go “report” these results...*

Nicolai slowly started to stand up, thankfully able to get a good grip and stance on his new feet. Standing fully up, he looked down and felt woozy. The ground looked so far away, a fall seeming like it could hurt.

Gotta... gotta focus ahead. He shook his head and tried looking forward.

But doing so, he realized something major. He was the center of attention now. All around him, beachgoers of all ages and kinds were looking at him. Some were whispering, some were pointing, some were even taking photos of the bird man.

Some looked positively excited and curious. Those people, both men and quite a few women, were approaching now, making his heart race harder. *Oh boy...*

“Wow!” “Amazing!” “You look so cool!” “I love Falco!” “He's my main in Smash!” “I've never seen Falco so buff. You pull him off well!” “Can I get a picture with you?”

He was soon crowded, everyone talking at once. He felt overwhelmed by attention for the first time in his life. *Way... way too many people.*

He tried to focus his mind on one thing to center himself. He gulped, asking himself privately, *F-Falco? That sounds familiar...* Apparently, he was in Super Smash Bros, but he never played the game or anything Nintendo made. The bird was popular, he supposed.

Quite popular with the ladies it seemed too. A lot of them were getting close, admiration and excitement in their eyes as they ate him up.

He couldn't help but smile a little. *W-well, ma-maybe this isn't so ba-*

His thought cut out. As he looked around, he saw something over the heads of everyone. A few yards away, there was another animal man. He was just as tall and buff as him.

He was a fox though, with light orangish, brownish fur. He wore what appeared to be a stretched out bikini top over his thick pecs and shorts several sizes too small for him. He looked incredibly embarrassed, especially as his own, little following formed around him.

Nicolai stared at the fox, feeling his cheeks warm beneath his feathers and a new tremble go throughout his body. The vulpine looked around nervously, eventually seeing the bird. Exchanging looks only made him tremble more.

He felt... drawn to that fox. There was something about that fuzzball that made him feel like there was a connection. It was one that made him want, nay, **must** meet this beast.

“Falco” couldn't explain, but that vulpine was far more enticing than any of those ladies.

The End?