

Night of the Craftsrodent

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Story done for Danuki of Patreon

Ellie's hand trembled. It felt numb, but also heavy.

The young woman quickly shook it, her heart racing. The trembling stopped. The heaviness left. Feeling returned.

She took a deep breath and relaxed, stepping into her rental home's bathroom. *Everything... everything is going to be okay.*

"I'm telling you, the Fighter Jets would've won if the ref didn't foul, Jerry! That was some serious garbage in that game!"

"And I'm telling you, I don't follow sports at all. I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I'm only half aware, myself."

"Ugh, you nerds."

Ellie Girard smiled. The inane chatter in the background was calming. Maybe not for most, but for her, on a night like this? This was what she needed.

Besides that shaking, the night had gone well. It was better than most nights when the full moon was high in the sky. She had found for sure the perfect way to avoid any... breakouts this time. She just had to stay at home all day, keep the blinds close, avoid all stressors and potential triggers, and do the things she liked.

For instance, she liked listening to podcasts. They were relaxing and took her mind off the world, listening to people chat about different topics. This particular one she had on was from some locals she recently discovered. They talked about current events and how they tied into the past... though they usually rambled on before they actually started.

Still, it was relaxing! It was just what she needed for the night.

She opened a cabinet drawer and pulled out her toothbrush and toothpaste. *Better not risk anything. Time to call it now.* It was still 8 PM, but night had long fallen. The moon was probably shining bright in the clear night skies.

No unnecessary risks. She squirted some paste onto her brush and splashed it with water, humming pleasantly. *Just call it for now. Get some sleep and just get the day over with.*

Ellie brushed her teeth gently, relaxing further. *Tonight went well. This is what I need to do next time. Just all of this and everything will be fine. No more waking up and finding new furniture or tools lying around. Next time, I'll-*

"Enough sports talk, let's get moving for our lovely listeners here. We start as always: a thank you to our sponsor for this episode! Give it up for Lumber Land!"

Twitch. She froze. Her pupils dilated. *Ah...*

Her teeth numbed, in particular her top two front ones. She knew why even before she saw it reflected. The two teeth widened and thickened, her jaws expanding a tad to fit them. They slowly grew and grew, strengthening the whole while. Eventually, they were several inches longer, easily popping out of her mouth like a rodent's.

Oh.

"For all your lumber, timber, and just plain crafty needs, come on down to Lumber Land today! They're open most hours of the day, so-"

Twitch. Ellie's eyes narrowed in on her nose. At its tip, a splotch of black. A splotch of black that rolled over every inch of her sniffer. Tip, nostrils, nasal cavities, and bridge, all became black and bumpy. Then, the nose expanded, ballooning at the tip, sucking its nostrils closer. It protruded away from her face, forming an animal snout.

"Ah, nuts!" She groaned, dropping her toothbrush. She reached up and poked at her teeth. Real and hard. She poked and rubbed her nose. Real and soft.

Her face pushed back at her intrusive, touchy hand. Her face creaked forward, popping or cracking as it shifted. Brown fuzz erupted out around her nose, spreading quickly across her cheeks and jaws. Her mug only moved a few inches out, but now, she had a sporty muzzle.

Ellie blinked, poking the side of her muzzle.

"Oh yeah! I've been to Lumber Land before! It really had all the wood I needed for this deck I was-"

Ellie shot a dirty look through her doorway, down the way towards her bedroom. This was all that podcast's fault! *Last damn time I listen to their crap!*

Twitch. She had to move fast! She quickly hurried from her bathroom and out into the hallway. Her tablet was left playing the podcast in the bedroom very loudly. Sure, she could've brought it with her, but nooooo. She didn't want it to get water on it.

She made her move towards the bedroom. **Creeeeeeeak.** The floorboards loudly cried out as she ran over them. They only moaned louder as her steps grew heavy. Her socks bulged at the front and then tore, stubby little claws poking through.

They ripped further, the rest of the socks splitting open. First came the four webbed digits on each foot, brownish-black and dense. Then came the rest of the fat feet, scruffy brown hairs growing around the ankles and spreading up.

CREEEEEEEAK. That final floorboard before her bedroom made her freeze in place. She looked down at the floor. Sure, she saw her big animal feet, but her attention wasn't drawn to them then.

Hmm... floor is really creaky here. Wonder if I should look into-

Ellie shook her head, even smacking it. *Damn it! Stupid, stupid!* She huffed, "Gotta turn off that podcast before I really lose it!"

The lady headed into her room and found her tablet laying on her bed. She reached forward with a brown hand.

She flinched. Her right hand was thicker and pudgier than before. Dark brown fur coated every inch of it from her wrist to her fingertips. Her fingernails were now just stretching outward, pulling to the tips of her fingers. The nails thickened and turned cone-like, forming stubby claws.

Ellie shook her head and grabbed the tablet with her pudgy mitt. She needed not to be distracted. She was used to these changes regardless of how she felt. No need to be thrown off by things she knew would come if she didn't stop this soon.

Holding the tablet up, she moved her free, left hand and turned the tablet off sleep mode. She proceeded to press down on the play/pause button on the podcast.

But then, more swelling came, her hand quickly bloating and fur fully coating her fingers. She attempted to press the button, but two issues occurred. Her finger was too big to properly press it now, hitting several buttons by the one she actually wanted. The other was when she tried again, but fur got in the way. Nothing would trigger or could be pressed.

Ellie frowned. This wasn't great.

Several attempts later, Ellie huffed, finally shutting off the tablet and tossing it to the side. *I need gloves for stuff like this.* She looked at the electronic. *Also, ya know, a stand could work for that thing. Feels silly leaving it out flat on the bed. I could probably whip something-*

Ellie huffed again and shook her head harder than before. Her jaw rounded, cheeks pudgier now. Her body shook with it as well, growing a little taller. Also, she grew a little wider, her clothing feeling tight in some areas.

Every damn full moon, Ellie thought, sighing and sitting down on the bed, *Every full moon, that stupid werebeaver comes out! It just... it just sucks. I should've never gone to that zoo... should have never tried going to their special petting zone... should have never...*

Never... Her eyes wandered around the room. *...hmm... this place is lookin' a bit old 'nd drab.* She zeroed in on the wallpaper. It looked like it came from the 70s in its style and how aged it appeared. It didn't *really* bother her much... yet.

Some new wallpaper would spruce da place up! Yeah, just an old rental, but I'm sure-

Ellie shook her head. *Stupid beaver thoughts... although...* The thought didn't die down exactly. It lingered. *The property owner doesn't really care about this place anyways. I'd be doing them a favor. Little work here... maybe even some paint there and-*

Ellie smacked her head twice. *Enough of these damn thoughts!* Although, her voice said things differently. “**Well dang sun, ah say this predicament is messin' with muh head!**”

...well... guess the voice was coming eventually. That hefty, manly voice that always followed when she transformed. Such a far cry from her old self, like how the rest of her would turn out soon.

Though, at this point, she wasn't even offended or upset. The sign of her new voice was just a signal she was reaching the turning point. **Gurgle.** That was another sign as well.

Ellie's stomach rumbled, light brown hairs sprouting around her belly button. Her waist widened as her stomach moved from tone to chubby. Fat swelled like rising bread, pushing gently at first against her shirt. Fat spilled slightly over her sweatpants, giving her a muffin top.

Her belly and weight increased further, pushing out from under her small-sized shirt. Her fuzzy gut more prominent, Ellie frowned seeing it. Poking it just only confirmed how real it was... along with how soft it was too.

With that poke, her arm quaked, followed by her other. Light brown hairs sprouted where dark brown ended at her wrist, spreading up her limbs to her shoulders. Her limbs began to swell, some fat pouring in. Also, and most prominent, muscle mass increased. Tendons and biceps gave her power and some definition.

Her legs also felt the increase too, fur and muscle mass spreading to them. Ellie still didn't like her transformation. However, she did have to admit the strength was nice.

So nice that she couldn't help herself. Fully conscious of what she did, she lifted both arms and gave them a good flex. Her muscles bulged impressively, even with the extra fat on them. The sight brought a smile to her face for the first time since things started.

It also made her blurt out, **"Heh, gud ta have da boys back~. I can get sum heavy projects done with 'em!"**

Ellie frowned. Again with her other side just blurting things out. Annoying, but the urge was building within.

The urge and desires were growing fast. The want to build and create something special or fix her drabby surroundings was strengthening. She couldn't help but shiver at the thought of picking up a hammer or saw. The whole workman persona was bubbling forth faster than ever. It was so fun, exciting, and even energizing!

This is stupid! Ellie thought in one final burst of anger and attempt at control. She gripped her head, rubbing and ruffling her hair in frustration. *So, so daggum stupid!*

She scritchd and scratched, unaware (or perhaps some part was) that her hair shrank. Her scruffy, black locks shrunk and shrunk. They slowly pulled back into her head, leaving her bald. Bald for a second though since a light coating of light brown fur sprouted in its place.

*If only I didn't listen to **dat** dumb podcast!* Her breathing deepened, chest rising and lowering. Though, as it lowered, her breasts seemed to shrink. They deflated, losing further form until they were saggier and droopy, like a pair of moobs.

All that “air” though in her breasts? It didn't go away. All that girth went right into her rear. It grew wider, stretching out her sweatpants considerably. Her rear became so big and heavy, part of its crack appearing. She had a fully fat butt now.

Fur crept over her deflated and inflated portions, swallowing the rest of her skin right up. However, her mind was on more pressing matters. *Ooof, at **dis** rate, I'm gonna be up all night watching DIY videos! Probably about **makin'** birdhouses or fixing fences.*

Twitch. *Fence... that... that broken, busted, in-need-of-work fence in **da back**.*

The fence in the backyard, just visible from her bedroom, sprung into her mind. Without even thinking, she wandered over to her window. Without hesitation, she drew open the blinds and opened that window.

The night skies were indeed very clear. The full moon shined brighter than usual, bathing her in a fine, pale glow. She quivered again, and she felt her clothing tighten. Her figure was expanding once again, wider, thicker, bulkier. Her stomach fully popped out from under her shirt, showing its soft, heaviness and fur coat.

Yet, she gave the bright moon no mind. She didn't glance at her belly, merely scratching it like it was second nature to her. She instead focused on the fence in the backyard. With the bright light of the moon, she could see the barrier's miserable shape.

All the blustery storms lately had damaged the already worn, rotted wood. It was a sad sight, like it was seconds from collapsing. She tried asking the owner about fixing it but was turned down. It wasn't like she had any pets, and the fence was out of sight anyways, he said.

“Betcha ah could give dat dang fence sum life again.” Ellie smiled. She couldn't help it. Those words blurted out felt so exciting to her now. The urge to build, fix, and create! The thoughts made her face so gleeful, chubby, and rodent-esque.

Why keep fighting it? This is what he wanted. What she wanted. What they wanted. Why keep denying who they were on the inside? Warmth running through as the last of their face sprouted brown fuzz, it was time to just embrace themselves.

Yeah! The beaver thought with a gleeful, dumb smile, ***Dat fence is gettin' sum fixin' tanight!*** A nub popped out above their rear, dark, blackish-brown and thick.

His pupils dilated. *Oh man... dis is it! I'm going... I'm gonna fix dat fence!* The nub grew bigger as heat built within his sweatpants. ***I'm not sum dang silly human. I'm a big, creative beaver!***

TWITCH. The final parts flooded in. In his pants, a bulge made itself known. It stood out prominently in his pants. Behind him, a large, flat, round beaver tail came out and smacked against his fat rear and thighs.

The beaver man stretched, rolling his shoulders. He scratched his chin, looking down at himself. Been a bit since he's been out, and he needed to make the most of it!

Time to get ta work! He smiled, eyeing a hanging picture on the wall. He flipped it over, revealing a hidey hole where he kept his special money stash from all of his late-night jobs he's done. ***First, a little trip. Big Earl has sum shoppin' ta do!***

"Hmm, a bit late for all of this, isn't it?" The cashier remarked, glancing at the form he was handed.

"Never too late for a lil' home improvement!" Earl chuckled, taking out his wallet. **"Plus, dis guy can't get here any sooner. Daytime's a hassle for oooooold Earl~."**

It was late, too late for most hardware and supply stores. However, the busy beaver knew one store that would always be open late whenever he was out. The place had long hours and supplied all the lumber & tools he needed for any projects. It had long served him well.

The cashier nodded, not looking like he cared much about the reasons for Earl being around. The price popped up on the screen. Couple of hundred bucks like he expected. Pricey, but a hard-working beaver like him had plenty of funds. The times he was out, he always made the best use of it to do as many projects as he could, making quite a bit of dough.

"Alright, you're all set then!" The cashier stapled the receipt onto the work order and handed it over after being paid. "Just pull around back, and you can load up."

Earl nodded. Good thing Ellie's car was big enough to handle his big lumber load and his big belly load too~. Though, as always, he knew he had to be careful when he packed the vehicle not to scratch or ding it. He wasn't a rude beaver after all!

"Well, good luck on whatever this is for," the cashier yawned, stretching a little.

Earl smiled. **"Danks, littl' man! Hopefully, someone's gonna be pleased with dese results and be grateful enough ta let me come on out to help more often after all of this."**

It probably wouldn't happen this time, but he was sure he'd wear her down eventually. Maybe as a sign of good faith, someday he'd even let her take a spin with this great, big, hefty beaver bod and try out all his creativity~.

THE END?