

Spiked

A reality-warping collar turns an office worker into a tough hyena porn star, and changes those around him in pornographic ways. Explicit.

It starts while I'm washing my hands in the bathroom. I look down at the sink, then back up at the mirror, and instead of my tie, I'm wearing a collar.

As collars go, it's not even very work-appropriate.

The band is thick black leather, about an inch and a half tall, studded with round, half-inch steel spikes. It's big enough that I can slip my fist between the collar and my neck and still have wiggle room. There's a clasp in the back. I spin it around so it's facing front, and try to pull it open. It doesn't budge.

All right, fine, I'll just pull the collar up over my head instead. I slide the back up my neck and try to squeeze the front over my chin. Even though it's a loose fit, it's not loose enough to slide off. I keep trying for a good minute, until my neck's pink from the collar rubbing against it. My ears are hot and my face is flushed, too. I let go and it clunks down against my shoulders and collarbone.

If I can't take it off and I can't pull it off, maybe I can cut it off. I've got scissors back at my cubicle. I crack open the bathroom door and peek down the hall before I leave. I don't feel like trying to explain why I'm wearing an oversized punk collar in the middle of the office.

The coast is clear, so I slip down the hall, turn the corner, and see my boss, Tricia, coming my way. She's the sort of person who likes gray suits because 'they're neutral colors' and cares about timesheets and dress codes.

Maybe she won't notice the collar if she doesn't look too closely. I step to the side to slip by Tricia and give her a shy smile.

She smiles back, doesn't even glance at my neck, and says, "Hi, Spike."

I'm already past her, but I stop and pause. Was 'Spike' a dig at the collar? But if she saw it, she would have told me to take it off. I turn back toward her. "Um, what?"

"I was just saying hello," she says with a friendly shrug.

"Yeah, but my name's not Spike."

Tricia frowns lightly, then lifts an eyebrow. "Oh. All right, *Mister Ryder*," she says with more than a little sarcasm, then turns the corner and walks off toward her office.

My name's not Ryder either.

But when I get back to my cubicle, that's what the nameplate in the corner says: 'Spike Ryder'. Is it some kind of prank? I look over my shoulder, but there's no one lurking, waiting to see how I react—just Max, in the cubicle opposite mine, plugging away at a spreadsheet. His nameplate's normal, so why is mine different?

What's more concerning is that I can remember when I first got my nameplate and they misspelled 'Ryder' and I had to go through a whole thing with HR to get a new one. At the same time, I *know* that's not my last name. So why do I remember it?

I sit down in my swivel chair and squeeze the leather collar between my thumb and the side of my finger. It's thick, but I bet I can chop through it if I try. I rummage through my desk drawers for my scissors and fish them out from beneath rolls of packing tape. I tug the collar out straight, wedge the scissor's blades around the leather, and squeeze.

Everything goes hot and hazy for a moment, like a mirage above hot asphalt. Then it's over. I blink, then pull the scissors away and take a look at the collar. I didn't even make a dent in the leather. All right, let's try again. I spread the scissors open, ready to chop, and take a deep breath.

A tight soreness wraps across my chest. It squeezes the air right back out of me. I gasp and drop the scissors. I have to take shallow, short breaths or else it flares up again. I clench my teeth, lean back in my chair, and arch my back.

A surge of pressure pushes my chest outward and makes me grunt. The soreness dulls into an unpleasant heat and an uncomfortable tenderness. I squirm in my seat, tug at the front of my shirt, and then reach up for my chest. My hand and the side of my arm bump against the soft swells of my breasts.

Uh oh.

My chest surges outward again. I try to lift my arm and give myself some room, but my breasts fill out as quickly as I move. They press against my palm and lean against the side of my arm. My shirt bows outward in the middle, stretching between the buttons, struggling to give my chest space to breathe. I can feel my nipples pressing against my arm, stiff and sensitive enough that it's hard to move without sending a twinge shooting down my spine.

Even through my shirt, my skin's red-hot, hot enough that it's radiating ripples of heat across my body, like waves running along my muscle fibers. The heat sinks in and my body goes stiff. It's like every muscle in my body grinding against every other muscle. I'm locked in place, sore and straining. A light sweat breaks out. It only lasts a few seconds, and then my body relaxes and I sink down against my chair. I feel exhausted and sore and swollen all over, like coming straight from a workout.

Or, well, like what I imagine that feels like. Last time I exercised on purpose was in gym class.

A whine slips from my throat. My chest squeezes outward again. My shirt manages to stretch a bit further, but I don't know how long that'll last. The fat nubs of my nipples press against the warmth of my arm.

I shift in my seat, trying to work out some of the stiffness lingering in my joints. I roll my shoulders back and my neck pops softly. As I move, my thicker muscle tone makes my shirt and slacks feel snug. The sweat makes the cotton cling to my skin.

The sweat also makes my scalp itch. I reach up to scratch it, but instead of hair, my hand meets a smooth-shaved head. In a sudden panic, I drag my fingers across my head, and find it's not totally shaved—there's a strip of hair running down the middle of my head. I weave my fingers through that little mohawk and give it a tug, to make sure it's real.

I'm definitely not meeting the office dress code now.

There's one more push from my chest, one that's about to make the buttons pop right off my shirt. Instead, they politely unbutton themselves. My shirt spreads itself open and a ripple of color floods down from my shoulders. Red stripes and black lines cut across the white, while the firm cotton softens into flannel. One more button slips undone, and then it stops. I'm left panting in my chair, staring down at my breasts, with my plaid shirt unbuttoned down to the middle of my chest.

Gingerly, I sit up in my chair and lift the front of my shirt lightly. I'm not wearing a bra, and I don't know a thing about bra sizes, but I'm on the bigger side of things for sure. My nipples poke against my shirt, but at least the plaid hides their outline. I tip forward to look down at the rest of me. Instead of slacks, I've got a pair of jeans, and my dress shoes have thinned out into canvas sneakers.

It's not far off from the sort of stuff I wore in college, though the jeans are more hip-hugging and the shirt is definitely tighter.

Also, I didn't have tits in college.

I lean in to my monitor and use it as a mirror. I don't look *that* different, but there's little changes—the shape of my nose, the contour of my chin—that make me look more tomboyish than I'd like. Considering that my waist is slimmer and my hips are thicker than before, I could probably pass as female.

"Fuck," I whisper to myself. I usually try not to swear at work, but I think the situation warrants it.

I sit back in my seat. My heart's still pounding, but my breathing's calming down. I run my hands along my thighs, close my eyes, and try to ignore the fact that I've got a hard-on right now. It's just blood flow and stuff. It's not weird. I'm not weird.

Instead, I try to focus on deciding what to do. I could go and ask Tricia for the day off. Of course, she might not like seeing me come into her office dressed all Grunge Casual. She might tell me to take it off right there. I'd have to strip in front of her, and then she'd grab me by the hair and—

My eyes snap open and I curl my hands into fists. Wow. Okay. I take a few deep breaths to clear my head and brush back my mohawk.

As I re-center myself, I notice that things are slightly different. My desk is bigger, and the paperwork piled up in the corners is gone. There's a full length mirror where the paper recycle used to be. I'm not out in the cubicle farm any more—I'm in a shared office, with a big divider splitting the space between my desk and Max's.

He's got to have noticed something, right?

I get up from the chair slowly, since I'm not used to the weight on my chest. As I do, a couple of my joints pop pleasantly. Once I'm up, I take a moment and stretch, working out the lingering tightness in my arms and legs and abs. The athletic build I've got is still new and strange, but it's starting to grow on me.

The tits too, but I'm a bit more reluctant to admit that. They do look nice, though.

I take a breath and try to let go of any strangely horny thoughts, then step around from my side of the office to the other. I feel more fluid when I move, like I'm not just walking but prowling. Max is still working at the same spreadsheet, as if nothing's changed. I clear my throat and say, in a voice that's a bit lighter than I'm used to, "Hey, Max?"

Max spins around in his chair and says something. I don't catch what he says, because I'm too busy staring.

The first thing I see is his cleavage, because the cut of the cream blouse he's wearing shoves it out in front of him. The neckline plunges down across his chest, and even shows off a hint of purple lace beneath the blouse. His skirt only comes down about halfway along his thighs. Below that, he's wearing dark stockings and solid purple pumps. His legs are crossed, and there's a noticeable bulge right in the middle of his dress.

I try really hard to focus and not start thinking about *what if I lean forward and whoops, oh no, did I put my hand on your crotch? Oh, look, I'm down on my knees now—*

"Spike?" Max says. He raises a neatly-trimmed eyebrow.

I blink and swallow. Right. "Sorry, I just—" I decide not to finish that thought. "Are you, y'know, feeling all right?"

He glances around, then shrugs. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Well, your tits—" I cut myself off. The word just kind of slipped out. My cheeks grow warm.

Max smiles and tips his chair back. He tugs at the corners of his collar, stretching his blouse further open. "What about them?" he asks, sounding more than happy to talk about his breasts. "You know, Spike, if you dressed up a little more, I bet Tricia would—"

"Never mind," I say. "Can you just see if you can get this thing off me?" I lift my chin and point at my collar. I'm wary of touching it again, considering what happened last time I messed with it.

Max chuckles and folds his arms. "I thought you loved that collar."

"Look, just get this fucking thing off," I say. Whoops. I sigh, then turn around and tip my head down so he can see the steel buckle that holds the strap together.

"All right, all right," Max says. He rises up onto his high heels and steps neatly up behind me. "Hold still, hon."

Max slips his fingers around the collar and starts fiddling with the buckle. He's standing close to me. He gets closer still as he leans over my neck. I try to ignore it, but then his hips rest against my back. The bulge in his skirt presses against me. I should probably be more bothered by it, but I'm just thinking about how warm I feel and whether I should take off my shirt and bend over his desk. I don't even realize that I'm grinding up against him until he grabs my waist and stops me.

"I said *hold still*," he says, playfully stern. "I don't know how you even put this *on* in the morning."

I take a breath of cool air and grumble, "Hell if I know."

He curls a finger through the buckle and tugs. The office suddenly ripples around me. I stagger forward, clutching at the collar. My legs buckle and I catch myself on my hands and knees. I grip the carpet, trying to steady myself.

The feeling passes as quickly as it comes. I know what happened last time, though. What's going to happen now? For a moment, I'm just kneeling on the ground, anxious of what might come next.

It starts with a hot, stiff swelling in my fingers. I lift my hands up, turn them over, and spread my fingers. Darkening skin puffs up, tough and leathery, across my palms and my fingertips. I squeeze the pads on my thumb and pointer finger together; they're both hot and firm. A prickling rush sweeps across the backs of my hands, and a moment later, fur sprouts across my bare skin. It's short and smooth and dark brown, and it climbs up past my wrists, trailing off toward my elbows. With a little wince, my fingers curl and sharp black claws sprout from the tips.

I've got to say, I wasn't expecting paws to be next.

I open my hands, then squeeze them into fists. They feel thicker and meatier and strangely heavy on my arms. It isn't just the padding; my fingers themselves are bigger. From behind me, I can hear Max asking if I'm okay.

"Aahh," I say. What I was trying to say catches in my throat. My nose wrinkles. It feels like I'm about to sneeze, but then that tickle just builds and builds, until the front of my face stretches suddenly forward, like a spring coming unwound. My hands snap up, to—I don't know—push my face back in? All I end up doing is bopping my bigger, broader, blacker nose against my palm and recoiling in surprise.

Across the bridge of my nose, or my snout, whichever it is now, moves the same prickling feeling of growing fur. It floods up across my forehead and back over my scalp. It's brown from my nose to the base of my snout, then shifts to tan as it moves up my head.

I reach up and grab at my head and get two handfuls of growing ears. No matter how much I try to drag them back down, they rise higher on my head, and no matter how much I try to squeeze them back into shapes, the tips keep growing taller. Soft, fluffy fur fills in along the inside, and longer, smoother fur on the outside. I give up and let go. My ears flick up broad and tall on top of my head.

I brush my paw over my scalp. Where my hair was shaved, it's now covered in the same short fur that's growing elsewhere. The strip of hair that was left unshaved is longer, thicker, and drapes lazily onto one side of my brow.

I'm about to think that maybe this time the changes are all fur. Then my body locks up like it did before. I bare my teeth and grit my sharp fangs together. My muscles tense against each other. I can almost feel the weights straining against my back, in my hands, and curled against my legs. My back spreads as my shoulders thicken. My biceps bulge against the rolled-up sleeves of my shirt. My thighs flex tight around my erection. I'm getting months of workout piled onto me in the course of a few seconds.

I gasp as my body comes un-clenched, but I don't get a break. Pressure swells into my chest, and I don't have time to grab my tits and hold them back. They surge outward against my shirt, firm and round and fat-nippled. The top-most button strains against them while they try to squeeze free. There's maybe a half-second where I can breathe before another surge shoves forward. I close my eyes and wince, and the stitches of my shirt groan.

With a flutter of fabric, I can suddenly breathe again. I take in a deep breath, lay a paw on top of my chest, and look down at the white wifebeater stretched around my unnaturally perky tits. Even with the low scoop of its neckline, it manages to keep me decent, though it doesn't do much to hide the thick bumps where my nipples poke out. Still, it's something, and it's refreshingly elastic.

I'm hot and sore all over, but I slowly get up onto my feet. Just as I'm catching my breath, the very last bit of change hits me. A sharp tingling, almost a buzzing, right at the base of my spine. I yelp, and with a short burst of growth and a tuft of fur, my tail sprouts from the base of my back. I reach back and grab it—it's short, maybe six inches long, with the same dark brown fur as my snout. I let it go, and it flicks back against my ass.

"Are you all right?" Max asks.

"Rrm fine," I say, then cough. The growl in my throat is strange, it makes my voice rougher, but still audibly feminine.

I'm ready for a surprise when I turn back around to face Max, but I still have to take a moment to take him in. He looks part-canine, part-Doberman in particular. Tall ears with folded tips and short black fur, russet-brown paws and snout, and a thick black nose. His blouse doesn't even cover his chest any more—it's tucked around either side of his tits, letting him show off his rack and that purple lace bra. His skirt rides a few inches

higher on his thick hips, and the bulge in his skirt is larger, thicker, and much more insistent.

Fuck. I really need to get out of here and sort this out, but now I'm thinking about what it must be like to get pinned up against one of the filing cabinets by that dick—*no, come on*—or getting down underneath his desk and finding out how deep I can swallow—*shit, focus!*

"Sorry I couldn't get your collar off," Max says. "Maybe we can take off something else, though?" He cocks his hips and smiles suggestively, in case I didn't get the hint.

I'd really, really like to, but I can't. I need to fix this, no matter how horny I am. I straighten up and give my collar a tug so it isn't lopsided. "Can't, I've got to talk to Tricia. Something's weird. I think I need to go home."

Max pouts and slides down into his seat. His cock pushes out more firmly against the front of his skirt. "What about the shoot today?" he asks.

I pause for a moment. There's a vanity mirror on the desk next to Max's computer, and a closet next to the filing cabinets, and a pile of discarded lingerie sitting in his inbox.

"Fuck it, we can do it tomorrow," I say. I don't know *what* shoot, but I know I need to get home and figure this out before it gets worse. I'm already remembering more things I shouldn't remember, like the times I've fucked Max at work, and what it's like to exercise in a sports bra.

I step out the door and into the hall as briskly as I can with a pair of tits taking up my chest. I can't help but notice that instead of the drop ceiling, I can see right up into the rafters. Off by the break room, umbrella-lamps and tripods are set up where there's supposed to be cubicles, and what looks like a half-assembled sound stage is set up by the copier.

On my way to Tricia's office, I duck into the men's bathroom for a moment, just to take stock of what's happening. I bare my teeth at the mirror, examine my fangs and my stubby-snouted nose, then tip my head forward for a closer look at my ears. I ruffle my copper-red mohawk and try to push it up straight, but it's not stiff enough and just flops over. If Max is part Doberman, I guess I'm part hyena.

Explains the punk look and the spiked collar, I guess.

I shoot an angry glare at the collar. Its spikes gleam back at me from around my neck. With a sigh and a roll of my eyes, I stretch out my shoulders and back, and enjoy the

warm strain in my muscles easing away the stiffness. This isn't all bad, at least. But I still need to fix it.

When I get to Tricia's office, I knock on the door louder than I'd meant to. New body, and all that. I grab the handle, swing the door open, and step inside, then stop dead in my tracks.

Tricia's standing beside her desk, reading through a file folder. That's not what's surprising. It's her black leather jacket, hanging open around the tight corset clutching her waist. It's her chest straining against the white blouse tucked into that corset. It's the pair of black stiletto heels she's perched on, and the long silver spikes dangling from her ears, and her thick red lips, quirked at a stern angle.

At least she isn't furry.

"Yes, *Miss Ryder*?" she asks, then looks up from her file.

"I'm not a—" I start to say, then decide not to bother. "Never mind. I need the rest of the day off."

Tricia turns to face me, sets a fist against her hips, and walks toward me until she's inches from my chest. The top of her head only comes up to my chin, and that's with her heels, but she's got enough presence that it feels like I'm still staring up at her. "And what's so important that I need to rearrange everyone's schedule to suit yours?" she asks.

"It's a personal...emergency," I say. I don't know if what's happening counts as medical or spiritual or existential or what.

"Oh," she says, without changing her tone. "It's *personal*. Well."

In the back of my head, I'm imagining pinning her down against the wall and fucking her numb. I'm frustrated, I'm horny, and I just want to go home and figure shit out.

I lean toward Tricia's face and wrap my fist around the strap of my collar. My lips curl back into a snarl and my muscles bristle. "Yeah, it's *personal*. I've got this fucking collar stuck on my neck and no one even notices that it's making me into a hyena bitch and it won't. Come. Off!" I tug on the collar with each of those last three words, and then on the last, I grab it with both hands and pull as hard as I can until—

SSNAP!

My head bobs back. I look down at my hands. I'm holding two pieces of the collar, split in half down the middle. It worked. I've finally got it off.

I feel relieved. For a few seconds, at least, until the fur starts prickling its way further up my arms, tawny and spotted brown. And my tits start to inch outward again, and my nose creaks forward and my fangs grow thicker and longer behind my lips. There's no dizzy rush this time, it's more like a slow, creeping fog. The changes aren't as quick, but they're not stopping.

"Shit," I mumble under my breath. "Shit. I'll put it back on!" I tell the collar. I hold up the two halves to my throat and try to wedge them together somehow, but the leather's split clean through. I'm not getting it back on.

I hear creaking. My ears perk up, but it's not coming from me. It's coming from Tricia's corset. I look up and watch as the laces creak tighter and her blouse stretches across her rounder, heavier chest. Red polish swims across her nails. Her pout plumps out even more pronounced.

Tricia doesn't notice. With a soft huff, she says, "Well, clearly you've got some *issues* to work out, so, fine. We'll move the shoot to tomorrow. You'll be in at nine o'clock. Understood?"

"Right. Nine o'clock," I say. I close her office door behind me, then take a quick moment to try to stop fantasizing about fucking my boss.

My snout cricks and snaps. It stretches out longer and thicker, like there's some force inside, pressing against my jaw and my nose, molding them into a broad, sturdy shape. Again I feel like I'm about to sneeze, and then with a curt *pop*, my muzzle snaps out to its full length. I open my eyes and stare down at the thick black nose perched at the tip of my snout. Then I stick out my tongue and roll it all the way up around my nose, onto the top of my muzzle.

I shake my head and head off for the front door of the office. I need to get home and stop this, not sit here playing with my tongue.

As I pass the door to my office, I glance up at the nameplates on the door: Spike Ryder and Maxi Mounds. While I'm standing there, the door swings open, and Max—Maxi almost bumps into me.

From head to toe, she's a Doberman, all russet and sleek black fur. She's ditched the office attire. All she has on is the lingerie and the high heels she was wearing before. She's more built than I remember, but her thick tone is just to compensate for the weight of her tits and her cock. Her bra can still keep her mostly decent, but her panties barely

manage to stretch across her balls, and leave the rest of her knotted dick hanging free and firm in front of her.

"Oh, Spike!" she says, her ears perking up. Her stubby tail starts to wag. "Are you heading out?"

"Yeah, I gotta go, see you tomorrow," I say, gesturing toward the door and stepping back. I'm already imagining all the ways that I could fuck Maxi until she screams, but if I don't get out of here now, who knows what'll happen to the place.

"Don't you want a quick—"

"Bye!" I shout over my shoulder and start jogging toward the front door.

I've got to wrap an arm around my chest to hold it down. My tits are still growing, big and round and taking up more of my chest by the minute. From one side to the other, they're about as broad as my chest is, and they jut out like impossibly firm globes squashed together on top of my ribs. That's not even getting into my nipples, which stick out into my tank top like a pair of bottle caps.

I shoulder-check the front door and step out onto the sidewalk. For a moment, I just stare out at the office park across the street and watch a few cars roll by. After watching my office slowly turn into a porn studio, it's refreshing to see a familiar sight again. I was almost worried I'd step out into some crazy red light district.

I turn down the sidewalk and head down to the covered bus stop. The ride from here to my place is ten, maybe fifteen minutes on a slow day. I'll be fine, I can make it.

Not like I'd fit in a taxi anyway. I think I'm like seven feet tall now.

I stand up at the front of the bus stop, lean against the ad, and wait for the bus to come. While I'm waiting, I start working out the kinks in my joints. I roll my shoulders and turn my neck until it cracks. Then I reach up, straighten my legs, and plant my paws on the roof of the bus stop for balance. I curl my back forward until I feel my spine pop, then relax with a heavy pant.

I'm still getting bulkier. Like when I try to bend my elbow, my bicep gets in the way. My neck's thicker than my head, though some of that's fur. It's getting fluffier the more it grows. I rub my paws along my neck as I crack another stiff joint. My tank top's getting tight across my back, though I'm glad it's strong enough to lug my fucking tits around. Even my paws are growing to compensate for the extra bulk. They're heavier and more thickly padded. They feel almost like boxing gloves strapped to my hands.

At least big fucking paws are good for dealing with big fucking tits.

The fur hasn't stopped growing. It's covered my shoulders now, thick with brown spots, and it's moving down my chest, soft and creamy. I try not to mess with my tits too much, cause I don't need my nipples getting stiff in a top this tight, but I have to scratch at the prickling fur fluffing out along my cleavage. My mohawk—or my mane, whatever you want to call it—is stiff enough to stick up on its own now. Every so often I kinda brush it up smooth so it looks tall and thick. I dunno why, it just feels like it makes me hotter. Must be some hyena instinct.

Finally, as I'm wondering if I could do pull-ups on the edge of the bus stop, the bus pulls in and hisses to a stop. I climb on, and the whole thing sags toward me. I fish my fare out of my snug jeans, then find some empty seats near the back so I can sit down without elbowing into anyone else's space. I stretch my shoulders out across the seats next to me and slide back. I never thought I'd be so glad to do something as boring as taking the god damn bus. Today's been kinda batshit crazy.

The back of my head thunks against the window. I let my mouth hang open and pant. I'm fucking warm. That's something I never thought about, but it makes sense. When all your shit is shifting around inside of you, that's a lot of friction, and that means a lot of heat. Toss on top of that the fur, which is down past my waist, and the constant workout, and the fact that I've been horny for the past half hour, and you have one hot hyena.

I stretch my arms out against the window, paws together. I growl to myself and try to stay calm. I try, but my feet are cramping up. My toes are squeezing against the front of my shoes. I clench my fingers and bare my teeth and wiggle my toes to get comfortable again, but they drag against the soles and fronts of my shoes, like they're too big.

I'd reach down to unlace my sneakers, but before I even slide back up in my seat, there's a loud *rrip*. The soles of my shoes split from the tops. One clawed, padded toe pokes free from the widening hole, then out pop the rest, spread wide and claws bared. "S-shit!" I snarl. I sit up and stick my foot out, but by the time I can see it, my shoe's already gone. Not destroyed, just gone. I know going barefoot isn't that weird for hyenas, but fuck, I bet I've got boots at home I could wear. I plant my big-ass paws on the ground and huff and lean back in my seat.

I reach up and squeeze my paw through one of the straps hanging from the bars overhead. I just need something to help stretch my arms out before they get stiff again.

With the last of me covered up in fur, I'm pretty much all hyena by now. The bus is about halfway home, but so much for getting a collar back on before I'm done changing. I mean, I'm still getting bigger and tittier, but—

This deep quiver shoots down into my gut. Something shifts, then pushes outward, like it's forcing all my bits out of its way. It's kinda like the way my muscles locked up before, but only in one place, only way down in my crotch.

I'm panting harder and I've got my legs spread wide open. At least no one's sitting right across from me. I reach down and dig my claws into my crotch fur and scratch it as discreetly as a seven-foot hyena on the bus can. There's something swollen under my skin—yeah, my dick's there, but this is something else. It's something new.

A sudden clench makes my legs tighten. I push my hips forward, bare my teeth, and tighten my hand around the strap into a fist. Another tight flex, another roll of my hips. Someone stares over the back of their seat, so I flash a mouthful of fangs at him.

I'm not sure what's going on, but I can feel that new swollen tightness rising through my body, like it's trying to force its way up against my skin. There's maybe eight seconds before my muscles pulse again. The jolt is hard enough that I have to drag myself back up into the seat by the arm. When the next pulse squeezes through me, I bark, "Fuck!" and grind my thighs together.

There's a couple people staring now. "Piss off," I say through my teeth.

My crotch is tight and cramped and hot. I wedge a thick finger underneath my pants to investigate and find a mound, swollen folds, a cl—fuck!—a *really sensitive* clit, and, sticking out right between those folds, my hard cock. I don't have the space to go exploring and figure out what the fuck, but there is a literal god damn pussy around the base of my dick.

Then it starts tugging. By that I mean the muscles inside me tighten up against my cock and pull inward. My lips swallow up a little bit of my shaft, and when the next tug comes, I can feel my own dick inside of me, firm and stiff and sliding down deeper.

I rock my hips forward. My cock throbs and slips further back between my folds. I'm getting it from both sides—getting fucked by a tight hyena pussy and getting spread open by a firm cock. My claws scrape against the floor of the bus. I growl out in time to each thrust of my hips. I'm fully erect and dripping wet at the same time.

"Holy shit," I growl. The bar above me groans as my heavy arm pulls on the strap. To everyone else, it must look like I'm riding an invisible dick or something. "Holy *shit* yes." I know people are staring, but I don't bother scaring them off. I'm having too much fun.

I can already feel the head of my cock brushing up against my folds. The more my muscles clench and grind against my shaft, the more I just want to get filled up again.

It's weird and intrusive and hot and demanding, but god damn I want to do this more often.

I'm pulling hard enough on the bar that it starts to bend toward me. All my bucking and grinding is enough to make the bus rock side to side. My other arm's wrapped around the seat back next to me. My claws are tearing holes in the cushions.

The head of my cock yanks back into my pussy with a wet *sllp*. I'm not even sad to see it go. I am fucking sold on having a pussy. I'm so close to an orgasm, too. I clench my bicep so hard the strap snaps off the bar completely. I collapse into my seat, shuddering and growling and clutching at the denim covering my crotch.

"C'mon." I tip my head back over the headrest. I start rubbing with my fingers. It's not enough; the clenching rhythm is already receding down into my body. My dick is gone, leaving me just short of orgasm, with a swollen, aching pussy and a drop of drool running down my cheek.

"Agh, no, fuck!" I slam my fist into the seat next to me and let out a frustrated snarl.

I spend the last two stops before my own with a surly scowl and two fingers wedged between my thighs, grinding my blunt pawpads against my crotch. Then I haul myself onto my big paws and climb off the bus. For a moment, I just stand in the fresh air, breathing it in, and ignoring the dripping wet ache between my legs.

I must have missed it while I was fucking myself, but my clothes got switched up again. Not that they're all that different. Instead of the wifebeater, I've got a torn-up tanktop that only reaches like, two-thirds of the way down my tits, and instead of jeans, it's denim cutoffs. I don't mind too much, but I've still got to get used to showing off this much fur.

My building's only a few blocks away now. I've got a plan in my head: I broke one collar but I remember—in that way I've been getting weird memories all day—that I've got more at home. And if I put on another collar, maybe that'll count, and it'll keep me from becoming any *more* of a hyena bitch.

I almost miss the first turn on the way home. Everything looks kinda different when you're two feet taller than you used to be. While I walk, I lick my finger pads and drag my claws through my mane a couple times, making sure it's spiked up straight and tall. It's grown about two inches since the last time I combed it out, and it makes me feel hot as fuck.

I'm only one block away from my building. I can see the front door. Then I hear someone say, "Oh my god, Spike Ryder?"

My ears perk up like they're used to listening for that name. I don't recognize the voice, though, either as my old self or as Spike. I turn around to see a young woman I don't recognize either. She looks pretty cute, and I'm not just saying that because I'm still pent up and swollen. Her short hair's got blue tips and she's got a lip ring. I like her tank top. I'm actually considering straight up inviting her to my place.

"Yeah?" I ask.

"Holy shit, it is you! *Bad Biker Bitches*, right?"

I suddenly remember being in a leather jacket and spiked corset, getting plowed by Maxi while bent over the seat of a motorcycle, with a film camera hovering unsettlingly close to my face.

"You're even fluffier in person, haha. Can I get your picture? My friends are going to *flip*." She's got her phone out, going for her camera already.

"Sure. Lemme get in here," I say, then lean down a bit next to her, so I'm not towering over her. I prop an arm across her shoulder and let my paw hang down. I tip my head to the side, crack a wide grin, and stick out my long tongue. When she snaps the picture, I get to check out my big mane and sharp fangs and spotted cheeks. I make a pretty damn good hyena.

I stand back up and crack my neck. "Hey, you're gonna post that shit, right?" I ask.

"Oh, if that's—"

"Just make sure you tag me," I say, then give her a growl that maybe sounded more aggressive than flirty. I've got collar problems to solve right now, but I might want to look her up later.

I hurry down the last block to my apartment building, thump my way up to the third floor, and jam a claw into my pocket to fish out the keys to my apartment. They've got rubber grips on the back to make them easier for my paws to deal with.

I push the door open and step inside, prepared to see some wild sex dungeon. Turns out it's still just my single-bedroom apartment. Not that nothing's changed, though. There's a camera next to the TV in the living room, pointed at the couch. There's a couple jars of protein mix out on the counter. My Xbox is sharing space next to a stack of glossy DVDs and my dildo collection. And it looks like I've clawed up the walls and floor a lot more than I did as a human.

As I glance back over the dildo collection, my eyes linger on a pink fourteen-incher with a fat knot at the base. It's not even the biggest one I've got, I just start imagining trying to take that knot and my knees get a little weak. I don't have time for dildos right now, though.

I plow on through my apartment to my bedroom. There's changes here, too: the set of weights in the corner, the fact that my bed is a king instead of a twin, the nice webcam clipped onto the top of my laptop, and the silicone pad on top of the keyboard to keep it safe from my claws.

I toss tank tops and sports bras off the top of my dresser until I find what I'm looking for: another spiked collar, just like the one I broke. I grab it and squeeze into the bathroom. Looking over my shoulder at the mirror, I slide the collar around my neck. Even with a strap as thick as this one, my paws make it tricky to tuck it through the buckle and slot the clasp through the hole. I give the end a yank, and the collar pulls snug around my throat.

The hot haze settles down. I'm not growing any more. It's over, for real this time. I take a deep breath and let it out.

I turn around and look into the mirror, then plant my paws against the counter and lean forward a little. The rips in my tank top stretch as my tits push the fabric outward. They're broader than my chest and big enough that unless I squeeze them together, my nipples point away from each other. But they're not big enough to block the view of my abs.

I lift up an arm beside me and flex it for the mirror. I'm big, but I'm more broad and bulgy than bodybuilder-style rippling. Even by hyena standards, I'm ripped.

Now that I'm not turning into some kind of hyenazilla, I can appreciate the fact that I'm pretty hot. I even like the collar. I'm still pissed at it, but the tough bitch look is growing on me. And I mean, even if I want to fix this, it's going to take some time to figure it all out. In the meantime, I'm going to have to get used to this collar, and get used to being Spike.

But since I'm not growing any more, it's not quite as urgent. And I'm still real fucking horny.

I head back to the living room, kick off my shorts, and squat down in front of my dildo collection. For a minute, I debate whether I want the pink one, or maybe the purple one that's a little slimmer. You know, start off easy for my first time. I reach out for the purple

one, but my mouth is watering and my eyes are drifting over to the fat shaft of the pink dildo. I lick my lips. Fuck it. I grab the pink one and plant it firmly on the floor.

One hand swipes back my mane, while the other holds the thick latex cockhead steady. I crouch down, feet spread wide and pussy lips parted. I press the tip of the dildo up against my folds and as it squeezes inside of me, a rumble starts up in my chest. My muscle memory starts to take over from here.

Even running on instinct, I start off slow. I lift myself up and down, hands planted on my knees to push my legs open wider. I've got to warm myself up, get used to how big and thick the dildo is. With each stroke my back curls more and I dip down a little deeper. A hazy grin spreads across my face. I reach behind me and plant a paw on the floor to keep me steady.

I bob up and down faster, but at the bottom of each thrust, I slow down and this shudder runs through me. The fur on my back stands on end, from my tail to the tip of my mane. With my free hand, I reach up, lift my tits, grope a couple handfuls of soft fur, then get my paw pads around one of my nipples. It's thicker than my thumb, and with paws like mine, that's saying something. All it takes is some rubbing and squeezing and kneading until both nipple and areola are fat and firm against my paw pads.

What with the sharp claws and the thick pads, I'm not great at fingering my pussy, so I've got to find other stuff for my hands to do.

I roll my shoulders, curl my spine, and let my head tip back. All the last bits of stiffness in my muscles from my last growth spurt snap and crack and groan, then dissolve away. I feel loose and powerful, like I could wrestle anyone to the ground, pin them down, and fuck them.

I let out a deep groan, partly from stretching, and partly because I'm bumping up against the big fat knot on this big fat dick. It feels like I'm made for this. Like yeah, my tits get in the way of things sometime and I need fucking aerospace engineering for my sports bras, but this is what it's for, what all of it's for. For fucking really good.

"Fuck me," I snarl. I drag my claws through the fur on my tits, then close my paw pads tight around my nipple. "Harder." With my other hand, I sink my claws into the hardwood floor and swing myself down against the pink dildo. I can feel the stretch as the knot rams into my pussy, but it's not enough, not yet. "Come on. You gonna knot this bad bitch or what?" My eyes glaze over. I see red. My claws score tracks through the finish on the floor. I can feel the bulge of the dildo pressing against the underside of my abs. I wrinkle my nose and bare my fangs and flex my torso like a bow.

Only a couple more thrusts until I cum. I bring myself down hard, *bam*, take the whole knot up into my pussy. It forces me wide open and plugs me up tight. My lips twitch and I jerk my hips a couple times with the cock lodged inside of me. I let out a yowl. My whole body shudders and my pussy clenches tight.

My hand slips out from underneath me and I hit the floor ass-first, shoulders second. It hurts, but I don't even care. I just lie there, legs quivering, chest heaving, mane splayed out against the ground.

Not sure how long I just lay there like an idiot, but eventually, I haul my sore ass up onto the couch. I lie down across it, one leg hooked over the back. Bit by bit, I wiggle the knotted dildo back out of my pussy. The knot pops free, it flops out between my legs, and I sink down into the cushion. I can't remember the last time I felt this relieved.

Without getting up from the couch, I snag my claws on the edge of my shorts and drag them over, then slide my phone out of the pocket. It's in a thick rubber case, and it comes with a stylus so I'm not trying to mash my paw pads against half the screen at a time. I open up a search tab and tap out 'spiked collar magic or curse',

While it's searching, the phone lets out a *plink* and a notification pops up. Looks like that fangirl from earlier just posted my photo. I switch over from the search so I can retweet the picture, then I open up her profile and sit there for a moment, trying to decide how horny I am.

I send her a DM that says, 'ever had a hyena eat your pussy?' and then my address.

I decided I'm pretty horny.

When I wake up next to her the next morning, the sun's already coming in through the window, broken up into bars by my blinds. I squint and yawn and curl my tongue, then roll off the side of my tits. I reach down and scratch the fur around my crotch. Fuck, last night was good. Still mostly a drowsy blur, but good.

I sit up and push off my covers, then look down at her, and for a moment, I don't even recognize her. Instead of short, blue-tipped hair, it's layered with black on top and blue on the bottom, and reaches down past her shoulders. Her fake tits stick up off her chest, and her nipple studs gleam in the sunlight. Her lips are pumped up and glossy blue, and she's got this thick eyeliner bad-girl makeup thing going on.

She groans in her sleep, rolls over onto her side, and tucks her hand against her shaved pussy.

Shit. Guess I need to be careful who I'm fucking with this collar on.

Then pick up my phone and look at time. Shit again. It's eight forty, I'm supposed to be at work in twenty minutes. I haul myself out of bed, hop into the shower, and throw on my clothes from yesterday. My mane's still drying out as I hurry down to the bus stop.

While I'm waiting for the bus, I get out my phone and pull her up on Twitter again. Looks like she does a lot of amateur cam stuff now? Hell, I'd watch her channel. I send her another DM for when she wakes up, tell her I had to get to a shoot but I'm down to hook up again.

I mean, might as well make it up to her for porning her up last night.

It's about nine fifteen by the time I make it in to work. It's still weird to step through the front door and into a porn studio, but it's not as weird as I thought it would be. Turns out it's easier than I thought to adjust to being a hyena porn star.

Over by the stage, Maxi's already in-costume, getting checked over by one of the makeup guys—I think he used to be an intern. Maxi's got a black mask over her face, a 'chainmail' bikini (spandex with a chainmail pattern) that's struggling to cover up her tits, and a thong that isn't even trying to hide her massive cock. It's large even for me. Compared to that, my pink dildo's just a warmup stretch.

Her Doberman ears perk up, and so does her dick. She lifts a hand from the plastic axe she's leaning on and waves at me. "Morning, Spike!"

Tricia, who'd been talking to Maxi while she got ready and had her back to me, turns around. She sees me and shoots me a sharp glare. She turns on a six-inch heel and clicks up toward me. Her tight high ponytail flicks behind her back as she walks. Since I last saw her, she's traded her outfit up from leather to latex, and with each step, the bright sheen across the front of her blouse jiggles. Her lips are plump and glossy enough that I could believe they're latex too.

"You were supposed to be here fifteen minutes ago," she says, poking a sharp red nail into my tits. "You have ten minutes to get into costume and makeup, or we'll find someone else's pussy to fuck. Understood?"

"Yes ma'am," I say. My mane's almost dry now, so I give it a few brushes with my claws to stand it up straight.

"Good," Tricia huffs, then turns away and clicks off toward her office. The tight, careful steps she has to take in her heels kinda clash with the whole 'boss bitch' deal she does.

Once the door to her office swings shut, I look over and catch Maxi's eye. "Christ, more like Misstrish, right?"

Maxi rolls her eyes and giggles. "Oh, don't let Tricia hear that. She'll *like* it."

I head off for the dressing room that used to be my cubicle. There's almost no sign of what it used to be; it's filled with costumes and revealing lingerie and big vanity mirrors for both Maxi and me, but for whatever reason, there's still a ficus sitting in the corner, and one of those inspirational posters about mountain climbing hung up on the wall. Some things never change.

There's a faux fur bikini tossed on top of my desk, which I figure is my costume for the shoot. I tug my tank top up over my head, peel off my shorts, and reach for the buckle of my collar, but stop myself short.

Whoops, shit, careful with that. I'd almost forgotten. And that reminds me, too, that I haven't taken a look at the search results about magic collars on my phone yet. I'll look into it tonight, I decide. One thing a day.

As long as I keep up that pace, I'm sure I'll have this figured out in, like, six months. Nine, tops.

I tug the fur bikini around my tits, adjust it until it covers up my nipples, more or less, then pull the bikini bottom up around my hips. I lean forward into the mirror, fix up a few stray tufts of my mane, and check my fangs. Then, with a tip of my collar to make sure it's straight, I head out to get into my makeup.

8 October, 2017

[male](#) [human](#) [hyena](#) [doberman](#) [gender](#) [muscle](#) [mtf](#) [female](#)
[bimbo](#) [explicit](#)