

Transformation Control Center

Report 03 – “Moshpit”

Training Report for 995600

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Rylee C was a young woman with a lot going on in her life. In the mornings she was a college student working to obtain her degree in 3D animation and by evening she was often with her friends focusing on her hobbies with them. It was one of these hobbies that suddenly blossomed overnight into a lucrative (financially and emotionally) one when a clip of her and her band went viral online and people began to seek out their live shows.

It was only a few months ago that Rylee and her band, Nemesister, finally got to perform to a full house at the local venue for underground acts. It was an old diner that failed to make payments and the town failed to place a new business inside that soon enough became something of an ironic venue. It was in these old halls and amongst the machinery hanging by chains from the ceiling that Nemesister played to a boisterous and intense crowd. Rylee’s eyes lit up as she strummed on her guitar and watched the crowd erupt into a cathartic fury. How often she had rehearsed and envisioned that exact moment that she could watch her guitar magically lure the crowd into two distinct walls and then bring them together in a brilliant and joyful clash. Of course, she had one person to thank for all of that.

A text message buzzed Rylee’s phone. She was relaxing in the student lounge on a comfortable couch and raised her phone in front of her face. It was a message from the band’s lead composer and bassist, a girl named Mavis L. Mavis lived an extremely sheltered life before college. Homeschool to private school and only a few friends to make the walks less lonely. It was during this time she discovered her love of music, especially the heavy stuff. The lyrics of rebellion and the downright disgusting riffs summoned an emotion in her that was something she couldn’t find anywhere else. Rylee checked her message from Mavis. It was art of an anime character getting fucked by a monster. The message vanished. A new message took its place. “Sorry, wrong chat.”

Rylee snorted. This was not the first time. Another message soon followed from Mavis. “Here. New riff. Give it a listen.” (<https://soundcloud.com/reapersweets/monster-riff-wip>)

“Yeah, not bad at all,” Rylee typed away. “Still working hard on that album?”

“We have an audience now. We owe them real music, not the garbage I wrote before.”

“It wasn’t garbage,” Rylee typed. “It was *hot as fuck*. Did you see the crowd? Fucking insane.”

“They didn’t know better, now they do.” Mavis typed fast. Rylee couldn’t even finish a message before Mavis was already drafting out what her next one would be. “We need to give them better. I wrote some lyrics too if you wanted to look them over.”

Another link came. Rylee squinted over them. “Yeah...”

“I’m sorry,” Mavis replied. “We’ll just let Vic rewrite them.”

“Still, calling those guys *ratfuckers born to die* is kinda intense.”

“The wrong kind. I got too excited again. I’ll keep working on the riff. I’ll email you the tab so far and you can practice a little tonight before the show.”

Rylee sat up from her chair and collected her things back together as the clock neared her next class. “Yeah, sounds good. Just a little show tonight so it shouldn’t be bad.” She stood up and went off to get her next class out of the way. Statistics somehow was one of the classes she had to take for her major, but she thought she was doing fine (61%, barely a D) all the same. As soon as that class was over Rylee raced out and rushed back to her dorm.

Sure enough, all her dormmates were home. The TVs in their rooms were blasted and one of them was screaming the closest they could to the music they were trying to sing. Rylee

retreated into her room, tossed her backpack and jacket to the side and sat down on her bed in just her tank top. She sighed and grabbed her glucose monitor and then began her second insulin injection for the day. Once she settled, she grabbed her guitar and began practicing.

Her laptop screen lit up with one of her virtual amps. She clicked through the presets she made and found the closest one to the sound that Mavis had been playing on. A few strums on her guitar before she had to pull up her phone and prod Mavis again. Mavis replied by calling Rylee on her computer. She answered.

“Hey, sup?” Rylee sat back casually on her bed as the laptop camera turned on. Mavis’s little shark icon bounced up as she spoke.

“B Standard. You playing on your baritone?”

“Yep,” Rylee presented her guitar. “Nothing funky with the tuning? I know you’ve been playing with that lately.”

“Nope. I did double track the guitar on the demo. Just do some basic distortion and don’t worry too much about the tone I had. You might want to add some octave down.”

“Eh,” Rylee snickered. “Here, lemme just...” A few clicks and she was sharing her little rehearsal. Rylee played through it a few times whilst Mavis very casually and quietly coached her through it. Every time Mavis spoke Rylee had to make sure her guitar was completely quiet or else the instructions Mavis was providing would be drowned out.

Playing in a cramped room worked up a sweat. Rylee rose up from her seat and grabbed one of the energy sports drinks she’d been getting into lately and took a big sip. “Mmm. We got an hour still, right? I should probably head over.”

“We only get to play three songs...” Mavis sounded fixated. “There are other bands too.”

“Yeah, but hey, it gets eyes on us. Sure, it’s a bar, and yeah its mostly cover bands and garbage but fuck it. We’ll get people to see us and when we play our next show at The Factory?”

That'll be our night where we show them the harder stuff we've been cooking." Rylee flashed a toothy smile. She'd report later that she did feel "*a little more excited than usual.*" At this point she hadn't noticed any changes.

Mavis cleared her throat. "I do need to tell you something about the show tonight. I kept it from you because I was afraid you wouldn't agree to play."

"Oh? Shit, well c'mon Mavis. I'm better than that."

Mavis sighed. "Rain... is going to be there."

"... Are you fucking kidding?"

It was time for the show. Rylee was pacing outside the venue. It was a bar, the kind of bar that was seen as a truce between the older adults and college students. Drinks were cheap and the décor was neon and concrete with comfortable metal chairs and cold metal tables. The parking lot was filled with cars that threw their headlights through the gentle rain like static on a tv.

Rylee looked over her shoulder and saw a shorter black-haired girl emerge in a purple coat with her hood up. The hood had floppy ears like a dragon she enjoyed from a novel series she read and could get no one else to read. Rylee sighed. "Mavis..."

"I'm sorry I kept it from you," Mavis said. "We just need to play this show and then we won't share a billing with her again."

"I swear to god if she says some dumb shit like *oh hey Rylee! Latching on to our success?* I'm going to destroy her."

Their drummer, Thomas, emerged from his old van with a clueless look. "Rain? Like the weather?"

"Rain is *deep* Rylee lore," Mavis nodded her head. "And a woman."

“Very deep,” Rylee huffed. “A terrible woman. You gotta get drunk with me and pick the right dialogue options.” Their other guitarist, Vic, emerged from the same van Thomas just got out of. Rylee stuck her hands deep in her coat pockets. “Rain and me used to be friends. Like, pretty good friends. We started up a little band in high school for a bit. I was really bad at guitar back then, like mostly me guessing how music even worked. Rain had expensive piano lessons or whatever, so she just transferred the knowledge over. Well, she started playing for this other band during the talent show. I asked if I could join in but got told they already had enough guitarists. Well guess fucking what? Turns out Rain’s shitty mom is a fucking publicist?! So, their stupid horseshit talent show band covered fucking *The Pretender* and somehow, they were able to spin it off and turn it into a recording contract? No idea how the hell that works, probably social media?”

“Social media is a plague,” Mavis added. The entire band nodded in solace.

“Well, she stopped replying to my messages, and now her stupid band is here playing right after us.”

“If she’s so big,” Vic asked, “Why is she playing a show at a random bar in a college town?”

“Duh, literally just because she can. She probably gets off on it. She plays here, then sleeps in the plane before they play Wembley or whatever.”

“Have they played Wembley?” Thomas asked.

“No, but I’m being hyperbolic!” Rylee groaned. “Okay, fuck it, clear heads. We play, we get out, we finish album two, and then we play the show we really care about at The Factory. Let’s go girls!”

Thomas and Vic struck a little pose. Vic added, “Girl status: we are going!”

Mavis very, very weakly raised her hand and then retreated inside.

An hour later they were standing on the stage inside the bar. Thomas was settled at his drumkit and testing the kick to make sure it was still working. Mavis assumed the position she'd hold the entire night and never move from. You could trace the outline of her shoes at the start of a show and find that by the end she had never moved even once from the spot. Vic adjusted his microphone and double checked the tuning on his guitar and Rylee did the same.

It was a disgusting feeling, looking out at a crowd that didn't really care what it was that you were about to do. Rylee wondered how many of them were actually there for Rain's little band that'd be on next. Rylee's traitorous eyes hunted through the crowd for any sign of Rain's pretty little blonde head before she stopped herself from ruining her night. Don't look for her, focus on playing. She ran her hand through her short brown hair and sighed.

Vic pulled up the mic and started the ice breaker. "Hey, we're Nemesister! Thanks everyone for coming out I guess! If you feel a bit out of place, how do you think me and the drummer feel?" Vic motioned to Thomas and the crowd gave a few earned little laughs. It was a start, it was a few fans in the earliest stages of forming. "So, we're going to play three of our songs for you all and then we're outta your hair. So, sit back and just enjoy this shit. Oh, Rylee got anything you wanna say before we start?"

Rylee grabbed the mic and screamed out the first vocal of song number 1: "Let's fucking GOOOOO!!!"

(Due to copywrite and relevancy issues, there will be no snippets of the songs played included in their released discography. If you are interested in Nemesister, please keep your eyes on company bulletins for when their new album will be released.)

Song one went without a hitch. They opened so often with it that they had it beyond memorized. There was something beyond muscle memory: boredom. A full recognition that this thing you've done often enough to do without even thinking has entered the mundane. It frustrated Rylee but she stuck with the song, knowing that any improvisation might leave their bassist not sure how to proceed.

And then song two got the crowd going a little more. Just a bit. They were still struggling to crack some smiles and get the room on their side. "Alright, alright! We only got one more to do. It's kinda our hit?" Rylee laughed. "Not sure why but this is the song we went viral with, and it

is the only reason we're up here. So hey, enjoy it and—" Applause. Oh, did they know this one? Rylee, however, fell to the tyranny of her own sight and saw something that would very much upset her.

Rain came through the door. Blonde, tall, beautiful. She wore a tight silver dress that shimmered in the light and shined like pearls. Her skirt lost every battle with her thighs and her heels clicked as she walked ahead. Rain's pale grey eyes met Rylee's green eyes. And then she looked away as if it was nothing.

Rylee raised her guitar and began strumming out the first few notes of their big hit. *Never Again* was a song that Mavis had written, and Rylee helped with quite a bit. The riff came out kicking and had this heroic motion to it that built and built until the chorus. Normally Rylee would be able to focus on the feeling and strum a few chords and play her lead but she kept noticing Rain's earrings dangling or saw her pull out her phone and start recording.

A string *snapped* off Rylee's guitar. Rylee looked down and saw that her A string was completely gone and unsalvageable. Rylee curled her fingers into a fist and watched as her band kept playing on, pushing through the last chorus and wrapped up the song. Mavis looked concerned, giving this smile that said *please just a bit longer*.

Rylee slammed her foot down on her tuning pedal and turned back the peg on her low string until she saw *B* whenever she strummed. In the empty space of the final strum of the last chorus, Rylee plucked the first few notes of Mavis's new riff.

Panicked, Mavis slammed her foot down and quickly retuned the bottom string of her bass. Rylee motioned to Thomas *keep playing* and then motioned to Vic *sorry, just make noise?*

And then she jammed. Mavis joined in and Rylee's heart soared. The two only looked at each other. Mavis left her stage mark and just let herself play along with Rylee. This was everything to Rylee. Her back to the audience, she blazed through the new riff and banged her head and roared with everything she had. Sweat rolled down her forehead as Thomas did his best to play along and fill the space with little fills. Thomas grabbed the mic as wrap up time came.

"Once again! We're Nemesister! Search for us online and then scroll down and go to page two and yup! That's us! Buy our album, support local music, and never ever let them take it from us! Yeah, next up is *Rain* oh just her name, it is just her name for the band—" The audience

cheered. Only Thomas saw that the cheering was for Rain. Rylee, so consumed by the hype, thought and hoped it was for her and Mavis playing their hearts out. Rylee strummed higher and higher up her fretboard and then her and Mavis played one last conclusive *bam!* The song ended, the band stood up and quickly retreated outside with their instruments to make space for Rain's band to get set up.

"That was fucking awesome! Holy shit! The adrenaline from that song!" Rylee laughed.

"We really shouldn't have played it that soon..." Mavis ran a finger through her hair. "I was still working on it..."

"Relax, we needed to road test it a little first before the show that matters. Didn't you hear them? They loved it!"

Thomas and Vic looked at each other and then at Rylee. "Well," Vic smiled. "I mean, they liked us more than I thought." He dug his sneaker into the wet parking lot floor below. Inside the other band started up and the crowd cheered. "Sounds like that girl is up next."

"Fuck her," Rylee rolled her eyes. "She's just going to sing some poppy shit and cover some songs everybody in there already knows."

"Trite," Mavis nodded.

"Yeah," Thomas laughed. "Garbo!"

"Fair enough, fair enough," Vic shrugged. "Well, I gotta head home. Got some stuff to work on for class. Thomas, you're with me."

"And we're stopping for a burger on the way back, right?" Thomas wagged and rushed up to Vic as they turned to walk to the van.

“Yeah sure, if you’re paying. You make any money since this morning when I spotted you?”

They were too distant for Rylee to hear at that point. Just her and Mavis for a bit. Rylee smiled. “I’d offer for you to come back and hangout, but I have class in the morning and my roommates are being loud as shit.”

“That’s fine,” Mavis nodded.

“Mom still doesn’t know you do this, right?”

“She doesn’t really need to know...” Mavis sighed. “See you soon, Rylee.” She adjusted her glasses and vanished into the night.

Rylee sighed and walked off to get back to her dorm. Her foot splashed into a puddle and the water reached her socks much sooner than she thought they should have. She shined her phone light on her shoe and discovered that the front of both of her sneakers were completely blown and ripped open and her socks looked a little rough too. “The fuck did I hit while I was moshing?” she asked. She thought she had just skidded her feet weird or had hit something while she was on her adrenaline high. The shoes were old and falling apart and she didn’t exactly buy the best socks. It was all excusable at the time.

She made her way back to the dorm and plugged her ears as soon as she heard a bed moving in one of the dorms. Of course, it was one of *those* nights. Rylee threw her clothes off and vanished naked beneath her bed. She’d shower in the morning, she just wanted to fall asleep and get the night over with. Her phone buzzed. Mavis had messaged with just a link.

Someone took a video of them playing. The comments were nothing but good things. People saying how amazing they were and how that riff came out of nowhere and was so heavy and awesome. Rylee wiggled beneath the covers and made a little sound she had to muffle. She would later confirm that she was pretty sure this was another time she began to change but she fell asleep shortly after and thus her memory was hazy. It was likely all the changes were beneath the covers and thus remained hidden from her. By the time she woke up, everything would be back to normal.

Rylee's alarm rang in her ear and forced her out of her bed. She rolled to the side and grabbed her glucose monitor and pricked her finger for a quick wakeup check. She thought everything looked alright though her blood sugar was a little high for having just slept. She shrugged and got herself dressed for her morning gym routine.

As usual, the gym was pretty much abandoned. When you show up in the early hours of the morning the only other people who came to the obscure gym were usually the elderly or cops. She stared daggers at the cop she recognized and threw herself onto the treadmill.

While running she figured she might as well listen to that new riff Mavis had been working on again just to make sure she was still enjoying it. She nodded her head along, enjoying the music and anticipating the heavier parts. She knew it needed a little work but she was so excited to keep adding on to it.

The audience filled her mind. Her muscles tensed tight as a drum and her fists squeezed shut. Her socks tore as claws pushed from the tips of her toes. She roared quietly to herself and raced through the rest of her cardio before it was time for some strength training.

She stretched to maintain flexibility and noticed that her toes were poking through her socks against the interior of her shoes. Then it was time for weights. A few curls and her biceps started to hurt in that satisfying burn that affirmed she was making progress. She reached the end of her usual reps when Rain's smug face flashed in her mind. The weights reached the bottom of their arc and were ricocheted forward as Rylee stiffened her arms into spite catapults. *Don't you wanna beat her?!* Rylee thought. Over and over.

Sit ups until failure. She was about to roll off the mat. *Don't you wanna beat her?!* She pushed into another set, her music she swapped to blared in her ear and filled her with envy and excitement and hype and this desire to climb the mountain and meet the band on equal ground and soar just as high. Her abs tightened and pronounced beyond any degree she had ever managed to form them before. Scales slowly snaked up her legs. Squats were next. She performed until failure and then the same song swam in her ear, *Don't you wanna?* And suddenly she was grabbing more weight and pushing even harder until her head went dizzy.

It went on until she was half certain she was going to end up in the emergency room. Rylee pulled herself together and squirmed her way back to the locker room to shower off. She paused in front of the mirror and half noticed something that looked a little off. Was there a glow in her eyes? And were those little bumps pushing out of her head? And yet she felt so... so good.

The glow of her exercise consumed her, a light so bright it hid all the imperfections. She smiled at her reflection and wandered to the shower. By the time she returned to the mirror she didn't look as strange though she did notice her muscles looked a bit more pumped than usual. This, however, was far less concerning since it was gains that she was seeking in the first place. She flexed quietly for herself and admired her figure in the mirror.

Rylee sat down to eat her breakfast, opting to check her blood sugar again. Again, it was higher than she was used to seeing. She raised a brow and figured she should check just to be sure... She pulled out her cellphone and dialed the doctor she was seeing. After a short conversation with the receptionist, she was put through to one of the nurses. Turns out the doctor was out on PTO for the week. All the nurse could really recommend is that Rylee keep up with her medication and avoid overly sugary foods. Rylee sighed, retrieved one of the pills and sipped it down with some water. She'd hold off on the sports drinks for now, but she was really enjoying the caffeine buzz that came with them.

After that it was just back to class. Rylee tried to focus but she was struggling more than usual that day. The glow from the gym was haunting her and making her hand want to go anywhere but above the desk she sat at. Over and over her mind kept stirring, returning to that same intense point of imagination and setting her tense as a spring. All she wanted to do was play her guitar and *more*. She had this intense feeling, this need to let her fingers dwell beneath her pants line. Push. Feel. Maybe push someone else. Maybe make someone else do the feeling. Her imagination drifted to someone pushing *inside her* but it felt, as she'd put it, *unsatisfying*. She grit her teeth and struggled to get through her class.

Then her phone buzzed.

She checked. It was the band group chat. Thomas sent a message to the team that read "Show. ASAP. Leave any class you're in and meet us at Burger Bunny. I am dead serious."

Thank God.

They met at Burger Bunny. Thomas and Vic were still in their Burger Bunny uniforms. Rylee raised a brow. "You guys work here?"

"Huh," Mavis shrugged. "I guess we never had to meet up before the sun went down. What's going on?"

Thomas did a little hop. “Show! We got a show! Look!” He raised his phone. “Email from a venue one town over that saw us! They want us to play tonight because their band, Giga Boner, dropped out.”

“...” Mavis laughed aggressively into her hand. “I guess that band was a bit *dysfunctional*.”

“They got a bit *cocky*,” Rylee nodded sagely.

“I will crash the van,” Vic raised his finger. “Get in, let’s go!”

“Don’t you guys have to finish your shift up?” Mavis nodded.

“Nah, we’re sick, HURRY!” Thomas jumped in the passenger side and Vic reflected the movement to the driver’s. Mavis and Rylee found their seats in the back, Rylee of course going out of her way to take the seat that had the broken cushion and the back rest that was giving up the ghost. They drove off and dropped by Rylee and Mavis’s places to grab their instruments and then they were off to go play their little surprise show.

Rylee made it a point not to look out the window. She also forgot to grab her testing kit so she was going to be winging it that night. Hopefully she’d be alright. Normally she was pretty good at guessing where she was at but the whole morning had been screwy. She looked to her left and saw Mavis had burrowed into the comfort of her hoodie and her laptop. Her fingers glided across the keyboard with the weird little posture she typed with and rapidly filled her screen with deeply concerning lyrics. Rylee leaned over and detected Mavis pill-bugging into a much more private and defensively advantageous position. Not wishing to predate her shy girl, Rylee relented back to the not-comfort of her seat and perched her chin on her knee and stared down at her phone, trying to ignore that she was horny, trying to get absorbed by the comments on the clip of them playing...

They arrived at the venue. It was a much tamer locale, a bar with a theater below the ground floor. The little fill in band slowly staggered down the stairs whilst Thomas took the drummer’s elevator to get his heavier gear where it was going. Mavis and Rylee found their stations and hooked up their amplifiers and prepared.

For all of them, the crowd was a fair deal larger than either of them had anticipated. It wasn't quite as big a crowd as The Factory had back at home, but it was bigger than the last gig for sure. Rylee took a deep breath. She knew it was going to make her a bit nervous playing to such a crowd but she just focused on how excited she felt. She smiled over at Mavis who had already figured out where she could plant herself.

Vic pulled up the mic and started the usual. "Hey, we're Nemesister!" Thomas tested the kick drum; Mavis tuned her bass. "Before you ask, yes, me and the drummer were in the band when we named." Vic motioned to Thomas and a very, very few laughs came from the audience. Rylee squeezed her pick tight. Vic smiled at the crowd putting on his best poker face. "Anyways, if our job asks, we're all *very sick* like some major flu shit," and there came a few more laughs than before. "Well, before we start, Rylee, you got anything you wanna add?"

Rylee grabbed her microphone. She tensed tight but felt the glow from the workout still lingering there. It was like this glowing orb inside of her stomach, swirling, always in reach like electricity drawn through an outlet. She grabbed some of that plasma courage and roared into the microphone, "Let's fucking *GOOOOOOOO!!!*"

And they started their first song...

It was a tight show. Rylee was more focused than ever and Mavis made a deal with some demon to never play a wrong note. Vic and Thomas were doing pretty good themselves, Rylee could tell that Thomas was finally practicing and learned how to control his hi-hat. If they sounded half as good as this during the Factory show then that might just make Rylee the happiest girl in the world.

They got to the last song and Rylee quickly rushed over to Mavis and whispered, "We're doing it again."

"The riff isn't done..."

"Pleaaaaase? Pleaaaaase? I'll RP with you."

“...” Mavis blushed and turned away. “I’ll do it just please stop bringing up that I RP.”

Rylee snickered and strolled across the stage to the drummer and tapped him. “We’re doing the same closer.” And then over to Vic. “Hey, we’re doing what we did last time. Did you learn it yet?”

“No?” Vic smirked. “Mavis sends you the riffs first and doesn’t send me shit until it is *done*. Hey, this is a freebie, go nuts girl. Break shit.” Vic turned to the crowd and yelled out. “Alright, this is the last song. Brace yourselves, we’re fucking *stupid!*”

And just like the bar show they played out the same song they usually closed with. *Never Again* was strummed out with the usual cocky confidence Rylee liked to pretend she had... only that time it really did seem like she had it. It was like stepping your foot up to pretend you were walking on a stair... only to find that the stair was actually there. You were standing on nothing. Rylee felt like she was flying.

It was their hit, their song everyone danced to online for a week, and the faces lit up in the audience who recognized that dance. Rylee saw their faces and a smile stretched across her face as she knew what was coming. The riff, that fucking riff that she was falling in love with. Yeah, it wasn’t the best, but she loved the shock it gave everyone, loved how it felt to play. The anticipation made that swelling feeling in her gut tighten. Rylee felt her workout soreness return but it was a satisfying burn. All her effort turned into fuel for pleasure.

Claws pushed through the holes in her socks. She swung around in a circle and laughed as she prepared for the big moment. She leaned over and turned on her tuning pedal. Her finger spun the peg and her string was retuned to B. The audio went back on and she prepared.

The riff ignited and the crowd roared. Rylee laughed as she felt something intense and incredible. The excitement, surely?

The show finished with the last few strums and Rylee ripped her guitar from her body and spun it by the strap in the air. It was at this point she noticed that her shoes had burst again, and she could feel her shirt was struggling to stay on her. She thought that it was just her old clothes falling apart on her once more, so she quickly sprinted backstage to address her wardrobe malfunction.

Outside, she sat with her back against the wall and looked down at herself via phone light. The light revealed the black scales that had snaked their way up her tightened abs, the same spotlight slowly wandering along to show how her hips had widened. She didn't need the light to see that there was something bulging and throbbing inside of her shorts because whatever it was, it was glowing bright cyan.

"What... the fuck?" Rylee shivered. She set her phone to the side, the light shining towards the sky like an SOS. She gripped her shorts and tugged down to let her newly grown monster cock *spring* out from its confinement. "Oh my *HOLY FUCK?! Is that a dick?!*" She looked left and right and then focused on it. She wagged her hips and watched it stiffly swing.

Well... it was long, and it was thick, almost equine in shape. There were these ridges along it and the base was shaped wide like a dog's knot. The last four inches of it glowed bright cyan, throbbing in luminosity that waxed and waned with the excitement swirling in her gut. Lines of cyan flowed across the irrigation system that was her abs, outlining the pronounced muscles with a powerful glow. She stood up into a clumsy squat and felt a gust of air strike across her. Her shorts had ripped open, and a massive tail had grown out from her. A big, scaley tail that she could feel swayed behind her and raised up as she bid it.

"Holy shit... do I call my doctor or...?" As she thought about it a phone number entered her mind. Unfortunately, it entered her mind just as the door swung open.

"Rylee? Are you okay?!" Mavis called out. "I'm sorry, did I play it wrong? I know I'm bad at improv, but it was hard to keep up—" Mavis turned her head to the right and saw Rylee squatted in an alley with a massive monster dick jutting out of her incredible figure.

The two girls looked at each other for a long, long moment. Rylee panted, visible puffs of air leaving her much warmer body past her much sharper teeth into the cold humid air. Mavis's face was consumed by an intense blush and a complete loss for words. Mavis made sure the door was closed and took a nervous step forward. "Ry...lee?"

"H-hey Mavis... did you spike my drink with anything...?" Rylee nervously laughed. "I dunno, this seems like something you'd want to have happen and I know I didn't do it..."

Neither were the kind of person to get carried away inside the alley. Mavis leaned in and got a closer look at it. Overwhelmed by her fantasies, she at least insisted on touching it. Rylee consented. Mavis poked her finger against it and was about to close her palm tight before they heard the sounds of sneakers stepping in puddles towards them.

They raced to the van and quickly vanished into their car seats. Rylee tried to cover it up, but it was glowing so bright through her shorts that it'd be obvious. Mavis huffed, threw her hoodie off, and pushed it over Rylee's monster dick. That was enough to consume the light and hide it.

Vic and Thomas fell into the van laughing their asses off. "Holy fuck what a show!" Vic laughed.

"That was so worth it! I don't even care if we lose our jobs, fuck that stupid burger place!" Thomas laughed.

Vic craned his head back to Rylee. "Hey, we were looking for ya. We figured you'd be soaking up the attention a bit, all good Rylee?"

"Haha, yeah just had a little wardrobe malfunction. Too early in my career to *serve*, I figured."

"Pfft, fair enough. We're not exactly a pussy out band yet," Vic nodded his head. "Well, let's get you two home. Factory show is next so make sure you're ready!"

The ride home was the most intensely quiet ride of Rylee's life. She kept looking over at Mavis, her eyes asking so many questions that the stoic yet nervous Mavis was unable to answer without words. Rylee felt every single bump as that crappy van scanned the road to find the perfect way to collide with every bump and pothole.

Finally, they made it back to Rylee's place. Mavis got out with her. *"I'm just going to walk her inside and make sure she's alright okay guys thanks for the ride appreciate you guysreat show—WOOH!"* Mavis shot her hands up and then tugged Rylee out of earshot before either of the guys could reply. They raced inside and quickly pushed into Rylee's bedroom.

Mavis pulled up the roller chair from Rylee's desk and Rylee fell backwards onto her bed. Mavis perched. "... Is it still there...?"

Rylee slowly lifted the hoodie, revealing a long strand of pre and of course the monster cock just below. It looked just a bit smaller and it wasn't glowing any longer. Both girls stared at it, confused, excited? Rylee struggled between if she should feel embarrassed that she was being exposed like this to her friend or if she should treat the appendage like this alien thing that wasn't actually a part of her. She wouldn't be this ashamed of a strap on...

"Wow... I really hate to say it, but it looks amazing..." Mavis gulped. "Like... it looks better than the drawings."

"Pffft... glad someone here is enjoying it. Well... hey?" Rylee gave a little nervous smile. "Listen, I know you like weirdo monster stuff... this might be your only chance. I don't mind. It won't mess up our friendship or anything."

"Are you sure...?" Mavis's hand was hovering above it like it was a bowl of candy.

"C'mon, seriously. Go nuts girl."

"You said you're... okay..." Mavis gulped. She touched it again. The cock reflexively pulsed and seemed to grow a bit brighter and a bit taller. Mavis wrapped her fingers around it and squeezed. "It is... really really warm. Like... god I hate it but it feels like it was freshly microwaved. One of those pizza pockets and you wrap a paper towel around it..."

"You described my dick as a pizza pocket?" Rylee snorted. "I grew a monster dick, and you, the monster scholar, can only liken it to a microwaved meal?"

"S-shut up!" Mavis squeezed tighter and the pulse of pleasure was enough to silence Rylee. Mavis squirmed and buried her face against it. She huffed it and ran her tongue along the side. Mavis let herself become lost to the blur of her fantasies.

Her top came off and her bra went loose. She wrapped her breasts around it and hungrily pushed up and down, milking it and swirling her tongue around any inch of it that was closest to her at the moment. Rylee was more of a passenger than a monster. To Mavis it was an impossible gift that she never thought could happen, so of course she was excited and lost to the passion of it.

“H-hey... bit... slower... it feels... reaaaaaally intense holy FUCK...” Rylee’s eyes ignited cyan. She shuddered and looked at Mavis. A strange, intense attraction ignited inside Rylee. An instinct that only a monster would have. She suddenly stood up and grabbed Mavis forcefully.

Mavis landed on her knees. Her throat was stuffed, and her body followed the motion that Rylee’s powerful hands forced. Suddenly it was everything on fire. The world was to be destroyed and consumed and Rylee was the maw, the devastator of it all. The mindset she entered felt so dangerous, so incredible, that all of the little human imperfections that drove her mind to the common hazards of the cautious and the careful vanished. She was just a monster and she was laying claim to the eager girl beneath her.

Her body tensed and a roar left her throat. A loud knock on her wall barely registered as a dormmate tried to tell her to keep quiet. Rylee wanted to rip the wall down and end them, but she was too captured by the pleasure, by Mavis’s lips. She came in a sudden and shocking climax. It was the first time she ever felt it. A rush of monstrous hormones flushed through her system, a bundle of thick veins and nerves ignited down the thick spire jutting out of her. Mavis was filled and the excess spilled out over her shirt. The glowing excess, that is.

The moment Rylee was done the changes began to decrease and a stark and intense cliff of exhaustion hit her. Rylee didn’t remember what happened after that, just that suddenly she was struck with an intense fatigue and her eyes refused to stay open any longer. She closed her eyes to scratch them and failed to open them again until the next morning.

...

Her eyes shot open. She was wide awake, car crash adrenaline rushing through her system and forcing her to act. Although she felt intense urgency, as soon as she tried to stand she felt her balance completely leave her. Her head felt heavy like her brain was replaced with rocks. A terrible headache refused to leave and swam around the back of her skull, this uneven easily misplaced gritting pain that moved when she moved. She pushed her elbow down to support

herself and heard a woman groan. She looked down and saw that for the first time she had shared her dorm room bed with another person—Mavis.

There she was, the little dork nestled up close to her, so exhausted she fell asleep naked. Embarrassed confusion washed over Rylee. For some reason, Rylee was struggling to remember the night before. A blank slate. She peered across the room, searching for any hint at what had happened the night before. No bottles of vodka or abandoned joints half smoked. Without any signs of what was happening, she then decided to grab her phone and figure out what time it was and what was going on from there. She checked the usual places her phone might be without disturbing Mavis only to find her phone laid on the floor a few inches too far from her bed for her to lean down and grab it. With only her shirt on to cover her up, Rylee stood up out of bed with all her skill to let Mavis sleep and grabbed her phone.

12:00pm. She slept through her gym time and two of her classes. Even worse were all the notifications she had missed while she was asleep. It was the first time in a while she woke up to so many that her phone UI condensed most of them into a difficult to read list. She waddled over to the bathroom and felt her stomach growl agonizingly loud. It was the hungriest she could ever remember being since the time she had gone on a hunger strike to convince her parents to buy her a new video game. Torn between appetite and intel, Rylee left her phone on the bathroom sink, slipped on some panties to pretend she had some decency, and escaped the bedroom to go grab some cereal from the shared kitchen.

The cheerleaders she shared the dorm with were gathered around the table enjoying their lunches as Rylee, bed head and all, dragged her feet across the floor to the cupboard. She grabbed two bowls and two spoons and all three boxes of cereal that she owned (Chocolate Atomic Bombs, Sugar Gems, and Just Flakes.)

“Hey,” one of the girls muttered. Rylee turned her head and shot a glare. “You were like, loud as fuck last night.”

“Yeah?” Rylee huffed. “You’re all pretty loud most of the time.”

“At least we don’t roar.” The three girls laughed and put the rest of their lunch in the trash before departing. Rylee groaned and angry walked back to her room before she remembered that Mavis was asleep and quietly angry walked the last few steps into her room.

She poured herself a bowl of cereal and then added the milk she had stolen from the fridge and began hungrily munching down. It wasn't bad but she really wanted some meat as well. She just had that undeniable craving for protein. Cereal would be the fuel to survive the morning and then with that sustenance she would endure to get a burger or a steak later. Brunch could be two meals if she wanted it to.

From the bathroom she could hear her phone vibrating like a hellion, a screaming beast demanding her attention. She grunted and brought her cereal bowl with her to the bathroom. She lifted the bowl to her lips and slurped down two mouthfuls in one go and then set the bowl down. With her hand free she lifted the phone and saw that Vic was calling. She accepted the call and squished the phone from her shoulder against her cheek.

"Vic, what's up?"

"Hey, Rylee, girl! You um, haven't been checking the group chat huh? You or Mavis?"

"Yeah, she spent the night with me, here. We um, had stuff to figure out for the show." Of course, she still didn't know what she had done the night before. "Why, what's going on?"

"Ugh, you're going to hate this," Vic cleared his throat. "Well, during the last show you apparently had a pretty big wardrobe malfunction. Someone snapped a photo and it's been going well, not viral, but it has like twenty reposts? And—Oh *fuck* that's a MUCH bigger number now."

Rylee lowered the phone and let Vic's voice be distant. The pings were people @'ing (at-ing) her on ever social media she had. She opened her phone and watched every video and photo. It was her rocking out, having a fantastic time, and the whole while her shorts had a massive tear in them, flashing her whole entire ass to the crowd. She also looked... big.

A foot taller. Stronger. There was some glowing coming from her crotch, but everyone probably thought that it was just the concert lights. But Rylee could feel the memories coming back, especially when she saw the outline of a tail in the darker light.

Vic was damn right about the numbers too. Rylee tapped on the post to check its history and figure out what caused the spike. Who was the last person to share it? Rain: It was *Rain*.

Rylee lifted the phone back to her ear and resumed the conversation with Vic that Vic thought had been ongoing. “—And to be honest we don’t mind hurting a couple people. You’re like a brother to me, only a girl and more like a sister? I don’t know it is just gross that they’re sharing your ass like that! I’ll do whatever it takes to make the show tonight happen—”

“Vic!”

“Rylee?”

“We’re good. We are *all* good.” Rylee grabbed her medication to help offset the massive sugar intake she just had with all her sinful cereals. “Focus on the show. Let em share my ass, great advertising for my premium account I’ll open after we blow the roof off The Factory.”

“Alright, if you say so. Just let me know if you need anything. Also make sure Mavis isn’t dead?”

Rylee concluded the call and went back to the bed to gently shake Mavis awake. “Hey, c’mon nerd. It is way past noon now and I just ate two boxes of cereal. Hey... HEY!”

“What what... huh?” Mavis lifted her head and looked at Rylee. “Holy... oh my god, did we?!”

“Did we what?” Rylee raised a brow. “Look, I missed the gym and a couple of classes. The show is like tonight, so we gotta get a move on. Are you alright?”

“Rylee...? Are *you* alright?” Mavis found her glasses and put them back on her mousey face. “You... you transformed last night. Like... had a ...” Mavis blushed. “That wasn’t a dream right?! Oh my god am I having *the dreams* again?!”

“Relax... relax...” Rylee sighed. “I actually don’t remember last night super clearly. But... I think I have something weird going on. I’ll book an appointment with my doc, and as soon as the show is done? I’ll get it sorted.” Her memories were slowly coming back the longer she was awake. She saw a bruise on Mavis’s shoulder and she knew she made it. Her heart warmed with a possessive feeling. That was a mark she left, proof of something terrible and great. Rylee slowly gained memory of more bruises she left, of what Mavis’s voice sounded like when she was getting *into it*. Rylee’s heart began to race. A few scales appeared on her thighs. She shook her head and vanquished the phantoms.

With phone in hand, she slipped out of her room into the abandoned dorm hall. She’d give Mavis some space to handle herself for a bit and she’d make her phone call. She was put on to a nurse who politely reminded Rylee that the doctor was *still* on PTO. Rylee groaned.

“Yeah, I know! I mean I didn’t know, I have amnesia and myriad other symptoms like growing claws and blowing out my shorts with a tail! So please, whenever you can, get me the earliest appointment possible, alright?”

The nurse went quiet and then asked Rylee to hold. Suddenly the phone picked back up.

“Hello, is this Rylee?”

“Um, yeah. Hey, Doctor Datura?”

“Sorry Rylee, I’m still on my vacation, but the nurse said you were noticing some very strange changes?”

“Um, yeah! Really weird ones, like growing a tail. And maybe getting huge?”

“I see. Well... I can see you as soon as tomorrow actually. My trip is just about done. Will you be able to do that?”

“Yeah, sure! I can skip classes or whatever. Wait, tomorrow’s the weekend, right? Yeah, yeah, whatever works!”

“Good, good,” The doctor organized a few things over the phone. “Now, a few things. I’m going to have to ask you to begin a fast in case it is an allergic reaction. You should also avoid any stressful or exciting situations. No rollercoasters or concerts. Just stay at home, play a few games, bake some cookies, but just avoid any stimuli that might agitate you. Can you do that for me, Rylee?”

“Y-yeah!” Rylee nodded her head and looked back at her ajar door as Mavis put her cellphone speakers to her ear and nodded her head along to the music. Rylee smirked. “Sure, sure. I won’t get excited or anything.”

“Good! Then I look forward to seeing you soon!”

Click.

Night. Cars filled a grassy field that was normally reserved for scenic chemical dumping and littering. People were lined up waiting their turn to enter The Factory. Everyone knew it was going to be a good night. The Factory was mythical, a place to go to catch acts before they went too mainstream to be acknowledged as art.

The van slowly pulled up to the backstage parking lot. Rylee watched from the window as the silhouette of smokestacks cast in sunset shadow grew closer. She looked at Mavis who avoided eye contact. Rylee grabbed Mavis’s hand, making the poor girl blush even fiercer. “Relax, relax. We’ll be fine!”

“Um, yeah...!” Mavis nodded her head, her hair long enough and messy enough to cover her eyes when she did so. “Hey... Riles... are you sure about this...?”

“Huh? Yeah, duh!”

Thomas and Vic smiled from the front seat of the van. Thomas nodded. “Listen, this is basically our most important show ever. We’ve always wanted to play this venue. If we’re lucky we might even see a moshpit!”

Vic laughed. "Someone might die!"

"That's true!" Thomas laughed. "Except that one time someone actually died."

"Yeah." Vic sighed. "The idea of it is romantic, but like any romance adapted to real life, it's just sad."

Mavis lowered her eyes. The van was parked and Rylee leapt out and went to grab her guitar. However, Mavis rushed over to talk with her alone. Rylee gave her a concerned look since she was in the way of the trunk but heard her out.

"Listen..." Mavis sighed. "I overheard your talk with your doctor. They said to not get excited right? Won't you transform again?"

"I'll just not!" Rylee gave a cocky grin. "I'll take deep breaths. I'll drink a little before the show. I've taken my meds too and all that so just... Don't babysit me, ok? This is our god damn night and I'm not gonna fuck it up for us. *Please*, Mavis."

"Okay..." Mavis looked away and let Rylee grab her guitar. Slowly, they all brought in their stuff. Thomas grabbed the first few pieces of his drumkit on his own and somehow convinced a big goth girl to help him with the rest. Vic rolled in his amp and just squinted at Thomas. Mavis nervously walked with her bass inside and her laptop bag on her other arm, and Rylee was the last person to get inside. They had a few shows to wait through, so they took up one of the band rooms and just focused on warming up.

Over and over for an hour they made sure they knew their shit and focused on learning Mavis's new song. They had mostly jammed it out the last few times but since then Mavis had written tabs for everyone else to get up to speed and learn the song properly. They played it a few times but every time they got to the last part Rylee's imagination raced.

She imagined the crowd cleared and a spotlight shining on Rain alone. Lock eyes on that traitor. Rain had tears in her eyes. Rylee strummed her guitar, and she was lit ablaze in bright cyan flames. When she opened her eyes and saw through her shirt that her abs were starting to

glow or that her fingers had grown claws. She darted out of the band room and took deep breaths. Slowly, they descended.

And when she looked up it was Rain. *Her.*

“Rain...?”

“Hello, Rylee. Been a bit, hasn’t it?”

“Fucking...” Rylee stood up and stared daggers, scrunching her nose like she might blow nuclear fumes from her nostrils. “You fucking reposted my *ass*. Why?”

“Thought it was funny. Was that not a part of your set?” Rain leaned to the left and gave such a terrible grin. “That last song was instrumental, maybe you could add some lyrics about ripping your pants?”

“Maybe you can add some lyrics about being a nepo baby to your thirty second dance songs, bitch.” Rylee squeezed her teeth tight. She hoped they were sharp.

Rain gave a content smile and stood up straight. “I just wanted to come say good luck, Rylee. I don’t know why we stopped being friends.”

“I’d love to give you a reminder,” Rylee squeezed her fingers tighter into a fist.

“I told my label to keep an eye on your band. I couldn’t send them the clip with your wardrobe malfunction, obviously, but I still reposted it so everyone knew your band is kind of funny and goes *hard*. The label will look at whatever happens tonight very closely. Give it your all, Rylee.” And Rain slipped away. Rylee wanted to scream a million things but the symptoms had advanced with her anger and she was struggling to keep her tail hidden and her shorts closed up.

Feedback screeches battled the cheering audience. A mile of excited concert goers watched from The Factory pit as stage lights swam across the venue. The announcer came up as the band vacated the stage. “Alright,” the punk girl yelled out on the mic. “That was *Boobs Are Good!* Clap your hands for me! Yeah, that’s right dipshits! Hope you’re ready for the roof to really come down now! Next up is *Nemesister!*”

Rylee gulped. Mavis numbly walked out first and plugged her bass into the sound system and set up her laptop. Vic and Thomas came out with their hands up in the air. Rylee was the last one to walk out. She was hyper aware. She brushed her toes in as deep against her shoes as she could to feel for claws. She pulled her shorts up tight so she’d feel the tail or *the other thing* sooner.

Vic adjusted the mic and looked out at the crowd with a smile. “Heya Factory! We’re *Nemesister!* Now, I know what you’re thinking! *Nemesister? Who’s this guy then?* Well—”

“Vic,” Rylee grabbed her mic and smiled. “They know this one.”

“Shit, really?” Vic looked out at the crowd. “Well, no one came here to see comedians. They really just want to fucking rock, right?” A few nods from the crowd, a detectable hum in agreement. “Well alright! We’re not gonna beat around the bush, we’re here to tear the guy next to you in half and then hit you with him. Like, nasty stuff. So, when I circle my hands, make a moshpit, fuck shit up, and we’ll have a good night. Safe word is *potato* alright? Okay ONE TWO THREE GO—”

The first chord erupted.

Rylee’s heart was beating the whole time Vic was talking. The anxiety was killing her. The show was going to kill her. The biggest show she had ever done. This crowd was bigger than the talent show, the diner, and the bar and anywhere she had ever played before. She was excited, she was nervous, and she knew she couldn’t enjoy it too damn much or she’d turn into a monster.

They played through their songs with the same tight tenor they always performed. They were well practiced for what they were. Mavis was the only one who seemed a little off. She missed a few cues and a few notes were off. She muted during the semi-final song and retuned

her bass. Her eyes never seemed to stay on the crowd for too long, and that wasn't anything weird for nervous little Mavis, but her eyes were always on Rylee.

As if the whole eight song show wasn't real, they had arrived at the last song they could play. Alas, Nemesisister wasn't big enough to get the full two hour sets that happened at the edge of the night. Rylee felt her heart racing. She saw Rain's ugly face in the crowd, her phone hoisted and recording. The crowd enjoyed them for sure but there were long stretches, especially during the second verse, where the crowd didn't move an inch. They were average. After all that work clawing their way to the stage they were just *alright*. Rylee felt like she was on the treadmill racing to the same results, lifting the same weights, pricking her fingers and staying safely in the acceptable range. Not too high, not too low. She didn't grow a tail, but dammit she didn't soar.

"Alright! You've all been amazing!" Vic laughed. "Gonna be greedy, last song we got here has been a favorite to play at the last few shows. Won't lie we still don't fucking know it. I played it right for the first time tonight backstage so we're just gonna fucking jam it out and see what happens. One two three—"

And everything went dark.

Rylee assumed it was some issue with herself before she heard the crowd began to boo, confirming it wasn't her eyes giving out but the whole venue. The microphone didn't work anymore. She strummed her guitar and could only hear the hollow clack of her unamplified strings.

Suddenly, someone rushed on stage and yelled. "Fucking cops! They got a sound complaint, and they pulled the plug. Sorry everyone!"

No one knew what to do. Rylee could hear people were starting to leave. Her bandmates were debating what to do. Mavis's voice rose up. "We don't... really have a choice do we?"

When would they get to play there again? When would everything be so perfect? They were so close and yet... Rylee closed her eyes and imagined the lights turned back on. A spotlight shined on Rylee. Mavis opened her mouth and kissed Rylee's form. Her tongue lathered her abs, worshipped the part of her that was a monster. The light shined on Rain. All she

had to do was play her guitar and her revenge would be finished. The excitement of sex and revenge merged in Rylee's mind like kerosene and a match.

Cyan sparks ignited across Rylee's body. Her abs began to glow. Claws sprouted from her. More... more... The light grew bright enough that people began to turn and look at her. Rylee strummed her guitar. A little sound sparked but it was more than they might have expected. Rylee grabbed the microphone. Slowly it grew louder until feedback erupted. Rylee grabbed the microphone and spoke.

"Hey?" It was a test. Her body was spreading the power inside it through the guitar, through the cable to the amp, to the system. Rylee strummed a few dissonant chords, turning the furthest heads back to her. "Did I say you can fucking leave?!"

Everyone stopped in their tracks. They saw Rylee's maw glow bright blue as she spoke. Her shoes erupted and her claws tapped against the ground. Electricity, electric cyan and fierce, surged out from her form and hit the generator below the stage. Some of the lights came back on.

Rylee grunted and squeezed her pick tight in her hand as her changes continued. Her tail erupted from her shorts, the underside glowing cyan, the back covered in black scales. Horns sprouted from her head, black with little intricate lines of cyan glowing just the same. Rylee grew taller and taller, her form filling with so much power. Her shorts struggled but the monster budding between her legs bulged them out to their limit.

"This is our LAST fucking song. Everyone stay where the fuck you are until you hear the last note, got it?!" Rylee strummed and looked at Thomas. He gulped but sat back down in his drumkit and played a quick fill. Then the kaiju, looked at Vic. Vic nodded his head and prepared his guitar.

Rylee looked at Mavis. Except... she wasn't there.

Hazel was seated at Livana's desk. It was another day at the TFCC for her. Her first week was a bit stressful but so far, her performance review was primarily positive. Livana typed notes for the last call they handled while Hazel nervously looked around. "So... we handled that one pretty well!"

“Contagious squirrels,” Livana sighed. “Hard to be mad. We caught it before it spread to anyone, so we only need to send a follow up team to make sure the squirrels are caught. Just remember to... avoid recommending they drive a car.”

“Yeah, I didn’t think they’d start masturbating.”

“Oh yeah no, genuinely that’s fair,” Livana perked a little smile. “But until we know what kind of transformation they have we can’t be sure how it affects their priorities. Science maybe they’d been fine, but that was Chaos so they were willing to do whatever it takes to get off as soon as possible.”

A tap at the cubicle knocked them both out of their conversation. Ryvi-Rophelian, the eldritch horror (and their manager), stood over them with a little tired smile. “Hazel, Livana. Hope you two are doing good...” A short pause. “Hazel?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah! Doing good! Just helped a squirrel girl get off—out of a car! And she should be fine!”

“Good, good. Livana, you show Hazel how to mark those for follow up?”

“Doing that right now, boss.” Livana’s little smile vanished beneath her eyeliner and makeup and her apparent lack of enthusiasm for middle management. “Hazel is getting better at the calls part. Was there something you needed or...?”

“Mmm, just curious. Oh! If the next call is a Science or Chaos, how about you transfer the call to one of the others and have Hazel walk over and shadow whoever gets it? Hazel needs to meet the others soon and start learning some other ways to identify transformations. I bet she’s gotten pretty good at Magic with you.”

Livana nodded. “Yeah. She has. Whatever you say, boss.”

A silence followed before Ryvi got the message. “Alright, Hazel you need anything let me know. Lunchtime for me and HR wanted to show me a new Mexican place that just opened.

You two get some food soon, too. Alrighty~!” Ryvi turned away and left the pair to their own devices.

Hazel sighed. “You know... it’s been a bit since I’ve really even enjoyed food?”

“Yeah, that was kind of insensitive of the boss to say.” Livana looked at the PC screen again and put a few more touches on the ticket the two of them were typing out. “How has that been? Being an android?”

“Oh... I mean...” Hazel sighed. “Some days are good, some days feel bad but I do my best. Food doesn’t taste as good as it used to, and I can’t swim very long anymore... The sun doesn’t feel as warm, but! But! There’s upsides too! I don’t really get uncomfortable tired, just bedtime tired when it’s time to recharge. It is all about just getting used to it... Though I was hoping I would be used to it by now.”

Livana nodded. “Yeah... I mean working here you get some perks. You should see about getting some help, maybe someone has an idea how to turn you back? It worked for me.”

Hazel sighed quieter than Livana could hear before replying to what she was curious about. “Really? What were you turned into?”

“Not really something I want to get into right now. Maybe another time when I’m not as—”

[INCOMING CALL]

“Alright Hazel girl, all you,” Livana stood up and swapped seats, so Hazel was the one at the main seat. “Let’s hope for an easy one that isn’t anywhere near a car.”

“Pfft...” Hazel rolled her digital eyes and answered the call. “Hello, this is The Transformation Control Center and... hello? Sorry, it sounds really loud? Are you at a concert or—”

“H-hi!” The voice returned. “Um, I don’t know what this is, but the phone number was in my head like I just remembered it. Listen, I need some help and fast!”

“Slow down, don’t worry!” Hazel looked at Livana as if she might disappear and then focused more on the call. “Can you tell me the situation? Is something happening?”

“Yeah, it’s weird. You’re going to think I’m insane but my friend has turned into a monster? Some sort of kaiju. She’s gotten bigger and she has claws and electricity in her! There’s literal electricity flowing through her and powering the whole arena. I’m scared and I have no idea what’s going to happen or if she’s going to turn back again! She’s acting wilder and might get someone hurt!”

“H-huh?” Hazel looked over at Livana but she wasn’t giving any advice for free. Livana made a frustrated motion with her hand that said *yeah? Keep asking questions!* “Wow, that’s intense! Is it spreading?”

“What?!” Mavis peeked her head out from backstage. Rylee was still getting bigger, shadowy scales swallowing her form as her eyes turned into dark pools with cyan slits floating in them. It was hard to see into the crowd, but it didn’t look like it was spreading from what she could tell. “Yeah, no. Just her. Just my friend.”

Hazel muted the phone. “D-does this happen often?”

“Normally...” Livana rubbed the tired out of her eyes. “It’s usually the person changing that calls. If someone else is calling it means the original person was able to ignore the call enchantment. They saw the phone number and decided what was happening wasn’t an issue. When that happens, the enchantment then jumps to the person most likely to call the TFCC and waits for the next time they see the changed form. Ask them how long the person has been changed for... I really don’t like this one already.”

Hazel unmuted. “How... how long has she been a kaiju?”

“Um, she just changed a second ago. When the lights went out she got pissed. The cops cut the power, and she really wanted tonight to be a big show... Um, she was normal for a bit!

Yeah! After we... I have to be honest on this call right? Is this like my therapist where everything I say is private?"

Hazel looked at Livana. Livana shrugged. Hazel nodded. "Very private. Go ahead."

"A-alright. Me and Rylee had sex. She turned into a really, really hot hung monster girl and I just couldn't not! I've always wanted to have sex with a monster dammit! It was fun but weird and I hope it didn't ruin our friendship but she's turning into a monster again! I don't want her to get hurt or captured by the police and experimented on!"

"Hmm..." Hazel muted her mic and stood up to pace, the wireless headset letting her make a few steps outside of the cubicle and back inside. "She had sex, and it didn't spread..."

"So, it doesn't spread. That's about as intimate as it gets."

Hazel nodded. "Is there a chance it can be Magic or Chaos?"

"Chaos... isn't too likely. If she turned back to normal it means there was a reason to turn back to normal and a reason to turn into her current form. That means something specific and logical is causing it. Science or Magic..."

Hazel nodded and unmuted the mic. She was focused but couldn't bring herself to sit down. "Alright! So, we need to figure out what caused your friend to change so we can help her get back to normal! I don't think we need to worry about anything having spread to you..." Hazel looked for reassurance but only got another shrug from Livana. "Yeah! Nothing to worry about. Has your friend had any changes in their routine? Ingested anything new?"

"Umm? She's been drinking some new energy drinks and telling us that they make her feel like a monster—METAPHORICALLY. I think she meant like a metaphor. Ugh! They wouldn't actually, right? Um, she's diabetic, but I don't think diabetes gives you a kaiju meter?"

"Ummm..." Instead of looking at Livana for another shrug she focused on what she could impact. "We need to talk to her."

“What?!” Mavis gulped. “She’s an eight-foot tall amazonian kaiju goddess and just threatened to kill anyone who left her show, and you want me to interrupt her?”

Hazel pushed her artificial fingers against the back of her hand. She “felt” the cold soft metal. “Just because she’s changed doesn’t mean she’s not your friend. She’s the same person, Mavis... Just try. Try and talk to her.”

“A-alright...”

The shy bassist walked out onto the stage. She watched as Rylee played out the second verse of the song she had written. Rylee laughed at the crowd and played an improvised jam higher on the fretboard. She turned her glowing face towards Mavis. Her smile vanished.

“R-Rylee!!” Mavis shouted. “I... I need to talk to you backstage!”

“Are you kidding?!” Rylee shook her head. “Mavis! It’s the big show! We’re doing it! I promise if you’re nervous it’ll be okay you just—”

“**Rylee!**” Mavis stared. “Please.”

Rylee looked at Vic and Thomas. The pair nodded their heads. Rylee closed the distance and followed Mavis backstage. Electricity jumped from Rylee with every step. Vic and Thomas launched off into an improvised bridge, extending the length of the song artificially. Vic never got to play guitar solos so he was probably thankful for the experience.

“Maves... you alright?” Rylee was the only light in the back. She followed Mavis who lured her further and further away from the stage so they could hear the call more clearly. The further they got from the stage the more tense Rylee grew. She knew if they got too far the energy she was giving off might cause the amps to turn off, the show to come to a close.

“Have you had any of your energy drinks recently...?” Mavis asked.

“No, not in a bit. You think they are causing this?” Rylee asked.

“Maybe... phone people? Any ideas?”

Hazel nodded. “Um... yeah. Maybe ask her about any medications she’s taking, drugs she might have taken?”

Rylee raised her brow. “Who are you talking to?”

“They say they’re a hotline for people who transform. Rylee... aren’t you worried? What you’re turning into...”

“Mavis, I’m still me!” Rylee raised her hands and knocked them into a light hanging from the ceiling and broke it to pieces. She squinted as the glass fell in front of her face. “J-just...! You just NEED to let me go back! We are so close to ending the set!” The light of her eyes ignited brighter. Mavis squirmed in place.

Hazel, meanwhile, wasn’t sure what she could do to help the situation. “We... We should escalate this shouldn’t we?!” Hazel hastily typed, trying frantically to fill out the ticket with any information that she was able to glean and any thoughts about what might be going on. There was an option to send the call with the ticket to whoever was available, but Hazel still wasn’t sure if it was Magic or Science that was causing the change and this information was required for escalation... Hazel took a deep breath. “This is probably Science. She’s turning into a kaiju, and kaijus always come from science! So here goes!” She clicked the send button. The call vanished from her headset and a dozen cubicles away from them the sound of ringing began. Hazel threw herself from Livana’s booth and raced across the carpet to get to where the call had ended up.

Her eyes frantically darted between each booth as she raced towards the science section of the call center. She saw a sentient plant wrap their vines around their computer mouse, a booth with three raccoons all slacking off on their phones, and even one booth where a woman with the lower body of a centipede gave a friendly wave to Hazel and pointed her one booth over where a lemon-y sour voice began to speak.

“Hello, TFCC Science Department. This is Nivzi, please hold as we review your situation.”

Hazel ducked her head into the booth and saw a slim rat girl leaned over her desk and reading Hazel’s ticket. “Oh, I can explain it myself if that’d be quicker than reading! Sorry, I’m not sure how to send these yet and—”

“Tsk tsk!” Nivzi raised her finger and turned to look at Hazel. “I don’t recognize you... new girl?” She gave a little smile. Her hair was this pale green, like someone took all the joy from a plant. Her light-yellow eyes scanned Hazel over and over, never settling on a single detail. She wore a collared shirt with an uneven tie and over that a short coat. “Listen... just let me read. Pull up a chair if you need to sit with me. You don’t have to worry about this call anymore.”

With a nervous nod, Hazel ducked out of the booth and found an empty roller chair in a different cubicle and quietly rolled it over. Nivzi’s booth was decorated with myriad rewards and accolades. *Employee of The Month* from various years and months with a shocking amount of them all in a row. In smaller acclaim but equally noteworthy accolades were the ribbons proclaiming her excellence at trivia and champion at the *TFCC Chili Competition*.

Into her custom headset with an especially large microphone, Nivzi spoke unmuted again. “Alright, Mavis. It sounds like your friend is turning into a monster. Please attempt again to deescalate the situation. Repeat after me please.”

Mavis nodded her head and stared at Rylee as the tall kaiju girl grew nearer, the whole world lit by the cyan lightning coursing through her. “Don’t hurt me!”

“What?!” Rylee stopped. “No, I wasn’t going to hurt you!”

“Please just...” Mavis listened to her phone and grew visibly more distressed. “Laydown on the ground and put your hands behind your head...”

“Mavis... are you kidding me? You sound like... no, no!”

Nivzi shook her head and took a sip from her soda. She muted the microphone and looked at Hazel the same way someone very experienced at a video game might right before they pull off a signature move. “So, we have no way of making sure the girl hasn’t gotten violent or won’t. With this it is usually best to just get a squad sent in.”

“Won’t that be bad for them?” Hazel asked. “Like... Rylee was trying to have the concert and what you made Mavis say didn’t feel right to me.”

“Yeah, it is a bit rough, but we’re on the clock here. We can’t get deeply invested with every single call, especially with the ones that get escalated like this. Sure, she isn’t contagious, but what she *might* do also affects multiple people. There’s a very upset person out there with lightning breath or worse. We’ll take this Rylee into one of our Rehabilitation Programs and see if she’s eligible to return after we restore her to humanity.”

Hazel stared down at her feet as they bobbed in increasingly anxiety. She looked at her hands and the spaces between her joints, the detailing on each of her artificial fingers and then looked up at Nivzi. Before Nivzi could speak Hazel grabbed the headset and quickly spoke into it.

“M-Mavis! This is Hazel again!”

“H-Hazel? What’s going on? Is everything alright or--?”

Rylee let out a monstrous growl, her eyes consumed in the glow of her tremendous power. The lights came on all at once, bright and incredible, and surged through the whole venue. From outside, a police officer questioning the owner of the location reported it was “the brightest shit I ever saw in the middle of the night.” Mavis ducked her head back and looked around for an exit to get away from the increasingly scary situation.

“Listen! Rylee... is scared too right now. This was a big night for you guys, right? And on top of that she’s turning into something she wasn’t a bit ago. When you change like she did, you stop feeling like yourself. You feel like you’re a thing outside your old life and there’s no way back to the cliff you just jumped off of. The form she is in makes it hard for her to think straight and leads to her doing riskier things, weirder things... So just remind her that tonight was important to you too...”

Mavis looked up at Rylee and slowly walked up to her. “R-Rylee... I know... tonight was important to me too. I wanted this show a lot... but we need to take a step back and think this through.”

“Tonight is special!” Rylee yelled. “We keep playing at shitty bars! And fucking places infested by Rain’s bullshit and—”

“Rylee!” Mavis raised her voice. “We’re in an abandoned factory! We’re playing silly little riffs we all wrote because we thought it’d be fun... and you’ve turned into a big monster girl! A *really big* monster girl... There will be more shows, even better shows! This isn’t the last show we’ll ever play, but right now everyone just got done recording you turning into a monster on their phones and our rhythm guitarist and drummer are improvising while we talk...” Mavis squeezed Rylee’s hips and pushed her cheek up against her abs. “... You never even let me finish the song.”

“H-huh?”

“The song you love, that you started playing that night without even asking me before the show... You sprung it on me and it feels like I’ve just been on the Rylee train ever since...” Mavis shook her head and let some of her tears sizzle off Rylee’s form. She looked up at Rylee, a pleading lost smile. “Please... let’s take a step back before something insane happens. Here...” Mavis put her phone on speaker and held it up. “Hazel... Are you still there?”

Nivzi could hear the name called out over the speaker on her headset. She looked at Hazel, curious, but she let Hazel handle it. “Y-yes. I’m here.”

“Tell Rylee... will everything be okay?”

Hazel nodded. “Yes... We just need to get the situation calmed down first. Once Rylee has it under control we can send someone from a team called Permanency who helps you get used to what you are going through now, helps you control it. But we can’t send them if Rylee doesn’t take a step back and let herself get under control. Either way, we have to take control of the situation to make sure everyone is safe and that it doesn’t spread.”

Rylee gave a smile that grew dimmer as the wind blew it away. “So... the second I turned into this form? The show was over?”

“I’m... I’m sorry Rylee,” Hazel said. “We’ll have to wipe memories, and help you get control, it’ll be like that night never happened for most of the people there.”

A long sigh followed. Rylee sat down on the floor and gestured for the shorter Mavis to sit next to her. Mavis did so. The lights slowly dotted out around them, the factory losing its power after all, until all that was lit was a single light that doused the pair in a cool blue tone. Rylee sighed and spoke into the phone. “Alright... The show’s over...” She laughed. “I’m sorry, Hazel. Please... send someone to come help us out.”

Hazel nodded her head and followed the instructions she had received on how to send a ticket up for Permanency. She ticked the right boxes and sent the ticket flying over to them. Hazel gave a nervous smile to the rat girl. “I’m sorry! That must have been really confusing. Um, thank you for your help!”

“Don’t worry about it,” Nivzi sat back in her chair and popped a candy in her mouth. “Good luck.”

Hazel smiled and ended the call. The ticket was sent to the appropriate team to assist. Hazel departed from the booth to return to her trainer who was waiting for her on the outskirts of the Science portion of the call center.

(The following was received by management approximately 17 minutes following Hazel’s return to her post.)

EMPLOYEE COMPLAINT FORM

Employee Name: Nivzi Aigre

Title: Science Call Specialist

Department: Science

Supervisor Name: Ryvi-Rophelian

Please provide, in as much detail as needed, the nature of your complaint. Use names where appropriate as this complaint will remain confidential:

HAZEL THAT INCOMPETENT MONGREL APPEARED IN MY BOOTH LIKE A LOCUST AND HAD HER GRUBBY LITTLE FINGERS ALL OVER MY HEADSET! THEN, LIKE AN IDIOT FOOL, STOLE THE CALL SHE HAD GIVEN ME AND MADE ME LOOK FOOLISH. AS WELL, SHE RUINED!!!!!!! MY STREAK!!!! DENYING ME MY 13TH MONTH IN A ROW OF HIGHEST CALL VOLUME IN MY DEPARTMENT AND FOR THIS I DEMAND SHE PAAYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

On a scale of 1-10, how heavily is your work impacted by this?

10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 TEN TEN TEN TEN DIX DIX DIX

Please provide a possible solution for this situation, something actionable and reasonable within TFCC’s policies.

PUBLIC EXECUTION. REPURPOSE ANDROID AS DISH WASHER. REMOVE HER TREASONOUS CALL STEALING MOUTH. SEVERANCE *WITHOUT* PAY.

Please provide any additional comments you wish to have considered by management.

I AM EVERYTHING. I AM THIS DEPARTMENT. PLEASE. I HAVE WORKED SO HARD. I HAVE NEVER TAKEN PTO EXCEPT WHEN MY BROTHER WENT TO THE OLYMPICS. PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE GRANT ME THIS JUSTICE YOU PHILISTINES.

Your name: Nivzi Aigre

(The After Action Report continues as follows:)

Following the incident, a team from Permanency was sent to interview and begin work with deescalating the situation. The concert was announced to be cancelled, and work began on reducing the impact that was made. Upon confirmation of an intimate relationship (insertion) between the transformed and her friend, a conclusion was made that she was not contagious. The bandmates were considered a low-risk vector and were allowed to retain memories of the incident, however they did agree to selective amnesia involving Rylee and Mavis's erotic engagement due to "you guys just flat out saying it."

Rylee was pulled aside by a woman named Rain whom she shared a sort of rivalry with. The two conversed for a short while. The onsite stenographer recorded their conversations as follows:

"To be honest I never wanted us to get this distant, Rylee. I didn't know the talent show hurt your feelings that bad."

"Well... it did! Ever since then I just assumed you were a total bitch."

"I kind of was. I was jealous of how you were actually pretty good. We just kept drifting apart in style and as friends. By the time I realized how badly I messed up you already had a new band and defriended me on [social media platform] in front of everyone! So I realized that yeah, I probably wasn't going to be in your life again. When I saw the bar show, though, I realized how serious you still were about your band. I thought the special effects were incredible! I only shared the photo of your ass sticking out of your shorts because the tail made me think it was an intentional thing."

"Yeah... well it wasn't. It really wasn't."

"Hah, yeah. Still, it was so cool. I made sure tonight would be a chance for others to see how you were doing, maybe try and get another post to go viral. Well, for what its worth, you

guys are pretty good. If you want, I can try and set something up again or get you another gig at a bigger place.”

“Eh... give us a second. Mavis has been... she wants to finish our songs, our second album, give us more time to feel out our sound. We’re not allowed to tell people I can turn into a monster, but hey? You know what fucking rules? Writing lyrics about how you can turn into a monster! That shit’s badass. There are so many rock songs about turning into a monster and all of them are pretty popular! We’re going to give that a shot and see where that gets us. Maybe ask the TFCC guys if I can still transform during shows. They say the amnesia they’ll put on me is a magic kind that means even if I turn on accident it won’t cause problems. That to me sounds like a greenlight to turn into a kaiju anytime I want!”

“Pffft... you really haven’t changed, Rylee. Well. I wish you the best then. And next time we meet I hope you’ve caught up to me.”

“Yeah well—Hey! We so have already caught up to you!”

“In your dreams maybe!”

“Please, bitch. We are so

(The Stenographer was heard remarking “what the hell am I doing?” and ceased recording the conversation and turned their attention elsewhere.)

Following some Transformation Therapy, Rylee was able to learn to control the transformations. She was taken off all her medications and assigned to a new TFCC approved doctor. She has yet to have had another incident such as that night.

In a wellness interview, Rylee revealed that she and Mavis will still, on occasion, engage in further sexual acts. While this poses no risk, the team reminded them to be careful and keep Mavis’s physicality in mind. This only seemed to excite Mavis further and did little to change their attitudes.

Following the conclusion of this ticket, Hazel returned to her work and took a few more calls without incident. However, she was pulled aside by her manager, Ryvi-Rophelian, and was encouraged to be more careful with the conclusion to her tickets. While her work was impressive, Permanency was a team to be used sparingly as the resource cost it instills is prohibitive and difficult to quantify. Hazel verbally agreed to be more careful when she used the process.

This concludes the Training Report on Hazel Coffey and Case S2-995600. Thank you.

Following the Report is a short Intelligence Report deemed relevant to this previous report and attached without hesitation.

(Report follows:)

“Interesting,” The woman spoke on the phone. “So, Rylee didn’t cancel herself? It was someone speaking for her? Well, I suppose she won’t be my patient going forward. No, no, no need to worry. We’ll talk later. Goodbye.” The woman hung up her cellphone and returned it to her purse.

She walked through her home and opened up a report of her own and wrote in pen:

Pills did induce transformation. Results unknown. Third-Party organization acted. The TFCC is real. Resume activities carefully.

Doctor Datura closed her book, hid it away on one of the shelves, and then returned to her basement. She turned on the lights and slowly walked through the hall until she reached a special chamber. She opened the door and peered inside.

The dark meteor that rested inside the reinforced glass case seemed to look right back at her. Doctor Datura gave a wicked grin. “We will have to be careful with the next experiment then~”

TFCC
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