

The Next Shift

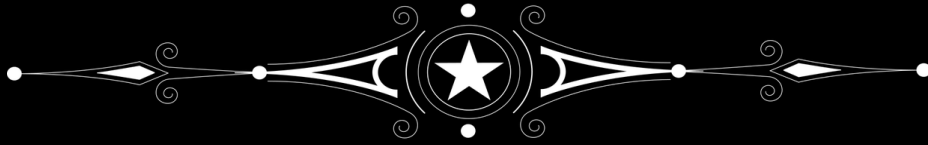
Commission for TheCliche

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to female TG, female hyper growth, lactation, milking, orgasm, personality changes

Read at your own discretion.



It's one thing to be confident in a job. Being overconfident in a lot of cases it's just a major safety hazard. And when things go tits up, a person with ego has no one to blame but themselves.

“Bastard!” Null kicked at his latest kill a couple times in order to vent some frustration. It was a waste of what little energy he had left that felt totally worth it.

Like any honest blooded merc, the big wickerbeast made a living doing whatever put food in his belly. That often-meant tedious tasks like guard duty and couriering. Day to day stuff that sat so mundane beneath his trained combat skills it got boring fast.

At least when an extermination job came up he could appreciate a chance to keep the skills sharp. But looking down at the eviscerated corpse of a giant bug monster, he couldn't help feeling the guild forgot to include a few important details. It was a bloated, wingless pest, easily the size of a Clydesdale. From what little Null knew of entomology, this ugly thing resembled some kind of beetle. Although, the abdomen made up the majority of its body, which made it annoying to try striking at vital areas.

For looking so heavy-set, the damn thing could sure charge like a rhino. Null's meaty, fuzzy tail had nearly gotten its purple tuft clipped in its first attack. He was still having trouble trying to wag it with the deep cut nearly digging right to the vertebra. The rest of his large, muscular body wasn't faring much better. His intricate leather armor had several gashes where the beast managed to swipe its claws, staining both brown hide and soft fur in the wickerbeasts own blood. A particularly hard collision with his head left it a miracle his red ram-like horns hadn't been broken. Granted, the matching red claws long as daggers on his hands were thoroughly chipped from the scuffle.

So much for an easy afternoon milk run. Now he was going to have to waste a healing potion recovering the more drastic wounds or risk continuing work in this sad state. Disregarding the tail, his right thigh got a direct hit that was sure to have a bruised bone, at least. It was just Null's hope he could get back to town before things swelled too badly.

First things first; he had to get his swords back. Scrambling atop the dead bug continued to make the day very magical for Null. This thing was in even worse shape than him. A small consultation for all the trouble it caused. Boots crunched through the shell of its exoskeleton in his attempts to find a foothold. Oily green fluids spewed out from the wounds he'd inflicted along with the new holes his weight was creating. The abdomen was filled with gods knows what, but it was soft and mailable enough to feel like he was trying to climb a giant bag of sand.

Thankfully, handles still protruded from atop the squishy sac where he'd plunged them in an initial attack. The last thing Null needed was having to dig through this muck trying to find his best weapons. Wrapping his claws around both, he gave a test tug and was surprised to find the bug mass had some form of suction holding onto the blades. Giving a much harder pull, the blades slid out a couple inches, shimmering in a strange pink fluid he hadn't notice the bug possess before.

Uttering a few choice curses between his pursed muzzle lips, Null took a deep breath and gave all his strength into one more pull. That seemed to do the trick. Both swords flew from the insect corpse amidst loud plopping noises.

"GRWAAA!?"

What hadn't crossed Nulls mind was the likely hood his weapons were also serving as a cork for the abdomens pressurized contents. Pink ooze gushed out the two small holes left behind, dousing Null directly in the face and across most of his upper body. His labored efforts had also ensured some of it got in his open mouth, prompting him to spit and gag as much out as he could in a blinded panic.

The woods were filled with a lot of undignified noises for the next few minutes while Null worked to first wipe off what pink gunk he could from his clothes, fur, and jet-black mane of hair. A lot of it seemed to just vanish on its own over time. Either from rapid evaporation or, more concerning for Null, seeping into his fur and skin like lotion. That kind of thought kept him from putting too much work in bandaging up the harshest of his injuries.

Null's snout wrinkled with his confused snort. Looking back over his tail, that gash that nearly cut it off didn't look as bad anymore. It didn't stop him from doing a few rounds of gauze before gathering his swords from the ground and sheathing them. He wasn't feeling that tired anymore, either, though that could be chalked up to simply taking a short rest after a fight.

"Oof!"

Not to say the walk back to town became free of its irritations. A dull ache remained prominent in Null's pelvis, making each step threaten to go off balance. Something about the shifting pressure in his hips was trying to press his thighs closer together, completely changing his gait. Over time it was getting incredibly difficult to keep his stance normal without fully concentrating on it.

And focus was something Null was getting in short supply. Sweat matted his fur under all the thick leather clothes, making his muzzle hang open in heavy panting. Placing a palm on his forehead confirmed the lack of a fever.

That damn pink gunk must have been some kind of poison. Hardly an uncommon trait among insect monsters. But he'd never heard of something that didn't leave one paralyzed or worse. Getting pains in his hips and a bit of lightheadedness seemed like the most unhelpful way to trap prey.

Maybe he shouldn't count his blessings too soon. Plenty of other aches were making themselves known in his waist, shoulders, and even throat. Every little pop or crack he got trying to stretch out his joints got them moving back in a slightly different way. Null's pointed ears could pick up his voice breaking and sounding tighter. Most likely a bit of dehydration from all the sweat messing up his fur.

He must have been a sight to behold upon getting back to town. Some wandering townfolk gave him concerned glances while shuffling past, but must not have assumed he was in dire need of aid. They had seen capable sell swords come back in far worse conditions than some bloodstained armor and bandages that didn't even look needed with his steady, if dainty, strides.

Stumbling his way into The Vomiting Rat, a contradictory title for what served as well-kept lodgings for the temp job, Null figured he must have still looked like a right old mess. Both the bartender and two wenches on duty regarded him first in surprise, and then a bit of amusement once it was clear the wickerbeast wouldn't be dying on their floor.

"What the heck happened to you?!" The stout pig man asked once Null had limped over to brace against his bar.

"Water!" Null coughed up. The heat draining his throat was getting so bad that his voice barely carried any of the manly growl he was used to.

Something the skunk barmaid picked up on with a giggle. She'd been heavily flirting with him upon arrival the other day, taking advantage to study all his impressive stature. There was something less rigid and more graceful about the big hunks' movements now that was throwing her off. "I've never seen water get the best of a merc before."

The other wench, a white mare, thankfully spared Null any tongue as she actually went to work. A few seconds later she set a large tankard of fresh water before the bruised and dizzy wickerbeast. It was promptly snatched up in both sets of red monster claws. Null didn't care that large amounts of refreshing fluids went over his face instead of in his muzzle. That was rather helpful in washing off what blood and goo hadn't faded from his clothes.

He slammed the empty tankard back on the counter, letting his gums rehydrate for a moment. "I'm fine. It was just a tougher job then..."

Well, that wasn't good. Null stopped mid-sentence to rest a hand gently upon his neck. Every word was still coming out much higher pitched, with an oddly softer tone. A few coughs only seemed to elevate his bump it higher.

He was too busy trying to feel the bump of his Adams apple to notice the bar wenches exchange a look. They were trying their hardest to keep smiles off their faces at this development. The dwindling bump in his neck was starting to make him sound right at home serving drinks with the ladies.

"Are you sure about that?" The bartender snorted, finding little amusement in Null's attempts to adjust his voice manually. He was more concerned if the wickerbeast had picked up something contagious.

"Some weird poison or pheromones the bug sprayed me with," Null said, despising his new voice when it finally seemed to settle on something airy, but soothing. "I got healing potions in my room and really need a bath."

"Five coppers for the tub, and you better not pass that on to other guests."

Null grunted as he dropped payment onto the counter. The coins were collected with utmost care while he shambled up some stairs leading to his rental room. Each step took a frustrating amount of effort. Something about the way his arms and legs moved had gotten incredibly tense. Almost like the joints ground in their sockets from wanting to move in conflicting ways. His pelvis wanted to sway his tail around more earnestly than usual.

The bed sang to him like a siren when it came into sight. Null had to resist the urge to toss his swords aside and flop upon the soft mattress for a well-earned rest. Gods only knew what other afflictions could befall him if proper medical treatment wasn't done soon. Going to sleep while poison was just the stupidest thing an adventurer could do. Not many are lucky enough to wake up again.

His real target was the brown haversack bag resting on a semi-shoddy dresser behind the bed. This wasn't meant to be that complex a job, so Null's supply preparations had been minimal. That made it all the easier to fumble the clasps open.

The problem turned out to be figuring which potion was his healing medicines.

"Grey for blindness. Green for sinus relief. Silver for de-petrification." Null blinked as he stopped idle ramblings. In hindsight, he really shouldn't have left that one back at an inn. With a shake of the head, he resumed sorting out bottles. "Okay. Red was for injuries. Or was it blue?"

While it was clear most of his open wounds from a battle not an hour ago were virtually gone without so much as a scar in his fur, healing potions had a very useful effect on one's fatigue and stamina too. Null used his teeth to pop the stopper, spitting the cork across the floor before downing the entire bottles worth. Red magical fluids went to work in his belly before he'd even finished, filling his torso with a warm fire that began spreading to his five limbs. Aches soothed across his muscles and especially along his joints while the haze vanished from his vision.

KRRRCCCKLE!

"GWAH! W-what the hell!?"

Healing potions were not supposed to cause his bones to break. Null was almost certain about that fact. There was barely a chance to start digging for the antidote vials when some unnatural force took a sledgehammer to his hips. Claws raked deep

scratches into the dresser in his mad attempt to find leverage. Barely managing to stay on his feet, the wickerbeast doubled over heaving for breath, saliva dripping from his muzzle onto the counter.

"W-what is this?!" Spit flew with Null's tense words. Hard shifting sensations rocked his head back, teeth clenched at the ceiling in a tense snarl. Everything about his lower body moved about like hands playing with clay. Whenever he tried to rebalance his feet, his hips would pop and push back, forcing him to stand with knees pointed increasingly inwards. "What the hell is going on with my ah...aaasssssss?"

GLORP! BWISH!

Null fought through the waves of muscles tightening for a glance over his shoulder trying to assess what was going on down there. Seeing his hips had bubbled into a drastic width compared to his normal masculine physique left his jaw hanging in a drooling mess. The threads of his pants creaked in protest to his slightest twitches, several popping with tufts of his black furred pelt poking through. And then there was the fact it made his butt look gigantic, pulling all the loose creases out of his seat's material.

Gish!

An involuntary flex ran through Null's glutes, making them wiggle under the tight pants. They soon relaxed, but Null felt anxiety rise in his throat watching the cheeks of his ass pushing out from under the tight waistband like rising bread. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Somehow he'd near instantly developed a thick layer of fat unbecoming of his fighter training.

Gish! Gish! Gish!

"Oh, my ffffffff..."

Null bit his lower lip, though it did little good to stifle the moan rumbling in his throat. Again, and again the muscles of his pelvis flexed as if possessed by demons, building more and more fat atop his butt. But what really caught him off guard were the shockwave of pleasure rocking through his core. The length of his thick tail pounded on the wooden floor in a frenzy. Hips rocked on instinct with the conclusions, making him hump the dresser.

It was all the great mercenary could do to not cry out with his growing erection. What moans and grunts he did let out sounded anything but masculine anymore. Null was just not in a great position to worry about that. The button on his pants strained for a few seconds before popping off across the counter top. Its zipper tore right off the seams from the mounting pressure in his backside. Even that extra slack did little for his expanded hips. Every involuntary flex and release sent his glutes fattening more, gradually pushing the hem down.

"Gah! This is some insane poison," Null said, trying to calm his intense arousal with some form of wit. By the time whatever the hell was happening finished, his already

ripped pants were hanging almost to his thighs. Trying to pull them back up made him yelp at the way the tight hem squeezed the bottom of his ass, yet refused to go back over it.

Letting the pants crumple at his feet, Null struggled out of his boots to go completely bottomless. An easy feet as his feet seemed slightly smaller than when he'd geared up this morning. Dashing over to the full body mirror on the room's door, he couldn't ignore the completely different way those few steps felt. Everything wanted to wiggle.

"Aw crap!" he groaned in a voice that could no longer be denied as feminine.

The reflection was still that of his normal massive wickerbeast self. Yet everything had been completely changed. The hem of his leather harness hung loosely over shoulders and a waistline that'd collapsed in on themselves. Their softer curves lead down into hips that'd ballooned outwards, flowing naturally towards thighs that'd gotten their muscle hidden under plush fat. Their ample smoothed edges closed the gap between them in his new natural stance.

He turned to check his profile. Both hands gently groped their red claws across the massive shelf jutting out of his behind. It was so smooth and rounded, not unlike the delectable posteriors of the ladies working this very inn. The only thing shattering his forms illusion of womanly perfection was the erection standing at full attention between his thighs. Well, that and the noticeable absence of fat in his chest region, as far as he could tell with the tight bound leather.

"Hey! Null!" A sharp rapping on the door made him jump before claws could decide on completely disrobing or not. The mares familiar voice pierced through the wood. "You didn't die, right? That's a lot of thrashing we're hearing downstairs."

He gave a silent curse, hands reflexively grabbing at the base of his tail. It did little to stop its rapid wagging under his enraged hormones. Even that appendage felt thicker. Granted, that could have just been the way his enlarged ass cheeks had to spread apart around the bass talking.

"I'm certainly not dead yet," he said, grimacing at sounding like a barmaid himself. A few coughs did nothing to alleviate it, so he just resigned to roll with it. "But I'm not really fine, either."

There was a long pause that made Null ponder what that mare's expression must have been hearing his new voice. "You sound like one of my cousins and it's a little concerning. Anyway, I got your bath ready. Try to heal up a little, okay?"

"No need to worry. I'm already trying my best."

In a way, Null was glad she didn't press the issue. Although she probably had an ear to the door out of some curiosity. Another pause passed before his perked canine-like ears picked up the retreating clops of her hooves.

Letting thinner, yet still muscular, shoulders slump, the wickerbeasts nostrils flared a dejected snort. No way those damaged pants were getting back on his bubbly behind again. A bath did sound good right about now. Anything to help get rid of this heat that refused to let his cock go down.

"Might as well," he mused as hands began undoing the straps of his leather tops. If he was going to risk getting caught with a thick butt hanging out, might as well save some time.

Fwub!

"Of course."

He should have known better than to assume his once proud and rich pecs had been spared from this odd poison's effects. The silky mounds that'd flopped out upon shedding his harness weren't anything spectacular as his lower half, though they still formed sizable enough mounds for him to feel their hanging weight.

Claws reached up, clicking together in their shaking to hover inches from purple nipples sticking out of his breasts soft black fur. It took all his willpower to drop his palms again, fighting the curiosity and arousal to examine such humble mammaries further. The water wasn't going to stay warm forever.

Null distracted himself by yanking off the bedsheet and wrapping it around him as the world's most ridiculous cloak. The weak attempt for modest turned out to be unneeded. All the guest room doors were empty going down a hallway to the shared bathroom at the end. By the sounds coming from downstairs, a lot more customers were starting to come in for the bar. Was it really getting on evening rush already?

Getting inside the bathroom filled Null with more relief than any stealth job he'd ever taken before now. As promised, one of the three communal bathtubs was still steaming full of bubbly water. Provided with it was a cheap, if decent, arrangement of soaps and towels. Apparently the maids were also washing their work uniforms. Several sets of black skirts and white aprons were arranged on a line near the windows for air drying.

"Good maids should always be ready for work," Null said in barely a whisper of passing thoughts. The near soulless way she spoke while staring at the fluttering garments went unnoticed. Several seconds passed before his mind came out of the sudden spell with a surprised blink. A sudden pang in his temples had him rubbing along rich hair at his scalp. "Ugh. I might not be dying, but this damn poison is really making my head foggy."

He moved on over to the tub letting the blanket crumple to the floor forgotten. It didn't even occur to him that the womanly walk his body had changed into came naturally now. Hips sashayed with a walk of graceful elegance, whipping his tail about in a dance that almost instinctively tried to draw attention to his jiggling butt.

"Oh!"

One foot had sunk into the water when Null had noticed the machine tucked in a corner a few feet away. Recognition unleashed a flood of memories through the fog muddling his thoughts. There was a cow coworker of his that needed regular milking along with the mare on duty downstairs. They'd gotten so frustrated that they just brought the dang pump machine to work for use on their free time. Not only was it convenient to empty on demand, but they claimed it was very relaxing too.

"Good maids must be milked!"

A glaze fell over Null's eyes. His body went on autopilot, wheeling the machine over and attaching each cup to his small breasts. The tight tension around each nipple sent a shiver through his spine, making his tail kick up water as his eyes returned to normal.

"That was...um..." he looked down at the hoses now firmly attached to his bust and realizing the source of his momentary pleasure. There was no recollection how or why he'd helped himself to a milking machine, but now that it was set this just felt weirdly right now. "No point stopping now. I just need a rest."

With that comforting thought, he lowered his curvy figure beneath the bubbled until only his shoulders and head were visible. Thick tail draped over one side brushing the floor with its lathered tuft. Sitting on such a thick butt took a second to process, but he let himself relax with a pleased sigh within the water's warmth. Once he got settled in, one claw lazily breached the foamy surface to flip the milker one.

"Gaaaah!?" Null's eyes went wide as the machine whirled to life. The cups hold on his breasts tightened, suction pulling the violet nipples deep within them. Air expelled from the machine with a sharp hiss, relaxing the grip slightly, only for the pump to start drawing more in.

The wickerbeast moaned a very horny and girlish squeal despite himself. A frequent tug and release rhythm working his tits sent shockwaves coursing through his body. Null gripped at the tubs sides, trying to get up, to move in the slightest. It was a futile effort. Muscles betrayed the experienced warrior, leaving him little more than a squirming mess splashing water all over the floor.

"T-this might have been a mistaaa-aaaaAAACCCCKKKK!!!"

When his nipples actually gave a little, sending spurts of warm milk rushing through the hoses into a storage tank, it was about all his balls could take. Null's pupils dilated to pencil points as he came. Hips undulated out of control, thrusting into the air amidst big waves of soapy water.

Had the wickerbeast not been lost in a feral climax, they might have been very concerned at the results of his release. With each expulsion of seed mixing with the bath water, his rod dwindled. Convulsing muscles within his hips drew the sack around his balls tighter and tighter until the little orbs vanished deeper within his curves.

Bwish!

Another hard release had Null barking at the ceiling, tongue hanging out his muzzle in a drunken manner. A gush of milk filled the cups, quickly gobbled up by the hungry hoses nursing him. As if in contrast to his dwindling member, his breasts experienced a surge of growth. Excess fat and filling milk glands rose his mounds up out of the water like two inflating balloons.

Bwish! Bwish! Bwish!

"Ah! Fuck! Yes!"

Null gripped at his chest, squeezing at them in time with the cups pulls. Weather it helped them expel more milk didn't matter. It just felt too damn good drawing out his orgasm to stop. Each sweet release deposited larger amounts of delicious lactose, bloating his mounds several sizes larger. Before long his wickerbeast apples had ripened into firm cantaloupes.

BWOOSH! BWOOSH!

It didn't take that many pumps for his assets to start reaching a size to rival harvest pumpkins. Milk continued gushing out of them even without suction from the machine. His dick throbbed one final time, expelling a meager droplet of cum before it became reduced into something else entirely. The pearly nub that remained became tucked inside vertical lips that'd taken the place of his throbbing groin.

Fortunately, the machine had been designed to shut off once its tankard had been filled. That usually never happened in one sitting, let alone within minutes, but Null hadn't slouched back into the tub long before a soft click ceased its function. Claws remained gently stroking the ample reach of his blossomed mounds. The deep cleavage their size formed became like a miniature lake of soapy water.

THUMP!

"Aah!?" Something heavy must have fallen nearby. It generated enough noise to startle the wickerbeast out of their afterglow bliss. Their eyes fluttered rapidly trying to recall memories, pupils expanding to the point almost no whites showed through her eyes. "Oh gosh! Did I fall asleep on the milker again? Ugh! Nancy's going to give me hell again if she finds out. That silly cow sure hates being outdone."

They stretched their arms up in a wide yawn. Taking a bath had truly been the miracle cure needed for that dumb poison. Everything felt revitalized, perfectly renewed for the next work shift.

"Crap!" That train of thought had them looking out the window so fast their soaked hair whipped around to slap at their boobs. "I'm late for my shift!"

They leapt from the tub, taking great care with all the excessive water spilled around the edges. Great. Cleaning up their unwitting mess would make getting down stairs take even longer. It couldn't be helped, since a cleanly wash room was part of the

job. For now, they snatched up towels to dry off and yanked down one of the larger dress outfits to solve their current naked problem.

*

Dinner rush was in full swing, so it was no surprise the pig serving as both bartender and cook had to keep his head down with intense focus. It was fine while no one got so recklessly drunk they started causing trouble. He couldn't afford to look up when the skunk tipped a crate of bread on accident. Nor did he care when a lot of conversation got really vocal over something apparently very pleasing.

"Uh, hey? Boss?" Everything ran on autopilot right up until the mare barmaid was forced to tap him on the shoulder for attention.

"Who I need to toss out?" He asked, throwing aside the hamburgers he'd been grilling so they were away from direct flames.

The mare bit her lip, looking out among the crowded dining hall briefly before staring her pig employer down. "It's not that. I mean, I don't think?"

He snorted back, instantly annoyed to have his work flow interrupted. "So, what's the problem?"

"I... Okay! I know how this will sound, but did you get a new hire that looks exactly like Null, except she fills out Nancy's dress even more than when she got knocked up with twins?"

"Wha!?" The question would have sent the pig doubling over with laughter were it not for the pile of orders not being filled. "The hell kind of question is that? A woman bigger than Nancy can't possibly exist..."

He finally turned to follow where the mare's eyes kept darting out of curiosity, making his blunt snout drop. Dancing among a lot of excited patron's tired from a hard day's work was a female wickerbeast. A large platter of glass mugs filled with frothing milk balanced perfectly in one raised hand, never spilling a drop no matter how wild she moved between tables.

As mentioned, she was certainly wearing one of the inn's barmaid uniforms while she worked. Except it was obviously several sizes off from her generously rounded figure. The skirt hem barely made it over the girth of her hips. So much so that even the slightest flick of her meaty furred tail caused what was underneath to be exposed in brief glimpses. Particularly the fact she was not wearing any panties.

Those who weren't staring down there certainly had their eyes locked onto her bouncing chest boulders. All the buttons of her blouse had to be undone just so they could be tightly squeezed inside. Every graceful step sent them violently sloshing. It was impressive they didn't tear the fabric apart. The tight cleavage it left on display kept eyes lingering on her long after they'd been served.

Eventually the pig found his voice again. "Null!? Is that supposed to be you? What the fuck happened? And...why are you serving in my bar?"

The wickerbeasts ears flicked erect and turned in his location, but she finished serving the last of her glasses with a toothy smile. With her round over, the buxom beast skipped between tables back over to them. Every so often cute little yips escaped her in response to more shameless mean pinching at her passing hips.

"I'm sorry boss!" she proclaimed upon reaching the pig, straightening into a diligent stance far more professional than any other maid he'd ever hired. "I know I'm late for the shift, but I'm going to make it up. Promise! I already made enough milk to serve even this eager crowd."

"Pretty sure that's not what's making them eager, Null," the mare mumbled.

That got a ditzzy giggle out of their apparent new coworker. "Okay! Why is everyone acting so weird tonight? You guys know my name is Nil. We've been working together for years now."

"You've only been here three days." The pig blinked, trying to process everything happening on his already overworked mind.

"Wow. Time sure does fly. Am I right?" Nil said with another giggle. She started to speak again, but a slightly slurred voice rang through the chattering hall.

"Another round, you sexy monster!"

"Coming hun!" Nil shouted back, practically singing the words with delight. She turned back to the dumbstruck mare and pig. "Don't worry, boss. Not a single person here is going thirsty on my watch."

Before either could muster a reply, the bigger wicker beast had already darted off for more milk from a tanker they thought had been empty this morning. After a bit of watching Nil fill her tray and maneuver through the crowds to dispense refreshments, the mare finally snapped back to reality.

"Should we do something about him? Her?"

The pig's grip on his spatula tightened trying to weigh this situation.

"Hey! Jackass! Where's my food!?"

"Fuck it!" A cry from one of many people occupying barstools caused him to snort. Turning back to his grill, the cooled meat was quickly shifted back onto open flames. "If she wants to work the dinner rush, I can't complain right now. We'll sort this crap, and her tips, out in the morning."

The mare stared at his turned back, but when no further comment was forthcoming she gave a defeated shrug. Grabbing another serving tray there was

suddenly a fire kindled with her worn worker's heart. "Guess I better get to it before she steals all the good payouts."

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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