

The Hee-Haw Club

A Shifter City Story

by Sophie Oliver

On the stage, the first set of breasts spilled into view as Jack unhooked Bessie's bra with his very pronounced teeth. Hang on, were his teeth like that before? Felix realized all of the dancers looked slightly different. The small details of their bodies had changed at some point without anyone seemingly noticing. The girls' ears looked a bit longer. The men's legs hairier. A bulge appeared at the back of Mary Bell's bloomers.

“Look, the tickets weren’t cheap,” Felix said. He and Chris sat at a small cafe table sipping blueberry vodka mixed with sweat tea. “Believe me, I’d much rather have had the \$250 back, but she insisted on coming with us.”

His friend nearly choked on his drink. “You dropped almost a grand on this? Jesus Christ, you have to let me pay my share. Especially now.”

“Why especially now? You think I wasn’t footing the full bill when Krissy and I were still dating?” He leaned back in his chair, looking up at the sky. They’d come all the way to Oak Grove for the show, a two hour drive. It seemed hard to imagine a burlesque show worth \$250 a ticket in such a mundane looking town. Felix hoped to bring a new girlfriend to make it especially awkward for Krissy. If she insisted on pushing the idea of going to the show no matter what, the least Felix could do would be to make it as awkward as possible for her. Mike came along as a last minute replacement after Felix struck out with every girl he spoke to for a solid month. As a small consolation, Krissy always hated Mike.

“No,” Mike mused, “but she was sleeping with you, at least. At least let me take care of the drinks. I’ll even buy hers. That should help piss her off. Though, I would say at this point we’ve gone well beyond the realm of petty spite.”

Felix knew his friend was right. It would have been much less of a hassle to simply let the tickets go unused or even hand them to some passerby on the street, but some small part of Felix liked holding on to the idea that he and Krissy could have one more normal night. The burlesque show had been her idea in the first place. She spent so much time talking it up and teasing Felix with the big plans for the weekend trip that he got too invested. When she wanted to pull all of it back from him, he resisted. So now, he and his best friend sat a few blocks away from the Hee-Haw Club getting day drunk.

Mike picked up one of the tickets on the table and looked at it. “Why’s it called the Hee-Haw Club? Like that old variety show from like forty years ago? Burlesque honky tonk?”

Felix shrugged. “Dunno. Lots of businesses in this town have weird names. We’re at the Cat-fe, for fuck’s sake. That’s the dumb—”

“Can I get you two another round?” the waitress said as she walked over to them. She lavished her gaze on the two young men, and they returned the favor.

“Yes, please,” Mike said. “And our offer stands for you to join us.”

She leaned forward onto the table, letting her ample cleavage dangle in front of their eyes as she grabbed the empty glasses. “Oh, you boys flatter me.” As she neared them, Felix thought he heard a low rumbling from deep inside her, a purr. “But I don’t think you’re my type.” The waitress turned to go back inside the cafe and let them watch her wiggling butt as she walked.

“Yeah, this town is a little weird,” Mike agreed. “Name of this joint has got to be part of the gimmick. There’s probably a cat walking around who ‘owns’ the place. Or maybe the cat actually owns the place, and it’s one big tax evasion scheme.”

Felix didn’t listen too closely to his friends rambling. He was once more thinking about Krissy. The waitress’s remarks set him off. She clearly thought Felix looked good enough to flirt with. Mike, too. Sure, maybe Felix let himself go a little once he and Krissy passed the six month mark, but so had she. Five pounds shouldn’t have made the difference, though. He dressed well. He paid more than a reasonable price for his haircuts which always wound up looking the same anyway. He made sure to spend time with her. Complimented her on the right days, her “good hair” days as she called them. Sometimes Krissy’s curls looked a little bigger and sometimes a little redder. With practice, he divined which days she preferred over others. To him, though, it always looked roughly the same, a state which he thought of as “fine” which apparently differed greatly from Krissy’s “good”.

“You’re doing it again,” Mike said. “Did you even notice her bringing back the drinks? Her left nipple almost popped out. Not sure she’s wearing anything under that dress.”

Felix had noticed the arrival of more booze. “Doing what?”

“You keep getting this far off, sour look on your face. I figure you’re thinking about Krissy since it started happening about the time you stopped bawling about her.”

“I never bawled. I had one night which we agreed not to discuss.”

Mike sipped his drink. He thought they were getting stronger with each one. The waitress might not think of them as their type, but she certainly didn’t mind flirting or boozing up the guests for better tip. “I believe we decided not to discuss it shortly after you rage kicked a hole in my wall.”

“Slander and lies,” Felix said. He looked at the time on his phone. “This’ll be our last one before we head over. We’re supposed to meet Krissy at the door.”

The sun set while he and Mike took the much needed walk down to the Hee-Haw club. Street lights clicked on, casting a charming orange glow over the bar district. They followed directions on Felix's phone, leading through the twisting alleys between the more popular bars. They passed other dive joints which each had a throng of people milling around the entrance. Felix thought he could spot other out of towners like himself by the way they dressed. The citizens of Oak Grove seemed to wear provocative clothing, no matter what. Mike nudged his friend several times to point out a woman in a high skirt or a very low top, tempting the two guys over like hungry dogs. They stayed on course, though, meandering down to the Hee-Haw Club where a small group stood in line outside of the bar door.

Felix hoped to feel nothing when he saw his ex girlfriend. Instead, the booze and his own morose thoughts pushed up a wave of emotion the second he laid eyes on her. She stood a few feet away from the crowd with her head down looking at her phone. Krissy chose a pair of pastel, high-waisted shorts and a green peasant blouse for the evening. Though it was remarkably sexy and outgoing for her, compared to the other women in line at the Hee-Haw club, she looked near prudish. Krissy's thin, petite frame stood a short distance from two women at least a foot taller and proportionally thicker in every way. These women wore tank tops which squeezed their D-cups into almost pouring out while tight fitted skirts struggled to hold in their hips and ass. While Felix attempted to ignore the women in favor of his ex, Mike maintained no qualms about gawking.

"Krissy," Felix called out.

Her head snapped up, and she smiled with relief. "Oh, thank god. I thought you were standing me up."

"Oh yeah, that would have worked," Mike blurted out.

Krissy sneered at him before awkwardly approaching and hugging Felix. He didn't close his arms around her, so she backed away sheepishly. "Sorry, are we not hugging yet?"

"No, we can hug. I, well, we've been drinking. I don't want to — you know. Maybe not, maybe no hugging. Let's uh...Mike wanna jump in here."

"I don't want to hug her either," he said, his eyes remaining on the two women ahead of them in line. The skirts did nothing to hide their asses, showing not even a hint of a thong. Mike knew they were naked under that thin layer. Felix whacked him on the arm. "Huh? Oh. Yeah, so, me and Felix talked about it. I'm here as a buffer. We're all going to have a fun night, but no drunken confessions or drunken fighting or drunken fucking." He saw Krissy start to raise an objection and held up his hand. "I know you're both chock full of self restraint and emotional stability, but alcohol makes fools of us all. We watch the show, we have the drinks, and once its over, we have a handshake and fuck off to our respective lives once again having applied the balm to this gaping wound such that in the future you can pretend to be friends without biting back the bile of resentment. Clear?"

Krissy frowned. “You told him to say that?”

“Ah-ah-ah,” Mike said, stepping between them. “That’s precisely the kind of rule violation we won’t be tolerating. No accusatory guilting. As a reminder, I’m the only one who thought this was a very stupid idea. Now lets go watch people tell jokes while sitting naked behind balloons.”

“Huh?” Felix said.

“I googled ‘burlesque’ and that’s what came up. I have no idea what we’re walking into.”

They stepped forward as the line moved. An enormous man at the door asked for their ID, but spent his time looking at them rather than their licenses. “First timers?” he asked with a distinct sniff.

“Yep,” Krissy said, trying to bring some cheer back to their collective mood.

The bouncer’s eyes twinkled when he looked at her. “Redhead,” he said with a low voice. While the three newcomers wondered whether they should be offended by the muscle bound man’s remark, the bouncer reached behind his small podium and pulled out a tablet. He scrolled through it for a moment. “Felix, Krissy, and...Mike as a floater or is he with you?”

“He’s with us,” Felix said without thinking. “Hang on, what’s this about?”

“When you signed up, you listed relationship status on your ticket. One couple, and subsequently listed a third ticket as floater.”

“We’re not toget—” both Krissy and Felix answered, cutting one another off. The bouncer’s brow furrowed, and he looked past them at the remaining line.

“Ahem,” Mike stepped forward. “I’m their friend. They’re broken up now though, is that a problem for some reason? Like an audience participation thing?”

The bouncer laughed. “You might say that. Tell you what. I have a hunch things will work out without me changing much. You three seem like good friends, after all. Go on in, table four. Enjoy the show.” He pressed something on the tablet, handed their IDs back, and gestured for them to enter.

The trio entered the Hee-Haw club and made their way to their table, one of several booths set up near the stage. The interior of the club looked different than they expected. The stage area looked like what they imagined, but the seating wasn't an open plan with lots of chairs and quick access to a bar. Instead, multiple booths with wide benches lined the walls and a few stood free in the middle of the floor. Felix guided the others to a booth along the side wall, and they sat with Mike in the middle. As they settled in, a woman in fishnets and a leather bodice walked up to take their drink order. Mike ordered doubles for the table while nearly salivating at the latest display of feminine flesh.

Once seated, the booth walls hid all the other patrons from view, but as many people walked from booth to booth to chat with other regulars, the three newcomers saw a definite pattern in the dress and physique of all the attendees. "They're all so big," Krissy said. "Like, tall. And...broad, I guess. That guy has thighs like tree trunks. And it's everyone."

"Everyone but us," Felix mused. He didn't feel so conspicuous so long as Krissy also felt out of place. The booze in his brain wanted to sit next to her and chat quietly. He couldn't remember why he'd brought along Mike at all. *Krissy probably wants to talk. Maybe she thought we'd have a big fun night together and respark the romance. Maybe if I hadn't brought along Mike, she wouldn't be sitting on her hands looking like a lost orphan girl. These booths are private enough for a little fun touching while the show goes on. Maybe that's what she had in mind.*

The waitress returned with drinks. "Enjoy them, hons, but go quick. Helps save on the mess if you give us a chance to bus them before the show starts."

"What mess?" Felix asked as she walked away. "Krissy, what exactly are we here to see?"

"I don't know. You did the research on it."

"I bought the tickets. You brought up this place to begin with. Your friend Janet or Janelle or Jessica said..."

"Carol Ann," Krissy said, firmly. "And she heard about it from a guy at her yoga class. Said it was a big transformative experience for him. You said you wanted to try new things as a couple. I thought it sounded fun because maybe you wouldn't lose interest if some chick were shaking her tits at you. Would that have helped you stick with cycling, too?"

Mike slid the drinks to their respective owners. "No, no. None of this. Who gives a shit how we got here or what's going to happen. It'll be entertaining, and we're not going to bitch at one another until it starts. Drink like the lady said. If there's going to be a mess, I'd rather it not get on my good shirt."

"That's the only shirt I've ever seen you wear," Krissy said as she swallowed a gulp of her cocktail.

“Yeah, it’s my good one,” Mike said with a shrug.

They drank and watched the crowd in silence. Felix noted how handsy all the guests were, not only with each other, but with the staff. A tingling feeling in his stomach made him wonder if he was much less comfortable with the evening’s planned activity than he originally thought. The idea of a flirtatious waitress giving him a quick squeeze sounded fun in theory, but sitting beside his best friend and his ex made the reality much more awkward. To compensate, he drank more. They made a few attempts at civil conversation, mostly idle observations, until the waitress returned and took away their drinks. Felix thought it for the best as his head was already swimming. The lights dimmed, and their attention turned to the stage.

The red curtain snatched open, and a tall, broad chested man strode through. He wore no shirt, but a pair of dancer’s tights and an askew top hat. From all around the room, light, playful music started playing. “Good evening! Buenos Noches! Bon soir! Welcome, welcome, welcome one and all to the Hee-Haw Club! I am your host for the evening, Jack. It is my inestimable pleasure to preside over tonight and every night’s festivities, after all, you must always designate at least one lucky fool to make an ass out of himself before all the rest. Tonight I am told that we have a wonderful pair of visitors on their seventeenth visit, a new record! Hank and Mirren, everyone! A couple of veterans, no? Get a load of the two of them, or at least get a load of Hank, apparently its a popular flavor.” The crowd laughed and groaned at the appropriate times, but Felix had no idea what everyone found so funny. “At the same time as we have our longest attending fans, we have some brand new flesh and blood joining us tonight. Three of them, no less, Hee-Haw virgins.” Jack leaned toward the crowd and winked, “Out-of-towners.” The crowd roared with a mingling of laughter and cheers.

“What the fuck are they talking about?” Mike said. He didn’t whisper, but his words faded into the crowd’s reaction. With each passing moment, the raucous noise grew stranger sounding, less human.

Jack continued as the music grew louder. “Ah, ah, we’re getting ahead of ourselves. It wouldn’t be a night at the Hee-Haw without the lovely Hee-Haw dancers! Ladies and Gentlemen, Jacks and Jills, welcome to the stage, Bessie! Clara! Ellie Sue! Mary Bell! Myself! (Oh thank you, you’re too kind, hee-haw) And the Other Jack!” As he spoke, four women and one other man scampered onto the stage. The women dressed in old styled can-can dresses while the Other Jack dressed identical to Jack. The host fell back into the fray with the other dancers as they all lapsed into a dramatic show of movement. The girls twirled into the arms of the men and twirled out slightly less dressed. Clara took Other Jack’s Hat. He snatched it back right as Mary Bell tore off his dancer’s tights, allowing him to cover his manhood with the hat just in time.

Felix looked at his friends. Krissy’s mouth hung agape in a mesmerized stare of mingled horror and fascination. Mike simply looked like he was in heaven. On the stage, the first set of breasts spilled into view as Jack unhooked Bessie’s bra with his very pronounced teeth. *Hang on, were his teeth like that before?* Felix realized all of the dancers looked slightly different.

The small details of their bodies had changed at some point without anyone seemingly noticing. The girls' ears looked a bit longer. The men's legs hairier. A bulge appeared at the back of Mary Bell's bloomers. They discarded their shoes to show bizarrely shaped feet.

The music thundered all around them as Felix tried to listen for the sounds of the cheering crowd. He couldn't see any of them, nor did he hear anything remotely human anymore. A loud, braying chorus of moans kept time with the dancing spectacle on stage. He turned his attention to it once more as Jack and Other Jack spun around Ellie Sue, bent her over, and tore away her bottoms. Felix heard Krissy gasp and some other strange sound come from Mike. Revealed beneath her underwear wasn't a white, wide ass, but a brown, furred rump with a small burgeoning tail jutting out at the top. Felix's confusion peaked as another of the girls snatched away Other Jack's hat to reveal a cock not meant for a human body. It looked at least a foot long and as wide around as Felix's forearm. The braying crowd rose again as Ellie Sue dropped to her knees and Other Jack claimed his prize. Felix watched the cock sheath inside of the woman and realized his own cock ached to do the same. "What the fuck?" he finally managed to say.

"Felix, I feel weird," Mike managed to say. "My head is...I think I need to get some air."

Before Felix could stop him, Mike pushed his way out of the booth leaving Felix alone with Krissy. He thought about going after Mike, but saw Krissy with her head buried in her hands. "What's wrong? Did you know this is the kind of show that —" He gasped. A pair of long donkey ears pushed out from Krissy's red curls. She lifted her head out of her hands and Felix saw familiar eyes behind a furry face. "Holy fucking shit."

"I didn't believe them! I thought it was some kind of joke, Felix! Oh, god, you smell so good."

An itching, burning feeling spread over his body. He tugged at his shirt and noticed the bristling hair pushing against it from within. Curious and horrified, he pulled at the buttons, tearing them open with ease. He revealed a broad chest with thick fur covering it. "What'd they do to us?"

Krissy wriggled in her seat, rolling onto her side as her legs stretched out like she was trying to work out a cramp. Felix couldn't help but notice the broadness of her ass as it stretched the high waisted shorts to their limit. "Felix, listen. We have to go with it. We can talk in the morning once its over, but for now, for now do what you have to. Oh my —HAW."

The sound came out of her throat entirely unwillingly right as her shorts ripped. Felix had seen Krissy naked enough to no longer be shocked at her naked body, except this wasn't her body any longer. Krissy had a tight, small ass. Felix always marveled at his ability to cup her full ass cheek in either hand while he hammered into her from behind. No more, though. The Krissy writhing on the booth had an ass that would put a stripper to shame, and it still seemed to be getting bigger. She pawed at the torn shorts and begged for help, but Felix's own changes

distracted him.

His cock plain hurt. It pushed against his pants which overall seemed to be a problem. They stretched tight over his quads and backside. He reached down to fumble with the fly, but his fingers had thickened into unwieldy sausages to match his massive forearms. “Here, hon, let me,” said someone. Felix looked up to see someone who vaguely reminded him of the waitress. She too, had long donkey ears, but a less human face. Her features protruded into a short snout. She’d lost her clothes already, but had a small set of scissors which made quick work of Felix’s pants. The waitress scratched him behind the ear before walking away, giving him a full view of her transforming ass and the tail swishing behind it. Felix’s cock surged at the sight. He grabbed hold of his cut pants and pulled, ripping them away as his cock exploded forward.

Krissy’s shock could be heard over the din of rutting and chaos happening around the room. A thick coat of fur covered Felix from the waist down. His quads had morphed into the flanks of a donkey, with wide hips and a thick rump behind him. Between his legs, the skin darkened to a deep brown before turning slightly lighter at the base of his cock. The appendage jutted forward obscenely, at least a foot and a half long. Horrified, Felix reached out to touch it, but Krissy beat him to it. Her furred hand wrapped around his shaft and stroked it gently as she continued to wriggle on her back. She lifted his cock up with one hand while reaching underneath with the other. She grabbed a handful of his ballsack, hefting it up for him to see. It bulged with massive testicles. *Fucking donkey balls.*

They heard a tearing sound. Felix looked over in time to see Krissy’s shirt burst straight down the middle. Her small B-cups ballooned out with massive, thick nipples atop them, but that didn’t keep Felix’s attention. Further down her abdomen, above her pussy, a new mound of flesh jutted forward. Krissy moaned as her hands moved down to caress the transforming flesh. “Krissy, you have a fucking udder or something,” Felix managed to say as he moved closer to her. His own hand joined hers. The lower set of breasts felt similar to the bigger set, and they seemed to give Krissy an equal amount of pleasure. Too much, in fact. She wriggled over onto her hands and knees as her tail sprouted out from the top of her rump. Felix thought it was cute until the scent of her raised rump caught his attention.

She smelled intoxicating, almost like her growing tail was wafting her heat to him specifically. He reached forward and grabbed her flanks, holding her in place as his mouth sunk down onto her changing sex. His tongue pushed into her pussy. It had changed like his cock. Her lips were thicker, and he instinctively knew it was deeper to accommodate his massive cock. As he nuzzled and licked between her pussy lips, his nose kept pressing hard against her ass. As he pulled away, he realized his face had grown out into a snout. He grinned wide at Krissy as she looked back at him. “Want to fuck you,” she managed to say through her changing lips.

Felix slipped as his new hooves tried to find purchase on the ground. He landed back on his fattened ass, leaving his cock standing proudly up from his body. Krissy seized the moment, climbing on top of him. Her fat pussy lips parted easily as she slid his whole length inside of her. Her tits squashed against his furred chest while her lower set rubbed against his abs. She let out another braying moan as she wriggled herself down on his full length. The warmth and slippery

tightness of her hole threatened to overwhelm what little remained of Felix's humanity. She gently rocked against his length as her tail flicked erratically from side to side behind her. Someone grabbed hold of it causing her to mewl in protest. They both looked over to see another half transformed human wearing the remnants of Mike's clothes.

His face split into a wide donkey grin as he pushed his ass against Krissy's puckered asshole. She started to object, but Felix knew it was only a show. The smell of her arousal doubled instantly as the fat head of Mike's changed dick butted against her rear entrance. Felix held Krissy still as Mike applied a persistent pressure to her clenched ass. Like Felix's cock, Mike's produced a steady flow of precum, lubricating the entrance a little at a time until he popped inside of her. All three of them felt her insides clench as a second monster dick slid inside of her. Her pussy clenched tight around Felix as her ass protested every inch of Mike's cock sliding into her. Still, it relented, welcoming him inside of her with the same moaning, thrashing enthusiasm she'd shown for Felix.

Once she finally adjusted, she started to rock back and forth gently. As Mike's cock slid in, Felix's slid out. The angle prevented any wild thrusting, but the tightness and friction more than made up for it. Mike's hands fondled her upper set of breasts while Felix focused his attention on the smaller set, teasing at the teats as Krissy's whole body shook. Mike neared the edge first, finally using his standing leverage to thrust in and out of her relaxed ass. He grunted and pulled her down hard as he emptied a load into her bowels. Krissy could only moan, her lengthened tongue lolling out of the side of her mouth. Finished with her, Mike pulled out, followed by a gush of his cum. Felix lifted her up onto the table with ease, lying her on her side and starting to saw in and out of her thick pussy. His heavy balls slapped her thighs until he was ready to burst.

He pulled out of her and aimed his massive cock at her ass. Thick ropes of cum shot out, splashing against her furry hindquarters and dripping down to mingle with Mike's as it leaked out of her asshole. Krissy moaned and wriggled, her body locked in a near permanent orgasm. Her teats even started leaking milk, adding her own set of cream to the mess she'd become. Felix found himself admiring her strange beauty, even covered in two men's cum. Her fur looked red to match her hair.

Mike thumped Felix on the arm and pointed out toward the rest of the club. On the stage, the half transformed girls continued to dance. The various Jacks took turns copulating with whichever hole presented itself. In the dim light, they could see other patrons standing up in their booths, engaged in the same carnal activities. Mike caught the eye of a pair of mostly changed women, the ones they'd stood behind in line. Their lower breasts looked much more developed, almost matching the enormous teats on their chest. Mike made his way toward them, looking back at his friend, but Felix hesitated. He waved off Mike and turned his attention back to Krissy. He didn't mind Mike getting a turn with her, but he didn't exactly feel comfortable leaving her to be fucked by some random cock.

His own dick had barely softened in the meantime. He positioned Krissy on all fours and mounted her again. Within a few minutes, he emptied his second load deep inside of her,

reducing her once again to a cooing, braying mess.

Felix woke up in a nearly destroyed hotel room. His head throbbed, and memories of the bar came back slowly. When his memories caught up, he yanked back the covers to look his body. He'd slept, or passed out really, naked, but he seemed back to normal. *Except, no, that's not my dick. Well, it's mine, but it's not supposed to be that big.* His cock was half erect, but still six inches long and beneath it were a pair of oversized balls. Starting to feel the panic again, he looked around to see a figure sleeping on the far side of the bed. He pulled down the covers to reveal a naked, furless back with a bizarre nub of a tail. "Mike, wake the fuck up!"

Mike groaned but rolled over, jerking back when he saw his naked friend. "What's happening? Where are we? Dude, you're not going to believe the dream...hang on."

"Yeah, it was real. This isn't our room though."

"It's mine," Krissy stepped out of the bathroom wearing a robe. She still had donkey ears, but otherwise looked normal until she spread apart the robe. "They're apparently not going to go away for a week at least, maybe longer." The fleshy mounds jutting out from above her pussy filled both the men with virile excitement. Her regular tits remained bigger, too. Mike attempted to hide his growing erection, but Felix didn't bother. "Don't suppose you boys want to repeat last night? The hormones, you see. Kept me up most of the night wanting to fuck while you two snored like a pair of...well, jackasses."

The two looked at each other and shrugged. Whatever taboos limited their friendship prior to the previous night no longer existed.

"Great! Felix, there's lube in my bag over there. I want you in my ass this time." She crossed the room with a spry hop and immediately pinned down Mike, sheathing him in her pussy within seconds. "Oh and after you both cum, I thought we might talk."

Felix smeared the lubricant over his throbbing cock. "About?" He pressed it against her asshole.

"Getting back together, of course. And maybe moving to this town. You know they do those shows every night, right?"