"It's snowing again" Ryan sighed as he looked outside the window of the cozy hut he rented to celebrate the last few days of the winter holidays. He still needed wood to keep the fire in the small stove burning for the night. "Well, complaining does't help I guess" He mumbled to himself as he picked up his coat that was hanging on a small knob at the door. "Work comes first... the Whisky can wait!"

Ryan had always celebrated the turn of the year alone. He didn't like these Bolgan fireworks in his hometown Tinora, the squeaking noises of Skirrans flying through the december night, because they were too impatient to wait till the new year had finally arrived.

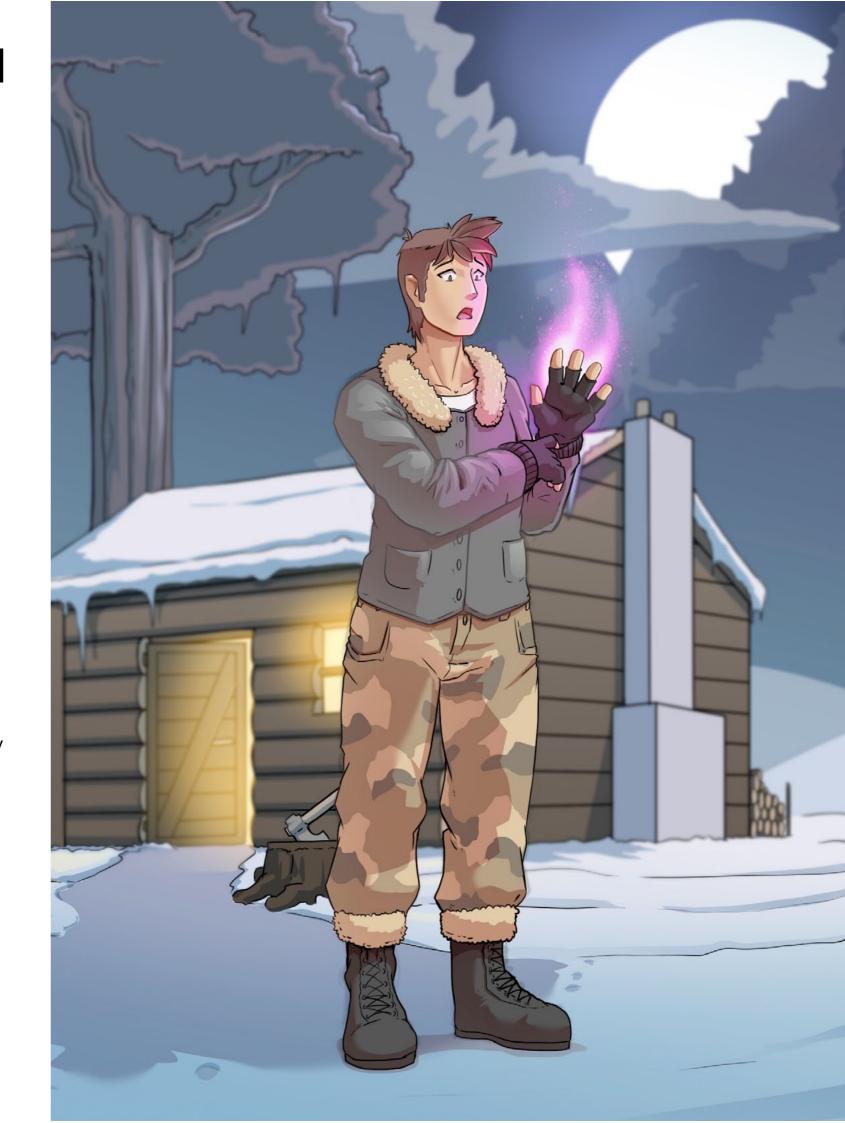
He closed the door behind him and looked around. It was freezing cold outside the hut and an icy wind was moving the tree tops in the distance. "Thank Tino i got these!" He pulled out a pair of black mittens he had bought in that strange little shop he had also bought a strange but beautiful looking necklace for his girlfriend Fiona. The dealer was a small, weird-looking Bolgan with a hissing voice. Strangely enough, Ryan could have sworn he had a reptile-tail instead of a typical Bolgan one, but the price was good so he didn't mind the rest.

"These mittens will make you feel warm and fuzzy, even in the coldest place" The merchant had hissed "But!... Don't hold them into the light of a bright night, or they will reveal their true nature!" Ryan believed it was some sort of "fancy story, because there was really nothing special about these mittens. He had wearer them a lot since, and they really did an awesome job keeping his hands warm. Even more so, these mittens seemed to warm up, every time he puts them on! It was like magic, and Ryan was sure there was some kind of Necra-stuff going on with them.

He walked down the small path that was leaving away from the hut, as his hands suddenly began to become warmer and warmer. In disbelief, Ryan raised up his arms as he noticed, his hands had started to glow! "What the?!" Ryan stumbled backwards.

Purple flames flashed up in his palms out of a sudden, like the mittens had catched fire.

Desperately, Ryan tried to take off the now tight-sitting glove, as the flame grew bigger and bigger. To his surprise, the flame was not really hot. He looked up into the night sky as he saw the full moon, bathing the scene into a blueish light. His whole body was starting to feel warm, as the flames seemed to disappear back into the mittens again.



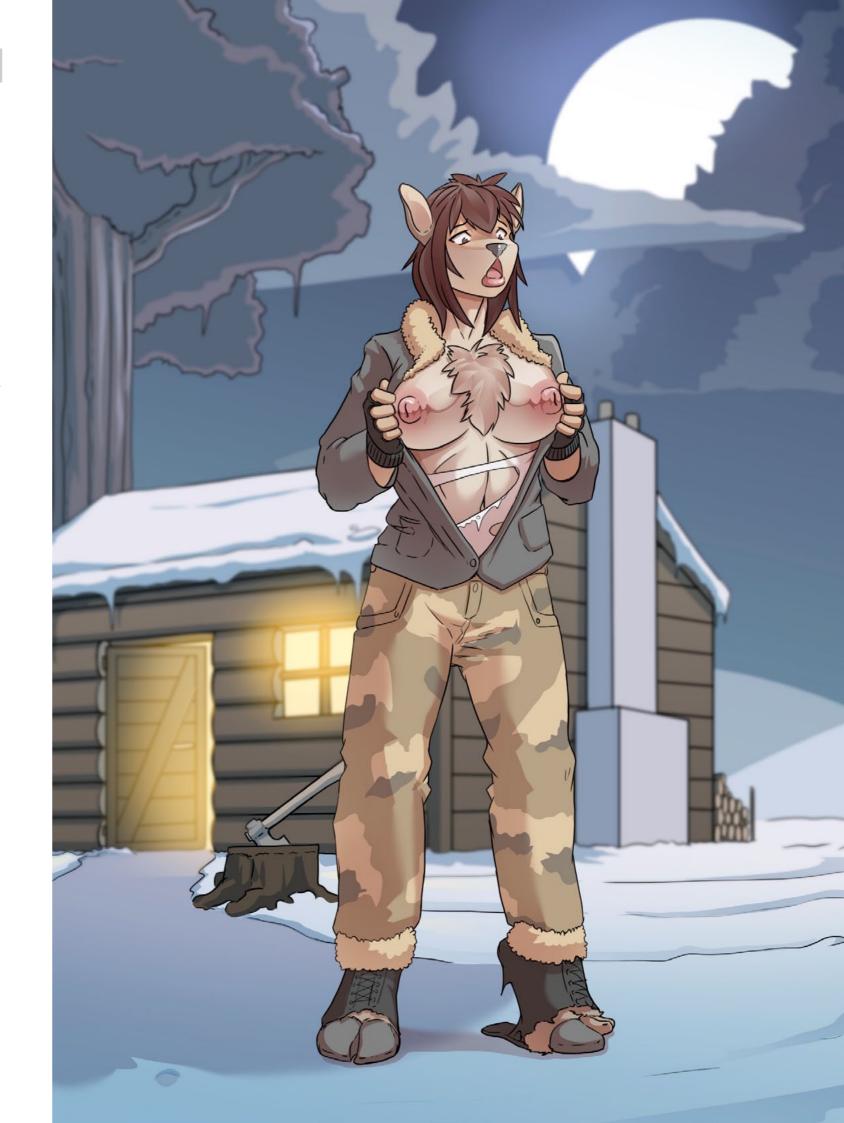
Suddenly, Ryan gasped for air. Something wasn't right! It felt like a fever that had started to spread in seconds. His whole body was starting to feel extremely hot and tight. The coat he had turned on in the hut was feeling unnatural to him, tight and making it hard to breathe. A weird sensation went trough Ryans spine, as he bended backwards and grabbed the leather of his jacket.

Where his flat male chest had been minutes ago, something like a soft cushion had formed beneath his clothes. Desperate and feverish, Ryan tried to pull the jacket from his body, until the fabric finally gave in and he was able to open it.

"T-tits?!" Ryan gasped, as he saw what had caused the pressure and made it hard for him to breathe: On his chest, two large, bouncing breasts had formed. Still growing and slowly dragged down by the forces of gravity, his new female fat-pads bounced a bit in the cold air. His once small, male nipples had transformed into giant and stiff female ones, surrounded by a still growing areola.

Baffled from the sight and the additional weight on his chest, Ryan didn't care about what was happening to the rest of his body: His boots started to feel tighter and tighter as his toes fused inside of them, forming two giant claws and growing into hooves that tore apart the heavy leather. Ryans whole feet elongated, as he was slowly transforming into an ungulate, ripping apart what was left of his boots.

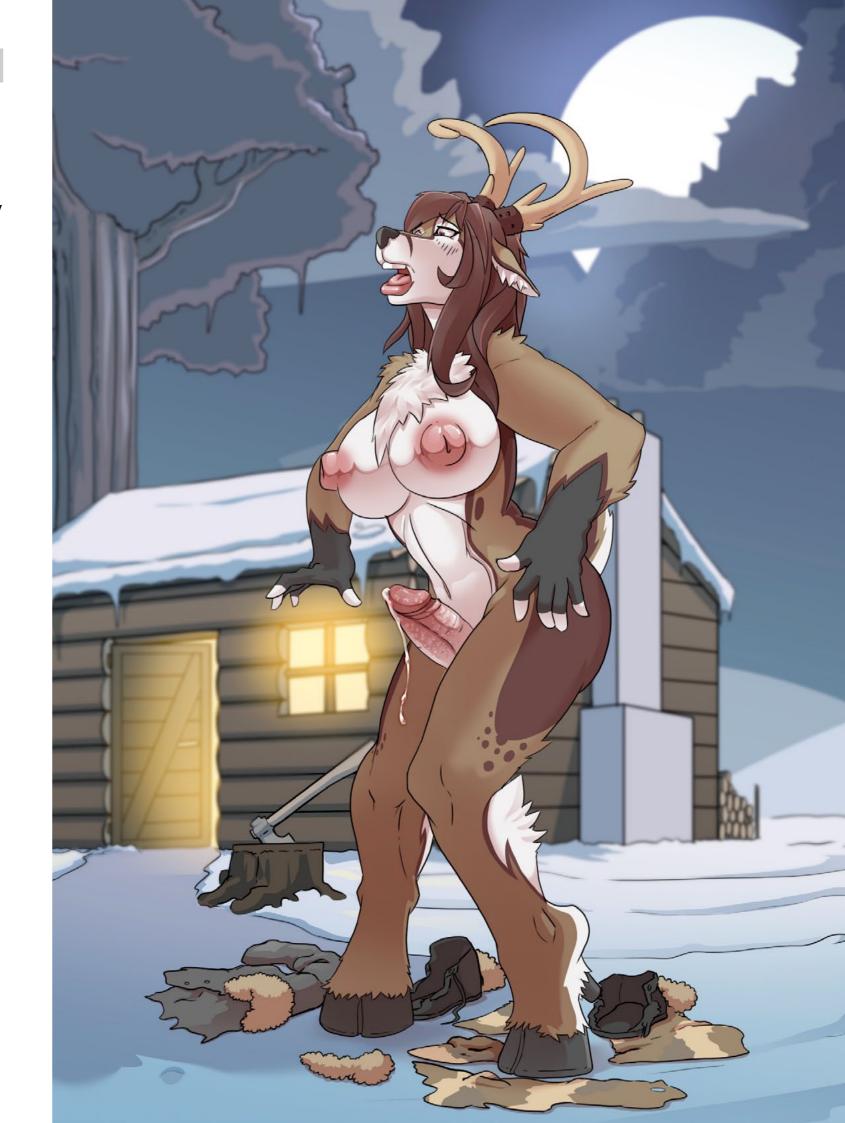
His mouth was feeling weird, like his ability to taste was growing weaker. In horror, Ryan was realizing, that his jaw had started to stretch as his nose was fusing with the tip of the growing snout - his whole skull was changing!



His breasts had grown huge, as Ryan realized, that his whole body was naked, but covered in a soft, protective fur by now. The mittens had disappeared and become one with his fur on each of his hands, as he tried to touch his still changing face. Horns had started to push through the long hair that was falling down his neck and it seemed that his ability to hear had become far better. Ryan threw his head back once more, as his snout finished its transformation.

In his chest, something deep and emotional was trying to travel up his throat. Ryan tried to fight it, to swallow it back down, but it was something feeling so natural an honest, he wasn't able to hold it back anymore: "Hnooooooo!" A loud and needy rutting call escaped the depths of his throat, as his cock started to grow stiff, already twitching with precum.

Suddenly, Ryan was feeling warm. Warm without his clothes. Thanks to the hooves, even his feet stayed well-protected! His still dripping penis was feeling kind of numb, as a new feeling started to appear somewhere inside him just beneath the belly. His cock was drooling pre, but it seemed that something else was happening down there.



Ashamed and blushing, Ryan touched his nethers and realized that something wet had formed around his testicles and cock, right where his crotch ended. The soft slimy membrane of his growing labia started to slowly suck in his still dripping, hard cock, eager to turn the male genital into his new cunt's clit. Greedily and almost smacking, the female sex started to swallow every bit of Ryans penis and testicles, until the once dripping glans disappeared between slimy labia.

