

**PranksTFer
in Neverfar
Part One: Arrival and Dog Days**

**Transformation Story
Written by
Idle Rawr**

For a moment the Pranx Tee Effa was blinded by the light. It wasn't just this moment. Rather it was like whiteout on his memory. White noise filled his consciousness before his worms's thoughts snapped into place and once more formed his hivemind, which was however in a state of intense confusion and disorder. He couldn't see anything, smell, hear or feel, and thinking put a strain on his mind. Memory... it caused physical pain to remember. He would do so later. The present was more important now. By the gods, where was he? Memory came back to him in small bits. He wasn't home, he had ended up in the outskirts of reality. On earth, where he had a purpose. Was he still on earth? He felt like flying. It was not bright. He was in darkness. Was that... gravity he felt? Slowly things became clearer on his mind. There was that typical earth air. Yeah, he was pretty certain he was still on earth.

Somewhat relieved Pranx moved his worms around, pulled them here, pushed them there. Yep, everything alright on his inside. How about his transformium pool? Enough for atleast two people. The stuff was awfully scarce in this place and yet most crucial in his mission. And his stuff was there, too. Among other things several gene samples, cat, horse, cow, his favorite, banknotes of several currencies but no coins, a fold-up map of the city he was in, his list, a sandwich he saved for later... Hey! Where did his sandwich go? It was gone. Nonetheless Pranx then let his worms flow alongside the inner surface of his darkish grey hull. Nope, no holes, he would have learned about those anyway, but now he knew his hull was still human shaped. How about his face? There should be some holes: Two ovals, one crescent. Check. That was the proper people face, the face of the cultured people, his people. Pranx then made sure his face holes sported a little instability and he opened a few extra holes arbitrarily floating on the surface of his head for individualization, which was quite vain seeing he was the only of his species and color on this world.

Time for testing his returning senses. Looking out of his face holes he slowly got an idea of the place. Here it was night. It should be day, and foggy. It used to be. Like two earth minutes moment ago. That he could remember. Here was no fog, no clouds, he could see stars sparkle in the blackness so vast and void above. The air was dry, clean and cool, yet it was warmer than it used to be. Pranx found himself surrounded by trees, he was in a sparse forest. But something was strange about the trees. He was looking at them... from below. Apparently he was laying on the grass. Yes, he did. He was, like, in a forest? Where did that come from? Carefully he wriggled his worms on his inside, regrouping them, forming strands, muscle like tendrils from them in order to get up.

And before Pranx was on his feet, he saw the wall - even at night. Just a stone throw away from him was the end of the forest in form of a red brick wall. Turning his head Pranx spotted a path professionally layed through the sparse forest lit up by lanterns and lined by stretched human seatings called benches. And in the light of the lanterns Pranx also noted the grass was trimmed to a certain height. Also the trees were a little much too sparse to call this gathering of trees a forest. This was, like, a park, he thought. Pranx unfolded the map on his inside to find out where he was but all browsing was in vain. He didn't recognize this park and there were no parks in this city else than the ones Pranx knew. A proper contradiction with a simple solution: he no longer was in the city he used to be.

"By Possibill, how could that happen?"

His most recent memory was still unclear, but he didn't like it where he came from anyway. He had been... on the run? The people back there, especially the city watch... only the city watch hadn't been too happy about Pranx's efforts of liberation and transformation. But in the end, liberation of these poor, cultured people of this world, who were no shape shifters unlike Pranx's people, was his mission. He would not be deterred from it. Besides that the wheather had been, like, terrible. But he could remember later. Pranx knocked off the grass from his trusted hoodie, his worn jeans and finally his shoes. His apparel was in one piece, it seemed.

What to do now? He had to learn how he got here in the first place. But before that he had to find out where he was. As it was night, a place to stay the night would be nice, too. Hopefully this park was located in a city. In that case he could set up a new house away from home here. Oh, his house in the other city, something happened to it... his memory seemed to work properly again, yet it was no time to remember. Of course, he had to continue with liberation, seeing it was his mission and it had top priotity. At any rate best idea was to get out of the park.

He just had to climb over the wall. Instead, Pranx Tee Effa decided to get on the path and follow it. His footsteps crunched on the gravel which shone white in the light of the lanterns. The park was quite large, with meadows of trimmed grass and leafy trees and even a little lake. Pranx could see the playful reflections of lanterns on its surface. Here and there was placed a wallless house, gazebos or pavilion things. The Pranx Tee Effa also noted that this park was much cleaner than any park ever was in the city he had been last. Trash was tidily stored away in trash cans.

As an occasional scavenger Pranx appreciated such. But in human cities Pranx rarely had to scavenge or waste much thought to foraging. Humans like most cultured people had a developed a high art of refining food. All that walking however made Pranx a little hungry. Too bad that sandwich was gone. Where did it go... As it was for no more use Pranx disintegrated the fold-up map of the city he used to be in into pulp. It was nothing more than a snack. But this world was lush, a place of plenty in comparison to his home world or rather the part he was born. In fact, Pranx hadn't starved a day since he was walking the outskirts of reality. Even when he spent the first days in containment... Nah, he didn't want to remember that now nor his inglorious arrival.

As he walked on the path Pranx spotted lights and buildings behind the wall of the park, behind the treetops. Medium buildings which were a couple of storeys tall. As he had hoped there was a city close to the park. From the seize of the park so far and the lack of sky scrapers in the horizon he concluded this was a medium sized human town. His favorite size! And there it was, the end of the park. Through the gate in the red brick wall Pranx could hear not too loud traffic and he could already smell typical city air. Urban air makes you free, or something. Just across the well-lit street stretched cityscape. Before finally leaving the park and entering the moderate street canyons, Pranx caught a glimpse of a sign next the entrance.

'Neverfar Municipal Park'

Pranx wondered whether the sign was saying that the municipal park was never far, like, away – or whether it was the park of a city called Neverfar. Stupid spacing, he could hardly see where one word ended and the other began. "Neverfar, never far?", said the Pranx Tee Effa, reading the sign out loud. "Neverfar?" His species had a problem with symbol based scripts. It was difficult to connect signs to sounds and in addition they forgot written texts quickly. "Nah, never far." That didn't mean they hadn't a script, they just used it differently. They would read things out loud or let special reading slaves do that and remember the sound of their or others' voices rather than keep

written thoughts on their mind. The communication in their great, space spanning civilisation, was literally based on hearsay.

"May I help you?" Pranx was startled and turned around quickly to face a city guard who had appeared behind him out of all the sudden. The black-haired man wore a leather jacket with the insignia of a human nation or state or city over an official looking uniform. There were the outlines of a gun in a holster visible under the jacket and the man was towering Pranx by more than a head. Yet, while looking down at him, eyes concealed by colored shades, the guard smiled and had a generally friendly expression on his angular, stubbled face. Somehow Pranx considered this city guard less threatening than the city guards in the city he came from.

Now, Pranx did not think too high of the human town watch of any town. "Ah, well, I hope not," said the Pranx Tee Effa carefully. The guard having noticed his reluctance performed a pacifying gesture. "Don't worry, tramp. I'd just like to remind you that it is forbidden to sleep in the park. I know the scene a little, haven't seen you before." Apparently the guard took him for a vagabond, what might be correct actually. He had no house of yet. "Ah, thank you. I wasn't going to sleep in the park anyway..." said Pranx but then he pondered. "Uh, I have a question," he continued, "I just arrived here, like, tonight. And I don't even know this city's name." "Why, welcome to the city of Neverfar then. I'm constable Mazet. I'm close to the street workers, if you need something. Could point you out to the soup kitchens, places you could stay the night..."

The static of his walky-talky interrupted the man. "Mazet reading." Low tech, thought Pranx disdainingly. His people despised any form of technology and magic that made slaves redundant. Or that was easy enough for slaves to understand and use against their masters. The city guard looked past Pranx as voice like noise came from the communication device. When Pranx looked over his shoulder he saw another guard down the street waving at the constable. "No, no. No problems here. Roger, I'm coming. Mazet over." Turning back to Pranx the city guard said: "Sorry, I need to continue my patrol. You behave, alright?" "Always." Mazet hesitated before leaving, eying Pranx with concerned expression. "OK. Listen. You cross the street and walk down the shopping mile. At Basswood Mall you go left. Follow that street until..." And the city guard continued to tell Pranx the way to the closest shelter for the homeless. "Got everything?" asked Mazet upon what Pranx nodded. Mazet nodded for a goodbye in return and Pranx watched the city guards leave.

Neverfar. Pranx had heard of that name before. It was the stronghold of the map maker guild, sometimes here, sometimes there. But this human city was certainly not capitol of the space warpers, who could reshape the land to fit the maps of their creation. Or was it possible... By Possibill, this place reeked of possibility. Atleast he had a name, and that was something. Little but something. Now, despite needing no sleep, he headed for that homeless shelter. Yes, he would stay in this Neverfar city for a while. In general he had no intention of returning to where he came from, despite having unfinished business there. But he would return there before returning home, before there was no one left unchanged. Committing jaywalking Pranx crossed the street and subsequently he got lost.

At first Pranx stuck to the city quarter adjacent to the park, searching for that mall. Many lit but closed shops in addition to a sufficient number of lanterns made the streets bright and shiny. However he couldn't find the Basswood Mall and grew tired of searching. So he ventured deeper into the urban jungle on his own, away from lights and shops, until he lost track of his steps. In time he should get a street-map of this place. After walking for quite a while he reached a quarter that was more like what he was used to from the other city. The buildings were not rundown but cheap and certainly not as polished as in the quarter of shops. You could see what wind, weather and general use had done to these buildings. As he walked this became even more apparent, leaving the houses where he was now in obvious disrepair and decay. The few lanterns here failed to fully light

the place.

Pranx found the streets deserted. It was night and people were at sleep and only few were on the street. However in a narrow backstreet Pranx spotted a group of people. As he had nothing better to do Pranx decided to check out the gathering. The scene was illuminated by buzzing neon tubes. Upon approaching Pranx noted their clothing was unusual for humans of this culture. They both men and women seemed to wear random selections of old and tattered clothes. They themselves seemed to be equally untidy. Pranx however was very well familiar with the concept of poverty and homelessness, not only from this world. He knew many bums in the town he used to be. Being a quasi part of their tight knit community was something he was going to miss. Pranx had liberated so many of them. Maybe he could be part of the local homeless scene? Without a house away from home he qualified. However these hobos didn't seem to be a funny bunch. They didn't even have one of those burning barrels. Pranx liked those burning barrels, but maybe the night was a little too warm to have one.

Once he was in earshot, a dirty-brown bearded man in red cap and red jacket greeted him, beckoning him over. His attire was as tattered as were the other ones', yet there were much more patches and stitches, obvious signs of continued repair. Pranx knew that there was an abundance of clothes casted away, it was easier to get new clothes than to fix old ones. Maybe he kept it for a reason? The man beamed at him with friendly blue eyes when he said: "Good evening, friend. If you came here for a bed you are a little late." The hobo pointed at the door the homeless were all gathered around. Every here and there there was a lit window in the flat, multi-storey building. "All beds are taken tonight. And they won't let us in aslong it doesn't rain." "Ah, that is too bad, I guess," said Pranx, who found it troublesome that so many people identified him as tramp in this place. Two already, literally everyone he had talked to so far. In the place he used to be his clothes had not been substandard, but usage on a daily basis had certainly left wear marks. Even when it was just a disguise Pranx had always been vain about it.

"Name is Sam," said the hobo. "I'm the Pranx Tee Effa." Sam laughed and shook his head. Sticking his hand under the cap, scratching his head he said: "You youngsters with your 'cool' nick names, eh? PranksTFer was that right? Hah!" Pranx sighed. It seemed like no human or other people was able to get it right. Atleast not the first time. "Actually... You can call me Pranx." "Ah, don't worry Pranks. I used to be 'Gumboot Samurai', ha ha, when I was younger of course. Nothing to worry. Take over there, we have Streetrat, for example." He pointed at a young punk girl, who seemed a bit out of place. Maybe because she was the youngest, maybe it were her wild green dyed hair or her black clothes heavily adorned with metal bits and spikes. Unlike the others she stood in the dark, a few steps away from the main gathering, and viewed the scene with watchful eyes.

"Hm. She doesn't look like a rat," said Pranx, more to himself. "I can fix that. Later." He had more than enough transformium but no rat genes. Probably one was nearby, they were into everything, but he couldn't be certain. Also, Pranx had to act subtle, had to operate in the shadows. After all, he was an alien in an alien world, and even if he had been basically abducted he was treated like an interloper. Pranx could remember his containment oh too well. Besides that these human people, people in general, could get quite vexed when transformed, turning on their transformator. But if they didn't know there was one they usually didn't get so upset. Now, when Streetrat noticed Sam's and Pranx's looks she stared daggers at both of them before quickly looking the other way. When Pranx turned back to Sam he just laughed: "Ah, don't worry. It's just she doesn't like newbies. Thinks she's our watch dog. Hah!"

Slowly but certainly Pranx grew hungry. And thirsty. About that sandwich... Good this seemed to be a soup kitchen. "Do they have food here?" Pranx asked but Sam shook his head. "Before morning they won't open up." Pranx shrugged. Of course he could wait, but he was hungry now. He didn't

want to resort to transmuting his own worms into nutrients. "Do you have some food? How about, like, share it with me?" Sam shook his head again with a slight glint of regret in his friendly eyes. "I don't know you, yet. Sorry. Maybe one day I get to know you better." So Pranx wouldn't receive any food in this place. Also he hadn't yet found a proper house, this place was at best a solution for one night. "Guess I'll be on my way then." Sam waved goodbye. Pranx threw a last glance at all the tramps. Yes, he would liberate them all.

Leaving the backstreet Pranx walked away into a random direction, not certain himself what he was hoping to find. A tavern maybe, he had money to buy things. Or some left overs cast away into the trash, but Pranx wouldn't like that. While the Effa were called 'scavenger gods' by the other colors, Pranx had learnt that there was an abundance of manufactured food in cities, not only human cities, so there was no need for scavenging. And he certainly wasn't going to hunt or graze, he had no nerves for foraging in cities. It was not like Pranx disliked hunting or grazing. It had been his favorite occupations in the wilds of his home. But here he was in a place of culture and lived up to that. When the cultured people of this world had proper food stuff Pranx wanted nothing short of that. No matter how much salt these things contained.

Walking down the streets he eventually ended up in a residential area. The area was definitely better than the quarter with the shelter. Six to eight storey buildings lined the streets aswell as a line of trees and parked cars on both sides. Little shops were located in the ground floors of some buildings every here and there, sooner or later he would find a place to get food. The sooner the better, Pranx had grown quite hungry. Behind trees and cars Pranx nearly missed the woman on the other side of the street walking a small dog. It was the first animal he saw in this city. Pranx stopped. A moment ago he could think of nothing but food, but that changed when he spotted the young woman in T-shirt and jogging pants and her little, light brown pet. By the gods and all his hero ancestors, he thought, what a happy omen!

Animals were highly important in the process of liberation. Their presence made the process of granting these poor people, who were no shape shifters unlike Pranx's people, a new shape much easier and more convenient, and it saved him a ton of transformium which was scarce in this place. And there were so many people left unchanged! What a pity he hadn't the power to turn these cultured people into shape shifters... but giving them a new hull was the least he could do to ease their situation. This was his mission in this world. Now, he had to begin somewhere in this town. Why not here?

The holes in his face became even more instable, shivering, when Pranx began to concentrate. His crescent smile split up into a line of oval holes, and he performed complex gestures with his wriggling worms, pulling transformium from his pool, gently weaving the raw, chaotic energy into a steady stream, sending it as jet across the street into the dog owner's general direction.

Transformation

Oline on the other side of the street was walking her baby, her little Piccolo. When the nut brown haired woman came home from night shift it was the first thing she did after changing. It calmed her down after work. Today when she just had put on comfortable pants and shirt the tiny, caramel colored dog had already been waiting for her at the front door despite the late hour. The small mongrel, a part pomeranian was in there for sure, had been her truest and best companion ever since her family adopted it when Oline was a teenager. It had only been natural she kept it when she moved out. She could forget all trouble and stress when she was out on the street with her Piccolo. Oline was even so lost in thought she did not notice the figure on the other side of the street, a

person in a hoodie apparently. If she would have given him closer look she would have noticed that under the hood was no human face, on the contrary: oval holes in a dark grey surface and below, hollow, bright, luminous insides and wriggling, white worms.

Suddenly Oline felt hot. It was a warm night, but it felt like the heat of a summer day. "Oh, huh. Stay. Piccolo, hang on a second. Mommy's almost breaking out in sweat over here." Her little dog halted, looking up to her with his devoted doggy eyes. However, Oline wasn't sweating at all. She felt an awkward heat, but no drop of sweat appeared on her brow or in her armpits. In fact her skin felt awkwardly dry and itchy, only her palms and nose seemed to be damp with sweat. But the heat didn't go away, Oline felt hotter and hotter with every second. "Ugh. Mommy's not alright....," she said and Piccolo's leash slipped from her fingers. Leaning to a house wall, she began to pant, to pant like a dog. It was the only thing that seemed to help against the heat a little. Piccolo nervously scurried around her feet, whimpering every now and then.

With every pant Oline's tongue grew a little longer, yet flatter, and quickly it spilled out of her mouth, even when that started to push outwards, too. Her nose, which had already been moist like a dog's nose, was turning black and began to change in shape. Also her lips darkened growing floppy, especially in the corners of her mouth like dog flews. In her growing mouth her teeth became pointy like of a beast of prey. A canine muzzle was developing in her face. Besides that her ears moved from the sides of her head upwards and became longer, strange in shape. The first faint fluff of fur grew on her face. But Oline noticed the changes in another place first.

Her skin! It was itching all over, just what was wrong with her? "Ugh. Wha- ...?" Oline gazed down on the arm she was supporting herself against the wall. In shock her panting paused for a second and her heart skipped a beat. Hair was sprouting on her arm! As she watched her faint body hair turned into thick, caramel colored fur, similar to that of her Piccolo. A glance at her itching legs showed heavy hair growth, too, despite having shaved the other morning. "What the WOOF!?" Did Oline just... bark? She had startled her little doggy! What the hell was going on? Oline quickly raised her other arm just to see the same was happening to it. Pushing herself off the wall she tried to scratch the hair off, to pull it out, but the fur was part of her body and whatever she did, it caused her pain. Also, her fingernails began to turn into pointy claws. Stumbling backwards, staring at her arms, Oline witnessed her hands morphing, changing: Her palms turned dark, then black, before paw pads formed themselves on the insides of her hands and on her fingertips. While her hands were in total elongating her fingers became shorter, and everything was covered in light brown fur. In the end her hands resembled a mix of human hands and dog paws with thumbs.

Feeling a tingling sensation at the end of her spine Oline began to stagger, once more reaching out to the wall for support. Her legs, her feet, she could feel her very bones and muscle shifting, it became difficult to stand. Both she and Piccolo were whining now and her pet's tail was tucked between his legs. The only way to keep her balance seemed to be balancing on her toes. It grew inconvenient to have her changing feet stuck in shoes. Luckily Oline had old sneakers on, she could just kick them off. By the time her feet and legs were covered in caramel fur, both dense and floofy, her feet began to undergo a transformation similar to her hands': Her nails became claws, while under her toes and on the balls of her feet paw pads appeared. Her big toe however shrunk away leaving her hind paws with just four dog toes.

At that moment the strange feeling in her back turned into pressure nigh unbearable. With dog like whining, for it was embarrassing, Oline pulled down her pants and a dog tail flicked out. She had grown a tail?! It immediately began to wag, as if she was happy about something. She certainly was excited, but rather in the negative meaning. Or was she... liking the alien change that occurred to her? Accidentally, because her paws were not nimble-fingered, Oline also had pulled down her panties. A watcher could have seen how there no longer a human vagina was located in her crotch.

Instead, a dog pussy was nestled between her legs. However, when her pants landed on the floor next to Piccolo the small dog decided to flee the scene which was so strange, so scary to him. What did happen to his master? Could that odd, big she-dog be trusted? "Ugh! Piccolo! -Arf- Baby come back!" Oline, rather caring for her scared dog than for herself, was about to go after her doggy, when another heat wave washed over her.

Whiningly she pressed her back against the cool wall of the building. Because of all that fur Oline felt even hotter and all panting didn't help to ease the heat. While her face as well as her limbs had completed their transformation, the change started to tackle Oline's torso. With heavy-handed paws and claws she could only but rip her shirt apart, breaking her bra in the process too, making it fall to the floor. It eased the heat a bit. Pantingly Oline leaned to the wall, watching in horror and amazement her final transformations, still worrying about her Piccolo. Starting from her public hair, which was still nut brown, caramel fur was spreading upwards all over her belly, while a light brown coat grew from her neck down her spine.

There was more: Oline felt a prickling sensation on her belly that was different from the itch of sudden hair growth: While first fuzz showed up on her exposed breasts, four spots of skin below them started to turn dark. Small, poky nubs appeared in these places and quickly they grew into full fleshed nipples. The surrounding tissue began to puff out, to form little mounds on her body, which expanded further. They swelled up as they were covered in light brown fur save for the dark nipples, and soon Oline stand there with four additional sets of breasts.

Heavily panting Oline awaited further transformations. Obviously, for some unknown reason, she was turning into a dog! She would end up on all fours, for sure! Oh god, was she a werewolf, or something? Were those things real after all? Thousand thoughts and the worries for her Piccolo raced around in her head. However all that happened was her body cooling down from the extreme heat she had felt.

Still panting, Oline stared at her body. The transformation had stopped leaving her as an odd hybrid of human and dog. She could not but gawp at her new self. From head to toe she was covered in soft, caramel colored fur save for her hair of head, from which floppy dog ears stuck out, and the bush between her legs, which remained nut brown. Her face was a mixture of human and dog with a prominent muzzle and a floppy dog tongue long enough to lick over her own nose. Oline learnt of that fact when she accidentally did so with a slurping noise. What a strange sensation. Behind her a dog tail gave a little wag every now and then, but Oline could move it at will, too, which was quite a strange feeling also. While her limbs had changed much her hands were still functioning like human hands but her legs were shaped mostly like canine hind legs. Given the absurdity of the situation, Oline caught herself spending an awful lot of time gazing down her front, letting her paws run over her six perky breasts. In any other situation she would have been happy to be this... 'well-endowed'.

But there was no time to think of herself, Oline had to go after her Piccolo! It felt awkward to stand, let alone walk on her dog like feet. Yet, she had to hurry, her Piccolo could have gone any place by now. It felt like she was balancing on her ball of feet and toes all the time. But after a few steps it felt quite natural. Quickly Oline picked up pace. "Piccolo!" She started to run. "Piccolo!" Her strange legs allowed her to run much faster than she was used to, and in no time she had made it down the block. With a skid she came to halt at the corner from where she dash down the side street – just to run into a stranger in a hoodie. He was holding her-

- "Piccolo!" on his arms. "Oh, you caught my baby! Oh, oh thank you! Thank you so much!" Oline had the sudden urge to fling her arms around the stranger's neck and lick his face. Her tail was wagging violently, yet she tried her best to remain a minimum composure. "Ah, no problem," said

the stranger, handing her Piccolo over. "And that's yours, yes?" Piccolo sniffled nervously, excitedly at Oline's fur when she held him in her arms. He would have to get used to her new mommy, at least he seemed to recognize the sound of her voice. "Thank you again! Oh, my Piccolo!" "Pranx." "Huh? Oh, how can I ever thank you?" The stranger in the hoodie pondered a moment. "Oh, yeah. I'm really hungry. Could you, like, point me to a food place?" Oline pointed down the street. "Oh yes, there is a bar nearby. They have food, too, I think. Oh! Thank you again!" "No, thank you," said the stranger and smiled, he had been smiling all the time, and waved goodbye.

Oline watched the stranger leave. What a nice person, yet he had looked strange. His eyes had been too big and had lacked... pupils? But that didn't matter anymore. She had her Piccolo back! Pressing her pet against her breast, she said: "You! Never scare mommy like that again! Oh, my Piccolo! Now, let's go home." When she walked away, Oline wondered why the stranger hadn't brought up her strange look. Did he just ignore her being a dog person? He also hadn't lost a single word about her nudity... "Ah, fuck." Holding Piccolo tucked under her arm, Oline hurried home hoping to meet no one on the way. She had to find something to cover herself.

Post Transformation

Maybe it hadn't been enough transformium, thought Pranx when he walked away from the liberated. For Pranx wanted her to turn into a full dog, not a mixture of human and dog, maybe to give company for her pet. Naturally he had tried to save transformium as it was scarce. And he also didn't spend much time manipulating the transformium. Good thing transformium served his ends by itself. The exotic particles and anomalous radiations that made up transformium behaved like they had a mind of their own, determined to mix the genes of their target with the genes of a nearby creature. Sometimes they even changed their target's species into another species altogether. Also transformium was able to convert energy into mass, body mass to be precise, or the other way round in order to make the target grow or shrink, whatever was needed to reshape its target body to fit its new genes.

Of course, being a powerful tool, Pranx could just design a new hull from scratch for any living thing he transformed, no animal genes needed. But it was a lot more easy and convenient to just let unmitigated transformium wash over the humans in combination with a little gene sample of the local fauna. Besides that forcing an entirely new design on a creature consumed a ton of transformium, and another ton and high skill to iron out all the inevitable blunders. In Pranx's home, in the hub of reality, that was no problem with an abundance of transformium at hands. It was a different story in the outskirts of reality, where the transformium field intensity was extremely low and spikes in the field extremely rare.

At any rate the dog owner was liberated and one was fewer left unchanged. This was the mission given to Pranx by his people. The reason he stayed in this place after he had been brought here by the humans. These beings were the most cultured people in this world, just like Pranx's people were in theirs. They had so much in common, yet the humans were no shape shifters, a fact considered as a humanitarian crisis by Pranx's people. Or rather his village elders. But his people in total would agree. And after all she did turn out quite nice, Pranx was always proud of his creations. They were like pieces of art to him. Too bad, his people at home didn't ask for quality but quantity. Pranx's progress was dwarfed by the number of humans. In time he should contact home... that could wait.

Now, The dog girl had pointed him out to a bar. That didn't exactly sound like a food place, but he would check it out. Walking down the street Pranx suddenly heard the jingling of a bell. A couple, a big man, as tall as wide, and a female in waitress uniform came up a couple of steps that led down

to something Pranx identified as a pub. The bar, for sure. When the two walked off he went downstairs. Through a window Pranx spotted a young, black haired man with white shirt, black vest, apron and fly behind a counter. Apparantly he was alone in there and very bored. Seemed like they were only serving alcoholic drinks. Now, alcohol was energy rich, too, but Pranx was thirsty for something else. Milk had become his favorite drink in the short time he spent on this world. It contained everything, fat, sugar, calcium, and it was quite similar to the fluids on his inside, into which Pranx transmuted all his food. So milk saved him transformium, another reason why he loved it.

Pranx's worms wriggled when he readied a sample of cow genes. Only enough transformium for one liberated left, he mustn't do a mistake. He would add another cowgirl to his list. And then as always he would claim the spoils.

The End

Everything Written by Idle Rawr