

*On the Scene with
Costume Displacement*

By

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The following contains: Anthro rabbit to anthro displacer beast TF, Male on female sex

Read at your own discretion.



As an investigative journalist, Wendel had a knack for asking the important questions.

“How is this cheaper than just buying a costume!?”

The brown spotted bunny stared at the flask of dark purple liquid that’d been placed in his hands. Of course, that didn’t do any good. He wasn’t exactly the type verse in appraising alchemical items on sight. No labels had been placed on the clear glass surface, nor was he provided any instructions.

With that kind of ignorance leaving him at a loss, Wendel could only look up at his eccentric roommate with the highest level of skepticism. The taller, hyper curvaceous, wolf woman still beamed a friendly smile like her fangs were painted on.

“Because I got it for free. Duh!” Raya gave her usual answer, almost sounding bored of it at this point. “And let’s not forget it’ll make you look way better than whatever you pick out from Target.”

“No offense, but I trust major brand corporations more than you at this point.”

A bubbly giggle showed that if Rayna was offended, she sure didn’t show it. “Always such a grumpy pessimist. You’re the one that asked for my help finding something for the party.”

“Help picking something to wear. Not...what does this do again?”

“I don’t know!”

Wendel’s long ears folded back as his skeptic glare turned to one of annoyance. That only got Rayna throwing her hands up with a barking laugh.

“You know how movie sets are with leftover props. I just grabbed whatever my pack could hold before they got dumped in the recycler.” She rubbed her muzzle in pensive thought. “It was a high fantasy movie though. I really enjoyed getting railed by a griffon and naga. Not at the same time, sadly.”

“Good for you.” Wendel looked back at the potion, which weighed heavier in his palms now. That damn wolfess was rather popular doing internet adult movies, almost all of which had some fetishist twist to make them hit niche audiences. The fact she was shameless about bringing her work home brought the bunny no end of grief. “I’m not worried about what I’ll turn into. That just seems to be my new norm. This is your studio we’re talking about here. So, I’ll probably end up with tits even bigger than yours, four arms, and three dicks.”

He was bothered how such a random listing of transformations got Rayna's tail to wag harder.

"If that doesn't win the contest, I'll be very disappointed in you."

Wendel sighed at having to be reminded why they were in the middle of his living room having an argument on Halloween Eve. While he rarely cared about Rayna's connections in the industry, they were invited to a party with a costume contest. The prize happened to be something he couldn't refuse.

Money.

"Right. Fine! Let's just get this over with." He popped the bottle stopper and downed the potion before Rayna's joyful squeal could deter the decision any longer. At least whoever made these stupid fetish fuels for Rayna knew how to make them go down smooth.

Most of this stuff was fairly fast acting to boot. Wendel kind of figured that was due to movie shoots being on a schedule and whatnot. He'd barely set the bottle on his coffee table when an intense itching sensation overtook his entire body. One glance made it easy to discern this was because his entire pelt was changing. He watched dozens of little black specs appear on the back of his hands, spreading like spilled ink. Turning them back over, it was pretty cool to watch claws grow long, curved and sharp before suddenly sliding into new sheaths formed inside each fingertip.

"Huh. A cat?" Wendel wrinkled his nose trying to ignore the way his entire face was crackling into a longer, wide muzzle. Whiskers sprouted from his upper lip that flicked with the wrinkling of his growing pink nose. This kind of transformation had been experienced enough by now to recognize the early features easily. "That doesn't seem like much of a mon-HAARGH!"

Tension hit Wendel in both his back and waist at the same time. Shrinking ears folded back against Wendel's head with his snarl. Saliva dripped from darker feline lips as his teeth grew long and sharp. Four different points boiled from under the skin, making his shirt constraining to an almost painful degree for the briefest of moments. Mere cotton was no match for his mutations, however, and his entire shirt exploded off in six different pieces. From under his armpits sprouted a second pair of identical anthro cat arms. Out of each shoulder blade unfurled tentacles that reached several feet long. Their blunt barbs lashed about until the changing rabbit could get control of their muscles.

"A displacer beast. Nice!" Rayna gave a whistle, tilting her head to the side in admiration of the new appendages. "I thought we'd used them all up. They are definitely sexy."

"Mmph!" Wendel couldn't do much to reply. His whole body drew tense with various pops and snaps. Within seconds he'd grown to stare at the wolfess in the eyes, and then surpassed her towering six-foot height until he was easily an eight. A process

which caused his tightening pants to tear along his butt and thighs. “Cumbersome is more like it.”

Rayna rolled her eyes. “Oh, you just have to complain about everything. You get a much cuter tail and everything.”

He didn’t want to think about it, but now that she mentioned it couldn’t help twisting for an awkward glance back. The once stubby ball of bunny fluff was busy slinking down Wendel’s hardening ass cheeks into a lazy swish between his knees. Its fine black fur tickled the exposed areas of panther muscle bulging through rips in his jeans.

Before he could offer a rebuttal, loud crunches sent Wendel stumbling into Rayna’s enormous breasts instead. Changes had finally reached his feet and were busy forcing his heel bones into the high arch of a digitigrade stance. Boy was he glad to have removed his shoes before this. The popping of toes into rounded meatball paws could have torn through clown shoes with their size.

“You know, if you wanted to cuddle you just have to ask.”

Rayna’s whispered teasing in his smaller rounded cat ears reminded Wendel where his chin and many hands were resting. The upper pair were spread over her breasts like they were round life preservers in an ocean. His lower pair were gripping her jeans around the hip for the additional leverage.

It didn’t take long for him to find balance on enormous paws. Whether from annoying past experience or the potion was anyone’s guess. All that mattered was getting on with this ridiculous plan for the cash prize. Wendel’s grip on Rayna’s softer assets tightened as he made ready to push off with some disgruntled comment on her tastes.

A plan that failed to start when Wendel’s nostrils flared with the wolf’s scent. Her wonderful musk, the feel of her fur, and the beat of her heart struck his brain with the force of a lightning bolt. Energy sparked his every nerve traveling down his spine straight to his groin.

“O-oh!” Rayna gasped when he switched from hold to tugging at her shirt. Enhanced monster muscles and sharp claws made it easy to rend the garment from her body. Yet, she didn’t sound all that surprised to have her basketball tits flop freely into Wendel’s face. She even started scratching at his ears to encourage when he began licking and sucking on the exposed mounds. “I guess I forgot about the enhanced libido. Not much fun for porn movies if they don’t mix that into the brews.”

“Mmph! Liar.” Wendel’s single word came out in a sensual growl, partly muffled when his two main hands hefted her breasts so they pinched his nose between them. No wonder she smelled so good if alchemy was helping. “You knew I’d get horny from this.”

“Maybe!” Rayna gave off a cute bark when the displacer beasts’ lower hands began working on her jeans. A few hard shakes of her butt helped pull them down along with her panties. “We’re going to a party after all. Thought it might help get us in the party mood.”

Wendel snorted into her cleavage in response. All four of his arms were working to give her breasts and butt a massage at the same time. The two tendrils were coiling around both their enormous figures like a lovers embrace. Part of him was really wanting to walk away right then if just for the sake of spiting her shenanigans. It wasn’t like the potion had turned him feral with lust, though to call the massive tent being pitched in his remaining trousers a gentle nudge would be an understatement.

The fact Rayna was reciprocating his actions by helping slide off said trousers ended up being Wendel’s deciding factor. Getting his feline member whipped out in the open where it could swell fully erect gave credence to the wolfess’ words. Better to take care of this problem now than be blue balled around dozens of people.

What did surprise Rayna out of these events was how easily the transformed Wendel could lift someone of her large buxom frame out of her disrobed pants. Her slender feet dangled in the air while being moved over to the couch, the feline monster kicking away his own pants in the process. Without clothes the condo was becoming damp in the smell of their mutual musk’s.

“Yip!” she gave another cute bark when Wendel dropped her big gray butt on the couch. She didn’t have a second to take in a breath before the bigger feline was on top of her. Lower hands racked claws through the fur of her thighs in a gentle caress that made her insides quiver. While they were working to part her knees, the upper pair went back to kneading her tits like giant balls of dough. “N-nice to see we’re in agreement. Hmph?!”

Wendel gave her another surprise by entwining his muzzle with hers. She was quick to push into the kiss, hands ideally playing along the length of his shoulder tentacles. Tongues teased along their lips, sliding against each other eager to find their way down the others throat. It got her relaxed enough that the wolfess spread her legs along with his gentle urgings. Her pussy was already dripping from being groped by so many appendages.

“Careful now, spider-cat,” she said when their snouts finally parted for a breather. “I might start to think you like me or something.”

Wendel scoffed, though couldn’t find a retort for her new nickname when he had eight limbs to try and wrangler at once. He decided it better to gently prod at her folds, easing his member inside Rayna. “Don’t push your luck.”

“Ngggmph!”

Rayna bit her lower lip trying to stifle her pleased growl. Her pussy stretched so wonderfully snug around the monster’s invading cock that the muscles were already giving soft spasms. Wendel hadn’t noticed all the soft rounded barbs that’d also grown

along his shaft until he'd started the deliberately slow entrance. Another product of expert alchemists making sure the desired results were perfect for a filmed performance.

Upon grinding his hips between Rayna's thighs to start a rhythm, he could see why the wolf had been so eager to use these potions at home. The modifications done to Wendel's cat dong tickled both of their sexual nerves for every inch of the woman's insides. Carnal desires for more intensified with each buck against the couch, quickening his pace.

Rayna rolled her head back not bothering to suppress the canine sounds from her vocal cords anymore. The entire couch began to rock with her as Wendel put more and more supernatural strength behind his fucking. Larger than head sized tits sloshed around completely out of control, even with the displacer beast's upper hands grappling to milk them. The lower hands were keeping busy holding the wolfess' legs up and spread far as she could go, allowing his cock to plunge into her all the way to its base.

"Awww f-fuuuuck! Y-you'd...b-be a great porn s-star yourself," she mused. "S-shame you di-didn't grow three-EEEE dicks. I enj-joy a c-challenge."

"Oh, shut up!" Wendel snapped, returning her goofy smile. Everything was feeling too good for the prude in him to sound annoyed at this point. Especially when Rayna pulled him down by the tentacles for another kiss. Her scent, her taste fueled his magically charged lust in so many ways.

The creaking of couch legs was starting to sound dangerous with the increasing amount of force Wendel was driving himself in and out of Rayna. Not that the wolfess was in a state to do anything about it if she cared. His mighty monster cock splashed their mixed juices across the cushion beneath her every time their hips slapped together.

"Mmph! ArrwooOOOOO!!!" the wolfess arched her back against his muscled chest, head rolling in a cry of ecstasy. Legs instinctively wrapped around Wendel's hips trying to keep him grinding against her insides to prolong the crashing waves overtaking her pelvis.

The wolfess' tunnel contracting hard on his member was doing wonders for the displacer beast in that regard. All four of Wendel's arms coiled around Rayna's thick curves trying to return the embrace. It made the rocking of his thrusts shorter, yet stronger at the same time. spurts of excess juices from Rayna's climax basted his balls. The damn of his own climax was starting to crumble as they drew tight against his crotch.

"MREOOOOWWW!" He hissed a hot breath against Rayna's neck fur. The flood finally came pouring over. The pulses of his cock swelling and deflating in rapid succession prickling the insides of Rayna with its barbs.

It nearly sent the well worked wolfess into a second orgasm. Stars still flashed before her eyes while hot cum spurted inside her womb one geyser of welcoming

magma at a time. This is why she liked getting a good monster fuck now and then. The natural way Wendel's dick massaged her passage was on a whole other level. It left her legs giving off involuntary twitches, accidentally kicking the poor cat's ass in the process. A reflex that might have helped her milk out a few more spurts if his yowls were any indication.

"H-happy now?" he gasped between exhausted gulps for air. The strength of his cocks twitching waned to a complete stop, leaving most of his weight laying atop Rayna in afterglow fatigue. His night black fur had become matted with sweat, which worked to highlight his strong sleek body even more in the light.

"Mmmh. More or less." Her response got a playful bapping on the nose from the displacer beast's tentacle barb. The scent of musk radiating off Wendel's matted fur was even more entrancing now, but she had a feeling the monster wouldn't be up for seconds. "I bet you feel a lot better now. Ready to get dressed for a party?"

"Ugh. Whatever." Wendel pushed himself off the wolfess with a grumble. The length of his shaft made a wet noise while it withdrew, ending with a loud pop that sent globs of their intercourse oozing out of Rayna's opening. Whiskers flicked with a scowl at how it stained the couch cushions, though he resigned to address cleanup for later. "Please tell me you have clothes to wear with this costume."

"Seriously? I'm not that much of a deviant." Rayna rolled off the couch to stand as well. She skipped off towards her side of the condo floor, enjoying the warmth of jizz drizzling down her thighs. "You go shower while I lay everything out."

He grunted in response and was more than happy to wash off all the scents of their activity. About two steps towards the bathroom, another thought made him stop cold. "I better be wearing a shirt with this one, by the way! And no loincloths!"

That got Rayna to pause outside the door to her living quarters. She glanced back over one shoulder with a pout on her muzzle. "You really do like taking the fun out of everything. You know that?"

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Afterward

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All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

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