

# Bonding

*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

*Inspired by this art created by Banana-of-Doom here: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/6555856/>*

“Check out what I found!” said Andy, my younger brother, as he burst into the apartment. I rolled my eyes.

“What?” I asked.

“It’s a talisman! The guy who sold it to me said it was real magic!”

“Really?” I asked, not looking up from my computer. “And how much was this magic talisman?”

“Only fifty bucks! Can you believe it?!”

I groaned.

“Why do you *always* feel the need to waste our money like that?”

“But it’s so cool looking! And the guy who sold it to me was for real! I could tell! He was chinese!”

So I finally look up from my computer-screen so that when I rolled my eyes it would have full effect, and there he was standing in the middle of the room with a bowling-ball sized piece of wood carved to look like a mother kangaroo with a joey in her pouch.

“He had loads of them! All sorts of animals too! He said this one was the cheapest because nobody wanted it.”

“Wow, so it was a bargain at \$50 then, was it?” I asked as sarcastically as I could. “So what’s it supposed to do?”

Andy opened his mouth and his face simultaneously went blank.

“Uh...”

“So you don’t know what your ‘talisman’ is supposed to do then?”

“Well, I couldn’t really understand him. He barely spoke english!”

“And yet you still spent good money on the useless thing. Good for you. Toss it on the pile...”

“Hey! It’s not useless! It’s cool! Just look at it!”

And so Andy threw it to me, and I barely reacted in time to catch it.

It was definitely wooden, and well sanded and polished too be sure, and the woodwork seemed good enough. Not nearly worth what he spent on it though.

“Lovely...” I muttered, turning it over in my hands. Then a splinter stuck into my thumb and I dropped it with a shout.

“Heh! Be careful with that!” said Andy, diving to pick up his new toy. I nurse my thumb in my mouth.

“*You* be careful,” I warned. “It’s got something sharp on it somewhere...”

“OW! FUCK!” he shouted.

“That’s about right...” I said with a sigh.

“Something poked my finger!”

“Go cry me a river,” I said, turning back to my computer.

Several seconds passed with no response from Andy... so grudgingly I spun around once more to apologize. He can be sensitive about these things sometimes.

It turns out Andy wasn’t pouting, but rather he was staring at his hand.

“Dude!” he said. “Look!”

I was looking, but not at his hand. Andy, for whatever reason, likes to wear rather tight jeans and t-shirts. Both his pants and his shirt seemed to be growing looser at an alarming rate, visibly falling off his shoulders and hips as I stared.

“What?” I giggled. It was such a strange thing to look at that I couldn’t think to say anything else. Andy turned to look me in the eyes though, and he had the more intensely scared look that I snapped out of it. He raised his hand, and it was immediately obvious that his hand was literally changing before both of our eyes, his fingernails becoming small black claws and the back of his hand becoming covered in tan... fur?

“What!” I yelled, finally discovering the proper response. I looked down at my own hand, and it too was moving around and becoming furry.... but that wasn’t it. It wasn’t localized to just my hand.

“John!” shouted Andy desperately. “Help! I’m shrinking!”

“No shit sherlock!!” I yelled back, leaping up to try and find something in the room that could stop whatever was happening. I did a double-take at Andy though, as not only was he getting smaller... but I could have sworn he was getting younger by the second!! Not good!

I grabbed up the wooden talisman from where he had dropped it on the floor, turning it quickly over and over in my increasingly paw-like hands. There had to be some clue as to how to stop this!

Oh... oh no... that couldn’t be...

I looked down at my shirt, and while I didn’t appear to be getting younger like Andy, I did have quite a problem. Breasts were pushing the front of my shirt slowly outwards as they swelled in size.

“Oh my God!” I swore as I began to piece together what was happening. “Fuck! No! NO! We’ve got to stop this before-!”

“Before what?” asked Andy... but it was already too late. We weren’t going to stop this in time!

I moaned in horror as I felt it slipping, even though I tried to hold onto it. I was on the verge of tears as I felt it disappear altogether, and it didn’t stop there...

“We’re becoming the talisman!!” I cry.

“What?!” Andy asked, confused.

Fur was spreading up and down my body, warm and soft. My pants were getting tight as I felt a long, muscular tail growing out behind me, and quickly it became too much for my pants to bear as they split in two. I covered myself as best I could with my paws, but I couldn’t hide my growing breasts along with my missing man-hood.

Andy was in a similar boat, having shrunk down to nearly the size of a toddler. He sat in a tent of his own clothing, and shut his eyes tight as his face pushed outwards to form a muzzle. His ears lengthened and moved to the top of his head like a rabbits. His lip split. His eyes changed color, though they kept all their human intelligence thankfully. His own tail whipped around behind him as he turned in a circle, panicking.

My feet quickly outgrew my shoes, and my own face warped with a grinding sensation until I too had a muzzle. My tongue grew to match, and my teeth all morphed into alien shapes.

I even felt a pouch form on my belly! A *pouch!*

Andy was too busy looking at himself though, a small baby kangaroo, as the changes slowly came to a stop.

“What the heck?” he asked. “Am I a joey? Then what about...”

And he looked up to see me in all my half-naked glory, a big grey momma-kangaroo. The changes were nearly over, but I could feel my breasts filling, the final change in size the nail in the coffin for my own t-shirt as tears formed in the front, exposing me.

“Oh God!” I cried out, holding my new tits. They quickly became so full of milk it was nearly unbearable.

“John?” asked Andy tentatively. “Is that you? Are you okay?”

He hopped forward, and once out of his pile of clothes he looked almost exactly like a cute baby joey... but not exactly. His hands and face gave away his human origins. His hands were too nimble, and his face held far too much emotion.

I myself looked like a cross between a human and a kangaroo. Just what was this witchcraft!?

But I calmed myself down enough to reassure Andy.

“Yes.... Yes it’s still me. I’m okay.... just...”

“Hehehe, you’ve got boobs!!” giggled Andy.

“Well, yea.”

And then I saw Andy shiver. The air-conditioning was on full blast. Kangaroos are hot-weather creatures, and being so small he would of course be more susceptible to cold.

I immediately tried to run to the thermostat to turn it off, only to find that it was rather hard to move my legs independently from each other. With a command decision I threw all my fucks to the wind and hopped over to the gauge and cranked it way up... but even as the heat started its slow warm-up cycle Andy continued to shiver more and more.

“Heh... kind of cold...” he said.

Fuck.

I looked around, searching with all my might for something that would get him warm. An electric blanket, hot towels, soup, anything.... but our room was a barren wasteland and the warmest thing in it was a thin sheet on my bed. I was quickly being left with only one option.

“Andy...” I asked.

“Yea?” he said with a shiver.

“Not a word...”

And so I hopped over to him and, bending low, held open my pouch for him.

At first he didn’t get it.... then he blanched... but quickly the body-heat coming from me became an argument unto itself as I stood there and stared him down.

“I can’t believe this is happening...” he said as he fell head-first into my pouch to curl up

inside, twisting to stick his nose out into the air. He was freezing cold and shivering, but rather quickly he warmed up and relaxed inside my pouch.

“I said not a word... and it’s your fault anyway bringing that piece of junk over.”

“I’m gonna be hearing about this for the rest of my life, aren’t I?”

“Hey! Don’t act like I’ve suddenly become your mother! Cause I’m not! We’re gonna fix this, and then we’ll just pretend none of this ever happened.”

Silence ensued, and I hopped over to the talisman to pick it up. Weird that such a stupid thing would cause so much trouble. I was about to start really looking at it for clues when I heard Andy mumble something.

“What *now?*” I asked.

“I said I’m hungry...” he said shyly, looking away when I glanced down at him in my pouch.

Gears turned slowly in my head. What do you feed baby kangaroos?

Google quickly told me: Milk!

I rushed to the fridge, hoping beyond hope that there would be milk left, but our last jug was so far past its expiration date it had turned blue. I looked out the window at my truck, but I felt pretty sure that if I tried to drive that to the store I’d either get pulled over on the way or get arrested while shopping. My reflection in the glass window told me right away I wouldn’t be able to get away with claiming it to be a costume.

“John...” said Andy.

“Tough it out,” I answered immediately after, even though it felt like my breasts were still swelling slowly with more milk... but I’d rather suffer through that than the indignity of letting my brother do that to me.

“I’ve never been this hungry in *all my life*,” he said in his most serious voice.

Heaven help me to get through these trying times in my life.

I went back over to my bed and sat down.

“Do you think we could find that chinese guy you bought this from first?” I asked hopefully, setting the talisman on the bed next to me.

“Um.... no....” was his answer.

“Ah...”

“... I swear I won't tell anybody,” says Andy.

“That doesn't make me feel any better...”

“Please? You have no idea...”

*I think I do*, I think to myself as I soothe my sore breasts.

“Fine,” I say, giving in. “But make it fast. I don't want to do this for any longer than I need to-”

Andy was out of my pouch like a bolt and immediately attached to my nipple and sucking before I even finished talking.

“Hey!” I shouted, but immediately crooned as the first of my milk was sucked from me by Andy's hungry mouth. Oh sweet merciful mother of creation!

I leaned back onto my tail and held Andy carefully in my arms as he nursed, the relief beyond comparison, and he happily filled his belly.

“You better hope this is reversible...” I sighed. “If it isn't I'll kick your ass when you're older.”

Andy only grunted his agreement.

“And don't you dare think I'm doing this again, so make this one count. I'm going to the store right after. Then we find that guy.”

Another grunt of agreement.

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Unknown to me at that time not only can baby kangaroos not tolerate cow milk, but the old man who sold him the talisman was gone without a trace. Also, do you know what the appetite is for baby kangaroos? More than is at all reasonable in my opinion.

The good news is it wasn't nearly as hard fitting back into society as I thought it would be. In fact, people mostly ignored us, which was fine. Christmas was rather weird that year though. Mom and I definitely had a lot more to talk about than normal.