

A New Experience Chapter 2

Judge a Book By its Teeth

Making sure to keep my, now more... corpulent nether region in check with the underwear I had been wearing when I first... changed. I was still wrapping my head around that. I had changed from a handsome dark-skinned man with handsome features... I may be being a little conceited due to not being completely ok with my current form. I had to waddle quickly to keep up with Tanil. Something about him didn't sit right with me but for now they were the closest thing to a friend I had so I'd cope with that feeling for now.

Panting from trailing behind Tanil, I asked, "Where are we hurrying to? Couldn't I have grabbed something more decent or at the very least taken a tablecloth?" Tanil glanced behind himself, "Well, where we're going will fix that problem." "What we're going to a clothing store," I asked, still out of breath. "In a sense," he replied, keeping his eyes forward. "I still don't see why I couldn't have gotten something to cover myself," I said under my breath in a huff.

Walking up to a small and quaint storefront, I noticed the sign above said 'Mueller Merchant Tailor' in bold blocky yet still elegant letters. Looking inside I saw a store that would never pass in the day and age I came from. There was a desk facing away from the front of the store, covered in pages of random shapes. Along 2 walls were 2 fancy looking clothing rods. One holding various clothes in various fabrics and sizes and the other held yard long samples of various fabrics. A table sat in the center of the room, a giant roll of paper in a contraption at one end. At the back of the room there seemed to be a doorway leading to somewhere. Probably to a dressing room. We walked in and a thin and lanky man with hands that looked strong and scarred like they had seen many a battle. The man had greasy black hair slicked to the side as well as thick eyebrows and a perfectly maintained mustache. He was dressed in a white shirt, black vest and black trousers that were pressed to perfection.

"Emile, it seems we are in need of your services," Tanil said with a shake of the man's hand. The man named Emile smiled, "What can I do ya for?" I sheepishly stepped forward, allowing him a full view of my entire body. "Ah. Another one, I see. Well I could show you what fabrics we have in," Emile said before gesturing to the rod of fabrics. Tanil opened his mouth to reply but I cut him off before a sound could escape his lips. "I'd rather you use the clothes I'm still wearing, I paid a great deal for them and I'd rather keep them if possible," I said. Emile's face twisted into a concerned look, "Including the underwear, sir?" I quickly blushed, "No not the underwear." "Then follow me this way," he said before gesturing to the open doorway at the back of the store.

I followed him back to a room where about 3 other men were working on suits in varying states of complete. He walked me to a circular velvet cushion and had me strip down. I stood there in my brand new birthday suit and he pulled out a measuring tape. I stepped onto what I thought would be a soft cushion but was surprised to find that, even though it was covered in velvet, the cushion was solid. We went through the steps of taking measurements. I was mostly fine but couldn't help but blush when he measured my ass. I also got a little horny when he measured my balls and under them as well. I couldn't help it with the pressure he added. It seemed it might've been on purpose as he had a bit of a grin afterwards.

Once he had finished, I stepped down and handed him my clothes and quickly put on my underwear, which was now the only clothing I wore. "I'm guessing with you being a victim of that witch, Grim, you don't have any gear. My store room is just through that door," Emile said pointing to a door just past where we had come through to get to this room, "obviously you wouldn't want to walk around just in your skivvies so you can look around in there and see if there's anything to your liking. Just be careful, there been some weird noises coming from there for a few days." I nodded and made my way over to the door, stealing a quick glance back into the shop, I noticed Tanil was nowhere in sight. Where had she gone? That was a question I could answer later. I certainly was not walking around in my underwear.

I pushed through the door and was met with the musty smell of every store room. The floor seemed to be concrete and the shelves were custom made wooden shelves, bolted directly to the ground. A sound like a growling dog echoed quietly in the room. Maybe one of the “catches” wasn’t as dead as someone thought they were. I looked over the many bags and pouches throughout the room. I found a nice brown leather messenger bag that looked pretty sturdy with its iron latches and clasps.

Farther into the room I saw a makeshift kitchen area and decided I’d make myself a little something to eat. I admired the woodwork of the table and chairs in the center of the room. I went to the ice box and found some cold cooked ham with a note next to it saying ‘please eat’. I shrugged and grabbed some. Closing the icebox and turning around, I noticed a thick book on the table. Peculiar that hadn’t been there a second ago.

Cautiously, I walked over to it. The book looked harmless enough, until I tried to reach for it. Suddenly, 2 eyes opened on the pages side of it and the growling I had heard became very loud before the pages split into large sharp teeth. I squeaked at a decibel I didn’t realize was possible and ran down the nearest aisle of merchandise with the book hot on my tail, literally. I threw the ham behind me and kept running reaching a wall, scratching it with my clawed hands.

Then I heard something strange. Panting coming from behind me, I turned to face what I could only assume was a mimic. The only difference between what I knew about mimics and the one sitting in front of me was that this one was sitting in front of me licking its lips panting as if it were a loyal dog. It had grown to become a chest with legs sticking out from each corner. Inside it was an amalgamation of purple slime, large sharp teeth, and a giant pink tongue lolling out. Its outside was that of a treasure chest with 6 eyes poking through the wood as if the wood was fashioned to surround the eyes.

I slowly took a step towards it, noticing just enough space beside it to sneak past. It seemed like it had eaten the ham and was waiting for more. Maybe if I gave it more it’d leave me alone. I slid over to the shelf on the right side, inching my way forward. Its gaze and body followed me the whole way past it. I could feel the cold of the chest part but the warmth from its muscles. I kept my body facing it as I steadily backed away but with each step I could hear the growl reasserting itself from the mimic. I took one step too far and it suddenly was running at me.

Quickly turning to run I felt it nip at the tip of my tail. I reached the ice box just in time. Whipping it open, I didn’t even care when I threw the porcelain plate with the ham directly to the ground. The mimic suddenly lost all interest in me as it chowed down on the ham. I took this moment to try and run for the door. I didn’t make it far as a long purplish pink tentacle wrapped itself around my midsection and yanked me back, holding me there for when it would be hungry later.

A few minutes went past as I sat and watched in horror as it tore the ham to shreds and even managed to eat the bone. I was immensely surprised when it walked over to me with a sleepy look, hopping onto my lap as it quickly fell asleep, releasing the tentacle wrapped around my midsection as its weight was more than enough to hold me. I attempted to extricate myself from underneath it but to no avail. Plus it seemed to just make it angry, releasing growls each time I tried.

I had finished contemplating the shortness of life and was beginning to accept my fate when the sound of a door opening and closing nearby grabbed my attention. Emile suddenly came into view looking concernedly at my cell phone saying, “Sir, pardon my intrusion but I found this device in your pocket. I’m a bit confused at what it is and it seems beyond my comprehension.” He looked up to see me with what seemed to be a moving chest holding me in place as I stared at him with the most horrified look. I tried to silence him as he raised his voice to reprimand me, “Sir, I can not believe the disrespect. Trying to steeeee...,” the words suddenly died in his throat as the mimic’s eyes snapped open. In one quick motion the mimic was up and running at Emile. Emile promptly screamed and dropped my phone as he ran out of the room. The mimic ate my phone whole as it ran after Emile. Then suddenly skidded to a halt. It shivered and what looked to be green code text washed over its body. Thinking this might be my chance to get away, I got up and dashed for the door.

I soon stopped, however, as the mimic's shape suddenly receded to a cube with a severely scared look on it. I got down in front of it and it looked at me, slowly backing away. "I guess I won't be getting my phone back anytime soon," I said aloud to myself, getting ready to dash away again. A look of horrified recognition washed over its face suddenly. I noticed this and was suddenly the cat that curiosity got, "You understood that didn't you," I asked getting closer to it. Had it somehow absorbed the information from my phone and now was in a state of sudden sentience. It nodded and relaxed slightly but only slightly. "Well little buddy maybe I can help you understand all the information in your head," I said as I held out my hand. It stepped onto my hand and I stood up, carefully as not to drop them. "Thang ooh," the mimic said suddenly. I looked at him taken aback. It had just attempted speech.

After a stunned silence and awkward staring between myself and the suddenly sentient cube in my hand, I walked out of the storage room. Emile's voice suddenly rang out as I stepped into the room, "Why would you bring that thing in here," followed by his voice suddenly softening as a realization hit him, "and how were you able to tame it so quickly." "Well to answer both questions, I'll answer your previous question," I said a bit shyly, "You know that I was brought here by Grim. What you don't know is that I was brought from a time far in the future or something of that sort. That device you had was called a cellphone. It will be a great informational device in the far future." "Okay," Emile said confusedly, "but what does that have to do with why you're so suddenly holding it as if it isn't a threat." I set the mimic down on a nearby table. "Well when you dropped my phone it apparently ate said phone and has now somehow assimilated the information from the phone and gained a sort of sentience," I said as I looked into the still horrified eyes of my new mimic friend.

It suddenly shifted its form into that of an exact replica of my dark blue laptop albeit closed, a thing that showed up a lot in the pictures on my phone due to my apartment being exceptionally small. It opened the lid to show a black screen as text began to scroll across the screen. 'Hello world,' it said. I chuckled at that. It was like a learning ai, a child with a nearly endless supply of knowledge and no understanding of any of it. Emile however looked fully skeptical of it.

Suddenly, Tanil lunged in the room, bringing a sword down on on the mimic. Without thinking, I grabbed a pair of scissors, opening them as I moved, and deftly caught the sword. "Move out of the way, Régis. That thing is dangerous," Tanil said, I could hear the effort in his voice. Instead of answering, I looked back at the mimic with a bit of effort, "Hey lil' buddy, I got a big task for you. Can you tell me what your name is?" The mimic immediately reverted to the small black cube as another wave of green text washed over him, "My name is Régis," it said matter-of-factly. Tanil suddenly back off slightly then redoubled his efforts. I grunted, "No, lil' buddy, that's my name. What's your name," hoping it would cause a sort of self actualization.

The mimic sitting on the table shook and expanded outward until it was suddenly in the shape of a featureless human body, standing on the table. Colorless fur quickly covered the featureless body with longer hair like follicles grown out of the top of the head and down the neck in a sort of faux-hawk. In the lower region labia split and opened in 2 spots to allow for the urethra and vaginal opening. The small nub of the clitoris popped into being at the upper part of the labia. The labia surrounding the clitoris reformed to make the clitoral hood. The men of the room suddenly had other things they need to look at but were quickly drawn back as the chest bubbled and grew some size D breasts. Their butt quickly followed suit however ending with a more sensible size but enough that many would still "buy her a drink" simply from appearance. Their waist cinched inward slightly giving them the sought after "hourglass figure". The legs reset and became digitigrade in stance with cute paws complete with adorable "beans". Their height stretched to about 6ft 1 inch (1.86m) as they stood there. Round and expression filled eyes sunk into being on the face followed by a petite dog muzzle. Thin eyebrows filled in above them. A cute shiba-inu tail sprung from the end of her spine while 2 triangle shaped ears grew from the crown of her head and flopped over adorably. Color quickly filled into the now dog like humanoid. The majority of the body filled in with varying degrees of off whites. The hair and a line

going down her back into her tail became a yellow olive. Her eyes became a deep yet unsaturated purple, while her hands and the paw pads that grew from them became a periwinkle along with her feet paws. The being stood their frozen having finished her change.

A wide toothy mouth opened on her stomach and cheerfully said, "Hi, my name is Tiramisu. Its wonderful to meet you." Tanil suddenly pulled back with a confused look. I turned to look at the dog woman carefully getting down from the table. I quickly noticed the mouth that was located on her stomach. Pointing to my own mouth, "Tiramisu, mouth goes here." The mouth on Tiramisu's stomach closed and she spoke out of the dog muzzle on her face, "Well I hope I at least get points for trying. Now does anyone have some clothes I could wear, preferably something formfitting or skimpy so I can still show off all my goods to the boys." Tanil's face flushed with disgust and I was suddenly very happy that my phone was now a part of Tiramisu and not able to be looked at by anyone. One of the very red men in the room passed her a pair of very loose pants.

Tanil turned to me, "You're really just wasting my money aren't you," which was met with a shrug from me. Emile, who's glasses were barely defogging at the moment, turned to Tanil, "Don't worry this one will be on us," fully unable to wipe a clearly perverted grin off his face. Tanil decided he would not be leaving the room for the moment they were taking Tiramisu's measurements. Tiramisu was loving the attention. The men tried to suggest dresses and the like but Tanil was determined for Tiramisu to wear more sensible clothing. In the end Tiramisu left in left in a baggy shirt and pants unwillingly and I left in drop-crotch parachute pants and a shrunken version of the shirt and coat I had before. Emile had happily given me the messenger bag I had seen in the storage room and some side pouches for Tiramisu. It seemed that she was fully ready to use her body for monetary or food related gain and it annoyed Tanil to no end.