

He drove a Buick LeSabre, bronze and well scarred from teenaged years of stupid mistakes. Over the radio, a smooth voice crooned “It’s only forever, not long at all. You’re lost and you’re lonely, That’s und-click” The young man’s well calloused hand turned the radio off, and he grumbled. “Shut it Bowie.” In the silence of the car in the dark of a city night he realized he hadn’t shaved in awhile. He ran a hand over his stubble and groaned. He felt it was like strands of dirt clinging to his face. Up until recently he didn’t shave, men weren’t supposed to where they. Then he met Clyde. Clyde was on the swim team and shaved everything of his. The driver then started to follow suit, that had helped him feel better. Still he felt like he was trapped in a deep cave with a flickering flashlight.

His family didn’t help much either and the most recent fight over confessing that yes he had feelings for both Clyde and Camille forced him to drive off now. This was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Earlier this month he was denied by his faith which he devoted a large portion of his life to serve. Then Camille broke up with him a week after. And tonight, he was caught in Clyde’s arms by his father. Clyde left him to face his parents alone.

The memory of his parents words bubbled up unwelcome in the back of his head. “You can’t be bi. Pick one or the other.”

And with that, the 21 year old got into his car and drove out of the city in the dead of night. Just wanting to get away from all his pains. But no, his stubble reminded him he couldn’t escape. No matter how far he drove or how far he went those woes would find him. He was far out of his home city when he realized this. His stomach also growled signalling that maybe he should get something to eat.

There, a diner with gas pumps. That will do. He pulled the buick in sharply into the parking lot and smoothly glided into an open parking spot. The desert air was dry and he walked into the diner calmly. It was a well lit, homey looking place. Red vinyl seats, black and white checkered floors. “Did I just walk into the 50’s?” He mumbled before being startled with a bright.

“Hello!” from a rather large but matronly woman in a lavender button down shirt, black slacks,

white canvas flats and a red apron. “Welcome to Fran’s! I’m Fran. Just you tonight sugar?”

The young man took two steps back. “Yeah, just me.”

“Oh, I’m sorry for startling you. But glad you’re joining us tonight. Booth, table or bar?” She asked cheerfully, as the young man stared at her face for a while. Her curly hair was dyed an odd color for a woman her age, pastel blue. And he swore there was something wrong with her eyes, but he couldn’t put his finger on it. “Uh, honey?”

The young man snapped out of it shaking his head. “Uh, booth. The one by the jukebox if I can.”

“Sure thing sugar, right this way!” She trotted over, the canvas flats seemed to click louder than they should have on the ceramic checkered floor. The young man passed several of the other patrons of the diner. They were all interesting looking people. A fair skinned beautiful but austere woman with a head of hot pink hair in a side shaved haircut and round glasses regarded him before snorting and going back to her book. Another was a lanky yet shapely woman with a very angular face, mischievous eyes all framed by sandy curly hair. She winked at the young man who looked away. There was a tall dark haired fair skin man who was eating a huge plate of chili cheese fries. His glasses glinted and both him and the young man stared at each other till the young man blushed again and said.

“Didn’t think this place would be that busy this late at night.”

“Oh, you’d be surprised how busy it can get. You might need to share your table with strangers if more people come in, is that alright?”

He froze a bit, uncertain if he shouldn’t just leave. But no, the place was warm and the food smelled good. “Sure, I guess.”

“Thank you honey, you know what, what kind of milkshake do you like? I’ll get you one on the house for that.”

He perked up, maybe he should come here more often! “Oh, chocolate thank you!” He sat down, back to the jukebox and wall. Just the way he liked it so he can observe everyone in the building. Just how he liked it. He proceeded to look about the crowd before even regarding the menu. Definitely a punk and counter culture vibe to them all. He smiled realizing he’d probably fit right in then before he opened the menu.

The shake arrived, and soon two other girls did, escorted by the waitress. They were a study in contrasts. One had long dyed purple hair an overcoat over a tube top, shorts that went to her knees, along with a pair of sandals. She was also very very fat, but in a graceful beautiful and confident manner with a smile that could disarm people at 50 yards. The other was a tall red head, her arm looped around the softer girl, well muscled in a dark blue with white speckles tunic. She wore bell bottom jeans and a big belt that almost seemed like like it should be a sash for some Japanese flowing robe. She had a presence of a witty trickster, but one who cared to teach kindly rather than cruelly. Both of them were beautiful. “Hey sugar, these gals are Krissy and Krysta.”

He waved. “Oh, hi I’m” He stopped and thought if he should reveal his true name. He decided against it. So he said, “Kyna.” Sure she was a character he was writing for a story, but he felt connected to her. He liked writing her as a what if I was born as a girl. Sure she was an anthropomorphic snow leopard but if you were going to play a what if scenario why not go all out?

The red head smiled. “That’s a very cute name.” She pointed at her face. “For clarity, I’m Krysta.”

The softer of the pair slipped into the both and answered. “And I’m Krissy. It’s nice to meet you Kyna.” He blushed at being called Kyna. It felt nice, like it fit better than his birth name. Krissy noticed the blush and smirked. “Oh? What’s up kitten? Do you like hearing the sound of your name?” Krysta

giggled at that as Kyna blushed more.

“I think they like being called kitten more.” Krysta slipped next to Krissy and grinned. “Don’t you Kyna Kitten?”

Kyna squeaked. He never made that noise before, but he nodded. “Yeah. I do.” He chuckled a little. “It’s... it’s kinda weird, I kinda write myself as a snow leopard. Weird coincidence huh?”

Krissy nodded with a grunt of affirmation. “I have a talent at reading people. And you do seem like a cat person. If you don’t mind me saying so.”

Kyna shook his head. “No, not in the least.” He pressed on with a question of his own. “Do you two do something similar?”

Krysta smiled and nods. “Kitsune.” She barely looked at the menu, already looking like she knew what she wanted.

Krissy looked over the menu, but she was attentive. “Hmm, it kinda changes to be honest. But lately I’ve been feeling like a tiger.”

Kyna nodded excitedly, he would fit in perfectly with this crowd. Especially if they were all like these two. Fran swung by and took their menus and orders. Time passed and they talked. Kyna learned that Krissy and Krysta had just started seeing each other romantically, and it did his heart a lot of good hearing love could still triumph in this world. Not that he would find anyone. He felt he was ugly, ill tempered and more than willing to drive people away. And yet here he was, feeling safe enough with these two strangers to talk with them at length.

Krysta was photographer, and a really talented one at that. Always seeming to catch the most magical moments on digital canvas. Krissy on the other hand was a cook and very knowledgeable

about a variety of things. She was trying to get her feet under her with writing and when she showed Kyna, Kyna felt he could never achieve anything like she wrote. When pressed, Kyna did surrender a bit of manuscript about his snow leopard character to the two girls. They loved it surprising poor Kyna. What he found stranger still was that they didn't ask questions why his character was a girl. Further why his character had what they thought was his name. But this was shoved away as Kyna's stomach growled.

"You hungry Kyna Kitten?" Krissy asked. He nodded.

"Sorry, the shake didn't quite fill me up as I thought it would."

Krysta nodded sympathetically. "That's understandable. Fran runs this place on her own, it's great food but she's only one woman."

"I'm sorry to ask, but do you have anything to eat?"

Krissy pursed her lips. "Tell you what. I'll give you a bit of a tarot reading and if your still hungry after that Kitten, then I'll give you a bit of my chocolate. Sound fair?" Kyna looked bewildered, but nodded. "Excellent!"

Kyna had seen a lot of tarot decks in his life so he was familiar with the five suites. Major arcana, swords, wands, coins and cups. But Krissy's deck was so vastly different. The suits were different, as were the numbering system. "I've never seen a deck like this." He said, watching Krissy shuffling the cards.

"Oh, I made it myself." She laid the first card out. "Hmm, Transition. That's a strange card indeed. I rarely see it as a first card. The deck is telling me a story of you changing something about yourself. Hmm, crossroads are tricky. They can mean many things."

“Like what?” Kyna asked, starting to get nervous.

“Well, let’s find out.” Kyna tensed as Krissy presented the next card. “Oh! The Forgotten.”

“That; sounds sinister.”

“Well, it’s another strange one. The Forgotten can mean many things. It can either be quite literally. To have no role to anyone can only mean to be forgotten, after all.” Kyna nodded. “Yet, a void that enters where none existed is simply destructive.”

“Is it saying I’ve been self destructive?”

“It speaks of the destruction of a role, not that you have been self destructive. Would you say that you're well known by your friends and enemies?”

Kyna looked down. “Yeah. There a lot of people who know me.” He added silently. ‘Mostly.’

Krissy nodded. “I'd say that this is the story of some great upheaval coming in your life...” He felt his breath catch in his throat and the world seemed to still for the next two cards. “Journey Oh. “ She looked up at Kyna, then nodded. “Yes, it's definitely that.

“Definitely what?”

“An upheaval kitten.” Kyna wilted. “That can mean It’s a time of great and positive change.” Krissy pulled another and presented. “Union. Hmmm this upheaval may have been a long time coming.” Why did this all feel so uncomfortably close to his heart? Why couldn’t he turn away?

“I, I have been needing to rethinking a lot of my life.” The fact that the faith had rejected him still stung. Eight years of his life he spent devoted to scripture, and for what?

“Identity In fact, it may be your only possible way forward.” Kyna felt his face drain as Krissy looked up at him. “Seems like you have some big things heading your way huh Kyna?” Her tone sympathetic, as she rummaged again in her coat for a candy bar.

“Yeah. I guess I do.”

Krysta leaned in. “Would you like to talk about it?” Krissy pulled out a milk chocolate bar and handed it to Kyna.

He paused, the chocolate bar in his hand. How far should he trust these two? “It’s been a rough month.” He spoke, throat dry. “My girlfriend broke up with me. I fell in lust with another man, and my parents caught me cuddling him. So there was going to be a big talk about sexuality. The guy left me alone saying that it was more or less my problem not his.” The two girls nodded. Kyna took a bite of the chocolate. “I told them I was bi, and they yelled at me. They said I couldn’t love both, that I had to choose one or the other.” He paused, took another bite. “Before that I was denied to go on a mission, and I have been having the weirdest dreams about that character I’ve been writing. She’s been telling me to stop lying.” He finished the bar, and looked up.

They were a study in contrasts. The tigress had purple hair, three blue eyes, a soft and caring smile. She was clad in see through veils, a bra, sash and panties, all in blue. On her wrists there were golden bracelets. And she was very very fat, still in that graceful beautiful and confident manner as when she entered. To her left sat a small fox with seven tails. She had the same mid length red hair as before, but now she was shorter, clad in a deep navy starlit kimono. Her aura of witty trickster was only amplified now with the visuals presented before him. She smiled and said. “Good morning Kyna.”

“You’re, you’re both?” He rubbed the bridge of the nose. “Krissy?” He looked to the tigress, and she nodded. “Krysta?” He asked the fox.

“Yep!” Krysta smiled again.

“You’re both, you’re both,” Kyna stammered pointing, the poor writer’s mind failing him as he grasped for words. It felt like he fell into a dream. That’s when Fran returned and Kyna’s mind placed what was wrong with her eyes. They were goat eyes. She was a goat. She was an anthropomorphized goat lady and that was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Kyna leaped from the booth chair and turned to run to the door only to find the diner was full of such strange patrons. The pink haired woman became a unicorn that looked at Kyna with concern. The sandy haired one was now an Anubian jackal grinning at the panic that he was in. He stopped dead in his tracks wanting to scream but his voice not working. He spied the restroom and ran into it slamming the door behind him.

The slammed door echoed throughout the establishment. Fran bit her lip. “Sorry didn’t realize they were waking up.”

Krysta waved it off. “It’s alright, you didn’t know Fran. Leave their food, they’ll be back.” The goat waitress did and everyone returned to their food. Krysta turned to Krissy. “So.”

Krissy sighed. “That could have gone better.”

“Yeah, but I think that mirror will help them more than we could.” Krysta said before getting up and walking over to the jukebox.

In the bathroom Kyna tried for the 4th time calling his father. But no, the signal wouldn’t reach out. He slumped against the wall and put his face in his hands. “This can’t be real. This isn’t real. I’m dreaming. I have to be dreaming.”

“You’re not.” Came something similar to an echo. Kyna jolted up and looked around. He was certain he was the only person in this bathroom. That’s when he saw the mirror. In it, there was his character instead of himself. “Hey.” She was wearing a heavy black leather blazer, a deep purple t-shirt and some dirty store brand jeans. The clothes he wore. She had the same haircut cut too. Kyna realized

she was his 'reflection' in this madness. “We should talk.”

Kyna looked at his character and shook his head. “Now I know I’m dreaming, my character talking to me like she is me. Ha.” He pushed with as much confidence he could muster from his shaken self.

The reflection rolled her eyes, just like he would. “If you’re dreaming, do me a favor and come here.” Kyna shrugged. It was a dream, like she could exert any real power over him. So he walked over, slipped on a slick spot of the well tiled floor and landed face first hard enough to cause his nose to bleed.

“Fuck!” He growled in clenched teeth. “That hurt.”

“Yeah, it did didn’t it?” Quipped the reflection. “You felt pain huh?” Kyna got up and glared at the snow leopardess whose nose was also bloodied now. “Still think you’re dreaming?”

“No,” He snorted and pulled some of the bloody snot into his mouth. “Now I think I’m hallucinating.”

“Jesus you’re stubborn.”

“You would know.” He shot back.

“Yeah I guess I would.” She nodded. “Look, can you at least hear me out?” Kyna glared at his character and thought.

“Alright, if you can prove that you are me.”

The snow leopard pursed her lips. “That lady lineman from football camp was so confusing to

us. She was beautiful, powerful, everything you wanted, no everything we want to be.” Kyna stiffened at that. “You still wonder how she’s doing today. So do I.”

Kyna gulped down more blood, and nodded. “Alright. So, you are me. Wha, what do you want?”

“To kinda talk about that kind of thing.” She said softly.

“Okay? That’s a bit vague.”

“Looks this is a hard thing to talk about okay?” She put her hands to her lips thinking. “Let’s start with a question. Why a girl?”

“What?”

“Why did you make me a girl? Out of all the all the what ifs you could have gone with, why did you go with let’s be a girl.”

“What, the snow leopard part not fascinating to you?”

“Stop deflecting and answer the question.” The snow leopard insisted.

Kyna looked down at his flat chest. “I” He gulped down some more blood. “I just wanted to. It felt like a good way to expand on my experiences. What would change, if anything, if I was a girl.”

The snow leopard nodded. “And?”

Kyna sighed and shrugged. “Very little would change with how I am if I was a girl.”

“There’s a but there, you know.”

Kyna glared at the furred reflection. “You always seemed happier than me. Even when our parents yelled at us. Even when I slaved away at making your stories echo my life. All the pains I’ve endured. Even when Camille left me. Even when the faith let us down.” He stopped, realizing his eyes were tearing up.

She nodded and crossed her arms. “Have you ever wondered why?”

Kyna looked at her. “Because you’re,” He wasn’t even sure how to word this part. “You’re everything about me gone right.”

The snow leopard chuckled. “Because I’m you gone right?” She shook her head. “You ever wonder why that is? Why you write me like that?” Kyna shook his head. “It’s not the strange powers, not the talents you have. You just” She paused as if she was in thought before pressing on. “Wanted to be like that lady lineman.”

That statement cut Kyna to the core. The reflection was right and suddenly realized Kyna realized why everything went right for the snow leopard. “You’re right. I” Kyna started to cry silently. “I just wanted that.”

The reflection reached the hand like touching the glass out to reach the creator. “Kyna, you can be a girl.” The creator looked up, fear and hope apparent in the human’s eyes. “You can become me. You can become the girl you wrote about. Become who we are supposed to be.” She grinned at the creator. “The people out there, Krissy and Krysta, and all the others? They’re proof of that.”

“Do you think they’d help me?” Kyna asked the reflection.

“Girl, I think they’d be more than happy to.”

“You called me a girl.”

“Yeah, you are one. Because I’m you. And I’ve always been you. And we’re both girls.” Kyna smiled sheepishly at herself in the mirror, and the reflection smiled back. “Clean your face though, you got blood on it.”

“Shit you’re right.”

Krysta was singing loudly along with David Bowie. “But down in the underground~. You’ll find someone true. Down in the underground A land serene~” But she stopped as she saw Kyna walk out of the bathroom. “Oh, hey Kyna. You doing okay?”

“You know when I was driving here this song was playing on the radio. It’s like it’s following me.” Kyna tried hard to ignore all the eyes on her.

“I think she means your nose Kyna Kitten.” Krissy, who was still at the table, said calmly.

“Oh, uh the nose.” Kyna rubbed the back of her head. “I kinda slipped and fell flat on my face.” Krissy nodded with a mmhmm. “Look, I’m sorry for freaking out back there.”

“Hey, it’s alright.” Krissy said. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

Kyna came over, and sat back down across from the tigress and sighed. “It’s complicated.” She said, before poking at the lukewarm fries before her. Krissy urged Kyna to continue. “I kinda had this epiphany in the restroom. About, about a lot of who I am.”

“And that is?” Krissy asked, Krysta snagging a fry before sitting next to her girlfriend.

“I, I kinda realized I’m a girl.”

“Kinda?” Krysta said before chomping on the French fry.

Kyna blushed. “Yeah, I just realized I want to be the girl I am. That snow leopard girl from my stories.” She ate a few fries before gathering all her courage and asking. “Can you help me with that?”

Krysta reached her hand out and rested it on Kyna’s hand. “I think that can be arranged.”

Krissy smiled and nodded, gently resting her hand on the other. “Yes, we can definitely do that.”

Kyna smiled, tears in her eyes. “Thank you.”

Fran apparently had had such things happen before at her restaurant before and had a private room set aside for such awakenings. Kyna started to feel very vulnerable now, as she was striped down to her boxer briefs. She would not let either of her two new friends see her naked, no thank you. It didn’t feel comfortable to do that. “Sorry, just... do I have to be naked?”

Krysta shrugged. “It helps and you’re less likely to rip out of your clothing. But hey if you’re into that.” Krysta said in that nonchalant manner that only flustered Kyna more.

“I’m Not! I just don’t think it’s appropriate to, well you know.” She gestured to her near nakedness. “This doesn’t phase you?” Krissy and Krysta shook their heads. “Oh, guess I’m the odd girl out then.” She mumbled, hands still holding her boxer briefs up like they’d fall without her holding them there.

Krissy chuckled. “You’re fine Kitten, your unders should be stretchy enough to manage.” She did however pull down the back end of the unders. “We do need to make sure your tail can come through unimpeded.”

“Oh, uh, sure.” Kyna blushed and shuffled her feet. “So, uh what should I expect?” She looked over her shoulder at Krissy.

“For this? A lot of wonderful sensations punctuated by some bits of pain.” Krissy said calmly. “Still want to go through it kitten?”

Kyna nodded and reasserted firmly. “Yes. Yes I do.”

Krissy smiled. “Alright, get on your knees please.” Kyna looked concerned over her shoulder at Krissy.

Krysta coughed. “I, uh, can’t reach your face without floating. But that doesn’t have the same stability as hard ground.”

“Oh, sorry.” Kyna kneeled like she was a samurai. “This help?”

Krysta nodded with a smile. “Not bad. What arts did you study?”

“Oh. Uh Kenpo officially, but pigden bits of Aikido and Tai-Chi Chuan.” She smiled.

“Interesting!” She grabbed Kyna’s chin. “Now this will hurt a little.” She added before grabbing the nose as well. Krysta pulled and Kyna’s face distended.

Kyna inhaled to scream but Krissy grabbed the girl’s flat chest and started to pull on what would be Kyna’s breasts. “Now now. No screaming.” Kyna’s chest felt warm, and sensitive as Krissy pulled on it breasts forming rapidly. Instead of the scream came a moan, deep and longing as Kyna felt herself fill out. “Good Kitten.” Krissy leaned in and whispered into Kyna’s ears. “Just focus on how this feels. Nice and warm, right?”

Kyna went to nod, but she couldn't. So all she did was moan in an affirmative that it was as Krissy said. Krysta hummed as she worked on Kyna's forming muzzle. "Majestic, and expressive, yes. Good for this kitten." She smoothed the front with a deft gesture and pulled the nose lovingly into its black triangular shape. She paused for a moment, letting go of the newly shaped face. "Can I get you to say something?"

"This feels so good." Kyna tried to say but it came out muddled and mushy. "Ish Eels oh ood." She blushed again, embarrassed as she couldn't speak.

"Don't worry about it, just need to do something quick." Krysta placed a quick peck on the changing girl's lips. Kyna squeaked after the kiss felt her and her head felt like it was swimming in a hot tub. "There, now try."

"No fair." Kyna mumbled, her face red from the sensation of her growing breasts and the unexpected kiss. She realized that what she was feeling that sent her head swimming was a rush of joy.

Krysta smirked. "I wonder what your basis for comparison is." She pulled the muzzle down a bit. "Sorry, I need to get to your ears now okay?"

"Yeah, and I should probably get to work on your hips and tail kitten." Krissy said. "Unless you want your breasts bigger."

Kyna tilted her head to gaze at the reasonably sized chest she had been gifted. "No, no, these are fine. Just wondering when the fur starts, you know."

Krissy lifted her hands and slid them down Kyna's soft pudgy sides, moving a bit of fat as she did. "Patience kitten. All in good time. Just enjoy the ride now." Kyna shivered again, feeling the course but soft hands work its strange magic over her. Krissy squeezed and tugged at Kyna's hips and butt coaxing them to be fuller and rounder.

Krysta on the other hand started to tug Kyna's human ears up towards the top of her head. Smoothing out the ridges and adding the needed flexibility to the base so she could flick and scan for noises. "May I see your hands?" Kyna complied to Krysta's request. Krysta set to work on the claws and the pads needed for such a transformation.

Krissy, meanwhile had let go of Kyna's butt. Now though, she was coaxing a tail to grow right above Kyna's waistband. "Ah, there we go." Krissy said before grabbing onto the stubby tip of the new tail and pulling hard. Fur started to sprout now on the tail and worked its way back up throughout Kyna's body.

Kyna writhed, her hands flexing at the sensation of sudden warmth spreading throughout her. It felt great and like it would threaten to tear her apart in a cacophony of joyous mewls and moans. Krysta jumped back as the claws sprang forth from Kyna's hand. "Well those are working."

"Sorry." Kyna managed. "I just" There was a moan before she continued. "Never felt this good before."

"Yeah it's a bit intense." Krissy said, letting the tail hit the floor with a flop. The pair traded places. "Can you get the feet done? Afterwards I'll help her get calibrated to walking."

"Sure thing." Krysta yipped. Again, Krysta's hands worked quickly to turn toe nails into claws. Feet became more paw like and capable of walking around barefooted. "I think Kyna's good to go." Krysta said before walking to Kyna's side.

Krissy held her hands out for Kyna to grab. "Let's get you up on your feet Kyna Kitten." Kyna grabbed onto them and Krissy hauled her up. "Easy, easy. The muscles are mostly the same." Kyna wavered and wobbled on her feet, focusing intently on staying upright. "But now you have new body gravity to be mindful of. Your hips are wider and that means you're carrying more weight at a lower

point.” Kyna brushed up against Krissy’s soft tummy.

“Sorry.”

“You’re fine kitten. Focus on me though.” Krissy tugged on Kyna forward. Kyna placed an uncertain foot in front of the other. “Very good kitten, just let the tail do what it wants to do and stop worrying about it though okay?” Kyna brought her attention back onto Krissy instead of the new appendage swaying behind her. Krissy tugged some more and Kyna kept up. “Excellent. Now I’m going to let go, and I want you to walk on your own. Ready?” Kyna gulped but nodded.

“Yes Krissy.” Krissy let go and took three strides back, gesturing Kyna to walk towards her. Kyna suddenly felt like she could recall what it must have been learning to walk the first time through. The steps were unsteady, but she quickly adjusted as her tail swayed to compensate. Krissy took some more steps back. “No fair!” Kyna cried, still pursuing Krissy. Kyna’s stride kept getting more confident until she tripped. She flailed falling forward making a pathetic mew as she rushed towards the floor.

Kyna never met the floor in the transformation room. Instead she met Krissy’s soft tummy and breasts as the Krissy caught Kyna before she hit the ground. Kyna opened her mouth to apologize, but Krissy hushed her. “Take it easy.”

Kyna opened her mouth again, a worried tone to her voice. “What if I fail?”

“You won’t so long as you keep trying.” Krissy squeezed Kyna close in a comforting hug. That elicited a throaty growly purr from Kyna. Krissy continued. ”And you’re learning fast. You should be fine.” Kyna was propped up again as Krissy locked eyes with her. “Ready for another attempt?” Krissy asked smiling. Kyna nodded and continued her walking training. It didn’t take long until Kyna was able to walk again on her own. Soon Kyna wasn’t falling at all and Krissy was watching cross legged on the floor. “Good job Kyna Kitten!”

Krysta came back, carrying what Kyna realized was adjusted clothes and a bra. “Here you go Kyna. I mean, unless you like walking around naked.” Krysta teased, as a flustered Kyna grabbed her clothes.

“Thank you.” Kyna said. It was interesting getting dressed with her new body. Her chest was still sensitive and putting on the bra sent electric shivers throughout her new tail turning it into a bottle brush. Then there was the ears, that seemed to instinctively scan for noises. She overheard giggles as she was watched by Krissy and Krysta. The room didn’t have a divider so Kyna had to forgo some of the modesty she had before. She didn’t mind the noises. Instead she said, “Thank you both for, for waking me up. For” there was a pause as she pulled the t-shirt over her new beautiful body. “For making me myself.” Before turning around in her newish jeans and modified t-shirt.

There was a hug at the middle of Kyna’s waist as Krysta held close. “You’re welcome.” She smiled up at Kyna.

Krissy soon joined in, hugging the both of them. “Look at you two cuties. Ready to go back out Kyna?”

“Yeah, I think I am.”

Fran’s Diner was now sparsely populated when the trio returned. The jackal, the unicorn, and a hybrid which Kyna thought was the man she first blushed at here was. Same jawline, and hair. Same glasses. Sure he had fangs, fur, scales and lop ears now but she was getting the hang of seeing people as what they were. She still felt her ears go red from looking at him. To Kyna’s surprise, his ears did as well. Fran beamed at Kyna. “Well, look at you sugar. Bright as the morning and just as gorgeous as noon day.”

“T-thanks. I had a lot of help.” Kyna said as she reached out and squeezed Krissy and Krysta’s hands. Krysta squeezed back with a smile. Krissy giggled a little.

“Yeah, those two tend to be the most helpful ones out of all of us.” Fran admitted. “You’re welcome back here anytime Kitten.”

“Is that my nickname now?” Kyna asked, ears turning red. Fran just smirked and excused herself to do some chores.

Krissy yawned. “Well, it’s been a night. Do you have a place to go Kyna Kitten?”

She shook her head and frowned. “I don’t think I do unless I can explain how I became a woman to my parents.”

Krysta nodded. “Well, we have a couch for you to crash on if you want.”

Kyna smiled. “Sounds rad.” They made their way to the door but Kyna was pulled away by the hybrid. He seemed nervous but emboldened to take a chance to talk to Kyna.

“Hey, uh... I’m Kafziel.” He started. “And I was uh, wondering if we could exchange numbers?”

Kyna blushed, but nodded. “Sure Kafziel, that sounds wonderful.”

Kafziel’s eyes lit up and he pulled out his phone. “Right! So, what’s your name?”

“Kyna. My name is Kyna.” She said. And for once her name didn’t feel like a mask.

The End