

Elias grasped at the little pink collar, the squish of it against his throat threatening to scratch his skin raw. Whenever he moved, the tinkle of the heart charm grated at his aching ears. A cold sweat coated his body, a tremble deep in his bones. He wriggled about in discomfort and reflected on how he had got into this situation.

He had been alone for a little while when he had come across the box, saying 'Free to Anyone Interested'. He was excited at once at the prospect of getting free stuff, and he'd ended up rooting about to find rather... immodest items. Of the box, the only thing he would have willingly carried about was the collar, though he had no cat.

However, his sister had a cat, so he picked it up- and noticed it was way too big for a cat's neck. Big enough for a human neck, in fact. Shaking his head and wondering what he had expected from a box of sex toys, he almost put it back before the thought crept into his head. The mental image of him wearing the collar, the heart charm standing proud against his chest.

He couldn't explain why it hadn't remained just a thought, and why he decided to sling it around his neck and click it shut there, but he had. Now he wore a collar around his neck that was too tight for it, and no matter how hard he struggled with it, he couldn't take it off. And when he looked at the tag, it said 'Elias'.

If he wasn't so embarrassed by the prospect of asking a stranger for help with a hot pink collar, he would've dialled an ambulance. In his state of humiliation, he told himself he didn't need that; surely he could get it off soon, as long as he twisted and tugged at it enough. All he could do was grit his teeth and persevere until the moment of freedom was upon him. He put his fingers at the clasp at the back of his neck, pushing the buckle as hard as he could-

And for a moment, a glorious moment of pure joy and relief, the collar's latch parted- only to snap even tighter around his neck. A shock of electricity went through him, the core of his body heating up until he felt boiling hot, sweat dripping from his brow. Elias staggered until he found a bench to support himself against, panting for breath like he'd run a marathon. As he caught his breath, he moved from side to side. And his chest seemed to do so too; it felt so heavy...

He licked his lips nervously and yelped in pain. He poked around inside his mouth, trembling; his canines were sharp and thin. He bolted upright, and his traitorous eyes went down, the heavy weight of his chest finally coming to his full attention.

Massive, pillowy tits jutted from his T-shirt, stretching out the fabric so thinly he could see the pale flesh of them, and the pink jut of his swollen nipples. The collar tingled, then loosened as his tits stretched further out. The fabric made noises of protest; it wouldn't hold for much longer against their weight. He touched one, biting his lip with his sharp teeth. God, it was so heavy, the flesh spilling over his fingers.

The box, he thought in his panic fevered mind. Maybe if I can get back to the box, I can take this thing off. Elias made his way back, scratching his ears; they were pulsing and itching at the same time. A twitch went through them- he pulled his fingers away and tried to not think about

what fate they were meeting. They grew warm, and so did his chest. He tried to not think about how that made him feel.

The box was still there, and untouched. Elias tore at his collar and it wouldn't come off, then he rooted through it again to find something, anything, that could help him. Instead, he pulled out something flat and rounded, which cracked open in his hands.

The mirror revealed what he had tried to ignore; his ears pointed at the top of his head, palest fluffy grey. Curling his lip, he revealed the fangs he was growing; at that moment he realised what was happening to him. He was becoming some sort of cat person with tits.

Weirdly it wasn't unpleasant? It felt right, especially with the weight of the collar just above his new breasts, and his ears twitching around, oh so soft and nice to run his hands through. A feeling of calm ran through him, a soft purr emanating from his throat.

The calm didn't last. A deep pressure started at his spine, and at his crotch. Moaning at the sensation, his cock feeling like something was fondling and pushing at it, Elias tore off his pants and grabbed it, squeezing his cock until it spurted with cum. Fondling and groping his cock made it grow hard again, and when he brushed his hand against a strange nub at the base of his spine, a wave of arousal shot through him. He rubbed himself against a lamppost, yowling to be fucked.

The feeling down there changed, as if in exchange for his tits he had lost weight in his genitals.. He stopped humping for a second and flatness where his balls were a moment ago. "What the fu-" He couldn't finish that thought; his shrinking cock demanded more attention, so he continued rubbing it, tits bouncing more than any pair he had ever seen in his life.

His miniscule penis shrank until there was only a tiny nub in its place. Fearing he would have nothing below for a second, Elias stopped touching himself long enough to feel a new hole open up, her vagina dripping between two thick lips.

She thought little about this development. The heat in her vagina was too big, spreading through her body until every bit of her wanted to be fucked and the lamppost wouldn't be enough. Groping around in the box, she found a toy, a massive, sparkly pink dildo, and began satisfying herself at once, yowling like a whore.

Beginning slowly at first, the dildo plunged in and out of her with wet slapping noises. Elias plunged deeper into her cunt as she went on, shoving it in so deep the whole thing went up her hole before too long. And she did it at an impressive pace too; even the most capable real dick would struggle to keep up her brutal plunging pace while twisting it around to touch all the most sensitive areas at the same time.

It took little time for the orgasm to break; she bucked her hips, a tail sprouting out and arching as she came with a massive yowl, bringing her to the floor where all she could do was pant, grabbing onto her collar for dear life.

It took a few moments to come back to herself from the unravelling of her orgasm, her tail coiled around her legs, heart charm tight in her grasp. She mewed and purred, playing with her tits for a bit before thinking she should leave. But her clothes didn't really fit anymore; how could she go out and about in them? Wrinkling her nose at the thought, she went to the box again, and to her delight saw clothes amongst the remaining objects... But they were ridiculous. Frilly and pink, down to the panties and enormous bra. Despite everything that had happened to her body, Elias was sure of one thing; these weren't the sort of clothes she wanted to wear.

Her tail lashed in displeasure as she reached for the clothes, face red with shame, ears burning underneath their soft fur. First came the panties, all pink hearts and frills. She struggled to get them on, and they clung to everything, leaving nothing to the imagination, even her remaining arousal; they weren't the most waterproof. Next up was the bra; it was even worse. She cringed at the neon pinks, and above all the curled righting on the left cup saying 'Little Pet'. Elias might be a catgirl, but she was no pet! Shing them on, she found them far too loose; they let her tits sag around.

Finally, the dress, which was already both too short and too big, the skirt clinging to her thighs but also sagging around her belly, hanging loose in a discomfiting manner. The rainbow frills over her cleavage threatened to slide off and reveal all. Elias sighed, her still swishing tail revealing her panties; she had clothes on, at least.

The heart charm hissed, and her collar sent a throbbing sensation along her body, which gathered in particular about her torso and thighs. She groped her belly; it wasn't sore exactly, just throbbing like her ears had. The throbs radiated, reacting with the throbbing in her tits and in her swollen pussy, making her moan. Her fingers reached for the box and its toys, yearning to satisfy her aching-

She frowned as she bent over- why was her stomach so heavy? Sinking her fingers into the throbbing mass, her suspicions were confirmed; it had grown doughy and plump, pushing out against her dress. When she pulled it up, she could see it form love handles of fat, gloriously warm and wonderful to touch.

One more time, she clung to her heart charm, pulling it out to look at it. 'Kitty,' it said now. She blinked and smiled, Kitty's brain clouding over, orange swimming from her pupils to cover the old hazel of her eyes. Yes, she was Kitty now, she thought, memories of being Elias fading away into nothing. In a few heartbeats it was all gone, replaced by Kitty the catgirl's memories; fucking, being fucked, and being a pet.

She moaned in agreement with those thoughts, rubbing her thick, jiggly thighs against each other. Her tits stretched her dress to the limits, cleavage proudly on display; wet spots were at her nipples where she was lactating. She groped at them and moaned, modest double chin. She got up heavily, tail not having to move to reveal her ass, which was so big it spilled out of her panties and was just under the frills of her dress: perfect for her owner to look at.

"Kitty!" he called.

“Master!” she cried, wobbling towards him. “I was missing you!”

He smiled, glittering eyes warm. “Of course you were, pet.” His cock smelled warm and pressed against his trousers; he released it in one deft motion, pulling his boxers down. He pushed her head to it, though Kitty hardly needed to be told. “Let’s go home after you’ve pleased me, yes?” he said.

“Of course! Anything to make you happy!” The catgirl suckled at his cock greedily, her new owner petting her behind the ears and smiling; he was going to enjoy his new pet.