

Tails of Interest I

An Anthology by Tiranmaster, Shiftshaper, and TerinasTiger

Prologue

"Ok people! Everyone calm down." A golden furred cheetah wearing a bright blue suit raised his paws and spoke over the hubbub of the crowd of humans before him. "Ok, everyone focused on me now? Good!" The cheetah's body was slender and lithe, his torso blossoming out into a fat pair of hips. The cheetah had pouty, fuckable lips, and bright blue eyes. He folded his arms and looked over the crowd. As far as he was concerned it was pretty par for the course: Middle aged men and women in shorts and floral t-shirts, cameras around their necks and fanny packs around their waists. "First off, welcome to 'Funventure's FurpocalypseTour: The one tour where it's ok to be fuzz-ayyy!'" He sighed as he heard the groan from the crowd. "Yeah, I know it's a pretty dumb slogan, corporate makes us say it."

He began to pace back and forth in front of the crowd, his deep purple hair rustling behind him. With every step he took, the waist-length hair bounced behind him. "Now before we get on our bus and see what weird and wild wonders await us, I am required by law to go over some basic safety and background stuff. Don't groan again. I know it's boring! It's also IMPORTANT, so suck it up and deal with it. Ten minutes here means we don't waste hours out there." He stopped at the center, facing the crowd. "First off, I'm Nimh, and as you all can see, I am a furry myself." He pointed at his chest. "Out there, I am also the only furry you can trust. If you see anyone else who isn't a cheetah wearing this snazzy uniform, don't listen to them. Ok? Ok." He took a deep breath. "Now let's review how all this is possible. As you know, the Multiverse Theorem of Creativity states that whenever someone tells a story in any form, somewhere out in the Multiverse it becomes real. Using the Funventures Tours Tourbus, we can actually visit the worlds created by words. And no, we aren't going to be going to any stories you wrote where you're a god-king. If you want to have that kind of empty, hollow existence, you can build your own Multi-dimensional tour bus, got it?" He growled. "And trust me, if you hijack the bus, you'll have to deal with ME. And you don't want that." He smirked, tightening the knot on the red sash he wore around his neck.

Nimh the cheetah twitched his tail and gave everyone a stern look. "This kind of tech is dangerous and for recreational use only. One false turn and we might end up in a Lovecraftian Madness Universe, so no deviation from the scheduled tour, ok?" He chuckled. The Funventures corporation was famous for exploiting extraordinarily futuristic technology for the most ridiculous purposes, such as giving people tours of their own dreams, alternate realities, or the afterlife. " Second, this particular tour is going to focus on the different worlds created by furies in their creative labors. Now while there's going to be plenty of worlds we see which are pretty normal by your weird human standards save for fangs and claws, given that we're traveling through what was imagined by furies, there's also gonna be some pretty weird sex stuff in here. No one act bashful now! You all signed the waivers, you knew what you were getting into when you paid for a ticket." He smirked. "Frankly, if you're here, it's most likely because you're a pervert who wants to see the nasty. Let's just get it out in the open right now. And, just speaking from my own perspective, as a critter recruited from a universe which was one big day spa that turned humans into gay cat-people, there's absolutely nothing wrong with being perverts. Ok?"

He pointed down at a belt strapped around his waist. "Now third, let's review your basic equipment. We're going to be touring through some real messed up shit, so it's essential you all wear your pre-prepared Tourbelts, ok? These things have stuff on them that'll keep you safe, whether you're facing nagas with hypno-eyes or an indigenous tribe of tiny catgirls armed with tiny spears. If I tell you to use something from your Tourbelt I expect you to do it. Don't act like it's hard to figure out either. We color coded the satchels containing this shit for a reason, people." He grumbled. This was the seventh tour Nimh had given, and casualties were always high. "Which brings me to a final point: As exciting as all this is, it's also dangerous."

"WE KNOW THAT ALREADY, YOU FUCKING FELINE! GET ON WITH IT!" Someone from the back of the tour shouted over the speaker.

Nimh growled and his tail lashed like a whip. His eyes were red with anger. "Hey, you shut the fuck up! Keep your lips shut, Witokowsky!" he snarled, baring his fangs. "If we have new people, we go over all the rules! That's one of the basic policies and I'm not gonna take shit about it!" He sighed. "Sorry folks, that's Sam Witokowsky. He's a frequent customer, and he thinks that because he's come back from seven previous tours unmolested, he can be a smartass about it. He lives to troll me, folks. Learn to ignore him, and you'll have a better tour." Nimh took a few

breaths to calm down as the man who shouted snickered. "Anyways, so long story short, we're going into some dangerous territory. There's a very real chance you can get transformed, mindfucked, actually fucked, and much much more. We all want to see the weird stuff, but I absolutely must stress you listen to me during the whole tour. Don't do anything unless I tell you to do it, and don't stray from the group or get off the bus when we're not at a designated stopping point. Got it?"

Murmurs of assent responded to the Cheetah's question, even Witokowsky appeared momentarily cowed by Nimh's angry outburst. A hand shot out from the crowd from an aging middle aged man with a pair of thick rimmed glasses named Frank. "Yes?" Nimh acknowledged. "Uhmhhh you said we were each given belts, but uhmhhh you gave us all these fanny packs that make us look like a bunch of stereotypical schmucks from a 90's film," Frank said. Nimh gave a small sigh, even bringing a paw to his face and pressing his index finger and his thumb against the area where the bridge of a human's nose would be, "I know I did...Frank is it? Would you rather say that the tools that will keep you 'real' and human are stored in a utility belt, like the one batman wears? Or would you rather call it a fanny pack that looks disturbingly like the one that the guy from Jurassic park wore in the bathroom before he was eaten by a T-rex?" Nimh paused for a moment, letting that thought sink in, "Just to reassure you all, we are NOT going to any worlds where you can in any way be eaten alive on this tour. Not by choice anyway." Nimh's tail flicked and even smacked against a jutting edge of the bus. Nimh winced and shook his tail as if he was shaking a limb that hit something hard by accident. He regained composure and asked sarcastically, "Any more brilliant questions?" The rest of the tourists were silent though Nimh's sharp ears picked up a soft chuckle from Witokowsky.

Nimh smiled. "Good! Now without further adieu, let's all get on the Funventures Furpocalypse Whatever tourbus. Single file line, people! First people on take the back rows, you know the drill." He waved the crowd of humans on, looking each of them over. Nimh vaguely wondered which ones would make it back safely. And then, he also wondered which ones even WANTED to.

End Prologue.

Part 1: Wrestling With The Underdawg

The bus lit up with a variety of colors as everyone buckled themselves in, Nimh included. "Hold on to your lunch everyone, and be careful not to throw it up either," the cat laughed. There were a few groans from the passengers as the bus rumbled to life and started to speed up to what felt like a ridiculous speed. There were a few screams from everyone on the bus as Nimh nibbled on a granola bar to help settle his stomach as they rushed through the boundaries of worlds.

For the few experienced members of the tour they were busying themselves by watching the TV screens in front of them. From above there came a pre-recorded message for those who weren't currently watching the movies. "Welcome to the Funventures Tour Bus! We hope you're enjoying your first ride across the boundaries of the world, and know that under your seats after your ride are boxes of wipes to help clean up any messes you make. You are obligated as stated in your waivers to clean up as well, so please don't leave until you clean up after yourselves. There is a two hundred dollar fine for not doing so." The voice finished up with a small catchy tune that Nimh hummed as he'd memorized it after riding the bus for so long.

The bus rumbled for about thirty minutes as the system chose a random world from its vast stock of recorded worlds. "Just as a note everyone, even if you have rode with us before you will always experience a new world. We've many times over had to make new pouches as we deal with new species of creatures from across the multiverse. Why last time I saw someone get turned into a two headed hell hound because our doggy biscuits wouldn't work. To counteract it we now have cum flavored doggy biscuits, such a funny little thing," Nimh chatted. Some people were growing antsy on the bus as they realized that there was no surefire way of being safe.

"Now as a part of your payment you are obligated to at least explore one of the many worlds that we will experience today. You are allowed to stay on the bus though if you're absolutely sure you don't want to get off. Remember though that if you try to skip every world you have the possibility of meeting up with a rather annoyed group of lions after the ride," Nimh explained. He sighed as the bus finally stopped rumbling and the windows brightened up showing off a world outside that looked... rather bland to be honest. They stopped in the middle of a town that looked extremely average with regular humans walking around outside of the bus.

There were a few growls from the people as they looked out the window and saw such an average sight. "Aren't we supposed to be going to odd worlds?!" a young jock

yelled. He unwrapped his arm from his girlfriend's neck and stood up as he glared at the cheetah who merely finished up his granola bar.

"Believe me my young friend, indeed we are in a different world. Note that not every world will be apparently different than your own. Let me just give a check on what we're dealing with..." Nimb murmured. Pulling out a small handheld device he tapped a few on screen buttons before it loaded for a minute. Pulling up a result screen the cheetah let out a whistle. "I've heard of this world from one of the other tour guides. We're currently residing in the Rubber Dawgs world. This world has been infested with a species of aliens resembling a rather kinky set of headwear used in puppy play," the cheetah explained.

The jock didn't exactly seem happy with this though as he pushed past his equally annoyed girlfriend and stood in front of the cat. "You'd better not be pulling some fast shit on us, cat!"

Nimh sniffed as he brushed his hair over his shoulder and gave the human a smile. "I have no reason to, young man. Now if you don't believe that there's anything out there, you can come out on this stop and give this world a little look around. Otherwise you can wait until one of the other stops. Now if you'll please excuse me," he said. Standing up the cheetah smiled as he clapped his paws together. "If there's anyone interested in getting off on this stop please come follow after me." With that he started towards the exit and most of the bus got up to follow him off. The young jock grunted as he started to follow the cheetah off as well.

"Bobby, where are you going?" his girlfriend asked. She didn't look like she had any interest on getting off on this stop.

The young man sniffed as he glanced back at her. By no means did the young man look interested in this tour more than likely he'd been coerced by his girlfriend. "Suze, I'm done with this shit fest already. I'm just gonna get it done here, then you and I can have some fun," he dumbly chuckled. Suze sighed as she plopped back into the seat and glared out the window as she waited for her boyfriend to come back.

Stepping down off of the bus Bobby sniffed as he smelled the dirty air of a rather plain. "Everyone, gather around!" Nimh said. Clapping and gesturing for everyone to approach, meanwhile everyone was looking around nervously and waiting for someone to freak out at the fact that they had a cat man amongst them. "Don't worry about them, everyone. One little part of my bracelet," he paused to show everyone a glowing bracelet on his wrist, "is that it renders me practically invisible to anyone in the dimensions."

"Why don't we get them then?" one of the disgusted women asked. She was in the process of being gawked at by some men on the sidewalks as she herself was a rather gorgeous woman.

“The amount of money alone is staggering but also we have to key DNA into the bracelet which takes quite a bit of time. More or less, it’s not cost effective for the park,” Nimh explained. Some of the people nodded as it did make sense though Sam of course had to grumble and gripe loudly as Nimh tuned him out as always. “So anyways, the first rule of this world everyone. Make sure to stay with the group and try not to get near any of the buildings. Rubber Dawgs tend to be a very cunning race that hide in the corners of the city where people don’t pay attention until it’s too late. Currently this town has a very small population of them, and I will take you all to a place where we can observe them from a safe distance. Please don’t get too near to them though unless you wish to become one of them as currently we don’t have any defense against them save for a dog whistle which is hit or miss to say the least,” Nimh explained.

The group nodded as they followed behind the cheetah while Bobby the entire time was looking like a pouting kid. “This is all bullshit...” he grumbled to some of his neighbors. The people mostly ignored him though as they figured he was just a whiny college student who’d been hoping for more sexual stuff. Bobby fell to the back of the line as he was taking his time to look around for some trace of the creatures.

Walking along the streets the group of people received a few odd glances from the inhabitants of the city as they were walking in a strangely well ordered line for no apparent leader. None of the members of the town could bring themselves to question the odd guests who’d appeared from seemingly nowhere. A mechanic of Nimh’s watch was actually putting the thought to leave the newcomers alone into the locals’ heads. “Please remember everyone to stay near me. I’ll try to keep you all safe from the dawgs,” he called over his shoulder.

Growing bored already of this little charade Bobby noticed a gym nearby with a free trial for three days. Figuring that he would be able to beat everyone back to the bus on their round trip the jock broke away from the group and entered the gym. Inside he found that it was pretty dark and eerily quiet as he pulled off his jacket to make up for the strangely hot atmosphere. The young jock could tell it was indeed a gym though as the smell of manly musk hung heavily in the air. “Hello? Anybody there?” the young man called out.

No response to his call but rather than be intelligent and leave the building Bobby just figured that nobody had heard him. Walking in further he saw the place was empty save for a bunch of exercise equipment and a large mat in the middle of the room. Turning around and looking around for someone to talk to Bobby figured he might give the mat a little test. Throwing his jacket over one of the ropes Bobby threw himself into the mat before bouncing a few times and smiling as he appreciated the arena. He threw off his shirt and the gaudy belt onto the rope and flexed his muscles in the beams of light that glowed onto the mat. “The guys will never believe I went to a wrestling mat in another universe,” he laughed. Throwing a few swings at the air as if he were boxing

with someone Bobby jumped as he heard a bark. The young man turned to find a group of men in extremely skimpy leather clothing, some in none at all, save for them all wearing rubber dog masks. One of them was completely made out of rubber though and he squeaked as he moved forward with a large grin on his face.

"Look what we have here, boys. Looks like someone came to join in our little gym," the large male chuckled. He was a doberman with an enormous cock throbbing between his legs. Bobby felt his stomach lurch for a moment before a grin spread across his face and he started to laugh.

"So this is how you trick the customers into thinking the park is real. You hire some guys to dress up in stupid BDSM gear and play the part of the big bad furies. Well sorry mister "dawg", but I don't believe it. Though if you really want me so bad, why don't we wrestle?" Bobby laughed. Some of the dawgs looked perplexed but the completely rubber dawg just grinned as he threw himself over the rope and flexed his muscles.

"Fine with me. I always love getting down and dirty with our next recruits," the dawg chuckled. The men in dawg masks below laughed and spread around the ring to prevent Bobby from running away. "If you manage to beat me, you can leave our little gym. If you lose though then I can get that body of yours," the dawg said with a twinkle in his eye.

Bobby just smirked and nodded as he got down into the wrestling position. The dawg also got in position across from him, his large prick bouncing with need beneath him. He was not only completely clad in rubber though, but he was wearing a harness that encircled his pert nipples. As Bobby could smell the rubbery musk from the other male he was starting to get an odd feeling of apprehension as the dawgs outside of the ring sniffled and slobbered almost like real dogs. Though they stood with a militaristic calmness, their feet bound in rubber boots. "You ready to go down under me, human?" the dawg asked with a sneer.

"Suck a dick, freak," Bobby sneered.

The dawg licked his chops with his rubbery tongue as he chuckled deeply. "That's the idea, boy," he said. Finally the imagery seemed to click in Bobby's head as he realized that he'd seen a real rubbery tongue come out of the muzzle and he gulped deeply as he put one and one together. The dawg's nose flared as he took a deep whiff of the air and grinned. "So you finally believe us then, boy?"

"D-doesn't matter," Bobby stuttered. Placing himself lower as he flexed his muscles he grinned. "You're gonna be going down. Now let's do this!" With that the pair approached one another and started to circle as Bobby tried to find a spot where he could grapple with the dawg. Now getting a better view of the male he could see a tail sticking out above a giant dildo planted in the male's ass. "Jesus," he grunted.

Taking the young man's momentary lapse the dawg tackled Bobby and nearly put him down on the first push. It took Bobby a moment to regain any ground as he was planted on his knees beneath the beefy male's body. Bobby blushed heavily as he felt the other male's cock bouncing against his cheek. "Come on, give it a little suck. You can get a little taste before blowing everyone in the room," the dawg chuckled. Bobby grunted as he managed to get the dawg off of him for now. The young man panted as the smell of spice lingered in his nostrils with a shocking potent effect on him making his pants tighten up a bit against his will. "Had such a close encounter to a suck, and according to your pants it doesn't seem like you're against the idea." The dawg's taunts were making Bobby angrier as wiped away some rubber cum from his face and wiped it off on his pants.

"You're a freak!" Bobby growled. With having said his piece he tackled the other male and got him into a headlock as he grunted and attempted to pull the dawg down. He was shocked though at how absolutely ripped the other male was as he barely was bending as the dawg started to chuckle as it dawned on Bobby how strong he really was.

"Having some problems, boy?" the dawg asked. As if he'd flipped a switch he twisted on the spot and clenched Bobby in between his arms and the human lost his grip. He found himself right in front of the dawg's face with a big grin allowing for Bobby to smell the mixture of rubber and cum on his breath. "Come on, give me a big kiss," the dawg growled.

The smell of rubber and cum was having an odd reaction on Bobby as he let out a small gasp, his dick hardening up in his pants as the onlooking dawgs barked in excitement. Bobby jerked his head away as he attempted to pull out of the dawg's grasp but this time it seemed like the giant male had grown tired of messing around. "Time to finish this little game," the male grunted. Bobby had one more idea though as he looped his hand into the bigger male's leather harness and with a swing he was able to slip out from the bigger male's grip and staggered away.

The dawg stood up and smirked as he turned to see the young man trying to get himself up with the help of the ropes. Bobby turned to look around for his pouch, perhaps this would be a good time to use it... until he saw the belt being dug through by some of the curious dawgs. "Fuck..." Bobby hissed. He felt a muscled arm wrap around his chest and before he could stop the mass of muscle he found himself on his knees and elbows pinned to the ground. "Get off me..." he wheezed.

"Of course... as soon as you give up... or I'll just pin you down. Mmm... you're gonna make such a good dawg..." the male chuckled. Bobby felt his cheeks turning a bright red as he realized that by now he was flying a full erection. The feeling of muscles against his body with the musk corrupting his mind was becoming hard to not desire.

"No... I won't..." Bobby begged. The dawg pushed him down further towards the ground as the young man's muscles screamed for him to give up. It was taking literally everything he had to not get pinned down. "F-fine! I... I give..." the young man whimpered. The dawg howled in victory as he let off of Bobby releasing the man as he felt his body ache in pain. He tried to stand up but at the current moment his body refused to move as his muscles were aching so bad that he could barely think about scratching his nose.

Feeling tears going down his cheeks he grimaced as two of the dawgs jumped onto the mat and grabbed under his armpits to stand him up. The dawg now held a golden retriever mask in his hands and Bobby nearly whimpered in terror. "I thought this would fit you well, a nice obedient dawg for our ranks. Don'cha think boys?" the head dawg asked. Many agreed, as Bobby's pants were ripped off of him along with his underwear leaving him with a bobbing erection. Approaching the captured young man the dawg held the mask above his head. "Now ask for it, boy. Do it and your torment can end here and you can start enjoying yourself."

Bobby shook his head and whined as he felt one of the dawgs tweaking his nipple making his erection bob even harder as he felt a growing need to cum. This was quickly shut down as the other dog wrapped his hand around the male's cock stopping him from cumming. "Fuck!" Bobby yelled. Looking down at himself he realized that he wasn't getting out of this, he was captured, and very soon would be one of them... and there was no stopping it. "F... fine... I want it... please..."

The head dawg grinned as he slip the mask over his head and Bobby closed his eyes as he felt it tighten around his face... becoming his face in fact. He let out a whine as he felt all those human thoughts get pushed out, the desire to be a dawg and follow the orders of his masters was growing in him. He panted as his tongue squeaked and he licked his chops. "How do you feel, dawg?" the leader asked.

The new dawg whimpered as he felt his cock throb at the sight of the muscled sexy beast. "I feel good, boss. So very good, can I suck you off?" he panted. The desire was overwhelming, somewhere in his head he remembered being human, but that was overwritten by being a loyal dawg.

"Very good, but not right now. You were giving me quite a few issues, today we'll just get you dressed up in a chastity box and some rubber gear. Once I think you deserve it, I'll let you suck a few of us off," the dawg said. The golden retriever barked sadly but nodded as he followed behind the leader, hoping that someone might still bone him later...

Stepping back onto the bus, Nimh started taking a head count as the girl from earlier was freaking out. "Where's my boyfriend?! I can't find him!" she screamed.

Nimh sighed as he counted seven missing from his group. "Looks like a few of the group wandered off, let me do a quick bio check," he said. Pulling out his mobile once more he checked the status of the fanny packs each tourist wore, noting that 5 indicators were a solid red and two that were green. He checked the positioning of the blips on a map application and surveyed the area. He looked up to see a pair of tourists that were fast approaching.

"S... sorry... got caught up eating..." they panted. Nimh sighed in relief as he gestured for them to go on. According to the device though the other five had all been transformed.

"Welp, from the first group we've lost five. Looks like we'll have to go on without them," Nimh explained. Suze was near hysterical as she screamed and tried to jump off of the bus but she was quickly restrained by the others. Nimh had to admit that he was a bit pissed that Sam was bitching away on the back of the bus but for now he'd just have to put up with him. "Alright everyone, we're heading out. Buckle up!"

End of Part 1

Interlude 1

The world around the tourbus shimmered growing blurrier and blurrier as the bus activated its dimension hopping mechanisms, then in a flash of light, the bus zapped out of the Rubber Dawg's reality and appeared once more in the blackness of suspended emptiness between worlds. Nimh pressed a few more buttons on the control panel in front of him, checked his appearance by fixing his handkerchief and smiling to check the whiteness of his teeth in the mirror. In a minute or so, the tour bus would be entering the next stage of the tour... by random choice of course. He stood and blew back a few strands of violet hair from his face and put on a smile before turning to face his remaining tourists. The tour bus was still mostly full despite the 5 members that went missing in the Rubber Dawg's reality and already the majority of the tourists were oohing and aahing at the various glowing bubbles that represented other universes or realities zipping on by in their journey.

Sometimes there would be an image or a flash of the contents of the world, which is what some tourists were snapping pictures at. "So far so good," Nimh mumbled to himself as he checked his watch. They were a little off schedule, he would have to make his next tour a little shorter to compensate. "Hey Nimh, NIMH" Sam yelled from the back of the bus. Nimh's ears flicked down in an annoyed fashion. He gave a light sigh then looked up, his toothy smile plastered on his face that felt fake even to him. In

the back Sam was sitting next to Suzy, the poor girl that lost her boyfriend to the Rubber Dawgs. “Ya better be watching out, Nimh! This bitch says she is gonna sue for the loss of her boyfriend.” Sam had that troublemaker’s grin on his face. Of course, Suzy couldn’t sue the company for the loss, the waiver each tourist signed ensured that, but Sam... Sam clearly had it in for him and was causing trouble just to get on his nerves.

Nimh padded over to the back where Suzy and Sam sat, “Look Suzy, I am sorry for your loss, I truly am. But the rules outlined in the contract and in my clear and cut warnings at the beginning of this tour are absolute. At some point, your boyfriend deviated from the group and no, he wasn’t simply grabbed,” Nimh said before Suzy could tearfully rebuke him for incompetence, “An additional countermeasure I possessed ensures that inhabitants of worlds we encounter WILL ignore tourists so long as they are within a certain range of me. That is to say, unless of course the inhabitants possess mind control or mind affecting abilities of their own without using physical stimuli. The Rubber Dawgs do not possess this ability,” Nimh cleared his throat uncomfortably as Suzy sniffled and was about to comfort her more while Sam glared at him for using logic to try and defuse the situation when the tourbus navigation systems beeped. They were coming onto their next stop.

Nimh quickly retreated back to the front of the bus, pressed a few buttons so he would see what is coming up on the view screen then said into the microphone, “Attention Tourists, we are coming up on our next stop now, hold onto your snacks and other loose items as we push into the boundary to this upcoming reality.” The bus began to shake as it seemingly accelerated towards one of the glowing balls directly in front that grew exponentially bigger and bigger. There was a slow, almost squeezing sensation that everyone on the bus felt for a moment as the bus winked out from the void it was traveling in. A few seconds later, the bus came to a shuddering stop. Nimh turned around and threw out a paw for theatrics, “Welcome to..... Stank Skunk Island!”

End Interlude 1

Part 2: A Smelly Paradise

Warning: contains scent play, paw play, rimming, m->femboi, nipple/breastplay, anal, mind contro, skunks, spray, gas

The magic school bus, that is, the technologically advanced multi universal transportation vehicle, otherwise known as the the Funventures Furpocalypse Tour bus, shimmered into view at the edge of a sturdy looking wood and steel pier floating gently

on a rubber and wood platform that materialized in the waves beneath the bus. Outside of the windows to the starboard side and available video screens throughout the tour bus was a lush looking island. complete with the white sand, palm trees, deep blue sky and endless teal blue seas in all directions.. Nimh, the blue sailor outfit wearing anthro cheetah with back length well groomed violet hair, stood up and turned from the front seat of the tour bus facing the tourists. He threw out a white and yellow furred paw as he said dramatically, "Welcome to Stank Skunk Island!"

"Sounds like a smelly place," Sam Witokowsky said with a chuckle. A few of the tourists groaned, one even throwing a balled up piece of paper at him. Suzy, who was sitting next to him giggled after choking back a sob, she was miserable after losing her boyfriend in the previous stop.

Nimh went on unperturbed, "Here at Stank Skunk Island, we will be witnessing the bizarre continuous mating rituals of skunks from the mind of a furry writer interested, no, obsessed with scent and muskplay fetishes. To that end, anyone willing to come outside of the bus with me MUST and I have to stress MUST wear the gas mask they will find in the lime green pouch of their fanny pack at ALL TIMES. We are not responsible for you after you remove your gas mask. Don't be fooled by the sunny beaches, the whimsical looking dancing palm trees, or anything the skunks may do to make you feel welcome. It is ALL a deception. Got it?" Nimh at this point was demonstrating pulling out a gas mask from his own fanny pack as he talked, "I've been here a few times before and each time, these skunks find ways to lure a few people from the tourbus away from the main group. Now.... who's coming out with me?"

A few minutes later, Nimh and around 20 others left the bus, all of whom were wearing gas masks that covered their faces completely. As Nimh explained, other than scent, the tourists risk exposure if the gas was able to get into their eyes, or even their ears. The others in the tour bus watched from the windows and the videos of Nimh's head mounted camera complete with voice from a microphone in his own gas mask. Each tourist felt a prickle as they walked through the small force field that kept indigenous life forms from seeing the vehicle. Nimh stood amidst the growing crowd as he waved his arms to silence them and grab their attention. "Make sure you all stay close to me, we are about to enter skunk territory. Once again I must stress, do NOT be fooled by appearances. Once we move a certain range from the bus, they WILL be able to notice us, but because of the way they were written by their creator, they treat us as if we are tourists aka victims to be taken and changed if you leave the group. I am looking at you Marco and Lisa, you were incredibly lucky to escape from the Rubber Dawgs. Honestly, eating THEIR food? This isn't some sort of vacation where you are free to buy their

overpriced sweet meats lightly salted and sugar sweetened with dried delectable *shrllip* plums.” Nimh brought an arm up to his gas mask covered face and attempted to wipe his maw. “Woops, I forgot I can’t do that.” he swallowed his drool then continued as if nothing happened.

“Anyways, Don’t. Leave. The. Group. Don’t. Take. Off. Your. Mask. And. DO. Have. Fun. Now, follow me.” Nimh turned and began leading the group from the pier up the sand covered wooden steps and towards a group of wooden buildings with palm leaves interwoven for roofs. Just as he crested the hill, the bus loudspeaker crackled as Sam said, “I’ll give ya thirty minutes before ya lose one Nimh!” Nimh turned around and raised an angry fist, “Get off of that, you don’t have permission to use it!” the loudspeaker abruptly turned off as Nimh muttered to himself angrily. He then began to actually give his tour unmolested as he led the tourists through the streets. At first the skunks ignored Nimh and the tourists, but soon some of the skunks began to give those in the group a more than interested look as they got further from the bus.

The skunks came in a variety of shapes and sizes, the majority of whom however were rather muscular males wearing nothing but loincloths with several “tribal,” though really they looked more punkish with the use of silver and gold nose and lip rings, piercings. Every so often however, there were smaller skunks with more slender builds, some of whom had a pair or several pair of tits on them. These smaller skunks were almost always at the arm of one or two of the larger masculine skunks or were running some of the vendor booths.

Several times, Nimh called a stop allowing the Tourists to observe their surroundings and a few skunks engaging in heavy paw play and scent play with muzzles in each other’s rears or stinky foot paws. “If you press the little button here next to your eye ports, you can activate “smello-vision which will allow you to see the scent trails in the air. Make sure you activate the filter first though or else you will be blinded, literally by all the clashing scents” Nimh said. This tour was going smashingly for once. The cheetah’s tail twitched as he checked his watch. 31 minutes and not a single casualty. Nimh stuck out his tongue in an approximation of a raspberry towards the direction of the bus, turning his back fully to the tour group for just one moment. Marco and Lisa were in the very back of the group. They started the tour in the front next to Nimh, but slowed their step intentionally until everyone else passed them by and now as they noticed Nimh doing something silly, they whispered to each other while the feline was distracted..

“Want to ditch the group again and see if we can take back any souvenirs?” Marco asked, his filtered voice reaching Lisa in a muted fashion, “What? It’s hard to understand you Marco,”

Marco sighed then went up to her his hands cupped near his speaker and next to the area where Lisa’s ear would be, both of them now stopping as the group started pulling ahead, “Do you want to ditch the group and see if we can get any souvenirs?” Lisa smiled behind her mask, “Just like the Rubber Dawg’s world? I can’t believe they gave us that butt plug tail and that mask for free,” Marco chuckled, “Yea, good thing you hid it in the fanny pack, that stupid cat won’t look there for contraband like this.” Marco looked past her and realized their opportunity was about to pass, “Well.... let’s get going then.”

In the middle of the group a bespeckled man in his mid 30s attempted to clear the fog from his vision. He was a bit on the heavier side so his constant heavy breathing in his mask caused his eye glasses to fog up. No matter how much he wiped, Frank couldn’t see shit. He walked slower and slower, and soon he too was left behind by the group as Nimh turned a corner and missed Frank’s plight entirely. The skunks were now openly selling their wares, whether it be actual tourist trap products, their bodies, or suspicious refreshments. They clearly noticed the tourists now that they were too far from the Bus to keep them from being seen. Poor Frank however, didn’t even know he was left behind as he sensed bodies, many bodies around him. He assumed that furry arm he felt rubbing against his sweaty arm was Nimh trying to help him though it was strangely darker and thicker than he remembered. He latched onto that arm as it led him off from the main street and into a building which was out of the hot oppressive sunlight. “Here, let me help you with that,” a muffled voice offered, “Thanks for stopping the group for me,” Frank sighed as the paws he felt around his head grasped the tightened straps. Soon he felt the pressure release from his gas mask as a blast of air conditioned air hit him from all sides. “Ahhhhhhhh....” he sighed already feeling a little refreshed. His eyes were closed as the gas mask sat in his hands, then he heard a giggle and felt the fur of twin cheeks press against his face. “What?” A white striped black fluffy tail rose up above him, then he screamed as the spray from that big black juicy pucker hit him all over the face.

Further down the trail, Nimh’s ear twitched as he turned hearing the scream. He checked his tracking device and saw that the number corresponding to Frank was far away and blinking yellow then switched to a blinking red color. 2 more blips were also far behind and moving back towards the bus. Theirs were solid and green which meant they were not infected. As for Frank, it was too late for him, the potential danger of this world was so incredibly high when traveling alone, Nimh knew. “Ignore the scream in

the distance. Lets keep moving people. The tour isn't over yet." "But.... if we are already losing people, then shouldn't we head back before we lose any others-" A man timidly asked, "I said Let's keep moving. The skunks already know where we are. If we show signs of panic, they WILL advance on us...well, advance on you guys, I have the watch," Nimh replied coolly as he reached into the lime green pouch and pulled out a bottle of air freshening disinfectant. "Alright everyone. From here on out, I want each and every one of you to pull out your air cleansing disinfectant bottles. They are especially treated to repel Skunks if they try to nab you. Just aim for their noses alright?" There were sounds of affirmation as the now less than 20 tourists in this group continued on. Nimh continued to explain that if a skunk were to tear off a gas mask or somehow puncture it, the tourist was to spray the area around him until Nimh gave him or her a replacement or a temporary countermeasure.

Frank came too with a choking gasp. He was lying on the sandy floor of some darkened hut. the last thing he remembered was that big ass, the spray, and that big juicy set of musky balls dangling beneath that swung around right before the spray hit him in the face. He blinked away the sand from his eyes then sat up. Big musky balls? Why weren't his eyes and nose burning with the strength of that scent? He sniffed the air smelling nothing but skunk around him and on him then got to his knees. The scent of other skunks around him and their potent scent through his surprisingly clear sinuses made his loins stir. An image of those big pendulous balls battered into his confused mind. His loins stirred again. He had to sniff those balls again even though the idea made the more rational part of his mind disgusted with himself. He looked around and saw the skunk reclining on a chair to his left. The skunk was an impressive specimen, all muscles, no fat, though it was hard to tell him apart from any other skunk on the island other than the fact that it was male. The skunk's green eyes seemed to glow, penetrating Frank from the darkness, "So you are awake... you don't look like much for a new skunk, but I am sure that will change very very soon."

Frank raised an eyebrow feeling a bit better as he got prepared to stand. The stirring in his loins were slowly building into true arousal as his pants tented slightly. Now that his glasses were no longer foggy, the air did not smell bad at all. What was there to fear? "*Gas mask my ass,*" he thought to himself, "*we never needed them in the first place.*" "Look skunk, I don't know who you are or why you sprayed me with your... well... spray, but I'm gonna go back to the tour now."

"You are?" the skunk asked incredulously, stretching and revealing his large smelly footpaws in the light of the window to the human, "Well... if you can resist sticking your face in my big smelly dirty paws and sniffing deeply for a full 10 seconds, I'll escort you

to the bus myself cutie pie,” the skunk nonchalantly. Of course, the skunk didn’t know what the bus looked like, nor did he know exactly where it was. He only knew an approximation of the direction the tourists came from. Frank blushed, the words about anything smelly causing his loins to stir further much to the horrifying realization to the humans surface thoughts. But if he could last for those 10 seconds, then the skunk would take him back right?. “Alright, you got a deal,” he responded. Frank got back on his knees, stirring up some sand. He absentmindedly rubbed his eyes, his hands unimpeded by the glasses that were no longer perched on the bridge of his nose since they had fallen off earlier in his initial fall. It did not occur to him that his glasses were off... nor did it occur that his vision was now crystal clear without the need of anything artificial to correct his vision, or even that his eyes were now a startling yellow color. The skunk counted teasingly, taking longer than full seconds for each number intentionally, “1.....2.....3.....4.” It wasn’t like the skunk actually feared the human would have the self control to resist. None did before.

By the time the skunk hit 4, Frank was licking his lips his eyes riveted onto the skunk’s cock, his balls, and those foot paws. He only needed to last 6 more seconds. 6 seconds and he would be back with the tour safe and sound. The air of stank skunk island flowed freely into Frank’s body, inundating his subconscious thoughts and flowing through his blood with each breathe. With frightening speed an almost greenish haze formed in Frank’s mind’s eye blurring his thoughts, corrupting his memories, stealing away the origins of his very identity. Frank began to crawl towards the skunk, thoughts of escape dwindling.

“5.....6.....7.....8.....9” With each number counted, Frank crawled closer and closer to the object of his damnation or perhaps his freedom? Frank blinked when the touch of his nose on one of the skunk’s foot paws caused him to pause. He realized he was so close to escape, yet for some reason, he couldn’t get up no matter how much a shrinking part of his mind screamed and encouraged him to resist. He opened his nostrils and took a deep whiff, the concentrated corruptive musky scent practically wafting off of those big stanky paws like the special goggles from earlier showed. The skunk above grinned evilly and mashed his footpaws against Frank’s nose and face in response, making sure to slowly rub the paw pads and gap between digits slowly over Frank’s face. Frank groaned, his cock twitching in his pants as it leaked out some pre. He licked a clawed toe then took an even deeper breath of the stench emanating from it. Frank moaned as the front of his pants tented enormously, his attraction to such degrading scents and the abuse increasing dramatically as his brain continued to be rewired by the power of the musk and the nature of the current reality. It was then he accepted the fact that he wouldn’t be getting back on the tour bus and he found he was

not particularly afraid of that eventuality. What was left for him back home anyways? He couldn't even remember. He opened his yellowed eyes as he grabbed at that paw and brought it to his mouth sucking on it and licking it as he went. The skunk in front of him gave a sharp laugh and brought a paw to his big black cock to begin stroking.

Frank was lost in the degradation he was experiencing. The smell of the heavy musk in the air continued to warp his desires, thoughts, and now his body. He looked up to see the darkness receding, unaware that his vision was actually improving to the point it was giving him better darkvision. In front of him was a big throbbing, smelly black cock. He sniffed and sniffed and sniffed again at those paws and dragged himself further forward to rub that cock the skunk was still rubbing against his swelling nose, cheeks and face as fur began to slowly sprout. His nose darkened, then slowly grew larger as his face swelled forward into a proto muzzle. The skunk groaned with pleasure, feeling his tail rise again from the sensation of bringing another visiting tourist into the fold. He sprayed the chair he was sitting on then, his ass twitching as his glands released his signature but highly corruptive scent. The former tourist before him continued to groan and rub his growing muzzle against his big smelly cock as the air in the room grew thicker and thicker with the corruptive scent. Black fur began to seep through the back of his shirt as long furs grew like wildfire down his back towards his tailbone.

Frank continued to take deeper and deeper breathes as the air in the enclosed building grew ever thicker from the musk on their bodies and from the Skunk's scent glands. Soon Frank progressed to licking at the cock and balls above him. Somehow he had dragged himself up the Skunk's leg until his now more skunk than human head was up against the skunk's genitals. Frank was completely lost in the sensations as his own smaller fleshy peach cock dribbling precum constantly into his pants creating a very large wet spot. As the moments passed however, his clothes began to disintegrate from the edges as if the newly blossoming skunk never wore them. The fanny pack he was wearing had a little light indicator in the back that was blinking yellow. But it soon it turned red as it no longer detected the wearer it was assigned to. The clasps from around Frank's waist unclasped as the fanny pack fell to the floor then shimmered and disappeared to be retrieved from the void later by the "Asset recovery squad." Frank was no longer a tourist, he was one of the skunks or soon would be.

Fur continued to grow all over Frank's body in a similar pattern to his new stinky mentor in front of him. His disintegrating clothes revealing smooth glossy fur beneath. An appendage grew from Frank's tailbone, the beginnings of his new tail as the Skunk Master, enjoying the sensations of a new recruit lathering his musky cock and balls with his face, brought his footpaws down under Frank and slowly rubbed his footpaws

against the flesh of Frank's cock. Frank shivered, a white stripe forming in his black fur from the back of his head to the tip of his slowly growing fluffy tail as his cock swelled in length and girth as the pigmentation on his sensitive flesh grew darker and darker.

The Master Skunk continued to press his footpaws against his new slave's cock, which continued to grow larger and larger, soon twice the size it was previously in both length and girth. Frank whimpered and whined, his finished skunk face simply saturated with his Master's pre. The Master skunk sensed his new slave was close to giving up his former identity completely. The scent and musk completely saturated Frank's brain now, sinking in deeper and deeper as the scent on his body lost its last traces of humanity.

"It isn't too late you know. There is a way to change you back, you can still be saved or 'enlightened' much in the same way as that cute cheetah boi," The skunk said teasingly with a smirk, "Nimh does have a way to change you back if you can only resist me and make it to the bus before they leave," The Skunk Master taunted. Frank looked up, the Master Skunks' big black cock connected to his own thickening lower lip by a thick line of precum. "L-I-leave?" he asked confusedly, there was so little left of Frank inside of the convert's head. He shivered and came onto the sand as those talented stinky footpaws got the leftover human seed all over them. The former human shivered, his pink tongue lolling from his maw as the last of all human thoughts dwindled away and was converted. The Master Skunk grinned and shrugged, Frank was one of the weaker humans he had come across, he should get an appropriate role for it. The Master skunk watched amused as Frank's wallet on a nearby small table caught on fire, then faded away into ash. That was that then, time to customize.

The Master skunk relaxed his muscles in his cock and allowed himself to finally cum all over the nameless skunk slave's muzzle, face, head, and back, effectively marking the new skunk of Stank Skunk Island as his property. The gooey thick mess dripped off of skunk slave causing the fur that still needed to cover the skunk slave's ass, legs, and hands to cover those areas in a sheet of what felt like a cleansing fire as claws sprang from the skunk slave's digits with black paw pads forming beneath. Without needing to be told, the skunk slave pulled back, turned around and presented his ass to his Master, new memories fabricated by the creator of Stank Skunk Island's writing entering his brain. His name is Felicity and he is Master Art's slave. Art, the master skunk in question felt the injection of false memories that would become real of his new, or perhaps, only recent slave. This was his favorite part of the process, this was the part where he truly held the power of a god.

Presenting that ass to him, Felicity currently held the body of an average skunk of the island. But, the first few hours of a human's transformation into a skunk were important. Felicity's body was still in flux for the first few hours, which means the skunk that owned a new convert stood to not only gain a new slave completely loyal, but a slave whose body was his canvas. Master Art started by putting his paws on Felicity's ass, willing it to expand and grow into a big plump furry bubble butt. As he did so he leaned down and sniffed Felicity's tailhole, then licked it making it plumper, more rubbery in texture, wider, and thicker. The perfect fuck hole. Felicity moaned as the sensitivity in his ass increased dramatically, "Oh Master <3~~~~" he said as his new scent glands sprayed for the first time over Art's face. Art grinned, taking in that scent of his slave, "You have a hair trigger down there huh?" he teased. He licked the scent glands, grinning as he gave Felicity a few more or less unique traits to set him apart from other skunks, "Well now you have something else to teach you a kinky lesson." Felicity just moaned in response lost in the new pleasurable sensations from his ass.

Art continued up Felicity's body with his hands; rubbing and massaging Felicity's body as Felicity's hips widened and waist narrowed. Felicity grew shorter and shorter, going down from the 6 foot 2 when human to nearly 5 foot 8 losing muscle mass in the process to gain a particularly femboish body. Felicity's cock looked larger and larger on his body though really it was because the femboi skunk shrank. But as that happened, violet head hair, the same color as his Master's eyes grew from his head, long and silky down to the curve of his ass with the tip rubbing the base of his tail. Art turned the now much lighter Felicity onto his ass and leaned down to lick those pink perky nipples. Felicity squealed as his adam's apple shrank away even as his own shrunken balls grew flatter and flatter against his loins. Like his cock earlier, Felicity's nipples grew darker in complexion until they too were completely black and shiny to an almost rubbery degree. Art suckled on each nipple, licking it slowly forcing the areolae to expand and the nipples to grow thicker and longer past the point of being "male" as small breasts formed on Felicity's chest. They remained small but wide, perfect for Art's various crossdressing fantasies.

Art crawled up Felicity's body, until his big heavy cock rubbed against Felicity's smaller one, he cupped Felicity on the face and kissed him full on the muzzzzle. As he did so, Felicity's face grew more and more feminine as his lips plumped, his eyes grew more expressive and his facial features became softer. Once the kiss was finished, Master Art drew back and stood helping the new femboi skunk onto his feet. Felicity giggled and blushed, trying to hide his nipples from his lover and Master. The pair were silent for a second, Felicity's new memories flooding his thoughts, then Master Art smiled warmly and asked, "Would you like to go shopping Felicity? I have several outfits in mind for a

cute smelly skunk boi like you.” “Would I?” Felicity said with a grin. He raised his tail and let out a long drawn out hiss as he released from his scent glands adding his own scent in the air to mix more heavily with his Master’s. “The big boys are going to have a lot of fun with you later,” Art said with a chuckle, “Let’s get going, if we don’t we are going to miss the surviving tourists leave.” “Tourists? Where? Can you make me a “sister” slave?” Felicity asked with a pouting begging expression on his face. “Sorry Felicity, but they are too close to the bus, we can’t act on them now... but the next one however is another story.”

“Thats 15....16..... 17..... 18....18 tourists out of 22 that went out on this particular stop” Nimh said dismally. Nimh was standing next to the entrance to the bus as he counted the last person to walk past him. His tail flicked in annoyance. They lost Frank Castenza, Bill Wash, and that couple Marco and Lisa. He checked his scanning device and raised an eye perplexed. Frank and Bill’s indicators from their belts were now reporting that they were in the void waiting to be collected along with the previous victims from the Rubber Dawg’s world. But Marco and Lisa’s indicators were less than a mile away and moving fast. Nimh looked up and brushed some of his violet bangs from his eyes and peered into the deepening darkness of the evening. He saw two forms running along the beach towards the bus waving arms. That was the second time they left the group intentionally, Nimh noticed. He would have to keep a better eye on them in the future for their own good.

10 minutes later, Marco and Lisa made it to the bus, “Because of you two troublemakers, we are going to be at least 6 minutes late to our next stop, 10 if you count our lateness in our previous stop as well.” Nimh growled, “Next time, stick with the group or else we may not be able to wait for you two to return for the safety of the other tourists.” Lisa looked up with an expression of fear on her face, Marco however looked unapologetic. “So what if we are late? We are the customers paying you to protect us and show us around this place. You don’t get to dictate what we can and cannot do, you can only advise us and keep us safe or we can sue when we get back.” Marco argued as he poked a finger into Nimh’s chest fluff. Nim’s ears flattened, his violet eyes flashed, but he bit his tongue and let the pair onto the bus. With a heavy rage filled sigh, he got onto the bus and closed the door behind him.

“Wow, those lovebirds showed you kitty cat.” Sam taunted from the back.

"Shut up Witokowsky!" Nimh growled baring his fangs. Some of the other tourists tittered nervously and a few laughed at the tour guide's antics. He turned around and took a moment to compose himself feeling his hackles lower. Then he smoothed down some fur and notified central command of the two additional losses. All things considered, 7 lost tourists in the first two stops were actually not that bad, but it was the principle of the matter. He pressed a few more buttons on the panel and turned around with a fake toothy smile plastered on his face, "I hope you all enjoyed Stank Skunk Island, we had a few hairy moments, but because those of you that came with me mostly followed directions most of you came back human. Now on to the next stop." The bus hummed and shuddered as it shimmered in the dying sunlight and disappeared from its current stop, launching itself into the void between worlds as it continued its Tour.

End Part Two

Interlude 2

The bus lurched forward, rolling across the street for a few moments, before shimmering and vanishing into the ether. Nimh stood in the front of the bus, which was moving on autopilot towards a new destination he'd picked. The bus could be set to Random-Walk, where it picked worlds to visit at random, or to Automatic, where the tour director selected the next location and the bus drove itself to it in the safest way possible. For emergencies, there was also a Manual setting, but that would require Nimh to drive and operate the bus completely by himself, with no automatic systems to guide him. He'd only ever done that once, and he didn't want to do it again if he could avoid it.

"And that concludes our visit to the world where nanotechnology is being used to gradually turn all humans into gay male latex furies as a means of population control. Astonishingly enough, we didn't lose anyone that time! Good job. Give yourselves all a pet on the back."

A tourist named Dominic Lensford, seated at the back row of the bus, raised a hand. "Don't you mean a PAT on the back, fuzzball?"

"What? Why would I-" Nimh blinked. "Oh yeah. Forgot you humans don't like being petted as much." He reached over and opened a mini-fridge that was kept right next to the driver's seat, grabbing a bottle of water from it. "During this time I'd like to offer anyone who wants any some refreshments. Funventures offers complimentary orange

slices and bottled water for all our passengers. If you'd prefer an alternative, we have a wide variety of sodas and other beverages, which are available for a nominal fee."

Sam Witokowsky , trying to keep a straight face, raised a hand. "Can I get a Hetap?"

Nimh growled. "Witokowsky , we both know there's no such beverage as a Hetap, quit trying to throw me off!" He grumbled, as the remaining passengers began lining up to get beverages. "Our next destination will be quite safe, so we can split up. We're going to use the Buddy System, and if you wish to look around a bit, you can feel free to split off from my security as long as you stick with your buddy and follow three simple rules."

A tourist named Naria, who was one of the first people in line, grabbed a bag of orange slices and a bottle of water. "Quite SAFE? That's what you said about the Stuffed Animal Planet, and look at what happened to Tommy and Timmy!" She glared down at Nimh, being at least a head taller than him.

Nimh narrowed his eyes and pointed up at her. "Hey! I told them explicitly NOT to jump into the Plush Pit, and they chose not to listen to me. That's on them." He took a sip of his water bottle. "Besides, they're both still with us, right?"

Several of the tourists listening turned and looked up at one of the cloth overhead bins, where a stuffed chartreuse bunny with a heart on it's butt, and a stuffed bear with a top hat and a small plastic dildo strapped around its' neck as a necklace were suspended. Both toys were entirely inanimate.

"I mean, sorta..." Nimh trailed off, squirming. A lull of silence had descended over the remaining tourists as the bus jerked back into motion. Of the crowd of forty-eight tourists who had left, there were a mere twenty three left. Suze sobbed quietly in the back of the bus, the only silence to break the moment.

Nimh's face was deadpan as he looked over the crowd. He heard the girl crying, his lower right eye twitching. "Just remember. They all asked for this." He muttered, gritting his teeth. There was another moment of near-silence, as a flash went off. Someone was taking a picture of the void. He looked back over the slumping, dejected figure of Suze and growled "Ah dammit..." before walking over to her and putting a paw on her shoulder. "So, we should talk."

He sat down next to her. There was no need for him to worry about driving the bus, since the autopilot was on. He poked the girl. "Hey, look at me."

“W-whadda want? Lemme alone.” Suze said, through mixed whimpers.

Nimh tucked his paws behind his head and slouched. “I can’t really do that, honey. You’re crying a lot and it’s kinda making it awkward for everyone else.”

She snarled at him. “That’s real sensitive of you, *darn dirty polecat*.”

Nimh turned his head to scowl at her. “Wow, ok, racist!” he sighed and closed his eyes. “Ok, just give me a second. I mentioned at the start of this thing where I’m from, right? I’m not a real person like any of you on this bus. I’m a character from one of the multitude of worlds we’re visiting. With me so far?”

Suze wiped a tear away from her face. “Yeah... what’s your point?”

Nimh waved a paw. “I asked you to gimme a second. Anyways, the place I’m from was literally just a gay bathhouse floating in the void out there. Straight human guys would come in from who-knows-where and get turned into gay big cats with the bodies of male models and the libido of teenagers, then leave to the void again.” He tilted his head up to the ceiling of the bus. “I was ‘born’ as a bitchy, hotheaded, spoiled 18 year old straight caucasian brat who wasn’t nice to anyone. My only real significance in life was to get raped in the ass by a big brawny lion as a punishment for my own jerky hubris, to be turned into a spiteful yet powerless conquest for him before leaving.” He sighed. “I don’t have memories of anything before checking into that bathhouse, and were it not for the corporation with which I work, I may have walked out the door of that bathhouse with a sore ass and ceased to exist entirely. But I’m getting off-topic.” He folded his arms in front of him. “My human author never intended to make me a sympathetic character. The scene I get the most time in works better if the reader loves to hate me. The way I was written makes it difficult for me to be touchy or feely. I’m not good at being nice to people unless I’m being paid to care about them.” He crossed his legs. “But I feel like I should be saying something here to make this feel less terrible for you.”

He turned and pointed at her. “Your boyfriend isn’t your boyfriend anymore. The man you knew is gone. That sucks, no question.” He growled. “And I get that you liked the big galoot. But here’s the point I want to make: Unlike me, you’re not a one-sided bit role in some cheesy porn story someone wrote, with no real definition. You’re a human with real character, real feelings, and real depth. You can learn and grow to overcome that wound. I probably can’t ever improve myself like that. I’ll always be an unlikable, bitchy gay sub because it’s how I was written. You can be stronger than this, though,

so... try to be, I guess?" He watched her glare at him, winced, and sighed again. "Ok, yeah, I'm shit at this. Look, it sucks now, not gonna make light of that. But you're gonna be ok, one way or another. You'll get home and find some big hot guy who treats you right back in your own real universe. Or maybe you'll find something in one of these worlds that makes you happy while also giving you fur and fangs or whatever. I know that wars have been started over humans between the more organized worlds before."

"Wars? What do you mean?" Suze rubbed her eyes, drying her tears. She still felt like shit, but the cheetah was at least giving her something else to focus on.

Nimh waved a paw dismissively. "Yeeeeeah. Nothing to worry about, but... see, these are worlds created by fictions envisioned by humans like you, see? They only exist as much as your kind put into them. Some worlds are as small as the bathhouse I was "born" in, with one sided, flat characters and banal plots. Others are as large as a planet, or whole star systems or galaxies. It depends on how much work and imagination you humans put into them." He chuckled. "If a human actually comes to one of them? You make it more real, more fleshed out just by being there. By exploring it, you give it definition and realism. New characters arise whenever you ask an old soldier about his friends back home, or ask an otherwise stereotypical fratboy if he has an ex-girlfriend. Just by engaging them, you humans make them more real. They grow and become more real just by having someone there to imagine for them. That doesn't stop if you become part of them, either. Skunk Stank island used to be reeeeeeal tiny, for example."

Suze blinked. "Wait, is THAT why every world seems to have it out for us?" She balled her fists. "So we can make them more effing 'real'?!?"

The cheetah rolled his eyes. "Nah. Most of them don't even know that's a Thing. They're just horny fucks doing what comes naturally for them." He stood up. "The tour bus keeps away from most of the worlds where they're intelligent and organized to pull crap like that. It's safer for everyone."

"Huh." Suze stuck her hands in her pockets. "This... whatever the fuck this conversation was about, actually sorta made me feel better. Or at least it made start thinking about stuff that I'd rather think about." She pushed herself out of a slouching position.

"Thanks, I guess. I have just one question: What's to stop us humans from just making a world filled with iron and strip mining it or something? Or making a world with infinite wealth or technology we take back with us?"

Nimh chuckled. "Well, you see-"

The entire bus started to shake. Nimh and Suze looked up, seeing the middle aged, slightly balding figure of Dominic Lensford sitting behind the steering wheel of the Bus. "Mwahahaha!" He laughed, as he turned and pointed a pistol back at the rest of the crowd. "I've figured out the manual controls, and now we're taking a little detour, everyone..."

"DAMMIT Lensford!" Nimh stood up, pointing at him. The tourist's trigger finger twitched, and there was a gunshot. People screamed as Nimh squeaked and pulled himself back behind the seat.

"Careful, Tour Guide." Lensford cackled. "You're responsible for everyone here, right? Try to take the bus back and I start shooting people. All we're going to do is drop me off at a world of my own invention, and then you can have your tour back. If I'm feeling merciful, that is."

The cheetah was growling, pushing his claws out. "Third fucking time someone's tried to steal my tour bus, and it's always the same selfish asshole reasons!"

"HAW HAW!" Sam Witokowsky, sitting at the seat behind Suze and Nimh, pointed at the cheetah. "Let your guard down and lost control of the tour!"

"Shut it, Witokowsky! He doesn't even know how to navigate this thing!" Nimh snarled at him. "I'll just-"

There was a popping, then a hissing sound from the front. "Grrr! I didn't mean to press that button! It's ok, I can correct it-" Daniel Lensford started pressing buttons and flipping switches on the controls. The entire bus began to shake.

"YOU IDIOT, YOU'LL KILL US AL-" Nimh shouted, before there was a loud impact, and everything went white.

Part 3: Real Highschool Drama

Contains: M/F sex, M/M sex, species changing, gender changing, mind control/brainwashing, corruption, school setting, mice, wolves, bulls, tigers.

"Nnngh..." Suze moaned, rolling over, her vision blurry. As she sat up, clarity returned slowly. "W-what happened?" She looked up from where she was, and found her head

hitting the spongy padding of one of the back seat linings. “Huh?” As she looked up, she saw the bus was embedded in the ground, the front part of it pointed down in what appeared to be a crater. The entire bus was pointed down, so that the seats were the only thing that had kept her from falling towards the front windshield. Around her, she heard the groans and moans of other tourists, as people gradually recovered.

“Everyone remain calm! There has been a minor setback, but the tour will resume soon!” The voice of Nimh blared through the bus. She looked around, but didn’t see him anywhere. She cried out his name, but heard nothing. After a few more moments, Nimh’s voice blared to everyone again. “Everyone remain calm! There has been a minor setback, but the tour will resume soon!”

She sighed. “Oh. It’s just a recording, I guess.” She pushed herself up on all fours, against the back of the seat in front of hers. “I don’t see Mr. Lensford...” She looked around. Everyone else was accounted for, except for Donald Lensford and the group’s erstwhile tour guide. But she did notice one thing that was unusual. The front door of the tour bus was wide open. “Everyone, stay here! I’m going to investigate!” She rolled out onto the now-slanted walkway down the center of the tour bus. She slid down to the front of the bus and exited the vehicle, holding an hand over her eyes to shade herself from the sun.

The world that greeted her was... a parking lot. There was a bright blue sky up above the bus, the sun beating down on them from above. Cars twinkled in the noonday light, all in front of an enormous building. A small sign near an entryway into the parking lot declared the building to be “S.L.U.T Campus” She stood there for a few moments, before blinking. “What?”

“Obviously it’s a high school where all sorts of gratuitous, over-the-top sex happens, duh.” The voice of Nimh was like an arrow that struck her from behind. She whirled around, seeing him crouched in front of the crashed bus. “This whole place is basically just sex wrapped up in a fancy costume, as opposed to the blatant fucking of other worlds we’ve seen. Glad to see you’re alive, by the way.”

Suze ran up to him. “Nimh! What happened?”

The cheetah’s tail was lashing in frustration. “Dickbag crashed the bus. We’re not out of luck though, because I can fix it and the bus’ cloaking sensors kicked in. The bus and everything in it aren’t going to be noticed by people around here, and they’ll actually

avoid where it is, unless someone forces them to go near it.” He sighed. “No sign of Donald when I woke up. Guess he ran off.”

Suze raised an eyebrow. “Is this the world he wanted to go to?”

“Nah.” Nimh fiddled with bits on the bus. “This is the safe world I was going to take us to.”

“Safe?” She waved an arm around. “So there’s nothing dangerous about this world?”

Nimh’s ears flattened. “Weeeeeell... yeah, there is, but it’s not as obvious as the other ones. It’s really not a big deal, though.”

Suze tilted her body. “Oh? Are you going to lead us on a tour?” She ran a hand through her long black hair, smoothing out some tangles.

“What, you’re still curious after what happened with your boyfriend?” Nimh frowned.

“Well, I would if I could but I can’t so I shan’t. The tour bus is broke, and I’m the only guy here who can fix it. The good news is that we keep all the parts I need to repair the bus on the bus. The bad news is it’s gonna take me several hours, so we’ll be behind schedule even if I ignore everything else. As it is, we’re going to have to skip the stops at Paradiso and The Ranch.”

Suze frowned. “What about Mr. Lensford?”

“Him? Near as I can tell, he ran off when the bus crashed.” Nimh bared his fangs, and Suze could hear him growling as his tail thrashed back and forth against the pavement behind him. “Asshole. Good riddance”

She threw her hands in front of her. “What!?! We can’t just let him get away, can we? He threatened all of us and nearly killed us!”

The snarl on Nimh’s face fell away, as he turned from tinkering with the crashed bus to stare up at her. “So what, are you going to go after him and bring him to justice? Aren’t you supposed to be crying about your lost boyfriend?”

“It... still hurts.” Suze closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “But I had my hysterical moment already. I refuse to be a wimpy crybaby about this forever.” She sighed. “Back

home I'm a cop, and he just broke the law. If you're busy, I'll go after him. I've got a job I feel I should do, and doing something makes me feel less like shit."

Nimh closed his eyes. "Sure, let's call that a coping mechanism. Alright. Go drag his ass back here, if you want him to face human justice. Assuming you still can. There's something you should know about this place, Suze. It's just as dangerous as the other tour spots, in its own way. But I'm not gonna say it out loud, because Lensford might still be around somewhere and he deserves not to know." He waved a paw down. "Come here."

She crouched down and he leaned in to whisper to her. After a few moments, her eyes widened and she stood up. "Alright. I'm going then."

The bell rang, as Suze ran off towards the big building. A sign up above the front doors read "Superior Understanding of Leadership and Training High School". As she pushed in through the front doors, she passed several fuzzy girls wearing sweaters with the emblem of their school, a stylized logo of "S.L.U.T" on it. At this point, Suze didn't even bat an eyelash.

He scowled as he ran into the entrance hall of the school. "Bah! I can't believe that didn't work!" Daniel Lensford scowled, stuffing the pistol into his right jeans pocket. The man stood at a substantial six foot five, muscles in his barrel chest tense as he ran. He unzipped his black leather jacket and scowled as he looked at a group of pages tucked away in an inner pocket. The man's hardened expression softened for just a moment before he zipped his jacket back up. His plans were in disarray. He knew what had happened to people who tried to beat that cheetah in a fair fight. He'd never be reunited with Samantha... He scowled, ducking down a lefthand hallway and looking back and forth. "No. This isn't over." He popped into a men's bathroom, as students exiting it parted ways for him to pass without ever looking at him. "I'll take a moment to get re-acclimated, sneak back, and shoot that little spotted fucktoy in the head and take the bus. I just need a moment to catch my breath. That's all." He stared at his reflection in the mirror. Pale blue eyes and a face marred with scars across his forehead stared back. "Hmm.. I won't let anything trip me up." He'd spent all his money on this tour so he could get back to her. He'd do it, or die trying. He ran a comb through his hair, splashed some water on his face, and turned to leave.

"I DON'T HAVE A DATE FOR PROM!" Daniel saw a pale brown furred llama boy in a S.L.U.T varsity coat running through the hall in tears.

"Wait up, Tony! I'll be your date! Pleeeeeeease notice me!" A rather tall, muscular black pantheress, easily twice the size of the fleeing llama, dressed in nothing more than a corset and a pair of pink panties, chased after him. Daniel blinked. "...the fuck did we land at?"

He walked back towards the entryway, looking through the window of a classroom door just out of curiosity. A big burly gray wolf in a business suit was teaching Trigonometry. All of a sudden he pointed at a student, a young male squirrel with deep chocolate fur, asleep at his desk and growled. Daniel watched as the student walked to the front of the class, as the wolf, with a malicious glint in his eyes, pulled his pants down and gripped the squirrel's cock firmly, the trembling student squeaking out in pain. After a moment, the wolf got out a large wooden paddle from his desk with his free hand, slamming it into the boy's ass again and again, as the squirrel closed his eyes, biting his lower lip as his precum dribbled along the wolf's paw.

The bell rang, as most of the students of the class stood and began to move towards the door. The squirrel, however, was being bent over the wolfy teacher's desk, a knotted black cock pressing up against his tightened virgin hole. "Huh... fucked up world, which I guess is par for the norm." Daniel turned away as the crowd of students approached, walking down the hallway he'd ducked into. He wasn't too far from the entrance of the fucked up school. As Daniel Lensford walked, crowds of students, furries of all sorts, swarmed out of the classrooms, walking here and there. He watched a thin, effeminate buck leaning against a big brawny horseman, giggling as he ran a finger down the horse's chest while they walked. On another side of the hall, two lynx girls were making out, the smaller of the two pressed up against a locker as she groped the other's ass under a skirt. "Must be something in the water or something." He muttered, not really noticing how every one of the other people in the hallway seemed to keep at least five feet away from him. There was a small bubble around him, almost as if people were consciously avoiding the chance of touching him.

"You're way off. There's nothing weird about the WATER." He felt the pistol get yanked out of his pants from behind him. He tensed, almost about to spin around, when he felt the tip of the pistol pressing into the small of his back. A husky, female voice whispered into his ears, all too clear despite the noises of all the promiscuous students around them. "A .380? You tried to hijack a bus with a piddly piece like a glock 42?" Daniel

swore Suze's voice sounded almost amused. "Danny had a girl-gun! Danny had a girl-gun!"

"Cute." Daniel rolled his eyes. "Alright, so how's this going to go, bitch? You hard enough to shoot me? I wouldn't expect you to be able to shoot straight, crying over your boy toy as much as I have."

Suze's voice twisted into a growl. "Oh, I should. You endangered people's lives without hesitation."

"But you aren't." He chuckled. "Girl, I was in a war. Drag me back to the bus to put me in prison or whatever. See what that gets you. I implore you." He smirked. He'd break out of any restraints they put him in, get his gun back, and kill anyone standing between him and Samantha. Or he'd die trying. They'd never get him back to a court. "I'll get out. I'll come back. I'll put this damn technology to my own uses. I don't care who I have to kill to get to it."

There was a moment of silence between the two of them. "That venom in your voice..." Suze trailed off. "You really mean that, don't you?"

"You have no idea what I've done, what I will do, to get back to her." Daniel Lensford spit at the ground. "Jail won't stop me. Assuming you even get me there. And you're too much of a pussy to kill me here, aren't you? You can't pull that trigger. Do it." He started to move away from her, calling her bluff. If she hesitated, even for a moment, he'd take the gun back from her. "End me. I dare you." When Suze didn't fire, he started to turn around, reaching for the gun.

He heard the woman behind him sigh. "Fine then. If you want a more permanent solution, I'll oblige."

Bang.

That was the sound that the open locker made when Suze kicked Daniel Lensford into it, slamming it shut. The man gasped, head spinning from the boot he'd just taken to the stomach. He couldn't keep his balance, even against the cold metal surface of the locker, so he fell down on his butt, laying against it.

"When we humans enter these fictional worlds, we make them more real." Suze said, tucking the gun into a pocket of her pants. "This one adapted to feed off of that, or so

Nimh said. The people here leave visitors alone as long as we leave them alone. But once you interact with them, you're lost to this place." She trailed off. "Goodbye, Daniel Lensford."

He growled up at her from the floor. "You fucking bitc-

"Hey, are you alright? You crashed into my locker pretty hard there." A soft, gentle voice from behind him made his heart skip a beat. Daniel looked up to stare into the cerulean eyes of a gray furred wolf of a man. He was wearing a white turtleneck with a blue-and-white striped vest over it, and a pair of neat khaki pants which were just slightly frayed at the bottom edges. He gave Daniel a weak smile as he held a paw down for the man. "I've never seen a girl as enchanting as you. Are you a new student?"

"Y-yeah. I just transferred here today." Daniel blurted out, as he took the paw, feeling how smooth and strong the paw wrapping around his soft, slender hand was. As he stood up, he blinked. "Wait... why did I say-" He looked down at his hand, still clinging to the wolf's. He had once possessed a scar along his left hand, a souvenir from the war he'd been in, when a bullet passed through his palm. It was gone. His hand was small, and thin and had shimmery purple paint along the fingernails. "I... I..." He blinked. "Oh god." As he looked up into the handsome canine's face. "I, um, I need to go. To the bathroom, I mean." He squeaked out, turning and running for a restroom nearby. In his haste, he didn't realize he was entering a woman's bathroom.

Daniel Lensford, his revenge momentarily forgotten, stared at himself in a mirror, watching his humanity melt away before his eyes. "No no no no." He whimpered, holding up the paw- HAND that had touched that cute wolf. Pale gray fur was sprouting out from his suddenly painted fingernails. At the same time, his fingers visibly were shrinking, getting smaller and stubbier. He flexed his paw, feeling soft pink pads that had formed along it. "His paw". It occurred to him he was thinking of it as part of his body. On some level he was accepting it, without even resisting it. "I have to get out of here." He let out a soft squeak, a noise that felt alien to him, but at the same time more natural than any noise he'd ever made. Tears began to form in his eyes, as he reached his paw up to rub at his stretching, suddenly gray ears as they moved up his head, poking out of the top of his head.

He turned away from the mirror, not wanting to watch his arm as the fur spread up along it like a moss. As he pushed his way out of the bathroom, he smacked right into the chest of the same wolf from before. With another squeak, Daniel pressed against the wolf's chest, catching a whiff of the male's musk. There was an earthy, peaty smell to

the canine, mixed with what felt like a bit of cinnamon rubbed into his fur. Daniel felt a stirring down in his loins. It was hard to think with his nose up against the wolf's fur, but a part of him didn't want to let go.

"You ran off so quickly." He said, looking down at Daniel, who briefly realized he'd lost enough height to be looked down at. His arms wrapped around Daniel's body, to keep him from falling over again. "You sure you're ok? You seem so very distraught. What's your name?"

"Samantha..." Daniel mumbled, feeling his body tremble in the big predator's arms. He had to get out. To get back to the bus. To get out of this world, before it got to him. Before this wolf got to him. Good lord, part of him wanted the wolf to get to him.

"That's a really pretty name." The wolf smiled, his voice an innocent tone. "Do you mind if I call you Sammi?"

"That's what my daddy calls me." Sammi said, before blinking. "Wait, no, I mean my daddy doesn't..." She stopped, putting her paw on her head. "Doesn't... doesn't work here yet." She said, the ideas popping into her head now. That was why she'd transferred here, right? Her daddy had gotten a new job as a teacher, but it didn't start until next week. The Principal wanted him to teach students how to safely take cock, as well as some less important subjects, like algebra. Daniel shook his head. "No. I'm not like this. I'm not." He couldn't be Sammi. He wasn't. It was just the wolf's musk, getting to him. "I-I gotta go... whatever your name is?" She- HE pushed away from the sexy man, staring at both of her paws. The changes were spreading...

"It's Luke." He gave Sammi a princely smile. "May I escort you to your next class?"

"I'm not going to class." Daniel said. He had to get back to the bus. He had to get out of here.

Luke's ears flattened. "You aren't? Why?" He looked into Daniel's eyes, seeming almost hurt.

"Because she's ditching with me."

A gruff, masculine voice echoed from behind her. Sammi felt a firm paw grip around her right shoulder, letting out a shy squeak as she squirmed and wriggled, instinctively moving back, and pressing into the body of another tall, strong male. Her heart was

racing as she looked up. A thin, wiry tail curled around around her legs. She didn't know how she'd forgotten about it before. Sammi's little mouse tail was her favorite part of her body! It was so pink and cute and flexible... just like her.

"You're a bad influence, Paul!" Luke growled, baring his fangs at a large siberian tiger, a half-gone cigarette perking out of his muzzle. Daniel shook his head, trying to think as the two males drew near each other, pushing her- no, HIM- between them. The white furred tiger smelled like smoke and sweat and sex, and it was making it hard for the tiny, transforming human to keep his head on straight. "Damn your sexy hide! I swear, ever since we accidentally kissed during gym-"

A cloud of smoke hit Luke's face. Sammi, as short as she was, missed having it hit her. Both boys were at least a head taller than the little mouse. "First off, it's Pauly, not Paul. Dude, it was just a kiss. You don't have to keep bringing it up every time I get in your business." He took a drag on his cigarette. "Unless you want more of them?" His voice curled into a teasing purr. "I saw the squeaker first."

"I'll make you eat those words!" Luke growled. "She isn't anyone's object! She's a living, breathing, warm, soft, luscious-"

Sammi didn't notice how that sentence finished. She was too busy feeling her face getting hot as she realized the two males sandwiching her between them both had an erection, poking at her from either side. She wasn't sure what she'd been doing before the two guys started fighting over her. It was hard to think all of a sudden.

"Besides." Pauly reached down to snatch a pink sheet of paper out off Sammi's purse. She blinked. When had she gotten a purse? She thought she'd had a fanny pack from some tour she'd been on lately. And it'd had things in it to protect her? Sammi shook her head. No, that was dumb. Fanny packs were old people accessories, and she'd loved her purse. It was pink and had shimmery stars on it and her dad and daddy had bought it for her for her birthday last year. The tiger looked onto the sheet. "She doesn't need to go to some class labeled... 'Perfect Blowjobs 101'? Dude, no one needs to learn how to do blowjobs from some old fart of a goat. You just put a guy's cock in your muzzle and suck, right? Cutting class is totally cooler."

Daniel was barely able to think anymore, assaulted from both sides by the scents of the men, and by those cocks rubbing against her from either guy. She couldn't remember why she was trying to get outside, and was having trouble thinking of herself as male anymore. She reached down to feel the purple of her short skirt. It barely even covered

her silk panties, and she suddenly remembered she'd put it on that morning for that very reason. What better way to get popular at her new school than walking around flashing her underwear? Both the boy's cocks were digging into her without giving her any satisfaction, and she was getting tired of listening to them fight. "BOYS!" She pushed the both away from her, scowling. "OH EM GEE, I'm sick and tired of guys fighting over me and it's only been a few minutes of it!" Down below, Sammi felt her cock slowly pulling inside her. Daniel protested it shrinking, but Sammi found she didn't mind. After all, she was supposed to have a clitty, right? Her panties had been uncomfortable with that man-meat stuffed into them. "Unless you two can learn to share, neither of you are going to get anything from me whatsoever, do you understand?"

There was an awkward pause between the three of them.

"Learn to-" Luke said.

"Share?" Said Pauly.

Minutes later, Sammi let out a moan, as Paul pushed her against the wall of the Girl's Locker Room Showers. Conveniently, there wasn't anyone in there, so she and her two new boyfriends had been free to use them to play. She felt the tiger lean down to nip at her neck, provoking another squeak to escape her throat as she lifted her thin, wirey. Standing next to them, Luke, traced a paw up her right thigh, her soft gray fur tickling as his fingers traced along it. Finding the bottom part of her white, lacy panties, he began tugging them down her legs. With her skirt hiked up by Paul's striped paw, her entire lower half was naked.

"Ooooo..." She moaned as Luke the wolf traced a finger around her clit, making her whole body tremble. She'd never felt this good at her old school! It was hard to remember where she'd transferred from, actually. But what she could remember was that she'd never had fun there like she had here. "Aaaah..." She convulsed, her tiny body squirming as Paul ground his crotch, still covered by his torn blue jeans, against her bare ass.

Two striped paws moved around to cup her breasts. "You like that, bitch?" Paul said, grinning a smug feline grin as he circled his thumbs around her nipples, massaging into them. Ripples of pleasure echoed down Sammi's chest, as she squeaked out in bliss, her tongue out of her mouth.

“Hey! Language, Paul.” Luke growled, as he reached his paws around to cup at Sammi’s cheeks. Since hitting puberty, the little mouse’s bottom had blossomed out like a ripe peach. She remembered her daddy promising her she’d have a plump, fuckable ass like his someday, and she was so happy to finally have his words be proved right! She wiggled it against his paws, feeling a shiver run up her spine as he spread her cheeks.

The tiger grinding against her backside rolled his eyes. “Ugh, you’re such a square, wonderbread wolf.” His tail thrashed in irritation. “I can’t believe I’m sharing a squeaker with you. You’re so-”

“Sharing, boys!” Sammi squeaked as an interjection, as she reached a paw down, moving Luke’s left paw from her cheeks to rest on Pauly’s tented pants. The wolf, picking up on her lead, began to rub his fingers up and down against the tiger’s cock.

Pauly’s eyes glazed over, as he panted and ground against Luke’s paw and through it, Sammi’s ass. “-ssssooooooo damn hot.” He shuddered, looking over at Luke. For a moment, he’d almost found the wolf to be annoying, but a soft canine paw pad stroking his cock was making it hard to think of why. He leaned around Sammi’s body, kissing the wolf firmly. Sammi giggled as she watched the wolf, momentarily confused, start to return the kiss, his tail wagging.

As Pauly pulled back, Luke licked his lips. “Nnngh... I can’t believe I’m so attracted to a rule breaker like you!” He blushed, his cock fully erect in his pants. In just a kiss, he’d forgotten why he was so annoyed at the tiger for so long.

The tiger gave them both a smug smirk. “You know you love it, goody-two-shoes puppy.” He growled. “Now let’s give the new girl a welcome she’ll never forget.” He unzipped his pants, letting his full seven inches poke out, digging into Sammi’s asscheeks. “Unless, you know, you can’t keep it up.”

The wolf growled. “There’s no way I’ll lose to you, naughty kitty!” The two of them stared into each other’s eyes, as he unzipped his pants. He was only six inches, but that was before his knot had formed. With one paw, he aimed his cock towards Sammi’s moist clitty, rubbing her outer lips with a soft sigh.

“So be it! First one to cum has to suck the other’s cock off every day for a week!” Pauly grinned.

“You’re on!” Luke retorted. At the same time, the two males pushed into either end of her, pressing their bodies into either side of Sammi.

The little mouse’s eyes rolled into the back of her head, as she let out a euphoric squeak. She was in heaven at the moment, feeling both of her holes filled. Her two lovers felt like they were thrusting in unison, bombarding each side of her with intense pleasure. Her virgin holes were stretched as she felt Luke and Pauly both lean down to nibble on either side of her neck, fangs teasing her flesh as she squeaked and flexed her body, trying to give them both as tight a ride as possible. There was an almost rehearsed symmetry to their treatment of her: whatever one of them did, the other seemed to mirror as best he could. A hot flash ran through her body. She’d already come once, her pussy leaking juices down between her legs and Luke’s fuzzy crotch. The boys were suspending her in the air, four arms wrapped around her body, rubbing all over. She let out a squeal of bliss, arching her head back, her ears twitching. With a scream, she creamed again, feeling another sensation of climax assaulting her mind.

At some point Sammi lost track of time. Thought took a backseat to instinct, as the slutty mouse climaxed again and again. The two males spitroasting her were both determined not to lose to the other, and she had become the proving grounds for their little competition. Even had she the sense left to object, she wouldn’t have. Being the meat in a manly sandwich was everything she wanted in life. She couldn’t imagine anything more important anymore than pleasuring the two makes she was caught between.

And then, Pauly trembled, his body tensing up. She felt a warm wetness flooding her ass, and knew he’d cum inside her. He grit his teeth to resist crying out, but that didn’t last long. “Nnnghaaah!” He shouted, a sound of his surrender to the pleasure he was feeling. Shortly afterwards, Sammi felt Luke’s body locking up as well. A large, hard knot pushed inside her clit, and she screamed out as it stretched her to her limit. Luke fired inside her shortly after, filling her mouse pussy with his puppy batter. The two men both slumped to the floor of the locker room showers, Luke panting, while Pauly sniffled, resting his head against Sammi’s soft, inviting shoulder.

“Damn... I lost...” The tiger mumbled, looking over at Luke.

“Heh.” The wolf’s voice was taxed. All three of them were soaked in sweat and spunk, but the wolf somehow looked perky in spite of that. “Owe me a week of blow jobs, naughty kitty.”

Sammi reached her hands around to hug both of them. “Gawd, I love my two hot boyfriends...” She giggled. “You both know how to make me forget all about whatever’s bothering me.” For a moment, her lips curled into a frown. There had been something bothering her earlier, hadn’t there been? Something about her birth name, Samantha... she tried to think about it, but it was so fuzzy and indistinct. She hadn’t even gone by that name since she was five. Her dad told her Sammi was a better name for a future stripper, so she’d always used that instead.

Whatever it was, she was reasonably sure if it was important, she’d remember it in a class or two. Besides, she wasn’t worried. She had two boyfriends to help her fuck those silly worries of hers into oblivion now! With a gentle sigh, the little mouse pulled both men into her. She couldn’t think of anyone else she’d be happier with.

Suze walked down one of the school’s hallways, lost in thought. She’d stayed and watched Daniel’s downfall long enough to confirm he was gone for good. She didn’t need him coming back to cause more problems for the tour group. But now that he was dealt with, she found herself at an impasse. She wasn’t actually sure what to do now. The thing was, she wasn’t sure she wanted to go back to the human world anymore.

She and her boyfriend, Bobby, had been extraordinarily close. She couldn’t go back without being reminded of him everywhere: Where she lived, where she worked, where she ate... her routine had been so entwined with him that she wasn’t sure she could take it. She looked around at the various students in the high school around her. Girls of all colors and species strutted around wearing T-shirts embroidered with the S.L.U.T High School Logo, their asses wiggling suggestively. Guys in the same school were wearing tight shirts that clung against their muscles, flexing their muscles to show off in the halls. A weak smirk crossed her face. “Yeah, whoever wrote this was definitely a guy.” As she walked down the hall, heading in a direction she was still deciding if she really wanted to actually reach, she wondered how many of these students had been human before. How many of them had a fate like that of Daniel Lensford?

And was there room for one more?

The idea of joining this place willingly had entered her mind as she watched Daniel Lensford’s transformation. The world and it’s “narrative” that Nimh had warned her about didn’t just destroy him. It had fit him into the world. Gave him a new life, and carved away everything about him that didn’t fit into what it had prepared for him. On

one hand, it was terrifying. The idea of losing who and what she was seemed abominable. But on the other hand, there was something seductive about surrendering her pain. She could forget about Bobby. About how much she missed him. She wouldn't have to deal with the pain.

"Or maybe you'll find something in one of these worlds that makes you happy while also giving you fur and fangs or whatever." Nimh's words echoed in her mind as she walked towards the S.L.U.T High School Gymnasium. The idea of being happy in a giant porn universe was bizarre, but it could work. The thing was, she didn't want to just become some mindless submissive slut, like Daniel had turned into. If she was going to become someone else here, she wanted to be on top. Suze had never been a passive woman, and she wasn't going to start now. Fortunately, Nimh had already told her how to make that choice. If she just involved herself haphazardly with someone in the school, she'd be at the mercy of this world's bizarre "narrative" rules. But if she did something deliberately...

She was standing in front of the door of the Coach's office. Outside, a black container was stuffed full of reports and forms that needed grading, nearly to the point of bursting. A sign on the glass window of the door read "Please come back later" in red text. Behind it, the policewoman heard the sound of someone grunting. Suze frowned, then tore the door to the office open. It slammed against the wall as she stared inside. "Nice office. It's mine now." She said, with some deliberate intent, to the person inside the room.

A squat, muscular brown-furred gorilla looked up at her from behind a desk. "The fuck are you doing?" He said, looking at her, his blue eyes wide. The coach was a short, squat ape that couldn't have been more than five foot six in height. He had a bit of a potbelly, which Suze saw bouncing as he sat there, a simian hand wrapped around a cock as thick as a beer can, slick with the ooze that was dribbling out of it. The number of empty beer cans on the desk hinted that he'd been in the room a while. The desk was covered in messy paperwork, with an old fat CRT monitor on one end, behind a computer keyboard. "This is my office." He said, pulling a hand out from beneath the desk. With a brown fuzzy hand coated with white fluid, he pointed at a golden nameplate reading "Coach Rockler." on it. "See? Get outta here, 'm busy."

"Used to be yours, yeah." Suze flexed her arms, feeling muscles knitting and swelling as she did. The change was already happening. "I'm your replacement, buster." She grinned. "The administration wanted a coach that did more than just masturbate behind his desk all day. With me in charge, maybe the football team won't be taking it up the

ass every year against our arch-rivals.” The words really just popped into her mouth. She said them without even thinking. Unlike Daniel, she didn’t want to fight this. The skin on her left hand had begun growing a bit thicker, and turning a grayish color. Suze watched it spread for a moment, as she... he... walked into the room, standing around.

Coach Rockler walked around the desk, his face a mask of indignation. “Listen here, bub! I don’t know what you’re playing at, but-” Suze was tuning him out as he snarled at her. She was too busy staring at the erect, dripping gorilla cock bobbing between his legs. He really had been masturbating behind the desk. She had just made a guess about that. “-And if you think I’m going to let you take it away from me...” The gorilla clenched his fist. “-Then you’re an asshole!” He swung at Suze’s face, a right hook flying towards her.

On some level, Suze understood this to be a challenge of authority. Of dominance. If she didn’t win this, she was going to lose what power she was claiming. An inhuman snort escaped her nostrils, her face growing out into something longer. The fist connected, knocking Suze a step back. She shook her head, looking back at the gorilla with bloodshot eyes, grinning like a devil. “Hah! Some fight in you. I like that.” She charged forward, instinctively tilting her head down, like one of her...his kind was supposed to. A polished horn had formed along the length of his developing, gray snout, as Suze crashed into the gorilla with the force of a freight train. The new rhino flexed his tightening pecs, breasts shrinking into toned, sweaty muscles, outlined by the spandex green shirt he was wearing.

Coach Rockler wasn’t prepared for a charging rhino barreling into him. Even though Suze wasn’t done growing taller and bigger, she still knocked the ape over, sending his back smacking against his desk, papers flying all over. The changing rhino put his hands on his hips. “Resorting to hitting people you don’t like? you’re a bad coach, Rockler.” Both Suze and what she was becoming agreed: There was a certain justice to this usurpation. “But I like your fire, monkey.” The rhino reached down. “I think once you learn your place, you’re going to be just fine as my ass-istant. Coach’s little helper.” The former coach found himself yanked up, as Suze’s arms swelled with muscle, twice the size they’d been. “But first, you have to be punished.” The rhino shoved Rockler down onto his desk, the ape’s stomach hitting the polished redwood. “Time to spank the monkey.”

The ape squirmed, one firm hand holding him down. “S-Stop it!” He shouted, not noticing that his own body was shrinking in muscle tone and size. It was as if the new boss was feeding off the masculinity of the old boss, remaking Rockler to better fit his

new role in life. The changing rhino's response was to slam an open gray hooved palm against the shrinking ape's backside, hitting the left cheek of his ass as firmly as he could. The former coach groaned, his cock shaking with the force of the blow, drops of precum spattering against the desk. "Nnngh!" He groaned, squirming as the now-bigger man held him down.

"Look at you." Suze grinned as he spanked again, watching the shrinking man. "Fat gut, fat cock, holed up in your office all day jerking your meat. Such a lazy little monkey!" He smacked at the other asscheek, provoking another outcry from the shrinking gorilla. At the top of the changing coach's butt, there was a small fleshy growth. He grinned, as he brought his palm down to spank the gorilla's ass again, and watched the growth grow. It was a monkey's tail. "You spent all your time just fucking yourself, didn't you?" He grunted, as he paddled the changing coach's ass, over and over again. "You never went out and interacted with anyone else. You're just a lazy monkey, and you need someone to look after you and keep you focused." He grinned, stopping the spanking for just a moment to scratch at a tightness between his legs. It felt like something was growing down there, constrained by the khaki shorts he didn't remember putting on. Hadn't he been wearing jeans?

The rhino shook his head as he started spanking the monkey again. (His monkey, some part of him insisted.) He always wore shorts, except when it got too cold too. It showed off his assets... and also let his hooves and his legs breath. Besides, his sculpted, muscular legs were one of the hottest bits about him. He had to show off to the guys lucky enough to see him. "That's right. You're just a silly little lazy monkey, and you need some bigger, stronger guy to fuck you under your tail and keep you from sitting on your butt all day." He gave the shrinking guy another slap. "Maybe if it's too sore." He chuckled. After twenty slaps to the ass, Coach Rockler was a new man in the most literal sense: His body was scrawny, a thin, wispish figure built for speed and flexibility rather than brute strength. His legs and arms were thin yet toned, which along with his scrawny chest gave him the body of a gymnast. This image was marred only by a plump ass, which at the moment was rosey red underneath the brown fuzz covering it. He had a long, flexible tail, which was lifted up as the little monkey squirmed. The rhino looked around it, towards the other side of the monkey's legs. His shrunken, three inch cock was dribbling into a puddle of precum that had formed onto the floor.

"Such a messy little monkey you are, Rocky..." The rhino reached around to rub his palm along the head of the simian's little cock. "But hot as fuck. I'm gonna keep you, I think." He grinned, scratching his nuts. He'd always gotten a bit itchy down there when he was horny, and right now the monkey was getting him as hard as iron.

Rocky blushed. "S-sorry, Daddy." He gave a nervous giggle, as he looked up, an impish grin on his face, showing the rhino his pearly whites. "I just get so excited when I'm being punished..."

The rhino gave him another slap, while rolling his eyes. "Hey, none of that here! It's only 'Daddy' when we get home, boy. Call me Coach, or Boss while we're here. The students could overhear you!" He snorted. "Such a troublemaker. But I think you'll be perfect for handling the women's athletic clubs, so I can focus on making our boys as big and strong and sexy as they need to be to dominate the competition." He grunted. "I'll have a talk with the Principle. Let him know that you're the new Coach's assistant. Even if you're a naughty little boy." He grinned. Everything was falling into place. Everything felt RIGHT. He couldn't even remember his life before he'd been a big rhino. And he didn't ever want to. There was just one thing that felt out of place, but he couldn't quite think of it...

Assistant Coach Rocky looked overjoyed for a moment, but his lips curled into a frown, as a wrinkle crossed his forehead. "Um... D-" He winced and then corrected himself. "Coach? What's your name? I can't quite remember..."

That was it. The rhino frowned, rubbing his chin. He wasn't Suze... that person... anymore. With every second he spent in this body, it felt more and more alien even trying to remember anything about that old life. But he needed a name to finalize it. Something that felt right. "Sue." He grunted. "Coach Sue Sutherland." The new coach said, again, without thinking about it. It just felt like the right name.

But it provoked snickers from his naughty little monkey. "A boy named Sue?" He began to laugh, as Coach Sutherland's ears drooped and he snorted, seeing red.

"Not a boy, boy!" He slapped Rocky's ass again, just to remind him who was boss, then shoved his assistant coach's face down into the puddle of precum on the floor. "A MAN." He unzipped his pants, letting his foot long cock spring out. He was about as thick as a baseball bat down there. Being fucked by Sutherland's Staff had caused more than one cocky guy to walk funny for a week. Rocky could take it, but that was just because he was the most flexible twink that the Rhino had ever seen. And even he usually needed lube. Lube he wasn't about to get. Coach Sutherland wasn't going to be nice after that crack about his name. "The baddest, buffest..." He pushed himself between the chimp's cheeks, growling as he charged in as fast and hard as only a rhino could. "BIGGEST man in the school!" He reached around, gripping his monkey's cock

as he pumped on both sides of the other male, thrusting in with one part of his body, while stroking out with another part. “And-NNNGH!- Don’t you forget it!” He grunted. It would be another long session for the two lovers.

Lovers. Yes, that felt right to Coach Sutherland. He’d been dating the little twink for a few years, hadn’t he? Even living together. As he pumped on his assistant coach’s cock, he felt the cool touch of a golden cockring on it. He remembered when they’d gotten those. A matching set, the other one fitted around his cock when they were fucking, symbols of their relationship. The rhino grunted, as he felt his load building up. “Time to stuff my monkey!” He howled, flooding Rocky’s ass.

And as he came, he became complete.

Interlude 3

“Welp, The bus is all fixed.” Nimh stood up, wiping some grease off of his spotty fur. “EVERYONE ON BOARD?” He shouted into the bus. “BETTER BE, BECAUSE WE’RE LEAVING IN FIVE MINUTES!”

“W-Wait!” An older woman with brown hair rushed out of the bus to face him. “We can’t leave! Daniel Lensford’s still out there, isn’t he? And Suze never came back...”

Nimh scoffed. “Ok, first of all, Daniel Lensford nearly killed us all. I don’t care about what happens to him, and trust me, this world won’t let him do what he wants. As for Suze...” He frowned. “...alright. We’ll wait a few extra minutes for her to come back. If she’s coming back. Don’t worry, though. I would know if she’s dead. In each of your fanny packs there’s a biometric sensor that tracks stuff about each of you and reports it to the bus. She knows the rules of this place, so she’s not gonna fall victim to anything here on accident. So let’s give her some time to come back.”

And they sat. And waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Twenty minutes passed. Nimh stared at the school, the sign above the entrance reading “S.L.U.T Highschool” in cheery, festive golden letters.

He shed a single tear. "Oh Suze." With a prolonged sigh, he turned around, but not before wiping the tear away from his eye. "She made her choice." He said, to no one in particular. The cheetah turned and walked back into the bus, feeling slightly let down as he sat back in the driver's seat of the bus, his ears drooping. "So quick to throw away reality for idle fantasies. What fools human beings can be..."

Nimh, the Tour Guide for the Funventure's Furpocalypse Tour took a deep breath, then turned around, a plastic smile painted along his face. "Ok! Sorry about the technical difficulties, folks! But I have great news for all remaining passengers! Our next stop is PANTHROCON, the story-world that's a perpetual furry convention! Let's all--"

A voice from the back of the bus interrupted him. "Hey, were you having an emotional moment up there! Aww, was the wittle kitty-witty cwyng?!?"

Nimh snarled. "GODS DAMN IT, SHUT UP WITOKOWSKY!"

And the Magic Tour Bus took off, flying away from that world, onto its next stop...

Epilogue: Part 1

Hunter stood at attention along with the rest of the dawgs, the golden retriever's tail swinging as their alpha dawg was going over the plans for the full invasion of the city. His body was now completely covered in rubber, his cock constantly hard and prepared to fuck or to be sucked. "Hunter!" The alpha barked.

"Yes sir?" he asked, his tail starting to wag in excitement. Hunter hoped this would be a chance to be fucked... oh god he'd love to be fucked by the alpha again!

"You are to take a group of dawgs into the hospital!" the alpha ordered.

"Yes sir!" Hunter exclaimed. With that the dawgs siphoned into the sewers of the city to get everywhere they needed to without being caught too fast. Though as Hunter was walking through the sewers, all of the dawgs' feet squeaking, he caught a glimpse of himself and for a second froze up. Somewhere in his head he was confused... shouldn't he be riding a bus... with his... someone?

This wasn't the first time it had happened, every few weeks he felt it... a lingering memory... a faint wisp of a life from someone outside of this world. The dawg's eyes traced over his muscular body, a set of military gear designed for dawgs wrapped over his body, at the base of his rubber cock a cockring given to him by the alpha himself. As

he gazed at his body he moaned as one of the other dawgs reached forward and stroked his rubber flesh, a squeak ringing through the room breaking his train of thought as soon as it had risen.

Hunter straightened up once more and started walking, somewhere in his heart though there was an ache for a lover that he'd once known. Now though he was completely content, there was no fear of rejection as a dawg, he was a perfect soldier for the dawg army. The dawg empire would raise again, and he would raise his tail for any commanding officer that needed a good fuck.

Epilogue: Part 2

The great bonfire burned brightly on the island paradise that is Stank Skunk Island. A Beautiful shower of shooting stars marred the dark skies as the sun flashed its final light off in the distance. Felicity watched it all, his eyes sparkling with wonder of the beautiful sight in front of him, a fellow femboi skunk that looked ALMOST identical to him! Felicity giggled, the makeshift bra made out of old and used "tourist clothes," though really they were clothes fabricated by the author's writing rather than the clothes of an actual tourist that would fade out of existence when they were turned, supporting his perky sensitive tits. "Hi! What's yooooour name?" Felicity asked the skunk that only differed in the color of his hair and the piercings on his lip and nose.

"Jill," the pink haired skunk said shyly followed by a blush and a soft titter. A large hand fell upon each of the femboi skunk's shoulders. Both looked up almost in unison as Art sat down between the pair on the large log the two femboi skunks were sitting away from the main group. "Why are my two favorite slaves sitting apart from the others?" Art asked, "We have cum seasoned mackerel and pineapples roasting near the flames, I'm sure the two of you are hungry." Both Felicity and Jill seemed to perk up at the mention of kinky sticky food.

"I don't know," Felicity ventured. Jill, the more shy of the pair hid behind his big fluffy tail and simply looked up at the stars in response. "I feel like I lost something, something important...and it has to do with the sky up there," Felicity continued. Felicity too looked up and and even pointed towards one beautiful but solitary shooting star. Art snorted in response.

"It sounds to me, like the two of you have far too much time on your paws and need to be reminded of why both of you are here... To SERVE ME!" Art grabbed the two by an ear each. Both Jill and Felicity gasped and protested in surprise but struggled to keep

up with their Master half dragging them closer to the fire, closer to the other skunks and their new lives.

Epilogue: Part 3

“ALRIGHT LADIES! FIVE MORE LAPS AROUND THE GYM! AND YES, I DID CALL THE GUYS IN THE CLASS LADIES ALSO!” Coach Sue Sutherland cupped his hooves around his snout as he yelled, watching one of the classes at S.L.U.T High as they jogged around his gym.

A small, mousy girl ran past him, before tripping over her own feet. She squeaked, landing on her chest. “Owie!”

He walked over to her. “Something the matter, Miss...” He looked down at the mouse.

“S-Sammi, Coach.” The mouse stared up at him, tears in her baby blue eyes. “Sorry. It’s just so hard running with this tail! I’d swear I just got it yesterday...” After a moment, she raised an eyebrow. “Coach? Coach?”

He had been staring at her vacantly, until she waved her fuzzy little paw in front of his eyes. “H-huh?” He shook his head and snorted. “Sorry. You’re doing fine, little missy. Just keep doing laps. You’re a good girl.” He gave her a smile and a reassuring pat on the ass, letting her run off. He wasn’t into women himself, but around S.L.U.T High it was a compliment to pat someone on the ass, or so he’d learned. Still... for a moment, he’d have sworn he’d known that little mouse from somewhere before. But the second she’d brought him back to reality, he’d forgotten about it. With a shrug, the rhino resumed what he had been doing: Staring at the butts of the male students he had running laps, while scratching the bulge between his thighs. He couldn’t wait to find out which ones of the new blood were trying out for the football team. After all, he needed a new cocksock or two...