

Changes Made

A Story set in the Vixen's Run Universe (Sorta)

By Terinas Tiger

"Let go of me!" Timothy shouted, growling at the two figures squeezing his arms. His two captors didn't even feel human. Their bodies were covered, head to toe, in black, rubbery material. He felt synthetic "fur" rubbing against his arms as they dragged him inside. One of them had a head sculpted into the shape of a lion, with strands of a darkened "mane" poofing out around a head that seemed to move too naturally for the sheen and texture of it. The other's head was that of a rubberized rhino, with eyes bent into a perpetual scowl and nostrils that hit his skin with a hot, moist snort. No matter how much the human struggled, he couldn't break the grip of the two enforcers as they hauled him down a darkened hallway.

A door was opened. He felt the arms holding him down pull back... before tossing him inside a dimly-lit room. "Fuckin' hell!" He shouted, landing on his face. The creaking of metal against metal alerted him just too late that the door he'd entered by was closing behind him. Standing up, Timothy wiped some grime off his Vixen's Run sports jacket while looking over his blue jeans for any excess filth. It had only been an hour ago that the young man, just slightly intoxicated after a night of celebrating his recent college track victory at the bars, had found himself yanked into an alleyway, pulled into an unmarked van, and hauled to places unknown. A chill ran up his spine. "Where the heck am I?" he growled, a scowl along his face.

"I apologize for ze brusque treatment of my servants." A voice echoed through the room. It was then and there that the blue-eyed youth took a moment to actually look at his surroundings. The voice seemed to be coming from speakers mounted at the top of each of the four corners of the room. Within it were three simple things: A padded chair bolted to the floor in the center of the room, a glass window running from one side of the western wall to the other, and a single flatscreen television mounted above it. "Pride and Prejudice are both quite thick, and do not understand ze meaning of the word 'gentle'. However, I keep zem around for being quite useful." On the other end of the glass wall he could see something. Something almost, but not quite, human. Just like the two that had abducted him. "You are here, you see, because you have been selected to be the subject of my next experiment."

Timothy blinked, staring at the figure. "Oh great. Another one of these fucking fake furs." He glared at his captor. On the other side of the glass divider was what looked like an anthropomorphic bear, his fur and body a gleaming, polished black latex in color. A toothy grin extended across a rubberized snout. Muscles bulged along the creature's shirtless body, gleaming in the dim light of a single lightbulb hanging on the creature's side of the ceiling. A pair of spectacles perched on the bridge of that snout glinted in the dim light from overhead. It was difficult to tell, but Timothy could almost make out a flaccid shaft between the creature's legs.

Unlike the rhino and the lion, the black bear was entirely naked. "I ain't your lab rat, you bastard!" The human made a fist and shook it. "Let me go!"

The bear's face broke into a smirk. Then a chuckle. For a moment, Timothy found himself wondering how that face was so flexible if it was made of the same material as the lion and the rhino's bodies. "Your involvement vuz never meant to be voluntary." The big bear walked forward towards the glass. At this point, Timothy realized how much taller his captor was than he. The bespectacled ursine was at least eight feet tall, dwarfing Timothy's six. And unlike the lithe track star's body that Timothy had cultivated for himself from years of practice, his captor had the build of a professional wrestler: his barrel chest enormous and unyielding, his flesh gleaming and oiled. 'You zee, I am refining ze techniques pioneered by my own creator. A weak minded fool named Janus Moreau." At the mention of the name, the bear's brown eyes narrowed, yet his cock started to stiffen. "You will be my proof zat I can take his studies further zan he ever could. Seduction vuz his tool, and a more feeble one he couldn't hope to find. Assimilation is mine, and it is far stronger." He curled his paw into a fist, as his cock continued to grow. "And ven I am done, ze world will know ze name of Doktor Bruin as ze most brilliant scientist zat has ever lived!"

Timothy's face contorted into a snarl. "I said I'm NOT HELPING YOU, douchebag!" he looked away, slapping his forehead. "Don't go to Vixen's Run, son!' My mom said." he grumbled. "'Weird shit happens there all the time! Just look at the tabloids!' Thanks for having such a credible source, mom. Ugh, I can't BELIEVE she was right about turning down a full ride scholarship!"

"Um." Dr. Bruin coughed. "Erm... if it's any consolation, you won't remember enough to feel stupid about zat."

"Not talking to you, asshole!" Timothy barked back, without looking at his captor. "Whatever's going on, I'm staying out of it. Not giving you the satisfaction. I'm just going to stand right here and do absolutely nothing."

He heard the sound of footsteps against concrete, growing more and more distant. "And zat iz all I require, puppy. Enjoy your chrysalis."

Timothy whirled around, clenching a fist, his face a picture of rage. "AND WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN BY THA-" But all he was met with was a door slamming shut. The room was silent. He was alone. And, just moments after the stillness had started, it was shattered. The speakers at every corner of the room grew noisy. A lilting, dreamy melody, a blending of classical music and electronic noises, began to flood the room and filter into his ears. "The fuck?" Timothy blinked, looking around. "What's all this then?" The music was like a foreign gas filling the room: starting soft but growing in intensity. The longer he listened to it, the more he could feel the weight of it pressing against his mind. And the longer he listened, the easier it was

to make out words, just barely audible, intermixed with the melody. Spoken in an electronic, artificial voice, something he could just barely hear:

“Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit. Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit.”

Timothy’s breathing quickened. He realized what was going on. “Fuck no! I’m not gonna be some brainwashed mindfuck!” He started by pressing his hands over his ears. But he could still hear it, even through his ears. It wasn’t going to keep the words out of his mind. Breathing heavily, his pulse quickening, Timothy tried to grab at the chair in the center of the room, pulling at it in vain. It was bolted to the floor, and try as he might, he couldn’t even break the metal framework of it. Howling in rage, he clawed with his fingernails at the padding. He’d plug his ears with the stuffing if he could get at it. But his fingernails were too short, and the waxy covering of the padding was too thick to be pierced.

“Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit. Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit.”

The words echoed in his mind. Even if he was kicking up too much of a fuss to hear them visibly, on some level he knew they were there. Burrowing through his skull. “Nnngh...” He spun around, rushing at one of the corners of the room. Standing on his tiptoes, he tried to reach at the speakers. He wanted to rip them out of the wall. To tear them apart. But they were too high up. Backing away, he charged at the wall, leaping to try and grab at the speaker in his crosshairs. He rose into the air... and collided with the wall. Too low. Not high enough to reach the speaker. The only thing that got banged up was his pride.

“Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit. Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit.”

Feeling desperation building within him, Timothy pushed himself back up to his feet. If he couldn’t reach the speakers, then he’d break the glass. Either give himself a tool to end this farce, or give himself an avenue of escape. The words rang in his head, an ever present reminder of something he didn’t quite understand. The longer he listened to them, the harder it was getting to think about anything else. “Fuck that! I’m not going down without a fight!” He turned and rushed at the glass, balling the fingers on his right arm into a fist. He slammed it against the glass. “I’M!” First once, then twice. “NOT!” Again, and again. “YOUR!” Each time his fist hit the glass, it rattled, making a satisfying thunking sound. But not even a crack formed on the glass in front of him. “PLAYTHING!”

“Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit. Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit.”

“I’m...not...” Minutes passed one by one, a procession of time unceasing, as he pounded at the glass. Again and again he slammed his fist into it. At first until it started to hurt. And even after he started to see smears of red against the glass. “not... your...” He could barely think of anything else but resistance. But it was getting hard to think of anything at all. Either from the blood loss or the energy he’d spent, or maybe the nice music he was listening to, he felt tired.

Exhausted. There was a chair nearby that looked soft and inviting. “your... slave...” he mumbled, as he walked over to it and flopped down, sprawling into it, his eyes glazing over.

“Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit. Relax. Listen. Obey. Submit.”

Timothy flickered in and out of lucidity, the music playing for what seemed like hours. At some point a door behind him opened and someone began to bandage his hand. He barely noticed. The music was thick in the air and thick in his mind and his mind was air and clouds and opened up into the sky. The prick of a needle against his sore wrist brought him back to lucidity, for just a moment he looked over to see the latex lion staring at him, his muzzle curled into an inscrutable scowl. “Pride...” he whispered, some still-thinking part of his subconscious filling his mind. The lion injecting him with a black fluid was probably named Pride. He began to laugh at the joke of it. His laughter filled the room, as the feline put a black latex paw to his chin and tilted it up, his eyes shifting to stare at the dull black TV screen. He didn’t resist, as he watched the feline walking past him and heard the squeaking metal as the door was closed. The words on the music changed as the door shut.

“You are a Good Boi. You want to be a Good Boi. Good Bois listen. Good Bois watch.”

The television screen above him, as if on a programmed cue, flickered to life. His eyes were glued to it as he watched a cartoonish image of a humanoid puppy, his hands bent in front of his chest, his panting panting, his face a vacant grin. The happy puppy on the TV screen turned on a television himself, watching as a shimmering spiral of blue and purple colors filled the smaller television within the television, Timothy watched the puppy watching the spirally television, and watched as the puppy’s eyes started to turn into spirals too. He smiled at the silly puppy on the screen as he listened and watched, just like how Timothy listened and watched. They were both such good boys, weren’t they? His right hand itched and felt like it was burning. He barely even noticed it. After all, Good Bois watched and listened. He didn’t want to stop watching, because then he wouldn’t be a Good Boi...

“You are such a Good Boi! You want to keep being a Good Boi. Good Bois listen. Good Bois watch. Good Bois exercise to get the body that’s best for Good Bois.”

The door behind him opened again with a squeak. Timothy didn’t look back. He was too busy listening to the soothing music and watching the happy cartoon puppy walking on a treadmill while watching the spirally TV on the television screen. To his right, the rhino and the lion wheeled in a treadmill. The rhino, whom some weak voice in the back of his mind supposed was called Prejudice, got out some tools and began bolting it to the floor. The sounds of drills piercing concrete were discordant and irritating, and Timothy scowled and shook his head. “Nnngh! Dammit!” He scowled at the two. “Can’t you keep it down? I’m trying to be a Good Boi-” He stared at the treadmill.

“Good Bois exercise. Good Bois love to exercise. Good Bois do lots of cardio to get the Good Boi body that’s best for Good Bois.”

Timothy stopped protesting. He had a treadmill. He had to exercise. Pushing himself up to his feet, he took slow, mechanical steps towards the treadmill. “That’s, uh, for me, right?” He said, his voice trembling. He had a single desire. To exercise. To be a Good Boi. Pride and Prejudice stepped away from the machine, as if giving him an invitation. He got onto it, putting his hands on the machine. And then he stopped. His right hand was a deep, shiny black in color, with veins of the same hue spreading up his arm in veiny rivers along his flesh. The fingers of it had shifted into shorter, stubbier digits, and a rubbery gray “pad” had formed along his palm. It looked like a latex paw, and the sight of it gave him pause. “W-what the heck am I doing?” He shook his head, trying to clear the music out of it. Something was wrong. He didn’t have paws. He was a human, not some furry freak like the two grunting weirdos in the room! Looking over at the lion and the rhino, he snarled. “What did you do. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!?” His mind momentarily cleared by a white-hot burst of rage, he lunged at the rhino, hand and paw reaching for the muscular creature’s onyx throat.

Midway through his flight, a palm smacked into his back, grabbing him and yanking him sideways through the air. The sound of ripping fabric shook Timothy from his rage, as the tattered remains of his jacket flew past Pride, the lion, and smacked into the wall. His own momentum, redirected, he slammed into Pride’s bare chest, and the Lion wrapped his arms around Timothy in a tight bearhug. “Leggo a’me!” Timothy snarled. “I’ll-MMMPH!” At the same time, Prejudice, the big black rhino, pressed up against the human’s back, putting a hand around his mouth. Timothy bit into the bigger male’s fingers, but it was like chewing on a rubber chew toy. If it bothered the rhino, he didn’t seem to show it. Restrained as he was, Timothy could do little but squirm. He felt his pulse slowing, his breathing relaxing. The music, seemingly louder than before, echoed in his ears. He was a Good Boi. He wanted to be a Good Boi. He needed to exercise to be a Good Boi. He needed to get lots of cardio... the fire in his eyes dimmed as his muscles relaxed. He felt firm paws turning him to see the treadmill. “Yeah. I gotta exercise.” His voice was subdued as he walked towards the machine and pressed a button to start it. He was a Good Boi. He had to get lots and lots of cardio in to keep being a Good Boi. Turning his head up to stare at the television, he saw the friendly face of the cartoony puppy walking on his own little treadmill, panting with happy spirals in his eyes.

Timothy started walking.

At some later point, his strength failed him. His shirt drenched in sweat, his pants and underwear not fairing much better, he felt himself panting as he wiped moisture from his brow. Within a few moments, he felt his hand pressing the button on the treadmill to stop. He wanted to be a Good Boi, but he was so tired. His vision was black around the edges. He could barely keep his eyes open. How long had he been exercising? “Nnngh...” He was about to collapse, his body slumping over the treadmill. Drops of sweat splattered against the track of the treadmill.

He wanted to lie down. Wasn't there a chair in the room? He turned to stare at it. It wasn't a bed, but it had cushions. It would do. He stumbled to the chair, flopping down on it, his head bending back as he panted like the silly cartoon puppy on the screen. After a few more moments of watching the puppy and the shimmery colors on the TV behind him, Timothy felt his mind shutting down. He blacked out.

"You are a Good Boi, and you've earned a rest. Rest now, and listen. Listen now and rest. You are a Good Boi. Good Bois love to rest, to relax, to listen, to submit. You love to submit because you are a Good Boi..."

There was silence. Timothy woke up, scratching his face with his right hand. It felt different than he was used to. Claws gently scratched at his skin. His left arm tingled a bit. He moved it, and felt something else moving with it. "The... hell?" Opening his eyes, his vision took a moment or two to clear. Turning to stare at his left arm, his eyes went wide. An IV was affixed to his arm, a clear fluid in the bag. At the same time, another small spot on his arm had gauze taped over it. Right below it, his skin grew black and shimmery, the hand morphed to a black paw with a gray pad underneath it. Matching his right paw. The two appendages were bigger than his original hands had ever been, as if he was wearing thick gloves. "What the fuck..." Something was wrong. Glaring up at the ceiling, he howled to no one in particular. "YOU'RE NOT TURNING ME INTO ONE OF YOU! YOU'RE NOT!" He lifted his left paw to his mouth, biting onto the rubbery latex of it. Trying to tear it away, as if to liberate his human hand. But minutes passed, and his efforts were in vain. As if on cue, the speakers in the ceiling of his prison began to play the pretty music again. Timothy pressed his paws to his ears, trying to block it out.

"You are a Good Boi... nice and relaxed. Good Bois like to relax, more and more. Good Bois like to submit, more and more..."

He tried, he truly did. He pressed his new paws so hard against his ears they hurt. He hummed to try and drown out the sound. But it was for naught. The music crept into his mind, pushing away thoughts of rebellion. Having surrendered twice before, it felt almost too easy to do it again and again. Almost like he liked to submit. His hands fell to his sides, his muscles limp and untensed. The television screen flickered on, and the cartoony puppy panted and waved at him, set against a swirling background of pretty blues and purples.

"Good Bois like men, are sexually attracted to men. You are a Good Boi. You are sexually attracted to men. Their cocks. Their asses. Their muscles. Their faces. You are a Good Boi. You are sexually attracted to men..."

The door behind him opened. Timothy barely noticed, his eyes locked on the puppy caricature on the screen staring at a flexing, buff black bear, and his cock stiffening as his swirly eyes made heart patterns. He vaguely noticed two black hands unzipping his pants, and pulling them away. His boxers were cut apart by scissors, as Prejudice, with a snort, affixed a large

tube along his limp, flaccid cock. Whispered gayness filled his ears as the tube began to work, oily parts sliding up and down his the flesh of his manhood, stroking it to erection. At the same time, the image on the TV changed. Timothy was bombarded with image after image of flexing, sweaty, oily men, all posing nude. At some points, he even saw couples: men kissing each other. Men straddling each other. Men moaning as their asses were plugged with other men's thick shafts. He tossed his head back and moaned, blonde hair bouncing every which way. The more the pump worked on his cock, the more he was associating men with the feelings flooding his mind. He moaned loudly, feeling his precum spattering against the inner walls of the pump.

So lost was he in the throes of lust that he didn't notice the rhino, with a snort of his nostrils, moving to inject a syringe of a black substance into his back. Timothy felt a brief pinch for just a moment. But it did little to distract him from the hot, sweaty men on screen wrapping their mouths around a fat chocolate-colored cock. He crossed his legs, moaning and whimpering, as his muscles tensed. As the door closed behind him, he howled, cumming to the sights and sounds and sensations of his reprogramming. His cum, a pale milky white, was sucked up into the tip of the pump, filling a reservoir and sloshing around inside it. Panting heavily, Timothy flopped back in his chair, enjoying his afterglow while watching the cartoon puppy on screen jerking it to the gay smut he was enjoying. A part of him felt horrified at what he was doing, but he was feeling too euphoric to question why. When the sexual haze started to lift, he looked over at his treadmill. He still had a lot of energy to burn off, and Good Bois did do a lot of cardio... he tugged the cock pump off his cock and walked over to the machine. He needed to work out, and he wasn't ashamed to do it naked. Besides, his back felt hot and tingly, and he didn't want to put on a shirt and risk overheating. Putting his new paws on the front bar of his treadmill, he started his daily workout, his dick wiggling around in front of him as he walked, just like the cartoon puppy on the screen had been doing. He smiled, his eyes glazing over just a bit, as he pumped his legs and lost track of time.

He lost track of time again and again and again. It was easier to track the number of times he fell unconscious after walking on his treadmill. By that metric, he'd slept seven times since being put into the room. After the second one, Pride, wearing only a pair of blue jeans over his black latex fur, had mounted two bowls on the floor of his room. Whenever he woke up, one of them had water, and the other had meat covered in a tangy powder. At first he'd tried scooping it out with his paws, but it left his new rubbery paws caked in powder, which seemed to get everywhere. And drinking water with them was almost impossible. By the fourth sleep period, he'd just resigned himself, with some embarrassment, to getting on all fours and eating and drinking like a dog. It would have made quite a sight, had anyone been watching: his ass lifted up over his head as if he were trying to lure a potential mate, while he pressed his face into the meat and chewed it up. At the very least he didn't seem to be starving. After his feeding, he'd started to settle into a routine that seemed to have been prepared for him: The monitor would start displaying more male-on-male images of porn, and he'd feel a compulsion to sit in his chair and pleasure himself, just like the puppy on the screen. Some days he used the pump provided for him, others he just beat off with his paw and some saliva. It made a squeaking

sound that he'd started to enjoy, to be honest. After orgasming once (sometimes twice) he'd get on his treadmill and walk until he felt exhausted. Then he'd go back to the chair to sleep.

It wasn't the most interesting life, but whenever he started to feel bored, the thought that he wanted to be a Good Boi filled his head again. He had to work to become a Good Boi. And it wasn't as if he wasn't already changing. The muscle on his body was growing leaner, his body growing slender. At the same time, his ass had been growing out, but it was more muscle than fat. He felt more energetic too. Sometimes he'd mix the treadmill up with some sit ups or exercises to improve his butt. He considered some pushups, but then decided that Good Bois needed to be slender, not swole. The longer he went on, the more he started noticing how attractive his captors were, as well. He'd sometimes catch Pride and/or Prejudice in his chamber, always shirtless. At first he'd just felt angry at them for keeping him trapped there. But starting at those bare, rubbery chests made him feel oddly horny. Once, he even threw a punch at Pride, just to feel the masculine lion grab him and pin him to the ground. By the sixth sleep period, he'd even been having wet dreams about them both. And Dr. Bruin... he hadn't seen the big black bear since his imprisonment started. Thinking about him made Timothy mad, but the more time went on, the more the porn he was watching started to show him images of the Doctor fucking other men. And the more he found his anger tainted with jealousy. He wanted to be the one being fucked by the doctor! How dare he not get the chance! What did those Bois have that he didn't! By the seventh time he woke up, he was having trouble even remembering why he had been mad at Dr. Bruin in the first place. Maybe if he was a Good Boi, the doctor would fuck him too!

On the seventh awakening, he woke up in an odd place. He'd been sleeping in the chair, since it was the only soft surface he had. But when he woke up, he was curled up on an enormous circular brown pillow, with a fabric ring around it. On the outside, he could make out the words "Puppy Bed" sewn in with red letters. And that wasn't the only new thing in his room either. He stood up. The other change was along the far wall, beyond his treadmill. He walked over towards it, just as naked as he'd been since his clothes mysteriously disappeared after waking up the third time. Shimmery latex fur had spread along his back. Although the skin underneath was a deep charcoal black, the fur along his four paws and his back was a pale white in color. Bits of it had even spread up his arms and along his behind. A small stub of a tail was growing out over his backside, and it wiggled back and forth slowly as he saw what had been added to his room. A large wooden rack. Set on it were several silicon dildos, arranged in size from smallest to largest. Just to the left of the rack was a mounted dispenser labeled only as "Lube". "What are these for?" he said, dreamily. Concern was something he could only muster momentarily these days. The music playing almost perpetually in his room soothed his nerves too much for him to worry, most of the time. He had no idea what the sex toys were there for, but he was sure he'd find out eventually.

As if on cue, the television flickered to life. The cartoonish puppy on the spirally blue and purple screen waved at him. He smiled and sat down in his seat. He was starting to enjoy the shows he got to watch on the television. They were like lessons, teaching him everything he'd

need to be a Good Boi. And that was all he ever wanted. Timothy wasn't sure what was going to happen this time, but he was Relaxing his mind and giving way to the music inside him, he wore a big dopey smile as the show started. The puppy on the screen, his eyes spiraling in time with the background, waddled over to a table with a large black dildo on it. He slurped it a few times with his happy doggy tongue, before moving it to his backside and pushed it in, smiling dumbly. At the same time, the lyrics of the music began to change.

"Good Bois play with toys. The bigger, the better. Good Bois love to train their tushies to take as big a toy as they can. Good Bois love having things up their butts."

Timothy watched as the puppy on the television screen got stiffer and stiffer, his doggy cock poking up and getting hard without anything touching it at all. His television counterpart threw his head up and howled, spurting without ever touching his cock. There wasn't any resistance left in Timothy's head, as he got up from his chair, fretting a bit and rubbing his paws together. Good Bois played with toys, didn't they? But he didn't have any toys... how could he be a Good Boi if he didn't own any? A low, inhuman whine escaped his throat, black latex flesh crawling up his neck. It actually took him a few moments before he realized that he had a whole rack of toys right over in on the far wall! Mechanically, he walked over towards the rack. "G-Good Bois play with toys... the bigger, the better." He said, to no one in particular. Reaching over towards the toys, he found one labeled "Stallion", on the far right hand side of the rack. "The bigger... the better." He wanted to be a Good Boi so badly. He needed to be a Good Boi so badly. But he wasn't actually sure if such a huge thing would fit inside him. For a moment, he hesitated. "I-I. I d-don't think I c-can-" His body moved without his input. He reached up and took it, feeling the firm silicon. Leaning down, he began to lick at it with his tongue, just like the puppy on TV had done. Once the tip was nice and slick with saliva, he moved it around towards his backside. With trembling paws, he bent over, pressing the tip up against his asshole. He had an idea what he needed to do, but he wasn't sure of the details. "M-maybe I should just shove it all in at once?" It was what the cartoony puppy had done, and that had worked out. "B-but won't that hurt?" He felt his fingers trembling. There wasn't any choice in his mind, in truth. He wanted to be a Good Boi. And Good Bois played with big toys! He bit his lip, closed his eyes, and gave his toy a firm shove.

There was a loud, pained, canine yelp that escaped the room.

Elsewhere, a black bear watched camera footage of a changing human curled up in a ball underneath a wooden rack of dildos. "Hm. Zat was not quite what was intended." The bear frowned, folding his arms together. "I vill haff to adjust ze puppy's conditioning video-OOOOOH!" He shuddered and groaned, looking down beneath his feet. A large black-furred lion was bobbing up and down on his erect, foot long cock. "Ah! Z-zat is a marked improvement in ze technique, Pride." He panted, reaching down to stroke at the big predator's mane. He'd almost

blown his top there, and he was usually able to hold out another half an hour. The lion had surprised him yet again.

“I made ze right choice to come here to Vixen’s Run. Ever zince coming here, I have felt so INSPIRED!”

By his eighth awakening since coming to the room, Timothy had started to figure out that he had to start small. Having taken the smallest dildo (Labeled “Mouse”) off the rack, he’d found that with practical application of lube, he could not only get it in with very little pain, but also an immense amount of pleasure. “Arrrrrooooo!” he moaned in bliss, pumping back and forth on the toy. He had never known that it could feel so good! His cock, spirals of black crawling up the pink human flesh, waggled back and forth as he lay on the floor, fucking himself. Drops of precum spattered along his tummy, now coated with white fur and black spots. The flesh and fur on his back squeaked as he rubbed against the concrete floor. Timothy had learned to twist the toy just ever so slightly while it was inside him, which sent another rush of pleasure up his spine. “Wuf!” He panted, eyes closed, as he thrust the toy inside him again and again, hitting that sweet spot back and forth. “Nnnnnf!” he felt lightning shoot up his cock, as he spurted pale white cum all over his fuzzy tummy. Going limp, he enjoyed his very first hands-off orgasm.

His eyes rolled back in his head, his tongue flopping to one side of his muzzle, Timothy lay on the cool concrete floor, panting and puffing. He couldn’t think of anything more pleasing than what he’d just gotten done doing. He flexed his tailhole against the silicon toy, sighing in bliss as he savored the feeling of it inside him. He’d never known being filled could feel so... fulfilling. The flickering of motion on his television screen caught in his peripheral vision. With an inquisitive “wuf?” he sat up to look at what was going on on it. Those weird doggy noises had been escaping his throat lately. It was strange, but whenever he thought about it too much, he found his thoughts straying back towards how much of a Good Boi he wanted to be. The toy still stuffing his tailhole, he stood up and walked towards his chair, his bottom swaying back and forth, to sit down and watch. To obey.

His cartoon puppy friend was on the screen again, set against a blue and purple spiral background as always. For a moment, he had the sudden urge to look away. But it wasn’t something he acted on. The television wasn’t something to be afraid of. It was just helping him learn how to be a Good Boi, after all. He watched as the puppy walked up to a camera, and began posing. First he turned to wiggle his butt to the camera. Then he blew it a kiss and winked. Then, he began rubbing his crotch, a little cartoon dick growing out of the cartoon character’s crotch. At the same time, Timothy felt vaguely aware of the music his mind was absorbing changing its lyrics. If he listened, the changing human could almost tell what it was saying.

“Good Bois like to show off how much of a slutty twink they are. They like to pose and strut in front of cameras. They like to be little cockteases for other men. Good Bois like to show off how much of a slutty twink they are...”

Timothy's eyes glazed over, as he pictured in his mind how flamboyant and seductive he could be as a Good Boi. Every thought he'd entertained of women teasing him suddenly became something he considered. Every flirty name. Every naughty gesture. The thought made him feel more and more GIGGLY, for lack of a better word. He felt an excited chuckle escape his lips as he imagined bending over to drive some rugged jock wild. He was such a Good Boi...

When he'd awoken for the ninth time, Timothy had discovered someone had added a camera to the ceiling of his cell. Mounted in the middle of the ceiling along the wall with the window. The knowledge that someone was watching his every move was unnerving. But also strangely hot. Just looking at it, he felt his mind overflowing with ideas of how he could show off for anyone watching on the other end. He even through a skip into his step as he walked over towards the rack of toys for his morning play session. Considering what toy he wanted today, he frowned. It was weird how excited he'd gotten about fucking himself like some kind of gay slut. Had he always been like this? Deciding to pick the next size up toy (Rabbit), he reached out and grabbed it with his paw, then froze to stare at his arm. Paws. He had rubber paws, black skin with white fur growing out of them. That was weird, wasn't it? Why had he been taking it for granted all this time?

Thinking too hard was giving him a headache. Taking the dildo off the rack, he walked over to the lube dispenser and began slathering the toy with as much as he could coat it with without wasting a drop. Then he ran a finger from his free paw down the length and moved back to start stroking his tailhole with it. The idea to show off popped into his mind again, so he bent forward, spreading his legs a bit so that the camera could see his ass, as he circled his hole with the slick finger, kneading the flesh of it for a few moments before he pushed his finger in and out, in and out. A shiver ran up his spine. “A-Ar!” he closed his eyes, pushing on the muscles of his sphincter, stretching them. Getting them warmed up for the new toy he was about to push inside him.

In no time at all, he was pumping the Rabbit-sized Dildo (Which he'd nicknamed Thumper) back and forth inside him, groaning as he imagined it being attached to a real rabbit. Supporting himself with one arm and his two legs, he played at being fucked doggystyle, imagining his fictional lover as having a hand on his back, holding him in place. With a shudder and a moan, he bit his lip as he felt the toy sliding up against his prostate. It was nearly enough to make him cream right there. But he wanted to practice showing off, and he hadn't done NEARLY enough of that yet. Standing up, he spun around to face the camera, catching some of his precum on his paw and then moving it to his lips. Slowly, he savored it, exaggerating his facial expression to show how good it was, while his free paw kept sliding Thumper back and

forth within him. He smiled as he felt his knees starting to tremble. He was about to cum, without stroking himself at all. He was being SUCH a Good Boi now. Falling to his knees, he shoved Thumper as deep into him as he could, provoking a low moan from his mouth. He lowered himself onto the ground, letting the dildo stay stuffed inside him, as he felt his cock twitch, and his seed splattering out onto his tummy, his chest, and even getting up to his neck. He sighed in the bliss of an afterglow, hoping that whoever had been watching was getting off on it.

Moments passed as he lay there, feeling Thumper stuffed inside him. His balls drained, Timothy pushed his body up into a sitting position, feeling the toy sink deeper inside him with a gentle “schlorp” sound. He’d discovered that he enjoyed feeling something inside him. Something inside his mind flickered. “Inside.” Things inside him. He could feel wrongness crawling along his skin. Needles inside him. Twisting his flesh. He looked down at the black-spotted white fur along him. “I... what... what am I?” He looked down at the rubbery surface coating his flesh. A wrong skin sweeping over his body. “This isn’t me. I’m human. This isn’t me. I’m human. This isn’t me. I’m human.” He began babbling it, tugging at his fur. “This isn’t me this isn’t me this isn’t me!” The door behind him opened as he pulled at his body, trying to tear the wrong away from him.

Prejudice grabbed his arms and pulled them away from his body. Clawmarks were criss-crossing his arms, leaving white streaks in the latex and red gashes along the arms. Pulling him into a tight embrace, the big rhino snorted and restrained his arms. “THIS ISN’T ME!” Timothy shouted, struggling feebly against the bigger male. In another moment, he felt the prick of a needle in his shoulder. Pride the lion was injecting him with a black fluid. His human shoulder began to tingle, and as Timothy watched, rivers of black spread across it. The lion then pressed a rag to some fluid, and pressed it over his mouth and nose. With just one breath, Timothy felt his body growing tired. “Thiff...ifn’t... meffff...” His struggling slowed. His eyes slid shut. He was tired.

“I am not mad.” The bear reached down to grip the black latex cock of his latest creation. Pride and Prejudice had strapped it to a table in his lab. Dr. Bruin grinned, rubbing the erect shaft in front of him, and watching it dribble precum against his paw. “Ze subject was going to hit a breaking point zooner or later. It iz a shame zat he would injure his body like zo, but zat is a far cry from what happened when ze two of you vere turned.” He looked at the rhino and the lion, a slight smirk along his muzzle as he adjusted the spectacles perched on his snout. “Zat ze two of you were able to get to him zo quickly vas commendable.” He waved a paw at his two minions. “Zat merits you both a revard, I think. You have ze permission to make each other cum, boys.” He watched, chuckling slightly, as Prejudice the latex rhino, smiling eagerly, grabbed Pride the lion and pressed his big lips against the other males. A hand stretched down to cup at the lion’s ass, as Pride purred and rubbed their two stiffening cocks together. “Yes yes. Have fun.”

The bear would have joined them, as he often did. But someone had to be the responsible one. Someone had to push the test subject over the edge. Grabbing an IV filled with black fluid, Dr. Bruin ignored the growing sounds of lust from behind him, injecting Timothy's body and flooding his bloodstream with the rubberizing agent. He watched as the latex transformation continued, first with blackened, shiny "skin" swallowing up the feeble pink human bits of the subject's body. Soon afterwards, a thin layer of white rubber "fur" grew over top it, with a few black spots here and there. His grin grew wider and wider as he watched the transformation sweep up along the test subject's face, swallowing his human cheeks and pushing out into a decidedly canine muzzle. The subject would make such a hot little dalmatian twink. "And now, ze programming." He reached up and grabbed two earbuds, pressing them into the holes of the subject's transforming, floppy ears. A familiar music flooded through them. A music that the subject was now powerless to resist. The bear moved back to grip at the changing puppy's shaft, stroking it slowly, up and down. The most current test subject had reached his breaking point far faster than the first two. And the sounds of Pride and Prejudice fucking each other right behind him was making it impossible for him to stay lucid for long. He had to reward his new puppy. And what better way than to remind him how much PLEASURE there was in listening to his favorite music?

He snorted and leaned down to lick at the puppy's shaft. At first it was just gentle licks around the head. Savoring the taste of his test subject's juices. But the taste of latex and precum was too enticing for the old black bear. Cupping his puppy's balls, he opened his muzzle and began to swallow the shaft, bobbing up and down it. Behind him, he could hear Pride moaning as he was humbled. From experience he knew that while the rhino had the smaller cock between the two, he was stronger and meaner. And more often than not ended up on top during their "wrestling sessions" with each other. He felt his other paw moving down to his own shaft, slick and dripping onto the floor. For a moment, as he sucked his experiment off, he considered claiming his newest test subject's ass right then and there. His balls churned and trembled with a need to be emptied, and he was so horny it was hard to think straight. Just the idea made his dick twitch, another few drops of clear fluid splattering against the floor underneath him. His breathing quickened as he squeezed on the latex dalmatian's balls, bobbing up and down on that slick puppy cock, before pressing his muzzle down as far as he could take it. With his free paw, he began to work eagerly along his own shaft. He couldn't claim his newest test subject yet. Not while he was unconscious. Besides, the boy's hole wasn't nearly flexible enough for him... yet. Quickening both his sucking and his stroking, he was rewarded first with a load of cum flooding his cheeks, pumping down his throat. The bear lost control shortly afterwards, his ten inches of manmeat spurting all over the floor as he pulled off the test subject's shaft. Grunting and enjoying his afterglow, he turned his head up to stare at the dreamy smile along his new pet's muzzle.

By tomorrow, "Timothy" wouldn't be much more than a fever dream.

"You are a Good Boi. You are a puppy. These are one and the same. You are a Good Boi. You are a puppy. Your puppy name is Patches. You are a gay puppy who loves fucking and sucking other males. You have always been a Good Boi gay puppy. Your puppy name is Patches. You are a Good Boi. You are a puppy. These are one and the same..."

Patches felt his muzzle opening wide, a yawn escaping his lips. His tail pulled away from his body with a faint squeak. It was wake-up time again. He hadn't even remembered falling asleep, but he supposed he must have. He was curled up in his soft, snuggly puppy bed, after all. But he couldn't spend any extra time dozing. The happy music in his chamber, plus his growling tummy, told him it was time to eat before his Good Boi practice. Getting up on all fours, he walked over to his bowls, bending down to enjoy the meat left for him. Seasoned with that odd powder that tingled as he swallowed it. Of course, Patches never stopped to wonder why. He knew why. The powder was special, and helped him keep that Good Boi figure that made every other guy who saw him want to fuck his plump little booty! The thought made him stop eating long enough to giggle.

After his meal, he lapped at the water bowl for a bit, before getting up to his two hind legs. He wobbled a bit on them. He much preferred to be on all fours like a proper pet, but he couldn't get at his toys without standing up like this. Since the day he'd come here, he'd changed so drastically! Gone were most of his muscles, having vanished during his rebirth. Left in their wake was a slender, lithe little thing with a plump butt, like a ripe peach, that wiggled wherever he went. His hair had grown a bit longer, giving him a crown of gold that bounced whenever he walked, reminding him of how cute and girly he could be when he was excited. The only sign of his masculinity left was the six inches flopping between his legs, flaccid, but only for the moment. Patches felt a lot younger than he once had... although he couldn't remember how old he'd used to be. His memories were silly things, that drifted and floated around in his mind, rarely holding still long enough for him to paw at one. But at the same time, he didn't often care to think about them. All that mattered was being a Good Boi. Someday, perhaps even a Good Boi with a master.

His prancing along the concrete floor of his room, his tail wagged as he heard his paws squeaking against the stone. "Arf! Good Bois play with toys!" he squealed, reaching up for a dildo along the middle of the rack, labeled "Bear." A few wake-up times ago he'd graduated from the last size to this one, and he was getting pretty good at taking bearcock. The knowledge that the toy he was slathering with copious amounts of lube was probably roughly as big as the hunky bear who had put him here made him smile. He imagined that big fierce predator pinning him down on a table and pumping into his tight ass as he moaned and squirmed to escape... though in his fantasies, rarely did he squirm that hard. He did wonder why he never saw Dr. Bruin, which was disappointing. Every time he thought about the doctor, his paw always seemed to drift towards his groin...

His thought process was interrupted by the door to his chamber opening. Pride, the lion, walked in wheeling a tray with a laptop computer on it. "Ruff! Oh HIIII!" Patches squealed, his blue eyes lighting up as he placed the dildo back on the rack and stumbled over towards the hunky feline. "Mmm... I missed you SOOO much, kitty!" He ran a finger along Pride's squeaky black chest, rubbing his body against the big brawny lion as he wheeled the computer in. "So is today the day you finally give me a good tumble?" he giggled, his spotty tail wagging behind him with enough force to power a turbine. The lion snorted and shook his head. "Arrrrr..." Patches felt his ears drooping instinctively, as he broke away from his mobile cuddling. "You're such a meanie, Prideykins." The puppy folded his arms and huffed. "I'm all alone in here, and no one ever gives me a chance to show them how much of a Good Boi I am." he puffed out his lower lip and snorted. "When is the dog gonna get a bone?!?"

The lion's only response was to wheel the tray in front of his chair and then turn and depart. Patches was left behind to pout a bit, before turning back to his rack. At least his toys were always there for him. He was just about to start playing with one when the TV above his chair flickered on. It had been the first time he'd seen it turn in in a few awakenings, so it merited attention. He waved and woofed at the cartoony puppy on the screen, relaxing in his chair and opening his mind to the spiraling background. The music changed around him, but he didn't even feel concerned. Good Bois listened. Good Bois watched. And he was a very Good Boi. He watched as the cartoony puppy pranced up to a little cartoon computer and began wapping his silly paws against the keys. Patches panted as he watched what was happening. He listened to the words in the music, accepting his new orders. There was a slip of paper taped to the keyboard of the laptop in front of him. Written on it was... a username and a password. His username and password.

The website was already loaded for him: "Rubberpetz4play.com". He felt his cock stiffening at the sight of the models: A bear, a lion, and a rhino, all showing how lewd and horny they were. Something in the back of his head told him there'd be a puppy showing up in pics soon. Logging in, he navigated to a chat room that had been prepared for him and made his introductions...

User: FyreDawg has logged into chat!

FyreDawg: Barkbark! <3 <3 <3

SumDewd: J0.

RandomJoh: Howdy!

FyreDawg: Aw, only two? Arff.... hey, I'm new here and bored. Wanna see a puppy play with a bone?

RandomJoh: ...you talking like, cute animal stuff?

SumDewd: dewd, think of the site we're at! Baka!

FyreDawg: Woof! I'm the new pet in town! And if you both subscribe for the site, you can see me doing all SORTS of naughty things... you know a Good Boi like me is super flexible, rite?

SumDewd: ...dam so hrny.

FyreDawg: Ooo... gonna throw the doggie a bone? I'd love to show off how slutty I am for two hot guys like you.

Patches spent the next two hours of his day showing off for the people who subscribed and got beyond the paywall, using the webcam on his new computer to show everyone how much of a Good Boi he was as he bounced up and down on the bear-sized dildo, having set it up on a special tray on the floor. He was having the time of his life showing off his hot body, stroking his fingers up and down his cock to tease himself while impaling himself on his current favorite toy. With a woof and a pant, his sapphire eyes rolled back in his head as he felt flecks of precum flying against his fur. Periodically he'd take suggestions from his adoring fans to pinch his nipples or cup his balls... once he even bent over and wiggled his dildo-impaled bum right in front of the camera. He was having the time of his life showing off for these random strangers. And it actually made him pout when it finally ended, his climax spattering along the floor in front of him as he whimpered and slid down on his dildo. A few moments of recovery later, and he was lapping up his own puddle, before waving goodbye to his adoring public and promising them that he'd "consider" starring in a few movies with the other rubberfurs. Not that he'd have to consider it for very long... all Patches needed was an opportunity, really.

One wakeup time later, Patches lifted his head up at the sound of metal squeaking. His sensitive doggy ears perked up, as he opened his eyes. The door to his chamber was wide open. He was alone. There was no music. Nothing telling him what to do. "Ruff?" He felt a frown crawling along his muzzle. Getting up to all fours, he walked over to the door, sniffing the air. He couldn't smell anyone else having been around recently. For a moment, a weird idea popped into his head: He had a chance. He could be free. Something inside him cried, screamed, for him to take it. But then he shut it down. "I'm a Good Boi." he whispered to himself, turning to go back towards his bed. He hadn't gotten any orders from anyone to leave his chamber, and he didn't have any silly cartoons showing him that Good Bois escaped their chamber. He was even confused as to what he'd DO outside his chamber. The idea of escaping seemed so weird to him. What would he even be escaping from? The idea was silly to the little domesticated puppy slut. Closing his eyes, he let out a content yawn and curled up. After a few moments, he'd fallen back asleep.

Just like a Good Boi.

Patches felt someone rubbing his tummy before he was aware that he'd rolled onto his back. "Rrrrrrrf?" He felt his left rear leg twitching at the feeling. He'd suddenly discovered that being petted by another person was one of the nicest feelings in the world, and he didn't even know who was doing it yet. Opening his eyes and curling his head up, he found himself someplace strange. There were no gray concrete walls. Instead, there was bright wallpaper, showing a green and blue pattern. He wasn't asleep in his puppy bed, though that brown fluffy thing was on the floor nearby him. He was sitting on something soft and fuzzy. A bunch of blankets, in shades of purple, green, and blue. A bed! The realization that that was what he was laying on made him giggle. He was in someone's bedroom. Sitting up, he looked around to try and figure out more of what was going on.

And what he saw made his heart skip a beat.

"Master!" He shouted the word without thinking, It was just the first thing that entered his head, and it felt so RIGHT to say. His puppy shaft started getting stuff just at the sight.

"Good Boi." Dr. Bruin was laying at the head of the bed, pulling a paw back from Patches' tummy. "You have passed ze final test." The big black rubberbear was entirely naked, a fat ten-inch cock sagging up against his right leg. His broad, burly chest was a slightly more pale black than the rest of his fur, almost as if he'd coated the rubber fur of it in chalk dust. Gripping his cock, he stroked it in front of the puppy. Patches could smell the rubber and musk scents emanating from it, and felt his mouth salivating as he took in that yummy smells.

"Ruff?" Patches' ears perked up. "What test?"

The bear reached up to scritch him between his ears. In appreciation, Patches wagged his tail and panted. "Ze door was left open for you. A legitimate chance to be a bad doggie and escape. For vat it vas worth, zat was no trap." The bear's smile grew from ear to ear. "Zat was a test to see how much of ze Good Boi you have become. And you made me zo proud, Patches." He grabbed the dalmatian by the scruff of his neck and pulled him up the bed, kissing the twinkly puppy firmly. Patches eyes went wide for a moment of shock, before he closed his eyes and returned the kiss, wrestling his tongue with the bear's. After making out for a few moments, Dr. Bruin pulled the puppy's face away from his, provoking a whimper from the puppy. "You are my finest creation... and ze loyalty you have been programmed with deserves ze greatest reward zat I can bestow."

The bear reached over to a wooden nightstand near his bed, opening it and pulling out a black nylon collar. Dangling from a steel ring on it was a shiny silver tag shaped like a bone.

“Patches” was inscribed on it. The puppy’s eyes went wide, as his tail wagging sped up. “F-For me?”

“Yes.” The bear began to fasten it around the puppy’s neck. “Zat shows zat you are mine. My pet. My spotty slutty puppy-dog.” He grinned. “You vill be free to roam my lab and serve my needs, like Pride and Prejudice.” He reached around to cup at the puppy’s plump posterior. “And you vill join us as another “Earner” for ze little side project I have created to pay ze bills.” The mention of it made Patches think of the website he had been showing his escapades on. The memory only lasted for a moment before he became aware that the bear was fingering his tailhole. He arched his head back and moaned. “I vill be your Master, Patches. And you vill serve my every need...”

Patches felt his cock stiffening faster than he thought possible. The mere thought of servicing this alpha-male was driving him crazy. “Ruff!” He lifted his tail, flexing against his new Master’s finger.

“Good Boi.” Dr. Bruin said, lumbering up to a sitting position. “Now turn around and show your bottom to ze doktor...”

Patches turned like the obedient puppy he knew he was. The reward for his obedience was two more fingers pressing into his rubbery hole, both covered in an oily lube. He heard his tailhole making lewd “schlorp” sounds as he felt the bear’s fingers pushing in and out, stretching his bottom and preparing him for what was to come. “Wurrrrrrrrrrrrrf!” He shuddered, both sets of legs trembling as he felt his cock dripping on the formerly-clean sheets. “M-Master! I need you so bad...”

“I know, little pup.” Doctor Bruin got on his knees, pulling his paw out of the boi’s bottom. It was replaced, very soon after, with the head of a bearcock pressed up against his hole. “And with zis, you become mine!” He growled, as he pushed down into Patches’ body, his cock sliding in slow, letting the puppy feel every inch of it. Patches’ breathing grew hot and heavy as he closed his eyes, feeling his hole getting stretched. He’d been training with the “Bear” dildo for a while but it STILL hadn’t prepared him! Lowering his head, his mind awash in pain and pleasure, he whimpered as his Alpha took him. He badly wanted to touch himself. To pleasure his cock. But he needed all four of his legs on the bed to keep the position he was in. And Master wouldn’t be happy if he changed positions. It wasn’t Good Boi behavior at all! And yet, at the same time, his balls were painfully full. Whimpering and burying his head in the blankets, he tried not to think about how badly he wanted to cum.

And then, he felt a firm paw wrapping around his shaft. “Zat is (nnnnf!) enough of zat, silly puppy.” The bear growled as he began pumping on Patches’ weenie in time with every thrust against the Boi’s prostate. “Obedience breeds (Rrrrrf!) pleasure, puppy! Zat is what you have learned, no?”

“A-arrrrrrf!” Master’s obedient little puppyboi moaned, feeling wave after wave of pleasure surging through him. This moment, his first moment having another male mate him- and his true Master no less! It was everything he’d hoped it would be. Like a needy little addict getting his fix, the puppy moaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as his tongue flopped out. The air was filled with moist smacking sounds, squeaks of rubber against rubber, and pleased puppy noises as Dr. Bruin fucked his new pet. The two males lost track of time in their rutting, the bear’s big black balls smacking against his pet’s ass as he thrust back and forth, grunting and growling in his bliss. Patches was lost in a slutty trance, enjoying every moment of his greatest submission, as he giggled and wiggled his booty for the big black bear who was impaling him. And then, he felt a hot breath against his left ear. His master’s body was pressed firmly up against his. And a single word was whispered into his mind.

“Cum.”

Patches couldn’t have fought it even had he wanted to. With a howl of bliss, he felt his balls seizing up and his cock tremble, a fat knot at the base of his cock being stroked by a bear’s slick latex paw. His load came, spurting out all over the bed, and with it came a feeling of bliss. His Master was his everything now. He could no more resist his will than he could stop playing with toys. It was simply unthinkable. With a roar and a growl, the bear’s humping grew faster. More intense. Patches felt his ass getting pounded, his whole body bouncing back and forth, until finally, the bear grunted and roared, and Patches felt his butt filling with the seed of a real man. The Boi giggled, panting and letting his Master slide out of him. He clenched his bottom to hold in the load that had filled it with his trained muscles. “T-thank you, Master Bruin...” He looked back, his eyes glazed over in his bliss.

The bear huffed and puffed, flopping back onto the pillows of his bed. “You are welcome, little puppy.” He chuckled, cupping his balls. “You took Master’s seed like ze true whore. Master is so very proud of zat.” He grinned, waving his dick back and forth. “But now, ve will zee how good you are at cleaning up, won’t we?”

With a happy squeal, Patches rushed over to begin pleasing his Master again. It was the start of his new life. And he was sure he’d be loving every moment of it.

The End!