

Tiger Tails: Sisselixer

By: Terinas Tiger

“Clothes shopping.” Tobias slammed the driver’s door on his truck shut behind him, narrowing his eyes as he stared up at his location. “Why did it have to be clothes shopping?” The Lustrum Mall stared back at him, a large shopping complex capped by four glass doors, a sign above them depicting the mall’s name in neon blue letters that lit up at night. To the right of the letters, an image of the mall’s cartoon mascot waved at people as they came and went. Why they’d picked a naked white wolf as their mascot, Tobias didn’t know. He grumbled, walking away from his red pickup truck as he walked towards the mall, hands shoved into the pockets of his blue jeans. Tobias wasn’t much for fashion or trends, and didn’t put much thought into what he wore each day beyond that it was clean and kept him from nudity. But there was a more specific reason he hated shopping for clothes...

Standing at just over seven feet tall, Tobias tended to loom over other humans. He’d found individuals of other species that were taller than him, but they were rare. His height had its advantages, but it did make clothes shopping (already something he considered a chore) more difficult than it had to be. It was hard to find shirts that fit, and even harder to track down pants which weren’t too short on him. So when the hole in the left shoulder of his favorite shirt caught on something the other day and tore, he had been upset. Even at twenty five, Tobias owned just enough clothing to wear a different outfit every day without repeating himself. At least, he had until he’d torn yesterday’s shirt. Which had produced a regrettable need to do clothes shopping, and thus the mall. As he walked down the parking lot, the wind buffeted his body, sending a shiver up his spine and blowing his black hair all over. His once-combed locks fell into his eyes, as he grumbled. “I hate the wind, I hate shopping, I hate the mall...” Tobias felt the breeze sweeping through his coat, causing the sides of it to rustle and bustle. He quickened his pace to cross the parking lot and get into the mall and out of the elements.

There were a lot more anthros than Tobias had expected in the mall that day. He watched as a bright orange-furred foxman in nothing but a fishnet shirt and a pair of black booty shorts walked by, the arm of a large polar bear in matching black leather clothes around his shoulder. Out of the corner of his eye Tobias could see a tubby raccoon guy, a smug smirk plastered along his masked muzzle, reaching out to grope a thin ferret boy who was staring at the tattoos on display outside the local tattoo parlor. To his left he heard two young canine guys panting as they jogged out of the entrance

to the local Macy's superstore. Each of them were wagging their tails with energy, something he felt when one of them smacked him on his side as they passed. Over to his right, the pretzel vendor's line was full of young bucks, eager for a taste of something salty. His eyes went wide for a moment. Anthros were a minority in Chicago and the surrounding areas, or so he'd always been told. Sure, he saw one or two of them a day, but seeing so many of them at once was surprising. In fact, aside from himself, he could only see one, maybe two humans in the immediate throng of people milling about the mall.

"Err... excuse me, young human!" He was jarred out of his moment of surprise by a cheery, rolling voice to his left. Turning his head, what he saw surprised him more. Just a month ago, the store at the mall's north entrance had been a cheap chinese restaurant. Now, a sign reading "Tiger Toys: Adult Novelties and Excitements" in alternating black and orange letters hung above what looked to be store filled with sex paraphernalia. A wall lined with dildos of various colors and sizes met his gaze. Looking away, he saw the other wall was lined with various kinky outfits: french maid "costumes", Police officer "uniforms", Catgirl/Catboy sex outfits, and many, many more. He felt his face get hot. Why would there be a store that brazen about sexuality, right at the most public entrance to the mall? It was strange.

"Young man, if you'd just come right here..." Just in front of the store stood a large tiger anthro, his fur a mix of oranges and whites, with black stripes all over. He was wearing a brown shirt with the phrase "Hot Chocolate Love" written on it in tiny printed marshmallows. The tiger had an obvious fake brown mustache perched just below his nostrils. A pair of khaki pants gripped tightly to his waist. A small badge said "Hello! My name is Terinas, how may I seduce you with our wares today?" in orange and black plastic pinned to his shirt. In front of him was a table with a number of paper cups of various pastel colored bubbling liquids. "For our opening day, we're offering free samples to anyone at the mall!" The tiger waved his left paw over the range of plastic cups, then pointed at Tobias. "Would you care to try one?"

Tobias gazed down at the table of cups. He could see four colors of bubbling liquids there: Brown, blue, yellow, and pink. "Uh, samples of what, exactly? Lube or something?" He raised an eyebrow. "I'm not really sure I'm interested in free samples of most of the stuff sold in an adult novelty store, you know?"

"Perfectly reasonable!" The tiger folded his arms. his striped tail swaying back and forth against the tile floor behind him. "What we're giving away right now are free

custom-made sodas from our “You Are What You Drink” product line! Whet your thirst as you shop til you drop!”

“Sodas, huh?” Tobias reached down to take one of the cups at random from the table. A pale pink fluid bubbled up at him as he stared down at it in his hands. Lifting it to his nose, he took a faint sniff. The scent of cherries hit his nostrils. “Well, I’m not entirely sure I see how soda is an adult novelty or whatever, but I guess this one’s fine. If you’re giving it away, that is. Thanks.” He turned and started walking off, taking a sip of the soda as he shifted his weight and turned, taking long strides towards the Racy’s store to his left.

“Alrighty then! Thank you for trying the drink out, please consider buying some if you like it a lot!” The tiger known as Terinas waved, watching the human nurse the drink as he mixed into the crowd. his fake mustache bristled in appreciation as he walked. The tiger wanted to get a good idea of what his most recent test subject looked like before the changes. Tall. Pale whitish-pink skin. Somewhat bulkier, likely due to a mix of working out and eating poorly. Shiny onyx hair, probably well maintained, kept cropped short enough so that it spiked up on its own. Cool green eyes. Probably weighed near two eighty pounds, but the tiger couldn’t tell how much was fat and how much was muscle. “We really would love some business, doncha know!” He kept smiling and waving, to no one in particular, for another few moments before dropping the plastic act.

His curled his lips down and furrowed his brow, fake mustache bristling in appreciation. Smiling, Terinas moved his left paw up to stroke his chin. “Huh. He picked the SissElixer. Thought for sure someone like that would’ve been more drawn to the BrutBeer, or the TropiTwink Punch. Heck, in a pinch, the fourth flavor whose name I can’t ever remember. Ah well, different strokes for different folks I suppose.” The tiger shrugged. “Time to continue the experiment.” He looked back to the entryway for the mall, picking out more people to serve as his test subjects. “Ah, you there! Yes, the young man in the red hoodie! Care for a free sample, good sir?” He was unconcerned about any repercussions. The effects in such a small concentration were supposed to be temporary, anyway.

Racy’s was a large, one-stop shop for the various needs of the average consumer, selling everything from beds to shoes, clothes to luggage. And even though

he really only was here to buy a replacement shirt, Tobias couldn't help but stop and window shop as he walked past the beds on display. He'd never really thought about it before, but all of a sudden he really wanted a bigger bed. "Mmm... maybe a queen like me should buy a queen size bed." He chuckled. Mostly it was a joke, but there was something pretty enticing about having a big, fluffy bed with lots of pillows and stuffed animals to rest his head on. "Huh. Why would I sleep with stuffed animals?" He blinked. "Holy hell where did that thought come from?" He took another sip of his cherry soda, letting the fizzy fluid swish around his mouth for a bit as he savored the sweetness of it. The beverage started out sweet, but burned ever-so-slightly as he swallowed it, like it was mildly alcoholic. It was oddly enticing, and every sip he took came with it a warm rush. He made a note to buy a liter of it on his way out. Even if he didn't know quite what was in it, anything with that much kick to it was aces in his book. Tobias turned to walk past bedding, unaware that his gait was changing. With every step he took, his butt had a pronounced wiggle to it, swishing and jiggling back and forth, like a lure. As he past a gray furred timber wolf anthro, the other male grinned, giving him a sharp low whistle as he watched that booty bounce. As Tobias passed, the wolf took a sip from a plastic cup with a brown beverage in it, giving him a wink and a sly smirk.

The entire moment made Tobias blush. He wasn't gay, but the attention felt nicer than he'd expected it to. He walked a bit quicker, though, not entirely certain what he'd done to get a wolf-whistle from another dude. He didn't want to encourage the attention. To clear his mind of the embarrassment, he took another swig from his free sample. The glass was just half full now, and the light, giddy buzz he'd been enjoying returned as he walked into the men's clothing section of Macy's. That was why he was here, after all. He just needed a new shirt. And then, as he passed a rack of multi-colored tight neon shirts, another idea popped into his head. Why just buy one? After all, a girl needed some variety now and then, right? Wearing the same clothes day in and day out got so dull. Turning to the rack of clothes on sale, he reached out to feel the fabric on one of the shirts, a bright neon blue number. It felt so smooth against his fingers. "Ooo... is that Lycra? I think that is Lycra!" He giggled, as he picked it off the rack. It was a medium. Too small for him, of course, but he wanted to try it on anyway. After all, Lycra was a stretchy material, right?

Taking the shirt, plus a matching one in green and another in yellow, he pranced over towards a changing room. "This'll be great!" He smiled, practically skipping as he ducked inside the room. "I can't remember when I last checked which colors worked best with my natural colors..." He put a hand on the cool metal doorknob of one of the changing rooms, but hesitated as he heard a low, masculine groan from inside. His face felt hot as the groan was paired with a higher pitched giggle on the other side of the

door. Some guys were having a lot of fun on the other side of the door, and he didn't really want to barge in on them. He turned to the next door down, opening it and popping inside. He'd just have to ignore the moans and purrs from his neighbors. After all, something felt really rude about interrupting two guys getting busy in a public place all of a sudden.

Tobias tugged off his drab gray t-shirt, staring at it for a moment. The words "Wait, what am I doing here." stared back at him, white text printed along the deeper gray of the shirt. His lips curled into a slight frown. Suddenly, the "witty" catch phrase on the shirt seemed kinda boring. He wondered why he'd even put it on. Turning to the full-length mirror in the changing room, he set his drink down and looked over his body for a moment. And his eyes went wide. "W-woah... when did I get chest hair?" His chest was covered in a shaggy layer of hair that stretched from near his shoulders to down along his taut tummy. The hair itself was a melange of orange, black, and white hues, faint patterns that swirled and crossed his chest. It was actually a bit encouraging to see, since he hadn't ever managed to grow so much as a beard. "Oh em gee, that's sooo manly!" He smiled, as he reached down to pat the fuzz on his chest. He was a bit confused where it'd suddenly come from, but he was just so excited that he could just squeal in happiness. "Maybe now I can get some guys to look my way..." He blinked, shaking his head. "I mean girls. Wow, what a slip of the tongue!"

After a few more moments fawning over himself in the mirror, Tobias reached out to grip the blue lycra shirt, rubbing his fingers along the smooth fabric again to enjoy the feeling as he held it up in front of his chest. "Ok, I just TOTALLY don't have the figure for this. I haven't been a medium since college." His lower lip pushed out in a slight pout. "But I really wanna try this on, even if it's kinda tight. Just to see how it feels on my skin." Tobias pulled the shirt down over his head, feeling the fabric caress his skin through his hair. As he pulled his head through the head-hole, his hair bounced, black locks falling down to his neck. "Huh, has it been that long since I've had a haircut?" He stared at his hair in the mirror. It shimmered, almost like there was silver glitter combed into it. "That's not-" He blinked. "No, that's a really hot idea, actually." He mumbled to himself. He'd get a lot of attention if he made his hair pretty like that. "I wonder if Racy's sells body glitter?" He mumbled to himself as he tugged the lycra shirt down his body.

He'd expected it to be tight. He'd feared he'd stretch it out to a point where it'd have been useless and he'd have to buy it. But as Tobias tugged the medium sized blue lycra shirt down his chest, he felt his skin tingling a bit as the fabric slid along his body. It ended up being a bit too tight, but not nearly as bad as he expected. The blue fabric didn't even reach down to his belly button, and was stretched tightly against his chest,

his nipples outlined in the stretchy fabric. He almost felt like if he moved in it too much, he'd rip the shirt entirely. But as he moved to take it off, he hesitated. The feeling of the smooth lycra chafing against his nipples with every motion he made sent shivers up Tobias' spine. "Ooo... this just feels sooo good. I wonder what it'd feel like if I..." Tobias closed his eyes, lifting his hands up to his chest and pressing his thumbs against each of his nipples. A moment later, he started kneading them in circles against his teats, which sent bolt after bolt of intense pleasure straight into his mind. "Nnnngh!" He grit his teeth, feeling his cock stiffening. With his eyes closed, he couldn't see how his body was changing. His nipples were growing larger, swelling out and puffing up, growing in size and sensitivity. He pressed his thumbs deeper into his chest flesh, letting out a soft huff of hot air, and then-

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The fabric of the blue lycra top tore, and Tobias jerked up in it, watching as it came apart at a seam. "Meep!" He whimpered, trying to take the shirt off so he could survey the damage. Holding it up in front of his fuzzy chest, he could see that one of the shoulders had torn right down the seam. "Aww... am I gonna have to pay for that?" He whimpered. "I shouldn't have tried to put it on... I knew I was too big." With a sigh, he put the torn shirt down on top of the other two he'd grabbed, and then reached for his dull gray t-shirt. Before he put it on, he stared at it. "Gawd, why did I wear this icky thing today? I bet I'd be swimming in this thing if I put it on. An XL is, like, too big for someone like me!" Saying it out loud sounded strange. It did LOOK big for him, but had it always been that way? "I... think? Let me try it on." Pulling it onto his body confirmed it. The sleeves sagged against his arms, and the length went down to nearly cover his butt. Tobias had lost weight while in the dressing room, as well as at least a foot in height. "Ugh, I can't wear this outside... the fabric will catch on everything!" As Tobias tried to figure out what to wear, he reached out to his plastic cup and took another sip of the cherry soda in it, giggling a bit from the burning sensation as it slid down his throat.

"Hey there, kitten." A deep, gravelly voice from outside the changing booth caused him to jump. "If you need something to wear, why don't you try putting on some of these? I think you'd look hot in any one of these numbers." Before Tobias could respond, a large pile of clothes flopped over the top of the dividing wall between him and the man speaking outside. "Find something you like, and then show me how you look in it. I'll be waiting..." And with a slurping sound, the voice fell silent.

Tobias blinked. "Hey, I-" he looked up at the pile of clothing. For a moment he hesitated, before reaching up to pull it all down. "I guess I could try some of this stuff on.

See how it makes me look. Maybe I'll find something fabulous!" With growing enthusiasm in his voice, Tobias began trying on clothes from the pile. And the more outfits he tried on, the farther the changes went. After trying on a pair of blue jeans from the women's side of the store, he quickly discovered his old pants no longer fit him. They were wide enough in the ass, but far too long, and with them on he'd end up walking on the tips of the pant legs. As he tugged on a bright pink cotton shirt with a bunny on it, the growing calico fur spread along his chest, moving down along his waist and across his sides. At first he worried his unseen assistant had made a mistake when he found a pair of khaki shorts with a hole in the backside. But as he tried them on, the hole turned out to be the perfect size for his swishy little tail. He even discovered that he loved the way they hugged his ass when he turned around to admire his tail in the mirror. As he moved further into the pile of clothes, he was delighted to discover that things got progressively better and better. The next thing on the pile was a plaid skirt and a green schoolgirl's top, which he spent several minutes posing in front of the mirror while wearing. And after that was a pair of adorable yellow panties with a baby chick on the backside of them. It was a godsend, since Tobias had apparently decided to wear some icky boxer shorts that day, which were much too big for him and too frumpy besides. He was so excited to try on underwear that he barely even noticed his body shrinking, foot after foot shaved away as he posed in a black lacy thong and a matching training bra. After trying on a tiny red polka dot bikini, he twitched his whiskers and smiled. "See, I love this-" He said to the figure outside the room, who had yet to reply back to him. "-But my weenie is outlined in the crotch, and I'm not good enough at tucking to hide it yet." Some part of him cried out that he wouldn't bother tucking anything at all. But it was quickly silenced. Tobias wanted to look as girly as possible.

There was just one outfit left. "O-ok... I'm going to come out with this on... let me know what you think, ok?" He said, still not entirely certain who he was talking to.

The door opened. What stepped out wouldn't have been recognisable as Tobias at all. Covered in calico fur, the figure looked up with pale yellow slitted eyes, long locks of luscious black hair framing his head, crowned on top by two pointed triangular ears that twitched slightly as he waked out. Fastened around Tobias' neck was a small pink collar with a metal heart tag dangling from it. He was wearing a pale white belly shirt with the word "Wet" written on it in neon pink letters. Along the shoulders, black straps of a push-up bra could be seen... Tobias had padded his chest, but even without the added padding he still had a respectable pair of A size tits that needed support now. A matching pink skirt with black threads rustled as he walked, bouncing back and forth against his waist, never reaching his knees. Clearly, the skirt had been meant for humans rather than anthros, however, because there was no hole for his tail sewn into

the fabric. As Tobias walked out to greet his benefactor, his tail raised, lifting his skirts, and flashing his ruffly white satin panties to anyone who was fortunate enough to walk behind him. The kitten's abs were small yet toned, his arms scrawny yet defined. Tobias had almost no extraneous body fat on him whatsoever... above his belly button. Tobias' ass was the only part of him that hadn't seemed to shrink, but with his new proportions, looked larger than ever. Where before there had been a slight bounce to his ass whenever he took a step, now there was a full rippling effect, like a bowl of trembling jello. Finishing the outfit was a pair of nylon stockings, pink with white stripes, pulled up over the calico cat's back paws. "W-well? How do I look?" Tobias blushed, unused to putting himself on display like this.

The figure waiting outside was someone he'd seen before. The timber wolf who had whistled at him stood before him, but Tobias wasn't the only one who had gone through some changes. The wolf towered over him. Tobias didn't remember him being that tall. His shoulders were broad, and the kitten stood in his shadow just by the relative difference in their heights. The only clothes he was wearing as a black leather vest, and a thin strap of black leather that fought futilely to contain a large bulge between his legs. Muscles bulged underneath his scant clothes, as if trying to break free and almost succeeding. The wolf was enormous, at least seven feet tall, with the body of a heavy lifter. He smelled of coffee and sweat, as his yellow eyes locked with Tobias' own set. "You look adorable, little kitten." As he spoke, his tongue ran along his fangs. An empty plastic cup dropped to the ground, a few drops of a deep brown liquid spilling out of it as he took a few steps towards Tobias. "What's your name, kitten?"

Tobias' ears were flat against his head as he swallowed, staring up at the advancing big bad wolf. "T-Tob-" he stuttered.

"Tobi?" The wolf put a paw on the cat's left shoulder, pushing him back into the changing room. "That's a pretty cute name for a sissy like you." He kicked the door shut with a footpaw, his gaze never leaving Tobi's eyes. "I'm Vincent."

Tobias' eyes caught motion down below, and he glanced downward. The wolf was stroking his own bulge through the leather jockstrap he could barely say covered his immodest bits. The feeling of hot breath against his forehead made him turn his head back up. His back was against the wall of the changing room. The big bad wolf was between him and the door. There wasn't any escape. "I-I'm notta sissy." he said, his tone feeble, his words shaky. He wasn't gay. He didn't like other guys. But then why was the scent of the wolf's arousal making him feel like a tensing spring?

“Really now?” The wolf’s voice had an amused rumble to it. “Coulda fooled me. What with that cute little collar, or the glitter in your fur. Or the expression on your face that says “fuck me please”, kitten.”

Tobias gasped, his heart racing. “D-does it really say that?” He whimpered, trembling a bit.

“Course it does.” Vincent chuckled, reaching down to rub at Tobias’ right shoulder, while leaning on over him with an arm propped up against a wall. “But I don’t need to look at you to tell you’re a sissy.” He looked over at the cup of pink soda, which Tobias had forgotten on the bench. “Seeing you had that tells me if you weren’t already a sissy, you’d be one soon.”

The wolf’s grip was tight, but he didn’t squeeze hard enough to hurt Tobias’ shoulder. He felt Vincent’s fingers gripping tight, kneading his muscles like bread dough. His head arched up, involuntarily. “N-nyaaaah!” He shuddered, unable to keep quiet from the pleasure of the sensation.

The wolf chuckled. “Somehow I figured you’d be a screamer.” He moved his paw down, sliding it along Tobias’ chest and down under his bra. “See, the sex store’s been giving out these drinks to anyone who’ll take one. And I had a little bit of a gab with the tiger handing them out before I took mine.” Tobias shuddered again as he felt the wolf pinch his left nipple. He knew it was wrong to let another guy do this to him, but it felt so right on a level he couldn’t explain. “See, anyone who drinks one gets turned into something out of a gay guy’s wet dream.” He pulled his arm away from the cat’s body to flex it, showing Tobias an iron-hard bicep. “See, you drink a cup of ‘BrutBeer’, and you’ll be turned into a big gay body-builder type. Drink some of the Twinky stuff, whatever it’s called, and you’ll turn into a scrawny prettyboy.” he chuckled. “But you? You picked the ‘Sisselixer’ stuff that turns you into a crossdressing, valley girl femme. Also a furry, but all the drinks do that. Dunno why.”

It was like a veil was lifted. Tobias knew he’d felt strange since he got to the mall, but if what Vincent said was true, it made a lot of sense. He grit his teeth and pushed weakly away from the wolf. “Even s-so, you can’t just push me into something I don’t want. I’m n-not gay, I’m not a s-slut, a-and even if I was, I wouldn’t want someone as p-pushy as you.” His tail thrashed angrily as he hissed at the wolf. But it was a facade. Part of him wanted to lick that yummy muscleman all over, to taste his sweat and his balls and his-

“Oh really?” Vincent interrupted his thought. He reached over to grab the plastic cup with Tobias’ drink in it. For a moment, he sloshed the last bit of the drink in the cup. “Let’s test that conviction, then. Funny thing I learned about this stuff. It’s not SUPPOSED to last longer than an hour, even if you drink the whole cup.” The wolf swished the liquid around in the cup as he used his free paw to start undoing the leather strap covering his crotch. “So you might still be able to go back to being what you used to be if you don’t finish this.” And with a single motion, he poured the last of the Sisselixer onto his fuzzy cock, already half erect. “But I’ve been like this for hours since finishing mine. So maybe it works differently for former humans than the tiger thought. Still, if you don’t finish your cup, you might have a chance: All you have to do to be free is to walk out of this room and ignore me. But can you really resist sucking on this thing, Tobi? Do you even want to?” His smirk grew wider and more insufferable as he finished speaking.

Tobias’ eyes went wide as he saw another male’s cock for what felt like his very first time. The scent of cherries intermingled with Vincent’s natural musk in his nostrils. His mouth was agape, as a drop of drool fell to the floor. A dim voice in his head pled for him to run. To flee that room and never look back. But it was nothing more than a whisper at the back of his mind. Something more primal wanted to taste it. To taste his first cock. To bend down and clean his balls, lick all that yummy soda off of them, to see how the flavors mixed with the taste of wolf spunk... Tobias took a step forward, almost acting on autopilot. His gaze never left Vincent’s crotch, as the wolf cupped his soggy balls. Every inch closer he got made it feel less like a choice at all.

In a matter of moments, his nose was less than an inch away from Vincent’s balls. The wolf reached down to scratch him between his ears. “That’s a good kitten... come on, go ahead and give it a lick... doesn’t the idea of being a cute gay little sissy feel so very good? Certainly better than the hairless grumpy creature you were before... come on. And if you’re good at it, I’ll take good care of you in return. Every little sissy needs a big strong male to take care of them, right? All it’ll take is a few licks, and you’ll get to leave all that silly straight stuff behind you... Open your mouth. Seal your fate.” Tobias chewed on his lower lip, his body trembling as he stood there on all fours like an animal, just an inch away from a nirvana his body was begging him to take. He couldn’t even remember why he was resisting anymore. It just felt like he should resist. But he was growing tired of it. Opening his muzzle, he flicked his rough, wet tongue out to taste Vincent’s shaft. In that second, he made his choice.

And then, before he had a second thought, he was swallowing it.

Vincent was grunting above him as he bobbed up and down on the canine's cock. The flavors of precum and cherries swirled around his mouth. He wasn't sure if the giddy feeling flooding him was due to the soda or the fact that he was pleasing his mate, or both. And after another moment of savoring the flavors in his mouth, he didn't even care. He was finally sucking off another male. He felt like he'd waited his entire life for it. His tongue swirled around the head of the wolf's cock, trying to coax more droplets of precum out. Tobias- no his name was Tobi now, a pretty name for a pretty sissy- felt his tail stiffening and rising, as he wiggled his butt. He hoped that Vincent would scratch the little itch he was starting to feel down there, but not before he tasted more of the canine's yummy cock! After a few moments of running his fangs gently down Vincent's nine inches, he started to feel a rumbling from his body. It took Tobi a moment to realize he was purring.

The timber wolf clenched his teeth. "H-heh. Happy kitten. World's so much brighter now that you've learned your place, huh?" He was having trouble talking with a pair of lips around his shaft, but he managed somehow. Tobi moved his cute little paws up to stroke behind Vincent's balls, and then up along the balls themselves. Now that he'd accepted he was a sissy, he wanted to learn all about how to please a man. And the only way he could think of to do that was to try things and see what made his new mate howl.

Suddenly, he felt the wolf pull away from him, that tasty cock pulling out of his mouth. "H-hey!" he snorted, his lower lip pushing out in a pronounced put. "I was having fun!"

"Any more fun like that, and I was gonna bust a nut." The wolf pointed at the wall. "Stand up, put your arms up against that. It's time to claim you as my bitch."

Tobi's heart skipped a beat as he stood up. "Y-you mean..."

Vincent's response was to smack the kitten's ripe ass, causing Tobi to yowl, as he dribbled some precum into his panties. "Yeah. You're fucking hot, kitten. I think I might just take this item home with me." Tobi giggled, feeling the wolf's fingers slide under his skirts and tug his panties down. To encourage him, the calico cat lifted his tail, pulling his skirts up and allowing Vincent unobstructed access to his ass. "Got a hot ass too." The wolf growled. Tobi bit his lip in anticipation as he felt something firm and meaty sliding between his cheeks. Pressing up against his boiclitty. His muscles tensed. He had no idea how it was going to feel, but he had never been more certain he wanted something in his life.

The kitten arched his head back. "Mmm... fuck me, daddy. Teach me how to be your cute little pet kitten."

The wolf chuckled as he gripped at Tobi's collar, using it to pull himself in. Tobi gasped as he felt the material of his collar pulling against his neck, at the same time as a cock entered his hole. "Nnngh!" He gasped, his pucker flexing against the invading wolfcock. Pain and pleasure mixed in his mind, like the tastes of cherry soda and wolf precum. He was purring loud enough to imitate an engine. He didn't know how to make that stop. And at the moment, he didn't want to. After a moment, Vincent began to grind against Tobi's body, his cock rubbing back and forth against the new sissy's prostate. At first it was slow: the sawing of metal through wood. But after a few moments of fun, he began to quicken his pace. With what felt like every thrust, Tobi mewled and squealed, sounding like he was in heat, pushing his booty back against his lover's crotch, wanting to feel more of it inside him. His body felt like it was about to explode. And after a few more seconds of pounding, it did.

"Oooooooooooooooooooooohmygaaaaawd!" he moaned out, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. Tobi felt himself climaxing into his panties. His cum was pale, tinted pink, and translucent, with no hint of sperm inside them. Sissies didn't sire children, and Tobi wouldn't ever have the urge again. He squealed as he pushed his rump backwards, wiggling it slightly with the wolf inside it. He wanted to spread his nirvana. He wanted to bring his mate to cum, for the wolf to feel the same blissful afterglow his kitten had experienced. He wanted to know he'd been a good sissy and taken a man's load. He didn't have to wait much longer. With a growl and a grunt, Vincent's body stiffened, and Tobi felt a warmth spreading through him. The canine's thrusts slowed as he pumped his cum into Tobi.

When his thrusts finally stopped, he flopped against the kitten, pushing him into the wall. Tobi felt a paw running through his long, shimmery hair. "Yeah... definitely keeping you, kitten." With a blissful sigh, Tobi rested his head against the wall, closing his eyes.

Ten minutes passed before the door to the changing room opened again. Out walked a cute calico catboy, his big strong canine boyfriend's arm draped over his shoulders. Slung over Vincent's free arm was a load of clothing fit for a sissy. Tobi cuddled into him as they walked, checking his phone for any text messages without any luck. He made a note that he needed lots of girlfriends to text when he was out and

about. Maybe he'd make some. Sisselixer was on sale, right? "Mmm... snugglewoof, what would you think about me tweeting all my sexy new outfits for people to see?" He looked up at Vincent, giggling at the thought of swaying his butt for a photo shoot.

His mate laughed, and Tobi smiled, knowing that he was a good sissy.

(Special Furry Website-Only Maybe-Canonical Epilogue!)

Hours later, a tiger fled from the scene of the crime, the mall his store was formerly operating out of now being roped off by the CDC, the CPD, and a few other acronyms he didn't stick around to find out. A fake mustache fell down off his upper lip. Several tranquilizer darts were sticking out of his back as he fled into the city streets. "Ok! SO!" He stopped, slumping over and pushing his front paws into his knees. He allowed himself a huff and a puff. "What did I learn today?" The tiger let his head hang low, breathing in and out deeply. "Apparently humans in this universe have like ZERO tolerance to transformation potions! Who knew?" With a sigh, he slouched over against the brick wall of a building, leaning in on it and coughing. "Ok, so there goes my inventory... and my store... and all my food and ability to make money around here." With a sigh, he pressed his fingers into his forehead, pressing his fingers into his forehead. He felt a headache coming on. "I WISH I could say this was the first time I unleashed a transformation epidemic onto an unsuspecting world. Frig. I try to get some accurate test data and THIS happens!"

Turning, he reached into his pocket to pull out a shimmery, rainbow-colored stick of chalk. "Alright, guess I blew my chances in THIS world... time to visit another one." Drawing a rainbow circle in the wall, he took a deep breath, watched as the circle filled in with a dimensional portal, and then jumped in, vanishing to parts unknown.

The End!