

Himboutique:

A Tiger Tail

By: Terinas Tiger

"Hey, isn't that lioness her? The Felidae girl?"

"Yeah!"

"I heard her mother works TWO jobs to afford living here."

"Oh really? I actually heard her mom has three!"

"Three jobs?!? When does she find time to sleep?"

"Well, her third job might not give her much time to sleep, but it gives her plenty of time in beds, if you get what I'm saying."

Anna Felidae stared down at the ground, walking past the gaggle of gossiping girls and pretending not to notice the loudest whispering she'd ever heard. The young lioness felt her tail thrashing with irritation as she moved, whipping against the tile floors of the school hallway. There was no reason for her to lose her cool. It'd only make it worse. She was already the subject of attention because of how hard she worked at her classes anyway. Around her school too much intelligence felt like a curse, some days. In a pricy high-standard academic school, it made her stand out. And not in a good way. She stopped at her locker, putting the combination into the padlock while trying not to listen to the cluster of girls hanging around on the opposite end of the hallway.

"Ugh, look at her uniform! The sleeves don't even go down to her wrists. Is that the same one she was wearing in sophomore year?"

"Her tits would be spilling out of that top... you know, if she had any!"

"Well, what do you expect? Her family can't exactly afford to get uniforms every year. Unlike some of us!"

"What family? It's just her and her streetwalker of a mom, right?"

"Ugh, why are poor cats even ALLOWED in Basking Rock Academy? If you ask me, social services should be taking her away."

Anna felt herself starting to growl. Her claws were out. Her muscles tensed. Every day it was like this. The same old antagonists, the same old story. She was a moment away from doing something reckless, and she knew it. She slid her books out of her locker and let them drop into her bookbag. The last bells had already rung. All she had to do was get her stuff and go. She took a moment to close her eyes, take a few deep breaths, and contemplate the void for a moment. Thinking about nothing at all was a chance to cool off; to escape thinking about what she'd like to do to those

insufferable spoiled rich girls living off mommy and daddy's money. Besides, she didn't have time to waste hissing at them. She had plans tonight. Fun plans.

The bile in her throat lowering again, she locked her locker again and spun around to leave. Only to stare the big bad of her daily adventure serial right in the eyes. Katherine, a black poofy house cat who often saw fit to masquerade as a Queen Bee, flanked by two craven lickspits. The raven-furred witch popped a pink gum bubble, a hand on her right hip. "Going off to rummage through our dumpsters for dinner tonight, Anna?" She was standing close enough that the lioness could smell the cloying artificial strawberry of her perfume.

Anna feigned a moment of dry heaving from the scent before narrowing her eyes. "I thought I'd wash it down with a cup of your tears." She tossed her brown hair away from her eyes, letting the curly locks fall to either side of her muzzle. "After all, you're the only person who bombed Mr. Panthera's Biology Quiz? Have fun explaining that one to mommy and daddy, by the way." The housecat's eyes went wide, her sneer falling into a scowl. Anna grinned. Shots fired, but now she was out of ammo. "How you could blow it on a ten question rehash of chapter ONE stuff is beyond me." The lioness moved forward to try and walk past the girls, only to be blocked when one of the lickspits shot an arm out to intercept her escape route.

Katherine hissed, her tail whipping in irritation. "A-at least I'm not blowing what your mom bl-"

"HAHAHAHAHAHA 'Implications that my mom's a whore'! How VERY novel AND witty! Congratulate your writing staff on that GEM Kit-Kat." Anna's fake laugh dropped to a scowl. They had her encircled on all sides. "You gonna let me pass now, or just stare hatefully into my eyes until some guy yells for us to kiss?" Anna snarled. She hated how girls fought sometimes. Part of her wished Katherine would just throw a punch and be done with it.

Katherine's scowl faded. The Mexican Standoff passed for a moment, Anna's Big Bad blowing and popping another bubble in her face, before reaching into one of the pockets of her jeans to pull out some folded-up slip of paper. "Sure. Free country, after all." She stepped away, making a gesture with her free paw for Anna to pass.

Not wanting to escalate things into a fight, Anna slung her backpack over one shoulder and made her escape, passing by her detractors before anything-

SLAP!

Something small, wet, and sticky smacked into her back, pressed in by a paw. She didn't stop to check what it was. She just took off, walking as fast as she could while maintaining her feline dignity. Something rustled behind her, and she felt a wet spot forming on the back of her shirt. She made sure to duck into a bathroom at the earliest opportunity to check what it was.

And once she found it, she hissed. She should have clawed up that little bitch when she had the urge. "Real mature, Kit-Kat." She grumbled. A folded up piece of notebook paper with the words "My Vagoo is Infested" on it. Attached to one of her favorite shirts.

In GUM.

The front doors of the school opened to a lush manicured lawn, the concrete walkway lined with flower gardens and a single large fountain portraying the various species of felines all gathered around the founder of the school, wisdom flowing from an open tome in his paws just as prolifically as the water that flowed from the stone pages. Anna lived within walking distance of the school, so she walked past the "Basking Rock Academy" sign, turned on the corner of the street, and made for home.

Every house was custom designed, every yard elegantly maintained. Basking Rock was a gated community exclusive for felines, a private little bubble fiefdom in the hilly city of Whitetail Bluffs, California. Only the rich or the very determined lived in the community, even among cats. They had a prestigious private school, a community-exclusive spa, a park with many hiking and biking trails, and even their own security force. In many ways Anna was very lucky for the opportunity to live in such a rich bubble of feline segregation.

She hated it.

The other teens at school hated her, both for her less mainstream interests and for daring to excel. She was one of the few contenders for valedictorian of the Senior class, and she may as well have painted a target on her back. The neighbors tended to alternate between treating her mom and her with disdain or "kind" condescension. They were never invited to private functions, and Anna had long since stopped bothering to

attend the public Basking Rock events. The faux-Perfect Families, with Perfect Smiles painted across their mask-like muzzles got to her after a while. She didn't get along with these people, as much as her mother desperately wanted her to. Her friends were all people from Whitetail Bluffs public high school, and she spent as much time outside Basking Rock as she could.

And as for her MOTHER? Well...

...Her mother was home from work for once, her pastel-blue Feint-model minivan parked in their parking lot, exhaust still escaping from the tailpipe. The driver's side door opened as Anna passed, the girl making for their home's front door.

"Anna?" Celeste was a few inches taller than her daughter, with a heaving bosom that compared her daughters like watermelons compared to apples. The older lioness was clad in a bright white button-up top, the top few buttons tactically unfastened. She had come home from her job waiting tables, still clad in the Battersworth and Eggsby-brand hat that she wore on the job. She shifted her purse to one side of her white skirt as she walked up towards her daughter. "I'm glad you're home so early, sweetie!" She gave Anna a plastic smile that almost looked sincere. "Listen, The Basking Rock community is having a barbecue tonight, and I thought it'd be a good chance to grab dinner and rub shoulders with some-

"I'm busy tonight." Anna said, her expression tactically blank. "Just came home to change out of the old black and plaid." She looked down at her school uniform upon mentioning it, purely on reflex. A plaid short skirt with white leggings, and a threadbare black button-up top that had fit her a growth spurt ago. She darted through the front door, hoping to get changed and get out before her mom had a chance to object.

The older woman followed her in after freezing up for a moment "O-oh." She let the word trail off. "Playing those games with your friends?"

"Hanging out, yeah. There's gonna be a Beast: The Summoning tournament at the comic book shop." Anna set her bookbag on the kitchen counter. "Likely gonna last all night. They're gonna start doing 'em every Friday."

"I see." Celeste folded her arms, narrowing her eyes. "And have you done your homework already, Anna?"

Anna grinned. "Yeah, in study hall." She'd make sure to cover her bases so that her mom had no objections. "Free for the whole weekend, so I'll just be—"

"NO." her mother's fangs were bared. She made a point of standing between Anna and the front door. "We've been over this, young lady. If you have no homework one night, then your homework is to STUDY."

Anna put her hands on her hips. "You can't do that! I worked extra hard to free up my weekend so I could—"

"Anna..." Celeste's expression softened. "Are you familiar with the expression 'use it or lose it'? You and I, we have to work harder to keep up. You know that. Do you have any idea how hard it is for a woman in the academic community? You'll be swimming upstream your entire life, Anna. The only way to succeed in spite of that is to be better than everyone else. You only retain things by applying yourself to them. I know it's hard. I know I ask a lot of you. But it's only so you can flourish."

"I AM flourishing!" Anna threw her arms up in the air. "I'm top of my class! I can spend one night—"

"You can AFTER you spend two hours studying your coursebooks." Celeste walked toward her daughter, putting a paw on her shoulder. "Two hours a night, you know that." She sighed. "I only push you so much because I don't want you to have to go through what I did. I've told you how hard it was, juggling college classes and a baby—"

"You wouldn't have had to drop out of college if DAD had bothered to stick around!" Anna snarled at her mother, a day's worth of frustration and stress flowing out of her like water from a ruptured dam. "He used you like a condom and just tossed you out! Everyone says it behind our backs!" Just a moment later, she knew she'd made a mistake.

Her mother glared at her like she'd just flipped her off. "G-grounded!" She sputtered out. "For the entire night!" She thrust her arm up, paw pointing to the stairs. "Go to your room and STUDY!"

Mentioning her old man was crossing a line, and Anna knew it. There was no winning on this battlefield, so it was time for a tactical retreat. She fled up the stairs, actually tearing up a bit. All she'd wanted was one night to go and have fun Whipping

out her phone, she called up the group text conversation between her clique while plopping onto her bed.

BanAnna: Trapped home tonight. Sorry, win some cards for me!

DanTheMan: Awww! :(how come?

BanAnna: Mentioned the D word to mom.

JacksonNoir: that'd do it yah

KissTheRick: 4 tha best n e way. grl among geeks? u'd get eaten alive.

BanAnna: Why?

KissTheRick: Stereotypes. u'd be flirt fuel...

JacksonNoir: or seen as easy pickings

“Urgh!” Anna let her arm slump across the side of the bed, her phone slipping from her paw to sink into the green shag carpet. She was tired. Tired of being a target at school. Tired of always being pushed to work harder at home. Tired of being seen as a piece of meat or a damsel in distress among the people she actually LIKED. She was tired of being smart, tired of being a girl...

She was tired of her LIFE. Tired of being who she was. She wished she could just stop being herself.

But that wasn't possible.

In lieu of escape, she opted for escapism instead. The second she heard her mother's car pulling out of the driveway, she groped her paw around for the remote to her TV. An hour or so of anime was just what she needed after a day of wading through the droppings the world threw in her way. Flipping through the channels to find the Anime Network, she stopped at one channel purely by chance. There was a commercial on that she didn't recognise.

It started with an explosion of color. Confetti, as many colors as a rainbow, rained down on the far end of the TV screen. Somewhere off screen, several air horns played in a crude harmony. And then a figure jumped through the confetti, taking center stage. “Greetings! I'm Terinas Von Tiger! That's right, my middle name's Von! At least as far as you all know!” He was, as his last name implied, an anthropomorphic tiger, bright orange fur with black stripes lining his arms, legs, and face. Wrapped around his body was a bright sandy-brown suit, with white stripes running horizontally along the pants

and coat. He tipped a brown top hat with a red ribbon around the base to the camera, while leaning on a bamboo cane he clutched in front of him with both paws. "But let's not get hung up on NAMES! I am here to offer you, attractive and clearly discerning viewer, with the deal of a lifetime: The chance to become someone new! Someone entirely unlike you right now!"

"Someone new, who is also entirely, completely *stupid* and sexy!"

With a flick of his right wrist, he whipped the bamboo cane up to point it at the camera. "That's right! Using our special techniques YOU TOO can be made over into a living, breathing himbo OR bimbo!" His voice was deep and booming, as he swung his cane over his head, smacking it into a large golden gong to make it ring. "I can hear you saying 'Fake!' right now! Yet let me reassure you!" He chuckled, putting a paw to stroke his chin. "This is not a joke! Not a hoax! Not a scam! I, Terinas (Von?) Tiger, guarantee that I can make anyone of any age, species, or gender over into the bimbo or himbo of YOUR choice! Drop your age just as you drop your IQ! Trade in your sagging breasts for a big floppy cock!" He reached into the front pocket of his outfit. "Tired of all this hot, itchy fur? Trade in your species for a new one of your choice! Feathers? Scales? Flail tails? We can do it!" He did a cartwheel across his stage, ending in a handstand with his rear facing the audience, tail swaying for the camera. "Want to know what it's like to have a real working tail like mine? You too can have a monkey, feline, canine, or other unspecified sort of tail, and all it takes is sacrificing smarts!" Pushing off with his hands, he flipped to face the camera once more, before stopping to let out a soft puff of exertion.

His slitted brown eyes glinted. "But I can tell that you're not yet convinced! So let's hear some 'expert' customer testimony! Just ask one of our most recent sluts!" He waved his paw up to his right, as a photograph of a scrawny furless cat appeared next to it. The figure was all skin and bones, his pink skin covered in wrinkles all over his body, and coke-bottle glasses with black frames. A pocket protector was poking out of the front pocket of his plaid vest. "Percival here was a forty-something year old certified public accountant! Lonely, dateless, and almost about as attractive as damp toast! So how is he after our 'award winning' himbo-sis treatment?" A slight, smug smirk grew across the tiger's muzzle. "Well, let's just ask him ourselves, shall we?" The image of the man known as Percival went white, before presenting a new image. Terinas chuckled. "Hey Perci! What are you up to these days?"

"Uuuuuufff!" Someone was grunting just off screen. Someone with a large, throbbing ursine cock, easily thicker than a cola can. The slick, lubed shaft was

pumping itself in and out of a bright blue-furred bubble butt. This rump was attached to two slender legs, a few spots of white spunk soaking into the right thigh of the person on screen. The pastel blue furred, shapely vulpine body of Perci was turned away from the camera. His long, luscious curly white mane of hair flowed down to his neck, bouncing with every thrust of the big bear dick spreading his cheeks. The boi- for no other word accurately described "Perci" as he let his lithe body get rutted- had wrapped his plump lips around a long, deep red doggy cock, letting some of the man's precum flow down his lips. His body trembled with exertion, fur and skin glistening with sweat, as he turned his eyes towards the camera. Two glazed over brown irises widened for a moment, as his fat lips curled into a slight frown. After a moment's hesitation, he pulled off of the cock he'd been sucking. "Aww... Mistah T, is it really time fer my promo? I was DOIN' something!"

With a gentle sigh, he squirmed, rotating his body around the plump cock stretching his ass, without ever pulling off of it. Six inches of juicy, precum marinated cock wiggled and bounced against his taut tummy as he changed position. The other cock he'd been worshipping pulled back, as Perci lifted a hand to stroke and pump up and down it. "Like, Hiiii! I'm Perci- um- I mean Percival... except that name's not NEARLY as yummy..." He shuddered as a large black-furred hand moved on screen to stroke at him. "Nooooo Al, nnnnn-not noooooow!" he groaned, feebly trying in vain to push the intruding hand away from his cock with his remaining hand. "I like, totally can't even count (Aaaah!) how many yummy dicks I've had in me today." He giggled, his hips starting to buck slightly into the hand pumping his cock. "Unnnf! I mean, I guess I sorta used'ta care about like, MATH and junk, but after Mister T helped me, I'm a skinny cream-filled blueberry treat!" He moaned, tossing his head back as he came all over his chest, white cream spurting all over his body and glistening in the light of the room. "Aaaaaaaaahhhhhh..." he lowered his head back down to face the camera, eyes dim and unfocused. "It's soooo much fun being a dumb little twinkie himbo, I don't hafta think about ANYTHING other'n dicks an' ass and my job stripping for horny guys at The Rutting Bucks..." A vapid titter escaped his lips. "Do you, like, wanna come get a private show? Just go to our website an' use my code, "LancePerciUpDaAs-"

The screen went black. "Woah! Thank you Perci!" Terinas flashed the camera a wide grin. "So what do you think? Too hot for TV, am I right?" He waved a paw in front of his face, tugging on his collar as if he were steaming under his clothes. "Curious yet? Still want to know more? Well good news! Our store, the Himboutique, is having its official Grand Opening at the White Stag Mall tomorrow! As a special offer, for the first whole week of our business, we will offer YOU a free consultation! Design a himbo or bimbo-sona custom tailored for yourself, or pick from one of our pre-designed

packages! And it won't cost you a dime until you pull the trigger and commit to it! This deal is TOO hot to pass up!" He smiled. "Our trained attendants are eager and willing to serve you, so you can get started servicing others!"

Folding his arms, Terinas Tiger winked to the camera. "Become whatever, and WHOEVER you want, as long as what and who you want includes being an empty headed slut. STARTING TOMORROW!"

The TV turned off as the remote's power button was mashed. For a moment, Anna gaped at the darkened TV screen, jaw dropped nearly to the floor. She couldn't believe her eyes. "W-was that a real thing?" She blinked, letting the concept sink in. Of course it was clearly impossible. The voice of cynicism in her head was screaming that this was a joke or a prank or something. People couldn't just change age or species or gender like that. And people certainly couldn't just turn off their brains and forget about all the stresses and pressures and anxieties life heaped on them. Anna knew from experience: She could pretend as much as she liked, but the reality of her shitty life was inescapable.

Or was it?

A quiet voice in the back of her mind muttered. It reminded the feline girl of the places she went online in her private moments. Of websites best kept in the dark. Of secret pleasures and private kinks she could only explore in theory. Of fantasies she got off to when she needed to just stop thinking and let herself give into baser instinct. She felt her face growing hot beneath her golden fur. Her pussy growing moist. "M-maybe they've got a website or something I can look into. Just to see if they're legit or not" pulling up off her bed, she moved towards a laptop computer sitting on her desk.

A quick internet search pulled up a website for a "Himboutique", listed at the same real world location: The White Stag Mall. Just three miles away from Basking Rock, in downtown Whitetail Bluffs. Legitimate or not, the business really existed. A paw moved, purely on instinct, towards Anna's crotch. Sliding under her panties. She groaned, the fur on her fingers getting moist as she went to work.

She could embrace her deepest, darkest fantasies as early as tomorrow.

A hungry feline yowl escaped her room as she brought herself to bliss, just thinking about it.

Anna was just a twenty minute bus trip away from her rebirth. The White Stag Mall, on the northern side of Whitetail Bluffs, wasn't far away from Basking Rock. The mall, which boasted a large, glorious mural of a white stag trotting through the forest, was actually a bit run down these days. And even though it they were smack dab in the middle of the holiday shopping season, Anna noted no less than five closed storefronts. as she walked down an uncrowded thoroughfare, a jazzy rendition of "Frosty the Snowbear" drifting down from overhead as she looked around for the store in question. While trying to avoid drawing attention to herself in the process.

She'd dressed to look as inconspicuous as possible: An oversized red men's hoodie borrowed from her friend Dan. It was at least two sizes larger than she could comfortably wear. The hood was pulled over her head, her tail tucked uncomfortably into a pair of jeans. She'd even put on a pair of black sunglasses. It wasn't exactly that she was EMBARRASSED of being seen going into a store called "Himboutique", but... well... alright, she was afraid of being seen. If anyone in her school saw her going in, the teasing she had to deal with already would likely triple in intensity. She couldn't, and wouldn't, allow that.

Not that it'd matter anymore. At least not if she got what she wanted.

The store wasn't easy to find. The mall's maps hadn't been updated in nearly four months, and Anna ended up walking around half the mall before she found what she was looking for. "Himboutique" was a store that didn't make any efforts to conceal what it was: A bright sign written in blue neon letters hung overhead two glass windows. Little lights twinkled in a rainbow of colors in the black space behind the sign itself.

Each window was stuffed with three mannequins, each in a different wardrobe, with a nameplate underneath each. Anna saw "Jock", Frat Rat", and "Dudebro", as she passed into the store. Racks of clothing were what greeted her. At first, she could almost believe it was a clothes outfitting store. But even a cursory explanation revealed a fair number of fetish outfits amidst the plethora of clothes for sale. Anna pawed through stripper police outfits, maid's outfits (both for women and ones sized for men), assless chaps, and a rainbow of uniforms as she lurked through the racks of clothes, before approaching the front counter.

The man behind the counter was fuzzy and orange, with black stripes; the spitting image of the tiger from the commercial. Anna watched him as he typed away at a computer, an elderly human standing before him. The lioness broke out in a smile. This was a good opportunity: She still didn't quite know what was actually going on here, so it seemed wise to observe what was happening before committing herself to anything. Turning towards one of the rows of clothing, she feigned looking over it all. She would listen in on what was going on...

(Twitter-unlocked exclusive "Gender Transformation: Lamp" scene!)

"Ok!" The tiger pressed a key on the computer's keyboard. "Lemme just call up the online questionnaire that you filled out, Mr. Dolph! It'll just be one second..." Anna watched the tiger smile at his customer, before looking at the computer. His expression fell to a frown. "Er... for gender, you filled in... lamp?" He looked up from his computer up at the customer across the counter. "You... you can't just... I mean: why? Just... just why?!"

The man was slender and sprightly, with tufts of wispy gray hair dotting his nearly bald forehead. "Yes... I am looking for a lamp for my grandson's birthday..." he spoke in wavering tone, his voice trembling almost in time with his hands as he brushed some dust off the lapel of his coat.

The tiger was silent, his eyes shut as he began rubbing his fingers along his forehead. "I'm... just going to be chalking this up to senility. That, and that I need to change our online form so that 'Gender' isn't a field you type in. Go home, Mr. Dolph. There are no lamps here."

"Now see here, young whippersnapper!" The tiger behind the counter leaned back as a bony, gnarled finger waggled at him. "I filled out that form and signed your waiver... I want my lamp, Mr..." The man squinted and leaned down to stare at the tiger's name tag. "Teri Nas?"

Mr. Teri Nas gave a heavy sigh, slapping his right paw to his face. "Listen sir... You seem confused. Let me give you a breakdown of what exactly we DO here at Himboutique. We brazenly exploit people's antiquated ideas of sexuality, body image, and cultural gender tropes to make people into empty headed stereotypes that look

pretty or handsome. We sell some inanimate objects, SURE, but only to complete the image we attempt to create with the people who pay us to make them over and work them over.”

“And lamps, I presume?” Mr. Dolph coughed, putting his palm over his mouth as he did.

“No! No lamps!” Teri snarled, baring his fangs. “We transform people into emptyheaded sexpots!”

The man’s face fell. “Oh...” After a moment, he raised a finger. “Can you transform me up a lamp?”

The tiger’s tail was lashing behind him in irritation. “Any transformations we do heavily skew someone’s sexuality along a gender binary! ‘Lamp’ is not a gender! It’s agender at best!”

The old man’s response was to reach into his front shirt pocket and pull out a folded slip of paper. He unfolded it, looking over a dogeared sheet of colorful paper. “Your ad says ‘whoever and whatever you want!’

Teri Nas threw his paws out in front of him in frustration. “I can’t just make you into something without a gender here! You’re not giving me anything to work with! Look, if you wanted to become a girl or a guy, sure. That’s our wheelhouse here-“

Anna’s ears perked as he said that. She could stop having to deal with the bullshit of being a girl? The tiger kept speaking. “Or let’s say you wanted to become trans or genderqueer. A bit more work for me, but sure, no problem. But the whole premise of the store relies on over exaggerating gender traits that, while unfortunately binary, are pretty crucial to the whole setup. I have nothing against agendered individuals, but this is not the store for them.” He threw his arms up in the air. “I mean, maybe I could twist things so that one part of you lit up like a lamp. Like your crotch, or your eyes, or your nose-“

“Then let’s do that... transform me into a lamp for my grandson’s birthday!” The elderly Mr. Dolph folded his arms. “I’m not leaving here without a lamp.”

Anna watched the tiger slap his palms to his face. He got quiet for a moment. Then another. After a third moment had passed, he whirled around to glare at Mr.

Dolph, his green eyes locking with the cool blue eyes of his customer. "Fine. You want to become a lamp, you signed the waiver, I'll make you a lamp." He had a vicious grin growing across his striped muzzle. "If you insist, I'll give you a REAL shiny nose, Rudy Dolph. And when people see it, they might even say it glows." He walked around the counter, beckoning. "Come on. This way." He waved down a hallway towards a room only labeled as the "Changing Room". Anna followed them to the edge of the hallway, glancing down to try and peep in on the process.

She wasn't so lucky. The tiger unlocked the Changing Room, waved Mr. Dolph into it, and then shut the door behind them both. Anna frowned. After all that, she'd wanted to see how the tiger transformed people. But at least she'd learned what she wanted to know: The employees here either had, or believed they had, some way of transforming people physically. This was something beyond just a makeover. She was close to her chance to escape.

So very *very* close!

The front counter of the store had been left unmanned, a placard reading "Back in a few minutes!" placed on top of it. Anna lingered nearby, feeling her tail smacking back and forth against her thigh down a pants leg. She was regretting the disguise now. Her tail was stiff and painful, and the hoodie was making her sweat inside the warm store, and barely anyone even seemed interested in the store. At least from what she'd seen so far. The lioness sighed, slouching and leaning her back against the front counter.

And waited.

And waited longer still.

Minutes passed. For Anna, they may as well have been hours. Browsing through the various sexy costumes and slutty clothes on display didn't appeal, and she'd left her smartphone at home just in case her mother came home early and tracked her with it or something. The woman was a control freak, and she'd never have given Anna a smartphone without some hooks built into it.

She had nothing to do. She could come back later, but she risked running into the same problem of having to wait. Out of the corner of her eyes, she saw the

computer terminal that the guy manning the counter had been using. And, more importantly, she didn't see a logon prompt. The tiger had left it unlocked. Anna craned her head, looking for security cameras in the ceiling. She didn't see any. She wasn't a thief, of course, but, she had come here curious about what went on in the store. Were the secrets of the store hidden in that device?

Anna resisted the curiosity gnawing at her mind for a good three minutes before she let it overtake and kill her. She was, after all, a cat. Sauntering casually behind the counter, trying her best to act like she belonged there, Anna put her paws to the keyboard and mouse. If it turned out to just be a digital cash register or something, she'd ignore it. No harm done. But if it was something more than that...

The screen didn't make a lot of sense. A window was open overlaying everything, with text on it: *Idiot Box now empty. Insert new token prior to transformation.* The words didn't make much sense. "Idiot Box"? Are they... talking about a television?" Anna minimized the window. Beneath it, there were four smaller windows. The first was simply a credit card transaction app, and the second one seemed to be for inventory of the store and looked disinteresting. The third one was just a black box with a logon prompt into it, but the third listed several statistics, including "Subject vital statistics", "Idiot Box Containment Integrity", "Boob Tube Containment Integrity", and an increasing number billed as "Adjustment Time", which stopped just as Anna started looking over it seriously.

"Woah! Woah woah woah!" Anna jumped, turning around to face the snarling face of the tiger who she'd seen manning the counter before. He set a large, gaudy lamp that looked like a brown-furred, smiling cartoon reindeer with a red light bulb for a nose on the counter. And then put his hands on his hips. "Employees only, missy!"

She jerked up to attention, spine going rigid. "Sorry! Sorry!" Ears flat, Anna scrambled away from the computer, circling around the counter to the customer's side. "I-I'm SO sorry! I was just curious-"

"Oh, I guess that makes violating my store's private secrets ok, then!?!?" The tiger snarled. "Corporate espionage is a thing you know. I've got half a mind to call security to kick you off mall premises!"

"No! Please!" Anna whimpered. "I... please. I need to transform myself. I'm... I'm so tired of being me." She got on her knees, looking up at him with her front paws pressed against each other. "Please, I'll pay you double if I have to! I need this."

Teri Nas scratched his chin. "Hmmp. You're just lucky that business has been really slow for our grand opening." He opened a drawer behind the counter to pull out a clipboard. "Alright. Head into the dressing room over there. I'll send our sales consultant in shortly to process you."

The lioness blinked. "You're just transforming me? Just like that?"

The tiger rolled his eyes. "I said you're going to the DRESSING room, not the Changing room. Geeze!" He pointed at a smaller room off in the corner of the store. "Just go in there and wait. We have to plot out your package before we start changing you."

Anna didn't stop to question it. She hurried into the room, which was a plain ten by ten foot room with beige walls and two wooden benches. Not entirely sure what she was in for, she sat down-

-and winced. She'd sat down on her tail! Taking it out of her pants and grumbling, she took a seat. The door opened just a few moments later. It was the same tiger from the front counter. That much was obvious by the scent and his appearance. He'd changed into a lavender shirt and replaced his nametag that read "Terry Ness, Sales Associate" but that didn't really make it difficult to see through. "Well howdy do, nice to meet you, ma'am!"

"Didn't we meet outside?" Anna raised her eyebrow.

"Hm? No, we didn't. Maybe you have me confused with our front counter person, Mr. Nas?" The tiger chuckled. "But enough about that! Let's get you processed, miss!" He took a seat opposite to her, putting a pen to clipboard. "What's your name?"

"Anna Felidae."

The tiger gave a nod, writing something down. "And are you here to become a bimbo?"

She shook her head. "Er, actually..." Anna's face got hot again. "I want to, well, if it's possible, I want to become a himbo."

This provoked what Anna could only describe as a saucy eyebrow waggle from the tiger. “Oh ho ho! We don’t usually get THAT sort of flip. Now, if you consider yourself transgender, please be advised that I AM legally obligated to inform you that this is not necessarily the best option for-“

“I’m not.” Anna shook her head as she interrupted him. “It’s just... well, my experience growing up as a girl have been akin to being a haunch of bloody meat dangled into a shark tank.” She folded her arms. “And being smart on top of that hasn’t done me any favors. All it means is that I’m pushed to prove myself over and over again. Everyone expects something from me: My mom wants me to become the one to cure cancer or whatever. All the guys in my circle of nerd-friends see me as either a love interest or a victim to be sheltered from sexual predators. And the bitches at school are extra bitchy at me just because I’m not a carbon copy of them. I hate it.” She sighed. “If everything your commercial promised is accurate, by the time I’m done I’ll be too dumb to really care, right? If I’m going to make intelligence my dump stat, I’d rather not stay female and be legitimate victim fodder.” She gave a weak grin. “Why not buy into male privilege if I can, right?”

The salesman facing her chuckled, leaning back against the wall of the room. “I suppose there’s some sense to that.” He flipped through the papers on the clipboard to retrieve and hold out several laminated pictures. “Would you care to try one off our prefab options?” He held up pictures of various hunky, vacant-eyed men, with labels under their photos reading things such as “Beach Bum”, “Frat Rat”, “Gay Bar Bouncer”, and “Chippendales Dancer”.

But she waved a paw to dismiss it. “No. I mean, I want this, but I don’t want THAT, you know? Er, I mean, is there a way I could make my own choices about it?”

“Well, sure!” The tiger set the glossy images aside and held the clipboard out to her. “Fill out this form when you head home. It breaks down the basic expenses of everything, and has a waiver form for the parents of anyone under age 21, which I’m PRETTY sure you are.” He narrowed his eyes, as Anna saw him scan up and down her body. “Like, ninty percent sure.”. With a sigh, his smile returned. “Everything’s customizable: Species, hair and cock length, height, weight, sexual preference, desired fetishes afterwards...” He shoved the form into her waiting paws. “Come back with the form filled out, as well as a token: Something you consider that represents you as you are now. Once you’ve got that stuff in, we’ll take it from there, ok?”

Anna raised an eyebrow. “A... token? Does that have anything to do with an Idiot Box?”

“Ahahahahaha!” The tiger looked away from her. “I’m afraid I’m not at liberty to discuss the proprietary techniques that our technicians use to transform people, little miss.” he stood up. “But seriously, take the form home and fill it out. Because seriously, who would want to waste time talking about all this stuff when you can just get the form filled out in private, so that no one but you and I know what you picked?” He chuckled, hurriedly walking out the door and leaving Anna to consider her options.

And there were options to consider. At first Anna figured she’d just get the form done then and there, but there was a lot of stuff to consider: Body weight, muscle-to-fat ratio, and hair length just to name a few. Staring at the form, she exited the Dressing Room, narrowly avoiding colliding with a very large, very muscular brown-furred reindeer with a bright glowing red nose. “Oh! Er, sorry.” She mumbled, watching him walk out of the store clad in nothing more than a leather harness and assless chaps. Had he been shopping there? Obviously he must have been, given his attitude. She felt her face growing hot as she watched him grope his crotch in front of a few bystanders, just outside the store. Quite sexy, even if the glowing nose made him look like some sort of lamp.

Whistling, she watched his bare, brawny ass bouncing as he walked away, before going back to her form. She ended up taking the form home when she got to a certain point labeled “Kinks and Fetishes” because half the terms she saw on the form she wanted to look up. Arcane and abstract words such as “Frotting” or “Pegging” were a mystery to her, and even things such as “Rubber” were mystifying. Rubber was a substance, not a fetish. Or so she’d always believed.

Anna received an education that night.

That night had been long, hard, and full of distractions. And sweat. And bliss. But Anna had gotten the form done. Mostly, anyway. There were two things she had to ask about. The token she was asked to provide seemed fairly simple to her: A copy of her most recent physics test. Physics was her worst science, so the perfect score wasn’t just indicative of her intelligence, but how hard she’d been willing to work to get a top grade. Plus, in the lower right hand corner she had doodled herself riding a dinosaur. She figured it fit her better than a lot of the things in her room would.

This time, she intended to get to the store just as it was opening. Her mother would kill her if it got out she was cutting class, but she wanted to go through with the process before she had time to second guess herself. Besides, if one of the options on the form she'd filled out was even possible, it wouldn't be relevant for long. By the time she reached *Himboutique*, the tiger was just pushing the security baffle up. All the lights weren't even on yet. The tiger working the front counter was whistling as he moved away from the entrance to flip on the lights.

"Hey! HEY!" Anna scampered up towards him. "You're Teri Nas, right? The Sales Associate?"

He turned and looked at her. "Hm? No, our sales associate is Terry Ness. I'm Teri Nas, the cashier."

The lioness felt herself rolling her eyes. "Wow, ok I don't care." She thrust the mostly completed paperwork towards him. "I have questions. Can you answer them, or do you need to swap name tags before you can?"

The tiger, in return, flashed her a very professional smile. "Ask your questions and I'll do my best to answer them."

She nodded. "What does the form mean with the \$50 dollar 'support package' add-on that promises to 'alter reality to suit your new identity'?"

"Exactly what it says it does." Teri Nas folded his arms, pushing the paperwork back towards her. "If you pay us extra, we will adjust reality itself so that everyone sees your new himbo or bimbo self as who you've always been. It's meant to ensure no drama—"

"*That's possible?!*" Anna interjected, eyes wide.

This provoked an eye roll from the feline. "If you pay us, sure. You already trust us to radically transform your body and mind. Why would a support package like that stretch your disbelief?"

"Because—" Anna stopped herself. The counter jockey had a point. Instead of continuing to question it, she just checked the box on the form indicated she wanted the support package. "Alright. So the other thing: 'Recording a message for your future self'

is priced as being 15 dollars. But can't I just do that myself? And who's to say that my post-change self will even believe it's real?"

Smiling, the man folded his arms. "Oh, that's a common question! Yes, you could record a message without paying for it, but this way we guarantee that your himbosona will see it and we will stand by to assert it is real. And that it'll still exist after the procedure, which with the reality alteration support package you can't ensure yourself."

Anna had no words for that. She simply chose to spend the extra money on the message, before thrusting the paperwork back towards the tiger as they both walked towards the sales counter. "Alright! So the form's filled out, including species and gender specifications, and my token's bundled there with it. Also the waiver, my mom will sign anything. So how do we do this?"

"First, I thought I'd ring you up." The tiger went around the counter. "Three hundred and fifteen dollars, please!"

Once their transaction was concluded, Teri Nas flashed her another professional grin. "Now I prep the Idiot Box, while you go through the Changing Room Door."

After the build up, "The Changing Room" was a bit of a disappointment: A small room with metal walls, a barber's chair right in front of a sink, and a safe on the other end of the room, facing the chair. A pair of steel doors labeled "The Transformation Sanctum" appeared like it might be interesting, but they refused to open. Anna walked inside, waiting for a few moments for something to happen.

From the door she'd come in from emerged the same tiger she'd just seen. This time around he'd thrown a white lab coat on over his button-up striped polo shirt, and wore a nametag that read "Dr. Terrance Niss" pinned to his right lapel. "Alright, Miss Felidae, I understand we're going to make you into an empty headed manslut today?"

Anna folded her arms against her chest and swayed her hip. "Ok, what is even the point of changing outfits? I know it's you."

"I'll tell you if you ask afterwards." The tiger waved a paw dismissively. "Now, this is a two step process. The first step will be to numb the mind and relax the body. But

before we do that, you wanted to record a message for your future self, correct? Do you have a smartphone on you?"

The lioness responded by pulling her uPhone out of her pocket.

"Hm. Yes." The tiger nodded, writing something on a clipboard. "Alright. Please record the message now and then give me the phone for safekeeping. I'll keep quiet and out of your way until you're done."

Anna took a few moments and recorded her message.

She said more than she had expected to. Once she was done, she handed her cream-colored uPhone over to the tiger. "Excellent. Excellent." He clapped his hands. "Now then, I need to ask you to strip naked. You cannot be wearing clothing during the procedure."

A wave of heat crossed her face. "Er. Here?" Anna felt her body tensing up.

"What do you take me for, a perv?" The tiger rolled his eyes. "I'm superficially imitating a *medical professional*, Miss Felidae!" He waved a paw, as if to dismiss her embarrassment. "Trust me, I'm not trying to get in your pants by having you take off your pants."

With a heavy sigh, Anna began unbuttoning her blouse, letting it fall to the floor. Her bra followed shortly after. And then her blue jeans. The air in the room felt cold against her fur. "Alright. So now what?"

The tiger, to his credit, stared into her eyes. "Get on the barber chair while I put your phone in a safe spot and withdraw the chemical compound. He moved to the safe on the other side of the room, opening it and then pulling out a vial of bright yellow fluid and a pair of rubber gloves. Anna watched him tug the gloves over his paws as he returned. "Now then... the first step is to administer a little dye job. Don't worry, it's temporary." He dipped the chair under the sink, running cold water through Anna's hair. She shivered, body tensing a bit.

A moment later the water stopped and the chair bounced up. "Now, you may feel a bit of a tingling sensation as your thoughts slow down a bit. That's totally natural." Anna closed her eyes and grit her teeth, feeling a fluid not entirely unlike shampoo

dribbling down her hair. Soon the tiger's paws were massaging it against her scalp. And it did begin to tingle.

"Nnnnngh..." Anna reached up to put a paw against her head, but was stopped by a disapproving click of the tongue from the tiger. The sensation was getting stronger. It was like pins and needles all along her scalp, spreading and growing more intense as more of her skin came into contact with it. It was like electricity was flowing through her mind. And the longer it went on, the harder it was to think about anything. Anna suddenly felt a moment of hesitation. She didn't want this.

She didn't want what? It was hard to think.

Thoughts buzzed and crackled in her mind, painful flare ups in the tingling numbness. It hurt to think. To be thinky. And the longer she thinkyed a a thought, the more it hurt to keep it. They were like balloons drifting through a thunderstorm. The idea of hesitation was pierced by a thousand bolts of lighting, popping in an instant. And the lioness welcomed the end of pain.

"What do you think?" The lab technician held up a mirror to her eyes.

It took her a moment to register that she was seeing herself in the mirror. And a second moment to realize her hair was a bright sunny blonde. "I'm gonna have more fun..." She tittered, before slumping back into the chair and letting her hair flop down into the sink.

"Mind is dimmed, resistance is null, patient is prepped!" The stripey-furred man in the labcoat shouted. "Ready to initiate the Transformation!" He walked away from the lioness, tossing the goopy gloves into a biohazard bin. "Now Anna... can you get up out of that chair and walk through those doors for me?" He pointed at the steel double-doors.

Anna got up, her head spinning. Even standing took some thinky, and thinky hurt. She frowned, not wanting to leave the chair. But the nice stripey man said to... she walked towards the double doors with big words on them...

...and ran right into them, her muzzle smooshing into the cold metal. Pain hurt just as much as thinky.

The tiger laughed. "Final intelligence reduction test complete! Unlock Sanctum and stand by for Idiot Box transformation!"

The doors slid open and the lioness walked inside.

As the lioness passed through the two sanctum doors, they slammed shut. She could hear the faint "Snk!" of a lock turning. The sound made her giggle. There was no other way out of what appeared to be a large room made of green walls, with a spongy white "floor" made of a foam-like substance. For a few moments, she was standing there, waiting for nothing to happen and being made to wait only more and more. She stood there, drooling a bit, head buzzing with lightning, thoughts deflated by pins and needles. Nearby, a panel on one of the green walls slid open, and a metal appen- a THINGY holding a bubbling brown fluid slid out of the wall. A voice in the ceiling crackled with static. "Drink the catalyst and the genetic donor supplement" it said, before going quiet.

"Huh? Drink the what?" Anna blinked, looking around for whatever a supple-whatever was.

The ceiling-voice crackled to life again. "Just... just drink what's in the, uh, 'magic potion', kitten."

"Oh. Okay!" The new thought of "drink" hissed and smoked in her head, struck by lightning, pricked by needles, but never quite falling apart. She gripped a beaker of brown fluid, tilting her head as she swallowed it.

The "potion" tasted like something she might not have been precisely able to place: Bull Semen. A consistency like mucus, but with a salty, creamy taste and a slightly spicy aftertaste. And then VERY SPICY. And then BURNING. As the drugs inside the "potion" kicked in, Anna could literally feel a burning sensation all across her throat as she drank it. The sparks of lightning in her mind kindled a fire that seared down her throat. As she digested the potion, the burning spread to every nerve, her entire body burning. The clouds and lightning in her mind boiled away, leaving nothing but the heat, the pain. Focused into perfect clarity.

“Arghh! Ahhh!” She screamed, doubling over, as genes began rewriting, muscles her whole body over tensing and twitching.

At the same time, the walls around her stopped being green, going plain black in color. White text typed across every screen: someone was typing something in. “Initiatebullconvers.exe” The change in color provoked her to glance up at the walls. So they were green screen of some sort. The idea popped in her mind before being burned away.

Thinking grew easy again as the lighting and the storm were seared away. Now, instead of it hurting intensely to think, it just hurt in general. “Ohhh.” she said, taking a deep breath, feeling the burning sensation dying down. A raging bonfire died down rapidly to glowing embers. And as the pain faded, she started to get slightly more used to the sensation. “Oh...” It was almost even pleasurable.

Almost.

Suddenly, the walls and ceiling, and even the floor, were flooded with images. Images of naked, muscular, enormous, simply BEEFY bulls. Bulls fucking cows, their faces contorted into moans as their lovers spread their clits. Bulls stroking themselves off, two cowboy-hatted guys jerking each other off after a day of working the fields and getting hot and sweaty. Bulls fucking each other, mooing loudly and happily as they spread their cheeks. Bulls playing with sex toys. Bulls using flesh lights to get through breeding season. Bulls just chilling, naked, not even being sexy. The images were inescapable, flooding her eyes. And intermixed between them were words, words she couldn’t ever manage to read, before they vanished into a torrent of bull porn.

“You are a bull. You are not a cat. You are a bull. You have always been a bull. Good bulls love being milked. You are a good, dumb bull.”

And yet, as it cooled everywhere else, the burning seemed to flare up in her mind. The changes weren’t just going to affect her body of course, but her mind as well: Processing capacity changing out for instincts, old urges being replaced by new...

She saw her mother, a feline, raising a little timid calf who wasn't quite ready to be out of training pants yet. "Baby calves make big cowpats!" Celeste giggled to herself, cradling the tiny bundle as she moved towards a changing table. A few years later, she saw the tiny calf chewing on a lettuce salad in preschool, smiling vacantly as he enjoyed the crisp texture and staring off into space.

Change one of the two? , Anna's fur was falling out, golden fuzz falling to the floor, her tail twitching and thrashing as the heat dulled further, leaving her with a pleasant tingle. She barely felt her ears changing shape, as two small bulges formed on her skull. Footpaws began to harden, her toes pressing and contorting together.

They were all so powerful, the images bombarding her. They were varied, too. All of them showing bulls, certainly, but of so many different sorts: Bulls in high school, bulls in college, or at least dressed in colors that someone who knew football better than her would recognize as college football colors. She didn't try to resist it, really, but her mind did put up some fight, in a sort of instinctive way. She looked for patterns, things that stuck out, anything as her mind flailed to keep active. Even while the fire burned away at it. The sensory overload, however, was so overwhelmingly powerful that her resistance was only slowing it, at most.

And as she realized that inevitability, she started to almost enjoy it. It was a little arousing and a little fascinating to just lay back and surrender. New memories were overwriting her old ones, and they felt nicer. Or at least, it was pretty clear from even the few memories she had so far of the early years that this wasn't the same mother who had been sure her daughter was going to go to college and graduate with perfect grades.

"I... hawwww." The words dropped out of her mouth as even the concept of memory was pushed out of her brain. The lioness couldn't focus. The words were drilling themselves on her even as old words were burning away. Even 'her' was starting to feel 'wrong' in the gentle burning within 'her' head. Cultural and instinctual learning was burning away too; knowledge of what this or that gesture with her tail actually meant in the lion's 'code'. It was just so overwhelmingly powerful as she stumbled backward. "Ohhhh... huhhh..." Vacantly she stared at the screens, watching porny image after porny image filter into her mind.

The next memory she had was of a little calf giggling as his mommy tickled him all over after a day of first grade. Apparently Celeste felt a LOT less pressure having adopted a little moo when she was ready. There was no tragedy of college pregnancy. No bastard of a sire who left her. The calf was growing up with no expectations of greatness forced on him. Just love. The mommy lioness picked him up and took him on a mommy-back ride, letting him squeal and moo happily, while his hoovsies clacked together...

As her mind changed, so too did the images on the outside. The warping creature was bombarded with what the screen showed her: Bulls flexing; bulls grunting; bulls swaying their asses on poles, tiny jockstraps barely containing their manhoods; bulls with singles tucked between their underwear, bulls dancing for money, bulls fucking sluts who paid for it...

"You are a big dumb breeder stud. You need to knock up others. You need to sow your wild oats. You are a happy dumb bull stud."

The fire in her mind was actually getting numb... as was her mind. Anna could barely think, barely feel ANYTHING beyond the flashbacks burning through her brain. She watched as bulls on screen nursed on fat cow boobies, buried their faces in them, licked whipped cream off of them. Her tail was shortening, growing stubby, little brown fuzz starting to form on it. The bumps on her forehead grew up and out into tiny little nubby horns, trickles of blood forming from the ruptured skin before healing over rapidly. Everything within the body was in a state of flux.

"Happy... stuuuuuu..." she said, her speech slurred. She couldn't technically see the words as they flashed across the screen. Not consciously, anyway. But they were still registering in her mind. They were pushing, harder and harder. She still hadn't quite forgotten that she was a cat, her identity was too strong for that, but it was a losing battle. And with every flash of the words 'dumb breeder stud' it was repeatedly drilling into the figure's mind that they were a bull, not a cat. It was building on it, crafting a towering edifice of hypnosis. First a bull not a cat, and now a dumb breeder stud. Bulls existed to sow their wild oats. To stuff any hole they could with their seed.

The ideal of bull behavior, of breeding, of fucking and being fucked, seared into her failing mind like a brand seared into her rear to denote ownership. It was what she was becoming. A fading part of her tried to resist it, but the rest started to give in. Bit by bit. More and more. She pressed herself back against the far wall as she wiped the blood away from her horns. With nothing else to do, she watched the screen and groaned, the burning sensation still there in her body, though dying down to an intense tingling.

“You are a happy dumb bull. Take care of your herd. Good dumb bulls are built to protect and look after others. You are a happy dumb bull.”

An- it was harder and harder to remember her name- was reeling as she lay against a wall, watching the screen showing two big bulls sixty-nining each other, sucking on each other's cocks, bobbing up and down. Their eyes revealed how eager they were to get their “milk”. She- He saw a bull with a naughty expression on his face slapping the ass of a slender, twinkly dalmation boy. A naughty fox bro tugged the dog's pants and underwear down while looking eager to join in. He saw a big bull flexing in a mirror, getting hard off his own poses and muscles. It was harder to even think about anything other than big beefy bulls... what else WAS there? Numbers and words and shapes all seemed to retreat when the changing kitty called upon them. Her world was big horny bulls licking each other's balls, fucking wolf asses, being the meat in a sandwich of two big burly ram guys-

Little Cody was in tears. He had such trouble focusing in class, and he'd flunked the spelling test in second grade. Momma cat just sighed, wrapping her arms around his body and letting his head rest on her bosom, while she told him it was ok to have trouble remembering how to spell. “Everyone learns at their own rate, lil' moo.” She cooed at him. She really did love her little adopted son. And there was no pressure to hold him to, to make him prove his superior feline species...

A strange hunger was growing in the stomach of the changing creature in the chamber. The body was changing itself, certainly, but it was missing ingredients that it badly needed: building blocks for new muscle, bone, fur, and flesh. Liquids... solids... *protein*. She needed good sources of protein. And then, a source presented itself. A hole opened in the wall opposite to it. And a large, fat silicon horse cock poked its way through. Hanging there, a bead of precum

forming on the tip. As the changing kitty watched it hang there, his ears were steadily changing. Small pointed ears grew floppy and wide, blossoming out into floppy bovine things that twitched as the former cat listened to the sounds in the air.

She, or He. She... whatever. One of those two at the moment, still female, but with more and more memories coming. The memories rushed past now, entirely unexamined by the dimming mind absorbing them. Heshe was too focused now on the sexy, horny images as they continued. Every word that flashed on the screen burned itself into herhim's mind with minimal resistance. There was a lot more of her mind still left to go, though. But the damage had already been extensive. And grew more so, as shehe no longer fought it.

Instead, the former feline crawled forward towards the horse cock, chest scraping along the floor. Memories of grade school were warping and altering as heshe rubbed their bits along the floor, leaving a trail of precum as shehe went. They weren't even close to the current sixteen year old high school reality of the girl who had entered the chamber.

Of course, at least at the moment shehe remembered no sexual experiences at all; The memories hadn't gone that far forward and Anna had been a blushing virgin. So heshe just clumsily sat up and shoved it all in herhis mouth. The cock was positioned so that, in fact, the changing creature could still watch the images even as she clumsily suckled.

It might have been immediately obvious to the old Anna that this wasn't a real cock. Certainly it would have been if she'd ever sucked a cock. The texture was all different: Rubbery and not as soft. The lips of the formerly-feline creature squeaked as she sucked up and down on it, letting spurts of a salty, thick substance fill his/her tummy. At the same time, down lower on herhis body, foot paws were becoming stiff, rigid hooves. The new digits were bright whitish gray with a small black stains on the bottoms where impurities had wedged into the chitin. A bit further up, the former feline's pussy tingled... it was starting to swell, a bulge forming in the center, all while herhis bum was knitting with muscle and swelling out.

“You are a big horny playful bull. No need to think. Just have fun. Protect

and grow your herd. Take care of what you love. Fuck what you want. You are a big horny playful bull.”

The screen continued to flicker. Sexual images programming the viewer's mind with no escape: Images of a big happy bull with smaller guys and girls cuddling on his arms, all stroking and caressing and worshipping his shirtless body while a waiter brought them drinks. Images of a bull surrounded by satisfied lovers, smoking a cigarette as he cleaned his cock off after SEVERAL orgasms. Images of beefy bovine guys playing basketball, shirts vs. skins. Images of bulls flexing and posing and snorting and ringing cowbells and-

“You are a big dumb happy bull. No need to think. Just need to breed. To mate. To protect. To flex. To grunt. To work. Dumb worker bulls are happy bulls. You are a big dumb happy bull.”

Cody's hand was in Momma Celeste's paw as she led him down the street through an elite, feline-only, gated community. She'd been kicked out 'cause of him. She wasn't going to tell the little guy, but he knew. Momma was being made to leave and didn't want to. But she just smiled and told him it was ok because those stuffy fluffy poofballs wouldn't make her stop being proud of HER little bucking bronco. It didn't change much anyway, according to her. It only meant he'd go back to public school with all his third grade friends. But not before she took him to get a milkshake at the local Mary Queen's. She picked the growing calf up, with some effort, and set him in a bright red booth. A few moments later Celeste was setting a chocolate milkshake in front of him, tickling his hoovesies with the floof on her tail. He felt the straw delivering sweet creamy chocolate goodness to his tongue as Momma reminded him that family didn't quit on each other. Family herded together. Family took care of each other. No matter what other stupid stuffy stuck up felines thought about “breeding”.

The viewer sucked on the 'cock', herhis head hurting a little more as each moment passed. Though “hurt” wasn't really the word for it. All of the 'her' that was a feline was almost gone. It was hard to think of himself as a feline in the face of the memories persistently pushing into him. A push that had still not gotten rid of all of 'her' smarts. Not yet, anyway. He still had a lot to lose, but the more he lost of “her” the more good it felt. It felt as if it was right. It felt as if what A... whatever her name was would have wanted.

Once his stomach was full of the cum, he pulled back, looking back up at the images. They were so hot, and he was still aroused, even as his body changed. **“Big dumb happy bull”** The thought came stampeding through his mind, and it came with a satisfaction that was hard to match. Even his groans were now starting to sound a little more fittingly masculine. The burning was starting to mess with his throat. Turning the oddly female voice more and more towards the deep rumble of a bull: Deep and slow.

His voice kept cracking, mews turning into deep moos, more bass filling his tone, as the images shifted. Bulls bending over, taking cock and looking like they loved it. Bulls surrounded by large cocks, cumming on them, faces caked in ecstasy as they felt themselves bathing in man-milk. Naughty stripper studs swaying their asses- big brawny work bulls all hot and sweaty and spurting seed into the ground. Bulls working to milk cows. Bulls cuddling up against several lady cows in an enormous bed. The images never ceased!

“Cody is a dumb happy bull bro. Cody loves his momma. Cody loves to suck and fuck. Cody loves being a big dumb happy bull...”

The changing creature's body had a thin, ropey tail behind it's butt, a tuft of brown fur at the very end. The tiniest hints of a shaft were forming out of where once a feline pussy had been. Precum kept leaking out of the growing thing like a leaky faucet. His throat burned, as his voice grew deeper and deeper. Breasts shrank, vanishing into knotted, firm pecs that only seemed to swell larger than any tits the bull may have had before... had he had tits? It was hard to remember. He did remember having a big, firm, trembling cock though... it felt only right to have such an instrument of his manhood to swing around like a baseball bat. It was even tingling so good... his thighs swelled out, muscle upon muscle growing thicker and harder.

“Cody loves fucking guys. Cody loves fucking girls. Cody loves being ridden by girls. Cody loves being fucked by guys. Cody loves fucking guys. Cody loves fucking girls...”

Cody had had to go through fifth grade a second time. It hadn't been easy, but at the end of the school year he finally managed to focus hard enough to pass. Momma had been so proud she even promised to make his favorite pie for

him! But oddly enough, when she hugged him, he almost felt like he'd rather suck on her chest for some reason? Urges he didn't understand filled his mind, as his peepee tingled.

The memories burned themselves into his brain, of course they did. And after the fact it could all be easily explained, of course, by the porn. If he even remembered a fraction of the rapid-fire images he'd seen, he'd have a dirtier mind than most. The viewer gave a high pitched groan, which morphed into more of a deeper, masculine grunt as he stumbled back from the wall. He wobbled on his new hooves. Were they new? He felt like he'd had them forever, but his body was having trouble balancing. Lurching back forward, he licked and slurped at the silicon shaft, squeezing out more and more of the cum to drink, his legs wobbling and trembling as the changes continued.

Muscle was growing, and so were his bones. His body was getting bigger and bigger and stronger and tougher so that he could stand big and tall. His height continued increasing at the same time, his mass swelling out in every way possible. Pecs formed tight on his fuzzy chest. It was hard to imagine not being that big, hard to imagine not being that much bigger than... than he'd been before?

“Cody is your name. Cody is the name of a happy, horny young bull. Cody is your name. Cody is the name of a happy, horny young bull...”

Wait, had he been different before?

It felt to Cody like he must have been different before, but it was harder and harder to remember anything that contradicted it, as more and more of his intelligence was burnt out. His cock, already forming, was already getting hard at the sensations and the thoughts of jiggling breasts, of firm asses. Bodies. Female bodies. Male bodies. All sorts of bodies began making him feel hot and bothered, as the time came for fetishes to really start being pumped into him.

Cody couldn't understand why when Marigold the cow passed his penis got hard. He was a seventh grade bull, and sex-ed wasn't even until 8th grade. It was ok though. She asked him back behind the bleachers after school and kissed him and touched him and... well... he started figuring things out. Things like how good

it felt to cuddle someone. To kiss them. To touch their bodies. A year later, when he finally learned WHY his penis swelled around people... it was the best lesson school ever taught him. And one of the few he actually remembered.

Images of bulls working in the field. Images of big brawny guys drinking glasses of milk, getting it all over their chests. Images of young sweaty studs working out, pumping iron and kissing after each rep. Images of bull strippers taking large dildos up their rears as the crowd went wild. Image after image assaulted the changing cow as his cock felt like it was on fire. Almost unprovoked, the nearly foot-long thing trembled and tensed. And then, with a groan, Cody fired his first climax, coating his face and chest with musky man-spunk. He filled his nostrils with his own delicious, amazing scent. And yet his cock still throbbed. His balls still churned. He was built for this. For pumping out load after load. It was why he carried a cock milker in his backpack since tenth grade, hadn't he? When he got horny, he couldn't think of anything else until he drained his balls...

“Books are just soooo dull. People are better. Big dumb bulls need friends. Fuckbuddies. Lovers. You love to hang out. To play games. To play with people. Books are just soooo dulll...”

It was getting harder to differentiate between the images on the screen and memories. Cody watched himself beating his cock off on all the screens. It was his own private show of adonic self-lust, a memory of his first time masturbating. He remembered being a good moo for Momma in ninth grade and doing the dishes while pretending not to notice her sneaking a young, brawny lion up to her bedroom. She was a middle aged woman and his momma had NEEDS. He couldn't begrudge her a string of younger 'boyfriends' after she raised him so lovingly! Besides, she kept getting government paychecks for adopting a different species kid. She was intent on using them to give him a little brother or sister.

He loved his momma. He'd make sure she was happy just as she made sure he was. They were a herd.

Cody remembered trying out for sports. He was big, but he wasn't always fast. And that meant that, he thought, he was a good, um, “linebacker” or whatever the word was. He stroked his cock, remembering some of the other

guys on the teams. All sorts of species, because it was the kind of school that tried to use the talents of everyone. Fast species, quick species, species with good arms. Everyone had a place in the various sports, of course. No bunnies played football, but plenty used their jack-rabbit legs to play soccer and do pretty well.

He remembered all the work he'd had to do: they wanted you to put on weight, and to do that he'd needed to both exercise and lift to gain muscle, and also eat a lot of salads. A lot of big, very high-calorie salads soaked and drenched in ranch, though he didn't get fat so much as build protein for even more and more muscle. The ranch reminded him of milk, of course. It even sorta tasted like milk, which was kinda odd! He wasn't sure why it tasted like milk, but that was cool!

Cody was not exactly the sharpest bulb in the shed.

"Moooooooooooo!" Cody groaned, as he continued to rub himself towards a second climax, not yet at his full height and strength yet. The big bull wasn't done; Cody had some more growing to do, to represent the third set of growth spurts he'd had once he entered high school, and the muscles he'd worked so hard to get. So focused was he on jacking his new cock off that the images on screen practically took a backseat. He was dimly aware of them, but no longer on a conscious level. He didn't need any extra push to get horny; sex was nearly always on his mind.

People said Cody was dumb and couldn't focus, but when it came to filling his needs, he could focus just fine!

Cody had trouble staying in Football in 10th Grade. Not because he wasn't big and strong, or good at being a big wall for the other team. In fact, it was nice to memorize plays, to let the quarterback do the thinking for him. Terrance the fox on the team joked he had taken too many hits to the head, because Cody barely could remember how to spell. But he was big and strong and as long as someone else called the plays he was dynamite on the field! The problem was in the locker rooms. Watching all the other guys shower, joke around, and slap their asses to tease each other... he couldn't stay flaccid. He could barely manage to go a day of practice without jerking off in the bathrooms afterwards.

Sometimes more than once.

Another hole opened in the room, this time in the floor. A large, fat dildo popped out of the floor, a big black thing that looked SO inviting and almost begged him to sit his pucker down on it. As he watched, it leaked lube, getting the silicon head so slick and oily. It was practically an engraved invitation. He felt his hole tensing and puckering just staring at it. How long had it been since he'd had his ass stuffed? A day? A week? Whatever it was, it felt too long.

Life was good in 10th grade: Another cheerleader every night, plenty of friends, and momma had plenty of attention from the male cats. Cody could almost ignore how horny other guys made him feel. Almost. But then there was Dani. Dani was slender for a horse, but with an ass like a ripened peach and a long mane that curled at the tips. He giggled, almost sounding like a boy that hadn't gotten through puberty. Whenever he passed by he had a wiggle to his hips that Cody couldn't stop staring at. Cody even noticed that he wore panties under his shorts, almost like a girl. It was crossing wires. It was growing to become an obsession. He had to tap that ass. Even if the other guys would call him a homo...

Dani was just one chink in the armor, one of many. Cody remembered learning a lot in 10th grade, a whole lot. He even actually started to grow more-no, not mature, that wasn't the word. But he did face an incident that only made it worse, only changed the context of his lusting after Danny, made it even worse: one of his friends friends, a distant person in one sense, came out to him. As a woman. And as soon as she'd told him, she winced, as if she were afraid that he'd hit her, or yell at her, or do something mean.

Just because he was big and scary. Cody hadn't ever understood that his appearance could scare people. He didn't understand why she'd come to him to tell him, if she was so afraid. And yet she did, because she thought he might be a "kindred spirit". And instead of growing mad, he'd tried to understand, even if he wasn't very smart and the idea of gender was weird and confusing. He had a lot easier time saying "trans" than "transgender" certainly. And once he knew people could be different, very different, he almost wanted to put his lust into action with Dani.

He just needed the right chance.

“Dumb horny bull boy. Happy stud. No think, just hump. Playful, wrestle, tackle, grind against guy’s butts...dumb horny bull boy.”

"No think?" Cody asked no one in particular. He was a little confused by the words, but they penetrated into his thick noggin. Very thick, actually, in every sense of the word. His cock was as hard as could be as he knelt down and tried to prepare. This time he knew what to do though. This time he had memories of sex, though not this sort of sex. He did remember feeling better with something inside him, though. He knew enough that he held it with one huge hand to keep it from moving, and then slowly tried to lower himself down onto it. Eyes still viewing the walls even still

Cody’s bottom felt empty. There was some new (forgotten?) urge he found himself feeling within himself. Like an itch that needed scratching, but scratching from the INSIDE, not the outside. Good bulls had big appetites, and that wasn’t just for food! He drank like a horse, ate like a horse, fucked like a horse... words on the monitors repeated themselves as he dropped his rear towards the rubber dildo coming out of the ground.

“Good dumb horny bull breed be bred love fucks love getting fucked giving cock taking cock make cows moan while being stuffed love taking it in the butt love ass love breasts love cock love sucking-“

The words on the screen were less cohera-coher-co- they made less sense. But they seemed to be talking to Cody on a subconscious level. He barely noticed, though, since he had this big fuckstick to play with. Something in his mind made him wonder what it would be like to take a shaft that big... had he ever taken something that big down there? Could it scratch his itch?

“Come on!” Dani squealed, waving a hand to beckon Cody down the hall. “My room’s down this way!” He opened the door at the farthest end down the hall, before turning around and tossing a hand through the curls of his sandy-blonde mane. “You coming?”

Cody was fit to burst. The colt (Actually Dani preferred being called a Mareboi) hadn't let up on the PDAs or the teasing the whole two weeks they'd been dating. Gentle caresses down his thighs, loving nuzzles against his cheek, even that moment where they'd been in the elevator together and Dani had pressed his backside right up against the bull's crotch. But they hadn't so much as even kissed yet. The horse had been a huge tease: Cody had gone to a movie with him, studied (In the bull's case ineffectually) with him, watched television and played games with him, and yet nothing had happened. Cody'd had to jack himself off after every date just to not be in pain from the deep blue of his balls. "Y-yeah, 'm coming..." He mumbled, trotting down the hall, leaving hoofprints in the green shag carpet behind him. It hadn't been BAD, exactly... Dani loved games, and was sweet and nice. "I guess maybe we're just gonna be friends." Cody said, a slight note of sadness in his voice. He'd get over it though. At least he'd made a fun friend!

Dani's room was bright pink. Pictures of boy bands lined the walls, sexy male flesh intermixed with posters of large slavering monsters for a game called "Beast: The Summoning". Dani sat on his bed, legs spread, skirt flipped up, revealing a large, growing equine penis that he was stroking. It was almost out of proportion on his body, as he giggled at Cody. "Like what you see, big boy?"

"I... I..." Cody snorted. He felt his pants growing uncomfortable as the beef sausage began to rub against his trousers. He was horny and confused and didn't know impulse out of the hundreds filling his tiny mind to act on. "But you haven't let me-"

The mareboi stood up, letting his penis dance back and forth in front of Cody's eyes as he trotted forward. "I just wanted to make sure I wasn't going to be a fuck-and-forget, like everyone else you've done." He bent down in front of the bull, giggling, moving a hand up to unzip Cody's pants. "I figured two weeks would be enough to make sure you weren't just trying to get into my ass..." He gave an excited whinney as he tugged down the bull's boxers, letting a fat shaft flop out. "THERE'S my stick of beef jerky! Mmm, extra salty and spicy." he opened his mouth, licking his lips, and took the bull's head inside his.

"Nnnnngh!" Cody groaned, feeling a tongue circling his cockhead, snorting and groaning as he arched his back on instinct, trying to push as deep into the boi as he could.

Minutes passed. For the big dumb bull, they may as well have been hours. "MooooooooooooOOOOOooooooooooo..." Cody groaned, sighing in bliss as his eyes slid half-shut. He reached down to stroke at the girly colt's head, trying to encourage him to keep going.

Only to have him pop off, a trail of saliva running from the stud's leaky cock to the horse's lips. "Mmmm... good." Dani giggled. "I think it's time for the prize I made you wait for." He scampered to the bed, letting Cody watch his bubble-butt bounce. Getting on his knees and hands, he lifted his tail and tugged down his panties, revealing a well-lubed plugg had been stuffed up there. "I spent all evening corked just for you." the pony turned back to wink at him with those pretty brown eyes. "Gonna pop me like a bottle of champagne now?"

Cody was acting purely on instinct and needed no further invitation. Tugging the plug out, he moved himself into position and slowly pushed himself inside the mareboi. "Nnnnngh! So tight!" He said through grit teeth, as his shaft slid down deep and nestled itself against Dani's prostate. His new playmate had no reply but a sigh of pure bliss, which Cody took as a sign to keep going. He ground slowly against his lover's thighs, each thrust precise and provoking a small squeal from the frisky femboy. But Cody was still young. The instinct to orgasm drove him to move faster and faster, as he reached up to grip Dani's shoulders and grunt. Soon enough, he felt himself cumming inside the horse, as he flopped over on his lover's back.

"Hey Cody?" Dani whispered from below him.

Cody panted. It was a moment before he could manage a response. "Yeah?"

"Don't ever forget tonight..." The pony said, reaching up to stroke at his chest.

Cody snorted, his only response to reach over and stroke the mareboi's mane, curling some of the hair around his finger like spaghetti around a fork. He

didn't need words to reassure his friend. Words were dumb and stupid anyway. He just needed to pull Dani on top of him and hold the boi close... to breath in his scent... he'd never forget this moment. This moment was his life.

He'd never forget his life. He'd never want to.

Suddenly, Dani slid off of him. The mareboi giggled, lifting at one side of Cody to roll him over. "My turn <3!" he said.

"Wait, huh?" Cody only had to gasp, before feeling something firm and meaty pressing up against his backside. "I-"

Something kissed his tailhole. Cody felt an involuntary shudder run up his spine. He moo'd in bliss. What WAS that? He... he wanted more! Was this how it'd been for Dani?

The mareboi, to his credit, stopped. "Oh! I, um, sorry... I got excited." He giggled nervously, pulling back a bit. "If you don't do that, we can-"

Cody felt panic engulf his mind. He'd been offered another taste of heaven with the mareboi and now it was getting yanked away from him! Turning back, he let his lower lip twitch, with just a hint of a needy pout. "I didn't say stop..."

Dani's face sprouted a wide, eager smile. His eyes lit up. And then, he pushed inside Cody, making the bull feel bliss again as a cock rammed against his prostate...

Well, they both learned many things about each other that night. Over and over again. In the end, Dani and Cody snuggled up next to each other, cuddling for the rest of the night in Dani's pink, comfortable bedroom. Cody's last memory of the night was Dani kissing him on the cheek. "I love you..." the femme stallion whispered, as they both fell into an exhausted, sweaty slumber.

His brain was being dragged down, and he didn't even care. Actually, he didn't even realize it, since of course his memories were changing as they did. He

groaned and began to impale his butt onto the slick shaft. After a moment, he instinctively started spreading his legs (and thus also his cheeks) a little to help fit it in. His own thoughts started to simplify to match the lack of coherence that the words had. That lack of focus, and yet also the pressing, urgent need they represented as first an inch, and then two or three, pushed themselves in him. His cock was as hard as it had ever been, his body taut and tense with desire.

Dani had been the first... but far from the last. And why not? It didn't hurt anyone to have fun as long as everyone was having fun, did it?

“Good bull bounce up down please partners please self love cock in ass love ass love fucking ass love breasts love girls love boys love people love playing-“

As it turned out, it did hurt someone. Dani apparently thought Cody and he were exclusive, and called the big bull stupid when he caught Cody in bed with Felicity the tigress the next day and didn't even realize he was doing anything wrong. The girly mare was in tears as he fled off, Cody not even understanding the problem, but feeling like he did something wrong. For the first time in his life, he felt like he was a bad bull. Like he hadn't taken care of his own. He was a big dumb bull...

Every moment Cody impaled himself on the silicon spear, he felt a growing sense of fulfillment. A growing sense of worth. Giving other people good feelings was as important as getting your own, a voice whispered in his head. A herd survives because members take care of everyone's needs. His cock spattered precum all over him, soon mounting into a second orgasm without him even touching it, as the big bull was told not to think, just to please. To enjoy his body being used for other's bliss. To be a good bull and rutt. To take care of everyone in his Herd.

It was a week for firsts. Cody was trotting home, his spirits low. It had been a week since Dani. Even a week later he felt too guilty to accept a BJ from a needy cow. But as he walked home, he happened to see a few other guys off in the woods. A chance spot of curiosity made him investigate, as he saw Dani on the ground, black eye, blood trickling from several bruises and wounds. It was the first time Cody ever felt his gut churning with fury. “Good bulls take care of their

herd..." the voice whispered, as he remembered stampeding into the ringleader of the unruly bunch, bloodying his lip with an clenched fist. The big bull's infuriated gaze sending the other boys running. With a muddy, sore hand, he helped Dani up and carried him home when he mentioned his leg was hurting to stand on... the mareboy fawned and fussed and doted on him the whole way back.

After that, his friend seemed to realize that Cody was going to be Cody, and nobody else. "That's who you are," Dani said, but the mareboy said it with the sort of smile that didn't make it an insult. Not that Cody really noticed a lot of the insults... but he did notice some of them, sometimes. After that, though, Dani stuck around a lot, and they had a lot of sex. And also just talked, even though Cody always felt a little slow whenever he was talking to Dani. Okay, quite slow. But there were different TYPES of slow, to say the least. And there was also something odd he eventually noticed about that, even though it wasn't something conscious that he decided.

It just something that was, like how he liked tits and asses.

"Good bull," Cody grunted, as he got all the way up to the full twelve inches of the silicon cock and then, gripping the wall for support, began to thrust himself up and down on it as hard as he could manage. As strong as he was, and as tough, it was still pretty damn hard, his cock spurting cum as he did.

The cock seemed to quiver and tremble as he bounced, using his every muscle to bounce up and down on the enormous foot-long thing. He was gonna be sore tomorrow... but sore in a GOOD way. And the more he played with the toy, the more he felt it quiver and stiffen and then- A warm, wet flush suddenly flooded into his rear. Almost like when Dani came inside him for the first time. He was a good moo. A good moo who had made someone else cum. Just the idea was enough to push him over the edge. He spurted again, his climax coating his face and chest with thick, tasty bull milk. His own brand always tasted the best, but that didn't mean he didn't love tasting other guys either.

He lost again. Cody just couldn't figure out this "Beast: The somethin' or other" game that Dani and his femboy friends seemed to play. It turned out Dani actually knew a few other girly-boys. And they all who liked to get together and watch weird movies and play games and stuff. Saving Dani had more or less

gained him a permanent invitation into the group. He felt Dani's hoove on his shoulder. "Aw, it's ok, Cody... no one minds you being a big dumb fucktoy."

"Yeah, I know Dani doesn't mind the eyecandy!" Ricky, a doberman boy who loved wearing rainbow outfits, giggled as he stuck his tongue out.

"Yay! Since I won, that means I get to sit on the empty headed bulls' lap!" Jackie, a skinny little ferret boi giggled, pushing Dani off and resting his butt on Cody's crotch. "Don't worry! I'll play for you... you just pick up the cards, Dumdum, and I'll do the thinking!" He giggled and wiggled his butt against Cody's crotch. Every time Cody's nerd friends was reminded he was dumb, a little jolt ran up his cock.

"Uh oh, Jackie, looks like that lap's gonna get uneven!" Ricky giggled, watching as a bulge formed between Cody's thighs, digging into the ferret boi's rear through Cody's pants.

Jackie reached down to pat Cody's beef. "It's ok! Just how I like it!" He leaned up and gave a love nibble to Cody's ear. "Looks like we know where all your growth went... not to your big brain, huh?"

Dani huffed and snorted and pawed at the carpet. "That's not nice, Jackie!"

"Aw, he loves it!" The ferret stuck his tongue out at the mareboy, rubbing his fingers up and down Cody's cock. "Don'tcha? You love just being a big dumb piece of meat. No one wants you to be doing any hard thinking... they just love being cuddled and hugged and fucked raw by the big moomachine. Whose our big strong sexy dummy? Who is?" He giggled...

"Big dumb moomachine love being big love being dumb love being teased about being dumb love being horny love being dumb thinking just makes stuff hard you love being called stupid..."

"I'ma big dumb piece'a meat," Cody groaned, his voice by now a loud rumble, like the sound of a mountain rockslide as he pulled himself away from the dildo. Cum was dripping from his every limb as he stood to his full, towering height. His head felt fuzzy, but he literally could not remember, and did not want to remember,

feeling different. He vaguely remembered that he was something else, or that something had happened, but even that was in the same way that he remembered his times tables, or the way he remembered the plot of Hamlet.

That's to say, not at all.

"Moo..." Cody blinked, his brow thick, and heavy, just like his skull. "Much... e..." he gave up with a bull-like snort. The big bull was dumb enough, and unfocused enough, that he often just gave up after the first try when it came to trying to think through something. It was just easier that way, wasn't it? Just go with the flow, and the flow was being dumb.

It was a lot easier and more fun than being smart.

More words flashed along the screen as he watched the bull-themed porn. He watched a bull spread eagle on haystacks being bred by big strong horses, one after another. Another bull was fucking one cow after another, the whole herd laying in a barn, upping a "number of satisfied customer" counter with every cowpussy he filled. He saw a bull draining a cow's tits with his mouth to "milk" her while playing with her clit. All sorts of obsc- FUN images! Maybe he could get a job in porn. It looked SO much more fun than English classes with Professor Cochman...

"Are you even LISTENING, Mr. Felidae?" Professor Cochman, the wrinkled old ram, snorted, slamming a ruler down against Cody's desk. 11th Grade English was just IMPOSSIBLE for the bull to focus on! Especially when people kept texting him... the horned, white fuzzed man sighed as he watched the bull startle. "I swear, in all my years, I've never had to deal with such a vacant... ignorant... HIMBO.... such as yourself..." There was a titter in the class as everyone stared at Cody. His face got hot, but every WORD the professor said calling him dumb made another little jolt of energy run through his cock... there was a quiet "thump." as he felt it rubbing against the bottom of the desk.

"Yeah, he's got more dick than brains!" Said Reggie, one of the jerky preps who sat behind Cody... as annoying as he was, the comment made Cody spurt precum into his undies.

“Can’t tell his lefts from rights!” Said Jennie, an ewe who was still pissed off that Cody slept with her sister instead of her. The comment made Cody have to work to suppress a moan his erect cock rubbing against the bottom of the desk.

“Aw, are the two-syllable words too hard for you? Go back to preschool!” said Samson, the bison who was constantly trying to show Cody up on the field.... and that did it. With a low groan, the bull felt himself cumming, flooding his underwear and pants with precum. He couldn’t handle being called dumb so well. It got him too fucking horny.

Cody groaned, the memories enough to send him dangerously close to yet another orgasm. He was a bull that didn't quit, that just kept at it in a way that a lot of others couldn't, when it came to cumming. At the time he'd been able to mostly hide it. Mostly. Because the teacher hadn't even thought cumming into his pants without so much as a stroke was possible. Mr. Cochran had just assumed it was a groan of pain. But the other kids knew, or at least suspected, and it got added to his rep... repu... things! It got added to it.

Eleventh grade ended. With his still-horrible grades, it was only pity that let him get to the next grade. Senior year. That's where he was right now, right? His cock in his hand, he looked around the room. He'd come here to... something? And then something?

It was important, he remembered that!

The screens started to show more... tame... images. Pictures began to feature less sex and more clothes. Soon, they were nearly BORING. Just images of bulls working in fields, or sitting at desks filling out paperwork, or even just having breakfast. It was almost like something was trying deliberately to turn Cody OFF. After a little while, the screens even blipped off entirely. But by the time they did, Cody's shaft was flaccid, flopping between his legs. He'd already started growing bored of the screens. The porn was gone. The room was dull now. Even bouncing on the shaft before it pulled back into the floor wasn't enough to keep him horny.

A set of double-doors opened in one corner of the room, as a tiger wearing a small little bowler cap and a white labcoat, as well as a badge reading “Dr. Terrance

Ness" on it. "Mr. Cody Felidae?" Which was the equivalent of saying "Cody Catson". "I'm Dr. Ness. How do you feel?"

Cody blinked. Doctor Ness? It seemed like as good of a name as any. Cody smiled a little, snorting slightly as he stretched. His body was huge, muscled, and soaked in cum and sweat. Just the way he liked it. "Good," he grunted. A simple feeling for a simple bull. "Came here fer..." he trailed off, his brow knitting as he tried to remember. "Something."

The tiger chuckled, throwing the bull a wet towel. "Catch!" he grinned. "You came here for a checkup, Mr. Felidae. We had to make sure you were still verile. You mean to tell me you don't remember the studding test? If you want to sell your spunk after high school, you have to be licensed as STD free and your genetics guaranteed to be 100% top quality beef. Happily, you seem to have passed with flying colors." He smirked. "Your things are in the other room, along with your phone. I believe there was a movie on it someone texted you, as well." He pointed out of the room towards the doors he had entered from.

In the next room over, hanging from a hanger were a pair of large blue overalls with patches along the knees. Clipped next to them was a pair of reinforced-elastic boxer-briefs (A horny bull BROKE the elastic on most regular underwear) and a plaid button-up polo shirt. A cell phone was resting in a cardboard box next to them, with a bright pink plastic case fitted over it. Cody frowned as he reached down to pick it up. It didn't feel like his. It was seemingly too girly for the big brawny bull to have brought with him. Had someone emptied out Dani's purse or something?

He didn't think about it too long, however. The tiger had said it was his, so it was probably right. Cody was actually a really, really trusting *and* trustworthy guy. Too stupid to lie, though he'd also be quite easily convinced into almost anything by someone he trusted. Or even someone he sorta knew. The big dumb bull flipped through the bunches of notifications he'd gotten while he was being tested. Mostly, he'd gotten sexts. Some of them even from numbers he didn't recognise. Cool. He took a moment to snap a picture of his dick and send it back to someone, before retrieving his clothes.

"Huh," Cody said, picking up the clothes. They were kinda tame, but he wondered whether there was some other person who came here to get tested and

had just left the clothes behind. After all, he'd trotted off forgetting his clothes a few times before! "Ok, one leg at a time..." he mumbled, reminding himself how to get dressed as he put the boxer-briefs on. Sometimes he had trouble. He felt slightly clumsier with his big hands than he expected he'd be, as if he wasn't used to his size. But that was silly, right? He'd been this large since he hit his last growth spurt. After a few minutes of struggling and fumbling, he got them on and then the overalls, which Dani said were 'charmingly country' and the polo shirt which his Mom said made him look like a big, grown up bull.

For a brief moment he had the strange feeling that he'd forgotten to put something on his chest, but that was silly too! If he put the polo shirt on, no one could stare at his chest.

"I feel good!" Cody said out loud. And after a moment, he turned to smile at Dr. Ness. "Do you want to pet my chest? Or grope my ass? Or rub my cock?" He'd gotten into the habit of asking. It was only polite to let other people touch him if they wanted.

The tiger chuckled. "I think I'll be good with just a pat." He reached over to swat the big bull's ass, making Cody jump. He rubbed his sore bottom before turning to stare at the tiger.

After a moment, he broke out in a smile. "Thanks, that was hot!" He chuckled. He was always a bit more horny when his ass was sore.

The doctor grinned. "I have to go file the after-action reports. You should check out that phone a bit. Like I said, I think you got a video message or something." At the mention of the device, Cody found his curiosity growing. He held it up, turning it around in his hand. It was an old phone, and insufferably pink, but it did feel like his for some reason. Probably because it was tough and durable, just like him. He could last all night if he needed to! And also because it was big enough for him. He didn't do well with the small phones.

The tiger turned towards the door, hesitated, and then turned back to give Cody another smack on the ass. It was practically a hello to a big moo machine like Cody these days! His rump got smacked and slapped by so many people on the street that he was just used to it by now. "Take a few moments here to rest and

clear your head. You just got done cumming MANY times, so you might be a bit more braindead than usual for a bit. A nurse will be coming in to bring you some orange juice and apple slices to rehydrate you.” He walked out. “And play with your phone a bit!” And then, finally, the doctor walked out.

A few moments later, a swishy tiger nurse wearing padding under a pink bra and wearing a nametag reading “Tera Nassi” came in with a tray of the promised rehydration supplies, setting them next to the box before giggling and walking out, hastily-assembled pigtails bouncing before he/she swished their butt out of the room and left him again, alone. Cody got a little bit hard just at the sight, actually. He got horny at the drop of a hat, really. And the nurse was sexy to look at! Two tigers working at one place, it was really cool, actually. He liked tigers. Of course. Also lions and all sorts of other cats. They were all really fun and sexy.

He pressed a few buttons on the phone, fiddling with it idly. And suddenly, there was a lioness on the screen! She was kinda cute, honestly, in a very geeky way. With a quite smile, she waved to the bull from beyond the screen.

“Hey.”

“This is Anna. And I’m you, or I was you. There’s no way of knowing how much you’ll get what I’m saying, but I didn’t really like my life, and this place offered services to let me change it.”

“I don’t hate myself, or my body, but I think I could like... being someone else. Being you, in fact. That maybe Mom would be better off, and things would be better for me.”

Cody blinked. He didn’t really understand what was going on, but he understood that the girl was talking to him. But he was him. Thinking about it gave him a bit of a headache, so he just listened.

The lioness bit her lower lip. “So now I’m gonna become a big ol’ bull. At least if this works. And I truly hope I’m dumb and stupid, a hot and happy moron.”

The bull felt his cock twitching. Was she saying he was dumb? He snorted, feeling his body getting warm. A bead of precum spurted into his underwear as he thought about it.

The girl on the other side of the screen gave a nervous titter. "It'd be kinda the fulfillment of a fantasy for me. If everything works out like I specified on the form, you'll get especially turned on being reminded how dumb you are."

Cody grunted. His dick was pretty obviously outlined against his pants now, rubbing up his chest. Hearing the words coming from this cute lil' lioness was getting him worked up. The lioness who was him? Who had been him, or had chosen to be him or something. It was too hard to think about it while horny.

"And I hope that you have a good life. It's my life, after all! But in a way, it also isn't. I'm not sure if there will be anything left. Anna Felidae. That's who I was. And now I'm going to be someone far happier. I don't know how good your memory of me is, but know that you're loved, and you were chosen: that someone wanted to be you with all of her might and money. With everything she had. And that that's... a blessing, I suppose."

Cody was rock-hard, and also sad at the same time. Sad that he wouldn't be able to meet this hot lioness! He really really felt like making her happy by fucking her until she wasn't so, uh, sad on herself. Because she seemed nice and it was bad when nice people felt bad. Unless they deserved it, and she didn't look like she did.

"It's a blessing I'm offering you, and hope for the future. And may you never go to college and slave away in an office or do anything boring like that. Away with all that." Anna gestured playfully, grinning at the screen. "More life. A lot more life. This is just the beginning. So, I'm saying goodbye to you, but I'm also saying hello too. Have fun, Cody!"

And then the screen went black.

Cody smiled, thinking of Anna, his cock so hard he almost wanted to rub one out quickly while the memory of what she'd looked like was in his head. After all, he

didn't really know how to play video messages himself. Maybe he could ask Dani to do it for him later.

Cody grunted, turning and walking off out of the store. The last thing he saw of it was one of the tigers hanging a "Franchise Opportunities Available" sign in the window. He had a long life of fucking and sucking to enjoy...

The End!