

# Bimboutique:

## A Tiger Tail

By: Terinas Tiger

*"I'm sorry Carter, I really am."*

*"This job was all I had."*

*"You had to know this was coming. They announced a new football stadium last month. The President even gave that speech about everyone having to learn to go without."*

*"..."*

*"Carter, the money had to come from somewhere."*

"I know." His voice was subdued. Sober. Carter Maxim's head was buried in his hands. He felt his grip trembling, fingernails digging into his skin. He didn't care. Pain was mostly meaningless noise anyway. He'd felt it enough already in his life. "Sir, I ask you to reconsider." He looked up his boss. "Haven't I done a good job as a teacher? I've done good research! Gotten several grants for the university, even!"

Seated on the far side of a mahogany desk next to him was a brown furred bear, a head taller than Carter himself was. His blue eyes watered over as he looked down at the paperwork clad in his paws. "It's not like I have a choice, Carter! We have to meet the budget reduction goal set by the University's president. And you're the only professor within my department without tenure. Your salary alone will cover nearly two thirds of the budget loss." The bear set the paperwork down and began to tighten the red and white striped tie he was wearing tucked into his suit coat. "You're always exceeded my expectations. Been at our university for damn near fifteen years. Put in the time, and picked up whatever slack another professor has left. But..." he trailed off, reclining in his office chair, its creaks the only sound made between the two men.

"But you can't expect me to take care of you, Carter. I'm sorry."

Carter stood up, pushing his chair behind him with a heavy sigh. He felt alone. Abandoned. "I guess we're done here, then." He ran a hand through his shaggy, unkempt blonde hair as he stared down at his bosses' golden nameplate. Alistair Rhodes. The name of the man who fired him. "When my mom died, this job was the only thing I still felt I had going for me. I know this could have happened, I just..." He felt a tear running down his right cheek. "I just thought if I worked hard and put everything I had into this, I'd find some place I belonged." He turned to walk towards the door. "I'll start cleaning out my office immediately, Mr. Rhodes."

“Carter...” The bear’s voice had tension in it. “You’re still middle aged. You have opportunities-”

“Don’t.” Carter’s voice was quiet, yet firm. “I’m sorry for the melodrama, and I have no right to be ruining your day with my poor mood. You’re just doing what you have to do. It wasn’t your choice to build a new stadium.” He turned back to face the ursine head of his department. A finger wiped a tear from his cheek. “It’s just hard to say goodbye, I guess.” Without letting his former boss respond, Carter Maxim reached out to put his hand on the doorknob.

“No, I mean the budget cuts don’t come into effect until the end of the MONTH, you silly human! You don’t have to clean your desk out until then.”

He froze. “Er, um...” Carter turned back to stare at his boss. “Well, then, I um, guess I’ll just head back to my office and get back to work, then.” He flashed the bear a sheepish grin, before retreating as swiftly as his feet could carry him through the office door. Once he was confident no one else was around, he slouched up against one of the brick walls. His hands were trembling. His heart was racing. He couldn’t stop thinking about being fired. Good lord, how was he going to do his job, knowing that he had that axe hanging over his head?!? He gripped his chest, just to give his hands something to do besides trembling. After taking a few deep, cleansing breaths in the hallway, he felt his muscles relaxing. He was calming down. As long as he didn’t think about it, he could stay calm. Walking down the hallway, he took a few more deep, cleansing breaths. He could stay calm. It was only the loss of the job he’d held for fifteen years...

He. Could. Stay. Calm.

It was a blow, but he was only down. Not out. He had all month to look for other opportunities, right? That was something, at least. And the added revenue from the football stadium would benefit the whole university. So it wasn’t like his job was going to be cut in vain, right? It would benefit the university he’d put his heart and soul into. Ultimately, it was a good thing, he concluded as he rounded a corner. Just not for him.

“Hey Mr. M!” A smiling face was waiting outside his door. “Is it office hours yet?” Leaning against the door to his office- his FORMER office, he kept reminding himself, was a tall mountain lion, clad in a blue and gold football jersey and a pair of ragged blue jeans. He flashed the college professor a large, fangy smile, tail twitching as he pushed

himself off the older man's door. A pair of earnest blue eyes locked with Carter's own green set. "I've been waiting."

Despite himself, Carter felt a smile cracking along his face. "You needn't have, Jim." He walked towards his office door, the brawny student moving off to the wall to let him pass. "My office hours are posted on my door. The same door you were leaning on. As I always tell you."

The mountain lion poked two glossy, white-gold furred fuzzy fingers against each other. "Eeeeh, you coulda showed up early. You know me. Always come early and come often." His tail twitched behind his head, dancing like a flickering candle.

"Yes. I don't think I remember a work day this semester when you haven't bent my ear with questions." Carter reached into his pocket for his keys. "All while continually calling me MISTER M, instead of my proper surname." He unlocked the door, stepping inside and looking around at all the stuff he was going to have to box up.

Jim followed him in, giving a short, barking laugh. "Hah! Well, 'Prof. M' sounds les... what's the word... ally-tertive?" The mountain lion let his backpack drop to the ground with a soft "Thunk" next to a chair, and took a seat facing Carter's desk. "Besides, you always snicker about it, right? I see that smile!" He grinned, flashing a pair of finger-guns at his professor.

Carter couldn't help but smile back. "Alright, smart guy. You're awfully chipper for someone who barely pulled a 74 percent on monday's homework assignment." He moved to sit behind his desk, feeling himself relaxing just a bit. In the familiar environment of his office, and with such pleasant company, he had trouble maintaining his bad mood. Not to mention Jim's peppy demeanor was almost infectious. The cat could see the bright side of a power outage.

"Hey, just means I've got questions to ask you!" Jim scratched the back of his head, slouching back in the chair as he sprawled in it. "Besides, why shouldn't I be in a good mood? Did you hear the announcement today? About the stadium?"

His hand clenched. "Y-yes, I heard." Carter's gaze turned away from his student. "Why don't you get out your assignment-"

"It's gonna be AWESOME!" The feline shot up out of his seat like a rocket. "Coach says we won't have to deal with that stinky old locker room anymore! No more

foot-stank miasma! And there'll be indoor heating, so fans during the colder months won't have to sit on the outdoor benches and freeze their tails off."

Carter clenched his teeth. "Jim, we're-" Inwardly, he was reminding himself to stay calm. It wasn't Jim's fault. The mountain lion didn't KNOW.

"Oh! Oh! And you're gonna love this! We actually get camera systems to record the games! We'll be able to upload footage to qTube! Think about it! Jim Platfield, football AND internet star! Coach even says if the channel starts to get views we can do player interviews and stuff!"

The professor cleared his throat. "We should get down to-"

"Actually, I was gonna ask you!" Jim's ears were perked. "You think that there might be some paper-potential there? You know, for second year Anthropology class, once the stadium's built?" He looked straight at the professor. "I mean, something like this could have some real cultural impact, right? You've always tried to teach us that culture is something we all make together. Heck, reason I love taking your classes is that unlike the old farts you're always interested in us. I don't even know if I'd still be in school if it weren't for your teaching."

Carter slammed his palms down against his desk. The whole thing rattled, and his stapler fell off to clank against the tile floor to one side. "JIM. I am terribly sorry, but today's office hours are cancelled."

The mountain lion's ears fell flat against his head. "Aw, really?"

"YES, Jim." Carter stared down at his desk, pointing at the door. "I have some business to take care of. Department head's orders. We can go over your homework tomorrow."

"...Yeah, ok." The mountain lion grabbed his back, slinking out of the room with alacrity. The door slowly drifted shut behind him. Carter wasted no time in locking it. He needed to be alone with his thoughts. And his books. If only for a little while. It was all he felt he had left.

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“A little while” turned into the last few hours before he left for the day. But it didn’t stop there. The month passed, but not without incident. He found teaching to carry an undercurrent of tension. He snapped at colleagues, grew infuriated with students for harmless questions, and even once at Professor Rhodes. He was on edge and didn’t know what to do to keep calm. The other professors in the Anthropology department started keeping their distance. They knew he was a dead man walking.

But the worst part was that he no longer felt like he belonged.

His job, and by extension, the campus itself, felt like it had become a sanctuary for him. When his mother, his last living family member, passed away, he had buried himself in his work. His work had become the web of his social connections as well as his avenue of distraction; The duties of his job and social interactions it demanded were what kept him emotionally afloat and even to an extent sane. He’d invested so much of himself in the school, in his students, and in the pursuit of Anthropology, that his dismissal had left him feeling empty. He almost felt like he was losing not just his job but his life. Because in a way, he sort of was; he was terrible at reaching out to other people, and he knew himself well enough to know that away from the university, friendly faces such as Jim and colleagues such as Professor Allister would forget he ever existed. His apartment was quiet. Still. He spent as little time as he could there, to avoid reminding himself of the part of him that had wilted and died on the vine. He felt far more comfortable amidst the University library, where at least he could count on hearing the sounds of other people going about their lives around him.

He did have non-work friends, but most of those lived out of state, correspondences with them via phone and email did little to make him feel alive. He hadn’t ever made time to date. And by age forty six, he felt like it was almost too late. He didn’t even know where to begin looking for another job. Though that didn’t mean he didn’t try. He spent several hours during his evenings applying for other universities; first in the state, then later as he grew more desperate around the country. And eventually, around the world, with a growing sense of desperation. He didn’t hear back from any of them. Each night, he would retreat to his bed, reading a book to take his mind off his anxieties until he fell asleep with the tome next to him. He’d considered appealing to the Dean, but getting time on his boss’s boss’s schedule would have taken weeks in it’s own right. He was skeptical that it would amount to anything. And while he knew to keep trying to find more employment, and to give it time, he also knew that he felt an increasing sense of despair. His savings were minuscule. He could afford rent for perhaps a few months, if he skimped on eating and eliminated luxuries. And after that, what then? Time passed, the day of his doom drawing ever closer.

Carter slammed his front door shut, mostly to hear the sound it made when he did it. The other tenants of his apartment weren't going to make noise complaints for a single slammed door. Walking to his kitchen, he tore open a cabinet door, pulling out a bottle of scotch and pouring himself a shot. He'd just bought the ruddy bottle two days ago, and it was already half empty. At this point his fear and anxiety had gotten him angry. He was mad at the university, mad at his soon-to-be-former boss, mad at himself for feeling impotent and powerless. Chugging the shot in a single swig, he grabbed the bottle with a trembling hand to pour a second one. A goodly sum of the amber fluid missed the shot glass, and he swore. More money he couldn't afford to spend, pissed away.

Tomorrow. His last day was tomorrow.

And he was tired of it. Tired of his life. Tired of feeling anxious, mad, and scared. Tired of having to take care of himself. He wanted to stop being who he was. To stop living his rotting flower of a life. But that was impossible. Short of suicide, which was the last resort of the stupid, there was no way to escape the world one built for themselves. With a pronounced sigh, he meandered towards his couch, plopping his butt against the green cushions, and did something he hadn't done in months. He turned on his television.

And that's when he saw the commercial.

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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 middle aged, dark-skinned woman with a frizzy, ebony fro. Wrinkles and worry lines criss-crossed her face, and a scar ran along her neck. She wore a loose fitting pair of gray sweatpants, paired with a bulging emerald top, a pair of sagging tits outlined along the front of the stretched, shimmering material. “Josephine here was a thirty-eight year old telemarketer! No numbers in her little black book, and her hopes of motherhood ruined when she was deemed barren by doctors! So how is she after our ‘award winning’ bimbo-sis treatment?” A slight, smug smirk grew across the tiger’s muzzle. “Well, let’s just ask her ourselves, shall we?” The image of the woman known as Josephine went white, before presenting a new image. Terinas chuckled. “Hey Jodi! What are you up to these days?”

“Ooooooooooh maaaaah gaaaaaaawd!” A girl’s voice screeched as the viewers were treated to an image of a large tan cock marinating in precum pumping between two curvy, peach-colored globes. “Ooooooh mah gawd Ramone, your cock feels soooooo good between my boobies!”

Terinas’ lips curled into a frown. “That’s... not quite the picture feed we’re supposed to be getting! One moment, folks!” He turned to stare stage-right. “Hey guys,

zoom it back a bit, will yah? I'm not paying you to capture money shots-" He froze and coughed. "At least today I'm not!" He put a paw to his face and sighed, slouching over. "Good help is SO hard to find these days..."

The camera pulled away. A young human woman with fair skin and freckles crossing her face had her head tossed back, flaxen hair spread out along the bedspread she was lazing on. Above her, a big black-furred anthropomorphic stallion was straddling her stomach, thrusting back and forth, the flared head of his enormous cock sawing into her cleavage. With a snort, he gripped tightly into the young maiden's shoulders, bending over. His body tensed as he spurted, bright white goo splattering all over the young girl's face and hair, dripping down onto the bed beneath them in a forming puddle of lust. After a moment, the woman licked her lips and wiped her eyes clean, before turning to the camera. "Oh! Like, I totally forgot the promo was today, tiggy!" She waved a hand, as the big stallion got off her, standing off to the side of the bed and rubbing his cock up and down in the background.

Sitting up, the young girl licked some cum off her hand, a vapid giggle escaping her lips. "Like, Hiii! I'm Jodi, I'm twenty one, and after getting a makeover at 'Mr. Tiggy-Wiggy's Slut Shack' or whatever it's called, I'm cruising the Caribbean on Daddy's money." A gob of cum dripped from her hair to spatter against her pert, melon-sized breasts. The big stallion masturbating in the background turned to trot off-camera. "Daddy, like, doesn't know how to tell me he loves me and junk, so he just forks over money so I can have adventures." her grin turned sly. "In tropical bars. Every night. With whatever guys buy me enough to get me drunk." She giggled. "Like, my daddy was dead, and now he's not, an' we're rich, and I'm hot and horny, and who cares if I had like, a diploma or whateverAAAAH!" Her sentence turned into groans as the colt from before pushed his head between her thighs, sliding a long, wet tongue along her pussy. Jody tossed her head back, eyes rolling back in her head. "Oh gaaaawd Ramone-" Letting out a soft huff, she gazed back at the camera. "School was sooooo aaaaah... dumb an' junk anyways. I just wanna go wild an' crazy while I'm young, you know?" She groaned, body tensing. "Ramone, stud, you're making me cuuuuu-"

The horse pulled his lips away from her snatch, looking towards the camera, eyes going wide. "Wait, dude, were you RECORDING that? Duuuuuuude!"

The screen went black. "Woah! Thank you Jodi!" 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 Bimboutique, 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 bimbo or himbo-sona custom tailored for yourself, or pick from one of our predesigned 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!"

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The TV turned off as he mashed the remote's power button. Carter lifted himself off his couch, blinking several times as he thought about what he'd just witnessed. The advertisement had probably broken a million broadcast laws, assuming it was legitimate and not some kind of elaborate prank someone had somehow gotten onto his TV exclusively. But whatever the truth of it, the tightness between his legs reminded him as it rubbed against his pants of how... POTENT... it had been to watch. Jodi had been very very pretty, and Ramone had been... "No, Carter. Best not to dwell upon who was the more attractive of the two." He slurred in his booze-fueled state. Yet as turned on as he was, horniness wasn't the only thing making him dwell on it.

The tiger had promised a chance to escape. Be any age he wanted. Be anyTHING he wanted. If there was any chance the feline-american was honest... well, Carter's life wasn't doing so hot anyway. He wanted out. Even if it meant throwing away everything he'd earned. And there was another part of it as well: "Like, my daddy was dead, and now he's not". The girl on screen said that whatever this was somehow... resurrected her dad? How did THAT even work?!? Even if this was a "Too good to be true" sort of scam, he had to investigate. Because if there was even a chance it was true... Maybe it was the booze burning its way across his mind, but he didn't mind being a ditz if it meant escaping his dead-end life.

A quick internet search told him everything he needed to know: There was a real store in the White Stag Mall, a real "Bimboutique". He could follow up there the next morning, assuming sober-Carter felt the same way he did. That decided, he flipped his browser over to a site designed to cater to his... other urges. Jodi and Ramone had reminded him just how long he'd gone without sex.

He groaned as he came, a half hour later, unable to keep his fantasies from overwhelming his mind any longer.

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Carter was just a half hour car ride away from what could be his rebirth, and he chose to face it in black sweatpants and a comfy brown sweater. It was a fact finding mission, after all, not a fancy university dinner party. Parking just underneath a mural of a majestic white stag, he got out of his car, gazing around at the empty parking spots in front of him. And sighed. The White Stag Shopping Center was barely even a mall these days: Hardly anyone was parked in the lot, and Carter saw four closed storefronts as he walked inside. Three more stores were having going out of business sales, in spite of it being the holiday season. He couldn't help but feel a bit disheartened, when he was a kid he used to hang around this mall, watching the people come and go, crowds swarming the stores no matter the season. It was nearly ten AM and he saw almost no other customers wandering around the mall as he searched for the store he was looking for. However, the "Bimboutique" was more elusive than he had expected. He walked around three quarters of the mall searching, before growing discouraged.

He nearly turned to leave. After all, it was ridiculous, wasn't it? The longer he had to think about it, the more impossible it sounded. People couldn't just TRANSFORM. And the dead couldn't come back to life. That was impossible. But he'd gotten his hopes up last night anyway. With a heavy sigh, he turned to begin marching back to the parking lot. And it was when he was ready to forsake his quest that it reached an end: "Bimboutique" was a store that didn't make any efforts to conceal what it was: A bright sign written in pink 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. Carter walked past display models labeled "Valley Girl", "Cheerleader", and "Porn Star", as he meandered to the front doors of the store, still unable to believe his eyes. Inside he was greeted by racks of clothing. Amidst the arrangements of clothes for sale were scanty, politically-incorrect costumes such as "Indian Princess", a costume of pale tan faux-leather, with beads strung along little frayed edges along the bra, and a matching loincloth that looked to be entirely too short to cover much. Carter felt his face getting hot as he stared at the model of the woman on the packaging for it. One half of the store seemed devoted to costumes and fetish wear for men, the other side set up for women. He passed by an array of assless chaps, and a rainbow of uniforms as he approached the front counter.

The man behind the counter was fuzzy and orange, with black stripes; the spitting image of the tiger from the commercial. Carter watched him as he typed away at a computer, an elderly human standing before him. After thinking for a moment, he moved to stand behind the elderly man, as if standing in line. He was still a bit skeptical, and listening in on their conversation could answer a lot of his questions. After all he still didn't quite know what was actually going on in this establishment. And he'd come too far to be scammed now. Watching what happened with another customer would help him learn if this was just all fake or if it was some kind of real transformation boutique. With a smile, he listened in...

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"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..." Carter 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 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 was wagged 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 Bimboutique. 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 empty headed 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 a paw out in front of him. “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-“

The statement made Carter blink, his train of thought entirely derailed. 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.”

Carter 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". Carter followed them to the edge of the hallway, eager to see how the actual transformation played out.

But he wouldn't get the opportunity. The tiger unlocked the Changing Room, waved Mr. Dolph into it, and then shut the door behind them both. Carter slouched over against a wall and sighed. Apparently privacy was a big thing here. But at least he'd learned what he wanted to know: The employees here either had, or believed they had, some way of transforming people physically. This was something more. Was it the rebirth he was craving? A second chance to live his life? He found his heart racing at the thought.

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Carter waited, and then waited some more. A placard on the counter said "Back in a few minutes! Please wait!" And so he waited. With nothing to do, he looked around at the varieties of sexy costumes and apparent fetish wear that "Bimboutique" sold. Staring at the obvious pandering outfits, he found himself hesitating a bit. Did he really want to dive headfirst into this? If the store's commercial was correct, he would trade his intelligence and the wisdom of age for youth and sex appeal. His mind was awash with questions: Was it permanent? Would anything remain of 'him'?

Would anyone aside from he himself even care if he went missing?

Desperate to not think about that last question, he threw himself into examining the outfits on the racks with increased vigor. It seemed like there was no shortage of girly stereotypes for sale here: more cheerleader stuff, valley girl stuff, blond hair dye... in addition to that, there were all sorts of halloween outfits for sale: Naughty nurse costumes, naughty zombie costumes, naughty robot costumes, naughty puppy costumes, and many more. Upon further examination, it seemed like there were more varieties of "Naughty" outfits here than there were elements on the periodic table. Carter found himself whistling. "Well, that's absurd. But also weirdly impressive."

The time passed quickly as Carter pawed through the the racks of clothing and fetishware, growing increasingly disturbed (but intrigued) with every new outfit he handled. He made a game of counting them, keeping track of what new discoveries he

found. He'd never known anyone put this much effort into the innovation of sexy things. He'd never gotten much past simple lovemaking. And, the more he searched, the more he felt like an outsider, looking in. This was a whole different universe of experiences where he knew he didn't belong. Maybe this was a mistake. Maybe, even if he tried to change, he'd still be the same empty, lonely man inside. Maybe he should just leav-

"Excuse me sir, can I help you?"

Carter whirled around from a "french maid" outfit he'd been staring at to face the striped face of the tiger he'd seen manning the counter before. Sitting next to him was a large, gaudy lamp that looked like a brown-furred, smiling cartoon reindeer with a red light bulb for a nose on the counter. The tiger, whom Carter remembered was named Mr. Teri Nas, smiled up at him. "I just got done processing my last client. I've got plenty of time to help you if you have any questions or want to buy something."

Well. That forced the issue. It was now or never.

Carter swallowed deeply, turning and walking up to the front desk. "Yes, ahem, I had some questions about the sorts of service you offer here?"

The tiger's smile was professional. "Yes! Are you looking to become a bimbo or himbo today?"

"M-maybe?" Carter scratched at the back of his head, unable to look the tiger in the eye. Could he go through with this? For that matter, was there really anything to go through with? He sighed. In for a penny, in for a pound. "I cannot deny the allure, I suppose. But the skeptic within me simply cannot believe you can deliver what you're promising. Your commercial even posited the dead could come back to life!"

He was met with a deadpan expression. "Oh. I see. You're one of THOSE people." The tiger sighed, his eyes rolling back. "A *skeptic*."

Carter put his hand down on the counter in front of him. "I hardly think that wanting to avoid being scammed is a bad thing! You promise me a box that grants wishes... are you really so distraught that I ask to know how it works before I buy it?"

"I wouldn't be-" The tiger waved a paw, as if in dismissal of his inquiry. "-IF you were the type who'd be satisfied with the explanation." The waved paw turned into a pointed figure. "But the problem with skeptics is that they can't take *anything* on faith. I

can't give you a simple explanation because you'll want to know the underpinnings beneath it. And I WON'T give you the underpinnings because they're proprietary secrets and the higher-ups would can my fuzzy rump if I did." The exasperated scowl faded from his face. "Let's just cut to the chase: It's magic. There. I said it."

"You can't just say-" Carter was stopped when a very large, very muscular brown-furred buck slammed into him. Carter winced, falling backwards onto his rear.

"Uhhh... sorry dude." Carter found himself staring up at a tawny-furred, blue-eyed reindeer staring down at him with a bright glowing red nose. "You need a handjob, man?" The stag bent down, reaching a hand down towards Carter's crotch.

"Bup bup bup bup!" The tiger behind the counter clapped. "Maaaaaybe just give him a hand UP instead. We are in public after all. Kids are watching!"

The reindeer turned to face the tiger. "Huh? Why would that matter?Whatevs." he moved his hand up away from Carter's pants. After a few moments of stunned disbelief, Carter took it, letting the young man help him up. "Later." The buck muttered, turning to trot out.

Carter stood there, 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 odd behavior. He certainly LOOKED the part: Dim and vacant-eyed, but quite sexy to look at. Even if the glowing nose made him look like some sort of lamp. And then, as Carter watched the man's bare, brawny ass bouncing as he walked away, it clicked.

Whirling around, he stared at the tiger with wide eyes. "Was... was that Rudy Dolph?"

"Maybe." Teri Nas smirked at him, before pointing over at the red-nosed reindeer lamp on the counter. "Or maybe this is him. Or maybe neither." He pursed his lips together. "Or both."

Carter found himself stammering. "I... I..."

Reaching underneath the counter, the tiger pulled out a brochure. "Maybe now you can take me a bit more at face value." His tail pointed up towards a door nearby marked "Dressing Room." He coughed. "Tell you what. If you really are interested in our

service, or even just want to learn more about it? Go into that room and take a seat. One of our Sales Associates will be there shortly.

Thoroughly cowed, Carter turned to hurry into the other room. Where he found himself was a plain ten by ten foot room with beige walls and two wooden benches. Taking a seat on one of them and facing the other, Carter folded his hands on his lap while waiting for someone to arrive. He felt his fingers brush against a stiffness in his pants and groaned. Just the sight of that stag, who seemed only seconds away from rutting into him, had him erect now. His face got hot. While he'd had SUSPICIONS, he'd never actually **acted** on any of his urges before. He'd always let himself get so caught up in what he thought others might think of him.

God's teeth, if he even escaped THAT hang up through this, it'd be heavenly!

The door opened just a few moments later. It was the same tiger from the front counter. That much was obvious by his appearance. He'd changed into a emerald 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, good sir!"

Carter instantly lost the smidgen of awe he'd had about this place. "Ok, are you just putting me on now?"

"Whatever do you mean?" Terry Ness put a hand to his chest, his eyes wide.

"We met outside. Obviously." Carter felt his skepticism building again.

"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, mister!" He took a seat opposite to his customer, putting a pen to clipboard. "What's your name?"

"Carter Maxim."

Terry Ness scribbled something onto his clipboard. "And you're looking to become a himbo, yes?"

His voice was stuck in his throat. In a way, it felt like a betrayal of his... kind... to even consider saying what he really wanted. But after a moment of hesitation, he spat it



out. “No. I would want to become... the other sort. If that’s possible.”

“A bimbo, then?” The tiger grew an amused smirk as he locked eyes with Carter’s. “It’s more than possible, it’s something we’re fully ready to make happen!” After another scribble on his clipboard, he scratched his chin. “Though, if you happen to be transgender-ly inclined, I feel obligated to warn you this is a very self-destructive way to go about it. I can recommend many more healthy options for you.”

Carter closed his eyes and shook his head. “No. It’s not that! I mean, maybe it is? I don’t know.” He sighed. “I just... I’ve always had this sort of **attraction**, and-”

“Ooooookay. So you don’t know what you really want.” The tiger pushed the clipboard up against his chest and stood up. “I think we’re done here. You have a lot of soul searching to do and-”

“No!” Carter got up, only to fall to his knees. “I **WANT** to stop being me. To be someone divorced from who I am that I can be.” he clasped his hands up. “I have nothing in my life right now. No job, no family, no real life friends who’d miss me...” He sighed. “I just thought... if I have to feel this way about- about GUYS- then at least I’d rather take the route where I might be able to get pregnant someday?”

Terry Ness looked down. “I... suppose I can accept that argument. I mean, far be it for the company talking about making intelligent people over into beautiful idiots to worry about morality.” he sat back down. “Alright.” 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 shapely, glossy-eyed women, with labels under their photos reading things such as “Gym Bunny”, “Sorority Girl”, “Candy Stripper”, and “Southern Comfort”.

Carter shook his head. “I’d much rather do something more personal, if that’s alright?”

The tiger nodded. “Perfectly fine. We’ve got a process for this! To start with, what grade of Bimbo do you want to end up as? We categorize our different models as grades: Grade C, Grade D, Grade F, Grade X, Grade “As Dense as a Bag of Sand” and then grade “More Dense than a Bag of Sand”.

The former professor blinked. “That’s... a very unusual grading system. What do those letters even mean?”

Terry Ness flashed him a very plastic, professional smile. "Well, the first few, C through F, are academic in designation. They represent the average grades a bimbo of that category would rate in school." After a moment's thought, he spoke again. "If they're sufficiently motivated and determined and focused on that instead of just pursuing their usual urges of having sex, that is."

Carter's eyes rose. So it was possible to control how dumb he'd turn out? "I... see. And what about Grade X?"

His sales associate smiled. "That's representative of the level of idiocy where, statistically speaking, our hypothetical bimbo just decides to ignore studying and try and seduce the teacher for good grades instead. Of course, a statistically significant number of bimbos and himbos try that anyway, but Grade X is where it becomes way more common."

"Hm." Carter wondered how he'd have reacted if someone had tried that on him... maybe they had and he'd just never noticed? "What about, uh, the last two?"

A tail twitched behind the tiger, lazily swaying right and left, back and forth like a pendulum. "That's the area where there starts to be a lot more overlap. The 'Bag of Sand' categories are also called 'true bimbos', and usually reflect people so absolutely braindead that they're barely functional adults anymore, if they even are. 'More Dense Than a Bag of Sand'ers often aren't even able to figure out potty training. Though they can still suck a cock just fine!" He chuckled. "Though in all seriousness, I must strongly encourage you away from those two categories unless you've got someone willing to be a handler for you. 'Bag of Sand'ers tend to need outside support but aren't often smart enough to find a sugar mommy or daddy on their own."

Carter chuckled. "That's fine. I was thinking of going for Grade C, anyway."

The tiger nodded. "I see! So you're going to pick Grade F, then?" Carter sputtered as he watched the tiger scribbling on the clipboard.

"H-hey!" He scowled. "That's not what I said!"

"I know." The tiger set the clipboard down. "And the customer so rarely knows what they truly want." He narrowed his eyes. "You're not the first person I've known to pick the least extreme option, thinking they'll trade age and inadequacy for youth and

attractiveness and then just study and get their brains back. Let me spoil the ending for you: It doesn't WORK THAT WAY. When you go through the process, you won't end up being 'you, just younger and needing to regain what you got'. This is a clean break: you are becoming a different person." He paused. "Who will also happen to be an addlepatated slut."

Carter looked back at him. "What about 'the customer is always right'?" He folded his arms back.

The tiger let out a heavy sigh. "Didn't you just get done telling me you wanted to become someone entirely different from yourself?"

"Well..." Carter scratched the back of his head, unable to look the tiger in the eye.

The tiger's glare only grew more intense. "Didn't you?"

"Yeah." Carter said. "I guess there's just a difference between saying it and actually accepting it, you know?"

The tiger calling himself Terry Ness nodded. "Of course." He picked up the clipboard, offering it towards Carter. "Look, I can tell you're conflicted about this. Take this form home. Fill it out and decide if this is really the perverse transformation for you. We don't need to do this all here. Come back tomorrow with it as well as a token: Something you consider that represents you as you are now."

Carter took the form and the clipboard. "What do you need a token for?"

The Sales Associate let his tail swish around behind him as he rubbed his chin. "Well... I'm not supposed to tell people, but I guess I can share a few details. We have two devices, The Idiot Box and the Boob Tube. And when a token is put into the Boob Tube, whoever it represents is gradually turned into a bimbo, regardless of gender or age or mental acuity." He folded his arms. "Most of what we do here affects the process, but the heavy lifting is done by the Boob Tube or the Idiot Box."

Carter raised an eyebrow. "That's absurd. How does it work?"

This inquiry was met with a dismissive wave of a paw. "Oh, nobody really wants to see the math, sir!"

“Actually, I won’t mind-” Carter started, but fell silent when his sentence was met with a scowling tiger.

Terry Ness growled. “NOBODY wants to see the math. Trust me on this. It’s complicated and boring and a waste of everyone’s time.”

The former professor smiled. “Actually, I’m quite good at math. It’s fine, I wouldn’t be bored. If you want to get into it, we could.”

Rubbing his chin, the tiger nodded. “Well... ok. Hand me back my clipboard and I’ll break it down a bit for you.” He took the clipboard down and began writing something. “To start with, here’s the most essential equations to understand. Take a look at these and I think you’ll begin to understand.”

He held up the clipboard, after having flipped the form over to the blank back page. On it, as clear as day, Carter saw the words “Nobody wants to see the math” written out in simple block text. He sighed. “I think I’m starting to, yes.” Standing up, he took the clipboard and turned to walk out. “I do believe I’ll take your advice and go home with this. I hope to see you tomorrow, assuming I don’t chicken out on this.”

“I’d not be disappointed if you did.” The tiger waved at him as he left. “It’s a big thing. But you seemed earnest before. I think you’ll be back. In fact, I’m sure of it.”

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Carter spent the night handling hard questions about what he felt his future should be like. And also handling a hard dick that only got harder as he considered his options more. Midway through filling out the form, he found the need building up too greatly within him. Throwing himself onto his bed, he unzipped his pants, reaching down to stroke at his slender cock with a slick hand.

”I... I’m going to become a girl!” He groaned, imagining his hips swelling out, his bosom blossoming, as he felt his cock dribbling precum against his palm. The fetishes he’d gone over... the form was the first time he’d ever considered them in any context, and thinking about them got him going. He beat himself off, groaning until a spurt of white-hot goo splattered against his stomach.

Flopping over, onto his side, he panted, muscles tensed as he tried to catch his breath.

He was being foolish, certainly. Putting his hopes on this impossible thing. But seeing the changes in whom he assumed had once been Rudy Dolph, he couldn't help himself. He *believed* in this. And that belief had him rock hard in a matter of moments after his climax.

It was a long, hard, exhausting night.

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Filling out the form had been time consuming, but not difficult. After factoring in arousal distraction, Carter had the whole form filled out in two hours. The greater difficulty had been picking out his Token. Carter didn't get a lot of sleep that night because he kept mulling over the choices in his head. It needed to be something of personal significance, certainly. But also an object that encapsulated the husk that he'd made of his life. How could he sum his whole life up into just a single object? He pondered it for hours, staring at the ceiling of his bed. But what surprised him more than how hard it was to settle on one possession...

...was how little hesitation he had towards throwing his whole life away.

Meeting with the tiger at the store had extinguished his concerns entirely. The whole night, he only thought once about how insane the whole situation was. And though he was aware of how ludicrous it sounded, he still had no doubts about what he was going to do. By the dawn of the next day, he'd settled on using his first Diploma as his token. It fit... the embodiment of his academic achievements. The first step he'd taken towards becoming an academic and a professor.

This time, Carter intended to get to the store just as it was opening. He had some questions still, but none of them were deal breakers. Quite the opposite, really. If one of the options on the form he'd filled out was even possible, it was exactly what he felt like he needed. By the time he reached *Bimboutique*, the tiger employee was just pushing the security baffle up. All the lights weren't even on yet. The sales associate or cashier or whatever was working the front counter was whistling as he moved away from the entrance to flip on the lights.

“Erm... pardon me...” Carter walked up towards the front counter. “You’re Teri Nas, are you not? I have some inquiries.”

The stripey feline turned to look at him. “Hm? Oh, why yes!” He broke out in a large fangy smile. “I’m Teri Nas, the cashier.”

Nodding, Carter looked over the cashier. Who also was the spitting image of the Sales Associate Terry Ness. Because they were obviously the same person. “...yes.” He suddenly had second thoughts. In spite of that, though, he thrust the mostly completed paperwork towards the feline. “If you still have time, I have an inquiry or two I would like resolved. Could you perhaps answer them, or do I need to meet with T. R. Niss, your manager?”

The tiger, in return, laughed at the comment. “Hah! Good one! Go ahead and ask your questions, good sir. I promise I’ll do my best to answer them.”

He nodded. “Pray tell, when the form offers a \$50 dollar ‘support package’ add-on to ‘alter reality to suit your new identity’, just what do you mean?”

“Exactly what it says it does.” Teri Nas folded his arms, pushing the paperwork back in the human’s direction. “Don’t hand me that if you may still buy something on it. Anyways, 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. The circumstances of your life also adjust to fit your new narrative. Any questions?”

“I! Er! Um!” Carter simply stammered. He’d suspected that was what the form meant, especially after Jodi’s comments about her father in the commercial. But it was one thing to suspect it. It was another thing entirely to hear it. He’d been certain whatever was going on here wouldn’t promise something THAT powerful. “Ah, forgive me. I guess it’s just a bit difficult to believe that that’s even possible. Even with magic, can you really do that? I’m not paying for a scam.”

This provoked an eye roll from the feline. “A scam, good sir?” He chuckled, pointing at the paperwork. “You already trust us to radically transform your body and mind. Why would a support package like that stretch your disbelief?”

“Plastic surgery and hormone treatments already exist. It’s not so impossible to believe whatever you’re doing to transform someone is an extension of that.” Carter rubbed his chin as he thought out loud. “But what you’re proposing is a whole level

beyond changing bodies. You're talking about changing the memories of other people, not to mention objects and-". Carter stopped thinking. The tiger, his eyelids slid half shut, a low growl escaping his lips, had raised his right paw. His fingers curled up, as if he were grasping something spherical that simply wasn't there.

And then, a moment later, it was.

In the tiger's paw was a luminous, glowing blue sphere. It hummed faintly, pulsing with something eerily similar to a heartbeat. Carter opened his mouth to speak again, but before he could, the Cashier relaxed his paw, and the sphere began to float through the air, drifting like a bubble around in the air. It bumped against his nose, and Carter felt a chill running down his spine. Teri Nas clicked his tongue. "MAG. ICK." He said, deliberately enunciating both syllables while narrowing his eyes and glaring at the human.

The sphere vanished a moment later. "W-well then." Carter reached down to tick the box on the form for the Reality Adjustment add on. "You know, you could do so much more with this-"

"And yet I'm choosing to use it to make money turning people into attractive empty headed sex addled idiots." The tiger said with a rehearsed tone. "Do you have any other questions, sir?"

Carter tried to recover his composure, tightening his grip around the pen he was clutching. "Y-yes, indeed. Onto the other question. Regarding what you listed as 'Recording a message for your future self', priced as being 15 dollars: Could I not just do that myself?"

The tiger quickly shed his annoyed tone. "Oh, that's a common question! Yes, you could record a message without paying for it, but this way we guarantee that your bimbo-sona 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." Tilting his head, the tiger grinned. "Is that something you may be interested in?"

Shaking his head, Carter pushed the form over towards the tiger. "Not really. I can't imagine anything I'd want to tell myself. So, what happens now?"

“First, I thought I’d ring you up.” The tiger snatched up the paperwork and went around the counter. “Three hundred, please!”

Once their transaction was concluded, Teri Nas flashed him another professional grin. “Now I prep the Boob Tube, while you go through the Changing Room Door.”

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After all the build up, “The Changing Room” was less grand than Carter had expected: 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 something a bit more grandiose, but they refused to open. Carter walked inside, waiting for a few moments for something to happen.

From the door he’d come in from emerged the same tiger that the human had 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, Mister Maxim, I understand we’re going to make you into a giggly, bouncy, ripe little peach today?”

Carter couldn’t help but ask. “You must be aware that I know you’re the same person as the Cashier and the Sales Associate. Why bother changing outfits?”

“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. I need to ask you to strip naked. You cannot be wearing clothing during the procedure.”

Carter blinked. “W-wait. Right here? In front of you?” Almost instinctively, he put a hand on the fly of his pants, as if protecting it from the tiger’s touch.

The tiger smacked a paw to his face in exasperation. “What do you think I am, a pervert?” The tiger rolled his eyes. “I’m superficially imitating a *medical professional*, Mister Carter!” He waved a paw, as if to dismiss the human’s embarrassment. “Trust me, I’m not trying to get in your pants by having you take off your pants.”

Carter worked to unbutton his khaki pants, letting them fall to the floor and reveal his chili pepper-print boxers. After another moment, he pulled his red flannel vest off his shoulders, tossing it aside before letting the tiger help him tug off his white undershirt.



He had a tummy underneath, pale white skin on full display as he moved slowly to strip off his boxers.

The tiger, to his credit, never let his gaze drift below the belt. "Alright. Now, get on the barber chair while I put aside your possessions and withdraw the chemical compound." He moved over towards 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. Carter watched him tug the gloves over his paws as he returned. "Now then... the next step is to administer a little dye job. Don't worry, it's temporary." The feline dipped the chair under the sink, running cold water through Carter's hair. He shivered, goosebumps running down his arms.

A moment later the water stopped and the chair rose back up. "Now, you may feel a bit of a tingling sensation as your thoughts slow down a bit. That's entirely natural." Carter felt a shudder run down his spine as a fluid not entirely unlike shampoo glooped down his hair. Soon the tiger's paws were massaging it against his scalp. And it did begin to tingle.

"Nnnnngh..." Carter reached up to put a hand against his 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 his scalp, spreading and growing more intense as more of his skin came into contact with it. It was like electricity was flowing through his mind. And the longer it went on, the harder it was to think about anything. Carter suddenly felt a moment of hesitation. He hadn't expected this.

Wait, he hadn't expected what? He'd forgotten!

Thoughts buzzed and crackled in his mind, painful flare ups in the tingling numbness. It hurt to consid- to be thinky. And the longer he thinkyed a thought, the more it hurt to keep it. Thinky stuff was like balloons drifting through a thunderstorm. The idea of reluctance was pierced by a thousand bolts of lightning, popping in an instant. And something in Cartter welcomed the end of it.

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

It took him a moment to register that he was seeing himself in the mirror. And a second moment to realize his hair was a deep leaf-green. "W-what color wuz I before?" he mumbled in a slurred tone, feeling confused. Had something changed? Was he always green? He didn't know.

“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 Carter... can you get up out of that chair and walk through those doors for me?” He pointed at the steel double-doors.

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

...and ran right into them, his face smushing 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 addled human walked inside.

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As the drugged human passed through the two sanctum doors, they slammed shut. He heard the faint “Snk!” of a lock turning. The sound made him grunt a bit as he looked around for a door of some sort. There was no 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, he was standing there, waiting for nothing to happen and being made to wait only more and more. He 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 appendage 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.

“Drink what now?” Carter rubbed his forehead, while looking around for the magic sky voice.

The ceiling-voice crackled to life again. “Just... just drink what’s in the, uh, ‘magic potion’, pink skin.”

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

The "potion" tasted like something he might not have been precisely able to place: The love juices from a dog. A slick, oily consistency, but with a salty, oily taste and a slightly spicy aftertaste. And then VERY SPICY. And then BURNING. As the drugs inside the "potion" kicked in, Carter could literally feel a burning sensation through his whole throat as he drank it. The sparks of lightning in his mind kindled a fire that seared down his throat. As he digested the potion, the burning spread to every nerve, his entire body burning. The clouds and lightning in his mind boiled away, leaving nothing but the heat, the pain. Focused into perfect clarity. Nnng! GRRAAHH!" He screamed, doubling over, as genes began rewriting, muscles his whole body over tensing and twitching.

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

Thinking grew easy again as the lighting and the storm burned away. Now, instead of it hurting intensely to think, there was just a dull general ache. "Oog." He 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, he 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, buxom, curvy, absolutely JIGGLY canines. Fluffy tails raised, down on all fours, eyes rolled back and muzzles contorted into moans as fat red bulbed dicks stretched their clits. Two doggy girls flicking each other's beans, eyes closed as they enjoyed touching themselves while kissing each other intimately, water from a shower cascading down both their bodies. A spotted dalmatian bitch laying on her back, hooved hands groping her breasts while a plump horsecock kissed the edge of her honeypot. Two eager dog girls

playing with sex toys, one eagerly pegging the other, her boobs bouncing with every thrust. A group of nude canine ladies brushing each other's fur and stroking each other's bodies. The images were inescapable, flooding his eyes. And intermixed between them were words, words he couldn't ever manage to read, before they vanished into a torrent of dog porn.

**"You are a bitch. You are not a man. You are a bitch. You have always been a bitch. Good dogs love being petted and stroked. You are a good, dumb bitch."**

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

*He saw two people, a gray-furred husky woman and a taller golden retriever male, standing together. The woman was cradling a small blob of golden fluff, nursing from her breast. "The only survivor in her litter, huh?" The father said, rubbing his chin. "Seems like she'll grow up to be a strong girl..." A few years later, he saw a tiny little puppy, clad in pink, chewing on a plastic bone in a playpen, sprawled along her tummy.*

Carter's hair was growing out, with trails of gold sprouting down the sides of his head, hidden under increasingly shaggy tresses of gold. His bare cock was erect and dripping, but as he stared out at it, it almost seemed to be smaller than he felt it should be. It throbbed on its own, causing him to fall to his knees, groaning and shuddering as his hand gripped at his throbbing member. "A-aaaah..." He panted, his tongue growing longer and thicker with every breath. His ears were widening, somehow migrating up his skull as he began to stroke himself off, panting and drooling with a glazed, vacant expression in his eyes.

They were all so powerful, the images bombarding him. They were varied, too. All of them showing anthropomorphic bitches, certainly, but of so many different sorts: Bulldogs in high school. Poodles in college, or at least dressed in college football colors. A spaniel blowing a kiss to her cell phone as she took a selfie. He didn't try to resist it, really, but his mind did put up some fight, in a sort of instinctive way. He looked for patterns, things that stuck out, anything as his

mind flailed to keep active. Even while the fire burned away at it. The sensory overload, however, was so overwhelmingly powerful that his resistance was only slowing it, at most.

And as he realized that inevitability, he started to almost enjoy it, jerking himself off to the shifting images. It was a little arousing and a little fascinating to just pleasure himself as he surrendered. New memories were overwriting old ones, and they felt nicer. Or at least, it was pretty clear from even the few memories he had so far of the early years that this wasn't the same broken home with a father who died before he hit age five. "Aaaah!" He groaned, cum spurting out of his cock, as the thing receded into him slowly, growing smaller than it had been before.

"R-rrrrrrrrrruuuff!" The words he was reaching for fell out of his mouth as even the concept of memory was pushed out of his brain. The changing human couldn't focus. New words were drilling themselves into his mind even as old words were burning away. Even 'him' was starting to feel 'wrong' in the gentle burning within 'his' head. Cultural and instinctual learning as burning away too; knowledge of body language, of workplace appropriate clothing, even of how to ride a bike. It was just so overwhelmingly powerful as he pushed himself up to his feet. "Wrrrrrrrr...." Vacantly he whimpered as he wobbled, plunging down to all fours all of a sudden. It just felt right for some reason. He stared up at the screens from all fours, watching porny image after porny image filter into her mind.

*The next memory he had was of a little golden retriever girl wagging her tail while seated at a school desk. She was drawing all the friends she'd made in first grade on a piece of white construction paper, using a set of crayons to scribble in all the different species of people in her class. The girl he kept seeing seemed to make friends everywhere she met, reaching out when Carter would have been anxious and afraid. The puppy giggled, getting up out of her chair with her scribbly drawing, eyes alight with excitement to show everybody in her class how she'd drawn them...*

As his mind changed, so too did the images on the outside. The warping creature was bombarded with what the screen showed him: dog girls posing in bikinis; wagging their tails; bitches grinding their rumps against stripper poles, g-strings stretched thin enough to show their clefts; stripper-dog girls with singles

tucked between their underwear, jiggling and dancing for money; dog- girls riding the big cocks of men who paid for it...

**“You are a giggling empty-headed puppy bimbo. You need to sway your ass for others. You need to pleasure others. You are a happy dumb puppy girl.”**

The fire in his mind was actually getting numb... as was his mind. Carter could barely think, barely feel ANYTHING beyond the flashbacks burning through his brain. He watched as dogs on screen bounced cocks between their fuzzy boobies, surrounded themselves with a row of cocks, one in each hand. A slender protrusion of flesh was sprouting out of his backside. His ears had grown wide and flopped over, hanging from either side of his head. Everything within the body was in a state of flux.

"Happy... puppppyy..." he said, his speech slurred. He couldn't technically see the words as they flashed across the screen. Not consciously, anyway. But they were still registering in his mind. They were pushing, harder and harder. He still hadn't quite forgotten that he was a human, his identity was too strong for that, but it was a losing battle. And with every flash of the words "dumb puppy girl" it was repeatedly drilling into the figure's mind that they were a bitch, not a man. It was building on it, crafting a towering edifice of hypnosis. First a dog not a man, and now a dumb puppy girl. Bitches existed to pleasure others. To make others moan and groan in bliss.

The ideal of bitch behavior, of tempting, of fucking and being fucked, wrapped around his failing mind like a collar wrapped around her neck to denote ownership. It was what he was becoming. A fading part of him tried to resist it, but the rest started to give in. Bit by bit. More and more. He wiped some drool from his chin, sniffing the air. Something smelled yummy on the floor... With a thirst in his throat, he bent down to lick up at the cum on the floor, the burning sensation still there in his body, dying down to an intense tingling.

**“You are a happy dumb bitch. Take care of your pack. Good doggies are built to nurture and take care of others. You are a happy dumb bitch.”**

Car- it was harder and harder to remember his name- felt dizzy as he slurped up the cum someone left on the floor, watching the screen showing two australian shepherds sixty-nining each other, licking each other's pussies, snouts pushed deep. Their eyes revealed how eager they were to pearl dive. He- She saw a motherly terrier with a stern expression on her face spanking the booty of a slender, twinkly dalmation boy whose face was contorted into an expression of painful bliss. She saw two french poodles frenching each other, tits pressed against each other. It was hard to even think about anything other than squishy, jiggly bitches... what else WAS there? Numbers and words and shapes all seemed to retreat when the changing man called upon them. His world was puppy girls licking each other's asses, riding wolf cocks, being the meat in a sandwich of two big burly ram guys-

*Comfort the puppy sobbed. She'd failed another multiplication test at school. When her mommy and daddy found out they'd be so disappointed. She was inconsolable, thinking about numbers and junk was just so hard! Crying at her desk, she only stopped when hands wrapped around her. Everyone in class, even the teacher, had come together to give her a group hug. "Don't worry. You're not alone." The teacher whispered. Comfort always had friends and family to support her.*

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*. The cum slurped from the floor wasn't enough. 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 puppy watched it hang there, his cock, smaller than it had been before, was throbbing again. Drooling dumbly, he got up on his knees, playing with himself while waddling to the shaft. His spunk spurted on the ground, shrinking with each lazy climax, smaller and less fully formed as he watched the screen and took in what it taught.

He, or she. He... whatever. One of those two at the moment, still male, but with more and more memories coming. The memories rushed past now, entirely unexamined by the dimming mind absorbing them. Shehe was too focused now on the sexy, kinky images as they continued. Every word that flashed on the screen burned itself into himher's mind with minimal resistance. There was a lot

more of his mind still left to go, though. But the damage had already been extensive. And grew more so, as Heshe no longer fought it.

Plumping lips wrapped around that silicon shaft as shehe's cocklet stiffened again, demanding stimulation. Memories of grade school were warping and altering as heshe jack-pawed themselves off with a hand that grew more fuzzy and golden. Precum was smearing against the base of the shaft as the memories pumped into them like a horny male. They weren't even close to the current middle aged college professor reality of the male who had entered the chamber. Heshe just clumsily sat on a swelling and nursed the shaft. The cock was positioned so that, in fact, the changing creature could still watch the images even as he clumsily suckled.

It might have been immediately obvious to the old Carter that this wasn't a real cock. Certainly it would have been if he'd ever put one in his mouth. The texture was all different: Rubbery and not as soft. The lips of the formerly-human creature squeaked as shehe 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, plantigrade feet grew stubbier, shifting into stubby digitigrade paws. Golden shimmery floof sprouted out of them. A bit further up, the former human's shaft lazily erupted again. It had shrank enough so that it was barely a bulge at this point, all while herhis bum was swelling out and growing thicc.

**“You are a horny idiot bitch. No need to think. Just have fun. Nurture and tease. Take care of what you love. Pleasure your friends. Build your pack. You are a horny idiot bitch.”**

The screen continued to flicker. Sexual images programming the viewer's mind with no escape: Images of a buxom malamute maid stroking her master's chest as he unbuttoned his top. Images of a naked collie surrounded by satisfied lovers, sampling some cum from the fluids soaked into her crotch after taking SEVERAL orgasms. Images of a terrier on all fours, tail flagged, as two plump spined catcocks moved for her exposed pussy. Images of dog girls making out and petting each other and-



**“You are a dumb busty good girl. No need to think. Just need to pleasure. To suck. To nuture. To ride cock. To moan. To be filled. Dumb puppy sluts are good girls. You are a dumb busty good girl.”**

*Comfort never seemed to be daunted by social fear or anxiety. She had so much love to give, and kept in touch with friends from every grade. Even when people moved away, she wrote letters. Today, she was writing a letter to a friend of hers, Jimbo, a mountain lion she'd met in first grade with until he moved away in third grade... The two had been childhood friends, playing together, climbing up trees and cuddling each other while watching television. She still thought of him dearly, never quite forgetting him. His last letter mentioned how he had no friends in his new school. She wrote to him every month so he knew he wasn't ever alone.*

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

Once her stomach was full of the cum, she pulled back, looking back up at the images. They were so hot, and she was still aroused, even as her body changed. **“Dumb busty good girl”** The thought padded through her mind, and it came with a satisfaction that was hard to match. Even her groans were now in a wavering tone, the pitch warping as the changes went internal. The burning sensation was messing with her throat next. Dipping the oddly male voice again and again into the depths of estrogen, her tone growing breathy and sultry.

Her voice kept cracking, groans turning into needy whimpers, more velvet filling her tone, as the images shifted. Bitches bending over, taking cock and looking like they loved it. Doggy girls surrounded by plump cocks, several shafts cumming on them, faces caked in ecstasy as they felt themselves bathing in man-cream. Naughty stripper bitches bouncing their breasts to the beat- amazonian sheepdogs squatting and masturbating in the field, sweaty and spurting fluid onto the ground. Mom-Dogs breast feeding their pups. A floofy

sheep dog cuddling up against several naked horny wolves in an enormous bed. The images never ceased!

**“Comfort is a horny good girl. Comfort takes care of her friends. Comfort loves to suck and ride cock. Comfort loves being a cute dumb puppy girl...”**

Gleaming, metallic yellow fur was sprouting out of the slender tail on the changing creature's butt. Any balls the creature once possessed had been absorbed into its crotch, cock having vanished into a forming vagina. Precum kept leaking out of the growing thing like a drooling dog. Her throat burned, as her fingers shrank and grew stubbier. At the same time, her chest was beginning to grow, nipples swelling out and growing erect. Soft, squishy things that only seemed to swell larger and grow more plump over time. Had she had pecs before? Before what? It was hard to remember. She did remember having a big, firm, trembling cock though... inside her, at least. It felt only right to fill her snatch with something firm. Just the thought made her clit tingle so good... her thighs swelled out, muscles knotting and fat swelling, child-bearing hips forming.

**“Comfort loves fucking guys. Comfort loves fucking girls. Comfort loves riding mancock. Comfort loves licking girl pussies. Comfort loves fucking guys. Comfort loves fucking girls...”**

*Comfort only passed sixth grade because of the study group her friends formed. In class she played with her phone or passed notes to keep from falling asleep. Her failing grades were because she never seemed to learn from listening. But when her friends got together and worked on problems, it always felt right. Helped her learn. Especially when a certain someone took a special interest in her. When Kyle, the big handsome wolf in her class, got up and wrapped his arms around her body to show her how to do a math problem, she felt warm and happy and blissful and he had her undivided attention. Her face especially got flush and hot.*

The memories burned themselves into her brain, of course they did. And after the fact it could all be easily explained, of course, by the porn. If she even remembered a fraction of the rapid-fire images she'd seen, she'd have a dirtier mind than most. The viewer gave a needy whine, which morphed into more of a

panting whimper as her ears perked. With stomach full, a new itch hit her mind. A fire burning between her things. Pushing up to try and stand against the wall, she wobbled backwards on her new paws. Were they new? She felt like he'd had them forever, but her body was having trouble balancing. Lurching back forward, she thrust her thighs against the rubber shaft but missed the sweet spot, her legs wobbling and trembling as the changes continued.

Comfort's body was growing softer and fluffier all over. Fur had nearly completely encompassed formerly bare skin. She tried to push her canine pussy against the shaft again, moving too quick and sliding it under her legs. "R-rrrrfff!" She felt it sawing between her ass cheeks, sinking down below her. Her body had shrunk a bit, growing a bit more wide and a bit shorter. Her center of gravity was off. It felt like she was shorter than... than she'd been before?

**"Comfort is your name. Comfort is the name of a happy, horny young bitch. Comfort is your name. Comfort is the name of a happy, horny young bitch..."**

Wait, had she been different before?

It felt to Comfort like she must have been different before, but it was harder and harder to remember anything that felt off, as more and more of her intelligence was burnt out. Her pussy, still forming, was already moistening at the sensations and the thoughts of riding that huge cock jutting out of the wall. Her mind was filled with thoughts of bouncy bosoms, of hot throbbing cocks. Bodies. Female bodies. Male bodies. All sorts of bodies were making her feel hot and bothered. She tried to mount the cock again, absentmindedly pulling back and thrusting again, poking herself in the tummy with a growl. Time passed as she watched the screen's shifting contents, fetish training to really start being pumped into her.

*Comfort was a cheerleader. And one who caused every football player's heads to turn when she passed, eyes locked on her swaying rump. She didn't really know why, but it felt like ever since she put on her first training bra, almost every guy at school wanted to get to know her. As she got some chapstick out of her locker, Chad from the football team leaned up against the locker behind her. And as she closed the locker, his buddy Kent was leaning into the opposite*

*locker. Both guys got close, wanting her to come with them behind the bleachers after practice. Insisting on it, actually. Borderline demanding. Comfort was a little nervous, until someone grabbed Kent and yanked him back away from her.*

*Jimbo had moved back to her state. He kept the friend who had never let him feel alone safe.*

Images of coonhound girls posing topless for cameras. Images of a flexible borzoi putting her legs behind her head while buck naked, flashing her snatch to the camera with a wink. Images of two big burly bulls, crossing swords between a foxhound's thighs, nibbling her ears while petting her body. Images of buxom bitches taking large dildos up their rears and pussies as a crowd went wild. Image after image assaulted the transforming creature as the burning need in her clit grew in intensity, a fire that couldn't be extinguished without a firehose. Almost unprovoked, the nearly foot-long dildo in the wall began to vibrate against her stomach. The toy spurted another jet of slime up along her tummy and tits, covering her fur. She filled her nostrils with the delicious, amazing scent. She smeared some of it on her fingers, bringing it up to sniff and slurp at the spunk soaking into her fur. More and more, the scent and taste of jizz was becoming addictive. Comfort loved smelling like male lust, and loved the taste of it against her tongue even more. A week when she wasn't cum on at least once was a week she felt like she'd wasted...

**“Books are just soooo dull. People are better. Dumb good girls need friends. Fuckbuddies. Lovers. A pack. 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. Comfort watched herself playing with the orange vibrator she found in her parent's dresser. It was her own private show of adonic self-lust, a memory of her first time masturbating. She remembered being a good girl and ignoring her parents moans during an evening when she couldn't sleep. She'd just gotten done with Sex Ed in 8th grade and was starting to understand why her parents never could keep their hands off each other. It explained why she had four younger siblings. Comfort had inherited both her parents overactive sex drive, making her puberty a very intense, yet fun, one indeed.

She loved her family. She took care of her little siblings and the chores when her parents wanted some alone time. They were a pack.

*Cheerleader practices were always intense. Comfort bounced and bopped, posing and posturing, pom-poms jiggling back and forth with her tits. It was enough to make her work up a sweat, but she loved it. And she loved someone else coming to see her practice even more... turning her back to the bleachers and raising her tail, she wiggled her butt and flashed her panties to a certain someone watching her intently. She wasn't close enough to hear, but she knew Jimbo would be purring intently as he watched his girl bopping it. What he didn't know was he wasn't the only one there for her that day.*

*But she did. Since junior year, she'd noticed way more people staring at her...*

Cheerleading practice wasn't exactly easy, Comfort recalled; It focused on grace and dexterity. Acrobatics and flexibility. Comfort might've taken an hour to solve a long division problem during high school, but she had also been able to tuck her footpaws behind her head. While developing her body, she'd made sure to eat a protein heavy diet, with a lot of chicken and veggies. It had been to build muscle mass. But never too much. Growing up Comfort never had a lot of interest in being athletic beyond what she needed to be a cheerleader. She wanted to be cute. To keep a body that made her look pretty. Especially later on, when puberty hit her like a truck and "wanting to be cute" turned into "wanting to be sexy."

These days, nearly sev- no, eig- no, six- LOTS AND LOTS of her thoughts were about being sexy. Numbers were hard.

"R-rrrrrrrrrrruf!" Comfort's tongue lolled out of her mouth, as she finally managed to position the protruding wall-dildo against her waiting folds. Her body was still changing, height traded for a widening butt and ample bosom, but the good girl wasn't done; Comfort's body had some more changing left in it, to represent the body she'd worked so hard to get. So focused was she on stretching that slick silicon cock around her aching clit that the images on screen didn't really register to her mind. She was dimly aware of them, but no longer on a conscious level. She didn't need any extra push to get horny as she slowly slid back and forth against the head of the dildo; sex was the only thing on her mind

right now. She needed to go slow, to avoid hurting herself. It felt like she'd never stuffed her pussy for some reason, and this was a horsecock she was riding on. She had to give her body time to adapt. People said Comfort was an empty headed bimbo, but when it came to sex, she was a fucking savant. No one knew how to pleasure people better than Comfort!

*Her grades plummeted in her senior year. Before, she'd had her friends, her PACK, to keep her studying. It was rough, but she'd had plenty of help. But now, at least half Comfort's friends were more focused on getting into her pants. And Comfort was discovering she loved the attention. Jimbo treated her like she was a princess, but he didn't know how to play rough like Mike did. And Mike didn't put his tongue to work like Erin did. And Erin didn't- well, she had a lot of people eager to make her happy in her pack. And with parents that were still willing to accept the excuse of sleepovers, the golden-furred good girl could also be a very bad dog. Sometimes multiple times a night...*

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

*Graduation was supposed to be one of the best days of her life. But instead, it was one of the worst. Jimbo, one of her oldest and most dear friends, her boyfriend of all people, was breaking up with her. She didn't even find out from him. He'd been planning on waiting until after the ceremony. But the mountain lion's mother, who had never liked Comfort since puberty, had told her just before the ceremony that he got accepted to an out-of-state school for his football prowess. He was planning on abandoning her for the opportunity, the woman said. And it was in tears, sobbing, that Comfort took her diploma. Confronting him afterwards, she confirmed his mother's words. He'd wanted to be tactful, promised to write, but he was going a place her grades meant she couldn't follow. And for the first time in her life, she knew what it felt like to be abandoned. She didn't take it well. Growing angry, she snarled and growled and made a scene. They got into a big ugly fight. Overturning a punch bowl upon him might have been a bit much. She was hurting for the first time ever, and drove her*

*oldest and dearest packmate to turn his back fully on her. He'd promised to write, but after their argument, no letters ever came.*

*And that was, perhaps, her fault.*

Comfort had built a life out of the people around her. Jimbo's choice had just been a taste of what was to come, however: Once people started going off to colleges, she found her pack splintering away. Many of them kept in touch, but the faces she'd grown used to seeing daily were vanishing around her. Jimbo had been the first, but he wasn't the last. Soon, she found the people she cared about scattered to four corners of the world. Comfort found herself isolated. Alone. And without any idea what to do with her life. College had never interested her, but what else was there? She was alone. She shuddered at the thought. Or maybe at the silicon toy penetrating her bottom as she sat down on it. One or the other.

*Without any idea what she wanted to do with her life, Comfort decided to do what she did best. And, after a night in a jail cell, learned apparently what she was doing was "prostitution" and it was "illegal". But that didn't mean the night was wasted. It bought her attention from the right people. Or maybe the wrong people. Because just a day later, Comfort had a pimp, Daddy Blackstripe who promised to take care of all the thinking for her...*

**"Empty headed bimbo. Happy slutty puppy. No think, just fuck. Good girls love kissing other girls. Good girls love cock. Good puppy girls listen and obey."**

While listening and obeying, Comfort was also bouncing. She was stuffed on both ends, a fat silicon toy filling her rump and another stretching her pussy. She panted, drool spattering along her cleavage as she bucked back and forth on the two silicon toys, feeling the shafts scratching the itch within her loins. "A-aaaaarrfff!" She groaned, eyes rolling into the back of her head as she felt herself cumming. She was having fun giving her new body a test drive. All she had to do was stop thinking and start fucking.

...new body? What did that thought pop into her head? Silly puppy, she had to stop thinking, it was fuck time!

The shaft pushing inside her vagina was saturated with her fluids. A puddle of lady lust was forming on the floor. Her tail twitched as she slid down the plump pole protruding from the floor. Her paws moved up to rub and stroke at her bosom. Biting her lip, the golden retriever gal whimpered and whined, unable to think of anything other than the invading toys within her. Her body was trembling, her failing mind flooded with bliss. She stared at the screens, but her conscious mind was focused purely on getting off.

**“Good girl dumb horny dog breed be bred love fuck love getting fucked giving head licking clit sucking tit 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 all seemed to sink into Comfort on a subconscious level. She barely noticed, though. She was too busy riding dick, bucking like a bronco against the shaft on the floor and the one on the wall. Something in her mind made her wonder what if toys always felt that way... but that was a silly thought. She kept a toy in her purse, didn't she? She always had, just in case she needed a bathroom quickie.

*The “john” was a big burly brown bear. Some professor at a local univer- a college that had taken a shine to Comfort. And in return, she was shining his cock. “Mmmmm...” She wagged her tail, lips wrapped around the brown bear’s big dick as she looked up at him from between his thighs. She heard him grunting and snorting as she stroked his balls with one paw. Sounds of satisfaction at her job well done made her happy. Another spurt of precum hit the back of her tongue as she circled it around the length of his cock. He was thrusting ever so slightly back and forth between her lips. Comfort could smell his arousal, and her panties were already moist. She wasn’t being paid to douse THOSE fires though... it was just a bj today.*

*Under his desk.*

*In the middle of his workday, after his classes. The bear winced and snorted, squirming in his office chair as he pumped his dick deeper into her. It would have made an amateur choke, but Comfort had a LOT of practice. “Ooooooh... you*



*golden girl..." He growled, sliding a paw down to pat her head. "S-soo close!" He scratched her between the ears, and Comfort's tail wagged, smacking against the inner sides of his desk. She was a good girl! She was making her john happy. As he shuddered and tensed his body, she knew he was close. Tugging her tongue back, she slid it along the full five inches of his shaft, ending with a flick along the head.*

*Professor Alister Rhodes, or "Mister Allie" as she thought of him, tried to keep quiet and only managed to stifle a moan, as she tasted his load pumping into her muzzle. Every drop of it tasted great to her. She lived for that salty-spicy taste in her mouth. She milked his dick for a few moments longer, until she was sure she'd gotten it all. And then pulled off, a trail of saliva running from her lips to his shaft as she looked up. "Can I stand up, daddy bear?" She'd learned to look for ways to push john's buttons early on. They tipped better, and it was fun to make them squirm.*

*He responded by scooting back in his rolling office chair. "Tch... this was dumb of me. Way too easy to get caught. You're not even a student here." He tucked his tackle away and quickly zipped up his suit pants. But a moment later, his panicked expression softened. "But you're so cute when I thought about you, it was hard to resist." He stood up, patting his chest and chuckling.*

*Comfort giggled, standing up and folding her arms behind her head, thrusting her hips out to arch and crack her back. The fact that it gave her client another peak at her heaving bosom was a plus. "AroooOOOooo... I'm always so stiff after hiding under desks." She turned her body, letting her boobies jiggle innocuously in his gaze as she stretched. "But that was super fun!" she gave him an earnest and sincere smile. "Let's do it again sometime soon!" She lowered her arms and locked eyes with him, leaning forward to get a bit closer to him. "You're my FAVORITE client, after all." Teasing was part of the job. Encouraged repeat customers. The fact that she meant every word didn't diminish the effectiveness.*

*"Eh heh..." He fidgeted, scratching the back of his head and looking away from her. She could tell she'd hit the right spot. "I'd love to. But next time, i'll restrain myself and use my house as a rendezvous instead."*

*She tilted her head. "'Rondy-vuuu?' What's that?" She raised a fuzzy eyebrow at him.*

*The big bear rolled his eyes and smirked. "It means we'll meet there and not here." He reached into a pants pocket and pulled out a roll of green bills. "Here. Keep some extra for the tip. I don't trust that Blackstripe fellow who holds your leash to look after you."*

*She held her arms up. "Oh pooh! He's a great pack leader!" She wagged her tail, but then stopped. She thought about the situation with her handler. It took a while. "I mean, when he's not hitting Cashmere for looking at other guys." And then, a moment later, she added more. "Or when he's saying mean words to Megumi for not getting enough work. Or when he's swearing at people over the phone for some reason. Or when he's drunk. Or when he just feeling grumpy." She flashed him an earnest smile. "But most of the time, he's great?" She sounded less confident about that than she'd expected to be.*

*Mister Allie just stared at her in stupefied silence. "...are you... ok?"*

*The golden retriever gal nodded. "I'm doing what I love. That's a good thing, right? Even if it has mean patches sometimes." A lot of times, actually, but she wasn't supposed to talk about them.*

*"Just..." He looked away from her and covered his eyes. "Just... don't let anyone mistreat you, Comfort. I'd take care of you if you'd let me, but there's limits."*

*She bit her lip, muzzle contorting into a tiny frown. Comfort had to think about that. It wasn't fair, what Blackstripe did. But could she really do anything about it? She needed Blackstripe as her pimp. He told her she did, so she did. Right? Something felt odd about that. She didn't think it was fair what he did. It wasn't. But thinking wasn't her strong suit. "Should I start cleaning up now?" The cleaning service was Blackstripe's idea, and Megumi managed most of the business side of it. It was a "cover" for people so that the cops didn't get frowny at her for showing people a good time...*

*Her brain was being dragged down, and she didn't even care. Actually, she didn't even realize it, since of course her memories were changing as they did. Comfort's bucking and fucking was slowing. She'd nursed herself to three orgasms on the two poles, and her body fur was soaked in sweat. After a moment, she pulled away from the wall dildo, watching it pull back into the wall and vanish behind a small panel. Her own thoughts started to simplify to match*

the lack of coherence that the words on the wall had. That lack of focus, combined with how tired she felt after her ride, left her so drained. Mindfucked, she might have said if she was a smarty-pants. Instead, she said nothing, pulling up off the dildo in her rump, turning to flop against the wall, and slide down to wedge her butt between the floor and wall. She didn't have the energy for too much right now. So she just put her paws to work, stroking and petting one breast and teasing her canine pussy, while she watched the flashing images on screen and drooled with a glazed expression in her eyes.

*The girls in Blackstripe's employ had become almost a second family to her. A second pack. But was Blackstripe himself? Talking with Mister Allie put it in perspective. Would a packmate abuse their own?*

**“Good girl tease jiggle please partners please self love cock in ass love ass love cock love tits love licking love being licked love girls love boys love people love playing-“**

*Comfort was smart enough to know she wasn't smart, at least. Thinking wasn't her strong suit, but she needed a brain to help her. Someone outside her new pack to offer her advice. She reached out to people she'd once known. And eventually, someone reached out back to her.*

The puppy felt her breast swelling against her paw. The good girl was getting some good girls of her own. She felt a D-cup swelling out to double that, and then to DDD. They still felt too small to her, as she squished one against the other. Her other paw was slick and slimy with her own love juice, lazily sending waves of pleasure up her spine as she watched the screen. Parts of her body were still growing, and between her changing body and the fun she'd just had, she was just content to sit down and regain her strength. Memories kept flashing through her mind, faster and faster. She groaned, feeling a fourth orgasm wrack her body, more fluids running down a soaked river of fur, pooling on the floor beneath her body.

*Handling Blackstripe turned out to be stupidly easy. Which was great, because Comfort worked best with simple plans. She'd volunteered to clean up the skeevy badger's den, and of all his girls, Blackstripe thought Comfort was the least capable. So he didn't even bat an eyelash as she wiggled and poked around his private things, finding some naughty papers containing stuff the police*

would frown on. He never even thought to search her as she snuck out, incriminating evidence tucked into her panties.

*Blackstripe could have never expected an anonymous tip from a mountain lion who had just come back to town, giving the police all the evidence they needed to conduct a sting. And cleaning up, once Comfort had someone tell her what to look for, gave her a chance to hide evidence of all the girls Blackstripe had been a dick to. It turned out most of her new sisters had wanted him gone too. But instead of kicking him out, they were going to leave him holding the bag. By the time a police sting hit Blackstripe's lair, the girls and Comfort were long gone. And enough things were missing to cover their trails.*

*It'd just taken Jimbo's brain to think of a plan. And it'd taken Comfort's charm and "innocent" demeanor to put it to work. Reconciled, the two were unstoppable. With the girls making themselves comfortable downstairs, the big mountain lion held her close, cuddling up to her as the two of them shared his king sized bed. She found herself staring into his eyes. His golden, slitted eyes.*

*"I'm sorry."*

*The words came out of two mouths at once, both cat and dog speaking almost in sync. Laying her head on his shoulder, Comfort narrowed her eyes. "I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt your feelings. I never wanted to lose you, Jimbo Platfield."*

*She watched his tail dancing behind him as he petted her back, gently unhooking her bra. She sighed in bliss at not being constrained by the tight thing anymore. She hated those boobie prisons, they tended to dig into her back. Leaning up and licking him gently on the face, she listened as he opened his muzzle to reply. "I'm sorry. I knew you were a bit... dense." He squeezed her tight against him. From the prison of his briefs, she felt something firm and fleshy throbbing against her thighs. "I should have talked with you about my decision. Worked with you about it. Told you first thing. Instead I was cowardly and hid it. I wasn't mature enough, I think."*

*"I got angry and didn't think and dumped a punch bowl on you." Comfort said, as she reached down to pet at his crotch. "I'm not good at handling all of that at once." She looked down at her work. "I shoulda tried to understand what you wanted too." At least right now, she knew what he wanted.*

*"Nnnngh fuuuck." Jimbo grit his teeth, rewarding her with a soft groan. "I can't..." Comfort felt the front of his briefs getting moist with precum. "Look, I'm a college dropout. I don't have the best job. But... you're always welcome here. You have a home with me." He growled, tilting her head up and kissing her on the lips. Their tongues intermingled as he stroked her butt, tugging her panties down. After a moment, he broke the kiss. "As a friend. And... maybe more?"*

*Comfort gave him a knowing smile. "As long as you don't mind if we aren't... exclusive. Don't wanna be chained down yet." Comfort loved Jimbo. She knew that now. But she also knew she had a lotta love to give. Peeling her bra away, she bared her f-cup tits to him, letting them wiggle a bit in his sight to tease him.*

*The big burly mountain lion licked his lips. "I think I can be fine with 'friends with benefits' for now." He moved his paw up to pet at her clitty, making the puppy whimper and squirm. "But know that you come back to me when you need someone reliable." He pushed a finger inside her, pressing up against her folds and rubbing firmly but gently.*

*"Ah-arrooooooooo!" She moaned, body trembling as she closed her eyes. She'd practically come from just that one touch.*

*"Heh." Jimbo grinned, tugging his soggy briefs down to fly his flesh flag freely. "My big dumb puppy dog." He pushed forward to press his shaft against her clit, withdrawing his paw.*

*A jolt of lightning ran up her spine. "A-aahh..." She shot him a needy gaze. "S-say that again. Talk dirty to me."*

*Jimbo did her one better. "My brainless bimbo pet." He watched as Comfort panted, shuddering, cumming just from the words and his touch alone, smearing his cock with her love juice. "Liked that, huh?" A wick grin crossed the mountain lion's lips, as he licked them hungrily. "More tits than brains." He reached up to squeeze them, rubbing her nipples. "Dumb little bitch who needs a cock inside her every day."*

*The teasing provoked a groan from Comfort, who practically pushed his nine inches inside her. Each insulting word was a flash of pleasure and a rush of heat. She whimpered, ears perked, as she pushed him on his back, needily, and mounted him. "Y-yeah, I am a dumb bitch..." She panted, eyes glazed over, as she felt his cock sliding into her. She squatted lower, savoring every inch*

*penetrating her body.*

*Jimbo was all too willing to let the puppy take charge, grunting as he felt her bouncing up and down on his dick. Each bounce left her bosom heaving up and down, as he groaned, cock twitching. "F-fuuck Comfort! When did you learn to do THAT?!?" He panted, as Comfort felt him spurting precum into her. But not the big load. Not yet. His paw snaked up to rub at her nipple, flicking it and stroking at the flesh of it. "G-go on, bitch." He growled. "Ride your cock and empty your brain."*

*Comfort whimpered, cumming again, as she slumped all the way down on his spined cock. Panting, she flexed, feeling his cock twitching. After another moment, with a yowl, the big mountain lion unloaded into her, dumping another load of cum into the alpha female of his pack. At least, that's what Comfort felt like at the moment: A big dumb pack alpha... the boss bitch. Or she would be until Jimbo pinned her to a wall sometime soon and fucked her mind into being his happy horny pet puppy. Their relationship before the break-up had always bounced back and forth like that, and in the heat of the moment it felt like they'd never been apart.*

*Panting, she bent down to kiss him hungrily. The two made out for a moment, before coming up for some air. And to lock eyes with each other. Two voices spoke in unison.*

*"I love you..."*

*"I'm a dumb, happy bitch..." Comfort slurred out, as she rested against the wall, drawing another orgasm out of her body while watching the images on the screen slow. There was a growing theme of the mundane in them, not that she realized it. More and more, the doggy girls on the screen were clothed. Doing things that seemed increasingly normal, or worse, boring. She saw a bespectacled doberman pinscher doing her taxes. A labrador chopping vegetables for dinner. She didn't pick up on it, though. She just knew the images were starting to get boring. Pushing up, she wobbled to her feet. For some reason, it felt like the first time she'd stood on paws.*

*Her head felt fuzzy, but she literally could not remember, and did not want to remember, feeling different. She vaguely remembered that she was something*

else, or that something had happened, but even that was in the same way that he remembered algebra, or the way she remembered the melting point of water.

That's to say, not at all.

"R-ruff" Comfort grumbled, yawning and swishing her tail. Sniffing at herself, she became aware of just how MUCH she reeked. She stank of sex and sweat and all sorts of other smells she didn't yet have words for. Was this a canine's sense of smell? Why did it feel so NEW to her? "Nnngh, too confusing." She gave up on that line of thought with a slight growl. The good girl was dumb enough, and unfocused enough, that she 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.

Just the thought of being a "dumb bitch" made her clit wet. She hadn't ever really realized exactly how much she liked being thought of as being dumb. As being a bimbo. It excited her. Even the thought made her heart race, as tired as she was after that marathon fuck session. "Just a big bimbo horny puppy." She mumbled to herself, feeling her paw instinctively snake towards her crotch, rubbing at her clitty again. Oh god, she was getting close to another orgasm just by saying it. Even with the images on the screen growing tamer, she was still good at working herself up.

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. He had a clipboard pressed to his chest, with a pen perched atop it. "Miss Comfort Maxim?" The tiger walked over towards her, grabbing her paw and tugging it away from her sensitive bits. "Enough of that for now, this room needs to be cleaned and prepared for the next customer. Let's move on." He coughed. "I'm Dr. Ness. How do you feel?" He flashed her a stern glare.

She tilted her head, whimpering. "Aw, but I'm horny noooow..." She puffed out a lower lip, pouting. When he didn't seem to relent with his stern glare, she sighed. "I feel tired? Like, I just came a billion times. And maybe a bit thirsty? Because I just came, like, a billion times." She sniffed at the tiger. "Your fur shampoo smells a bit like cinnamon and sugar. Also, why did I come here again? I forgot!"

Dr. Ness was a silly name for a tiger, but he had such a serious expression on his face. "You came here, silly bimbo-" The word sent a wave of heat along her naughty bits. "-because you volunteered to test out a new form of marketing we're calling 'Pornvertizing'!" He rubbed his chin, lowering the clipboard and putting the pen to it. "So, for the exit survey, can you tell me what of the displayed products you remember seeing during your fapping session?"

"What?" The doggy girl couldn't remember anything other than porn. "Um, like, well..." She stammered, biting her lower lip. Her ears drooped. Was she a bad dog for not remembering anything? "Sorry, it's just a big mix of sex and junk." She whined, feeling bad for letting the tiger down.

He scribbled on the clipboard. "Hm. I suppose the experiment in subliminal advertising may have been a failure, then."

She looked over around him at the clipboard. "What's 'subliminal' mean?" If she'd hoped to find anything informative on the paper the tiger was writing on, her plans were foiled. Surely he had some reason for what he was writing, but it looked to her like he was just drawing a kitty on a page of blank paper.

"Miss Maxim!" The tiger covered his clipboard with his paw. "The test findings are important data points!" He scowled. "Kindly keep your muzzle to yourself." He relaxed a bit. "In any event, your clothes and your, ah, uniform, are outside, next to a shower stall and sink you can use to refresh yourself." He coughed. "I understand you have an appointment to keep just after our session?"

Her eyes lit up. "Oh!" Comfort nodded, pecking the tiger on the cheek. "You're right! Ah, I forgot I have to meet Mister Allie for a cleaning service appointment!" Megumi the fox had taken over where Blackstripe had fallen. The cleaning was legitimate now, which got in the way of her other, preferred duties, but Comfort was learning to like mixing business with pleasure. Plus, she was pulling double-duty with Megumi herself... Professor Big Brown Bear loved seeing the two girls making out and groping each other in celebration once they finished cleaning up. "Sorry, I gotta run, but if I had time I'd love to feel how big you were down there." She raced out the door, bosom heaving. She had a shower to take, and some perfume to spritz on herself... she was glad this store also sold maid's outfits, her last one had gotten ripped when Mister Allie lifted the skirts up a bit too forcefully last time she'd visited him.



Some of her clients liked to play rough. Comfort loved it when they did, but it was hard on her wardrobe.

The doctor grinned. "I have to go file an after-action report, anyway." His tail lazily snaked back and forth behind him, as he watched her rush off. "Don't forget to take your special anti-pregnancy pill!" He waved as she rushed off to get showered up.

One shower and clean up later, and she was reviewing text messages on her phone. She got messages from all over. Comfort had a large pack of people she took care of, and just as many who were eager to take care of her. Family wasn't just by blood, after all. Wagging, she looked over a dick pic from Jimbo. The two of them had shacked up together in recent months. She wasn't ready to call anyone a "boyfriend" yet, but it felt good to snuggle into his arms at night.

Between his job as a construction worker and her role in the "cleaning" business, the two kept afloat. And with all the family and friends Comfort seemed to make wherever she went, they had a warm, happy life. Especially when one of the other girls wanted to share their bed and put on a show with her for Jimbo.

Wagging her tail, Comfort wagged as she began walking off out of the store. The last thing she saw of it was one of the tiger employees hanging a "Franchise Opportunities Available" sign in the window. She had a long life of fucking and sucking to enjoy...

## **The End!**

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"All done, Mister Allie!" Comfort giggled, tail swishing as she pranced up towards the big brown bear packed into a formal business suit. Her outfit could be described in three words: "frilly", "maidware" and "scanty". Specifically, she had a slender black strap with white lace on either end wrapped around her bosom, the fabric stretched down as far as it could be suffered to go around her torso, her midriff and belly button exposed to the atmosphere. A snow white ribbon was affixed in the front of her cleavage, as she bounced it. Wrapped around her hips was a black fishnet skirt, see-through save for a few black straps of fabric criss-crossing it in places underneath the fishnet. Modesty was impossible even as an afterthought; every sway and swish of her hips let the middle aged bear catch a glimpse of the girls' panties, which matched the white trim of her whole outfit, covered in tiny frills and patterns. Comfort owned several Maid's outfits,

but this was her favorite one. "Your bedroom is cleaned! May I show it to you?" She bowed forward, cleavage flashed to him, while curtsying.

The brown bear gave a weak smile, thirsty eyes drinking in every fluid motion of her body. Taking in every contour. "Y-yes, I believe that will be acceptable."

With a nod, Comfort turned and swished her tail as she walked, hips wiggling with every motion. She led him down a hallway and into a lavish room filled with artwork and hardwood furniture. As well as a certain someone, sitting on a bed. "Oh my!" Comfort gasped with a rehearsed precision, paw on her cheek. "I see Megumi is already done with the bathroom!"

She stood up from the bed, pale orange-white tail swishing behind her, the snow white tip bouncing as she looked. Megumi was vulpine in heritage, covered from head to toe in glossy orange fur, white cresting her underbelly and along patches of her shapely muzzle. "That is correct." She said, curtsying to the bear. Her skirt and outfit mirrored Comfort's in design, as she sashayed over towards the two of them, her tail wagging. "The restroom on the second floor is now clean." She licked her lips, looking over the two of them, green eyes glinting. "And with that, I believe there's just one thing in the house left to clean."

"You didn't tell me there was going to be another maid..." Mister Allie looked over at Comfort, eyes wide.

Comfort just smiled, tail wagging rapidly.

"That's correct." Megumi continued, putting her paws on the brown bear's shoulders, locking eyes with him. "You've been such a good... patron... for us that we decided you deserved a freebie."

The golden retriever nodded. "You take care of us so well!" She smiled at him, putting her paws on him as well. The two scantily clad females pushed him towards the bed. "So we decided to treat you to a bit of a show."

Getting him to lay down, the two girls backed away, turning to face each other. "Indeed." Megumi smiled, lifting her paws up to pet at Comfort's breasts. "As I said, the entire house is cleaned now. Which means the only thing left for us to do is clean a certain FILTHY maid." She murred, lowering her body as she pet down Comfort's frame.

Comfort gasped. "Megs, I thought I was gonna go firrrrrraaaaAAAAaaaahh!" She stiffed as she felt the fox girl's cold, wet nose pressing into her crotch through her panties. Breathing heavily, she panted. That sneaky vixen had flipped her skirts up while she was trying to think to talk!

"You've taken good care of us too, Comfort." Megumi let a light titter escape her lips, as fingers hooked into the golden retriever girl's panties, tugging them down her hips and exposing her snatch. "I think the leader of the pack deserves to have a little bit of pleasure now and then." She opened her jaw, sliding her tongue along Comfort's vagina. "Mmm... the lube you used last tasted like cherry cola. Dirty girl didn't clean up properly. Good thing you have a maid right here, puppy."

Comfort was panting, a flood of heat washing over her face. "A-ah.... Aroooo!" She groaned, pushing her hips against the other girl, feeling Megumi's tongue caressing her fleshy bits. "M-Meguuuuaaaaarrooooo!" She howled, feeling that golden tongue caressing up and down her sensitive bits, lighting her mind on fire. Megumi's tongue was probing around within her, feeling out every crevice. Probing her innards like a diver looking for a pearl. And, eventually, she found one. With a whimper, Comfort felt herself snapping, a wash of fluid hitting Megumi's tongue as the golden retriever gal's eyes rolled back in her mind.

"Mmm-mm good." Megumi smiled, lifting herself up from her squat, her lips still coated in Comfort's lust. "But the show is just beginning, is it not, puppy?" At the prompt, Comfort managed to glance over at the bear on the bed, his fat cock out, paw moving to it. "I think we need to give Mister Allie his money's worth and more, don't you?"

Comfort tilted her head. "W-what do you mea-mmmmp!" She felt the fox's lips pressing against hers, tongue pushing inside her, sharing her treat with Comfort. Their breasts mashed against each other as they exchanged a hungry kiss. And Comfort knew bliss.

It was good to have her own pack!

**The ENDIER End!**