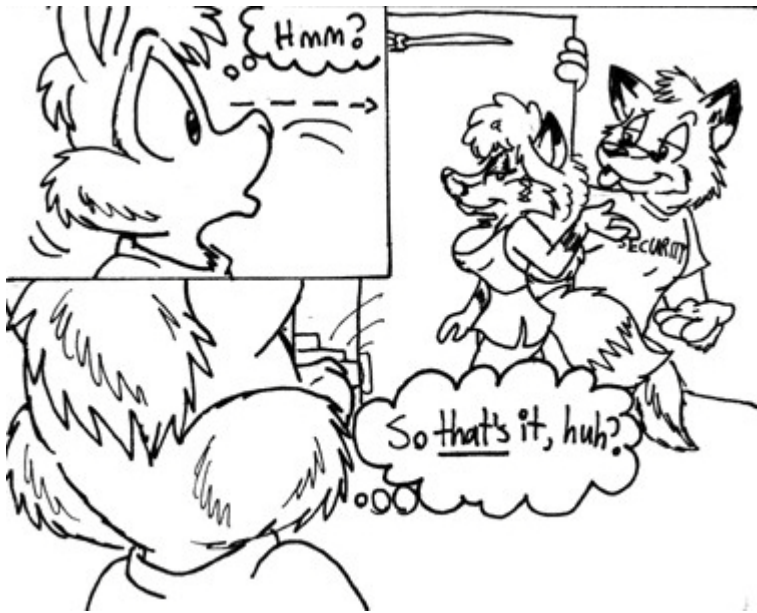


You've found something odd in the basement? Well, what is it? You look like you've seen a ghost. A skinned corpse? I can't think of what - oh, you've found Roxanne. No, she was never alive. See that ripcord? Well, don't pull it or you'll get the wrong idea. If I'd known I still had that old thing, I'd have moved it somewhere before sending you down there. As it is, I'm sure you won't stop asking until I tell you about her, so you'd better go and get something to eat before I start because this might take some time. And while you've got that cotton tail in the fridge, get me some radishes.

Comfortable? Right, so where to start? I guess I'd better start at the concert. It was in the era when we used to go berzerk at the mere possibility of meeting band members and getting autographs. When concerts were live and in person, and so loud that you had to tie your ears down for protection. It was an all-rabbit boyband, the idols of my fourteenth year. The concert wasn't for another two hours, but I knew they were backstage. How'd I know? I'd been hanging around at the back door watching, of course. I wanted those autographs *bad*.



Now, they had a mean looking wolf as a bouncer, a real tough customer as my grandpappy used to call them. There was no chance a fourteen-year-old bunny was ever going to get by that guy. I had a pretty high opinion of myself, but I wasn't stupid. I'd been keeping my eye on him, though, hoping something would occur to me when one of the two reasons I'll never need Viagra went by. Hooee, my boy, I'll never forget those legs. Or that face, those arms. Those boobs, that perfect ass. What? I'm not allowed to talk about sexy vixens? She was *hot*! Hey, you were the one who didn't keep his trap shut and came bouncing up here with Roxanne in your arms.



Anyway, this pretty young vixen with a chest about the same size as her head - minus muzzle length, of course, she wasn't a mutant - walked right up to that bouncer and at the first sight of those assets, our tough customer melted on the spot. Held the door for her became chock full of 'here you go, ma'ams' and 'my pleasure, ma'ams.' She knew what was expected, too, and took some time to flirt with him properly while she was on her way. She even had to close his mouth for him as he got a good look at her tail and what went under it. That backless minidress didn't leave much to the imagination. In fact, it left *nothing* to the imagination, heh heh. Nope, won't need any Viagra, no sir. OK, I'll get on with the story, but that vixen will be back. Those black-backed ears, white-tipped tail and violet-lidded eyes could hardly leave the story for long.

Well, all that gave me an idea after I'd picked my own jaw up off the floor. But now I'm going to have to go off on a tangent again, now won't I? You young bucks don't know anything about ACME these days. Oh, I know they're still going as strong as ever, but in my and my grandpappy's day, they weren't quite the benevolent rulers they are now. In fact, they were a profit-making corporation for almost a century before the Powers that Were in the organization decided to use their resources to take over. But that's a story for another visit. Even in granddad's time, they were quite the respectable firm. They operated out of store fronts and magazines back then, but you could still get almost anything you wanted and they'd apologize if you didn't get it in four seconds or less.

By the time I needed their services, they'd gotten tired of the "slow way" and had linked to everyone's bank accounts and were monitoring their minds for desires. You got what you wanted immediately, no hassle. Of course, sometimes when a desire was...not entirely clear, they'd send what *they* thought would work. That's how I got Roxanne.

Ah yes, my idea. Well, I'd figured that if that vision of vulpine loveliness could enter, then another equally sexy creature could gain entry as well. And so I called on ACME corp. to send me one of the costumes they'd become famous for. In my hurry, I'd been inexact in my request, and so I got what the boys at ACME thought would do the trick. It was expensive and when my friends found out how I'd gotten those autographs I'd be a laughingstock, but I'd get the last laugh. I'd have the autographs and they wouldn't.

So before you could say, "Walla Walla Washington," there was a box with a scantily clad, voluptuous cat on it. Of course I would have preferred a bunny, but then again I hadn't said what kind of well-built dame I wanted to be, so I could hardly complain. And I later learned I had no cause to.



In any case, there I was with a box containing the disguise I needed to get backstage and meet my favorite band. I didn't even bother to look closely at the costume as I put it on. I just shoved my feet into the costume's got my hands in, the zipper up and the mask on. Boom boom boom, just like that. It was then that I realized that the thing was just hanging off of me. It was way too big! I looked deflated. As I recall, though, a couple parts were in decent shape. The boobs were already filled up nicely and the hair was already styled in a way that you only see in old movies these days. They wore it big and fluffy back then.



It was then that I panicked and wondered if ACME had made a mistake. I should have known that ACME never makes a mistake. You get what you want, even if it turns out to be a bad idea. After a bit of flailing to try to smooth it out, I found the plastic ring hanging off my - that is, the costume's - hip. I pulled it and the cord attached to it out and was only able to piece together events afterward. See, the costume inflated so fast that it seemed instantaneous. That's why I didn't want you pulling it just now; you might have mistaken it for a sex doll and thought your old grandfather a pervert!

By the time the inflation had finished, just about every part of the costume had inflated at least partly. My feet were now locked into the costume's knees, my fingers got into hers only if I stretched my arms all the way. My butt had been forced into contact

with hers, my tail going just a little into hers, which was almost all air. My chest was up against hers, as well as my face being pushed all the way forward into the costume's, and something stiff wrapping around my neck along with the mask covering my lips, tongue and teeth with a more feline version. This left air bladders taking up space from her knees - the bottoms of my feet - down, the ends of her fingers, all the way around her thighs - my legs - and arms. Also I had a lot of inflation going on around the hips of the costume, the face and there was some action on the rest of my torso as well. And since my butt was right up against hers, and hers had to be much bigger and rounder than mine, the short fall was made up by a lot of inflation going on around my crotch. More on that later.

Once the inflation had finished, I fell right on my nicely padded ass. After all, I was now standing on what amounted to very wide stilts. The only thing that kept me from breaking my tuckus was having that big air-filled tail. I'd thought the game was up right then and I'd pop, but I just bounced and the tail got itself out of the way. After a moment of being stunned, I managed to get myself up on my knees. That is, her knees and my feet, and with a great deal of care, I levered myself up onto my new feet. The stance I'd been forced into left me permanently bent over a little, which I later was thankful for, as it showed off my cleavage and rear end to best advantage.



With some doing, I managed to reach into the box and pull out the mirror that ACME had included. The first thing I saw was the fully-inflated face of the costume, which was amazing enough as it was. Then I propped it up against a wall and saw the second thing that has kept me off the happy pill in old age. My own reflection. That's right, seeing



myself in the mirror at age fourteen had become one of the top two turn-ons in my entire life. And why not? I was a *dish*.

Here, let me describe what I looked like. Hair of gold in the style of the day, half-lidded eyes that turned my normal blues into something burning and seductive. Inviting lips, a perfect nose and whiskers. And boobs! They defied gravity! And those nipples could be seen through a concrete vest. The legs were indescribable and the butt was as perfect as the rack. Most cats have long, sort of thin tails that go everywhere. Not this cat! My tail was fluffy and big, bigger even than that vixen's was. I couldn't move it, of course, but it seemed to do a fair job on its own. My fur was a nice cream color and I'd noticed it was silky even as I was getting into the costume. Now it felt even better; I know because ACME had made the paw pads super sensitive. To a fourteen-year-old male bunny who'd only ever seen naked girls on the internet, it was a wet dream come true! And believe me, the figure in the mirror was better than any of the bunny girls I'd looked at on naughty websites.

Much as I was tempted to do something else, I was still determined to get those autographs, so I shook off any thoughts of enjoying myself otherwise and got back to the business at hand. I may not have been too clear in some ways, but the *reason* I wanted that costume was crystal clear and ACME had obliged. I would have been arrested if I'd gone out with nothing on but the costume - the whole point was that I could be taken for a nubile female at the closest range, after all - but what ACME had included for clothes were more provocative than simple nudity.

First I put on the top. I don't know what they call them. You know those things that look like big bandanas knotted at the navel? One of those. That was actually easy enough as they'd already knotted it. What I had real trouble with was the miniskirt. Stepping into it proved almost impossible as I had neither a chair nor could I stand on one foot while bending over. Not with two big and heavies on my chest and feet clear up in the costume's knees.

Eventually, I had to sit on the floor and do my best to bend things so that I could get the skirt on. I'm sure that if that wolf had seen me getting dressed, he'd have fainted at the spot from blood loss from his nose. I spent long enough with my ass in the air and my legs splayed to satisfy any voyeur. Well, once I'd gotten that skirt tucked nice under my tail - which by the way I had to shift out of the way a lot during the process, making me wonder if having such a nice big one was such a good thing - I was ready to tackle the hard case guarding the door.



My lack of decent balance and the position my body had been forced into made me sway from side to side as I walked, which was to my advantage as the wolf caught sight of me. He seemed one step away from falling on his knees and genuflecting as I got close, and I must say that it helped the expression of cheerful flirtation to see him reduced to such a state. I decided to play my part to the best of my ability anyway. I mean, I had to have some fun. I pretended to ignore his reaction and struck a pose with one hand on a colossal breast. Pretending that he hadn't noticed me I said, "Oh, excuse me sir." Once the pair of us had gotten over the sex my voice was oozing, I continued, "Hi there, big boy. Mind if I go back to see the band?"



He was already in my power and he knew it. Stepping sideways with all the chivalry that wolf could summon, he said, "Right this way, ma'am."



I made sure to brush past him with as much contact as I could, rubbing the bottom of his muzzle with a paw, closing his slack jaw in the process. I didn't even intend to, but

my tail seemed to have a life of its own and brushed the same place as my hand had as I kept going. I was already thinking about how I was going to ditch the disguise when I felt something sharp on my rear end. That letch was pinching me, claws out!



Well, I can tell you I was a little worried at that point, seeing as how I was mostly full of air at the time. The first thought I had was of the costume deflating around me, leaving a rather embarrassed looking young rabbit's head poking out of the inviting lips of the sexy young kitty the guard had been talking to. I'd have had to run for my life! Luckily, someone in ACME must have been reading the desires of the lecherous guard as well, since my ass was reinforced with a nice thick layer of rubber. I'd learned once again never to doubt the ACME Corporation.





The thought only took a moment to pass, but while I was thinking it, I'd stopped. I must have looked quite alarmed - despite it being a costume, I think I managed to get all of the hair and fur on that suit standing on end, and I actually noticed my fluffy new tail getting a lot bigger for a moment - because the guard asked, "Is there a problem, miss?"

I was actually about to fall over since he'd pinched me in mid stride and I still wasn't very well balanced on those foot-tall platforms that made up my new calves, so I was glad for the excuse to lean on something. I turned, chuckled the guard on the biceps and then put an arm around him. "Not so hard, big boy. I'm a delicate item." Once again, that tail had a mind of its own as it curled around the guard.

He closed his eyes and grunted in appreciation. "I'll sure keep that in mind, ma'am." He said, making sure to 'apologize' by rubbing the affected section gently.

I leaned in and whispered, "But I wouldn't mind a bit of roughness later if I have a bit of warning." I don't know what made me say that, or peck him on the cheek, but it certainly had the desired effect. He was already fooling around with me in his mind and barely noticed as I turned, brushed him with my tail and was inside.

Once I was inside with the door safely closed, I heaved a sigh of relief, sagged against the corridor wall and fanned myself with one hand as I put my hand to my breast with the other. I stood there like that for about a minute before I managed to calm down and take a look around. I'd hoped to find a bathroom - any would do, but a single-seater would have been perfect - but there wasn't one anywhere in sight. Just a long corridor with some unmarked doors along it. I would have been a lot less ladylike in my strides at that point if I could have been, but since I still had my feet trapped in that elegant young cat girl's knees, I had to continue to walk with my hips swaying, my tail flicking back and forth and my boobs bouncing in just such a way as to drive a man crazy.

And boy did it. I never even caught a glimpse before Jake was on me. Jake was the lead bass on the band, and he was ready to do a number on me. Obviously he was used to attractive females looking for some time with him, because he lost no time in coming up alongside of me, putting his arm around my middle and pulling me towards him. "Hey there, sexy. If you're looking for a real man, you've found him."

I was stunned, and didn't protest or even make a sound before he'd guided me through another door, down a hall and into a large room full of snacks and comfortable furniture. All I could do was stare at him mutely with a look of total – but still adorable – surprise. The other band members were already there, along with at least one groupie for each one. The vixen I was talking about was sitting on Nick the lead vocalist's lap. Harry the drummer had a bunny who didn't look old enough to be a groupie standing with her arms around him and Bill the backup guitarist was making out with a tall wolf girl.

Jake sat on a couch and drew me down onto his lap in a similar pose to that of the vixen. The state of my legs made it impossible for me to resist, and quite difficult to do anything but sit there docily with my legs out. I tried to cross them, but had to settle for keeping them as close as possible to each other. Jake was oblivious to my troubles and my sex, opting to nuzzle my back, working his way up to the tips of the pointed ears that hid a much larger pair folded up. He shifted, and through the rubber padding on my butt, I could feel his excitement. He may have been experienced with groupies, but he certainly still enjoyed having them around.

He pulled back and turned me around, forcing me to do my best to straddle him without bending my legs in a way that would give away the fact that they were half empty. "So, gorgeous. What's your name?"

I was panicking by that point, and said the first name I could think of. "Roxanne." He smiled hungrily. "Well, Roxanne, the concert's starting in about fifteen minutes, so we can't do too much." He pulled me down into a kiss which I couldn't stop. Thank goodness for that inflatable tongue and new teeth. I'd never kissed anyone like that before, but he seemed not to mind that I was a bit slow to respond. He broke the kiss and said, "So, are you with anyone, or did you come alone?"

This was my big chance and I started thinking fast to make it believable. "Actually, I was watching some youngsters before I came in here. Some friends' kids wanted to see you as well and I agreed to watch them. The oldest was responsible enough, so I left him in charge. As a matter of fact," I'd gotten the hang of this voice modulator and managed a respectably sexy, inviting and desirous tone, "the oldest one is a big fan and would *love* to meet you. I'm sure I could express his *love* myself better once he's gotten some personal autographs."

Jake had been around the block enough to know that I was naming my price. I hadn't even considered what it would mean to make good on my promise. I was going to meet the band as myself and I was going to get their autographs. I didn't care what I had to do. Jake nuzzled my cheek and whispered, "If that's what you want, gorgeous, that's what you'll get. I'll just tell the boys to go fetch him and-"

I was ready for that. "Uh-uh, big man. Someone has to keep an eye on the kiddies. You tell that goon outside to let him in, and I'll go fetch him myself. He'll come backstage, meet all of you, and when he comes back, I'll take his place."

Jake let out a longing sigh. "All right. But once he's got what he wants, hurry back so I can get what I want."

I somehow managed to get myself to my feet, such as they were, and leaned over to put my paws on his shoulders. "I'll be back as fast as my little legs can carry me. By the way, is there a bathroom around here?"

Jake pointed. "Third door on the left."

I kissed him on the forehead. "Thanks, hot stuff."

I was really getting into character, but I was also very eager to get out of that character and resume being me at least long enough to get what I wanted. I noticed out of the corner of my almond-shaped, heavy-lidded eye that the vixen had made an excuse and was getting up to follow me. Brilliant. Under any other circumstance, I'd have loved to spend a few minutes alone in a bathroom watching that foxy lady make herself prettier. Instead, I was going to have to get creative.

As a matter of fact, the only thing I could think of wasn't very creative at all. The vixen was taking her time, and with a bit of work I managed to speed up enough to make it into the bathroom and lock myself in a stall before she could catch up.

I figured I wouldn't have much time, so as soon as I was in, I got a handful of hair and pulled as hard as I could. Nothing happened. The mask didn't even stretch. If anything, it pulled a little on *my* hair, making me stop before I could get very far. So I felt around near my neck for the zipper. No such luck; it was gone. When I'd pulled the cord and inflated the costume, it had sealed me in and hidden all hints that the curvaceous cat was anything less than she appeared. I was trapped, the instructions were outside and now the vixen was standing near the stall, obviously waiting for me. If not for the vixen waiting me out, I'd have probably panicked right there. As it was, I decided the best thing to try was bluff her and try to get back to the alley where I'd hidden my stuff. I'd have to get past the guard as a fourteen-year-old bunny boy, but Jake had said he'd take care of that.

I tried to leave without talking to the vixen at all, but no such luck. As soon as I opened the stall door, she said, "Having trouble getting it off? That's the trouble when you use inflatables."

I stiffened at the accuracy of her statement, but did my best to defend myself. "I don't know what you're talking about!" I said, with as much indignation as I could manage. The vixen just laughed. "Right. That tone might work on a bloke who'd never done this or a first-timer, but not on me. Drop the act, sug. It's not doing you any good."

Before I could summon a reply, she turned and bent over a little, giving me an unparalleled view of her rump and that exquisite tail of hers. I'd thought mine was bigger, but up close I had to concede defeat in every way. This chick was *perfect*. She stood there like that for a moment and then said, "Well? Aren't you going to help me?"

I swallowed and in a voice much more like an adolescent male than a sexy young girl, "With what?"

She turned that cute little muzzle towards me and half-smiled as she saw the object of my inspection. "Eyes further up, dearie. This really must be your first try at something like this. I know that part of me can't be improved. Check my upper back."

I took this as an invitation and got a bit closer. Nothing seemed to be amiss, but then I saw it. A little bit of her fur was hanging off, revealing a zipper! She was as much a fake as I was, but a much better one. I ran a single claw over the area and she giggled. "OK, so I'm right. It's starting to come off. Just push that back on, will you, hon? It'll stick on its own, but must have come loose when that cro-magnon grabbed me last time."

I ran my claw down her spine, smoothing the fur down over the zipper, hiding it from even the closest search. As I did so, she arched her back, closed her eyes in appreciation and sighed a little. "Ah, that feels *so* good." She breathed. Then she straightened up, grinned at me and winked. "I bet that turned you on so much that you'd take me right now. I noticed you're not good at the little things. You were lucky. Jake's taste runs to the brazen, but most marks will want a girl who is more complete. That is, they'll be far more in your power if you do little things like that. And that kiss! You're really lucky you got Jake or there might have been suspicion. I could see the surprise from the other side of the room. That surprise saved you, by the way. If you'd been any less astonished, you might have let slip the disgust any newbie feels the first time one of those sex fiends gets serious."

"So they're all-

The vixen laughed. "Oh, don't worry about that. We're the only two traps this time. The others are actual women trying to get something. Not that it makes much of a difference. Now," she said, her voice taking on seductive tones, "maybe you'd like to learn how to make a man forget everything." She pressed up against me, her tongue entering my mouth and making *me* forget everything for a moment. She had to work to keep the kiss going since our breasts were big enough to make it hard to get in close. She leaned in to nuzzle my cheek, whispering, "There's a CCTV camera in here. The boys often like to see what it is we ladies do when we think no one is watching. There's no sound, but they already think something's going on since we've been here so long."

"So we're going to make out?" I asked stupidly.

"Of course," she replied with a small laugh. "That's what they expect. It'll make them even easier to handle when we go back." She wrapped her arms around me and I reciprocated, giving the band a show as we passionately kissed. She broke again and whispered, "How far do you want to go? I'm sure you're underage, so I don't want to get serious if you don't, but I can show you things that will make it a *lot* easier to manipulate men and women. And I frankly haven't had a girl, simulated or no, in awhile. Say the word and I'll teach you enough to get the autograph of every randy guitar jock in the world."

I'd never even come close to this sort of encounter in my entire life. I was plenty underage, but I wasn't going to admit that to *her*. Not with an offer most of my friends would kill for. I swallowed hard made my choice. I licked her ear and said, "I'm game if you are."

The vixen arched with desire. "Good. Then let's make those horny men down the hall forget the girls they've already got in there."

I think you're a little young to hear what she did with me. Let's just say that your grandmother was quite pleasantly surprised on our wedding night. Not to mention what that vixen did *after* covering the camera for a few minutes. I'll leave that at an appreciation for certain inflatable parts. She told me that covering the camera would also make the men in the other room wonder what we were doing that we *didn't* want them to see. I figured it was just the man inside getting his own enjoyment out of things, not that he hadn't gotten plenty after 'testing' me on what he'd already taught.

When we'd finished giving the boys nosebleeds, the vixen made a big show of straightening her clothing and fixing her hair. As she did so, she said, "Do you still want

to go back in there as a little boy? You know you're going to have to pretend even more than you do as a girl."

"Huh?" I asked, still a little dazed.

She smiled at me. "Hero worship of those kinds of people tends to dissolve when you see what they're really like. You know Jake will expect sex from you as you are now so the boy you really are can have his autograph and moment with the star. Can you really go in there and pretend that they're the best and nicest men in the world knowing *that*? It's how it started with me, and I can tell you that after my first time, I always got my autographs as the groupie rather than as the fan. They got what they wanted, I got enough autographs to pay for this costume a hundred times over and we both felt like we were pulling one over on the other." She flicked her tail. "If you want, I can get you out, back in as the boy, out again and in as the sex object. Naturally I'm going to want to make sure you *do* return to make good on your promise. I don't want to risk my own prospects. If you want to run now, I'll make your excuses for you and no one will mind." I was tempted by her offer, but drew myself up. "I wanted those autographs, and I'm going to get them."

The vixen nodded. "OK. We'll have to flirt with the guard again, but I'm sure you can manage that."

And that's the story of how I got Roxanne. And of her first adventure. Yes, there were others. I didn't retire her after only one use, though I didn't go out *every* time I put her on. And look at the time! Hmm. The nightclubs will be opening soon. How's about you put on Roxanne, and I'll go get Liza - I always preferred dressing as my own species, and you'll need the inflatable if you're going to pass anyway - and I'll show you how to get a free meal without giving anything away but an hour longer than it takes to eat it. Or you could go home and do your school work. It's up to you.