

IT CAME FROM THE VENDING MACHINE

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Commission done for Anonymous

“Are you kidding me with this?!”

“Mrmk!” Sierra Roberts flinched, biting her tongue. She was so lost (or dulled out of her mind) in what she was typing that the sudden yell completely threw her off.

When she composed herself, she sighed internally. *Here we go...*

She turned around in her chair and came face to face with her boss, Reggie Stevens. He looked like the stereotype of a boss. He was a middle-aged, pasty white guy who was clearly balding but had combed it over. He adjusted his thick-rimmed glasses, waiting for a response from her of some sort.

She knew he was about to go off on her. However, ignoring him when he was staring at her that harshly was only going to make things worse. Sighing again in her mind, she asked casually, “Is something wrong?”

“I have reviewed the pages you've been working on,” Reggie said, almost just as casually back to her, “Everything you built and updated... and it's not what they wanted.” That was when his brow furrowed. “There's supposed to be a certain level of animation and transition in how these pages scroll and move to another.”

“I understand, but if I may explain...” Sierra took a deep breath and released it, trying to be as non-confrontational or aggressive as she could. “The animations slow the website down a lot and can be overly busy. I was thinking that visitors would prefer if-”

“And there's also all the other things.” Reggie interrupted her without a care, acting like he hadn't even heard her. “The font used and the size of it aren't what were asked for, plus all the buttons and links are not where they are supposed to be.”

“I understand, but if I may explain, I do have reasons for that too. The buttons and links were originally placed in areas that were hard to see. The size of the font and its type are difficult to read for those with vision difficulties. In fact, I was thinking maybe adding feature that increases the font size depending on the-”

“NO!” Reggie snapped, making her flinch again. “You are to stick to what you are being paid to do and not add whatever these little bursts of “creativity” you are having.” He leaned in. “Follow the client's vision, or I will get someone else to do it while you get *nothing*.”

“...yes sir.”

“Good.” Reggie nodded and walked away without another word.

All Sierra could do was turn back to the computer and slump further into her chair. She felt even more tired than she already was, maybe ever now. The whole job had grown incredibly crushing in recent months.

Ever since the company made everyone come back from Remote Work, things had become worse. The managers and higher ups have been demanding longer hours and been micromanaging more than ever. They all had this air of irritation and superiority despite never doing anything. Plus, it felt as if the clients themselves have become more unreasonable as well.

It was slowly grinding her down little by little. *I can't keep doing this.* Sierra rubbed her face, taking a moment to push one of her streaks of dyed blue hair over her ear. *Maybe now. Just take that damn plunge and get out of here. I do have enough money.*

All that work was for something, right? She tried psyching herself up. *All those side hustles and building connections. Now could be the time. Just transition into that and-*

Sierra found herself balking. Her heart raced a little. Was it worth the risk? Starting up her own little programming company was difficult to do from scratch, even if it was a small or solo operation.

Would I even have enough clients? Sierra bit her bottom lip. *Are they enough? I still have to rope in new people too. Businesses need to stand out these days, or even have a gimmick.*

Sierra sighed once more, feeling downer by the second. She took her water bottle and unscrewed it. *I could probably think about this more la-*

When she took a sip from her bottle, all she got was a single drop. It had run empty.

Ah great. She grumbled, standing up. *Better refill this and... and that's pointless.* It hit her like a sick joke. She remembered there weren't any more water coolers around. At some point when everyone was gone, the execs had taken them out. Health reasons were given as an explanation, but she knew that was garbage. They just wanted to squeeze money out of their employees by having them buy stuff from their vending machines.

Should've brought another water bottle. Sierra groaned, rubbing her face again. *Now I gotta buy one.* She couldn't wait a few more hours. She needed to drink something. Just the thought of not having anything to drink was making her mouth already dry.

So, Sierra began her journey. She left her cubicle into the sea of cubicles that surrounded hers on all sides. She could hear the clicking and clacking of keyboards constantly echoing all around. It would almost be maddening if she wasn't so used to it by now.

Leaving through the door at the far end of the room, she found herself in the hall and could see the vending machines ahead. The one that housed all of the drinks was currently opened up. A figure was loading cans and bottles into it, humming away.

Sierra could see a big, puffy, curled squirrel tail sticking out from behind the dirty glass door. In particular, it was a dark purple that bounced and swayed with its owner's every move.

Unsure what to expect, she hesitantly approached. By the time she was almost there, the figure stepped out from behind the door. It was indeed a purple squirrel woman.

She seemed to be in her own little world, only now noticing Sierra. She bounced back far in surprise. "OH!" She adjusted her round glasses and tried regaining her composure. "Oh, ah, sorries! Didn't see ya! I'll be quick, hun! You can get something to drink reeeal soon!"

"It's... it's okay." Sierra confusedly looked at the worker as she grabbed more drinks to stock into the machine. "Umm, I don't think I've ever seen you before." She remembered there was a usual person that filled the machines, and they were human.

"Oh! Wellll, I'm new! The company that makes these soft drinks only wants to use in-house peeps to stock their stuff!" She put a few more cans in. "Annnnd, there we go! All done!" She took a few steps back. "All yours!"

Sierra gave her a nod and walked over to the machine, peering through its glass. She saw the usual soft drinks and water, but her eyes were instantly pulled to everything else. There was such a wild amount of cans and bottles she's never heard of before. Howling Fresh Lime, Purrfect Punch, Mr. Sam's Sweet Tear Nectar were only a few of the offerings that jumped out.

"What are these?" Sierra asked the squirrel.

“New promotional pops!” The squirrel beamed, showing her pearly teeth and positively glowing buck ones. “Your company agreed to stock them here! You’ll find them miiiighty taste, promise!”

Sierra nodded, but all she could think was, *these were probably cheap to order. Off-brand always is. They’re cutting corners again, aren’t they?*

“You enjoy the sweet options, ma’am!” The squirrel loaded her dolly back up and started pushing it away. “I’m off for more machine-filling fun on the next floor!”

Sierra watched the lady vanish around the corner before turning back to the vending machine. The options left her unsure. None of them seemed all that appealing to her and of the drinks that were normal, she wasn’t a fan of them.

Gotta have something. She frowned, looking over each row carefully. *Anything will... hmm?* That’s when she saw it.

Stinke’s Cherry Cola? It was a bright red can on the middle most shelf. The name was plastered in a goofy font, a picture of a cartoon skunk giving a thumbs up below it. There was a tagline in the corner, barely legible behind the glass: “*Unleash the Skunk-tastic New you!*”

What the hell does that mean? Sierra wasn’t sure.

However, she did know two things. One, she liked cherry cola. She didn’t have it as much as she liked to, but it was her favorite soft drink by a large margin. It didn’t matter who made it, she always ended up liking the taste.

Second, she was charmed. The mascot and name were just so gosh darn cute and fun! She was a complete sucker for things like that. It was almost embarrassing the amount of mascot plushies she had at home because of that.

She plopped the money right into the slot and got herself a can without hesitation. She felt somewhat guilty giving the company money, but she needed it.

Sierra cracked the can open and less than a second later, she flinched. She was unprepared for the cherry scent that would blast right out of the can. Sure, as a big fan of cherry cola, she knew they had a smell she always recognized. However, she had never opened a can of one, or basically ANY soda, that was as smelly and potent as this one.

Well, the name is apt at least. Sierra shook her head, blinking a few times. *Here goes nothing.*

She took her first sip. She shivered. Once the first drop hit her tongue, it tasted incredible. It was a punch to the system. So sweet was that perfect balance and blend of cola and cherry. It almost made any other soda she had before into a joke.

Gulping down, she shivered more. She could feel herself getting goosebumps almost, the sensation going up into her head. Her black hair seemed to quiver like a breeze went through.

However, there was something else. The blue highlights in her locks started to drain. The color went brighter and brighter until they were pure snow white.

Not bad at all! Sierra licked her lips, impressed. *Definitely gonna need to buy a pack for home!* She glanced at the machine, briefly considering buying another one right there and then. She decided not to though, not wanting to give the company anymore money, and returned back to her cubicle.

As she walked back, there was an odd feeling. Her black boots felt oddly tight, especially around the toe caps. Her pace strained briefly, a frown coming to her mug again. Did she need to adjust them or something? Maybe she could do that when she got back.

She put the thought from her mind, including how her skirt was constricting on her hips now too. She just needed to get back to her desk and do her job. Everything was exhausting enough as it was that she didn't need to add worries about her clothing not fitting to it.

Entering the room of vast cubicles and droning typing, Sierra took another sip from her can. She felt a shiver go through her body again, hairs standing on ends and even poking through her fishnet stockings. Her arm and leg hairs began thickening and growing out, packed together and darkening her limbs.

The extra fuzz was irritating. She scratched at her arms repeatedly, biting her bottom lip. *Great, just great.* She snorted, shaking her head. *I feel like a hot mess. I think this job is getting to me even when I'm not doing anything. Ugggh, maybe I should take a sick day tomorrow.*

Reaching her cubicle, she shook her head and huffed again. *Just... just focus and get through today. Then go from there.*

As she sat down, she took another sip and sighed pleasantly. *At least the drink is good.*

Her hair shook again, the “breeze” going through stronger than before. The whiteness that took over her blue tipped ends spread to the rest of her mop, leaving her locks completely

colorless. Her scrunchie pulsed, her ponytail swishing slightly. The hairpiece broke and hair tumbled down her back.

Yet, she didn't notice a thing. *Just get some work done*, Sierra internally mumbled, *do this shit for the client so Reggie shuts the hell up*.

With a quiet, almost inaudible sigh, Sierra got back to work on the page. She went in, “fixing” everything Reggie mentioned to her. During it, she took another drink from her can, licking her lips.

When she did, her nose subtly twitched. *Huh...* Her brow furrowed, her eyes dropping to the can for a moment before returning to the screen. *I think this smells more now. Wonder what the hell that's about?*

Her sniffer took another whiff of the can as she placed it down. Its color brightened to a cute pink, skin growing bumpier and colder. Her nostrils flared as their shape shrunk and shifted, everything looking more animalistic.

The programmer didn't notice that either. Instead, her mind was on this looming, irritating uncomfortableness that was cropping up. She shifted in her seat a few times, unable to feel right. Her skirt was digging more and more into her. Her rear and hips were still getting bigger.

The same thing was happening with her boots, just like they were several sizes too small for her. Grunting, she reached down and untied them, yanking them off. *Phew, better!*

Without even thinking, she went back to her typing and missed the painfully obvious. Her feet were looking longer and more stretched out at the ends. Her toes were pudgy and inflated, stretching out her stockings.

However, she did notice something amiss. There was a strange scent in the air that her pink snoot caught whiff of now. *Is... is someone smoking in here? I don't think you can do that.* She wasn't going to look for it though, even though the scent was very, **very** close, even closer than she thought. She just wanted to get through her whole plate and be done with this misery.

Sierra took another drink and tried her best to get through her work. She put her whole mind into it, focusing on nothing else but her work. Thankfully, nothing else felt oddly tight or ill-fitting on her. Her bra felt a little loose, unaware her chest was receding as white fluff cropped on it, but it wasn't enough to pull her attention off her work.

Things were “normal” for the next ten minutes. She just typed and “fixed” away at the project. Her mind felt like drifting a few times, her eyes feeling heavy, but nothing came up that distracted her from her work.

At some point, Sierra's eyes closed as she let out a huge yawn. She just felt tired. So very, very tired by everything that was going on. Hopefully, work would be done soon, and she could move onto things she cared more about.

She blinked a few times. *Hmm?* The computer seemed off. She wasn't quite at eye-level with it anymore. She was a bit higher than it. *Weird.*

Everything's weird or off today. She adjusted her computer chair, dropping it down until she was back at her preferred height. She took another drink. *Ever since boss man complained, everything feels like crap.*

Sierra's brow furrowed, her body squirming. *Like that!* Her underwear was now giving her trouble. It felt so awkward and tight, like she put it on the wrong way. She shifted around in her seat more, eventually opening her legs and getting a bit of relief. It felt good to do that, unaware of something bulging down below.

What-EVER! She smacked her cheeks a bit, grunting. *Just need to get back to work.* She put her hands back on her keyboard. *Just get this shit done so I can move on and be... what?*

After hitting a few keys, her eyes gravitated down to her fingers. There was something wrong. It almost looked like there was black ink on her fingertips.

However, she quickly realized the truth. Short, fine black hair was sprouting, flowing down her digits and onto her palms. Her digits were soon pushing together, merging down to four fingers per hand.

Wha... what?! She pulled her hands in close, flipping them over and over. *What's wrong with my hands?!* The skin on her palms inflated into pink pads much like an animal's. *This isn't-*

There was a jolt in her legs, followed by the ominous sound of tearing. She looked beneath her desk and found her stockings had burst at the front. It was hard to fully make it out in the shadows, but she could see four-toed black paws where her feet should be.

No way! Her fishnets were snapping and breaking all over as well, black fur sticking out everywhere. *This-* “OOF!” She rolled out from under the desk in her chair, but her legs smacked against the top as she did. She was taller again, her head already looking down on her computer.

No way, no way, no way! Everything was racing from her mind to her heart. *What's wrong with me?! Why am I so fuzzy and...*

Her eyes dropped to her breasts. She watched them flattened into her chest like deflated balloons, her broadening shoulders stretching the area out not helping. Before she could process that, her area lifted back up, though not as much as originally. White, puffy fur was sticking out of her blouse, having filled her bra and more.

The new fur just made her itchy, so very itchy. She just had to scratch and scratch at herself as her panic grew like the fur she was gaining. Patches of black and white were sticking out almost anywhere there was an opening in her clothes.

What's wrong with me?! I'm turning into some kind of animal! Her mind went to werewolves naturally, but she dismissed the thought given the fur pattern she was getting.

Then, her head went to a different, scarier thought as she had a horrible realization. She couldn't let anyone see her like this! What would her coworkers say? No, even worse... how would her boss react? All of those comments, ridicule, the constant staring...

Staring... Suddenly, her cheeks tickled. *Everyone looking at me.* Warmth was brewing beneath them. *Just all those eyes on my furry body.* The warmth began rising beneath her skirt. *Why... why does that feel nice?*

Sierra knew that it couldn't be right to feel or even think such a thing. It just made her feel so embarrassed!

And even warmer. Her legs spread open further as the pressure there grew. Her underwear was bulging uncontrollably now. It was so much that it was plainly visible with how her skirt tented.

Everyone's eyes on me. Sierra hadn't noticed. She shook her head as her body gave a low quiver. *N-no! No, no! Stop that!* Sierra's hand paws dug into her armrests. *I need to go now. Just leave before any-*

"Hey Sierra!" A male coworker popped into the doorway of her cubicle. "We're going to lunch! You want to joi-"

The man paused. Horror set in for Sierra right there, along with an uncomfortably pleasant shiver. She hopped to her feet, though with her back turned to him. She couldn't face him, hands clenching close to her chest. It didn't matter though, did it?

She tried saying something. “Ummmm, ah...” That wasn't going to help.

“Wh-what's wrong with y-”

He never finished his words. A cartoonish sound of **FWOOMP** blared, followed by a mighty **RIP**. A big, wide, fluffy black tail with a white stripe had burst through her skirt as fast as an airbag. It smacked straight into the guy, causing him to tumble back out of the cubicle.

It didn't stop there though. It kept growing and growing. Soon, the tail was as big as her whole body and almost triple its width. The fact she didn't fall over with the big appendage of black fluff was a miracle.

“What the hell?!” the guy yelled, finally finding the right words to say.

“Sorrysorrysorry!” Sierra spun around, flinching as she heard her tail knock several items over and important things over. She just hoped the soda was knocked over onto anything other than the keyboard. She didn't want to pay for that on top of everything else.

“J-j-j-just b-be qui-” She scooted herself out of her box to try to talk to him, but it was too late. Other coworkers were coming out of their work cells to see what the commotion was. Some were even mumbling something about the odd smell in the air.

Soon, all attention was on her. Everyone was staring, whispering, gasping, pointing, or something similar. No matter where she looked, it was like that. Her heart was racing so much it felt as if her mind was slowing down. Everything felt like it was all tumbling down.

Yet...

Yet there was that heat, that warmth. It was getting bigger and bigger down below. With all those eyes on her, she couldn't deny what it was. She was being turned on hard, both literally and figuratively.

Sierra was at a loss. What could she say? Nothing. Anytime she tried to talk, something came out as a grunt or, even more embarrassingly, a moan.

Not helping her horny confusion was the continual growth. She was rising high above people and the floor, a subtle touch vertigo hitting her head. Her blouse was getting more and more stretched out, its buttons threatening to pop.

That threat was enacted upon fast. Those buttons did not last, blasting off all over.

Her entire torso was fully exposed, coated in elegantly white fur. Black fuzz could be seen along her sides, mostly covered by her opened blouse. Her bra was indeed only holding puffy white fur, her breasts long gone. Though, with her new growth, that didn't stop it from breaking and hitting the ground, fully confirming her "flatness".

That bra snap brought Sierra back to some of her senses and a bit of reality. *I need to go.* Things were getting worse. She was going to be nude by the time this was all over.

The thought of that sent a pleasurable burst surging throughout her. Her skirt, which was still hanging on, was tenting even more blatantly. She could feel her underwear struggling to hold something back, squeezing against something that was only making her hornier.

Pushing it all, she managed out some words. "Ex-ex-cuse me! I n-need to go!" Next, she managed to start moving, pushing past some people towards the exit. She could feel her tail smack against people as she moved out, kicking loose more of that peculiar scent that was most definitely coming from her.

She managed to get past her coworkers, seeing the exit to the hallway on the horizon. She started rushing for it when her heart skipped.

Reggie had shown up, stepping in front of the door. He took one look at her before he yelled furiously, "What the fuck is going on here?!"

Sierra skid to a stop, freezing up outside of some shivers and trembles. Her boss, of all people, now staring her down, along with the rest of her fellow workers, hit like a ton of bricks. She could feel it below her skirt. This new addition was throbbing wildly, the tip of the tented skirt growing damp.

Pleasure was overflowing, and it felt so good. Reggie took a step towards her, and she stifled a moan, stepping back. Everything felt so tight, getting more constricting by the second until...

The sound of tearing echoed once again. Her skirt broke, and then came her underwear tumbling down to the ground. Free at last, large, furry white balls hung from her crotch. A large, red cock was stretching out from a sheath, pre dripping from it.

All around her, everyone was gasping and murmuring. All around, everyone was staring. *Everyone... is staring.* Sierra could feel an eye twitch. *Staring at me.* Her body shivered as their rod pulsed. *Staring at my cock.*

I wonder if I look cute? Sierra cringed at that. Why did they think that? Why did they wonder about looking cute? Was it because of her cute features? Was everyone staring at her also because of her fluffy fur, big paws, and puffy tail? No, it probably wasn't that, but they couldn't help thinking it and feeling so natural to do so.

Regardless, just the simple thought of that sent them for a loop. They fell on their butt as their body shook, another growth spurt coming over them, getting taller. Their legs spread open as their equipment swelled, balls the size of grapefruit and their cock over a foot/a third of a meter in length

Fur traveled up and covered their face, cloaking the last part of their skin. Everything felt so hot and itchy now, even ignoring the horny heat that was burning in their junk. All they could do was just sit there, panting and huffing. They felt too weak to move, too lost in those new sensations to do anything.

“Is that Sierra?” Sierra's ears twitched. “I think it is!” Black fur crept onto them last. “What happened to her?” They moved to the top of the head, turning animal-like in shape. “So... so smelly!”

Sierra could hear them all now so perfectly, all their judgment and confusion. They could only blush, their red cheeks hidden behind her black fuzz. It was still so embarrassing being stared at, but at this point, the skunk couldn't muster up the energy or drive to get away. What was the point? Everyone knew now, and that was that.

Her... Sierra wasn't sure about that. They don't feel like a “her” anymore. They felt girly, but there was something else. They felt like a he and not just because of the equipment. It just felt more right to them... him now.

I'm, like, a guy. Sierra panted, his face popping and cracking. *I feel it... everyone sees it.* His mug slowly crept forward. *Everyone sees everything. It's so... so...*

Hawwwwt. The skunk moaned as his face formed a cute muzzle. His cock throbbed and squirted, people dodging out of the way of his spunky fluid.

His body shook one final time as it surged. He extended a bit taller and wider, breaking off the rest of his blouse and leaving him fully nude. His hips and booty swelled significantly, looking wide and round. He was curvier than he had ever been before.

Sierra was a skunk, but not an ordinary one. He was a skunk femboy with no trace of the old them left.

He huffed, shaking his head to try and refocus it. Everything still feels blurry. *This is crazy... I just... I just don't-*

“What the fuck was that?!” Reggie's yell this time knocked Sierra out of his stupor. “What's is going on here?!” Sierra quickly tried standing up, but his head smacked into the tile ceiling. That was a lot lower than he remembered.

“Don't make more of a mess than you already have, Ms. Roberts!” Reggie snapped.

“S-sorry.” Bashfully, Sierra sat on his knees, being at eye-level with her boss and less likely to break anything now.

“Ms. Roberts, explain yourself!” Reggie demanded, “What is going on here?”

“I... I don't really know!” Sierra looked down at his feminine, guyish form. “I... I'm sorry!” His eyes drifted around, feeling more embarrassed by the second. All the tattered clothes on the floor, the ceiling tiles knocked out of place when he stood up, and especially the cum stains on the floor and cubicle walls were a nightmare.

“You don't really know?!” Reggie grew angrier. “That is not good enough! There must be a real explanation you can muster.” His eyes then narrowed. “Or, is this petty revenge?”

“What?”

“You want to sabotage this company or get back at me for making you do your job instead of your silly way?”

“Excuse me?” All awkwardness and embarrassment fell by the wayside. Sierra found herself now being very, *very* annoyed and insulted. “I'm not a child! I would not hurt you or your precious company over a disagreement!”

“Then *how* did this happen?” Reggie didn't look like he believed him.

Sierra didn't care. “I don't know! All I know is that after we had our little conversation, I went and got a drink from the vending machine, and... and...”

Suddenly, a light bulb clicked on in his mind. “The soda! That must've been it!” He had recalled hearing news and online stories about transformation-focused drinks making the rounds in the past. That purple squirrel was fishy and all those new flavors being stocked did look odd. “It must've been-”

“Excuse me!” Reggie interrupted, “Are you saying it's my fault, that my choice in filling our machines with premium drinks you should all be grateful for is what caused this?”

Sierra could feel one of her eyes twitching. They grumbled, loud enough for everyone to hear. “Well, if you and all the execs weren't so goddamn cheap and did your research, we could just have normal soda and none of this would've happened.”

“That's it!” Sierra flinched as his boss yelled louder and angrier than he had ever done before. “You're fired! Your insubordination, inability to follow directions, terrible attitude, and such disruptive, gross behavior will no longer be welcomed here!”

“You can't do this!” Sierra snapped back. “I can't help what happened to me!”

“I should've done this a long time ago,” he muttered, not listening at all, “Ms. Roberts, either you pack up your things and go now or security will “help” you leave.” Without another word, but with one final, stinging look, Reggie stormed off.

Sierra was left to stew. His mind was racing uncontrollably as he tried to comprehend. So much had happened in the span of five minutes from the new body, new emotions and sensations, and now unemployment. What could anybody do in his situation?

A few coworkers approached. Their eyes focused on his face, avoiding looking anywhere else on him. Some of them were even plugging their noses. “I'm sorry what happened, Sierra.”

“It's not your fault.”

“What are you going to do?”

“You got a tech problem that just stinks? Don't worry, we can handle any stink!” Sierra leaned in and winked, sticking out his tongue in a cutesy manner.

Well, animated Sierra did that. Regular Sierra just blushed at the ad video he was just emailed. He was in his office when the marketing team sent him their work, a very adorable promotional animation ad of him. He wasn't sure how well it would work with attracting new customers, but he trusted his team on this.

He watched the video again, blushing and feeling a little tingly seeing the cutesy 2D him. He could be self-conscious about it, but he did like it and replied back that the team should go forward with it.

Time had certainly passed for him. Things had been uncertain for a long while. Sierra had never changed back from being a skunk femboy. It was terrifying, but he managed to get used to being that big (and buying size-appropriate items and equipment) and had gotten a lot of help from transformation support groups in his area.

Once he felt sure enough about himself, Sierra made the plunge on starting up his own small time tech company. Between his savings and the money he got from his wrongful termination lawsuit (you can't fire a victim of a transformation caused by your own negligence after all), it wasn't too hard to get going.

He only expected to start with handling small tech issues, but after a little bit, things had blown up. He was designing websites, apps, and building software for companies of all sizes! He had to bring in people to keep up with the flow of requests and new customers.

Apparently, people found the idea of a skunk femboy very amusing and appealing. Sierra couldn't understand why exactly, but he wasn't going to argue with it!

Now, he had a fairly successful little company. He was a boss and a programmer. More importantly, he was also the mascot and being that had a nice little perk to it.

After all this time, being looked or stared at brought him quite joy and great pleasure. Being able to advertise himself after it became clear people liked his look was wonderful. This whole new ad, even if he couldn't see people looking at him, just tickled him. He could imagine all those eyes ogling animated him!

Still didn't mean that he didn't feel somewhat embarrassed by how cutesy and silly it was. That feeling didn't go away completely either. Maybe he could propose some ideas himself to the marketing crew on what he would like to do that would satisfy his mixed emotions?

But that could be done later. Right now, Sierra leaned back in his personally made, properly sized chair, happy as could be. Everything had finally gone right for him.

Though, that's when he heard a knock at the door. *Oh right!* He quickly sat up and smoothed out his suit. *Appointment today!* Someone was scheduled for an interview with him about a job. "Come on in!"

The door opened and a curious figure stepped in. It was another femboy skunk, though with a pixie cut and being much shorter than him. He was dressed in a nice suit and skirt, which was bulging a little.

The new skunk weakly smiled and waved. “N-nice to see you again, Sierra.”

An eyebrow raised on the boss skunk. Sure, he knew that a skunk would be interviewed that day, but he wasn't expecting the familiarity. “I'm sorry, have we met?”

“Sort of,” the skunk said, their eyes on the ground. “We only met in passing. I... I was a secretary where you used to work.”

“Where I used to... oh.” Everything started falling into place for Sierra.

The new skunk nodded. “Everything was fine until I had one of those drinks from the vending machine. I... I never heard why you transformed in the first place. The company was trying to keep everything hush hush.”

“So they never removed those sodas, did they?” Sierra frowned.

“No,” the skunk glumly muttered, shaking their head. “So, here I am. I just didn't feel I had a place there anymore.”

“They fired you too?”

“No. They didn't fire me, but it was clear what they wanted. I just felt so... unwelcomed and unsafe being there. Assholes.”

Sierra snorted. After all the hassle that lawsuit caused for that company, he had expected Reggie and the rest of the miserable suits to have learned their lesson. *Guess some people never learn, the fucking pricks.*

The skunk boss smiled warmly, getting up and walking over to them. He placed a paw on their shoulder and gently patted. “Well, don't you worry! You'll do just fine here! There's room for everyone here, especially more smart, kewt skunks!”

THE END