

# Freaks! (Man to Catgirl TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for AI

*While visiting a circus, Brent finds the freakshow particularly amusing. But when he gets a bit too loud and rude with his insults of the various freaks, he discovers firsthand that the resident fortune teller has a way of twisting his fortune, and making him join the freakshow as its latest erotic attraction . . .*

## Freaks!

Brent was amused, and everyone knew it. He was the kind of man whose amusement always went noted, because it was boisterous, loud, and more often than not quite arrogant in its display. He didn't care: he was tall, thick, and built like a bouncer. Not the kind of figure with sculpted muscles, per se, but he had weight to throw around and he knew it. Nor did he hesitate to do the throwing. With his beady black eyes and equally dark hair, one could almost mistake him for a monster if you were to come across him at night. Which made the subject of his laughter all the more amusing.

"FREAKS!" he cried. "What a bunch of freaks! HA! Check out that one!"

He *slapped* a fellow circus patron on the back while guffawing, knocking the poor fellow forward a few feet.

"Look at the gross limbs sticking out of his stomach! How the hell can he even go out in public looking like that? Should have digested the twin, buddy! HA!"

Yes, it was a freakshow, part of the visiting Carnivale of Delights that had come to town for the next two weeks. Brent had visited on a whim, wanting some amusement. Already he'd had one too many beers to drink despite it only being in the mid-afternoon, and that had put him in a mood to be quite the disruption. The Freak Show was drawing a small crowd, but the rules were clear: look but do not *gawk*, you can ask questions of the freaks but be polite and respectful, and to show interest but not to laugh and jeer. Clearly, Brent wasn't interested in following these rules. He had never been a big reader. Or a rules follower. Or one for showing respect at all. He'd never really needed to.

"Jesus, and look at this lady's skin! The Plant Woman, huh? I'd like to give her a root, if you know what I mean? Huh? Get it? Am I right?"

The woman in question was quite fascinating to behold. Her skin was slightly mottled, but it fit with her plant aesthetic; she really did look as if her body was comprised of vines rather than skin, and said vines were a vibrant forest green. Her red hair only made her more

notable. She was wearing a gown of leaves that showed off her figure, but rolled her eyes and pointed at the rules on the nearby sign from her little diorama.

"Remember the rules, buddy," she reminded Brent.

"Ah, they're just suggestions!" he said. "Besides, I doubt anyone else is going to show you attention like I am."

She scoffed and rolled her eyes, pointedly ignoring him. After grinning - and a bit of leering at her plant-like cleavage - he moved to the Human Centaur. This had to be a special effect, as the individual really did look like a fully functional centaur, albeit one with a deer body and large antlers. He was a strong-looking male, but Brent felt he was stronger, and made a point of calling out - loudly - that this was obviously a fake.

"You think?" the man said, rising on his haunches and kicking his hooves out. His diorama was much larger, allowing him to prance about and vault over several obstacles. The rest of the audience clapped and cheered.

Brent just sneered. "I don't know how he does it, but it's a fraud! No way that's real, and if it is, he's still just a FREAK! Am I right?"

Some members of the crowd tried to hush him, but Brent just barged on through, continuing to make a ruckus. The fact that he was spilling his popcorn and soft drink everywhere only made his act all the more obnoxious. The Freak Show members were quite clear in their lack of appreciation for his antics; each of them had skills and acts that they showed off: the Many-Armed Man performed elaborate juggling, while the Mermaid from the Sea who called herself Naia was a wonderful singer worthy of the great sirens of ancient myth. But while many appreciated these talents and the good-humour with which the freaks performed them, Brent was just there to laugh, jeer, stare, and amuse himself.

"Get a load of all these kooks, right?" he said, grabbing a nearby circus patron. "I mean, can you imagine being on the other side of that display? I'd just die! You have to lose a lot of dignity to put your gross, inhuman body out for others to see it like that! No wonder they all ended up in the circus; it's the only place that would take them, am I right?"

The constant repetition of that question was starting to aggravate everyone. One of the local attendants had already told him to pipe down or he'd be ejected, but the truth was that Brent could easily double as a circus strongman himself. He was practically *daring* anyone to take him on. None were, at least for now.

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"Something has to be done," Naia said to Eric the Lion Man. She had emerged from her tank and gotten into a wheelchair, shifting herself over to her friend's display. He frowned in response.

"Dear, there are always those who will not see us as human."

"Well, we're not strictly human, dear."

"You know what I mean."

The Tall Man leaned his head over the adjacent wall. He was eight feet tall, his spindly limbs barely looking like they could hold him up.

"Sorry to intrude upon the dear lovers," he said, "but are we happening to discuss a certain obnoxious cretin with a large belly and even larger mouth?"

"We are," Naia said.

"Indeed," Harry the Tall Man replied, tapping his jaw. "It makes me wonder if we shouldn't see him visit Clementina for a free session."

"Great idea!" called Orchid the Plant Lady. "I mean, she did wonders for me, didn't she?"

She relaxed back on her sunbed, soaking in the sun's rays.

"We shouldn't be so rash," Eric said, stroking his own mane as if it were his beard. "We're on lunch break. He may be gone already, and just a small bad memory."

"But if he does return, Eric . . ."

"Fine, fine. I leave it to you. Clementina will find some kind of punishment for him, however minor . . . or major. Who can predict that woman, or what she will do?"

Still, the others were in agreement, even Naia who was normally soft-hearted. Brent's words had wounded her deeply. She rather treasured her mermaid looks and her singing talent, but he had interrupted and faltered her at every turn. If the man returned and was still just as rude, she was happy to see a punishment come his way.

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"Back for round two, FREAKS!"

The freaks of the circus cringed as one collective, hearing Brent's voice rise above the rest. They'd already caught his name, but everything else about him was fairly obvious and needed no further investigation. He was currently calling for Orchid to do a striptease and "show me your flower, if you know what I mean, ha!" She was suitably disgusted.

"We don't have a dancing act!" she protested. "That space is absent since Charity left, so you'll just have to go without!"

"Damn, I do like a good dancing act. Though I doubt the mermaid is up to the task with that stupid fake flipper of hers. Unless it's real, in which case sucks to be her, am I right?"

Harry looked over to Eric, and the lion man sighed and nodded. The Freak Show gallery was arranged so that most of the subjects could see and communicate with one

another, arranged semicircularly. With an easy stride, the Tall Man stepped past his barrier, giving apologies to the local viewers as he strode off to find Clementina. It was time to put their faith in fortune, and hope that it came out well.

Brent continued to revisit the freaks, mocking and making faces and talking all about how “gross and weird” they were, all while paradoxically hitting on Orchid and Naia and making lewd comments about their abnormal bodies. The wait for Clementina to arrive was interminable, and by the time she was seated and ready and arranged he was making awful sexual puns about Naia’s “fishy parts,” despite the presence of children nearby.

“My friend!” called out Eric the Lion Man, “I have good news for you!” he stepped from his little diorama, putting away his fire breathing equipment. “You have been selected for a free fortune reading!”

“I don’t give a shit about that stuff, cat man.”

“Not a cat. Lion,” he corrected. “But believe me, Lady Clementina truly can change your fortune! And it is free!”

“It comes with free popcorn afterwards!” Naia called from atop her tank.

Brent looked sceptical, but the promise of free food and free entertainment amused him. Besides, if it turned out to be a waste of time he could always claim the free food and come back and lambast the freaks even more so.

“Fine, fine, lead the way then, ya weird furry!”

Eric had to bite his sharp teeth down on his lip to avoid saying something far more hurtful in response.

“Right this way, *sir*.”

“Sir, ha! Good to know that even a freak like you has a sense of manner, ha!”

Eric led him further around the circus area, off to a secluded area where a tent had been arranged for his own private audience. It was marked as closed, but Eric undid the flap and gestured politely for Brent to enter. Smirking a bit in amused nervousness, the large man entered, whereupon he was faced with a very old Romani woman in an elaborate fortuneteller’s costume. Her legs were crossed, and her attention was focused on a crystal ball. Within it, images flashed of Brent’s actions at the circus, the crude catcalls and quips he’d made.

“Welcome, Brent Andrews,” the woman said, “come take a seat. It is time to show you your fortune, and to change it to a more karmically suited path.”

Eric withdrew, closing the flap and making sure the area around the tent was emptied. No one was to know what went inside until it was finished: that was Clementina’s way. Brent, however, was unimpressed.

“Is this supposed to be all showy and the like?” he bellowed, gesturing to the crystal ball. “It just shows me that you’ve got security cameras and the like. And I’m not fooled by all

the regalia and pomp: this tent smells like cheap smokes and low-class furniture. Fortune telling's a scam for idiots."

But Clementina took no offence, simply smiled. "Then take a seat, and I shall attempt to prove you wrong. I am no mere fortune teller, Brent Andrews. I am a fortune *changer* as well. I can read your soul and place it on a more . . . appropriate path. You need only sit down and show the bravery required to try it."

These words were calculated, because they injured Brent's most vulnerable point: his pride. Grumbling about being ripped off - despite the fact that this service was free - he sat down before the fortune teller, using his larger size to get up closer and try to intimidate her. He was also looking for wires and contraptions that would explain what she would do next. But Clementina cared not; she gestured for him to put his hands forth and he did. She read his palms, all while he smirked and japed about "palm reading nonsense," and then she consulted her crystal ball again.

"You are a boisterous, obnoxious, and rather rude man, Mr Brent Andrews," she said plainly. "You have insulted the freaks of the circus, made catcalls, demanded they dance for you, and infantilised our dear Eric the Lion Man as a simple house cat or kitten. These are not the gestures or actions of a repentant man."

Brent pulled his hands back, already very annoyed. He was about to lambast the woman when the globe began to glow an iridescent purple, shining even brighter.

"Hey, what's up with that? Is it battery-powered or something? Where's the switch?"

"No switch, Mr Andrews, this is the real deal. I'm reading your fortune, and now I'm going to change your *fate*."

Brent stood, looming over the old woman. He was about ready to storm out, or at least launch into a long tirade about her rudeness, not even realising the irony, but something stopped him. There was something . . . hypnotic about the crystal ball. Within it, he could see scores of images of himself, and not just ones from the last hour when he was making fun of the freaks, but going back all the way to his years of boyhood, when he pulled girls' pigtails and dunked scrawny nerds' faces in the bathroom toilets just for a lark.

"How did you - what the hell is this? There's no way you could have gotten that footage. There's just - there's just no way!"

But Clementina just grinned, chuckling coarsely before speaking. "Like I said, Mr Andrews, this is true magic. And it shows your true self: a large bully who has always used others for entertainment, while showing little concern for the rest of us. Also, you have had a long proclivity towards treating women rather possessively, catcalling them and so forth, while also choosing to belittle them when they turn you down. Coupled with your mockery and abuse of the ones you call 'freaks' in life and this gives us a dark tapestry to work with."

More images flashed in the crystal ball. Sweat began to pour down Brent's forehead as he beheld images of him kicking a man's wheelchair to force it to speed up, and making loud and ignorant comments about a woman's burn marks. In another flash of imagery on the ball, he saw himself purring like a cat at a woman with a nice rear who was passing. He could make out what he was saying too: "*Meow! Here kitty kitty! I've got a ball of string for you!*"

Clementina rubbed her hands over the crystal ball, and it became yet brighter. "I have enough of what I need. Your fortune is read, and it is dismal indeed. You shall be alone, remain a bully, and be incapable of change. Unless we alter your fate, and *change you*. And given how you have treated the wonderful freaks of this circus, and your many, shall we say, *cat*-themed comments and behaviours, I have a good notion what a chauvinist bully like you should become."

Brent's heartbeat was racing by this point. He kept trying to pull away, but the call of the crystal ball was too hypnotic. Its power radiated out towards him, targeting him, lancing out with purple hues to energise his body. He wanted to scream, to yell, to hurl abuse as he always did, but all he could do was groan and grunt and beg.

"P-please, witch! I've got m-money! Just - nnggh! - let me get the fuck out of here, alright? I was just having a bit of fun before, no harm and no foul, am I right?"

"You are not right, Mr Brent Andres," she said sardonically. "You are in fact, very wrong. But don't worry, we'll correct that in time. But first, it's time to walk a lifetime in another's shoes. Not that I think you'll be needing shoes. *Kneading* them, perhaps. Ha! You'll understand later, *am I right?*"

He was about to say something deeply offensive, insecure, and desperate, but he was cut off by her raising her hands from the crystal ball and directing the full might of its energy into his body. He cried out, but no one was near enough the tent to hear him, and besides, Clementina had control of the auditory nature of this place and isolated it. Brent gripped his stomach, doubling over as what could only be real, actual magic hit him right in the centre.

"Nnggh! What the - what are you d-doing to m-mEEEE!!!?"

His voice shot up, rising in octave and ending in a strange, cat-like growl that made him halt his screech, if only for a moment. The energy poured into his body, coursing like tendrils through his veins and arteries and spreading throughout his entire form. The changes began almost instantly, but they could have taken months and he still would not have been prepared for them. His gut sucked back in, years of beer drinking and sloppy pizzas undone in seconds as it withdrew. His limbs thinned, his tree-trunk like thighs especially. His immense and impressive height shrank away, causing him to screech once more in that strange new growl of his. His spine clicked audibly as vertebrae disappeared or

simply compressed. The changes weren't painful at all, but they were deeply discomforting, and even worse; strangely arousing.

"S-stop this! Oh G-God! Please s-stop this! MRAAAAAEEEOOWWW!!!"

He clasped his hands over his mouth just in time for his jaw to push forward a little, becoming an adorable little snout. His nose became part of it, stretching and flattening to become the inverted triangle shape of a classic cat nose. His ears pushed upwards, migrating upwards onto the top of his head. They thinned, becoming pointed triangles that were quickly covered over with tabby fur.

"This has to be a dream, a goddamn dream! Did you spike my drink earlier? Is it that fucking incense? Is it - OHHHHHH!!!"

His form shrunk down further, leaving his clothes far too baggy and practically falling off of him. Fortunately and unfortunately, the magic had a solution: his clothing re-woven courtesy of its influence, becoming a set of feminine garments to match his increasingly womanly curves. His hips stretched wider, his waist pinched in, and his thighs became feminine yet powerful, long and luscious. Around those impressive hips formed a mini-skirt, bright red in colour and with cute little golden tassels hanging from its hem. Even as his dick began to withdraw, a set of panties, also bright red, similarly formed, pulling tight against his previously impressive manhood. Around his torso were further changes, and not just the slimming variety either. While his shoulders indeed had shrunk way, way down, it was the flaring and tensing and growth of his nipples that terrified him.

"Stop this!" he cried. "MRAWWEOWWW! I said stop this! MEOWWW!!!"

He couldn't stop making cat growling noises, even as a set of breasts began to expand from his chest. His top had fallen away and was in the middle of reconstituting into what looked like a sexy satin bra, but for now his chest was naked for him and the fortune teller to see.

"Looks like you're going to be the one getting *cat*called from now on, dearie," she said smugly. "Not to mention being seen as a freak. A very . . . attractive freak, however."

"F-fuck you! I said I was sorry, for whatever it was I did! Just stop this before I f-fucking kill - NNGHH!!!"

The globes on his chest expanded further, becoming larger and busty yet soft and perky. He held them in his hands even as said hands reconfigured into tabby-furred paws, though at least he maintained usable digits. The same tabby fur with its light sprinkling of cute black and white spots cascaded down his arms and up his legs, coating his body in fur. It exploded from his paws in a terrible itch, though to his shame it was also deeply satisfying to feel it finally come through.

"Agghh! F-fuck! Let me go! I'll call the p-police on you, you f-fucking freak!"

With another terrible and *wonderful* pressure, his tits expanded further, becoming large E or even F-cups, each globe nearly the size of his head. He grasped them with his paw-hands and nearly salivated at their overwhelming sensitivity. A white undercoat of fur sprang up across his now-flat yet muscular stomach, leading up to his breasts and coating them too, though his new pink nipples and large areolas were left uncovered.

"Mhmmmp!" he moaned, trying to contain his new sensual feelings as his fingers/paws sunk into the soft flesh of his new kitty titties. Even as this occurred, his jaw pushed forward a little more, and his eyes grew wider. In the reflection of the crystal ball, he was horrified to see his pupils become vertical slits, and for his irises to become vibrant green. Hair descended from atop his head, a luscious red that was darker than his tabby fur. It fell down his back, giving him a catgirl appearance; humanoid yet animal, with a female hairstyle to match. He groaned, grunted, and swore down curses upon the fortune teller, but nothing could bring him to move away or closer, to do violence or flee in fear. He was helpless to his changes, even as his feet and ankles audibly cracked, his skeletal structure taking on a more digitigrade appearance befitting a catwoman.

"You can't do this to m-meee!!" Brent screeched. "I'm Brent fucking Andrews! I got rights! I didn't do anything wrong! I'll sue you into the fucking dirt you old c-cow!"

He fell back to grunting as a strange pressure built into his spine. His breasts pushed forward just a little more, and he growled as three adorable white whiskers, each at least three inches long, jutted out from his small snout. His teeth sharpened, a cute little snaggletooth forming to give him that extra catgirl effect.

"Tsk, ts, tsk," Clementina said, still focusing her magic. "Were it up to me, I would change you into a milk-filled cowgirl complete with udder just for calling me that. But this is a much more appropriate fate. A cautionary tale. Oh, and speaking of tails . . ."

Brent went white. Or he would have, were it not for the tabby fur spreading across his face and over his adorable shoulders. He had shrunk from a tall six-foot-two to a mere five-foot-five, shorter by an inch than even the average woman. But part of him was about to get a whole lot longer, because at that very moment the pressure in his spine gave way. A convenient hole formed in his new skirt just as his satin bra finally fitted around his enormous new breasts, cupping them upwards into two wonderfully creamy furred mounds and emphasising their size.

"What are you talking about? You're crazy! You're - oh G-God no!"

He realised *exactly* what the fortune teller was speaking of as it happened: new vertebrae and tissue and fur formed rapidly as a long cat's tail practically *exploded* from his backside, growing out to a length that had to be easily four feet or so; over half his own shrunken height! It waved in a panic, shifting and undulating just like a real cat's tail, and worst of all it was part of *him* now. He could feel it, a new alien limb that should not be there

and yet absolutely was, partially under his control and yet possessing its own reflective instincts too. It went ramrod straight, the fur standing on end as he growled in a rather female-sounded tone.

“A tail!? You gave me a fucking MEOWing tail!?”

“I did indeed,” the woman said. “And given the comments you made about poor Naia’s breasts, perhaps we better make you even more anatomically correct for a new cat woman, hmm?”

More energy focused on his chest, and the confused bully of a man felt new points form. He couldn’t see them below his cleavage, but the reflection of the crystal ball revealed all; he was growing another pair of nipples, and another! Two more pairs of breasts pushed forth, the last nearly equal to his belly button. They were not as big as his enormous upper pair, but the middle ones had to be full D-cups still, and respectable B’s for the lowest pair. Two new sets of satin bras formed over them, and then the last bit of his old clothing re-weaved itself to be a semi-see through shirt that bared what remained of his non-mammaried midriff.

“This has to be a fucking nightmare, am I right?”

“Wrong,” Celementina replied. “This is all real, Brent. Though I don’t think that name suits you anymore. I’d say it’s time for this pussy cat to become known as *Kitty*. That is, once the pussy cat gets a *pussy*.”

Brent shuddered, but it was too late. The rest of his fur finished forming across his body, and while he was frantically trying to feel his six new tits and come to terms with their existence, the final pressure gave way too. Just as his tail had exploded outwards, his remaining manhood exploded *inwards*, sucking up inside his body and folding inwards, blooming to become a fully developed womb and pairs of ovary sacs, the latter from the testes that had also suckered up inside him. It happened so quickly that it felt like he was being penetrated.

“MMMPPHHHH!!!”

His green cat eyes bulged, taking in all the detail and colour around him with their new brilliant vision. His paws were at his crotch, his form shaking, but he wasn’t a *he* any longer. No, the new *woman* paralysed not just by magic but shock as well. He now had a pussy, an actual womanhood between his - *her* legs. She shivered in horror, and also from a strange pleasure. Somehow, the transformation had left her feeling quite . . . needy. Her new tunnel was already moist with arousal, and she hated it deeply.

Finally, only then did the magic relent, slowly fading away. With one final touch an adorable little red shroud, like those worn by Roma dancers or women from an older age, formed over her head. It was red, like the red of her outfit, but had two slits for her ears to poke rather cutely through.

And then the changes were done.

"What the - what the actual fuck!?" Kitty cried. "Why am I thinking of myself as a goddamned woman? Why is my name Kitty, when it's meant to be Kitty. I mean, Kitty! Goddamn it, what have you done to me? Why do I feel this goddamn need to lick my fur? Why do I have fur!?"

She went to strike with her claws - claws that unsheathed easily - at the fortune teller, but found she was literally unable to do so. Clementina chuckled.

"Foolish once-man, you can't hurt the person who transformed you, and the fates I spun ensured you can't hurt another member of our circus, nor can you leave it. You are one of us now, and given all your comments and behaviours, it seemed that the best ironic punishment was to make you one of our freaks; the beautiful Cat Woman named Kitty. What do you think?"

"I think you're f-fucking crazy!" Kitty cried. She still wasn't used to her voice, which had a sensual purr to it. "I'll never join the freaks!"

But already she felt a strange instinct to. She didn't want to, but something was pulling her, dragging her to join their stalls. Already she could feel a tune, a song build up in her body. She couldn't help but sway a little, her hips rocks from side to side and her stomach undulating. This made Clementina laughed.

"I see the fates are working their magic! Every freak has a talent, and given how much you wanted the girls to dance for you, it seems appropriate that you are now a very sensual dancer!"

Kitty halted her movements, though it took effort. Once more her green eyes went wide. The woman was speaking the truth; she *did* feel a call to dance. To use her strange, voluptuous cat body with its six breasts to tantalise and interest others, to show the beauty and attraction of being a freak, and make money in the process.

"N-no! This isn't me! I'm K-Kitty! I'm meant to be a man! I'll get out of this, and when I'm back you'll wish you were back wherever you came from!"

The fortune teller just shrugged, even as Kitty turned and ran. Her powerful legs bounded her towards the tent's exit flap, and surged out of it, literally shredding it to ribbons with her claws . . .

. . . only to come to a screeching (literally, she made the sound automatically) halt before an arranged semicircle of freaks waiting outside. Naia the Mermaid looked at her with smug amusement, and Harry the Tall Man stared down at her with a grin upon his stretched features. Even the centaur, who had tried to be civil, couldn't help but admire her six breasts, while the man with the twin growing out his stomach guffawed from both mouths. At their forefront was Eric the Lion Man, who had his powerful arms folded.

"Well, it looks like Clementina has done good work!" he noted, staring her up and down. His gaze lingered on her six breasts, displayed readily in her sexy red bras that were themselves ill-concealed behind the see-through top she was wearing. She found herself breathing a bit heavier, thrusting out her chest accidentally. She didn't know it, but her body was in heat, and would be quite often from this point. It was part of her new erotic freak appeal.

"You - you've got to tell her to change me back!" the new catgirl pleaded, tail wagging back and forth in anxiety. "I'm not meant to be - to be a -"

"A freak?" Kade the Lizard Man asked.

"A monster?" Naia said.

"A woman?" Orchid added with amusement.

"But you are," Eric finished, stepping forward, "and if you're anything like what Clementina said you might end up as, I'd wager you feel a powerful urge to join us, wouldn't you say? To become one of our family?"

Kitty swallowed. She tried to say no, but her mouth refused to form the words. In the end, she sagged, all six breasts wobbling a little. Her tail drooped also, emphasising her new feline nature.

"I'm never getting out of this, am I right?"

Eric put a pawed hand on her shoulder. She looked up into his powerful golden eyes, and it made her feel things that she absolutely had no desire to feel, but felt anyway. It made her want to start dancing, which was just as humiliating.

"Trust me," the Lion Man said, "I think you'll rather come to love being a freak. Much better a freak on the outside than being a freak on the inside, Miss Andrews. Kitty. Because for all that you were a tremendous ass before, this is a chance for a new start. A new life. And you know what they say about cats and lives . . ."

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The freakshow gained a new attraction that day. When they left town a week later, having stayed for their usual fortnight, they had a new member added to their number for good. Kitty was still aghast at the fact that her old life was gone, but there was no way she could resume the life of Brent Andrews even if she wanted to. Not only were her looks gone, her gender gone, even her species gone, but the compulsions of her new existence ensured that she literally *had* to stay with the circus and perform.

Of course, she quickly became one of the star attractions. Not only was she very much a freak, but she was also incredibly beautiful and exotic at the same time. Exotic *and* erotic, because she literally couldn't resist dancing before the enthralled circus audience

members, spinning about and holding her shroud and twirling it, before disrobing down to her bras and skirt. Her movements were elegant, beautiful, but also very much sensual. She had the grace of a cat and the style of a bellydancer, and the other freaks liked to join in and watch and cheer. Initially there was quite a mockery to it, in order to make the former Brent know how it felt. She was suitably chastened fairly quickly, but the freaks were not one to hold grudges, especially Naia and Eric, who helped teach her the ropes and acclimate her into their new family.

Of course, Eric had a bit of an ulterior motive, given that as a sort of 'cat man' he found her to be quite the compatible beauty. Kitty too was finding it harder and harder to deny her ridiculous new body's attraction to the lion man, especially his muscular form and impressive mane. Her six nipples would stiffen in his presence, and her body entered into heat when she smelled him. She took to watching him in the darkness using her night vision, though he spotted her more than once. It would take a couple more shows before she gave in, but Kitty truly found out what it was like to be on the receiving end of not only some very interested catcalls, but also the ultimate female experience.

And after that, she took to being a freak and even celebrating it much easier. She was one needy pussy, after all, and Eric was always willing to rise to the occasion. In the end, she found out it was far more pleasurable to *be* one of the freaks than laugh at them. Though it didn't stop her from getting quite embarrassed whenever a rude man made come-ons at her during a show.

"Maybe I can convince Clementina to change another's fortune," she wondered to herself after a particularly nasty incident with a heckler. "If it worked for me, it should work for him. And he called me ugly as a cow. Come to think of it, we're missing a bovine woman among our ranks . . ."

**The End**