

# To a Good Home

Written by Princess Kay

**Content Warning:** *Forced TG/TF with an initially unaware target and minor mental changes.*

Jeremy held tight to the knife's hilt, the individual grains of the wooden handle biting into his skin. A sign of nerves. Not that he'd ever admit it. Not that he had anything to be nervous *about* - his target was just a girl, a young woman who couldn't have been far past eighteen, same as him. A girl carefree enough to move with a literal skip to her step, and brainless enough to not only walk into an alley, but specifically one that terminated in a dead end.

He'd never robbed anyone before, though. Maybe because he'd never had the guts. Or maybe because he'd never had a weapon... he'd only found this one yesterday, digging in the trash for a bite to eat. He hadn't found anything actually edible, either - or at least nothing he could bring himself to stuff down his throat.

He... wasn't very good at the whole 'being homeless' thing. Or the begging thing. But then again, he'd never been very good at *anything*. That was the whole reason he was on the streets to begin with, after all. The reason his parents had grown tired of him lounging around and doing nothing. Being lazy all day. The reason they'd kicked him to the curb, as soon as he'd hit his eighteenth birthday.

He was getting distracted, though. The girl was already at the end of the alley. She was going to turn any moment, and see him. See him, holding a knife and trembling like a leaf. See him so scared that she'd probably call his bluff and walk right by him... He had to get a hold of himself.

“Y-Your money or your life!”

“Hmmm?” The girl turned, an expression of innocent confusion on her face as she looked him up and down. Jeremy wondered what she saw, when she looked at him. A stupid thought. What was there to see but a mugger? One in a ragged tee shirt, and torn up pants.

By comparison, she looked almost like an angel, with her bright blue eyes and her golden locks that trailed down to her wide hips. Her tight pink top with its rhinestone collar paired well with the tight black skirt that barely went halfway down her thighs, and the pink and black striped stockings that stopped just a couple inches short of its hem. Like something straight out of a fashion magazine - or at least that's how it seemed to Jeremy, who'd never so much as opened such a thing.

He wasn't here to be distracted by her cute look, though.

“Your money or your life!” he repeated, a little more firmly this time.

“You poor thing...” the girl murmured, her full lips pulling into a pout, even as she reached her hand into the purse by her side. “You must be starved...” What she pulled out wasn't a wad of cash, though, but a... bone shaped cookie?

“Would you like a treat?”

“D-don't fuck with me!” Jeremy growled, slashing at the air with his knife. He hoped it made him look intimidating. He didn't *feel* intimidated, though. Especially since his eyes kept darting back to the bone, for some reason.

“I would never!” the girl promised. “It’s just that I’ve been thinking of getting a dog, y’know? And I was going to go to a pound, but... well, you really look like you could use a good home!”

“I-I’m not-”

“A stray?” the girl interrupted. “Do you have a home? You don’t seem to have a collar...”

“M-my owners... I mean, my *parents* kicked me out.” Why had he said owners? That... he wasn’t a-

“That’s so sad!” the girl cried. And she looked sad, too. Like she was near tears. Even though he’d been threatening to bite - no, *stab* her... “Look. Why don’t you have yourself a nice treat, and we can talk about you coming home with me.”

“I’m not going to be your dog,” he growled. Though he was slowly edging forward, moving towards her, his focus locked onto the bone. He barely even registered the burning sensation in his tailbone, or the new hole that formed in his clothing as a shaggy tail ripped through his pants.

“We can discuss that after you’re fed,” the girl said, stepping closer to him. She held the bone in front of his face, moving it back and forth, and smiling as his eyes tracked it. Then her hand darted out to the top of his head, rubbing at his hair and then scratching him beneath his ear. He would have protested, if it hadn’t felt so good - his ears were *really* itchy, though.

“Just give me the damn treat!” He snapped, reaching out for the bone with the hand that didn’t have the knife. She stepped out of reach, though, shaking her head.

“Uh-uh-uh! Say please.”

He growled at her, before gently teasing at his teeth with his tongue. They were sharp. Sharp enough to bite her, and make her drop it. Or he could stab her, maybe, but... that seemed a bit extreme, when he had a natural weapon to do the job... Then again, maybe biting her was a bit extreme, too. Especially if she just wanted to hear a single word.

“Please,” he all but snarled.

“Good girl!”

Jeremy opened his mouth to protest, again, only to stop when she scratched him underneath his ear again. His tongue lolled out his mouth, feeling almost too big to fit comfortably inside it, as she gave his head a rub.

“You’re a very good girl, aren’t you? A very hungry girl.”

He *wasn’t* a ‘good girl’ though. Good girl’s - or *boy’s*, he was a *boy*, *dammit!* - wouldn’t try to stab anyone. But he wasn’t going to say that. Not when she was holding the treat in front of his face.

“You’re lucky I’m hungry,” he grumbled, instead, taking the treat from her hand and popping it into his mouth. He hoped she didn’t notice how his tail began

to wag, as he chewed on it. Much like he, himself, didn't notice as his hips and ass began to widen, straining his already torn pants.

“Uh-huh,” the girl murmured, moving her hand down from underneath his head to scratch him beneath the chin. He blushed, wanting to pretend he didn't like it, but unable to control the reaction of his body as one of his legs kicked out behind him, thumping at the ground in excited happiness. He tried very hard not to focus on it. Which made it all the easier to miss it, when his thighs began to thicken, even as the lower limbs started to thin, and the hair on his lower body faded to nothingness.

“You're all skin and bones,” the girl sighed, shaking her head as she withdrew her hand from his chin. “Why don't you do me a favor and *sit* so that I can get a good look at you?”

He wanted to protest. To say he didn't take orders. But there was something in the way she said it... firm, and commanding, without being angry or cruel. And, if that wasn't enough, there was the fact that she was already pulling out another of those treats.

He sat.

“Good girl,” the girl repeated, patting him on the head. It made his cheeks flush something fierce. He *wasn't* a good girl. Not in any way shape or form. But... he had to admit, it wasn't the worst to be called that...

“Now, why don’t you let me get a good look at you?” the girl murmured, crouching down and placing a hand on his chest. The dog treat was held in front of his face, via her other hand, drawing all his attention even as she drew her fingers down his stomach, which tingled a little as the organs within began to shift, making room for what was to come, and his waist began to narrow inward.

“You need a bit more meat on your bones,” the girl murmured, holding out the treat for him.

He chomped it, consuming it greedily, his focus entirely on the treat. There was no thought given to the warmth blossoming in his chest, as his nipples began to press against the fabric of his tee. Two gentle hills formed, as warmth concentrated in his abdomen, slowly swelling until his nipples pressed tight against the formerly loose fabric of his tee shirt.

“Good girl,” his one-time target murmured, reaching into her purse again. This time he didn’t even feel the urge to argue. He was too focused on the hand, and what might come out next.

“Now, I’m going to give you a choice,” the girl said, drawing her hand out again. “I could give you this treat, and set you free...” She held up a bone, waving it in front of his eyes before passing it over to her other hand and reaching back into the purse. “Or I can give you *this*, and take you home with me.”

He stared at her hand. Or rather, at the pink collar.

“I promise I’ll be gentle with you,” the girl whispered, her voice carrying a teasing note as she reached out to touch his cheek. This time, he felt something shifting - felt it as his cheek bones altered, beneath her hand, becoming rounder, his eyes widening, as his lips became full and kissable, and perfect for pouting.

He’d... been changed, he realized. To what extent he wasn’t sure, yet, but definitely to an extent that shouldn’t have been possible. And in ways that should have made him angry. And yet, somehow, it felt natural. Another change, no doubt, but...

“If you take the bone, I’ll turn you back,” the girl whispered, scratching him behind the ear. “You can go back to living on the street, and mugging girls to feed yourself, if that’s what you wish. But if you take the collar...”

“Then w-what?” he asked, his neck shifting, and his voice cracking even as he spoke, coming out in a high pitched, near whine.

“Then you’ll be my responsibility, won’t you?” The girl grinned.

Jeremy hesitated, for a moment, before starting to reach out with a hand. Except... Something told him that he shouldn’t do this part with a hand. So, instead, he nudged the collar with his nose, his round cheeks turning a delicate shade of pink as he did so.

“Good girl,” his mistress whispered, before reaching out to slide the collar around his neck. A warmth spread through his crotch as she pulled the leather strap



through its metal buckle, something pulling *in* as she pressed the metal bit through a hole, and something opening up as her fingers slipped free, leaving the collar in place.

“What’s your name, girl?” the girl whispered.

Jeremy opened his - her? - mouth to respond, only to stop a moment later. She was feeling that ‘something’ again - the same thing that told her how to accept the collar, now urging her to think upon her answer. It felt like this was *important*. Like it would change her, in much the same way that her body had been changed. That, more than the collar, *this* was the moment that would truly seal her fate.

“Jenny,” she whispered, at last, and though she spoke softly the name seemed to almost echo through the alley. At the same time, her collar shifted, a new weight added - a medallion, dangling beneath her neck. On the front, it listed Jenny. On the back, a phone number and address. “What’s yours?”

“Rachel,” Jenny’s mistress answered, running fingers through her new pet’s hair. “Or Mistress, if you prefer... Though I think there’s better places for that discussion, don’t you? Alleys can be dangerous for a pair of cute girls, you know.”

Jenny nodded, her cheeks aflame as she stared at the ground.

Rachel only smiled, though, before reaching into her bag again and pulling out a leash. “Come on, Jenny,” she said, clipping the leash onto her new pet’s collar. And then she spoke the three words that Jenny most longed to hear - words

she'd already given up on, before she even entered the alley. Words that made her tail wag, and her leg thump upon the ground.

“Let's go home.”