

Guided to Your New True Self: Preparation

“Are you sure you have everything?” asks Marsh, the shark looking at Kirisha with a motherly concern. The purple shark rubs her hands together, looking out of the window to the cold landscape outside. Then back to her friend, Kirisha. She’s dressed in baggy clothing that completely hides her feminine body. With her coat and gloves, it’s impossible that she is... was ever a she at all.

Kirisha smiles, he responds slowly, with an effort to willfully deepen his voice, to be in line more of an effeminate male than a woman, “With all your help I think I’m good. I hate to leave you like this. Are you sure you’ll be, okay?”

“Yeah... I’ll be fine. Come next semester, I’ll find some new roommates.”

“Are you sure?”

“Very sure. Just don’t become a stranger now. Just because you changed, doesn’t mean we still can’t be friends.”

He smiles, “I don’t think I changed, more that I am finding more of who I am, but I promise to stay in touch and visit often. You’re my best female friend. And I will never forget the time we had. I do appreciate it.”

She smiles, “Hey, what are friends for, right?”

He nods, “I best be going. I’ll see you later, okay?” he says, giving a head bob goodbye.

“Yeah... see you later.”

“And get some sleep. You haven’t gotten a wink in like two days.”

“I will. I just still...”

Kirisha gives her a hug, “Be strong. You’ll do just fine.”

“Thanks, I needed that,” she says with a smile, giving one last hug, before reluctantly letting her go, out the door, ending one journey of her life, as Kirisha starts another.

The moment the door closes she slumps down against the wall, tears rolling down her cheeks, “This is what sh... he wanted. If you care about her... him, you’ll understand. You do understand. Doing this any other way would be selfish...” she tightly hugs herself, “God damn it... I really want to be though.”

She rests there for a moment, pulling herself back onto her feet, walking through the areas that were once Kirisha’s, seeing everything has been laid bare, except what the dorm has given the place. She clenches her fists, “It’s just not fair...” she grumbles, walking into Kirisha’s bathroom, “Was it me? Did I do something to push her away?” She looks at her tired battered complexion, “Maybe I was too forward with our relationship?”

She takes a deep breath turning on the water, splashing some of it on her face, “Kirisha is right... I should get some sleep. She stands stall as her hands run across the countertop as she feels something, “Hmm?” she looks down to see two white ear pods, “Are these Kirisha’s? I think I’ve seen her wear these when she went to bed.” She mulls them about in her hand, “I guess I can see if they work for me as they did for her. If anything...” she grins, “She’ll have to come back and get them.” She looks smug, taking them and putting them into her ears.

A soothing and calming white noise static fills her senses as she heads back to her bedroom. She feels a sense of drowsiness really begin to hit her, "*I swear I can hear something...*" she thinks, but the more she focuses on the noise, the more certain she is that it was just her imagination. One thing is for sure, she'll be sleeping well, long, hard and the start of her own journey of self-discovery is about to begin...

Two Weeks Later

Kirisha stares into a mirror of herself. That luscious curvy woman, with breasts by the handful. He wraps her arms around herself, squeezing his breasts tight to herself, "No... no, that's not right," she hugs herself tighter, "These breasts... these scales... it's all wrong!" she exclaims, closing her eyes.

He stiffens, feeling soft tender hands wrap around him, warm fur against his sides, "What's wrong?" asks Owen.

"He looks at him, leaning against his wonderfully warm body, "I'm just all wrong."

"Never, you look perfect to me, just look in the mirror," he says, turning the raptor's attention back to the mirror.

There he sees a lithe yet muscular femboy. Blue fur, triangular ears, a large bushy tail, darker blue belly fur with a nice long uncut dick hanging in front of him, throbbing, aching, eager to be touched. His navy-blue eyes lock into the mirror, but quickly shift to look into Owen's eyes through the mirror as he reaches down, giving his length a gentle squeeze, a few gentle loving pumps. "Oh... fuck..." he purrs.

"You never looked better, haven't you?" he says, gently licking across the dragon-feline hybrid's ear, making him melt into his arms.

"Oh Owen... yes, I haven't looked this good," he says, looking over his sexy femboy form. His cock twitching, aching, throbbing. It feels so good to have it hang there, the thought of cock filling his mouth, his rear growing, "I just can't wait," he says, looking up at him.

"Wait for what?" the lion asks, giving the dragon-cat hybrid a kiss.

Kirisha leans into it, thinking, "*To be like this.*" Out of the corner of his eye as they passionately lean into one another, he sees green scales, the curves of a nicely sized bust. He breaks the kiss to look in the mirror, anxiety fluttering in his stomach, panting as if he just had a bad dream.

"What's wrong..." says Owen as he says his name. It's not Kirisha though... it something else that lingers in the air that his mind just can't seem to grasp.

"I-I just thought I saw something that is not me."

"Don't be silly. How could you see something not you, unless you were looking at me," he says, pressing his warm throbbing dick up against the base of Kirisha's tail, gently slipping it under to press along his pucker.

The dragon-feline hybrid stares into the mirror, as if expecting the reflection to change. Then his partner pushes into him. He moans taking the dick into his aching, wanting body, “Y-yeah, I guess it was nothing.”

“You’re just my gay slutty dragon-cat, aren’t you?”

He smiles, “Yeah, your gay dragon-cat,” he replies, Owen’s cock sink into him as the lion grips his throbbing member, giving it nice firm pumps, “Just the way I was meant to be,” he purrs, giving the lion another deep passionate kiss. As he does, that green feminine form appears in the corner of his eye, and when he breaks the kiss to look, Kirisha opens his eyes to find Owen’s half of the bed empty.

The raptor’s green scales are visible, despite that he looks over himself, feeling the fading memory of a wonderful dream only to be met with the harsh cold truth of reality, leaving her feeling off... missing parts. He lifts the covers to find nothing there but a wet stain of a hollow female climax, which sends a cold shiver down his spine, “Damn it,” he growls.

He wraps his hands around his breasts, claws digging into the scales, almost to the point of drawing blood, “If I just didn’t...” he grumbles, pulling his hands away, looking over at the time, “School starting up today. I should take a shower.”

He ignores every mirror, getting washed up as quickly as humanly as possible, “Owen?” he calls out as he dries himself off.

“Yes? I’m in the kitchen having breakfast.”

The raptor comes in, seeing the lion eating a bowl of cereal, “After breakfast, could you help me with this?” he asks, holding up his chest binding wraps.

Owen smiles, “Of course, pouring Kirisha a bowl.”

“Thanks, I do appreciate it,” he says, his high-pitched voice leveling off to reach that practiced femboy depth.

“What are friends for, but to help each other out, in their time of need. Speaking of which, I have a surprise for you that I think you’d really like.”

“Oh?” he asks with an inquisitive purr that gives away his feminine nature, which makes him humph.

Owen pretends not to notice the mistake, “Yup, I think you’ll really like it. A bit of fun and fulfillment all in one.”

“Do you have a way to make my dreams come true?”

“Not yet, but we’re working on it.”

“Owen, you don’t have to lie, I Know you want to, but it’s just... never mind.”

“Kirisha, come on. You can tell me, what is it?”

“Well... I... How about after breakfast.”

“Sure thing. Speaking of dreams though, how have you been sleeping? Have the new ear pods been working out for you?”

“They’ve been working out great. It really helps me put my mind at ease as I try to sleep. I don’t know how I could ever thank you. I don’t know what I would do without them.”

“It’s perfectly fine. I’m happy as long as you are happy.”

“I feel like an idiot for having lost the previous pair. I haven't a clue where I could have put them.”

“I'm sure the moment we stop looking for them, they'll show up. You know how it goes.”

“Isn't that the truth,” he says with a sigh, hungrily finishing breakfast, so they can get right into the chest binding. Kirisha holds up his arms up, “I do feel bad making you do this.”

“Nonsense. I'm happy to help you reach your goals,” he says, while thinking, “*And get you closer to mine.*” After getting the first two wrap around she asks, “So, what was this thing you said never me to mind till we started this?”

“I did say that didn't I?” he says, taking a shallow breath as he feels the constriction around his chest. His breasts pushed up against his body, feeling a pressure along his sides as he moves and adjusts his arms to let the lion around, “It's more than just being a guy. It's also being a raptor. I never realized how much I love the feel of fur till I had you up against me. Holding me close, pressing yourself against my body. I really... long for it myself.”

“You wish to be a lion like me?”

“Yes... and no. I'm not totally sure of it myself just yet. But I feel like I've seen the person who I am really meant to be. It's on the tip of my tongue every morning when I wake up, but just as I am about to say it, realize it for myself? It's gone. And it's just... really frustrating. I want it so bad, yet I don't even know what it is that I actually want. Following these feelings and all I'm getting is the sensation of loss and despair.”

“You'll get there. No need to rush it. Nothing good came from rushing into something headfirst. Take your time, get to understand yourself. And I am sure it will come to you when you least expect it.”

“You think so?” he asks as Owen finishes.

“I know so. How's that?”

Kirisha moves his arms around, feeling the constant pressure around his chest and sides, more so along the sides as he lowers his arms, “That works,” he says, running his claws gently across his smoothed-out chest that still has that subtle lump, “As good as it's going to get... sorry. I didn't mean to be down about it.”

Owen kisses him on the cheek, “Relax, I understand. I'm here to help you, remember? Trust me when I say I have your best interests in mind.”

He smiles and leans into the kiss, feeling warm all over, “I know you do. And I appreciate it.”

“The moment you figure out what you feel is the right you, you let me know, okay?”

He gently holds his hands, “I will. You will be the first to know.”

“Good, now let me make your day by showing you what I got you.”

He smirks, “This has to be something that has gotten you this excited about it,” he says, pulling on his baggy shirt that he's pilfered from Owen's closet.

The lion softly chuckles, “You have no idea. It’s mostly for you, but it has a little something that is for me. But it’s the small price you *pay* for my *help*, but it’s *worth it*, isn’t it Kirisha?”

Kirisha feels that warm tingle through him again, his arousal budding, “Y-yeah it is. I can’t wait to see what you got me, though you really shouldn’t have. You’ve already done so much for me; I am not sure how I will ever repay you at this point.”

“I’m sure you’ll think of something in due time, but I am in no rush. This isn’t a tit for tat. When I do one thing for you, you have to do something for me. This is a friendship with lovely benefits,” he says, placing a plain box on the kitchen table, “Here you go.”

“What is it?”

“Open and see you dunce. I don’t want to ruin the surprise by just telling you. I wish to see the look in your eyes as you lay them upon what I have brought,” he says in a grandiose tone.

“Alright, alright. Mr. Shakespeare here,” he remarks, opening the box and in an instant his jaw drops, and sex clenched, “How in the world did you...” he reaches into the box, pulling out a hefty set of cock and balls, with a long dildo designed to fit and pop into his female sex with a knot to lock it in place.

“It does way more than that,” he says, pulling out a remote, giving it a little shake.

Kirisha stares at it, “Oh no, I’m afraid yet excited to ask,” he comments, his heart racing, gently feeling over the rubbery balls, giving them a playful squeeze, the cock twitching and throbbing, rising a little bit, “Oh my.”

“There’s more to it than that. It’ll slip in, pop in with no straps needed, latch onto your corresponding parts so you can piss through it.”

Kirisha’s heart races faster, “I can piss standing up?”

“You could write your name with it if we had any snow,” he chuckles.

“This is amazing! Thank you, love!” he exclaims with an excited trill.

“Don’t thank me yet. There’s more, but why don’t you put it on first and then I’ll show you the real fun with it.”

Without hesitation or a second thought he pulls down his baggy pants and boxers. His hot sex dripping with aching need, lubricating his hole to let the new toy slip right into him nice and deep. Each inch felt wonderful yet not fulfilling in the way he’d like. Then came the knot and with a firm strong push it slides into him with an audible pop, “Fuck that’s a big knot,” he pants.

“Now to activate it,” Owen says with a sly grin, and with a single button press the knot gently vibrates, teasing the raptor’s folds but the dildo within him expands, and the front of the toy latches onto the raptor’s outer folds, aligning it perfectly with the corresponding parts.

“Woah... that feels good... an odd good but good,” he says with a pant, feeling the weight and heft of the balls between his legs, soothing a little bit of that itch of what’s *missing* from himself. Calming that little screaming part of him that keeps telling him that he’s imperfect.

“And with a simple turn of the dial,” he says with a devilish grin, turning the dial up.

The vibrations within the raptor’s folds increase, but the flaccid cock starts to harden, and turn into a twitching throbbing faux uncut penis hanging there between his legs. The vibrations

within his folds make him wetter, which makes him squeeze upon the toy. The cock jumps and slowly pre-cum oozes from the tip. The sight of which fills the raptor with unbridled delight and joy, “Oh fuck... that is amazing.”

“The vibrations and erection are separate and since the controls go over the internet, and has a built-in auto connect and hack wi-fi, no matter where you are, I can give you a stiffy. Such as in the middle of class. As you know guys have several erections throughout the day rather, they want them or not. And I know you’d just *love* to experience that.”

“Fuck I love it, I absolutely love it!” he trills again, jumping up and giving the lion a big ol kiss and hug, grinding his new junk against the lion’s crotch.

Owen purrs, leaning into the kiss, wrapping his arms around him, “Now whenever you get a stiffy, you’ll be thinking of me.”

“I don’t need a stiffy to do that,” he says with a playful wink. “Now... what can I do for you?”

“What you can do is get on your hands and knees and show your appreciation for the hard work I did getting that little bit of you,” he says, pulling down his pants, revealing his hard throbbing length.

Kirisha’s heart flutters when he lies eyes upon that throbbing length, “I said what can I do for you love. Not what you can give me,” he chuckles, kneeling down, gently gripping that warm throbbing length with one hand, and fondling the lion’s balls with the other.

“Hey, who says we can’t both enjoy your show of appreciation. That’s the fun of being a gay dude, isn’t it?”

He chuckles, “I guess it is,” he purrs, gently caressing Owen’s sack, giving that member a few good pumps, his thumb gently rubbing along the cock head, his claw expertly pulling and tugging at the fore skin so more of his male juices can pool within it before he lets the skin go, allowing it to flow over his length, like a mini volcano eruption before he wraps his lips around the throbbing length, giving it a nice firm suckle.

The flavor of Owen’s pre-cum lingers on Kirisha’s tongue. Something about it tastes so wonderful and nice. He softly purrs, steadily taking more of the lion’s dick into his mouth. He moans softly engulfing the whole thing within his muzzle. With slow steady head bobs, he takes the member, focused completely on the throbbing digit before him. Between his legs he feels the weight of the faux penis, throbbing, twitching, the vibrations going deep into his body, building up his arousal. The whole situation is oddly calming, soothing. Quelling those discomforting sensations and simply giving into the lust of the moment. Enjoying the warmth of his lover while Owen’s hand rests on the back of his head.

“Good boy. Such a really good boy. Your mouth just keeps getting better,” he groans, rubbing the back of Kirisha’s head. Gently petting him as he gently thrusts into his hungry mouth, “*He’s coming along so nicely,*” he thinks, letting his raptor friend enjoy himself in the moment, but he can only hold back his pleasure for so long before he unleashes his load into the raptor’s hungry mouth.

Kirisha sucks down the lion's cream with delight. Each gush of seed hitting the roof of his mouth, sliding down the back of his throat feels just so perfect. He gets a few more good firm suckles in before pulling off, licking the cock tip as he does so, "Hmm, that was delicious. They were right, second breakfast is great," he chuckles, gently caressing his own length, giving it a few firm pumps.

"I couldn't agree more," he says, looking at the time, "Don't you have a class soon?"

"Crap... I do," he grumbles, "I was hoping to get this handled before I go," he says, gently caressing this hard-on.

"Sometimes you just have to ignore it. Or let it consume you. One of the two, take your pick."

He huffs, pulling his hand away from his crotch and gets dressed. By the time he reaches his first class of the day, the stiffer between his legs has finally calmed down, but there's still that very low vibration that keeps Kirisha's arousal at a low beat.

His baggy clothes hide most of his looks as he sits in the back of the class partially to avoid notice, and partially to admire some of the other students, "*So many sex guys in this class,*" he thinks dreamily, barely taking any notice of the teacher. As his mind wanders, his arousal returns. He adjusts and squirms in his chair, the throbbing length between his legs forming a slight bulge in his pants, "*Go down. I'm trying to learn.*"

The vibrations within his sex ramp up, adding a real arousal to his faux length. He makes a few more adjustments, getting comfortable and trying to make do with his aching body. Thoughts of sex creep into his mind as the class continues, half of it was on the teacher, the other half was on those male students that caught his eye. Flash images of him sucking their lengths, just imagining what it would be like. The second class was no better, with Kirisha's arousal starting to hit a breaking point, having spent most of her attention just picturing the men naked, and having a grand gay time with them.

"*So many back to back classes,*" he thinks in frustration, the third class as he sits back there, he notices Robbie is there. The canine smirks, giving him a playful wink when he catches him halfway through class ogling him, "*Crap... he saw me doing that,*" he thinks, feeling his cheeks warm up. Without a word he grabs his things and heads to the nearest bathroom, and this part of the campus being a tad older, has a few more additions than normal.

Kirisha places his bag on a hook in the stall sitting back in the men's bathroom stall, panting a bit, his length throbbing hard, sex squeezing so hard on the dildo. He notices a wet stain where his bulge is, "*Crap... Real men have control over themselves,*" he thinks, rubbing the bulge, "Come on Kirisha, clear your thoughts... Maybe a nice quick rub and I can get back to..." he goes silent when he hears someone else walk in.

"*Shit, I can't jerk off with someone here that I don't know...*" he thinks, yet the thought only adds to his burning arousal, more fuel to this lustful fire.

The stall next to him opens.

“*Relax, relax,*” he thinks, looking at the glory hole that’s right there. He leans back away from it, as the idea of whoever is there just sticking his dick through it... His heart races at the thought, his claws tenderly rubbing his length, just to keep himself on edge.

Zip, thump, a throbbing canine length pushes through the hole, “I saw you eyeing me there Kirisha. How about I give you what you need.”

“R-Robbie? Here? Now?”

“Something the matter? Do you not want to suck my dick?” he asks, the member twitching, pre-cum dribbling from the tip.

The raptor eyes the cock, licking her lips, “R-real men control their urges.”

“Pff, is that what you think? Real men give in. And enjoy themselves. Do what they want, and love doing it. Like how I want you to suck my dick right now.”

His eyes are locked on the throbbing cock, his heart throbbing as much as the member before him. His own dick aching as the vibrations increases in intensity, “I...”

“Come on Kirisha man up and accept what you want. Don’t hold back, be who you want to be.”

The raptor swallows a lump in his throat, crouching before it, grabbing it at the base, feeling how warm and wet it is against his fingers, the aroma wafting over his nostrils, making him want it all the more, “I want...”

“What is it that you want?”

The next words flow out of his mouth so easily, acceptingly, yet he has no idea where they came from, but as he speaks to them, it just feels good, “I want to be a slutty cock sucker,” he purrs, wrapping his mouth around the length, giving it a firm suckle.

Robbie lets out a soft moaning canine whine, “Then be it. Accept it. Embrace who you want to be. Real men can suck dick.”

“*Real men suck dick. Yes, that sounds so right,*” Kirisha thinks, bobbing his head around the throbbing length. Moaning happily as he takes it as he bobs his head on the cock, till his nostrils hit the end of the stall. He gently caresses his own hard length, adding to the pleasure of the moment as he goes and gives it his all. His tongue coiling around the penis, squeezing it as he slurps it all down, again and again, wanting to push his friend over the edge.

The stall walls shake when Robbie bangs himself against the wall. Wanting to get every inch of the raptor’s mouth around his aching length, “*Owen is right, he’s just perfect for what he has planned,*” he thinks, pre-cum flowing from his cock into that slut mouth. His body aches with pleasure as he braces himself against the stall as he humps away, his knot sliding along the edges of the glory hole, *almost* threatening to knot himself to the stall... almost but not quiet.

Kirisha is lost in the moment, taking Robie’s cock for all it has to give him. He savors the moment, trying to draw out that sweet climax that his body is begging for so much himself. He pumps at his length, body trembling when he hears Robbie give a whimpering moan, his cock spasming in his maw, flooding his taste buds with his seed.

The raptor purs happily, suckling down the tasty cream, flooding his mind with pleasure as he forgets for a moment that his own aching body is in need of a similar experience, just so he

can completely savor this lovely moment. He bobs his head up and down, sucking out every drop from the delicious red rocket.

Robbie pants heavily, his tail hitting the other end of the stall with a constant thump, “That was wonderful... you are a natural dude.”

Kirisha says nothing for a moment, simply suckling the softening cock in his mouth till it retracts back into Robbie’s sheath. “Thanks...” he says with a soft aching moan.

“Sounds like you need another filling.”

“Yeah... that sounds nice,” he says with a pant, “I’m so pent up.”

“Sounds like it. Tell you what, you stay in here and I’ll round you up with some friends of mine who would love to experience a mouth like yours.”

“What about class?”

“What about it? It’s college, you learn what you want. And the best way to get better is to practice.”

Kirisha smiles, “Yeah... practice. I have to practice,” he says, licking his lips.

“Take a moment to catch your breath and enjoy your new life lessons.”

“I think I shall, thank you Robbie, you’re the best.”

“No, thank you. That was one of the best I’ve had. You’re a real natural,” he says, zipping up.

“I am good at this aren’t I? It feels great, tastes great. Why shouldn’t I do this more often?” he thinks, not even noticing that Robbie has left, leaving the raptor to think over what was being said and done. He gently caresses himself until a new cock is shoved through the hole.

“I hear you’re a good cock sucker. Prove it,” says a deep voiced male.

A thick throbbing uncut cock pushes through the hole, and without a single word, he wraps his lips around it, giving it a firm suckle. As the guy’s moans fills the raptor’s ears, it’s the start of a wonderful time, taking dick after dick. Tongue coiling around to taste and experience so many different men, one after another. Sometimes with breaks in between, other times it’s back after back. For at least an hour he thought there was a line of guys just waiting to get a taste of his mouth. Their calls of praise, feel so good to him. *A natural. A great gay cock sucker. Only a guy could suck dick this well.*

He continues to throb and ache, the vibrations between his legs keeping him right on edge, yet he never gets over it. His mind lost in a lustful drunken stupor, losing track of himself in the endless parade of dicks. Then one pops into the hole and before the raptor wraps his lips around it he stops. His cock twitches, throbbing so hard, “O-Owen?”

“It was getting late, and I was wondering what happened to you. I gave Robbie a call and he said if I go to the east wing of the school, I’ll find you. So, I got to searching and I heard this rumor that there’s some guy who gives some great head in the bathroom with the glory hole. And here I am. And I am not surprised to find you here. Having a good time?” he asks.

Kirisha responds by wrapping his mouth around Owen’s delicious dick. The lions soft purring moans filling his ears. A heavenly delight that he just can’t help but really sink into. He

slurps away, tongue coiling around the length in new and inventive ways, as all his focus is on his lover before him.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” he moans, bucking against the stall. A hand digging into his pocket to turn up the vibrations of the member between Kirisha’s legs.

The raptor responds positively, sucking even harder, bobbing his head along the member. Panting moaning with lust, pulling his mouth from the lion’s dick only to nuzzle and lick across the underside. Giving it a few firm pumps before wrapping his mouth back around it.

Owen bites his lower lip, “*Damn he’s good and he learned so much since this morning. I think that deserves encouragement to cum,*” he thinks, turning the vibrations up to max, “Come on slut, cum with me. Sexy gay guys like you can get off from sucking just dick, can’t you?”

Kirisha moans a yes, wrapping his lips tightly around the dick as he goes faster and faster, taking the aching cock for all tis worth as he sucks away. Nothing but a wonderful moment of bliss and eagerness as the pressure in his loins hits their crescendo. He lets out a pleasant trill just as the surge of Owen’s seed floods his mouth.

The raptor’s juices are channeled through the dick, shooting out a clear gushing liquid, much similar to a male’s climax. The raptor mentally *feels* the seed rush through the dick. A blissful moment as he shoots his essence onto the ground, while taking in Owen’s for every drop he’s worth. The raptor feels some of the haze being lifted just as he comes to his senses, “Fuck... fuck,” he says licking the cock tip, giving it one last suckle, listening to Owen’s pleasure pants.

The lion happily purrs, “That was great,” he says, taking a moment to catch his breath.

“Welcome... sorry about the mess,” he says with a blush, looking down at the splashes of missed seed and his own juices on the floor.

“It’s fine. I knew you could cum just from sock sucking, how does it feel?”

He nuzzles the dick, giving it a little kiss, “Great, best climax of my life. But I missed all my classes.”

“It’ll be fine. I think you learned a more important lesson today; don’t you think?”

He smiles, “Y-yeah, I think I did. You’re always right Owen. Thank you for the help and thank you for this gift.”

The lion grins fiendishly as he pulls his dick back into his pants, “Any time, what are friends for, am I right?” He thinks, “*Just have to let him bake a bit longer and then he’ll be ready. My experiment is working great. These results are phenomenal. I can’t wait to see the finished product.*”