

## CHRISTINA'S TRANSFORMATION

For BadWolfTickler

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“Cootchie-cootchie-coo, Christina.”

“Stahahahahahap!”

Jenn's fluffy fingers continued to stroke and glide along Christina's lower stomach. Each of the tickle bear's digits was coated in thick, soft fur, each bristle acting as its own tiny tongue licking at every bare inch of ticklish skin.

“Cootchie-cootchie-coo. What a cute little tickle bear you'll make! It'll be so fun to turn you into my very own tickle bear friend.”

Frog-tied, there was nothing Christina could do to escape her fate. She'd arrived late home and found the big purple tickle monster sitting on her bed, reading a book on *How to Make a Tickle Bear*. Before she could ask what her 'friend' was doing, Jenn had injected her with something that made her entire body feel tingly, something thick and purple that turned her bones to jelly. It was no use trying to fight – Jenn overpowered her quickly, restraining her to the bed and starting work on the process of transforming Christina.

“The more I tickle-tickle-tickle, the more you-giggle-giggle-giggle, and the more you laugh the faster your heart beats,” Jenn had explained earlier, while toying with Christina's toes; “The faster your heart beats, the faster it pumps blood around your body. Which means-!”

She left a kiss on Christina's big toe, making her squeal as the bear's cold nose rubbed against it.

“The faster the serum activates. Soon you'll be a big fluffy tickle bear like me. Won't that be fun, sweetie?”

“Can we-he-he-hehehe- talk about thihihis?”

Jenn pressed a paw to her chin, thinking. “No, but you can laugh about it.”

Within seconds, Christina was under attack, trying desperately to rock from side to side and escape the hands clawing at her belly and sides. It was no use – she was tied tightly to the bed, with nothing to do but laugh and laugh as Jenn's tickling hands attacked her vulnerable, ticklish body.

Wait. Something was happening.

“Oooh, look down there! Wiggle those toes for me, cutie.”

To Christina's shock, her right foot was no longer cute and pink with its high arches and cute little toes – it had transformed into a huge paw covered in green fluff, the sprouting fur tickling her unbearably as she desperately tried to kick free of her bonds. The tickling sensation was beginning to cover her whole body – her ears, her neck, her sides, her thighs –

and worst of all, her pussy, which was slowly beginning to get wet from the humiliating tickle torture.

“You want to be a tickle bear, don’t you? It’ll be so much fun. We can find cute girls and guys and tickle them together. You’ll feel them struggle and scream under you as you tickle them breathless. It’s so much fun being a tickle bear. You’ll love it *sooo* much.”

*Will I?*

Christina’s head spun. Between the focused tickling of Jenn’s hands and the all-over prickling of her sprouting fur, she could barely think. Tickling people sounded good, it sounded like it’d feel so sublime to give in and tickle... but no! She wasn’t a tickle bear – she was a human, she couldn’t transform into a tickle monster and mercilessly tickle people! Tickle women and watch their breasts helplessly bounce with her every move... watch them glisten with sweat and try to hide their wet pussies as they begged for the tickling to stop... men trying to deny that the treatment was turning them on, their egos deflated by her tickling hands, tears rolling down their faces as they submitted to being her tickle pet... long tickle fights with her new tickle bear friends... it sounded...

It sounded good...

Christina wanted to tickle. To be swallowed by the fur. To succumb to the desire to tickle and tickle and tickle. To-

No!

“Stahahahahap tihihickling! It’s toohohoho much!”

“Mmm, we’re barely even started, honey.” Jenn’s fingers slid from Christina’s belly to her ribs and back. “Your fur is coming in nicely. It’s such a lovely shade of green.”

“Naahahahaha! No more tihihickling!” She squirmed desperately, hopelessly, tossing her head from side to side. “I’m nahahahat a tickle bear!”

“You will be soon. It’ll be so much fun. What’s wrong with being a tickle bear? Your fur will be so nice and warm and cozy and tickly. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

It did sound nice.

But- but Christina couldn’t become a tickle bear-! If she did – well – maybe it’d be fun to tickle people all day, and tie up cute girls and turn them into her personal tickle slaves, but-but-but- scientists! Doctors from across the country would be after her – tickle bears are such a mystery, and so many doctors are itching to know how they work! She’d be kidnapped and stuck in a facility within days of her transformation!

They’d strap her to a table and fill her with huge toys, overstimulating her new fluffy slit for hours as she writhed on the cool metal slab, dripping as they stared at her with a cold, mean, clinical gaze. Scientists would press buttons and deploy tickly hands to attack her body, testing her ticklishness, reaction times, abilities – hours, maybe even days of scientific tickle

torture, forced orgasms, at the hands of perverted, sadistic scientists who would torment her to her breaking point...

And then maybe she'd escape and turn the tables, pinning each scientist down in turn and tickling them back, using her fluffy hands to tickle their cocks and pussies until they screamed for no more, overwhelming their ribs and armpits and bellies and feet with tickling, punishing them for imprisoning her while gleefully taking her prize, maybe even taking one home to be her playmate for a few months... a cute scientist woman to tie up and tickle, to make her cum hundreds of times until she was a blabbering mess, to ride her face and-

"You're nice and wet, cutie. Are you having fun thinking about what it'll be like as a tickle bear?"

"N-no!"

"Ah." Jenn nodded. "So you're just enjoying the tickling, then?"

"Shuhuhuhut uhuhuhup! Nh-hahahaha!"

"Sooo ticklish. So much more ticklish than any other tickle bear. We'll all want to play with you. Look, your new ears are so pretty!"

Christina bucked. Inside of her was a raging fight – the urge to try and throw Jenn off, beg not to be tickled anymore, it was too much, she couldn't take it, against the urge to give in, laugh her head off, let the fur overtake her and the tickle-thirst overcome her mind. Every second, the latter would push a little ahead. Every second, the idea both scared her a little less and a little more. She was losing herself to the laughter, and she didn't know if she loved it or hated it.

"Look at that. Your new tickle fur looks so good on you, cutie."

"OHOOHOHO MY GAHAHHAHAHD STAHAAHAHP TICKLING MEHEHEHEHEHE!"

"Mmm... okay."

And Jenn stopped.

Breathing hard, Christina looked around. "Wh- why- whyhyhy did you stahahap?"

"You told me to, honey."

"I- I- I-"

"You didn't want me to stop? Tell me, honey, do you want to be tickled?" Jenn laid back, smiling sweetly. "Do you want to become a big fluffy tickle bear like me? Mmm, if you do, I could fuck you with my nice, big tickle bear cock, and show everyone how nice and full I can make you, that'd be so fun, and everyone would get so jealous..."

Shaking, Christina gulped, watching Jenn's finger slowly trace up and down her inner thigh.

"So? Do you want me to tickle you?"

Christina shakily nodded.

“You have to say it, sweetie.”

“P- please- please tickle me and turn me into a tickle bear, Jenn!”

Cooing, Jenn tapped her on the nose once. “You’re so adorable. You’re going to make a *lovely* tickle bear.”

Her hands flew back to work, tickling Christina’s belly mercilessly like a thousand hungry feathers, teasing her in a cooing, lilting voice that fell on deaf ears. Christina could barely think, let alone process Jenn’s words – the ache of her wetness overtook her mind completely. The neediness. Tickling was good. Tickling felt good. Tickling made her wet, it turned her on.

It felt good to be Jenn’s tickle pet.

It felt good to be a tickle bear.

It felt good...

It...

Felt good...

So good...

*So* good...