Midnight Modifications

Sheila was pretty lonely these days. Her life had become a cycle by this point. All she did all day was work, then come home and recover from the crappy work day she had had. Every day was the same. Every day she dealt with entitled and rude customers at her 9-6 fast food job, and every day she dealt with her shitty and unpleasant co-workers. None of them ever seemed to give a shit about anything they did, and just did the bare minimum in order to not get fired, which meant nothing ever went right at that accursed restaurant. Sheila couldn’t even be friends with them outside of work, for even if their shitty work performance hadn’t tarnished her view of them already, they were just crappy and unenjoyable to be around in general.

Life just sucked recently. Sheila may have been bullied a lot in her school days, but at least then she had friends…but she’d even fallen out of contact with them as well.

All Sheila had to her name really was this bare-bones apartment. Rent took up most of her money, so she couldn’t afford anything to take the edge off of the empty hole that her life had become. She had a dvd player, sure, but nothing to put in it. Her TV was a shitty box that could only access generic public access channels, and even then it hardly ever worked right.

Life was just…hopeless. It felt like this was all Sheila would ever achieve. It felt like she could just die, and nobody would ever notice or care. It felt like she would just rot away in this tiny box.

So, when she heard a knock on her door, she was instantly taken aback. She’d never had anyone do that before. Not even the landlord or any sort of maintenance person…

Sheila slowly got off of her creaky couch and opened the door…when she peeked out, she couldn’t see anyone.

“Huh…?” Sheila huffed. Was she getting pranked?

Sheila’s eyes then drifted downwards to a small cardboard box that was left on her doorstep. She narrowed her eyes in confusion and picked it up. Eyeballing it, Sheila deduced that it must contain some kind of DVD case…

Sheila turned it around in her hands several times, trying to find some kind of address it was meant for, but couldn’t find any…

“…Guess it must be for me then…” Sheila hummed as she went back inside. She eagerly clawed the contents of the box out. She didn’t even know what it was yet, but she was just so happy to be receiving something, anything for once in her life!

The contents of the box turned out to be a DVD box set for some old kids show called The Smiling Critters. Sheila curiously turned the box over to read the back.

*“The entire first and second seasons of the smash hit Smiling Critters TV Show! Now upscaled and touched up for modern DVD players and audiences! Relieve the earliest adventures with your favorite critters and pick up this DVD today!”*

The whole show seemed a little corny in all honesty, but pretty cute too. Perhaps a burst of nostalgia was just the thing Sheila needed right now.

A very slight smile spread across the woman’s face as she put the first DVD into the player and started it up.

A few random commercials for other shows and assorted kids toys played for a while before the main menu of the DVD popped up. Sheila didn’t really bother to look at it very much, she just wanted to get into watching this odd little show ASAP.

But then something odd happened.

After hitting play, the screen cut to black and then stayed that way. Sheila was immediately pissed off. The one moment of discovery and joy she could’ve had was being ruined by a shitty copy of a DVD!

Sheila stormed up to the DVD player and went to eject the DVD…and when she did, the DVD sure did come out, but so did a gigantic plume of crimson-hued smoke.

Sheila let outa yelp of fright and jumped back, landing on her hands and knees. She only become more fearful when she felt the smoke come into her mouth upon inhaling.

Sheila flipped onto her back and clasped her hands over her mouth and nose. Her heart starting pumping, and her body began to shake.

(“Oh God-?! What the fuck’s going on?! What is all this-?! That DVD- That smoke-?!”) Sheila’s thoughts melded together in a complete soup of panic and fear.

The panic was only extenuated when she started to feel something growing on her hands. She figured the damage was already done by now, so she took her hands off of her mouth, and that’s when she took in a giant gasp of shock, for her hands were growing a thick pelt of dark purple fur, and along with that, her fingernails were growing out into short, retractable claws.

“Holy fuck- What the fuck- What-“ Sheila could barely speak, could barely speak. Her panic had overcome her entire being.

The fur continued growing, spreading down her arms now, where it took on a brighter purple color. It was itchy at first, but after a while, Sheila’s skin seemed to get used to it…and it actually started to feel quite comfy.

It wouldn’t take long for Sheila’s entire body (Save for her head) to be fully coated. Sheila then gulped and ran a hand through the fur. It felt as soft as a cloud, and smelt strongly of lavender. Sheila could feel her panic actively dulling the more the smell hit her nostrils…It didn’t seem like the smoke was having any severe, unhealthy effects on her body besides the weird cat stuff…so maybe all she had to do was calm down and it wouldn’t be so bad.

“Christ- What even is this thi- URK-“ Sheila’s speech was cut off by the next wave of changes in her body, starting with her skinny and small figure growing rounder and more pudgy. She also lost her breasts, as they shrank away into nonexistence. Sheila grunted in discomfort as she poked her newly stout build.

“H-How the hell am I going to fit into my fucking uniform now-?!” Sheila grunted. Her shirt was already starting to tear slightly from the pressure that it wasn’t used to, and her pants were constricting her legs. Sheila stayed still all the while, fearful to move much.

Of course that wouldn’t stop a whole lot, as her feet began to change, starting with two of her toes being absorbed into the other three, which reshaped into a thicker, curved form, complete with retractable claws. Her feet -now paws- began to lengthen afterwards, pushing against her house shoes. Sheila let out another grunt as she rolled over onto her stomach (Causing her shirt to tear even more). While that was going on, the balls of her paws and toes began to grow squashy, leathery pads, which only intensified the pressure on her shoes. It didn’t take long at all for them to pop off entirely.

Sheila breathed a sigh of relief that her paws could finally breathe…but now she had paws. She was turning into a full-on cat person. How the hell was she going to go into work like this???

Sheila let out a feline growl (that she failed to notice) as she stood back up and grumpily shook off her remaining clothes. While she did so, something new began growing out of her spine, that being a long and unusually dexterous cat tail…and speaking of its length, it was oddly long too, enough to wrap around her legs a few times (yes, she tested).

The fur would then finally start to make its way up Sheila’s head, preparing to erase her last purely human trait.

The fur grew a little thicker around her cheeks, creating two fluffy tufts, and her ears grew to almost double their size, reshaping into a triangular form. The next victim of the changes would be her mouth and nose, starting with her upper lip splitting in half and fusing with her nose, which receded, yet widened up, turning pitch black.

Sheila’s eyes then turned the same black color, with her pupils turning stark-white like wisps in a void, and with that, Sheila’s transformation was done.

“Urrrgh…Fucking hell…” Sheila huffed as she looked at her new self, and the smoke that still permeated her apartment.

“How the hell am I supposed to live like this?!” She cried out. In her moment of curiosity and want for something new…well, she sure got it alright, but in the worst way possible.

…That smoke though…something about it was just so relaxing…combined with the lavender smell of her fur…it made her so sleepy…

Maybe this was all just a bad dream…everything would be back to normal when she woke up…

Sheila laid down on the floor and slowly drifted off to sleep…

“CatNap? You okay buddy?” A quiet, friendly voice whispered.

(“CatNap? Who’s that? Is he talking to me?”) Sheila thought to herself.

(“…Wait, how’d he get into my-“) Sheila shot up and opened her eyes, looking towards the source of the voice, where she was met with a bipedal, orange dog looking at her with a very concerned expression.

“UHHH, UHHH-“ Sheila sputtered, looking around at the new, unfamiliar room. The walls were colored a deep purple, and speckled with white, creating a night-sky look. It seemed to be a comfortable looking bedroom all things considered…but how the hell did Sheila end up here?!

“C-CatNap-? Are you okay?” The dog asked, putting a gentle hand on Sheila’s shoulder.

“Wh-Who- What’s going on here- How’d I-“ The first thing Sheila noticed was her new voice, it was very deep and raspy, like she’d been suffering from some sort of throat infection. That only seemed to concern the dog more.

“Heyheyhey! D-don’t talk, okay? You know that hurts you!” He whimpered.

Sheila then suddenly found that she knew how to speak in sign language. Her hands seemed to move on their own as she signed out (“What’s going on? Who are you? Where am I?”)

The dog whimpered again as his expression grew more concerned.

“G-Goodness, you must be sicker than I thought…D-do you really not remember? I-I’m Dogday, this is your house…”

(“Oh yeah, I remember now.”) Sheila shakily signed out. She wasn’t completely lying, she was starting to gain vague recollections of Dogday and this world as a whole…

“O-Okay…well I left you some tea in your kitchen. Drink it please, it’ll help you heal faster. Call me if you need anything else, okay?” Dogday said. Sheila nodded in return.

“Okay…see you later buddy.” Dogday bid the cat farewell and stepped out…

Sheila sat in ‘her’ bed for several minutes, just trying to wrap her head around this whole situation. She wanted to watch a TV show, now she was a fucking cat person in a new world…and she was starting to ‘remember’ details about this place now.

“Wh-“ Sheila tried to talk to herself, only for it to cause her throat severe pain, which made her cough. That only made her throat hurt worse.

(“Ugh…what the hell’s going on with me…?”)

…Was this really that bad though? Living a life in this really comfy looking house…surrounded by great friends…?

(“Why am I remembering all this stuff…?”) Sheila wondered nervously.

Again though…was it really that bad? Sheila’s old life was really miserable. This one seemed really awesome, for lack of a better word.

…She needed some time to rest and think this over, so CatNap slowly laid back down…and he quickly fell asleep.