

SEALED WITH A KISS

**Contains anthro cat character TF, NBtM, twinning, identity death, hypnosis
Octransfur story #27: Caught - part of a trade with TFedworld!**

“...You like kissing boys, don’t you?”

Mira was just walking by, minding their own business, when they heard that voice, that insinuating tease, strike them when they weren’t looking. It had been a very quiet, uneventful day so far, and hearing that after an entire stretch of time without anyone directly addressing them was quite the shock. Looking behind them, it took them a good couple of moments to even parse out who said that, but once their eyes focused in, it was enough to put Mira into a state of frozen shock.

It...it was him—the boykisser!

Mira didn’t think he’d catch them like this. They’d heard enough from all of the stories, ones that foretold that if one ever landed themselves in the gaze of him, they were essentially a goner, reduced to nothing more than a plaything for which he could exact his own whims upon. Mira tried their damndest to escape, yet it was all for naught as it was like their body had petrified, all the while the boykisser was approaching them. Upon close proximity, he climbed Mira’s body and grabbed them by the collar of their hoodie to instate his dominance.

“Ooooo...you like kissing boys...you’re a boykisser...”

Those words began to reverberate on loop through Mira’s mind, coinciding with the boykisser’s eyes starting to flash into slowly-moving spiral patterns. Mira would’ve averted their eyes, but it seemed even their eyelids were bolted upon with no chance to even blink. The only thing they could do at this point was stare...stare into an all-consuming, hypnotic void. Mira’s eyes soon were reduced to hypnotic disks of their own as they were being pulled into a relaxed trance, one that the boykisser saw as an opportunity to strike with a big, overwrought, prolonged smooch. As his lips met theirs, the seeds of his likeness were soon to be planted into Mira’s body.

From their lips, thick white pelage was starting to sprout at all sides, muddying up their skin in a whole field of fluff. Not long after near the base of their skull, a small, animalistic snout proceeded to jut out, complete with a small, feline, button nose and a cute-looking curled up mouth. Equally puffy whiskers began to pop out the sides of their face as their somewhat mopy brown hair was swept up in the massive campaign the snow-white fur was undertaking across their entire body, their ears idly flicking as they migrated near the top of their head.

Meanwhile, in the quickly numbing mess that was Mira’s mind, they were beginning to have visions sneakily implanting themselves in their mind, ones where they had always loved boys...teasing them, seducing them, and most of all, kissing them. The machinations of the boykisser were about to bear fruit, as the frozen complacency of Mira’s side of the kiss was beginning to transition into full-on reciprocation.

The transformation began to inch down Mira's entire body, their hoodie starting to look much more baggy and ill-fitting on their form as their torso shrank in size, all the while the pure-white hair began to cascade throughout their entire torso, not stopping in its encroaching of every single crevice it found. On their chest in particular, sprouted a large puff of fuzz that stuck out to anyone seeing it. Similarly, their arms were in the midst of getting affected themselves, becoming quite a bit shorter and stubbier to match with the more cartoonish proportions their torso had. Every follicle of hair was being stimulated around her arms (along with new ones forming by the second) to make sure their new fur was as soft-looking and as cute as possible. Their hands were affected next, fingers puffing up and fusing together to make little feline paws, complete with little pink pads in their palms as a result.

It was around this time that the hypnosis induced by the boykisser was really starting to crystallize within Mira's head, the identity they previously possessed quickly forming enough cracks to start falling apart entirely. All of a sudden, they found themselves having great difficulty recalling even basic aspects of their old identity. Their name? It was...Mi...Mik...Mur...ugh, something to do with M, at least. Even then, however, that letter was starting to erase itself from their mind...or was it his mind now? He certainly was feeling like a boy right now, and he was certainly into kissing them too...he was a boy, and a boykisser. That sounded perfect...

"Y-yes...I like kissing boys..." he asserted in his new voice while breaking the kiss momentarily, it being much more high pitched yet androgynous. He pressed his face against the original boykisser and began to fully embrace him, right about when his changes were hitting his legs. Unceremoniously, his pants fell to the ground as his waist was quickly shrinking (though notably, he had nothing to hide down there anymore), while the bones in his legs were shifting in their structure in order to support a more digitigrade stance, additionally becoming so short that within seconds he and the original boykisser were at a perfect eye level. With the blindingly white pelage spreading through his thighs and calves, all that was left was their feet. The new boykisser stepped out of their shoes and socks in order to press forward, asserting dominance in the kiss that he previously tried to escape from. Their frame lengthened, with them becoming fully digitigrade, along with their toes ballooning and their soles being fitted with leathery pink pads like their hands as their change concluded.

Once the transformation completed itself, the two broke off their kiss, blush adding itself to the new boykisser's face seemingly forever.

"Heehee...I bet you liked that kiss, right?" The original boykisser asked.

"You bet I did...wanna do it again?" The new boykisser replied, with him even starting to pucker up in preparation.

"Of course...but we need to make some new boys to kiss first..." A devious smile etched on both of the boykissers' faces as they set out on their new mission.