

Change Your Answer

A TF story by Abe E Seedy

The guiding hand on Trish's back gave her a gentle push as she broke through the curtain into the glaring lights of the stage. Applause from the audience almost drowned out the canned theme music as she made her way to her podium while the host, an older gentleman with distinguished hair and a professional rascal's smile, nodded approvingly.

"Trish is an assistant administrator and hails from Kalamazoo. She's looking for enough money to take a great holiday, and..." He arched an eyebrow as he looked back at her directly. "...perhaps some inspiration for a fun way to spend it?"

She wasn't sure what to say to that, so Trish just smiled as the rest of his patter ran its course.

"For those of you listening to the podcast, Trish is around five foot six, with dark skin and curly black hair. She's wearing red-rimmed glasses and a black business dress. Is that a fair description?"

"That's right Bob", Trish answered, trying not to visibly flounder. "Excited to be here."

"That's what we like to hear!", the host replied, hitting his cue cards across his palm for emphasis. "Well if you're all settled in, let's bring out the other contestant. Everyone please give a warm welcome to Alexa!"

Another wave of applause swept over them as her opponent stepped onto the stage. "Alexa is from Grand Rapids, and is..." He paused, squinting at his card. "It says here you're a Chemical Propellant Technician. Is that another way of saying 'Rocket Scientist'?"

She nodded, a quick, efficient movement. "That is correct."

The host made a great show of being impressed, rocking himself back on his heels and playing up his surprise for the crowd. "Well, good luck Trish, it looks like you're in for a tough fight!"

If she'd been struggling before, now Trish felt completely at sea. "That's right Bob!" she heard herself say, rapping her knuckles nervously into her thigh.

He spared her a brief, not uncompassionate look, then quickly moved on. "Well again, for anyone just listening at home, I would describe Alexa as almost stereotypically Nordic. According to my information she's five foot ten, with long blonde hair and I would say an... athletic build. She's wearing what appears to be a lab coat, is that correct Alexa?"

She leaned down slightly to speak directly into the microphone in front of her. "Yes, that is correct. I apologise, I could not find time to change after work."

"Quite all right, we appreciate you fitting us into your busy schedule. Speaking of which, apparently your goal here is to finance a new extension to your lab?" This time he only gave her space for a quick, confirming nod before sweeping on to the next part of his act. "Well then, the contestants are in place, what say we kick things off? It's time to..."

He threw up his hands as the studio lights flared, the audience responding enthusiastically to their cue, calling out "Change! Your! Answer!"

After the musical sting died down, Trish could see the camera pulling in on the host as he launched into another speech. "I'm sure you all know how this works, but if anyone is tuning in for the first time - this is a quiz show, with a twist. Instead of betting on categories you wager body parts for each question. Get it right and you win money, but get it wrong, and fail to change your answer, and your answer will change *you*."

He threw himself into that pronunciation the way he always did, somehow seeming to relish it exactly as much as he had all the previous episodes of the show. "But before we get to that, let's set the stakes. Trish."

She tried not to jump as he turned to face her, managing to give him a startled smile.

"For your animal, you've selected... cat."

From her previous times watching the show at home, Trish knew that they were displaying a silhouette behind her of what she'd look like fully spliced with a cat. She tried not to look. "That's right Bob", she said again.

"Very good, very good. And from our side, we get to add our little twist. After the extensive psychological profiling we've put you through - not to mention combing through your browser history", he added as a playful aside, "we've determined that the most enjoyable way for us to alter this request is for us to add... goo texture!"

Trish tried not to wince. *Of course* they got her like this. That's what they did. She smiled the same wan smile of the dozens of people before her on this show who'd been publicly called out, clapping politely along with the audience.

"And, how long are you going to be keeping these changes?"

It took a moment for Trish to register that she had a question she needed to answer. "Uh, a week."

"Ah, the classic. No points off, but no money multiplier either. A nice, safe bet. But now..." He turned to Alexa before continuing, "...for our other contestant. Alexa, you have selected a shark for your creature. But for your twist, we've determined that the style should be... pool toy!"

Rather unfairly, Alexa looked entirely unfazed. Presumably she must have been expecting it, and braced herself? In any case, it didn't do Trish's confidence any favours.

"The same question to you then Alexa - how long are you going to be keeping these changes?"

Her answer came quickly, without any apparent emotion. "Six months."

If the host had pretended to be caught off-guard by her profession, now he all but threw himself to the ground in feigned surprise. "That's the maximum amount of time we're legally allowed to do folks!", he said to the roaring crowd. "That will quadruple her winnings - that'll get your new lab set up in no time!"

He paused, flashing a predatory smile to the camera. "In my experience, that's either a sign of supreme confidence or a flagrant disregard for consequences. In either case, we're in for a good show folks!"

When the laughter died down, the host moved things along. "Time for the first question! As usual, this is the only one where the contestants can't choose their wager - it's always going to be their private parts. Censors can't get us if we only show non-human genitals! So, Trish, you're up first..."

The question passed her like a speeding car. She *knew* that no one was supposed to get the first question right, but still there'd been a tiny thread of egotism telling her that maybe she'd be different. Unfortunately she barely even understood the question - actually answering it was impossible.

"Uh... pass?"

"Oooh, there's no passing here", the host replied, shaking his head with mock regret. "I'm afraid that counts as a wrong answer. So..."

A warm glow emanated from the floor, with the heat quickly concentrating on her crotch. Trish's knees trembled as it felt like she got wetter than she'd ever been in her life, and she could only imagine the expression that passed over her face as her pussy physically reshaped itself. She sagged against the podium, but that resulted in pressing of her clothes into her flesh, the resulting sensation straightening her back in an instant.

She hadn't expected the weirdest part to be how *contained* it felt. That one tiny part of her was completely different; dripping and alien, yet everything else was completely normal. She couldn't

help but brush quickly over the front of her skirt, feeling her finger sink softly into her new gooey flesh as she dipped over the line between skin and slime.

All of this took only seconds, but the host made sure to give her time to experience it. Gritting her teeth, Trish slowly regained her focus. After giving him a quick nod, he turned to Alexa.

"Okay Alexa, now for your first question..."

Trish only just followed what he was saying, and when Alexa said something back it took a moment to register that she'd given an answer. The host looked just as shocked, and it dawned on Trish that it was actually the *right* answer. The audience seemed equally surprised, torn between gasps and applause for someone who both beat the odds and cheated them out of something they'd paid to see.

"That's right", the host said, almost begrudgingly. "Well, looks like this is one of the few tapings where the camera folks are going to have to be very careful with the editing as we get further along. Unless", he added, his teasing grin reasserting itself once again, "you plan on just getting everything right Alexa?"

She met his smile with a dispassionate nod. "That is the plan, yes."

That took the wind out of his sales only briefly. He simply said a flippant, "We'll see", then turned back to Trish as a much more reliable target. "Okay then, question two!"

The next round passed without Alexa getting anything wrong. Trish did better than she feared, answering about two thirds right and earning several hundred dollars. At the same time though, her mistakes had cost her the humanity of her left foot, which had burst through her comfortable flat as a goopy paw. More notable was the big missed bet she'd made for the final question of the round, which had led to a feline tail surging out behind her. Her heart was pounding, a mixture of stage fright and finally living this fantasy. Her new tail raised the back of her skirt *just* enough that she could show off the results of the first question by shifting her stance - although if the show didn't want her to do that, they wouldn't have let her wear a skirt and no underwear in the first place.

"I think we can confirm that Trish is becoming a tortoiseshell cat at this point!", the host said brightly, bringing her back to the present. "Although it might be a little hard to tell the difference between the black and brown patches when they keep running together, right?"

Trish gave a smile of her own, reaching behind herself to grab her tail and pull it forward, displaying the pattern for the camera. "And I thought the lights were making me melt *before!*", she quipped.

The audience roared in approval at her joke, although the brief flash beneath her skirt probably helped too. Almost reluctantly, the host turned everyone's attention back to Alexa, still resolutely human and racking up money. "We'll just have to hope the next round is a little more challenging for our other contestant, shall we?"

He grinned, she didn't, and it wasn't.

Heading into the final round, Trish had made some good money for herself with more high-tier wagers. She'd had more hits than misses overall, but her hair had been slicked back to something like a shining mane, through which poked up two triangles for her ears. Her top struggled to stay in place as the straps sunk into the gooey texture of her shoulders, and she'd picked up the habit of licking her tongue along the back of her paw-like hands. Part of the deal for most contestants on this show was getting a set of personal glamour shots cut from the taping, and by now Trish was very happy she'd opted for the hi-def package.

Her increasing satisfaction at playing up for the cameras contrasted heavily with the increasing frustration everyone was feeling towards Alexa. She was still entirely human, answering every question without any hesitation.

"Welcome back from the break", said the host, sweeping the cameras into the show with a theatrical wave of his arm. "It's time for the final round, when the risks and the rewards really take flight. All the money doubles, but if you get a question wrong then it's thrown over to your opponent. If they change your answer to be correct then not only will *you* change, but if it happens three times in a row - well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it!"

Trish couldn't tell if she was sweating heavily or if her gooey hair was dripping down her face. Alexa hadn't missed anything yet - how on earth would she stop her from crushing her at this? She was glad she'd made at least some money from the earlier rounds, because there was a good chance there wasn't going to be anything else.

At least the host wasn't talking to her yet. "Alexa, as the current leader, you'll be going first. The topic for the round is... sports."

Suddenly, Alexa seemed thrown off her game. Her confidently impassive expression faded as she heard the first question, and even after asking for it to be repeated she still seemed completely lost. Her hesitant answer was shot down quickly, and Trish found the question turned over to her. More than that, after a half-second of shock, she realised she actually knew the answer.

When she got it right, the crowd went wild. It took the host a moment to quieten everyone down enough that he could speak again. "Now, that's one. We'll bank that for now, but we're not going to pay that off until we see how many in a row we can get. Two will get Trish a nice bonus, and if we reach three..."

There was an almost hushed reverence in the audience, until someone yelled "cascade change! Woo!" That broke the tension, and after the host shared in the wave of laughter he hushed the chatter again. "Yes, that", he added with a grin. "Shall we see if we can get there folks?"

The next few minutes were the longest in Trish's life. When she corrected Alexa on the second question the entire audience fell silent, and after Alexa got the third one wrong it felt like everyone in the building was holding their breath. She was sure she was visibly shaking, but beneath all the stress was a much bigger truth. She knew this answer too.

The host couldn't even manage to draw things out, throwing his cards in the air almost the moment Trish gave her answer. His cry of "that's correct!" was the cue for the audience to erupt too, the wall of cheers hitting the stage almost hard enough to knock Trish on her heels. She was tempted to give a quick bow, but honestly she was sagging so heavily with relief that if she hadn't kept her hand-paws flat on the podium she might have fallen over.

For her part, Alexa looked nervous. She wasn't outright panicking, but the cool, calm composure she'd displayed so far had definitely gone. "Uh, do I get to at least select where it starts?"

"You do not!", the host answered brightly, and at almost the same moment a great grey tail burst out the back of her coat, fins unfurling with a rubbery squeak.

Alexa's only response was a flat "oh." For just a moment Trish wondered if this had been her plan all along, but as the blush deepened on her cheeks there was a look on her face that couldn't be faked. She was being swept up in something that she hadn't planned for, but couldn't have admitted beforehand that she might actually enjoy. Now it was being put on her whether she asked for it or not, and with all the cameras pointing at her there was no way to hide from her reaction. She was, very reluctantly, enjoying it.

Wiping a hand across her face, Alexa lowered it slowly, seeing the webbing stretch inexorably up between her fingers. She hurriedly moved it out of sight, only to have it raise an audible 'sqrrk!' as she pressed against her collarbone.

"Now I don't normally do this", said the host, almost making Trish jump as he reminded her of his presence, "but I think given how the show has gone so far we all deserve a little extra here. So..."

He spun his finger in a circle a few times before hitting a button on the remote he'd pulled from a pocket, making Alexa's podium slide swiftly into the floor. She'd been leaning on it by this point too, so she stumbled a little as it suddenly withdrew. Soon she found that the only way to steady herself while accommodating her still-inflating tail was to stand more bow-legged than normal, but that meant her coat soon fell open.

The host beamed. "Ladies and gentlemen, our contestant is wearing underwear! Not an uncommon practice among those who at least *claim* to be here for the money, but..." He winked, then stage-whispered to the nearest camera, "...let's see how that lasts, shall we?"

A sudden expression cut across Alexa's face, with a visible shudder running down her spine. For a moment her simple panties looked uncomfortably tight, but before she could do anything about it the elastic snapped. They fell to the floor in two halves, neatly bisected by the fist-sized handholds that had emerged from each side of her rubbery waist.

The crowd cheered raucously, and for the first time Alexa began to acknowledge it. A sheepish smile spread across her face - she even gave a quick, appreciative nod when several of the audience rose to a standing ovation. The host seemed to acknowledge that it was her show for now, letting her actions speak for themselves rather than cutting in with yet another quip.

When Alexa's tail hit the floor, she finally seemed steady enough to stand without problem. Her grin spread further, the edges of her mouth becoming rounded and simplified as her blush faded into a rubbery texture. One hand grabbed at the hold on her waist, her eyes first widening then drifting a little closed as she found out how good it felt to be gripped there. Her right hand though, hesitated. By now her crotch was on full display, and the cameras were zooming in to get a clear shot of her puffy pink slit. The grey colouration had washed over her entire lower body, followed quickly by stripes and markings that complimented her design as a simplified, shark-based product. Eager viewers could see her skin distort unnaturally smoothly as she pressed a distracted finger into her thigh, the lapel mic clinging to the top of her coat still ably picking up the long, plasticky squeak that motion provoked.

The crowd thundered as Alexa's hand hovered. Her grin at this point was practically painted on, but contrasted with the tension in her limbs it echoed her internal struggle. Her body was shifting to publicly enjoy this, and there was increasingly little her mind could do to hold that back. Regardless of how much she tried to keep that hand still, her smile only grew.

With a sudden rush her arm shifted upwards, clutching at the coat over her chest. Trish was briefly distracted from the show by several of the crewmembers wincing - apparently Alexa's flailing fingers had caught her mic, and only the quick action of someone in the control room had stopped the resulting noise from being deafening. Alexa didn't notice, focussing instead on pulling fiercely at her clothes. By now her coat was hanging loosely from one shoulder, and the plain white top she had on underneath tore open as her chest expanded.

Trish didn't really know how big Alexa's bust had been when this all started given her concealing outfit. Whatever had been the case though, now she had truly generous curves, plastic seams visibly straining as they inflated. Alexa's head rolled back as her hand mashed clumsily against the surface, the cameras diligently following the resulting pulse of air that surged down her spine and briefly plumped up her tail before echoing back into place.

Alexa's clothes fell to the ground in tatters as the final elements of her transformation settled in. Her limbs slowly stiffened, leaving them not quite frozen, but definitely less articulated than normal. A long, high-pitched squeal accompanied that change, as with great effort Alexa dragged her right hand slowly down the length of her body. Her rounded nails dug in just a little to her flexible skin, while the webbing between her fingers caught on every seam along her torso, making her shiver with stimulation each time.

Finally she managed to reach her crotch, just as her elbow seemed to seize up entirely. With that accomplished she relaxed backwards, her tail proving just stiff enough to support her much reduced weight and keep her upright. The momentum of that movement left her wobbling slightly though, much to her evident satisfaction as her hand dipped in and out of her slit with each bounce.

When it became clear that she'd finished, the host led the room in another round of applause. "That's how quickly things can change around here folks!", he quipped. "And don't worry, Alexa will be well set up for her six month tour as a shark toy. Maybe they can build her a nice pool in that new lab. Would you like that, Alexa?"

It was hard to tell for sure, but it seemed like maybe her head nodded ever so slightly. "She'll get used to moving a little more eventually folks", the host added. "Although maybe not for a while - I get the impression that our friend Alexa here could use a holiday."

A spotlight swung her way, and about two seconds after a panel of cameras moved in on her Trish realised she'd been leering. She composed herself with a little difficulty just in time for the host's next speech. "Well well well, what a turnaround! Congratulations to our sudden winner!"

Trish batted away the applause, before posing with her goopy paws on her chest and a shy grin.

"So now the big question", he continued. "Will you walk away with what you've won, or will you cash in the rest of your body for... let's see here... another \$50,000?"

She tried to act like she was considering it, but it was a pretty easy call. Most contestants cashed out when they'd changed this much anyway - why bother trying to pretend like everything was normal when your body was too heavily altered to hide? But besides all that, even without the extra payday it would feel like a waste not to see this through. So, after holding back for as long as she could (about 3 seconds), Trisha leaned down towards her mic. "Uh, I'd like to cash in please."

The host said something else, and the crowd clapped and cheered, but Trish didn't really register any of that. The only thing she was focussing on was the heat that suddenly enveloped her, and how it made her whole body feel warm and wet. She drew one paw down the side of her chest, pulling the straps of her dress off her shoulder and peeling it slowly aside. In its wake

her soft claws left a trail of inky droplets, and under the glare of the stage lights they quickly spread outwards across her skin.

Trish melted into it. Her head hung forward for just a moment and her face flowed with the pull of gravity, settling softly into a feline muzzle. When she grinned again, her fangs didn't so much pierce her smile as they gently encouraged her lips to flow around them, her whole body drifting smoothly to the side as the transformation washed over her remaining leg.

By the time her two paws flexed against the stage floor, the crowd was giving her a standing ovation. Spinning in a twirl so smooth that the lower half of her body barely even turned, Trish finished up with one last appreciative bow.

The host nodded his own approval, clapping along with the audience. "So Trish, what are you going to do now?"

With a speed that took everyone by surprise, Trish slid smoothly to where Alexa was still resting on her tail. Scooping her up in one swift motion, the gooey catgirl spoke over her shoulder as she left the crowd behind.

"I think we're going to find a private pool."