

Description: After a human boy saves him from a group of thugs, Nelly the Tiger's life changes for the better, or at least that's what he thinks.

Series: ARC

Kinks: Bleached, Humaned, Furry, Gay, Futa, Futafication, Mind Break, Mental Manipulation, Mild Violence, Hung Shota, Anal, Deepthroating, Musk, Master/Slave & Slurs

ARC: De-Striped & Destroyed

Nelly was a happy Tiger mink and everything you'd expect from an alpha predator. Tall, perfectly muscled body, chiseled smooth features, and a position as high-ranking security at a well-established firm. There was no doubt that Nelly was a mink to be feared and respected. However, in mink society, fear is awarded to those who show strength, and one night, he was jumped.

A gang of three Zebra minks caught him off guard. They were some local punks, normally easy to beat to compliance when Nelly had his security equipment, but on his way back home from work, they caught him off guard, beat the back of his shins with a pipe and sent him sprawling to the ground. Nelly was pretty sure he was done for, but then, he heard a voice, a kid's voice?

Nelly turned to see some human kid. Some pale, pink-skinned human with black hair and a cute, rounded face. He looked barely half the height of the Zebras, body scrawny like a fox, maybe even smaller. Normally, a mink that small wouldn't dare stand up to one, let alone three Zebras ready to trample, but this kid was openly taunting them. Calling them a herd of faggots before asking them if they've ever been domesticated.

Needless to say, this kid had some balls on him, and his taunts worked. The trio left Nelly, who managed to stand back up and lean against the concrete wall, as they approached the kid. Nelly knew that these punks would try to paint the floor with the kid's innards. They spat all kinds of insults and threats despite his clear youth. There was not a thing Nelly could do. He just turned away, trying to avoid watching what he believed was the inevitable sequel of gore to come, but instead, he heard the sounds of fists hitting flesh for at least a minute, with only Zebra screams filling the alley.

Nelly opened his eyes and saw a human no taller than four feet, easily dodging three Zebra minks double his height and at least eight times his weight in muscle alone.

Though dodging wasn't quite the right work, the trio were all punching him, but their fists missed by a wide margin, almost like they were just trying to threaten him, but that wasn't it. They all stumbled into each other when they went to throw another punch, the blows outright missed the human boy, and hit the wall, cracking the concrete.

There was no doubt the gang of Zebras was trying to kill this human kid for the simple act of taunting them. The thought of a diplomatic incident never crossed their minds. They lunged at the boy like rabid beasts, looking for blood for the mere insult of mocking them, and they failed miserably. The trio of Zebras failed to land even glazing blows and ended up hitting each other a couple of times.

Quickly, anger gave way to confusion, and confusion to fear, these Zebras might be beasts, but they could understand they weren't going to win this fight, even if they didn't know why. Though, before they turned to run, the boy landed a hit on each of their backs. Nelly thought he was throwing a light punch as a joke, but the second it landed, the Zebras' eyes went white. Their mouths hung agape as they crumpled, falling onto their faces.

As the last punk fell, he made a groan that didn't sound like pain, but the expression on his face looked very strained. Nelly felt a great need to run; it was like a switch in his head flipped, and now every last brain cell he had was pleading for him to run as fast as his muscled legs could carry him. However, Nelly just stood still as he watched the boy loom above them like a predator.

"*Wu-whu-why*," sputtered Nelly before he cleared his voice, "*Urgh*, why did you—"

"It just seemed pretty unfair," interjected the boy, his voice was high and cute, but had a sense of command to it, "Three striped faggots versus one poor little tiger-boi. I decided to join and even the odds"

"I... I don't know—" Nelly's tongue got stuck in his mouth; he didn't know what to do or say. Bite back for the insult to his pride, or more likely say thanks—

"No need to thank me," responded the boy right as he turned away and waved. "I was happy to do a good deed.

"Should I call the cops?" asked Nelly, his voice a bit meeker.

"*Ah*, don't worry about these faggots. I'll take good care of 'em."

“Yes, thank you, bu...” Nelly paused and wondered if asking more questions was going too far. He’d never felt this meek, but this human boy just felt so manly.

But what is going to happen to them? Thought Nelly, barely managing to keep eye contact, *Will he get mad if I ask?*

“No, but I can’t tell you why. It’d be wrong.”

Wait, how did he—

“Short answer, I am superior. Strength isn’t all muscles, but I think you know that now,” said the boy and ground the heel of his shoe against one of the Zebra mink’s faces. Nelly gulped as he watched the Zebra groan and very quickly, a stain started to appear on the front of his tight jeans, and it wasn’t piss.

“Though, I could make an exception.” he continued, his deep brown eyes meeting Nelly, “If you join my family.”

“*Glup... Wu-well*, what does that mean exactly?” muttered Nelly as he watched the boy walk towards him. He really was small, but he felt so overbearing as he walked right up and looked up at him.

“I think you already know what that means, kitty. Though you’re a lot smarter than your average stripped nigger, so you can run along if ya like,” spat the boy.

“*I du-du-aaahhnnngghh!*” groaned Nelly as the boy planted a slap on Nelly’s ass, causing his tight booty to shake. Nelly thought it wasn’t very powerful, but immediately, his fat black tiger cock hardened. His meat leaked like he just edged for hours. A single touch from this boy was all it took to make him melt, and from the way the boy was looking at him, he already knew it.

“Yes! I’ll become your family, sir,” moaned Nelly.

“Good,” responded the boy, “and it is Robert, but you’ll be expected to call me master.”

“Master?” muttered Nelly.

“Yes, master. It’s what a pet should call its owner, right?”

"I... I *doh-do*-don't... I'm..." Nelly's head felt sore for a moment; he wondered if he should resist. Was this boy really his master? He was a big tiger man, an alpha and didn't even like men much, but it felt so good saying it.

Maybe I should give it a try and stop if I don't like it. Wondered Nelly before he muttered, "Yes master, what happens now?"

"Now, where is your apartment?"

After that day, Nelly's life got a lot different.

Robert had turned Nelly's apartment into their little "love den". His superior little master had decided to move in along with his new gang of feminized fuckdolls. Nelly was surprised to see those Zebras, or "striped niggers" as Robert called them, so feminine and yet, so well-behaved.

No longer were the Zebras buff alpha punks, but futafied slutty bimbo fuckdolls! All the Zebras were given big striped bimbo tits with fat nipples and some brand new puffy mare pussies, which Robert would often fist, just to tease them. Their new hips were wide and their fat striped booties were extra thick. There was hardly any vestige of their masculinity left. Except for their limp zebra dicks, which Robert kept tightly locked in chastity—a constant reminder of who owns them.

While Nelly got off unscathed for the most part. He was allowed to keep his old body since he joined his master's family willingly. In addition, Nelly was allowed to serve as his master's maid, cooking, cleaning, and caring for him whenever he returned to Nelly's apartment to use his stripe nigger fuck sleeves.

Nowadays, Nelly wakes up and gets ready. Unlike the master's worthless stripe niggers, Nelly's cock is uncaged, but it doesn't matter. He forgot how to use his cock months ago, and it only ever cums when he is limp. His regular clothes when at home are a set of tight latex thigh highs and arms sleeves that cling tightly to his muscles. His now limp cock and balls were tightly hugged by a black thong that perfectly flossed his sculpted striped tiger butt.

The most recent additions to his outfit were a set of ring piercings for his now very sensitive pink nipples and an anal plug. A massive dildo molded after his master's mighty white cock. Nelly wasn't allowed to take it out without permission, but he didn't care. It felt so good to wake up and fall asleep with his master's cock crushing his prostate. Though, he hoped his master would let him go to the bathroom soon.

“Take my fat cock, you dumb stripped slut! It’s all you niggers are good for,” shouted Robert, his voice echoing down the hall.

“It looks like master is already awake!” Nelly put his pet collar on, an adorable black collar of ARC design. It lets his master telepathically communicate with him wherever they might be. Nelly liked to wear it to work so Robert could degrade him during his shift, but now Nelly needed to take care of his little hung lord.

Nelly peered into his master’s room to find Brianna (formally Brian) already limp on the floor. Her body was twitching, both her cunt and asshole were packed full of thick hole-clogging human cum. Nelly wanted to fall to his knees and eat her out, but his master might still need him. Robert was fucking Debbie (formally Derivan), and the Zebra futa was barely conscious.

“*Hunngggghhhh!*” cried Debbie as Robert’s heavy cantaloupe-sized nuts slapped her cheeks with every thrust. Nelly was at the perfect angle to see her tight stomach deform with every deep thrust; it was like someone was shoving a baseball bat up her asshole, but like normal, Debbie was in total bliss, groaning and begging for more between pleased grunts.

Then without any prior warning, Robert grabbed Debbie’s long mane and dumped a positively thick load of ball cream into his pet’s asshole. Debbie squealed like a sow in heat as her belly bloated to the point it pressed against the floor. Nelly could feel his heart flutter as he watched his master produce more cum in twelve seconds than Debbie ever had hoped of producing in his entire life. It made the muscle sissy so horny. Nelly was already leaking into his thong, and Robert had yet to touch him.

Robert pulled his fat kiddie dick out of Debbie’s asshole. The once tight horse donut was now a gaping cream-filled mess, wrecked and packed with cream as thick as tar. His hot human boy cum oozed down the feminized Zebra’s taint and off his little cock. While Robert’s cock was a mess, covered in leftover strands of cum, there was so much leftover, and Nelly couldn’t stand it!

“Good morning, my master!” Nelly cooed, his oversized clitty twitching with anticipation as he entered the room, “Please let your kitten clean up the cum your nasty stripe nigger so uncourtously left on your cock.”

“Well, it is breakfast time,” said Robert as he climbed onto the Zebra’s ass, using him as an impromptu seat. “Come over here and eat up, pet.”

"Mmmnnn, yes, master!" moaned Nelly as he knelt in front of his master. God, his cock was huge for a boy his age, and he was only going to get bigger as the years passed, and Nelly would make sure to be there for him.

Nelly opened his big tiger maw and swallowed over fourteen inches of fat shota cock in one go. His rough tongue slowly worked its way down his master's shaft, scraping down every last drop of cum—a tasty treat! After months of being his master's pet, he had grown to love the taste of master's cum. Even the taste of dirty stripe nigger ass didn't hamper his master's rich, salty taste. Nothing in the world could quite compare to the taste or texture. Come to think of it, Nelly had basically been subsisting off his master's fluids for weeks now.

Mmmnnn, I wonder why I haven't needed food or water—

Because my cum and piss alone are more than enough nutrition for a bitch like you. Robert's voice pierced deep into Nelly's mind, scrambling his thoughts and captivating his focus. He could only focus on cleaning his master's dick and listening to his ethereal and beautiful telepathic voice.

Your existence as my slave is both natural and permanent.

"Mmmmmggghhuu!" Nelly let out a low groan as his master's cock went deeper into his throat, leaking more pre-cum directly into his gullet.

Unlike these dumb cumdumpsters, I have allowed you to keep your mind, but don't think that my leniency has spared you from addiction. Robert paused his speech and grabbed Nelly's ears before pulling him off his now spit-slicked meat. Nelly's breathing was heavy, but he kept eye contact as Robert looked down at him, asking, "Understand, slave?"

Ropes of Nelly's throat slime and Robert's leftover cum broke and spilled on his snout and puffy pecs as Robert slapped his meat down the center of Nelly's face. His cock was completely clean, save a snail trail of throat slime left down the entire length of his cock. Even when being mind-raped, Nelly was unwilling to leave even a single drop of cum on his master's dick.

"Hnnnggh, huhh-I, mmmnggh I un-understand, master! I am just a pathetic faggot, no better than a stripped nigger with this useless black tiger cock between my legs!"

“And?” asked Robert, with an ear-to-ear grin on his face.

“Is there anything else this retarded mink bitch can do for you before he makes you breakfast?”

“I do need to use the bathroom, but my toilet is so far away.”

“Please let your loyal pet drink your piss! It’s all I am good for.” Nelly responded with glee as he opened his maw and got ready to accept his master’s golden stream.

“Drink up bitch,” grunted Robert as he let out a stream of hot golden piss

“*Guuuuullgg, guuuuullg, guuuuuulllp!*” gurgled Nelly as he drank down every last drop. His master’s piss was the perfect thing to wash down all his hot cum, and Nelly nearly came as he swallowed the last mouthful. It just felt so good getting to serve as master’s urinal.

He deeply hoped his master would allow him to serve as a toilet seat more often. The Zebra mink was now known as toilet slave (the most violent and resilient of the group) and was converted to better suit their master’s desires. After Robert broke his mind, he decided to keep the futafied mink as the house toilet. Bound to the bathroom, the zebra mink’s only pleasure in life was getting to drink whatever fluids Robert or his pets decided to let him drink. The thought of being allowed to drink so much cum made Nelly a bit jealous. He never wanted to go back to “real food” after being allowed to consume whatever came out of his master’s cock.

“*Mwaaaaah!*” Nelly planted a big kiss on his master’s tip as he finished. It was his job to make sure there was nothing left inside his tip or urethra, and he happily slurped what little was left.

“*Mmmm*, good pet,” groaned Robert as he stretched, “I was right to add you to the ARC family.”

“*Mmmppph, nu-nuuhh!* It’s all my pleasure. Your mighty meat has given my worthless life some meaning, master. I love you!”

“What a dirty little nut-huffer.” Robert chuckled as Nelly buried his face in his heavy nuts, cupping them as he worshiped their glory.

"Snoooooortt! Snoooooortt! Snoooooortt!" Nelly inhaled hot boy musk over and over again. His brain buzzed with delight at the taste of his master's heavenly white nuts. He was perfect, and he was so happy that master allowed him a few more moments of worship.

"Alright, pet, that is enough," sighed Robert as he pet Nelly's hair.

"Hnnngggh, yes, master," moaned Nelly as he pulled his face back. His eyes were glassy and empty, but they lit up as they saw Robert's meat swinging between his legs.

"Maybe I should use you as a urinal more often. You have better tongue skills than the other stripe niggers I keep around."

"Ahhhhnnn, thank you, master. I'll make you proud!"

"Though maybe I should give you tits like the other toilet," Robert pondered, his voice contemplative. "I do like resting my feet on 'em, plus big bimbo boobs looked great on that Roxi bitch, *hmmmm...*"

"Whatever you want, master. My body is yours to use and change!" Nelly cheered, his voice ecstatic. For the first time in months, his cock got hard at the idea of being turned into some freaky shemale for his master's pleasure. He was leaking all over the inside of his thong as he imagined wrapping his big boi-boobs around his master's perfect cock.

"But first, go make me breakfast. I'll be dumping cum in these stripe niggas while I wait." Robert picked up Debbie's head off the floor and inserted his cock into her throat. Almost immediately, the brain-broken Zebra started sucking his fat shota cock. No hesitation, as it should be.

"And you," Robert snapped his fingers and barked, "Brianna, start eating my ass. It's gotten sweaty."

"Nnnnygggh, y-yu-yes master," she moaned. Her voice was sloppy and exhausted, yet she moved with a feral persuasion. Quickly darting behind Robert, her fat striped tits scraped against the carpet as she spread his twinkie boy butt and dug in. Her fat black lips kissed his sweaty hole as she mewled like a sow in heat.

"I will be back soon with your food, master," moaned Nelly as he skipped out of the room.

“Use your tongues more, you dumb cunts! I’ll never cum at this rate...”

Robert’s voice trailed off as Nelly returned to the kitchen. He didn’t even notice at first, but his stomach looked so bloated, his abs deformed with his master’s piss. He could feel it churning around in his stomach. Odds are, such a liquid feast would sustain Nelly for days but secretly hoped to get an early brunch while his master ate his breakfast.