

Automatic Dressing for Business Formal

By: Firingwall

“Welcome to the machine of tomorrow folks!” Emmi, a toon wolf spoke to a crowd, “Are you tired of dressing yourself and taking sooooo long to get ready for your 9 to 5 job at the office every morning? It takes forever and eeeeeever!”

At a business convention, Happy Feeling Co. representative and motivationalist toon, Emmi, was sent in to pitch their latest and greatest product to the masses. Some people nodded in agreement with what she said, while others just politely watched and listened to the blue-haired wolf.

“Well this is the Auto-Dresser!” The wolf went on, nodding towards the metal porta potty-looking thing next to her, “Step inside and get all lookin’ good for work! All ya need to do is load your clothes in the back, set your preferences ahead of time, and step inside to let it do the rest!”

Again, some people nodded while the others remained quiet. Emmi pouted, placing her hands on her wide hips. “Is that really it from you people?” Huffed the toon, “perhaps we need to see a little demonstration in action!”

Emmi reached behind her back and pulled out a long stage cane. She jabbed it to the right of her and pulled. Suddenly, a young man appeared out of nowhere besides her. He stood about an inch taller than her, a bit stocky, and had brown hair. He looked as surprised as the audience about his appearance.

“Hi!” Emmi cheerfully said, “What’s your name and what brings you to the convention?”

“Uhhhh,” the young man said, glancing around, “I’m Chris and I’m here as part of my internship and... ah... what’s going on?”

“Would you like to test a product?” Emmi asked, “It would be suuuuper duuuuper nice of ya if ya did!” She leaned in, giving him the cutest, most adorable puppy dog expression she could, even fluttering her eyes at him.

“Well alright, I’ll do it...” He blushed, looking away from the cute toon girl.

She led him inside the machine and closed the door on him. “Here we go!” Emmi said, “If you ever feel bad or wrong Chrisy, just let me know and I’ll stop!”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” he answered. With that, he could hear a button being pressed on the outside with a low “click”.

A second later, the inside of the box lit up like a Christmas tree, flashing him in the eyes hard. However, when he could see again, he found himself in a rather large, pretty pink room with plastic walls and tons of holes. To him, it did not look this big from the outside at all.

SWOOP! A large, clear, circular tube appeared out of the ceiling and slammed itself down, containing Chris within it. Before he could even react, there was the loud roar of a vacuum cleaner from up above.

All of his clothing, no matter where it was on his body, was ripped and sucked right off of him and into the hole above. “What the hell?!” Chris yelled, “Why did that happen?!”

“Just let the machine do its job kiddo!” Emmi called back from outside, “It may be awkward, but it’ll totally get you all ready for work! After all, you can’t go to work in what you sleep in silly-billy!”

Commencing Hair & Hair Styling Procedure...

All of a sudden, three large, robotic, wiggling arms extending from the walls. Each of them held something in particular, a spray bottle, a brush, and scissors, the last of which made Chris rather nervous. Just as they appeared, they all shot at him at lightning quick speeds, aiming right at his head.

Chris flinched, prepared for the worst. However, nothing bad came. The arms had all gone to his hair, styling it from top to bottom into something much different. His hair color had turned purplish-red, his locks trimmed up but also some of it extending along his left eye. It looked like he had a sharp-cut style with most of his hair brushed over his left eye and down to his chin.

Whatever it was, it certainly wasn’t particularly business-looking. “Hey!” Chris called out again, “What’s with the hair?”

Emmi did not answer. Instead, four more tentacle-like robotic arms sprouted from the wall. This time, each of them were packing a spray can with a different shade of blue in it. The robot arms shook each can and proceeded to spray him down.

Chris coughed and wheezed, the entire booth filling with paint mist all over. Eventually, the spraying stopped and the haze departed, the entire room coming into focus once again. A mirror rose up from the ground and he realized what the spray cans were for. His entire body was coated in blue fur, except for white fur between his thighs, his chest, belly, and lower jaw.

“Why am I turning into an animal?!”

“Are you saying animals can’t look professional?!” Emmi finally answered with a shocked gasp, “That’s just rude of you good sir!”

Chris rolled his eyes and said again, “but why am I turning into an animal? I thought this was just for getting you dressed for work!”

“Well a product can have more than one function!” Emmi giggled from the outside, “And you’ll see what I mean soon enough by that.”

From above him, a large, plastic, stretched-out mask appeared and slapped onto his face. He felt another object smack against his back, hitting him right above his butt. He tried to remove the one on his face, but it was stuck.

The roar of a vacuum cleaner was heard once again, this time coming from the mask and the object above his rear. He could feel his face being stretched within the mask, while the other thing pulled from behind as well. The feeling was weird, but not uncomfortable or wrong.

After a few seconds, both items drew away from him, revealing what had happened. His face had been stretched and pulled into a small, but cute furry muzzle with a black animal nose. Behind him, a fluffy blue tail with a white and black end swayed happily behind him.

“I’m a fox!” Chris snapped, two robotic arms dropping down and stretching his ears into furry, animal ears.

“I’m sure you are,” Emmi joked back, “but I bet you’ll be more of one after a bit of changing!” Just as she said that, more robotic arms popped out, this time holding clothing that he could put on. However, they were black laced lingerie.

“W-wait,” he said, “I’m pretty sure I don’t...” The robot arms ignored him and went straight in with the clothes. He could barely react as they somehow placed the underwear and bra on him without effort, both of which felt rather loose on him. Chris looked down and blushed at his new attire, glad no one could actually see him like this.

A pleasant chill came to his body, riding across his spine and all the way to his tail. His bra and panties began to stretch and pull. The bulge in his underwear vanished while his butt swelled, turning rounder and more in shape. Breasts bloomed on her chest, growing to a respectable B-cup and stretching the top a bit.

Chris was all vixen now. “Oh dear!” She said, her voice light and cute, “This is... this is really odd!”

“At this point ladies and gentlemen,” Emmi spoke, talking apparently to the audience, “once your body is all complete and set up, then you begin getting dressed. It’s a pain to put on clothing that doesn’t fit after all!”

At that moment, more arms appeared, holding all various types of business attire, ready to put them on new the new blue fox girl. She merely mouthed as she saw, “Oh dear!”

Several minutes later, the door to the box opened and Chris stumbled out. The new blue fox girl looked woozy, her face red and her legs wobbly, but still professional and formal. She wore a sharply cut blazer, black skirt that went to her knees, and beneath the blazer was a nice, button-up white blouse.

“There we are!” Emmi declared, showing the pretty fox girl off, “How does she look folks?” The audience applauded, big smiles and cheers radiating off of them.

“All of this feels strange,” Chris spoke, rubbing her eyes and looking down at her new self.

“But is it bad?” Emmi asked with a big, wide grin.

Chris smiled softly, scratching the back of her head, “well... I guess not as long as you write a note for my internship explaining what...”

FWOOP! Several buttons on Chris’ blazer and blouse exploded off, while her skirt stretched out and pulled it up, showing off a lot of her tender thighs. Her butt had turned into a large bubble butt, the skirt tightly wrapping around its luscious shape. Her breasts had also jumped up to full E-cup, bountiful cleavage being shown off.

Both Emmi and Chris blushed, the fox’s eyes wide as she felt up her new, impressive chest. The toon bit down on her bottom lip and looked to the audience, “well ah... there are glitches in every system and you know, sometimes, they are an improvement and a lot of fun too!”

THE END