

# THE “I” IN KIT

## FIRST PERSON STORY

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I liked to consider myself something of a *gamer*. ...Which felt a little more embarrassing to do the older I became.

Nonetheless, I was still heavily invested in my games and was always looking forward to playing new ones, even if being an adult meant that I didn't have as much free time to dedicate to them as I did when I was younger. It was just nice to be able to escape from the hustle and bustle of my daily routine and waste time with whatever genre I was feeling in the moment. I wasn't picky at all about *what* I played, and I enjoyed a wide variety of games from a wide variety of genres and eras.

So, when Glitch announced that they would be doing a new animated series that involved video games? I couldn't help but be excited. I really only knew of their work from *The Amazing Digital Circus* and hadn't really explored past it, and I also knew that each show had different creative minds behind them, but the shows were largely popular and... Well, come on! This show starred a pretty cute cat girl! How could you *not* be excited?

The show had been titled *Gameoverse* and had been created by the internet personality, RubberRoss. It was a *fitting* title, as it turned out, because the general concept involved game worlds being destroyed, but only when the hero successfully defeated the villain and 'beat' the game. It promised to explore numerous worlds and genres through the eyes of Kit Bodega, a cat girl from a Mega Man inspired world whose own world was destroyed, only to be saved by an organization known as Farcade.

Episode 1 had helped lay this groundwork and had involved an underwater game world that drew clear inspiration from games like

Eccho the Dolphin and Banjo Kazooie. And honestly? I was pretty hooked. Hooked enough to order some merch from Glitch to help support and greenlight the full run of the show. I'd ordered an assortment of trinkets from their store, but most of them wouldn't be arriving for months as they rolled everything out. That was why it had been pretty surprising when a package had arrived at my house only a *week* later.

**“Huh? Nothing was even ready to ship yet, was it?”** I could only ask myself as I picked up the small box from my front porch after noticing that the shipping label had been addressed to me after being shipped from Glitch Studios themselves. The box wasn't very big, but it was also kind of *weighty*? Heavier than I would have expected it to be if one of my items had shipped early, anyways.

Maybe it was something like a bonus item? I *had* purchased quite a bit, so it was possible it was some sort of freebie. It also wasn't impossible that I had simply missed a notification about something shipping, or something had shipped earlier than they had expected it to. Either way, there was no way to know for sure until I took the box inside and opened it.

And after bringing it to my bedroom, I ended up doing just that. It was just that what I found *in* the box was... **“Uh...?”** *Interesting?* **“This is catnip, right?”** All of the heft inside the box had been contained within a plastic bag filled to the *brim* with a green herb. I only knew it was catnip because the bag had a label on it. Well, there were two labels. The other one read: *For Kit only.* **“Like the character in the show? Is this like... some kind of prank item?”** But would Glitch *do* that? Shipping packages in this economy wasn't cheap.

Ultimately, though? I made the mistake of poking a hole in it and taking a whiff. I'd been worried that it might be bad!

**“Oof!”** As someone who had never had to care for a cat, I wasn't sure what to expect. It had a very herby scent with what I'd considered to be a very 'skunky' undertone, which didn't necessarily appeal to me. I had pulled away with this in mind, but ended up going in for a second whiff before pulling the bag away from my face again. **“...What am I doing?”** It *was* weird though. The double dip aside, my body felt kind of *tingly* and *pleasant* all of a sudden?

The reason for this would soon make itself *clear*, it just wasn't particularly *believable*. I also probably took a little too long to notice, because it wasn't until I noticed that my pants were *slipping* that it finally occurred to me that something was *very* wrong. **“Huh!?”** I blurted out as I grabbed at my pants with the hand that *wasn't* holding

the catnip, as if I subconsciously cared more about the herb than potentially going pants-less.

It was only then that I realized it wasn't *just* my pants. My shirt appeared to be *way* too big all of a sudden, but it wasn't really a matter of the clothes being *larger*. They were technically the same size. The issue was that my body didn't have the same *weight* to it. All of my excess body fat, and there had been a lot of it, had *thinned away*, stealing even the stretch marks on my body in the process.

**“I’m... thinner? Wait, am I shorter too!?”** One thing bled into the next, and as I looked around my room in a panic, I became acutely aware that my surroundings, a room that I was more than familiar with, looked *bigger* than I remembered. My clothes hadn't grown, so naturally my room hadn't either. My height had regressed *significantly* as the weight had peeled off, and I couldn't have been any taller than 5'4" in the end. This was stressing me out! ...And so, I took another whiff of the catnip. **“Wh-Why do I keep doing that!?”**

The worst part that becoming smaller was probably one of the least concerning changes I'd face in retrospect.

Because— **“NGH!?”** I soon found myself keeling over from a sensation between my legs. It didn't necessarily *hurt*, but it was uncomfortable in the sense that I could tell it was *really* weird! I had to finally let go of my pants so that they fell to my ankles so that I could use that hand to grab my crotch, but that was when I realized that... **“IT'S GONE!?”** There was nothing *between* them, and there definitely should have been a dick at least!

But in my desperation to find *something* with my shirt now hanging off of me like I dress, one of my fingers ended up pushing *inside* of something warm and moist that made me shudder. That could only be a woman's *pussy*. I was biologically a *woman!*? Needless to say, I almost instantly pulled my hand away... and wiped that finger on the side of my shirt. **“Wh-Why am I a chick!?”**

I even *sounded* like a woman. Of course, I wasn't really built like one besides being smaller. This was changing, but not before my *face* conformed to my new sex and gender identity. My facial features grew rounder, my eyes larger, and my lips fuller until I looked like myself but if I had been born as a woman. But also, younger? Like I was around *twenty-six*. This didn't feel *that* dramatic, but there was a reason for it. I actually was more susceptible to the sensation of my hair lightening to a chestnut brown while also lengthening into a choppy, brown bob.

The femininity that the last of my body lacked bled into existence not long after, too. I was basically dressed only in a shirt that was way too big for a body that was both shorter and thinner, there wasn't any resistance to what I was wearing when my hips flared out almost *five* inches, providing a platform for my thighs and ass to swell. My butt burgeoned into a heart shape, while my thighs thickened until each one was about as wide as my narrowed waist became at the same time.

And then there were my *breasts*. "**Uh...**" After accidentally probing my own vagina, I was far more hesitant to grab at my chest once I noticed it was *ballooning*. The weight that pooled there was jiggling as their nipples grew puffy and swollen, with the fleshy orbs beneath eventually growing to *E-cups* at smallest, but I didn't really know enough about cup sizes to say for sure. "**A-Am I completely a woman now?**" Examining my hands that even they were smaller, and I could only assume it was the same for my feet. No one could have possibly mistaken me for a guy.

But that wasn't actually where this story was going to end, because I ended up, once again, deeply inhaling from the bag of catnip.

However, while I hadn't stuck my face *into* the bag? By the time I ended up pulling it away, my face had been stuck? "**Huh!? What...?**" I ended up getting some of it in my mouth as I muttered this, and while spitting it out? My tongue rubbed against my lips and felt weirdly... rough? All confusing, but it made sense when I finally wrestled my face free and realized... there was more *to* it than before. As in I could see more of my face in front of me, like it had been *pulled* out?

"**Oh no.**" I brought a hand up to touch what *clearly* looked like the snout or muzzle of some sort of animal! My nose had cartoonishly shrunk into a small, black, upside down triangle at its very tip. I could tell my touching them that my feminine lips had become thin and leathery, with my teeth sharper and my tongue previously noted to be rough like the nose of a... *cat*? "**Wait!?**"

I had a stark realization the *moment* four whiskers, two on each side of my face, erupted and I began to notice tanned-colored hairs beginning to sprout from the raised hand. No, not hair in the traditional sense. They were *furs*. "**Am I turning into Kit!?**" From Gameoverse? That shouldn't have been possible! Then again, it shouldn't have been possible to turn me into a *woman*, and I couldn't deny that a woman was exactly what I had become.

Considering this had all started with what should have been a box of Gameoverse merch, becoming Kit made the most sense. Well, and the cat features. Mostly the cat features. I hadn't dropped my hand yet, so I

could see the thin fur spreading around my digits as they *thickened* into almost four times their original size with my palms following suit. Fingernails hooked into claws, but not on *all* of my once human fingers. Both of my pinkies actually ended up *shrinking*, eventually stolen from me. “...*Oh.*”

Of course, my feet fared no better. It was a good thing I wasn't wearing socks, because my swelling, increasingly cat-like feet would have torn through them as they took on only three digits each. The fur was rapidly spreading underneath my oversized shirt, disguising my bellybutton *and* my nipples in the process. But my head continued to be the simplest window for perceiving just how cat-like I was becoming.

The tanned fur had almost entirely covered it by this point, as my transition into a cat-like individual was almost complete. But it didn't leave without first thickening my brows into thick, teardrop shapes above eyes that darkened to a dark magenta within irises that had yellowed. It wasn't long after that my *ears* emerged from behind my bangs on top of my head. It was just that they were tall, triangular, and covered with the same brown that my hair had been colored.

“*Mrrow!?*” I hadn't *meant* to make such a catlike noise, but I couldn't suppress it after being taken off guard all of a sudden by the back of my shirt lifting up all of a sudden and showing my fur-covered bottom. I must have become more flexible, because I had an easier time arching my back to see the brown *tail* that had grown and lifted that shirt. It was thicker than one of my arms, and hooked at the end almost in the shape of a question mark. “*I'm really... Kit...*”

“*Okay, maybe that's enough catnip!*” When the full extent of what happened to me finally set in, I picked up and practically *launched* the box across my bedroom... but groaned seconds later when I realized the box had struck my television in the process. Where had all of that strength come from!? Was it because I'd become *Kit Bodega!*? I even acted *and* sounded like her but was fortunately spared from having my old identity or memories scrubbed away.

The issue was that I was a living breathing *cat girl*, and not just one with cat ears and a tail! I was covered in fur, had a snout, paws... it just so happened I was also humanoid! “*Well, I guess I can't really complain*



**about my figure.**” Because while she looked pretty hot in the show, it felt even hotter when it was live and in the flesh. I wasn’t as blocky as the actual cartoon character, or at least I wasn’t up until... **“Huh?”**

My TV suddenly lit up as if it had been turned on, and despite me being across the room from it? Its light suddenly pulled me closer and closer, like it was sucking me in. **“Hold on! Wait a sec!?”** But I was powerless to fight against it, and eventually was pulled inside where I found myself on... a spaceship? And in a much blockier and cartoonish version of my new body, at that. I was also dressed in her sleeveless, yellow minidress ovetop a black unitard, complete with yellow power gauntlets, matching boots, and a pair of goggles atop my head.

**“...Oh no.”**

Could the catnip have not at least made the trip *with* me!?