

# Trained Animals – Otter

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*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

“Oh, look! Another perfect candidate!” says a tall woman in a long white lab-coat. She pushes her glasses up her nose as a smile turns the corner of her mouth. She has long, straight brunette hair, and is known by her associates as Mrs. Chaos.

“You think so? He’s just a goofy boy, and we already have the male...” says her companion, a senile old man with wire-brush grey hair sticking straight out from his head, a very long pointed beard, and one eye slightly larger than the other. He walks with a bamboo cane. He’s known as Dr. Chaos.

“I hardly see how that should matter,” says Mrs. Chaos with a laugh, and Dr. Chaos quickly joins in.

“I suppose you’re right. I must say I am rather curious, I wonder how well he’ll do?”

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Daniel is walking down the concrete pathways of the Saint Arminius Zoo. He’s eating an apple he brought from home, occasionally stopping to hang on the rails of an exhibit to watch the animals. He just so happens to have stopped to linger at the otter exhibit, and is watching the single otter inside play by himself with a red ball, when he suddenly feels himself growing rather faint.

He slumps against the railing, the apple falling out of his hand to the ground, and the world spins slowly into oblivion. The last thing he remembers is somebody hoisting him up by his shoulders.

He wakes up suddenly, and blinks his eyes clear. He’s lying on a cold examination table, and he’s completely naked, and he’s tied down by his wrists and ankles.

“... he’s in remarkably good health, a more perfect candidate we couldn’t hope to ask for!”

“Hush, doctor. He’s waking up!”

“Ugh...” groans Daniel, trying to reach with his hand to block the light shining down on him, but is of course unable to. “Where am I? What’s going on?”

“EXPLANATIONS!” shouts Dr. Chaos. “I love this part! You see, I am the owner of this facility... not just the zoo of course, but well that all doesn’t really matter to you right now does it? What does matter is why you are strapped to a table, yes?”

When Daniel doesn't immediately answer he continues.

"In any case, I run a side business. Best in the world in fact, though you'd never guess my methods ordinarily. In my zoo I carry only professionally trained and tamed animals, and I lend these animals out every day to Hollywood producers, magicians, and even to little kids birthday parties. It's very lucrative let me tell you!"

"But training animal's is difficult," continues Mrs. Chaos from the other side of the room. She appears to be preparing something on a counter filled with instruments and vials. "A trained tiger is still a tiger, and can still attack... but what if that tiger was human? It wouldn't attack, especially if it was trained appropriately... and with proper rewards and punishments he can be taught to perform as well. Rewards like becoming human again, for short periods of time or for life depending on behavior, and punishments such as 'the collar'."

The woman walks over to the table, and in her hand is a large needle filled with clear liquid.

Daniel's eyes go wide as he watches her wield the instrument, paralyzed with fear. He hates needles!

She sticks it straight into his naval, and surprisingly there isn't any pain. If he hadn't been watching, Dan would have missed it!

And then she presses down the plunger, and Dan cringes as he feels the cold liquid fill his abdomen and quickly dissipate. Mrs. Chaos removes the needle and walks back to the counter and starts putting things away.

"It should be over soon," she says. "Try not to struggle."

"What will?" asks Daniel, fear tingeing his voice as he starts to struggle against his bonds. "What'd you do? What was in that needle?"

The old man laughs.

"Trade secret my boy. Need to know only! But I'll tell you what it isn't: it isn't sugar water!"

"What are you talking about, you lunatic?" but Dan is cut short in his line of questioning. Fur is springing up across his belly.

"What the hell!!!" he shouts.

"Ooo, nice color!" remarks the woman.

The dark, chestnut brown fur is spreading rapidly across Dan's skin and is quickly up to his chest.

“AH!” he shouts as the fur spreads... but the fur isn’t the only thing that is changing. His entire body feels weird, his skin is crawling, his guts gurgling, and his bones creaking. Suddenly Dan’s wrists slip free from the cuffs as he feels his entire body shrinking in size, and he flips over on the table.

His entire body has already become covered in increasingly dense and thick fur. His arms and legs are shortening, becoming stubby. Dan can feel his face changing shape, and his spine is extending out behind him, forming a powerfully muscled tail. He’s already half as big as he used to be!

“This is impossible!” he squeaks.

“Obviously not,” demonishes Dr. Chaos. “This is just what happens when you take applied quantum physics and combine it with basic biology. The formulas do all the work really, we just reap the benefits.”

Mrs. Chaos walks over and begins examining Dan even in the middle of his transformation. She places her hands on his lengthening belly and pokes around with her fingers.

“Don’t bite,” she warns as he explores his belly. Dan is shocked when her fingers seek out and find eight individual nipples, though she otherwise seems to be probing to feel the progression of his internal organs.

Dan’s teeth have changed shape altogether to become sharp and pointy in the front with crushing molars in the back, his ears are now round, floppy, and perched on top of his furry head. His mouth is now a snout, with a sensitive black nose and long whiskers at the end. His tail is fully grown (a whole third the length of his body), and he accidentally slaps it against the table. His hands and feet have become clawed, and the spaces in-between his fingers and toes have become webbed.

He’s almost the size of a real otter now, only a meter long from snout to tail, when Dan realizes that there is still one final change that had yet to take place. A frog lodges itself deep in his throat as he feels his penis and balls disappear after having shrunk down so far, and now she begins to struggle in the grasp of Mrs. Chaos, hissing and barking at her to let her go.

She does, letting Dan flop around on the table for a moment before she manages to get her feet underneath her. The quadrupedal stance now comes very naturally to Dan.

“There, I believe the transformation has run its course.”

Dan tries to yell at the two mad scientists, but she only manages to make more barks.

“No use trying to talk, you’re an animal now and you can’t make people sounds. Don’t worry though: we went through the trouble of creating a word filter in your brain. Just relax and you can use it.”

Dan only stares angrily at them.

“My, what a stern face you have!” says Dr. Chaos. “Usually our victims aren’t nearly so hostile. Most are pretty happy in fact! You don’t like being an otter?”

Dan huffs, flips onto her back, and reaches down to point at something between her legs. Upon closer examination there is a little heart shaped mound of fur, and underneath is a vagina.

“Oh, no thank you,” says Dr. Chaos. “I’m married you see...”

“I think she’s upset about the gender change,” corrects Mrs. Chaos.

“Ah! Yes, well, I told you that would probably happen now did I not?”

“She’ll get over it. We need a female to compliment the male... and we need baby otters to sell too.”

Dan’s jaw drops, and immediately begins barking the word ‘NO!’ in otterspeak, shaking her head from side to side. Of course the two scientists both have their own word filters in place, and immediately understand.

“Well, I guess that’s your decision...” grumbles Mrs. Chaos. “But we still will need you to perform. If you’re good we’ll change you back in five years, if you want to that is. You’d be surprised how many of our animals are voluntary. If you’re uncooperative, or try to expose us, then you could end up spending the rest of your natural life in that form. If we need to we will use a discreet shock collar, and if worse comes to worse we’ll isolate you from all human contact.”

<You can’t do this!> barks Dan angrily.

“Can, will, are... what have you.” replies Mrs. Chaos with a dismissive flip of her hand. “Take her to meet her room-mate. Now that we have two otters we can begin the show training soon. I want her up to speed on how to behave in front of people a.s.a.p.!”

“Yes, yes... do as she says, we’ll be along shortly!” agrees Dr. Chaos.

And with that two zookeepers enter the room, one with an animal carrier, the other with large leather gloves.

“And please don’t damage my staff!” calls Mrs. Chaos as she leaves through another door.

Of course, Dan’s first instinct is to run, both as a rational thinking being as well as an otter, and indeed she does have an otter’s brain. A human brain couldn’t possibly fit inside her tiny skull now could it?

Sadly, however, the zookeepers are experienced with capturing unruly animals, and this one hasn't the experience yet to outsmart them. She's soon struggling in the grasp of the man with leather gloves.

<Let me go!> shouts Dan.

"Sorry, but we can't. It's just a job, nothing personal."

And with that Dan is placed inside the carrier.

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The zookeepers walk through the zoo, and their cargo quickly gathers a crowd of children and their families. The two men cautiously stop to let the children get a good up-close look at the untrained otter, and warn them to be careful, and that she might bite. Dan finds herself warmed by the curious faces, and despite her anger at the men carrying her, as well as the two scientists that did this to her in the first place, she can't help but respond to the children well, and presses her face against the bars of the cage and chitters at them. A little boy with sticky hands touches her nose, and she licks his fingers while he laughs.

Little does Dan know this is the first stage of the training. Getting along with children will be an important part of her new job as a trained animal. Once the two zookeepers carrying Dan are satisfied that she's passed the first test with flying colors (she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself towards the end of it, much to the amusement of the crowd of little children watching), they continue on their way to the otter exhibit where a stocky woman in pigtails is waiting, dressed for a safari in khaki shorts, shirt, and a stiff brimmed hat.

She's wearing a nametag that says "Animal Handler", and has two leashes tucked into her belt, one blue and one pink.

The carrier cage is opened and Dan is dumped onto the rocky ground at her feet. She gets up angrily, and barks at the zookeepers as they leave before turning around to realize with a shock that the safari woman is standing over her, and with a deft movement snaps a pink collar around her neck.

<Hey!> Dan shouts indignantly.

"Hey yourself, I'm here to teach you how to behave in public, and if I think you're intentionally being problematic, or if you attempt to communicate with anyone but staff members, I will press this button."

She flashes what looks like a car remote before putting it back into her pocket.

"Do we understand each other?"

<Yes,> Dan says grudgingly.

“Good! I can be your best friend or your worst nightmare for your stay here, however long it might be, and I’d like it if we could get along. My names Nancy, and what is yours?”

<Dan,> she says flatly.

“Dan? That’s an awful butch name for a-”

<I’m a guy.>

The look of surprise passing over Nancy’s face is priceless.

“Wow... that’s a new one. And now you’re...”

<Yup...>

“Ouch dude... but I can’t do anything for ya. No wonder you look so sour faced!”

They’re interrupted by a splash from the other end of the exhibit, caused by another otter leaping straight up out of the water to land on a ledge. He has a red ball in his mouth that has several holes chewed in it and appears to be full of water.

<Found it!> he exclaims with his mouth full, shaking water off and standing up on his rear legs to look over at us.

<Hey! Is that the chick you guy’s been talking about finding?>

<I’m not a ‘chick’!> shouts Dan aggressively, her fur standing on end.

<Funny,> he replies with barking laughs. <Cause you look like a chick, and you smell like a chick, and you talk like a chick too!!>

Dan can’t even form words as she sputters indignantly. Nancy gets in between them.

“Now Dan, don’t get mad at him. He’s just pent up with loneliness with only himself to play with.”

<Dan? That’s a weird name for a chick.>

<I’m not a chick!> shouts Dan, jumping up and down in fury.

“Dan, it seems, is the subject of an extra experiment by the Chaos family,” explains Nancy. “She’s a he... or she was a he until he became the she that you see.”

<Huh?> chorus both Dan and the other otter together, both effectively distracted from their individual temper and hyperness.

“Dan says she was a guy before the doctor got to her.”

<Oh... WHOA! You mean... she’s a.... and I wanted to.... That’s just WRONG!>

The other otter is making gagging noises. Nancy uses this opportunity to introduce him to Dan.

“Dan, this is Justin. He’s quite a nice guy once you get used to him.”

Justin is attempting to give himself the Heimlich maneuver as he barks the word ‘Eew!’ over and over.

<I’m not too sure I want to get that familiar with him...> answers Dan.

“Well, you’ll at least need to learn to work with him in any case. You’ll be expected to put on shows and be cute in front of cameras. This means you’ll need to learn to play with him... which shouldn’t be hard at all considering that you’re both otters. Otter’s need to play more than they need oxygen, especially when they’re young like you two. It’s hard-wired into them.”

“Speaking of which,” she continues. “It’s play time! Make nice and chase each other around a bit.”

<But I don’t wanna...> but Dan is bowled over as Justin tackles her, then bounds away chuckling and churring.

<You’re it!> he shouts, diving straight into the water.

<Oh, you are so going to regret that!> shouts Dan, immediately bounding after him and leaping into the water as well.

She experiences a moment of disorientation that is quickly cured as nature takes over, and she moves through the water like she was born to it, rapidly gaining on Justin as he tries to avoid her in the small pond.

Dan chases him onto dry land where she immediately catches him in a tackle, and they roll around trying to pin each other, Dan growling and Justin laughing. It ends when Justin breaks free and runs behind Nancy’s legs.

<I think she's serious!> he laughs as Dan sprints straight at him, slamming into him through between Nancy's legs, and once again they're wrestling. This time he doesn't get away, and Dan manages to pin him by twisting an arm behind his back.

"Let him go or get shocked. Otter's don't know submission holds."

Dan doesn't want to test her, and leaps off Justin.

<Ouch!> he says. <You play rough... but you're really good too!>

"Just play like that every so often, maybe with a little less enthusiasm on your part Dan, and you shouldn't have any trouble with the tourists. You'll also be expected to pay attention to them as well, and give them something to watch or look at."

<That sounds like an awful lot of work...> groans Dan.

"Oh not at all, and if you do a good job you'll be given internet access and all sorts of other creature comforts, right Justin?"

<Yup!> says Justin, rolling around on a flat rock to dry himself off from the water a little more thoroughly than shaking. <Though typing's a bit of a pain. I used to be at a hundred words per minute!>

"The park is only open from 8 'til 7, and for the most part you can just relax and do whatever you like, so longer as it's otter-like. The real 'work' is when you'll be asked to perform... but that can wait 'til later. Just let me say that you can make ridiculous amounts of money if you do a good job, and you probably won't ever have to do a gig for more than an hour or two, less usually. Sometimes you might need to fly out to a customer and do some traveling, but mostly you'll be here in this pen."

<Wow... I feel so spoiled...> Dan says sarcastically.

"Well, yes it's not going to be the same as whatever life you had before... but I'm just saying it's not a terrible life either!"

<Tell it to Justin. Is there someplace I can just sleep this all off like a bad dream?>

"Um, sure! It is getting late isn't it? We can show you off tomorrow, and you can start your new career of being professionally adorable! Just follow me!"

Nancy strides behind a fake tree, and in the shadow there's a hidden door that she opens up to reveal a rather cozy layout. A large flat-screen, a sofa, a rack of books and dvd's, a short coffee table with a smartphone charging on it, a laptop computer laying closed on the floor, and two oddly inviting looking

baskets packed with straw. One is a bit of a mess and smells thoroughly like Justin, so Dan guesses the other is hers and climbs in.

“See you tomorrow morning then! Sleep tight!” calls Nancy as she turns off the lights.

Dan just mumbles back in response. She’s already half asleep.

(Will be continued soon in part 2... if it doesn’t please don’t be too mad!)