

Turning a New Leaf
Where One Storm Ends, Another Begins
for Iphidiris
by Lýkos

January 10th, 2020 - 7:25 AM

Isabelle huffed softly as her fingers worked over the outside of her slit, teasing herself for her Master while sitting in the broadcasting chair at the New Leaf Oracle's office. Her Master's Will was soon to be awash over the town. Her pendant had given her the gift of an enthralling voice, and she would be his Oracle, spreading his truths across the town. She had been taken by him, and made his, and the others had already begun to weaken, mentally. However, it would still take some effort to bend them fully into the puppets that her Master desired them to be.

She considered not stopping her masturbation as she neared the microphone, but thought better of it, pulling her fingers up to her mouth to clean them with her tongue, closing her eyes as she savored the taste, imagining the taste of her Master's seed mixing in with the taste of her slit. But there was none of his seed inside her yet. She needed to obey him, to spread his will, to gain the privilege of sating his lust for the day. And so she steadied herself, taking a long swig of the creamy hot chocolate at her side - which she had long known by this point to have been infused with a cocktail of his essence and a slightly addictive drug - and put on her second-most subtle seductive announcer voice, as she bade the broadcast to engage.

"Hello, hello, to all the denizens of New Leaf! Isn't it a positively wonderful, delightful day? This is the first broadcast of the New Leaf Oracle, after the wintry storm that kept us all locked away for weeks! I'm sure many of you are happy to be stretching your arms and legs in the snowy ground outside! It can be so nice to relax and let yourself sink into those chairs at home, but when our Mayor needs us, we must heed him, and he needs you, I, and every single other one of us to band together in getting things back up and running as they're meant to, and better even than that!"

Isabelle grinned lightly, her smile a little less friendly than it used to be, and far more mischievous, her slit quivering with anticipation as she read the next item on her list.

"Before we get to birthdays, our wonderful Mayor has actually requested this special announcement be the first matter on our docket. Because Winter Solstice Day and Toy Day were unfortunately delayed by the storm, our Master- of Ceremonies, our Mayor, has passed an Ordinance declaring that a celebration of Toy Day will be held in the second Week of February. It is expected that everyone should have recovered from the storm by then, and that it will still be

plenty chilly enough to feel like Toy Day should - blissful! If you have any problems with procuring gifts for Toy Day, you can bring your concerns to either myself or our Mayor, and we will help you out. Despite being held at an odd timing, our Mayor promises that this Toy Day will be unlike any other that we've had before, and better than any that came before! I may be biased, but I believe him fully - you should believe him, too."

The Shih-tzu lightly rubbed her thighs together, trying to contain the arousal from the constant and eternal heat that she was stuck in - her slit was his, her womb was his, everything she was belonged to him, she had to be always ready, she had to be always primed, always hot, always horny, always-

"I-In birthdays, this week, the 4th was Diana's birthday - I heard you've been enjoying the early gift that our wonderful Mayor got you. I'm glad you've been enjoying it, indeed, I'll be happy to see you with it around town! - we have Tiffany on the 9th, and Papi on the 10th, that's today! Happy birthday to all of you! I hope you're all ready to enjoy another delightful day in our perfect town!"

The Shih-tzu sneakily began to finger herself with just one finger - she was allowed, she was being a good girl, she was doing exactly what she was made for - maybe it was time to push her luck a little, take a little risk, to try to please Master with the results. She was a capable slave-thrall, she could do this.

"The weather...well, the weather has improved greatly! Though I'm sure you can already tell. It's still a bit chilly out, but much much warmer than during the storms, so get on out there and show yourself around town! And hey, we were all stuck inside for a long time, so don't be judgy or worried to strut your stuff. You're all beautiful, even if we look a little different to how we last saw each other, *it's just because of the weather, it's all completely normal*".

She clenched internally as she heard her own voice change and amplify with the power of the amulet. It was authoritative, as if a goddess was speaking into being a purely truthful fact of reality. She could almost feel a shift in the air as the people beneath her voice's influence shifted to accept her point of view - her Master's point of view; *their* Master's point of view. Her slit dripped freely onto the seat as a second finger slipped into her folds.

"A-as for my Topic of the Week! L-last week, I asked you all to give me your resolutions for the year! Sssso I'm going to read them out for you all, the ones you wanted to share! Thank you all for taking part in the process, you've all been very good denizens!

Sssso, R-Ruby...ahem...Ruby has decided that her resolution is that she wants to be more bouncy and make more friends! That's the spirit, Ruby! I know that with all the bounciness you

already have, you can achieve that goal with ease! Uhm...one of our resident wolves, Skye, has expressed a want to “love more people” this year - oh! Actually, it seems that Freya also made a similar resolution! You two should talk and co-ordinate! Maybe you can set up something special for Valentine’s Day! It would be a nice complement to this year’s Toy Day! Uhmm...let’s see...Bianca said that she wants to get in shape! Good on you! Show off that body! And Pashmina has said that she has a desire to help feed people in need - I’m proud of you, good gi-people like you are what every town needs!”

Isabelle turned her head to huff away from the mic, taking her fingers out of her slit and wiping them on her leg, her body completely unburdened of unnecessary clothing within the warmth of her Master’s Palace...she was being a little too open, she needed to cool it down. Just finish this off and Master will finish her off.

“Khem...so! That makes the end of the week’s announcements! The New Leaf Oracle will faithfully return, one week from now, to bring you the latest in New Leaf news, events, and Master’s Ordinances! Until then, this was Isabelle, signing off!”

It was no later than a moment after the *Click!* of the broadcast’s conclusion that she realized that she had just called her Master “Master” on-the-air. She had been daring on purpose, but doing that may very well have verged on carelessness. She bit her lip, ears slicking back in the first bout of worry she’d felt in...she couldn’t even remember how long.

* * *

January 10th, 2020 - 11:47 AM

Master was fucking his Secretary’s slit as she looked out the second story window, viewing the plaza in front of the Town Hall.

She moaned and panted happily, tail wagging fervently as she bucked her hips back into his every claiming thrust. She clenched around his wonderful cock with all the love she had in her body, whimpering and whining like a bitch in heat - as a bitch in heat - begging to be bred, again and again, even though she had long since known that the likelihood she was already pregnant with his pups was astronomical.

Isabelle happily gazed out that window, focus waxing and waning every so often when Master’s thrusts became more or less intense, or every time he came inside her and claimed her womb as his own once again. Her breath fogged it up greatly, but between the seconds where she could wipe it down with her arm fur and it became fogged up yet again due to her panting, she saw something that made her body warm at an intensity that was second only to the direct praise and

touch of her Master - she saw the results of his wonderful and careful planning, and, by extension, the results of her hard work to make his desires manifest into reality.

It was subtle, for now, it's true, but she saw the differences in the people of this town that she had known for years - who were, of course, substantially less important to her personally, now that her allegiances lay supremely and solely with her Master, but for whom she certainly had *some* feeling of sentimentality, even if it was only in the fetishistic fantasies she cycled in her head of their corruption and service beneath her Mate.

Everyone walked about the town's roads as if everything were perfectly normal, because their trusted Secretary - no, Oracle - had told them that it was normal, that everything was fine. Some of the changes were subtle, their bodies already well-suited for Master's desires. Some of the women walked with a wider gait, their hips and butts more plush and exposed than they had once been; others still carried heavier breasts, some, like Pashmina, dribbling small trails of milk through their clothing, seemingly unaware or uncaring towards the seepage. Quite a few of the men, meanwhile, also looked quite a bit more feminine, mostly the prey animals, but also many of the predators, wolves and bunnies and bucks alike walking around with thicker hips or small breasts on their chests, carrying themselves more femininely - even though they were out of Isabelle's earshot, her imagination heard their voices in higher pitches, and lilting tones, dreamy and unaware of their predicaments.

Some of the feminized men didn't seem so unaware, however, their mannerisms were much more exploratory, inviting some of their friends to look at the changes that had happened to their bodies, with a smile on their face. A dreamy smile. One that said that they weren't fully awake or aware, but only 90% of the way there, at most.

Isabelle didn't imagine that that awareness would ever increase - at least, so long as it wasn't a result of the direct and intentional machinations of her beloved Mate and Master. He was so clever, his plans so well thought-out and executed. Nothing could go wrong. Not with this amulet of hers, to help her shape the populace of New Leaf to his will and his whims.

Aside from their awareness of their own bodies, the mannerisms of the townspeople had similarly changed. Some acted as they ever would, the lazy lazing lackadaisically, the cranky grumping grumpily, the jocks jocking sportily, but others had changes to their behavior that were far more noticeable, and yet went completely unnoticed - or, at the least, unquestioned - by anyone but the heavily-bred Shih-tzu.

Some townspeople groped at their own bodies as they went about their daily business - a grope of one's own breast here, a rubbing at one's own slit through the crotch there, a prominent tent in the pants of men - or masculinized women, it was hard to tell the difference between some -

being idly rubbed through the fabric. In a display that was mildly shocking even to Isabelle herself, Freya was openly being fucked by one of the other wolves, Kyle - one of the few more immediately personable male wolves - his cool demeanor having been lost as his movements seemed more...wild, and feral...lacking inhibitions. Small tits bounced on his chest as he bred her publicly. The display got little more than a scoffing head turn from the more haughty of the townspeople, as if it were merely a faux pas of haute couture to breed against the side of a house that neither of the two inhabited, moaning and growling like animals.

The only thought that Isabelle could muster about such a thing was that it was beautiful - that her Master's vision was beautiful, that this was just the beginning of what would turn out to be a perfect society, shaped to fill his needs, and nothing more. Morality and ethics did not matter, where his will counteracted them. He was evil, and he was the only good. She came at the thought, whimpering as she felt more puppies fill her womb - of course, she was already quite full of them, but she imagined every pump of his cock inside her as another litter delivered into her.

It just felt so good. It couldn't be anything but. It was a beautiful day outside.

A beautiful, delightful day...

* * *

January 17th, 2020 - 7:25 AM

Isabelle walked into her Oracle's Office, ass swaying as a grin adorned her face. Master had outfitted her body with a lovely lace bodysuit, black netting and leggings supposedly "covering" her body, at least to the perceptions of the silly villagers that inhabited his glorious town, even as her full body was on display, the garments practically see-through, simply putting a darker tint on her perfectly-designed body, reshaped to Master's will.

Master had given her permission today to be more overt in her broadcasts, as the depravity that had overtaken Freya and Kyle had begun to spread, fucking on the streets becoming more and more common and accepted as a part of daily life by the brainwashed, corrupted populace. Where a week ago one of the lazier villagers might blush, chitter, and walk away from a rutting pair, now that same villager leaned against a wall, and masturbated, watching them fuck. A more enthusiastic villager might even join in, doubling up on whoever was being fucked, or forming a train of breeding, right there, shamelessly.

Pashmina openly breastfed other villagers who asked, in the street, her breasts always out and leaking, a similar fashion having spread to other villagers of a similar demeanor to her, freely

providing fresh milk to anyone with the desire, whether they were merely passing by by happenstance, or having an orgy in the street.

Meanwhile, the more jocular villagers openly displayed their bodies, bereft of clothing, even despite the cold. Hard cocks, hard nipples, some with both, walking openly in the street, showing off their muscles, their bodies, always up for exercise, whether that involved actually productive menial labor or reproductive sexual labor. Bianca, with Master having taken a special interest in her, and thus having gifted her another special artifact - a pair of nipple rings which she was all too happy to accept as gifts once her mind had been properly weakened by the cocoa back during the storm - which increased her ability to gain muscle at a rapid pace. Even just a couple short weeks after having made her resolution - and only a week after its public announcement - she looked as if she had been bodybuilding for months, her muscles clear and defined, her physique chiseled and perfect. She jogged along the streets as a living goddess, an idol to all those who fetishized and thirsted over such forms. It was fairly easy to catch someone gawking at her and openly masturbating at the sight, especially now that nobody even had the conceptualization that such a thing could be abnormal whatsoever. It was a compliment to be lusted after, and Bianca often returned the favor by flexing for her enamored onlookers. Isabelle had witnessed a decent few spontaneous orgasms just from seeing that alone.

Those rings she wore must have given her some special power to control others using her muscles, much like the amulet bouncing off Isabelle's chest as she rode on Master's cock - while simultaneously having her paws licked and cleaned so wonderfully, she might add - gave her voice the power to effect the change that had brought all this about in the first place. As she pleased her Master, the shih-tzu idly wondered whether or not Bianca's special abilities might have any influence over Isabelle herself, just as Isabelle's voice had been the one to corrupt and shift Bianca's mind, even after the nipple rings had been faithfully adorned.

Irregardless, as the clock struck 7:30 - and seeing no reason to let Master's use of her body delay her any longer from her duties to him - Isabelle lowered the mic in front of her face, and activated the broadcast signal, not hiding a single one of her moans from the eagerly-awaiting audience, who listened rapturously, even if they were actively pounding, fucking, or otherwise playing with each other or themselves.

From boring, prudish tedium, she had created blissful, debaucherous chaos.

And from this cavernous void of gaping need, she would form an ordered and perfect society. Perfect for her Master. Perfect for their Master. Anything for him.

"Good morning, sweet little villagers. This is Isabelle, New Leaf's Oracle. It's a beautiful, delightful day, today!"

She could almost feel the throbbing of cocks and clenching of slits that followed the phrase that had been burned into the villagers' minds over the course of the last few weeks. Faintly she realized she could feel it because the throbbing was Master's cock within her, and her slit tightly embracing his length with every bounce. She moaned softly, giggling lightly at her silliness for forgetting such a thing, before sinking back into her role.

"I have been seeing so much beauty on display this week, beauty that comes from all of you. The spirit of love and community in our little town is really the best it ever has been! I'm-nngh...s-so, so glad that going through that storm has brought us all so much closer together. Mmnhhahahh...mnnhh...birthdays this week...nnffh...Maddie, o-on the 11th...mmn...V-Velma, on the 14th...I saw you in the square, getting a nice milking for your birthday! I'm so, so happy that the community came together to give you a gift to remember! U...rrsula on the 16th! Ch-Chel- MNHAAH!"

Isabelle sturdied herself against the desk, moaning beside the mic as her womb was filled again, her paw pads being nibbled on in just the right way to make her squirm and break her concentration. She took a couple moments to recover, the corrupted townspeople happily being treated to the sound of her moaning and cumming, feeling happy for her, as if her orgasming were as wholesomely pleasing as someone sounding especially happy and energetic on a particular day.

Gradually, Isabelle composed herself, and continued her thought.

"Mmn...mmn...uhm...Chelsea! Chelsea and Sherb both have their birthdays today! You should...y-you should both spend the day together...I-I've heard you've both taken quite a liking to milking...you should...mmnffuck...w-wait...that's t-tomorrow..."

Isabelle's mind was faltering beneath the pleasure of serving her Master doubly - but if she couldn't hold it together, could she really serve him the best? She wanted to be his favorite, to be the best. She...she was his first...his assistant...she was...she was above the common animals that she was herding for her Master. She was above them.

Her eyes flashed with the red of the rubies on her pendant, as her breath calmed, and her voice became steady.

"Mmmm...the weather today will be a little chilly, as expected, but forecasts don't have another major cold front coming, as far as we can see, so you don't need to worry about bundling up. In fact, Master has instituted another Ordinance, encouraging you to donate excess clothing to the town for future cold fronts, and charitable purposes. I have seen plenty of you deciding to show

off your bodies, even despite the chilly weather, and you all look beautiful. You don't need to worry about finding warm clothing come next winter, of course, because of the Ordinance that Master instituted a couple weeks ago. If it's too cold to be without clothes, we at Town Hall will provide. Otherwise, you are...*obligated*...to contribute to the well-being of the town and his people. For donations, please place your clothing in the box outside the Town Hall. Thank you for your obedience."

Isabelle huffed softly, pressing her paws back into Master's face. It felt so good to call him by his true title, so freely. After having slipped up last week, it appeared as if the villagers had already been suitably corrupted that her calling the Mayor "Master" felt to them as normal as any partner talking about their significant other. Nobody else was yet calling him Master...but that would change...that would change...

"Our Topic of the Week this week will be charity. The cornerstone of any town is the sense of community within it. Everyone should contribute in any ways that they can: whether that's helping with construction projects, offering your bodies to each other for relief and companionship, or giving your spare wealth and clothing to charity, so that Master may take care of us, and make this town a more blissful place to live for all. Love each other, love your little town, love everything we've built together, and most of all, love the one who helped us do it all, who guided us to prosperity, happiness, bliss - the one who guided us through the storm, and all the troubles before, and will guide us through every trouble to come - our Mayor, our Leader, our Master. Love him and each other just as he loves this town and every one of you. Under him, we will build a town better than any other place in the world...and it will feel so, so good...mnnhhh..."

Isabelle quietly came, huffing under her breath as she was finished within once again...the breeding had stopped for now, the wonderful, virile man she knew as her Master taking a break as she was allowed to finish up her broadcast.

"There's...one last thing on the agenda for today, and it's actually quite important! I am in need of some assistants, to help me keep this broadcast running weekly - and, hopefully soon, more often than just weekly. If you're interested in the position, please give me a call at the usual number. I will get back to each and every one of you...personally..."

With that done, this has been your weekly broadcast with New Leaf's Oracle, Isabelle. I hope to see and hear from you all very, very soon...signing off!"

Isabelle smiled contentedly, closing her eyes as she rubbed her paws adoringly over her Master's face. He gave a thrust up into her, making her moan softly. Her hips began to slowly grind, forward and back, massaging his length inside her with the movement of her hips, and through

the gradual clenching and releasing of her interior muscles. The feeling was radiant and divine. She sighed dreamily, softly groping at her own breasts.

This was the life she had always deserved.