

Pupper Employment: Diva Poodle

By: Firingwall

Commission done for bobbyj251 of Discord

Well, I can safely say this is not what I was expecting.

The setting Bri found herself in was familiar. It was an oddly wide, long room. Shelves and racks were overstuffed with pamphlets and magazines, all laying near chairs. At the far end was a long counter with a glass window, stanchion pathways leading to various spots. There are many doors on the sides of the room leading up to it, all marked with signs that read “Employee Exploration”.

It felt sterile and devoid of life. It felt very DMV-ish... but with more dogs.

It was a good thing she didn't have allergies. All of the employees there were dog anthros and anyone who wasn't, usually walking out of the side rooms, were dogs as well. Even the pamphlets screamed canine, one having dog prints on it and the other with a label that read: “Grab Life by the Paw: Finding Your Dream Job”.

Should I even be here? I feel out of my depth.

Bri briefly considered leaving but moved past it. The place was a new job center that had opened up in her city. The center seemed promising from what she had heard, the word being that it had a 100% success rate in helping people “find” themselves and the places to be.

She had never heard of such a job center bragging of such success... or bragging in general. However, she had some hope this place would be just what she needed. Cashiering was soulless to her after so long, something that felt like a dead-end that she would never escape.

At that moment, something caught her eye in the distance. One of the women by the counter, a bulldog, was waving her over. Embarrassment struck her. Bri was still dumbly standing in the entrance's doorway, looking like a lost child.

The human lady quickly headed over to the open spot at the counter. The dog smiled. “Welcome to Doggo & Pupper Employment Agency. How may I help you? You look rather lost over there.” Her voice was a little gruff, but the dog extruded such a positive, kind aura.

“Sorry.” Bri awkwardly looked away for a moment. “I... I haven't been to one of these places in years. So, I'm... ah, not sure what I'm supposed to do. I just knew that I had to show up though.”

“Well, that’s always a good start!” The dog leaned in. “Are you here to help find a new line of work, dear?”

“Yes!” Bri was confident in that at least. Thinking about swiping another heavy object over a scanner made her ache, especially her wrists.

“Then we can most certainly help you. Let me set you up with one of our job trainers right now!”

Job trainer? Bri’s thoughts wandered. Shouldn’t that be job counselor or... oh! Duh. Probably a pun on dog trainer or something.

The dog lady typed something into her computer and started talking into her headset microphone quietly. There was a pause, some nodding and responding from her. Bri waited patiently, wondering where this would be going.

After a moment, the dog woman smiled. “Okay! Someone will be along to meet you shortly! If could just take a se-”

A door not too far from the counter opened, and a rather large golden retriever man in a nice polo and pants combo stepped out. His tail wagged, his head looking around. “Hello! I heard there was someone out here who needs my help!”

“Oh! He’s already ready!” The receptionist barked, “Lucky you!”

Bri flinched. That was indeed fast. She recentered herself and meekly raised her hand. “Umm, that would be me.”

“Well hello there!” The dog walked over and held out one of his paws. “I am Terry Pines, one of our specialized job trainers. It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss...?”

“Oh!” She quickly took his paw and shook it. She never had shaken an anthro’s paw before. It was so fuzzy and kind of rough with his thick pads. “I’m Briana Kyles. Just call me Bri please.”

“Of course!” The two shook. “Now, there’s no time to waste! Let’s get this special meeting started! Follow me to one of our rooms.” Tail still wagging, he waved his paw over to one of the many side doors nearby. She followed closely.

They stepped in, Terry closing the door behind her. The room itself was a little cozy office space. It had a table, a computer, a few cabinets, and even a water cooler. The dog took a seat behind the desk as Bri sat across from him.

Even with how relaxing the environment oddly felt, there was still a sense of anxiousness in her she couldn't shake. He seemed like a friendly, warm sort with a helpful demeanor and aura. Yet, she couldn't feel comfortable, not quite sure what to do or what was proper.

Taking a chance, Bri started by saying the first thing that came to her mind. "S-so, do you help me build a resume or offer career-"

The dog cut her off, but politely in doing so. "No no! We do things a little differently here than at your usual job centers. We can work on a resume if you wish later. Right now, I want to get to know you first. Tell me, what brings you here today?"

"Oh, where to start!" Seriously, there was so much for Bri to go on and on about with her job. "Well, I am a cashier..."

"And yeah... it's... it's exhausting. All of it. Just... I just can't take it there anymore, but I don't know what else to do." Bri sighed. She felt like she had talked for almost an hour. There was just so much to go on about regarding her situation, pay, and how her managers treated her.

Thankfully, Terry was completely understanding. He listened closely the entire time, occasionally jotting a note down or piping up with reassurance or a question.

Once she had finished, Terry simply nodded. "I understand. Not everyone is cut out for a job like that. It can be very draining if you don't have the right mindset or spirit. Plus, when your boss isn't great, everything can be like a black hole in a way."

"Yeah. I'm not particularly great or-"

"Now!" Terry cut her off very abruptly this time. "Be honest with me. What is the job you always wanted to do? Something of a dream job if it was possible."

"Oh..." Bri blushed. That was such a personal question, especially when the answerer had what felt like a silly answer. "Well, I... I guess..." It wouldn't hurt to tell him, would it? He had been so nice so far. "I guess I always wanted to be a singer."

“B-but good luck with that!” She awkwardly laughed, quickly changing the subject. “I mean, really, not everyone can-”

The sound of clicking and tapping filled the room. Terry was on the computer beside him, swiftly typing away and occasionally stroking his muzzle. He mumbled under his breath, his eyes darting all over the screen.

“Hmm!” The retriever smiled, turning back to her. “Singer, huh? Well, I can probably help you with that!”

Bri did a double take. *Wait, is he serious?* All he did was type into whatever program was on the screen and now, he couldn't just find her that dream job just like that, right? This simply had to be a joke. *This is too-*

“But fiiiiirst, let's hear you sing.”

“...what?” He was serious.

“Come on!” Terry leaned in, his head tilting like a curious pooch. “Show me your stuff!”

If she wasn't before, Bri was getting more flustered and awkward than ever. *Sing? Right now? I can't, especially so out of the blue. It's been forever since I tried singing. God, like high school maybe when I thought I... no. I can't just...*

Then, her eyes looked into his. Sure, Terry was an anthro, but he was still a dog. His eyes were so relaxing, sweet, and pleasant. They could simply melt a person's heart.

In turn, Bri melted. She sighed. *Guess I'm doing this now.* She stood up and cleared her throat. *Okay... just do this.* She took a few breaths. *What... what song now? Oh... how about...*

“*A place where nobody dared to go... the love that we came to know... they call it Xanadu~.*”

Oh god, I'm doing this. As goofy as the song was, Bri had practice singing it. There were other songs she was okay with, but this one popped into her mind first, and she couldn't stop herself.

As she sang, Bri's mind analyzed herself. Her voice and tone weren't quite perfect. Sure, she could never match Olivia's vocals, but she knew she was off. There were mismatched pitches, speed, volume, breathing, and more. Sure, to some, it was a good showing.

But it was nowhere where it used to be and even then, it certainly wasn't good enough to go professional with. Shame and embarrassment washed over her.

Still, Bri finished the song. Face red, she sat back down. "Ta-da?" Her voice was so meek and low right then.

Terry continued to smile merrily. "That was quite nice. You just need some more practice and work. I can see it."

His smile grew wider, his tail wagging so hard she could see it whip back and forth up and down behind the table. "In fact, this here is just what you want!" He patted the top of his monitor. "We can set you up with an interview at this club, no problem!"

Bri was flabbergasted, to say the least. *This is crazy. He can't be serious. It... it must be for a waitress or some other position. He's just being nice.* "It has to be... be a joke!"

That last part spilled out of her mouth unintentionally. She gasped, but the dog waved her off. "Oh, it's fine. I understand your doubts, but everything is going to be just fine. All we need to do now is discuss some more details and points."

Terry rolled over to the cabinet beside the desk and reached into it. "First things first though!" He pulled out a rather sparkly, pink dog collar. "We need a collar. Can you put this on?"

Bri looked at the collar. Bri looked at Terry. Bri looked at the collar again. "What?"

"Could you please put this on? It's important for the job!" Terry smiled.

Bri's mind was running a mile a minute trying to process that. Her eyes narrowed. "...this isn't for some kind of fetish job, is it?"

"Oh no no! It's for Club Landon! It's part of their aesthetic, at least for some of the singers there." Bri had at least heard of that club before. It had been around for a while, a lot of its musical acts having taken off or become viral hits.

Though, the one thing really stuck out about the place? The people. *Isn't that a... "furry" hangout?*

Club Landon was a hangout for all kinds of anthros, big and small. Still, it was a fairly reputable place that put her at ease. Of course, this dog-centric training center would have an in there, and that collar thing? It fit as well.

Bri took the collar from Terry. She could humor him for the time being and if it helped her get a job there, that would be fine. Even though she remained doubtful about the singer position, whatever the club offered had to be better than where she currently was. Plus, it wasn't like she always had to wear the collar.

Carefully, Bri put the collar on so it wouldn't choke her. She wasn't used to wearing such things after all. However, just from having it on briefly, it felt comfortable, if oddly warm. It was almost relaxing to wear it, pleasant even. There was something natural in it.

Looking at Terry, he smiled warmly and cleared his throat. She found herself sitting at attention. That look was just so sweet and earnest. She... she just had to listen to him.

"There we go!" He chimed, "It looks good on you, Bri! It looks simply great, Bri girl!" Her heart lifted hearing that. Her smile widened and, oddly, something shifted. Her lips turned black, their texture rather gummy with the bottom lip thicker.

He's just being nice. Her butt felt like wiggling a little. *But... it's, like, so nice to hear!*

Bri quickly centered herself. She was being a little silly and a bit too giggly. She needed to remain professional, especially when she felt her awkwardness was dying down. She couldn't blow this before she-

Terry suddenly reached below his desk, opening a drawer. He pulled out and set a bag down on the desk. It was filled with doggie treats.

He opened the bag and tossed one in his mouth. The moment he did, he sheepishly smiled. "Eh, sorry. Just feelin' a bit hungry!"

"Oh... it's okay." The second the bag was on the desk, Bri's eyes were glued to it. She couldn't understand why until her stomach let out a small gurgle. A sudden feeling of hunger struck her.

Unconsciously, she began to pant, her legs shaking. She couldn't look away no matter what she did. Her mouth opened a little, her tongue suddenly drooping and hanging out of her mouth. Her pants grew heavier.

Terry chuckled. "Oh, does Bri want one of my treats?"

Without even thinking, she shivered and her arms went up, hands bending down like she was begging. Her hands trembled, the skin on her palms bulging out. They swelled, turning rough and black, forming canine-esque pads.

"Y-yes, please!" He took out a treat and tossed it to her. Her head lunged forward briefly, but she pulled it back. Her hands instead snatched the bone-shaped food. She stuffed it into her mouth and chowed down. It tasted dry and stale, unpleasant on the tongue.

Yet, by the time she finished, she almost wanted to ask for another.

That little bit of greedy snarfing down made her blush, her arms dropping like lead. "Oh! Ah... s-s-sorry! I don't know where that even came from!"

Terry just laughed. "Oh! It's okay! You think a dog who hangs around other dogs all day is gonna care? It's all natural!"

He put the bag to the side. "Anywho, we should focus on the important stuff right now. I need to ask some more questions before I just go contacting the club about setting up an interview. You want to answer a few more questions, don't ya Bri?"

"Ah-huh, ah-huh!" Bri nodded her head eagerly, scratching at her face. As she did, something strange disappeared. The cuffs of her long sleeves and pants simply vanished, exposing her wrists and ankles.

"So, I've heard you sing now, but if I may ask, how experienced are you at it?"

"Oh, I've been singing for years!" Bri's voice came out oddly pompous and refined. It was still hers but pitched differently now. "Unfortunately, I haven't been able to do as much singing as I'd like to lately, darling." Even her physical mannerisms were a touch different, her hand placing itself upon her chest as she spoke.

As she did that action, something happened. Around that hand's wrist, fur grew. It grew and grew and grew. It was long, curly, frizzly, and rather puffy. It was like a white fur ball surrounded it like a cuff.

Bri didn't notice a thing though. "I used to sing quite often at our town's lovely local competitions and events. I made a few, admittedly, embarrassing videos posted online when I was a wee child. I even performed at a child's birthday party when I was dressed up."

There was a soft sigh. The memories, the nostalgia flooded back to her. They were welcomed and sweet, making her feel good. Most of them weren't exactly great, and people's responses to her singing usually met with apathy or disinterest. However, the mere thought of her doing something she loved and enjoyed felt so wonderful.

It positively made her bum wiggle in her seat. On her other wrist, another similarly burst of fur growth struck. It too had its own furry cuff.

All of those fun memories danced around her head, but there was a tinge of sadness to them. Those were all in the past, a long while ago. Outside of that little performance a few minutes ago, she really hadn't been singing much at all.

Around her ankles, a similar thing to her wrists occurred. Puffy white fur grew at a rapid pace, puffing out and even growing longer, reaching her calves. The look was quite cute and fluffy, even if she still hadn't noticed.

"Oh, I'd rather not think more of it. Realizing how little I've sung in the past decade has made me quite glum now." She slouched forward in her chair.

"Well, I'm sure you'll be back to your best soon! Working at Club Landon will get your voice back into tip-top shape in no time, Bri!"

She sat up, smiling. His words were so kind. She really needed this level of positive encouragement in her life. It was just so... stimulating! It made her wiggle in her seat again, a small nub extending out above her rear.

It even made her pant excitedly, her tongue drooping right out of her mouth. It licked her chops, smacking her nose. She unconsciously rubbed at her sniffer as it shivered. It turned a bit clammy and bumpy, its color turning dark brownish black. Nostrils flared as its shape extended and grew, turning rather canine in appearance.

As she brought her hand away from her face, her eyes fell on her fluffy cuff. *What's... what's this now?*

Her eyes saw even more with her hand, causing her to gasp. It had black pads on its underside while her nails... why, they were looking longer! They were situated at the tips of her fingers now and thicker. Between that and the hairball around her wrist, this was a shock to the system.

Also, did things feel a little cooler now? The rest of her shirt sleeves vanished now, leaving her arms bare. Her pants legs did the same, rolling up and leaving her in a pair of shorts now.

Bri trembled. Something was wrong! What was happening to her? What was-

“Ahem!” Bri sat at attention. Her ears twitched. They shifted up the sides of her head a bit, the helixes flipping up. They then stretched up and flopped down, extending down her face past her chin. Long, puffy blonde hair grew over them, giving them a canine look.

Terry was smiling again, drawing her attention to him. “You know, I think your voice is a lot better than you think. Maybe you don’t even need much practice to get it in top form. Why don’t you try singing again? I would love to hear it.”

“Si-sing again?” Bri’s bum wiggled, her nub shaking. It grew longer and longer, briefly getting caught on her underwear and pants.

“Yes! Could you please sing for me one more time?”

“I... I mean, I could, b-but I dunno...” Bri was shivering, anxious. Her blonde hair was getting brighter and curlier. It ran down her back, but began shrinking, pulling up towards her head. “I... I’m not sure. D-don’t you think th-this is a bit-”

“Come on, girl!” Terry’s eyes shined like diamonds, his paws clapping. “Terry wants to hear you sing! Sing, Bri, sing!”

Bri’s pupils dilated. Hair suddenly exploded, wobbling and shaking. Locks in the back shot up while her hair ballooned out. It curled and swelled, puffing up into a thick, wavy poodle afro/pompadour. It jiggled ever so slightly with every movement of her.

“Yeahyeahyeah!” She yipped and panted, tongue flopping out again. “I can sing, I can sing! Watch me, watch me!”

With that, the woman hopped to her feet. The remains of her pants faded away, leaving her in black underwear. With it gone, her lower half expanded, free of its constraints. Her hips widened and rounded, while her rear inflated into a big bubble butt. Her underwear struggled with her enhanced bottom, though remained on.

Bri’s eyes closed as she placed her paws on her chest. She smiled, shivering as the buttons on her shirt came undone. *You can do this. Just sing with all your heart.*

With a deep breath and exhale, Bri put her hands to the side and pushed out her chest. Her breasts began expanding, surging forth and opening her blouse further up. Small at first, they inflated with zest, providing her with tasteful cleavage. Her black bra struggled a bit with containing them.

Her eyes opened, and she began to sing. *“Dearest friends, dear gentlemen... listen to my song. Life down here’s been hard for you, life has made you strong. Let me lift the mood with my attitude~.”*

The lyrics spilled from her mouth elegantly. Each line, each verse came out beautifully with the right emphasis, energy, and power in it. She knew this song from her childhood, but she had never really sung it before. It was weird that her mind went to it, yet, it seemed so natural to sing it.

As she sang, Bri continued to change. Her shirt finally vanished, while her bra grew in size. That was helpful when another surging of growth came to her breasts, pushing them into big, heavy globes. The nub above her bouncy rear grew to full length, wagging eagerly as a big, blonde cotton ball of fluff sprouted at its end.

Terry watched on, leaning over his desk. As Bri got into the full song, his attention was glued to her, tail wagging with delight. She could only smile, her heart racing. She needed to step it up, really put on a show.

She placed her hands on her hips, light blonde fur growing over them now. Her hips wiggled and swung sensually, hitting each important bit with extra oomph to it. Feet stepped the sides and back, her footwear vanishing. Her feet grew longer and fluffy, turning into canine paws.

“Your baby’s gonna come through... let me be good to you~.” She finished the song and sighed, playfully blowing a kiss. Fur erupted, spreading from her paws and across her entire body. Skin vanished in seconds as she gained a lovely fuzzy coat. Any chills she felt were gone.

Terry applauded, leaning back. “Seeee? That’s the spirit! You had it all along! You may not have sung in a while, but I say, you’re already back in top form!”

Bri blushed, giggling. “Aww, thanks, honey! You sure are a sweet talker!” She scratched behind her head and flinched. *Right, paw!* She got distracted.

She looked at her hands. Yep, still furry and all canine-esque as she remembered. Looking down though, everything was so new! A body coated in fur instead of clothing, animal paws, and curves that certainly weren't there a moment ago! Her heart raced!

And her tail wagged up a happy storm. "I'm..." She spoke, placing a paw to her face, "I'm so... so furry and busty and... doggy?"

She was all of those things now. Saying them out loud though didn't bring her panic or horror. She felt at peace, calm. That was weird, right?

"Well, yes!" Terry explained, looking a bit bashful himself. "It's all a part of the job process, I assure you. Club Landon is indeed looking for new singers, but they are currently hiring for dogs only at this time."

He twiddled with his fingers anxiously. "Now, I understand this could be a problem for some. If it is for you, we can just turn you back and-"

Bri twitched. Fur fully covered her face. Her mouth shot forward with her nose, letting out a frustrated bark. She was a full-on poodle woman now.

"No way, darling!" She spoke, wagging a finger. "This is just the break I've been wanting!" She casually fluffed her pompadour as if she had done it a million times before. Everything felt natural from her tics, voice, to her word choice. "If they need a lovely pupper to sing, then they'll get a lovely pupper to sing!"

Terry nodded, brightening up. "That's great to hear! I love the enthusiasm! It'll do you well when you get to your real interview with them." Bri's tail wagged, her tongue falling out as she panted again.

"Now, let's get back on track!" He motioned her to sit, which she happily did. "Let's discuss the aspects of the job they're looking for beyond dog-kind. We'll go over some official paperwork for your new dog self and also provide some proper attire."

"Ah yes!" Bri looked down at herself again, tail still shaking. "I have noticed that I am quite scandalous with only my underwear and lovely collar. That may not be so welcomed leaving here today."

"Yes yes. It is a side effect of the collar, I'm afraid. Previous wearers have said it does allow for better appreciation of one's new self seeing one all exposed at least."

“Mmm, yes!” She placed her paws under her breasts and lifted them. “I do believe that! I certainly appreciate moi's delightful new body.” She pulled back, letting her breasts fall and jiggle.

“Whenever you're in trouble, won't you stand by me? Oooooooh, stand by me! Oooooh, stand by me! Stand by me!”

And with that, the room broke into applause. The poodle smiled, letting it wash over her. She breathed deeply, placing a hand on her chest. Seeing anthros of all kinds applauding, wagging, and panting simply moved her. It made her tail wag with joy.

“Mmm, thank you!” Bri cooed into the microphone. “Thank you all, darlings~. You've been such good puppers and doggos tonight. You know how to make a gal feel alive!”

With that, she took a bow. Her large chest jiggled, threatening to pop out of her tight, form-fitting dress. She popped back up before anything could happen and left the stage, throwing some extra emphasis on her hip sways. A bunch of dogs, guy and gal alike, panted and applauded harder. They all just ate her up!

Bri stepped backstage and up to her dressing room. Placing a paw on the doorknob, she slouched and let out a long sigh. *Another successful show!* It took a lot out of her, but she felt at ease with it.

She had been working at Club Landon for a few months now and barring a few early bits of stage fright, it had been a dream. She had really become a singer like she always wanted, other places even chomping at the bit to hire her to sing. Sure, so far she had been singing songs others had made, but she was working on her own material that she was eager to debut.

It was everything she could ever want! *Everything I ever wanted... though, I do wish I had the perfect companion to share it with. Oh, whatever shall a poor gal d-*

She opened the dressing room and gasped. It was filled with gifts of all kinds! There were flowers, cards, dog treats, the whole works! And overlooking it all was a nervous-looking beagle woman. She was an employee at the club, Sophia.

Sophia saw Bri and yipped. “Oh! Ah-ah-ah-ah! I-I-I found the room like this! I don't know how but it just got in here! There's... ah... some creepy fan mail too. I can just toss it out.”

Bri sighed, shaking her head. She was used to getting gifts and mail from her adoring fans. However, she didn't appreciate people sneaking into her dressing room to deliver them. "I'm going to have to speak with Marco. The club's security has been quite lax, I'm afraid. This simply won't do!"

"I know, I know!" Sophia sighed. "I was going to talk to him as well, but he'll say the same thing like always: It's hard to find the right people these days."

Bri rolled her eyes, having already predicted that outcome. However, a thought occurred to her. A thought that got her tail wagging.

Maybe I should talk with Terry again. Maybe he can send us a proper bouncer and guard for the place! She smirked. Maybe find a good guard boy that I can snug and award for being at my side to protect me too.

THE END