

experiments

AN ADULT STORY ANTHOLOGY BY ABE E SEEDY





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COVER ILLUSTRATION AND
LAYOUT BY ANGRBODA

Ride 'em Cowgirl

4 Frank is picked up by a confident lady in a red dress, who is also a were-cowgirl (surprise). Contains male/female sex, femdom, contagious were-cowgirl transformation, male to female transformation, bimbofication

Easy Bake Coven

14 A socially awkward girl breaks out of her rut by attending a meeting of a club called the 'Cult of Bastet', which turns into a surprising evening for all involved. Contains female/herm/herm sex, petplay, some cumplay (sumplay), contagious catgirl with dick transformation, role reversals, banter

Training Day

28 A loving couple takes their relationship to the next level, and by 'level' I mean one of them gets a collar and is pressed lovingly into the floor while they enthusiastically sex each other into becoming dog people (it's a good level, not going to lie). Contains male/female sex, maledom, significant petplay, people to dog people transformation

All Made Out of TICKY - TACKY

34 A punkish girl delivers a package to a quiet street where all the houses are the same, and the people seem straight out of the 50's. Once inside, however, there's a lot more to the old-fashioned woman there than she'd expected. Contains mean domming, female/herm sex, significant petplay, enthusiastic and contagious rubber dog dickgirling

resonance

CASCADE

48

A scientist experiments with a substance with most unusual (and highly addictive) properties. Written in the style of a transcribed audio recording, so if you ever played Bioshock and wished people in the audiologs would fuck wildly, here you go. Contains tentacles, goo, female masturbation, female/female sex, repeated use of the word 'glk'

Ride 'em Cowgirl

Cassandra walked into the dingy western bar with a sway in her step.

The owners knew her here, knew about her... proclivities, and tolerated them like visits from the health inspector - potentially inconvenient, but unavoidable. Dennis the barman looked up as she entered, then with a subtle nod of his head indicated a man sitting at the end of the bar. Cassandra accepted the recommendation with a nod of her own, then walked over to the adjacent stool.

His name was Frank, it transpired. A solid name for a solid man, late twenties by the look of him, nursing a solitary beer as he ate a burger for dinner. He was stocky despite being of a little over average height, with closely cropped black hair and a well-tended moustache. She exchanged her name for his in short order, and offered him another beer to follow that one. He swallowed his surprise well, and accepted her offer with a polite New England twang.

They left together 20 minutes later, his dinner hastily finished and the last of his drink abandoned. He was staying at a cheap hotel nearby, travelling for some business she'd intentionally avoided having him specify. Somehow despite it being his place he followed behind her, enjoying the sight of her tall, shapely body moving before him, her long platinum blond hair swaying softly against the bare skin of her back. The rest of her figure was wrapped tightly in her backless red dress, pressing her already substantial cleavage out onto display, and matching perfectly with the brilliantly red lipstick on her plump lips.

They were making out even as they fell in the door of his room, Frank fumbling awkwardly for the keycard as her tongue swam through his mouth. He'd clarified earlier when things had started taking quite such a forward turn – it wasn't about money or romance, just sex. He'd weighed her up carefully over the rim of his glass at the bar and decided that he could live with that.

Cassandra pushed him to the bed once they were safely inside, and Frank let himself sink down onto the mattress, looking up at her as she dropped her handbag and began undoing her dress. She stopped

with only the shoulder straps off, revealing little more than an extra few inches of breast beneath her loosening top. She really didn't seem to be wearing a bra, somehow, despite the size and... pertness, of things.

"Well?" Her voice cut through his thoughts, snapping her attention back to her face. "I hope I'm not going to be the only one undressing, am I?"

His mind scrambled hastily into gear, throwing himself forward to wrench off first his boots, then his socks, and then struggling awkwardly to pull off his pants while still lying down against the bed.

Looking down at his frustrated attempts to undress, Cassandra treated him to a stare of quiet sympathy. She leaned forward slowly until she was holding herself against the bed directly above him, his efforts momentarily forgotten by her overpowering nearness. "Here Frankie," she whispered, saying his new pet name directly into his ear, "let me help you."

She swept downwards, in just that one movement somehow grabbing his pants and pulling them adroitly away, leaving him in nothing but his boxers and shirt. Frank gasped at the sudden exposure, only emphasised as she made her way back up his body, trailing her gloved fingers against his skin. Had- had she always been wearing those long black gloves? If not, where had they come fr-

"Ssh..." Cassandra said softly, placing a single finger against his lips as his expression of confusion melted away. "No thinking. I'll take care of that for both of us for tonight."

He kissed at her hand, again momentarily puzzled by how oddly stiff and firm her glove felt, but even that thought quickly slid away from him as she began to move herself back down his body. Her hands reached his groin again, quickly slipping his boxers down to expose his growing erection. He looked up as his cock came free, seeing her licking her lips above him with genuine enthusiasm. "Mhmm, well done you," she whispered, seemingly half to herself.

"So-" Frank started, before her hand again landed firmly against his lips.

"No," she countered. There was a forcefulness to her tone, a commanding nature that although not unfriendly, brooked no rebuttal. "I'll drive," she finished simply.

With little more than a moment's repositioning, Frank's eyes went wide as Cassandra suddenly lowered herself against him. Her dress was shifted upwards to reveal her complete lack of undergarments, a fact that she took full advantage of to slide herself down onto his waiting shaft. "Ahhh...", she exhaled happily, pressing herself down to the base of his flesh, "thaaat's the stuff..." She was already utterly slick and ready for him, taking his length with little more than a satisfied shudder. She looked down at him again, her face lit up with an open smile. "Let's get going then, shall we Frankie?"

She began to move up and down, stimulating herself without the need for any further input from Frank

aside from his mere presence. He was being used, he realised, and somehow that thought just made him even more aroused. Action on his part was not required, all he needed to do was lie back and enjoy the sensations that Cassandra chose to pursue. He relaxed, closed his eyes, and let it happen. Cassandra's movements were already intensifying; apparently the girl knew what she wanted and how to get it for herself, and her actions rather happily worked well for him too. He came as he felt her hands clench fiercely against his shoulders in an attempt to press him more powerfully inside herself, her breaths coming in short ragged gasps as she chased down her own climax. Finally, with one last shuddering jolt Cassandra came too, her hips quivering through her own release as she slid slowly back down to rest against him.

They lay like that for a few moments, her straddling him while they both regained their breath, until eventually Cassandra shifted to look down at him once more. "Okay," she said with a sly grin, "now for the fun to really start."

Blearily, Frank re-opened his eyes. *Now* was time for the fun to start? "Honey, I'm not sure what you think of my stamina but--"

Cassandra's hand was pressed firmly to his lips before he could finish. "Sshh. No talking, remember? Besides, I've got something else for you to do..."

There was some combination of pushing him downwards and shifting herself upwards, and suddenly she was straddling his face, her slick crotch hovering just inches above him. "Time for you to go to work," she said simply, before her hand moved behind his head and pushed him forwards.

Pressed indelicately directly against her sex, Frank couldn't help but taste it. Partly it was the proximity, the waves of heat that poured off her, ensuring he was swimming deliriously in her scent, but more than that was the sheer command she'd given. He was to service her. She'd just done the same for him, so rationally it seemed only fair. But even so, rationality wasn't really a part of it. He obeyed first, and only hazily thought of the justification afterwards.

His tongue swept lightly along her folds, tasting and teasing her to the best of his abilities. After a few moments he recoiled slightly when he first came across a trace of his own earlier offering, but Cassandra's hand prevented his backwards movement and quickly pressed him forwards again. "Ah ah ah," she said tauntingly. "Don't be scared to indulge. What could be better than the taste of yourself inside me, proving how successful and virile you are?"

He sunk back into her, timidly running his tongue over the same spot again. "Thaaaat's right," she cooed. "You enjoy it, don't you Frankie?" He did, somehow, god help him he did – the taste of his own cum mixing with hers was so arousing that Frank felt himself growing stiff again already. With little more encouragement from her hand behind him he pressed himself eagerly into her, licking and tasting for all he was worth.

“Mhmmm... good boy...”, Cassandra moaned above him. He felt as though she was shifting around slightly, her weight distributed a little differently as he clasped his hands to her waist in an attempt to hold himself against her as strongly as possible. Suddenly she gave an odd sort of lurch, her hips breaking free from his grasp, and it was enough of a surprise to cause him to fall backwards against the bed, looking up at her as she kneeled above him, his eyes widening dramatically at the sight.

Cassandra was... changing somehow, her mass reshaping to be somehow thicker, filling out over the hips and chest. More than that though, her features were shifting; her face pushing outwards into some sort of broad muzzle, her ears elongating and drifting up to the top of her head, and two small horns pressing out through her hair. Dark patches spread out over her skin to form irregular splotches, while at the same time a thin layer of fur swept over her entire body. Finally she turned to look back down at him, off-handedly licking her thick lips with her long, wide tongue. Then, with an expression of distracted pleasure, her body tensed, and he felt her sag forward slightly in release as a thin tail emerged behind her, topped with its own tuft of long hair.

“Wh-” he started, but this time she was even quicker on the draw, placing her hand almost instantly over his lips. It was only then that Frank noticed that her ‘glove’ must simply have been an earlier part of this process, and now at its completion her hands had changed to have only two fingers and a thumb each. They were entirely hard and black, like something between a hoof and a hand. The power in them was more than enough to keep him pressed silently to the bed regardless, but in truth it didn’t even matter how much pressure she applied. The gesture showed that she wanted him to be quiet and still, and that was somehow enough.

“I’m sure you have a lot of questions”, she said slowly, her voice taking on an odd rumbling quality as she spoke. “I’ll answer them for you, but first you need to do something else for me...”

There was another moment of dramatic movement as she shifted both of them about with surprising skill, and then suddenly she was sitting just above his hips, straddling him as he was propped upwards against the head of the bed. This left his face at the same height as her breasts, which she then freed entirely from their constraints with a lazy pull from one hand. They seemed even larger than before, although Frank couldn’t be sure if that was simply due to him being confronted with them much more directly now. Before he could consider the matter further, however, Cassandra interrupted him. “Drink”, she said simply.

She didn’t push him forwards this time, but she didn’t need to. The command was enough; unthinkingly he fell against her, his tongue quickly finding the prominent nipple of her right breast and bringing it into his mouth. She held him tightly, reinforcing his actions, and after only a few exploratory licks of his tongue a steady stream of milk began to give forth from her. It tasted amazing; thick, rich and sweet. All Frank wanted to do was drink it hungrily for as long as he was allowed. “Good boy Frankie”, Cassandra rumbled softly above him. “Drink up.”

He did eagerly, one hand finding her other breast and teasing it absently with his thumb, somehow compelled to pleasure her as much as possible even while his own attentions were focussed on just this one breast. Soon another stream of milk began to drip from her chest, and while Frank felt a distinct pang of guilt for seeing it go to waste, he couldn't bring himself to stop drinking frenziedly long enough to do anything about it.

It was only when Cassandra decided he was done that he could stop, and only then because she physically pushed him back against the head of the bed and forced him to break contact. Even then he still licked his lips dazedly as he lay back, trying to keep that sweet, intoxicating taste in his mouth for as long as possible. She was talking to him though, he realised belatedly, and he forced himself to focus enough to make sense of her.

"Are you quite done Frankie?" she teased as he finally returned her gaze. After he gave a slight obedient nod, she smiled and continued. "Now then, I think I shall be wearing an udder this evening, which requires one last donation from you to get going."

Frank blinked in confusion, but again he was answered by Cassandra simply repositioning his body for him; taking him by the hands and roughly hauling him forwards until he was sitting entirely upright at the end of the bed, while she knelt down on all fours in front of him. She shed what remained of her clothes, positioning herself naked and ready before him.

This time there wasn't even a verbal command involved. She simply presented herself to him, raising her tail to highlight her needy slit, and there was nothing else in the world Frank could think about. He needed her. He had to take her right now, slide himself forward to press gruntingly into her, panting wordlessly by her head as he steadied himself on her back. He thrust into her again and again, beyond thinking; entirely overcome by an animalistic need to mate, to service her as he was commanded, and to fulfil the beating desire that filled his head the moment he took in her rich scent. Beneath him Cassandra grunted too; her noises becoming wilder and more bestial the harder and faster he went, and the excitement of that realisation only made him push on further until finally she let loose with a great, orgasmic "mooo!" On hearing that Frank came, swept away entirely by the lust and sensations of it all, feeling nothing aside from the rhythmic pulse of emptying himself again and again inside her.

Cassandra rocked back and forth beneath him, and eventually it seemed as though the fluid Frank filled her with began to pool just above her crotch; causing bright pink flesh to stretch out from her slowly, pressing out sympathetically with every thrust that Frank gave her. Finally four distinct teats slid out from the mass, Cassandra giving one last "moo!" with a look of intense satisfaction as her new udder hung beneath her, heavy with milk of its own.

With that completed Frank collapsed against her softly furred back, utterly spent by the exertion. Cassandra pushed him lightly backwards until he fell back against the bed, giving her one last pleasant

shudder as he slid free, her thick bovine slit still wet with his cum. "Now Frankie," she said to his almost-comatose form, "I think it's time to explain a few things."

Frank looked up at her, struggling to keep his eyes open and follow her words against the dramatic weariness that had fallen over him. "Muh?," he managed to mumble.

This time she simply ignored him, carrying on as though he hadn't even attempted to speak. "I'm a were-cow, you see. Hard to believe I'm sure, but-" she indicated her body with her hoof-like hand, "you've got pretty ample proof. Now, I know what you're thinking..." She paused for a moment as she got back up on the bed, crawling forwards until she was astride him once more, her pendulous udder dangling down to brush maddeningly against his crotch. "Doesn't 'were' mean, contagious? Well, yes, it does."

Frank's eyes widened as she leaned down over him, feeling her lips part over the nape of his neck. He could barely even bring himself to flinch as he felt her teeth make contact, but instead of the flesh-tearing bite he was afraid of he simply felt the light press of her blunt teeth sliding against his skin.

She raised herself back up before she continued, looking down at him with a wry grin. "Don't worry Frankie, it's not my bite that's contagious. That wouldn't be right for a herbivore like me, now would it?"

Frank let loose an involuntary sigh of relief, but suddenly found that even when he was out of breath, his upper chest kept pushing outwards, seemingly on its own. He shot a panicked look first at his body and then back up at Cassandra, who responded with an even wider smile before leaning down to whisper softly in his ear, "...it's my milk."

Seemingly just at that confirmation Frank felt his chest surge dramatically, the buttons on his much-abused shirt flying off as his new breasts grew in. He stared at them incredulously, already thick and full, and somehow impossibly attached to his frame. Before he could even look back up at her Cassandra continued, by way of explanation, "I did say were-cow, after all. Not were-bull."

"Mu-wuah!" was all Frank managed to say, a wordless expression of shock as he felt his body increasingly change.

Cassandra gave him an almost compassionate look, stroking his head affectionately as she whispered, "no, I can't stop it. But what I can do Frankie, is help you along."

This time she simply moved herself, shifting downwards so that her long muzzle was hovering just inches over his crotch. Without further comment she pressed herself downwards; her long, cow-like tongue wrapping his cock in its slick grip, then sliding off to lick happily along his length. Frank tensed and thrashed beneath her, stimulated beyond measure by her attentions, but for some reason his arousal didn't cause his cock to stiffen. In fact, the more Cassandra licked eagerly along it the softer it

seemed to become, even though the sensitivity seemed to increase, if anything. Eventually it became clear that it was shrinking, melding into his body as his flesh reshaped under her slick caresses, and Frank realised exactly what was happening.

“Nghh...”, he panted breathlessly. “I can’t... please... feels... so good...”

Cassandra raised her eyes slightly to look at him, watching as the confusion and lust fought in his expression. In the meantime his hands had raised unthinkingly to play with his new breasts, circling his thick nipples with his thumbs.

“I... mmmuhhh! Please it... it... oh god it feels I can’t so good mmuhhhh!”

With one final lick Frank’s flesh opened up before Cassandra’s tongue, his cock sinking into its new position as a clit. She reached up with one hand and grabbed at one of Frank’s arms, hauling it downwards to his crotch. “Here Frankie”, she said encouragingly, “you need to break yourself in.”

He hesitated, just for a moment, and seeing that Cassandra leaned down once more and gave one last lingering lick along his aching slit, the feeling so overpowering that Frank couldn’t help but tremble against the bed. “Doesn’t that feel good Frankie?” Cassandra asked, looking back up at him with her big, innocent brown eyes. “Don’t you want to give in to that feeling and embrace your new nature? Trust me”, she added, taking a moment to inhale deeply of his new scent, “it’s worth it.”

His hand was pushing inside his slit before Cassandra’s muzzle had moved entirely out of the way, the absolute lust he was swamped with finally enough to overcome any lingering reservations. He bucked against his hand frantically, inexpertly pressing inside himself in an effort to fill his new anatomy as fully as possible; too desperately needy to consider any more practical approach. He moaned and squirmed, working his slit feverishly; utterly caught up in lust but still somehow unable to find proper release.

Cassandra looked at him approvingly. “Aww, you’re really feeling it now, aren’t you girl?” She hung extra emphasis on that last word, enjoying the way it made Frank shudder. “You want to give in to it now, don’t you? Want to just let go and get the orgasm you so desperately need?”

Frank couldn’t speak, only able to look up at her and, with just the slightest hesitation, nod. In response, Cassandra shifted slowly forwards, taking up a position close enough that she could whisper lightly, “you want me to make you into a nice proper cowgirl, don’t you Frankie?”

Frank shuddered. He felt like he... like she... he felt like she felt like she felt like she needed to be fucked and - “fuck yes please!” she whimpered desperately, her whole body trembling at the thought of being taken like the cowgirl she needed to be.

“Good girl Frankie”, Cassandra answered, gripping her face with one stiff hand and bringing it closer,

her long tongue sliding outwards to lick across it slowly, enjoying the sight of Frankie's features softening with each persistent lick. "Good... mhmmm... girl..."

Beneath her, Frankie writhed against the bed. "Please," she moaned, "please take me, please fuck me, please use me and fill me and... uh-uhhhm!" She felt like she needed to cum, needed it with an actual physical force, and yet she still couldn't quite get release. "Why can't I, why can't I cum I need to cum I need to--!"

"Silly girl," Cassandra said softly, taking her thrashing head in her hand to still her for a moment more. "Of course you can't cum. You're not done yet, are you? You need me to fuck you into being a cowgirl, don't you?"

Frankie's body reacted before she could, sending her skittering out of the bed and landing heavily at the foot of it, positioning herself automatically on all fours, bent over and presenting her body to her mistress. "Please!," she panted. "Please fuck me! Please fuck me into a cowgirl, make me an animal, make me yours! Please!"

Cassandra slid softly off the side of the bed, reaching down gracefully to retrieve her purse. From it she withdrew a sizeable strap-on dildo, and began affixing it to herself. "Well," she said as she fastened the straps, "who am I to refuse a creature in need like that?"

Frankie started to reply, but before she could Cassandra slipped easily inside her already wet slit, transforming her response into nothing more than a wordless "uh-ughhh!" She was rocked forward as Cassandra pistoned into her mercilessly, and in amongst the immense relief of being taken she felt the rest of her body begin to finally change. With each thrust she felt her tits grow larger, swinging back and forth pendulously in time with Cassandra's rhythm. Cassandra noticed them too, looking down with surprised chuckle. "Oh my," she teased, "you must be becoming an absolute cowgirl slut with tits like that Frankie." She grabbed her head fiercely, pulling her back towards herself even as Frankie's head pushed out into a bovine muzzle of her own, her ears sliding up her head as if they themselves were trying to get closer to Cassandra. "I bet you'll love being a big-titted bimbo," Cassandra added as she kept thrusting heavily inside her, "with your nice juicy breasts being the first and most important thing everyone notices about you. The second, of course, being your lovely slick cowgirl slit."

Frankie moaned. She couldn't do anything else, couldn't think of anything aside from just how right Cassandra was, just how good all of that would feel, how good she felt right now, being taken, being fucked while lovely cowgirl fur of her own blossomed all across her skin. She felt her tail slipping free from her rear, whipping side to side frantically as she instinctively did all she could to entice her mate onwards.

"I don't think you have enough left to make yourself an udder," Cassandra said matter-of-factly. "You'll have to go and find some nice juicy cock to suck for it, won't you?"

Frankie nodded automatically. Of course she would, she had to; the thought of a cock filling her mouth too made her lick her thick lips with her long, dexterous bovine tongue. It would feel so good to suck someone's cock, anyone's cock – everyone's cock. Anyone that could possibly want to use her and take her and fill her, she would gladly lick their cock dry. Especially if that meant they could fill her enough for her very own udder, so she could show just what a perfect cowgirl slut she could be.

"Now," Cassandra hissed, grabbing Frankie by the horns she hadn't even felt herself grow, holding her so firmly she could thrust into her with enough force to almost knock her flat against the ground. "Moo for me, slut!"

"Mooooo!" Frankie answered instantly, finally, finally orgasming as she embraced her new role. Her whole body shuddered with release, her crotch dripping wet as she came again and again, each orgasm following another trembling "moo!" that she gave off instinctively. Her hands reshaped into their hoof-like gloves as she fought for purchase against the carpet, her legs shifting behind her to allow herself to sit more comfortably on all fours. And throughout all of this, as she came and lowed dumbly again and again, all she could focus on were the words Cassandra whispered approvingly in her ear.

"Good girl Frankie..."

Some time later, Frankie was sitting on the ground, looking up at Cassandra re-dressing above her. She wondered why she wasn't being fucked anymore, but wasn't yet desperate enough that she needed to disobey the implied command of her mistress to sit there patiently. She was at least licking her lips diligently, having earlier been given Cassandra's strap-on like a lollipop, and even though that had now been packed away again inside the handbag Frankie was still quietly enjoying what little tastes remained on her lips after she had licked it clean.

"Now, I know right now you're too slut-headed to understand this," Cassandra was saying above her, "but it should at least sink in for later. Were-cow, got it? That means this will wear off tomorrow, although it will happen again when- well, actually, I think it's more fun if you don't know exactly *when* it will happen. Don't you?"

Frankie looked up at her mistress happily, nodding automatically at the question.

Cassandra answered with a snorted laugh. "Of course you do. Now, all that aside, this really will all wear off eventually – all of it, even – so long as the two of us don't do this again." She dropped a business card down next to her, which Frankie looked at dumbly before snapping her attention back upwards at the sound of Cassandra's voice. "Here's how you can contact me, in case you find

yourself... unable to resist..."

Another object landed next to Frankie, this time with an audible thud. "Here," Cassandra continued, "this should keep you out of trouble for the rest of the evening."

Frankie fell on her gift eagerly, sliding the sizable dildo inside herself and masturbating eagerly, a satisfied look on her face.

Cassandra rustled her hair playfully – now, of course, long and blond – saying softly, "goodbye for now, you big dumb slut." Frankie shuddered blissfully just at that, not even noticing as Cassandra stepped out of the room. "Remember what I said..."

Falling backwards against the wall, Frankie worked herself over with the wonderfully large, stiff cock, mooing again and again as she serviced herself unstopably through the night.

Four weeks later and two states over, Frank had met a pretty girl at a small bar in town. They got on well, and by the end of the night they decided to leave together, heading back to his nearby hotel room. Stepping outside into the cool night air, her hand brushed delicately against the front of his pants, and all of a sudden Frank felt a dramatic but familiar heat rising urgently within him.

"Holy crap," he panted, "that all really happened." Turning to his partner for the evening, he mumbled apologetically, "uh, honey, I sure hope you like dairy."

There was an uncomfortable lurch, and suddenly Frank's shirt was straining dramatically.

"And tits. Liking tits is also going to be pretty relevant."

Easy Bake Coven

This was it, Rachael was here.

The address on the door in front of her matched the one on the pamphlet she'd printed off earlier, so now it was time for the final step of actually going inside. She liked the idea of it, certainly – the "Coven of Bastet" had a certain ring to it, she had to admit. More importantly though, Egyptology was a subject she liked, and felt like she could actually have a conversation with people about. And plus, cats. She liked cats. It would probably be acceptable to watch funny cat videos with people at this thing, right? The pamphlet made it sound like they didn't take themselves very seriously; meaning it would probably just be hanging out with a vague sort of Egyptian theme attached. She could handle that, surely.

She'd promised herself that she would do this; actually bother to get up and go out tonight rather than spending another Friday in her dorm quietly flicking through the internet. In all fairness, she liked those Friday nights, but she was beginning to feel like she was wasting her opportunities somehow. This was college, you were supposed to experiment in college; or at the very least actually *do* things. If nothing else, Rachael wanted to prove to herself that she could do that if she set her mind to it. And for tonight, "doing that" meant signing up to hang out with a bunch of girls in the setting of some ancient Egyptian cat god cult. So she'd tidied herself up, put on her least bad clothes, struggled her frazzled brown hair into something roughly acceptable, and ambled circuitously until she was finally confronted by the door and the decision in front of her. She raised her hand and made a fist. She could do this. Of course she could. Worst case scenario she'd bail and wind up with a funny story. She knocked twice sharply, then stiffened her whole body to push down on the urge to make a break for it.

The door was opened with surprising speed, and Rachael found herself staring some girl in the neck. She jerked her head upwards quickly, adjusting for her unexpected height, her mind catching up with the situation just in time to hear her give a cheerful "hello!"

"Hi!" Rachael blurted instinctively. This girl was impossibly elegant; tall, smooth, symmetrical – every part of her seemed to be long and graceful, from her legs to her hair. It was like she hadn't been born so much as constructed out of silk, her tan skin seemingly completely spotless wherever it was visible outside her slinky blue dress. And she had boobs, despite being slim, which felt like cheating. Man, Rachael thought, fuck this girl.

It slowly dawned on Rachael that there had been a significant pause in the conversation while she conducted her mental catalogue, and the girl seemed to be content to smile happily at her while she waited for something further. Hastily, her brain kicked her mouth into gear, and Rachael spluttered, "oh, I'm- here for the thing? The... club... thing?" She lifted her arm stiffly, thrusting out the pamphlet like it was a policeman's badge she was hiding behind. Internally, Rachael rolled her eyes at herself. Five seconds in and you're already freezing up, she thought. Good job me.

"Oh, of course!" the girl answered. She sprang forward, clasping Rachael by the hand and drawing her effortlessly inside, the door closing behind her before Rachael could entirely process what was happening. "I'm Katie"; she continued, wrapping Rachael into a fierce hug and forcing her eyebrows upwards at the unexpected contact. Before she could say anything Katie had already unwound herself, leaving her arm around Rachael's shoulder and starting to walk her gently further inside. "Come on, meet the gang!"

Despite her best efforts to engage, Rachael found herself leaning back slightly inside her head to process things, as she so often did. For all her outward elegance, Katie seemed to utterly lack poise and distinction in her speech and actions, acting more like- well, she wouldn't say it out loud, but the phrase "perky airhead" certainly came to mind. The dorm itself seemed to be fairly standard as the two of them stepped inside. The place was about as cluttered as you would expect from four people living together, and with nothing particularly telling about the inhabitants in the assorted detritus. There was a bike leaning up against the wall, so someone probably biked. That was about it for the detective work that Rachael could manage before she was swept through the doorway and into the communal area.

This too was decorated in essentially the same way as all the other places here, although in this case it did seem to be cleaner and clearer than most. There were the same 2.5 couches they all came with, together with the big wooden table and chairs to one side, but it looked like the people here had gone out of their way to avoid having anything else taking up space in the room, aside from the moderately-sized television that occupied the typical position as the room's focus. Curious.

There was also a person here, Rachael realised belatedly. She was sitting at the table, looking up from a book and treating her to a sympathetic smile, which Rachael managed to interpret as a genuine apology for Katie's somewhat intense approach to introductions. "Hey"; she said with a wave, "I'm Tiffany. Sorry if you've been too manhandled by this one here – she managed to beat me to answering the door. She usually does."

Unexpectedly, Rachael found herself relaxing. This new girl looked, to put it bluntly, like a sort of easy-mode goth; long, perfectly straight black hair – albeit with stylish blue highlights – matching her black clothes and contrasting with her pale skin, while small piercings studded various parts of her body and a large silver pendant hung from her neck. But somehow it wasn't to the level of being intimidating; more that "goth" was a look that simply seemed to suit her, and she'd adopted it more as an

affectation than a philosophy. Her smile at least was warm and sincere as she put her book away and waved Rachael over, and when Katie sat down too Rachael joined them without having to force herself. Much.

“So!”, Tiffany continued, clapping her hands together as she looked over to Rachael, “welcome along! You are here to join in for the evening, I take it?”

Rachael nodded, then looked up with a start. “Oh! I’m, uh, Rachael, by the way.” She gave an awkward wave. “Sorry, just realised I hadn’t introduced myself before.”

Tiffany responded with a laugh. “Thanks, I was wondering about that.” Instinctively Rachael found herself blushing, but Tiffany’s tone seemed genuinely good-natured rather than mocking, so Rachael managed to get past the moment with little more than a slight self-conscious smile. “Katie”, Tiffany continued, turning towards her, “how about you g-”

“Where is everyone else?” Katie interrupted suddenly.

Tiffany and Rachael joined each other in a startled blink in response. “Sorry?” Tiffany answered eventually.

“Well, where’s the rest of the gang? There should be more people here, right?” Katie – good god, Rachael thought, she was actually chewing slightly on her bottom lip, as though she was actively perplexed by this puzzle.

Tiffany sighed slightly. “Sorry”, she said to Rachael. “She tends to follow her own train of thought sometimes.” Turning back to Katie, she said, “they’re not coming tonight, remember? It was going to be just the two of us, but now – thanks to Rachael here – it’s not. Okay?”

Rachael barely managed to suppress a wince. A whole party of people could be overwhelming, but at least in a big group it was possible to fade into a corner or slip away without hassle. But with just the three of them; even if Tiffany did seem nice and Katie was at worst endearingly harmless, it still meant there was going to be a lot of direct conversation and potential awkward pauses. She shifted in her seat uncomfortably, trying to somehow will time into moving faster.

“Why don’t you get our guest some tea?” Tiffany continued, adding to Rachael, “Does that sound good?”

The question managed to snap Rachael back into the moment. “Oh, uh, yes thanks. Cream, no sugar, please.”

Nodding, Tiffany turned back to Katie. “You got that?”

The other girl nodded also, standing up sharply and towering over the other two before stepping around them to make her way to the kitchen. After she'd left, Tiffany leaned forward slightly, whispering to Rachael, "sorry, again. Katie's jus--"

She was interrupted as Katie stuck her head back into the room. "Uh, we're out of cream?" she said with a helpless tone to her voice.

In response, Tiffany stared pointedly at her. "No, I don't think we are. Are you sure?"

Katie just stood there and made a thinking face for a few seconds, before answering "yyyep, pretty sure."

"No," Tiffany hissed through clenched teeth, "we're not. You have some of *your* cream, remember? Some of... your cream?"

There was a long moment of blank staring, until finally it seemed that Katie made the required mental leap. "Ohhhhh!" she said, her breasts bouncing slightly as she clasped her hands together in front of herself with enthusiasm. "Riiiiight! *My* cream. Gotcha. Wink!" She emphasised that last word with a physical wink and a pair of finger pistols, before disappearing back around the door frame.

Rachael turned slowly back to face Tiffany, finding her with her head in her hands. "Is...," Rachael started.

Tiffany interrupted before she could get any further. "Don't worry," she said from between her fingers, "we've just got one flatmate who constantly uses things without replacing them, so we keep a little stash hidden away they don't know about. Katie's got some cream she bought in there, and she'd obviously just forgotten about it." She sighed vehemently. "Again." She raised her head from her hands and breathed out slowly, deliberately centring herself before continuing. "But, okay! That's not important. Let's get you up to speed!"

Rachael shrugged. "Sure, okay. So... what is all this for then? I couldn't quite tell when I was looking it over at home, but I knew it sounded interesting at least. Do... do we just hang out, or should I go back and get like, my Magic cards or something?"

"Oh, no" Tiffany responded, unable to stifle a smile. "That's not quite the sort of magic we're all about here. Although fist bump for owning Magic cards, for sure." She raised her fist over the table, and Rachael found herself grinning too as she completed the gesture. "It's more like... practical, than that?" Tiffany continued.

Rachael answered with a nod. "So, like, trying to cast spells for real? Or just like, talking about old

Egyptian mythology and stuff?”

Before Tiffany could answer, Katie walked back into the room, carefully holding Rachael’s mug of steaming hot tea. Tiffany seemed grateful for the distraction, rubbing her hands together happily as Tiffany handed Rachael her drink and then sat down to rejoin them. She thanked them politely, then took a sip. It tasted surprisingly good. She couldn’t place the blend aside to say that it didn’t seem to be one she was used to, and whatever cream they had used did seem to be making it taste creamier than normal. She went in for another drink almost immediately, enjoying the slight tingling sensation she felt as it went down her throat.

With Katie joining them again the conversation seemed to flow more naturally, the two girls firing off each other to ensure there weren’t any awkward pauses even despite Rachael’s natural tendency to sink into silence. She gathered that the event seemed to at least start out as an excuse to hang out with people they mightn’t otherwise see – even though Katie and Tiffany lived together, there were other members that lived elsewhere who normally showed up. They all shared an interest in Egyptology – Tiffany’s silver pendant turned out to be an ankh on closer inspection, and she went through an obviously well-shared story of how she got it and what it meant to her – and organising an evening around something as wilfully out there as the cult of an ancient god was enough to ensure their other two flatmates wanted nothing to do with it, letting them have some relaxed time with their more like-minded friends.

Before long Rachael found she’d finished her tea, and Katie all but jumped out of her seat to offer her a refill. There was an eagerness in her eyes that seemed almost endearing, so with a shrug and a nod Rachael agreed. “You sure you have enough of that cream though?,” she teased.

“Oh, don’t worry!,” Katie answered, “I’ve got more than enough cream to go around.” With that she scooped up the mug and dashed off to the kitchen.

The next cup of tea, when it was served, seemed even more sweet and creamy, the heat of it drifting through Rachael’s body as though it was massaging her from the inside. She thanked Katie again for her thoughtfulness, finding herself unconsciously unfolding from her standard closed-in body language as she genuinely warmed to the other two girls. They laughed together and drifted over several topics for the next half hour, covering a startling array of interests and opinions they all seemed to share. Bastet, ostensibly the reason and dedication for the entire evening, was mentioned precisely once; when Katie talked about how Tiffany had loved cats to an above-average degree ever since she was a kid, and Tiffany had taken the teasing with a slight blush and waved hand, commenting that “given that, it made sense I’d wind up getting involved with Bastet somehow, huh?” Rachael started to push the topic further, but Katie noticed that she’d just finished her tea and shot to her feet to offer her another. Two full mugs in an hour was more than Rachael normally drank, but somehow she couldn’t bring herself to pass up the chance for another. She handed over the mug with a shrug, and Katie seemed barely able to contain her glee as she raced back to the kitchen.

There was an awkward silence while she was gone. Tiffany seemed to be blushing a little, leaning down to rub at her legs unthinkingly while avoiding making direct eye contact. She stopped when Rachael gave a deliberate cough, stretching her arms in her practised 'time to go' manoeuvre.

"Well", she started, "this has been great, b-"

Before she could get any further, Katie came hurrying out of the kitchen, clutching Rachael's newly refilled mug. "Here you go!" she blurted, placing it down in front of Rachael with enough speed to almost cause it to spill. Rachael reached for it, but as she did so she caught sight of a quick nod passing between the two other girls. Suddenly she was interrupted again as Katie called out "wait!"; her hand retreating instinctively as she turned to look up at Katie's blushing face. She was staring directly ahead, and the next time she spoke it was like she was reading the words from an internal script. "I forgot to add the cream," she said, before turning to lock eyes with Rachael in a very deliberate manner, her voice sinking to a self-conscious purr as she continued. "Let me just do that for you now..."

Katie took the mug back without waiting for a response, setting it down on the empty chair in front of her. She then put one of her own feet up on the chair, and unceremoniously hiked up her dress. Rachael gasped at the sudden revelation. First was the fact that her legs looked to be completely covered in short black hairs – or, fur; Rachael realised after half a second, it was somehow fur – but substantially more surprising than that was the fact that as Katie raised her dress higher and higher she eventually revealed an unmistakable penis hanging with increasing stiffness from her body. It looked somehow... pointier than Rachael would have considered normal, although she soon realised that 'normal' for a penis attached to a girl with suddenly furry legs was probably a very relative term.

In response to Rachael's gasp, Katie merely grinned wider, moving one of her hands down inside her dress to start working over her inexplicable cock. Within moments she gave a shudder, her hips thrusting forwards dreamily as she came. Despite her look of absent bliss she somehow managed to maintain impressive aim, the several short jets of cum she gave out landing almost entirely within the mug. She then followed up with a long, satisfied sigh before bending over to pick it up, setting it down once more in front of Rachael and maintaining eye contact all the while. "There you go" she said, adding a self-consciously sultry "...sugar" about half a second too late to sound natural.

Rachael stared down at the mug, eyebrows raised as she watched the thick white blotches slowly dissolve into the tea. "Well", she said eventually, "I can't say I was expecting that."

"You seem... less surprised than I would have thought", Tiffany said hesitantly from across the table.

"Yes well, you two were clearly up to something, although I was thinking breast milk at the absolute most. You're not very good at this, are you?"

Tiffany had the decency to blush and look away at the reproach, while Katie was still more concerned with panting heatedly in relief. "We're... not normally the ones involved in inductions..." Tiffany answered eventually.

"I can believe that. So..." Rachael picked up the mug and, making a point to keep eye contact with Tiffany the whole time, raised it to her lips. She'd tilted it back significantly to take an impressive swig, but as soon as she started swallowing she realised she'd forgotten that despite the extra additions it was still hot tea, and therefore not something she could gulp down in one go. She aborted the swig with what she hoped was still some semblance of grace, slamming the mug back down on the table emphatically as she made sure to lick her lips. "What now then?"

Tiffany looked on in awe. Even Katie seemed to have been shocked out of her absent bliss. After several long seconds Rachael took pity on them and decided to prompt them herself.

"We fuck, right?" she asked nonchalantly. "Right?"

Tiffany nodded weakly, while Katie almost looked like she was about to start drooling. "That's... that's the general idea," Tiffany mumbled. "Have... have you done this before?"

Rachael shrugged. "Fucked? Yes. Fucked catgirls with dicks? No, can't say that I have. But you know what they say..." she started taking off her shirt, throwing it offhandedly to the ground behind her as she moved to undo her bra. "College is the time for experimenting. Now if you're quite ready, can we be done with the awkward talking part of the evening and get down to the sex?"

"Uh..." Tiffany opened and closed her mouth for several moments, clearly having to work to process this surprising development. Katie meanwhile was openly masturbating once again, stroking her slowly re-hardening shaft and looking back and forth between the other two girls, trying to leer at everyone at once. "Yeah," Tiffany finished finally. "Yep. That's... that's what normally happens now."

Rachael gave one sharp nod, then shifted to the side and batted away Katie's hand, closing her own firmly around the girl's cock as a replacement. Katie moaned wordlessly in response, her eyes closing while her mouth drifted open helplessly. Rachael drew her hand along Katie's shaft in one tortuously slow motion, making the taller girl bend almost double over her.

"Wait," Rachael said suddenly, causing Katie to give an urgent, stuttered gasp as she abruptly stopped. Turning back towards Tiffany – who at this point was sitting bolt upright in her own chair, her hands so fiercely clenched that her nails were somehow leaving marks on the table – she fixed her with a quizzical look. "If you two fuck me," Rachael asked, squeezing lightly with her hand for emphasis and making Katie react with a slight full-body jolt, "does that mean I'm going to change into being something like her too?"

Once again, Tiffany floundered silently for several moments, long enough that Rachael resumed slowly moving her hand up and down along Katie's shaft more or less just to pass the time. Eventually, Tiffany managed to get herself together enough to give an answer, albeit a hesitant and mumbled one. "Uh, yeah. Yeah that's... that's sort of how it goes. That's part of the whole 'cat god fertility cult' thing, really." Once she'd started talking it was though Tiffany couldn't stop, the nervous momentum built up inside her leaving her babbling uncontrollably. "Sorry for being so bad at this too; we may have started this club but then we met some people who were way more up on everything and then all this impossible stuff happened and it was amazing but normally they take care of it all but I thought maybe we could do it without them anyway and-"

Tiffany stopped talking only when Rachael leaned across the table and put a finger on her lips, all but dragging Katie along with her in her other hand. "Sshh," she said softly. "You had me at..." Rachael paused for a moment, pursing her lips as she considered the question. "...probably the point where Katie here got her cock out, to be honest."

Tiffany blushed despite herself, smiling warmly under the soft pressure of Rachael's hand. She moved it away with a gentle push from her own, letting the other girl see the snowy white fur that was marching irresistibly up her arm. She swallowed briefly before speaking, the motion showing off the slowly sharpening teeth pushing out against her lips. "How are you so good at this?," she asked in a voice that was only just below a whine, her attempt at a calm demeanour visibly melting as her body began to let loose.

In response, Rachael merely shrugged. "I spend a lot of time on the internet," she said simply. "And I'm very perverted. Besides," she added, "compared with talking, sex is easy. Insert tab A into slut B."

She turned, letting go of Katie behind her and pulling her clothes away in one easy motion, then bending over the table and presenting herself happily. "That'd be your cue there love," she added helpfully.

Katie blinked, the sudden release of pressure already enough to give her pause, but within moments her attention focussed on the sight of Rachael's bare body before her. She leaned down, instinctively sniffing at Rachael's presented crotch, and as the scent of it filled her nostrils her very face began to change; pushing outwards into a feline muzzle as her nose shivered and twitched. She inhaled deeply, her eyes rolling back in her head as the heat and the need overwhelmed her, and as she snapped back into focus it was clear that she was lost to it; what little had remained of her higher processes was now utterly submerged beneath her absolute animal lust.

Rachael almost collapsed against the table as Katie plowed into her from behind, rocking her forward fiercely as the larger girl buried herself almost to the hilt in one almighty thrust. Rachael gasped as her breasts hit the plastic beneath her, while Katie was all but yowling with lust as she quickly settled into a frantic rhythm. "Ah! Ah! Ah!," Rachael gasped, swallowing for a moment and working to control herself

enough to talk coherently despite being enthusiastically fucked from behind. "Now- now's when you go ahead and put your cock to wo- work too Tiff!"

The offer made, Rachael let her mouth fall open in invitation, leaving Tiffany staring with wide eyes. She was visibly sweating, a distracted wipe of her forehead only serving to put her now-completely fur-covered hand up in front of her face, making her watch as it shifted irresistibly towards a paw. "It- it's not... normally there's more... we don't..." she panted, before eventually blurting out a simple "slower!"

"It... seems to be working pretty well for her..." Rachael answered through gritted teeth, grinding her hips to emphasise Katie's now slower, more deliberate rhythm. Her lessened pace was no less intense however, as each thrust was urgent and powerful enough to cause Rachael to grip the edge of the table just to keep from being overwhelmed as her clit was dragged forcefully against the surface. For her part, Katie was a wild creature; her dress torn in several places, either from her body shifting beneath it or simply being caught by a flailing claw, while all the while her long tail whipped around furiously behind her. She was growling too; a great low, growing sound seemingly more suited to a lion or tiger – feral and powerful and clearly building up to an emphatic climax. Her eyes were glazed over, her fangs bared; long whiskers on her feline muzzle twitching erratically.

Tiffany looked away, trying to breath out slowly as her own claws slid fully out of her shifting hands. "F..flatmates..." she mumbled desperately between breaths.

In response, Rachael rolled her eyes. "F-fuck 'em," she hissed. "If they w-walk in, we'll deal with i-it! Then!" A particularly violent thrust from Katie sent her sprawling for a moment, and she had to raise herself back to her elbows again before continuing. "Do you want me-e to beg for your cock?"

Tiffany whimpered, biting her lip hard enough that her fangs almost drew blood.

Rachael looked up at her imploringly, trying to fix her with a doe-eyed stare despite being regularly shoved forwards against the table. "P-please Tiff", she moaned, "please let me s-suck your cock..." Her head dipped for a moment, then she looked up again with a sincere expression of intense need. "Please, I- I-uhmm! I'm not acting! Would you- would you fuck me already!"

Tiffany broke. Her claws tore through her pants to reveal her own desperately straining erection, and in an instant she grabbed Rachael by the hair with one hand to steady her and then plunged her cock eagerly into her mouth. Rachael took it hungrily, her own hands reaching out to grasp Tiffany by the waist and pull her in closer, her body relaxing into the bliss of being so powerfully filled from both ends. She grinned around the thick cock in her mouth as she felt Tiffany finally let go, white fur enveloping the last of her body as her tail stretched out between Rachael's hands, while above her she could hear the girl's voice sink into a feral growl to match Katie's. That was it then – she was now being fucked by two wild creatures, using her absolutely to sate their animal lusts, and all Rachael needed to do was lie back and enjoy being used. There was no finesse to it, no technique or skill; they were both simply pounding

at her, pressing their cocks again and again inside her body in a desperate rush to get off. They needed it, she needed it; needed them to cum inside her so that she'd know she'd done well, had been a good little slut for them to satisfy themselves with. She needed the taste of it, needed the feeling of cum dripping out of her well-used slit, needed to be filled and taken and fucked and she could feel them both tensing up and she pressed her clit against the table one last time in the hope that she could cum just as they did like a good little slut and-

They came. Not quite in unison – all the teasing and restraint must have worked Tiffany up more as she rolled her head back and came first, and seeing that led to Katie burying herself urgently into Rachael before she came too, until finally Rachael herself sunk into a blissful orgasm as she felt the two girls pump warm cum into her from both ends. Katie finished quickly, having already been drained repeatedly earlier on, but Tiffany was unstoppable, clutching Rachael tightly and quivering as she shot load after load inside her mouth. She swallowed it dreamily, her body writhing lazily in the growing pool of slickness on the table, concentrating on nothing but the pleasure of being a good, successful slut; rewarded for her efforts with the approving orgasm of those that were using her.

When Tiffany finally re-opened her eyes, her head drifting back down from the thrown-back position she'd assumed throughout her repeated orgasms, she found Katie waiting for her. She was still keeping Rachael lazily impaled, but leaning forwards herself with her arm outstretched and palm raised. "C'mon girl," she said between pants, "don't leave me hanging."

Laughing despite herself, Tiffany rolled her eyes and completed the high-five over Rachael's still-blissfully prone form. The only noise as they connected was a slight 'thnk!' of their claws touching; the thick pads on their paw-like hands otherwise muffling the action entirely. Katie pouted, looking genuinely disappointed, while Tiffany merely laughed again and took the opportunity to slide slowly out of Rachael's slack mouth.

"Wait," Rachael mumbled, her first coherent action since being so enthusiastically wracked with orgasms. Tiffany duly paused, allowing Rachael to stretch forward slightly and send her tongue sweeping lovingly along Tiffany's half-firm cock, cleaning it off as best as she was able. In response, Tiffany stretched and moaned, feeling the claws on her feet reflexively digging into the floor. "Daaamn," she hissed appreciatively, "I could get used to this."

Eventually Rachael seemed to be finished, and Tiffany pulled herself away. Katie reluctantly did likewise, although she took the opportunity to squeeze the girl's rump as she did so, drawing out a short gasp that quickly slurred into a moan as she slid free. She finished up with a quick, affectionate slap, before walking around to stand next to Tiffany. "So," Rachael croaked, her throat surprisingly dry, "what happens now?"

Tiffany looked down at her and grinned. Unlike the coy smiles of earlier, this one wasn't shy or embarrassed – this was something dominant and predatory, an expression that promised that she had

been unleashed, and was entirely willing to act like it. When she spoke again, her voice was a rich purr, her demeanour that of someone completely comfortable with her sultry persona. She leaned in close and whispered, "now... we finish you off."

Before Rachael could respond, Tiffany swept in next to her, dragging her tongue firmly along the skin of her face. There was a roughness to it that felt somehow stimulating; as though she could feel all the little bumps on her tongue massaging her individually. More than that there was something... else to the sensation. There was a tingling that followed in Tiffany's wake, as though the touch of her tongue had started a warmth in Rachael's body, and it kept on going even once Tiffany had moved on.

After just that one lick Tiffany straightened back up, turning to speak to Katie beside her. "Go and fetch the mirror, will you girl? It's always best when they watch." Katie nodded smartly, standing stiffly to attention for a moment to acknowledge the order before bounding off, while Tiffany bent languorously back down to Rachael, her tail waving steadily behind her all the while.

She got in three solid licks before Katie returned, a full length mirror tucked casually under one arm. Rachael had been too absorbed in the sensations that Tiffany was bestowing on her to even move – it felt like she was pushing her face around with her tongue, piling up her flesh in the manner that she saw fit and somehow having it stay like that. When the mirror was set up in front of her she saw with a gasp that that was essentially the case – she saw on her own face the beginnings of a feline muzzle, the faint buds of her own whiskers just starting to push through her skin. She'd expected all this of course, theoretically; but somehow seeing it all laid out there directly on her own face made it shockingly real, taking it from a sexy experiment to a real decision with actual consequences.

"I d-rrrmrrwww...," she gasped. Her mouth felt... wrong – her teeth were pointed, her tongue bumpy, and there was the faint but insistent feeling that her entire mouth was sliding slowly forwards. She rallied herself to try again, but suddenly Tiffany grabbed her by the chin and captured her in a kiss, making out with her passionately for a few moments before transitioning seamlessly into sliding her tongue directly upwards and licking over the tip of her nose.

"Now, now," Tiffany taunted, as Rachael felt her nose flatten and soften. "No backing out now. You signed up for this, remember?"

She gestured to Katie with a tilt of her head, and the other girl obediently padded back around the table, until there was a thud of her hands hitting the plastic surface and one short second later Rachael's eyes shot wide open as she felt a rough tongue slide tortuously along her slit, lapping eagerly at the sticky wetness that still remained.

"There," Tiffany said triumphantly. "That should keep you motivated. Now, do you pledge to join the coven?"

Rachael tensed, her eyes screwing shut automatically as Katie slipped her tongue inside her once again. Tiffany snapped them open again with a firm squeeze from her hand beneath her chin, forcing Rachael to look into her deep green eyes. "Nggghhhhhh...," was all she could say.

Tiffany responded by pressing back against her, turning her head this way and that as she licked her face again and again, coating yet more of her with warmth and fur. Once she was done she turned Rachael's head back to the mirror, forcing her to look at herself. She had changed even further; her ears pointed and halfway up her head, her face unmistakably drawing forward into a muzzle, her growing fangs poking out against her lips, and everywhere a scattering of soft golden fur. "You're becoming one of us," Tiffany narrated. "Isn't that wonderful?" From behind she felt a mighty jolt from Katie's ministrations, and suddenly Rachael gasped as she felt something slip free inside herself. Within moments a tail of her own had unfolded from her; waving around eagerly as though her own body was signalling its desire without her conscious input.

She tried to speak, but between the changes, the intensity of the sensations and the sheer overpowering heat, Rachael's words again failed her, an incoherent "Mrrrowwhrrrr..." the best she could manage as she felt her own fingernails beginning to reflexively dig into the table surface.

Pausing for a moment, Tiffany held Rachael's head up and regarded her carefully. "Just give in to it," she purred. "After all, isn't that what you wanted, with all your bluster and boldness?"

Rachael winced as Katie gave her another long lick from behind, feeling fur spreading out unstoppably down her thighs.

"Trust me, it feels so good..." Tiffany added, giving another brief grin before resuming her passionate licking, focussing now on Rachael's nose as her whiskers slid out fully one by one.

Gasping, Rachael's mouth fell open, her tongue panting with the heat that was boiling over inside herself. She had to- she needed to- her hands flexed against the table as they shifted too, her body now changing even without being directly touched by either of the girls working her over. It was flowing through her freely, and Tiffany was right; it felt so good, and it was all she could do to shudder blissfully under their attentions as they pushed and massaged her into one of them. She felt Tiffany reach down to tug playfully at her breasts, feeling them filling out somewhat to mark her as a creature of sex, her nipples standing stiffly at attention through her arousal. But even that somehow wasn't enough, even as she shivered and twitched through the coat of fur sweeping over the last of her body – she needed more, there was some last release she needed, some urgent heat inside of her that couldn't be quelled no matter how much she pawed at herself in frustration.

"Awww, you're feeling the heat now, aren't you girl?" Tiffany teased. She shifted her hands to the side of Rachael's head and pulled her upwards slowly but firmly, forcing her to follow along obediently and slide herself over the table and onto her feet. Katie moved to Tiffany's side once more as they both

looked on approvingly, watching as Rachael bit her lip with her newly-lengthened fangs.

“Ph... phwrrrr...” Rachael stammered, her unfamiliar mouth getting in the way of her speech.

Tiffany smiled, petting her softly on her head. “Don’t worry, you’ll get used to that in time. Just focus, and you should be able to speak.”

Rachael swallowed, forcing herself into coherence. “Phrr... please... I... I need! Tehhrr... tell me... how...”

The other two girls shared a knowing look as Rachael kept working herself over desperately, chasing a release that never seemed to come. Finally Tiffany took pity on her, saying softly, “so, that’s a yes on wanting to be part of the cult then?”

In response Rachael could only nod feverishly, biting her lip with rampant, uncontrolled lust.

“Well;” Tiffany answered with a nonchalant shrug, “it seems to me like you need someone to really take care of yourself down there.” She pointed to Rachael’s dripping wet crotch, to which Rachael responded with a confused moan, given that she was already pressing inside herself urgently to no avail.

“What you *need...*”; Tiffany continued, hanging on that word hard enough to make Rachael look back up at her desperately, “is someone to properly work you over with their tongue down there, not just tease you. But I don’t know if we’re up for the task. So, where else could you find someone to take care of that...” She tapped her finger on her chin mock-thoughtfully as beside her Katie took her leg in one hand and casually raised it straight up beside herself, licking at a tuft of fur on her ankle without any apparent effort. “Where indeed?;” Tiffany finished playfully.

Despite her heat and confusion, Rachael managed to get the message with commendable swiftness. She fell back into a sitting position against the table, and in almost one fluid motion bent herself double, bring her face down to her crotch. Once there she wasted no further time, going straight for the source of her need as her tongue flicked out to work eagerly at her clit. The surge of approval was immediate – she felt her body responding eagerly as though it had been waiting for this, waiting for her to embrace an act that was so outside her experience as to have been physically impossible for her even half an hour ago. But now, now she was something else; something sexy and flexible and feline, and it felt right to service her own lusts in such a direct way. She felt blissful, and somehow, actively thankful – in the midst of all this she realised that this was all due to this cult and that ancient Egyptian goddess, and so with her tongue wound deliriously around herself she gave silent praise to Bastet, and felt her body twitch and jolt in response. Her clit was growing, rewarding her for her dedication and supplication by giving her more to pleasure herself with, and in her lust-addled brain she realised that she was finally getting a cock of her own to match the other girls, and as that thought came to her she

came; her lips closed dreamily around her shaft as she filled her own mouth again and again. It tasted, she realised hazily, wonderfully creamy.

Some time later, the girls had all collapsed together onto one of the couches, curled up languidly in a tangled pile of furry bodies. After her earlier concerns Tiffany had surreptitiously checked up on their flatmates and found they weren't going to be back any time soon, so the three girls were content to simply lie back and relax against each other. Eventually Rachael's brow furrowed in thought, and she spoke up in a tone of quiet consideration from her position lying lengthwise across the other girl's legs. "Hey, does... does being on the pill work against ancient fertility cult sex magic?"

Tiffany's eyes snapped open, suddenly considering a question that hadn't ever been asked before. "Uh...?", she flailed helplessly.

Katie lifted herself delicately from the pile, walking away with a grin. "I'll go put the kettle on, shall I?" She padded softly to the kitchen, as the other two girls started off what would turn out to be a very long night of frantic research.

Training Day

The collar came in a plain brown box on a Saturday morning.

Simone saw it first – unsurprisingly because it was addressed to her, but also because she'd been watching the mail like a hawk since she'd won the bidding on it a few days ago. She'd gotten it off eBay, which made her feel a little weird, but the seller did promise it was brand new; something they'd made instead of something second-hand, which would have been... distressing. Simone didn't have the gall to walk into a store and buy a collar, and even ordering from a specific site online seemed too intimidating. This way it was just one quick diversion from her normal bored searches on her work lunch break, and then, all of a sudden, it was done. Technically she knew it was wrong to buy a collar for herself in any case, but if she was going to get Justin into this she knew she'd have to be the one to make the first move.

Unwrapping it hurriedly, she disposed of the packaging and studied her prize. It looked... surprisingly elegant – a thick, shiny black leather strap, with no fancy adornments aside from a small metal tag hanging below the catch. That tag said, as had been advertised, "Good Girl". That had been a rather major selling point. Simone tested it briefly in her hands – it felt sturdy, more than strong enough to survive the firmest pulls she could hope for. It was smooth and felt pleasant to the touch too, with a comforting weight to it as it hung from her hand. In all, it seemed like rather a good buy.

She all but ran to the hallway mirror, contemplating her next steps as she inspected herself. Her loose blond hair hung over much of her face by default, leading her to brush it hastily to the side to get a clearer look at herself while she held the collar up in front of her neck. She definitely liked how it looked there, contrasting nicely against her pale skin. But she couldn't put it on herself; that much was undeniable. It was time to go upstairs to Justin and attempt to get him involved.

She genuinely considered carrying it to him in her mouth, but eventually vetoed that idea as likely too intimidating for the first attempt. They'd talked about this before of course, but the sudden appearance of the collar was a surprise, and she was very much hoping to ensure that it was a pleasant rather than overwhelming one. With that in mind she took one last look at herself, making sure she was dressed in a way he'd enjoy; wearing one of his white, loose-fitting office shirts that he thought looked good on her, together with a bra that emphasised her bust and nothing more than panties for below. Gripping

the collar tightly in one hand she walked towards their bedroom with what she truly hoped was still a sexy swagger despite how fiercely her heart was beating in her chest. She knocked softly, answering his groggy response with a self-consciously sultry whisper of "room service."

Opening the door, she found him sitting up at the side of the bed, his own hair an unwieldy mop. He was wearing nothing more than a pair of boxers himself, which Simone noted with a relieved grin were already beginning to tent upwards at her entrance. Things were certainly off to a good start.

"Here sir," she continued, hoping to run through the script in her head before her self-consciousness jolted her out of it, "I've brought you a special treat. On the house." With that she knelt down in front of him, gathering up her hair in one hand and bringing it forward to expose her neck, while with her other hand she held the collar up to him. Then she simply knelt there, trying not to hope too hard, and trembling softly with a mixture of excitement and nerves.

"On the house, hmm?" he said. His voice cut right through her as it so often did, his deep bass rumble making her almost automatically sink further down into the ground before him in submission. "Let's see here then..."

He took the collar from her, and Simone instantly dropped that hand to the floor, feeling the need to support herself with it or risk being overwhelmed by the intensifying mix of panic and lust. She heard him breathe out slowly above her, and she could swear it came out like the quiet growl of some kind of creature. "A collar, for a... 'good girl', is it? Well then..." Suddenly there was his firm hand against the back of her neck, pushing her forwards against the carpet in one strong motion. "Let's see if you can earn that title..."

Simone gasped, the sound escaping from her without thinking as the breath was pressed out unexpectedly. "Ah-ah-ah...," Justin taunted from above. "That's not the right noise for a pet to make." She felt his other hand grip her by the back of her head, pulling her up until she was on all fours. "Speak," he added simply.

"W-wuh..." Simone struggled to think clearly enough to deliver the correct response. Her head was spinning, both from being pushed around and from how overwhelming the situation was becoming. Feeling the pressure on her head diminish, she managed to turn around towards Justin, giving him a plaintive look as he sat against the edge of the bed, staring down commandingly at her. After a few moments of eye contact, she lowered her head submissively and gave out a soft whine.

"Close enough" Justin answered simply. Simone felt a flash of satisfaction run through her at his approval that was interrupted as he suddenly reached down and turned her roughly around, spinning her until she was again on her knees, but this time facing towards him. "Now..." he said with a commanding tone, "beg."

There was a brief moment where Simone wondered what was expected of her, and accordingly she looked up at Justin with an expression of earnest confusion, until eventually Justin moved his boxers downwards, his stiff member sliding free before her. Seeing that, she looked up at him with a smile, before sitting back on her haunches and raising her hands in front of her, looking directly at his dick and whining again wordlessly.

"You want a treat, do you girl? Well then..." He leaned back, his hands gripping the side of the bed as he thrust his dick lazily towards her. "Come and get it."

Simone yelped with genuine surprised enthusiasm at the invitation, instinctively wagging the tail she didn't have as she padded quickly over and wrapped her arms around him. She held back for a few moments, looking down at him and panting with her tongue out, enjoying both the anticipation and the opportunity to fill her nose with his scent. Then she lowered herself blissfully, licking her tongue along the entire length of his slick shaft, thrilling at the taste and the feeling of him trembling slightly beneath her. She went at it dumbly; lapping eagerly at whatever part of his cock seemed the most attractive at each moment, too excited to be given the opportunity to please him to slow down and put any real technique into it. He put up with her haphazard attentions for a few moments, simply enjoying her enthusiasm, before another firm hand on the back of her head captured her, pushing her slowly but forcefully down to swallow his cock.

She moaned blissfully as she sunk down against his flesh. She'd always loved this; the deep satisfaction that came from pleasing him so intimately, of being so trusted and close to him that he would trust her with a task so vulnerable and important. Accordingly she slowed herself down, her instinctive need to service him effectively overriding her earlier frenzied lust. She kept moving herself down steadily, angling herself so as to deep throat him enough to kiss the base of his shaft, a skill she'd taken great pride in developing with him. She grinned happily as he moaned above her, then raised herself back up to lavish dedicated attention on the tip of his cock, ensuring that every part of him was pleasantly stimulated.

Suddenly Simone felt a hand gripping the base of her hair. She went with it instinctively as it pulled her slowly off of him, her mouth only reluctantly allowing his penis to slip free. Eventually she found herself raised to be kneeling before him again, staring up at his face as he looked down approvingly at her. "That's enough of that for now. I think you've definitely earned this." Her heart leapt as he raised her collar with one hand, and without thinking she sprang forward to lick happily along his cheek. Laughing, he raised one hand to fend her off, then after she settled down again his expression hardened to a commanding stare. "Now," he rumbled, "roll over."

She complied instantly, spinning about so as to be facing away from him on all fours. She panted there for a few moments as she felt him lean over her, and then finally there was the feeling of the leather collar slipping around her neck. "Good girl," he said as he moved to click the latch shut, his words alone making her shiver with pleasure, her rear wagging instinctively in response.

There was a surprisingly clear “click” as the latch closed, and then suddenly Simone found herself dragged heavily down to the floor. The collar was an anchor around her neck, forcing her face into the carpet as her mouth hung open in surprise. At the same time her rear was still raised eagerly, and somehow Simone felt like her whole body was flooded with heat – as much as she couldn’t raise her head from the ground, she equally couldn’t force the rest of herself down. That would make her unavailable, and that wasn’t- that wasn’t something that could be done.

“Are you okay Simone?” Justin’s voice cut through her fog, tinged with genuine concern, and clearly unsure as to whether this was part of the act or a legitimate problem. Simone couldn’t bring herself to speak however, even to allay his concerns; all she could do was whine urgently into the carpet and attempt to present herself more obviously to him. Soon she’d positioned herself so that he was behind her again, desperately hoping he would get the message while she panted and pawed at the ground.

“Are you... you... you smell really good babe...” There was a loud thud as he fell to the ground behind her, and Simone’s concern managed to overcome her lust enough for her to bring her head around to look at him. She was relieved to see that he had merely dropped to his knees, and he had an oddly absorbed look on his face as he appeared to be sniffing the air intently. Suddenly his attention snapped onto her again, his eyes focussing on her even though his expression still seemed somehow distant. “Smell... good...”, he mumbled, before in one fluid motion falling to his hands and knees and pressing his face firmly against her rear.

Simone’s head snapped forwards as she stiffened instinctively in response to the unexpected stimulation. She felt him withdraw for a moment before both of his hands landed heavily against her waist, clumsily forcing her panties down to her knees. With them out of the way Justin pressed himself forwards once more, this time thrusting his face right up against her slit, inhaling deeply as Simone panted in front of him. She was- she didn’t know what was happening, but at the same time she knew that the male was taking her scent, and that he approved of it, and that that was good, so...

His voice from behind her interrupted her thoughts. “Mhuuhh... good...”, he moaned. “N... need...” Without further warning he pushed himself forwards forcefully, pressing his nose and mouth hungrily against her flesh. She felt his tongue slip out, causing her hands to clench against the carpet as he tasted her, and all the while he seemed to press his nose further into her, seemingly desperate to fill his senses with her scent as much as possible.

She moaned as it began to feel as though he was pushing even deeper inside her; as though his nose and mouth were somehow pressing into her slit of their own accord. His tongue was still working her over too, although it had changed from a slow deliberate tasting to a sort of frenzied, formless lapping. Simone squirmed helplessly against his attentions, unable to do anything more than clench and release as she felt Justin somehow push further and deeper inside her with every passing moment. Finally, with one great sudden motion, she felt him pull himself free, and Simone almost came just at his

withdrawal. After a few shuddering moments to get herself back under control, Simone managed to turn around enough to get a look at Justin, and what she saw made her audibly gasp in shock.

It was still visibly Justin, sitting back on his haunches behind her, steadying himself with his hands on the floor as he panted loudly. But he had changed dramatically somehow – his whole face had pushed forward into a canine muzzle, with thick grey fur coating his features. His ears had shifted back to the top of his head, pointed and furred, while a long red tongue lolled from just below his wet black nose. He opened his eyes, and she watched as they slowly paled to a dull yellow, regarding her intently as she looked on in confusion. “Muhhh...” he rumbled, his voice now a visceral growl that made her knees buckle unconsciously. “Feels... good...”

In one swift motion he tore aside his boxers, literally ripping them in two in order to free his straining hips. With a grunt he shifted position, raising himself slightly onto all fours and then moving one hand back towards his crotch, gripping his shaft tightly before masturbating frenziedly, rapidly settling into a frantic rhythm of thrusts and pants. “Grrr... Rrrr...”, he growled wordlessly, seeming to ignore Simone completely for the moment as he was overcome with an absolute personal need.

His other hand was flexing powerfully against the carpet, and as Simone watched she saw it become thicker and heavy, the tips pressing outwards to become distinct claws that started to leave visible marks as they moved. Likewise, his whole frame seemed to somehow swell; muscles bulging outwards as he continued to work himself over frantically. She watched as his skin twitched, and then a wave of fur poured outwards, spreading from his groin in all directions; in mere moments wrapping his entire body in a cloak of thick grey hair. He yelped, his hips pressing forwards dreamily as a bulge appeared at the base of his spine, rapidly growing outwards to form a shaggy tail, swinging energetically side to side as he continued. Finally, she saw his legs shift, the bones and muscles somehow flowing around to leave him equally comfortable on four legs, while his feet took on the same pads and claws that now marked his hands.

This whole time Justin had been panting heavily, seemingly driven so fiercely to continue that he didn't have time to breathe properly. With the last of the changes complete however the all-consuming compulsion seemed to subside, and his heavy paw fell from his erect cock as he finally turned to regard her again, as though he was noticing her for the first time in minutes. He looked straight at her, and after only the briefest moment of eye contact she turned away instinctively, pressing her face downwards and presenting her rear eagerly. Her head was spinning, she had no idea what was happening, but the thrumming heat that had been pounding inside her hadn't diminished even if she'd been distracted from it by watching her boyfriend change, and the second he'd looked at her it had hit her again like a sledgehammer. She needed him – she needed to be fucked; no, she needed to be mounted, to be taken like a wild animal and he was perfect, she needed him and to be-

She hadn't even realised she'd been giving out a needy, wordless whine until she felt his heavy paws on her back, the sound suddenly stopping as he pulled his face up next to her. “Good girl...”, he growled,

his voice wonderfully deep and commanding, and before she could react more than giving a pleased yelp she felt him enter her, thrusting his cock deep inside her slit without any further foreplay. It felt so good – she didn't need anything further, all she needed was him inside her, pressing and thrusting and filling her so completely, driving her into the ground beneath him as he made her his bitch. Even as that thought crossed her mind she felt a tingling sensation sweeping out from her crotch, pulsing out a little further with every powerful thrust he gave her. It was – it was fur, she realised. She was changing just like he had; he was going to fuck her until she was just as much of an animal as he was, and just the mere thought of that made her whole body shudder in anticipation and lust.

Again and again he thrust forcefully into her, her tongue hanging out of her mouth as she rocked back and forth with his movements. She felt her face pushing outwards, reforming into a muzzle like his own, and she willed it onwards, submitting to it eagerly; wanting to be his mate, his pet, his bitch. From behind her she heard him start up with another powerful growl and knew that finally he was reaching his climax, and that somehow as soon as he came inside her this would be complete, that she would be his like this utterly. Raising her head just as her nose finished stretching outwards she looked up at him lovingly, his wolf-like face staring dominantly down at her as he continued to thrust against her. Reaching up, she licked the bottom of his jaw softly, her tongue running along his short fur to express her blissful submission even as she pressed herself backwards against him one last time, locking them together as he finally tensed and came.

She felt the warmth of his cum spreading outwards inside her and own body responded in kind, the thrill of her own orgasm rippling through her as her body finished changing, a long tail of her own unfolded from her rear. They lay locked together for some time, him panting heavily from exertion, and her happy to simply lie beneath him and revel in the satisfaction of having pleased her mate. Eventually however, Justin stretched, sliding himself slowly out of Simone and provoking an audible whine of displeasure. He stifled her protests with one hand, then raised himself awkwardly to his feet. Simone rose to her haunches in response, turning to kneel in front of him and leaning forward to clean his still-wet cock with her tongue without hesitation.

“Mhmm...” rumbled Justin. If he'd become something of a wolf she'd taken on aspects of a labrador, including, apparently, an in-built desire to please. He raised her head with one hand, letting himself get another look at the collar that hung so naturally now from her neck. “Good girl indeed.”

All Made Out of **TICKY - TACKY**

Lily knocked on the door for a second time, looking around while she waited impatiently.

Not that there was much to see, of course; this little clapboard house seemed identical to the 23 other ones in the cul-de-sac, probably all thrown up at once to serve as cheap rental properties. She'd been down this street several times in the past making deliveries, but she'd be damned if she could remember which actual place she'd gone to each time, given how they all seemed to utterly lack defining features. She wondered idly if the people that lived here ever chafed at living in this mass-produced neighbourhood, ever found themselves in the wrong house by accident; or if they were all perfectly happy to live their identical little lives in their identical little boxes. She sighed heavily, feeling weighed down just by the thought of it. "Fuck that", she muttered.

She was considering knocking a third time in the hope of getting herself out of there sooner, but just as her hand was hovering over the door it opened up wide, revealing a young woman smiling happily at her. She was... if Lily had to assign any one word to her, it would probably be "prim," followed closely by the obligatory "proper." She was wearing elegant yet subdued clothes; a long dress skirt reaching all the way to her high-heel shoes, with a matching long-sleeved blouse on top. Her short black hair was done up in a bob, and thin-framed glasses sat artfully on her smooth-featured face. Her eyes were a piercing blue, and despite her open smile, somehow those eyes made Lily acutely aware of her own outfit. While this girl wouldn't look out of place in the 50's, Lily's own tied-back tank top, cut off jean shorts and post-punk hairdo certainly would have. Lily almost found herself blushing as she thought about her cleavage being so prominently on display, whereas she could barely even tell if this girl *had* cleavage, so utterly was everything hidden away. Blinking, Lily shook her head momentarily to clear her thoughts. This was stupid; she shouldn't infer that this woman was making her feel bad for the way she presented herself. She *liked* her cleavage. And if that bothered her, well, fuck her and the Identical Clone Street she rode in on.

"Hello?" the woman asked finally, interrupting Lily's internal monologue. Her tone was polite and curious, her accent formally schooled and yet deeply local.

"Package", Lily answered, the word coming out automatically after two months of repetitive use, snapping her back fully into the moment. "For... Abigail Grant?"

The woman nodded, her smile widening. "Oh, I was hoping that would be the case!" she said brightly, clasping her hands happily in front of herself. "That's me."

Lily held up her clipboard, offering the woman the attached pen for her signature, which was duly provided. She looked it over briefly – just managing to stop herself from rolling her eyes as she noticed the hearts that dotted both "i"s – then turned to hand the woman the small box she'd ordered. She took it thankfully, grabbing Lily's hand with hers as she did so, turning it into a handshake as she locked eyes with her. "But please, call me Abby."

"Uh-huh," Lily answered blankly, not entirely sure how to react.

Abby continued before she could think of anything further, withdrawing her own hand and saying, "please, come inside for a cup of coffee! Or tea, if you prefer? It's nearly five, you must be just about to finish for the day, right?"

This was her last stop for the day, Lily thought to herself. Company policy was very specific about not entering the homes of clients for any reason short of an emergency, but... somehow Lily just couldn't help being curious about seeing the inside of one of these little box houses. Would the people that lived there manage to personalize the interior at least, or would the crushing conformity of the neat little rows extend inside too, leading to perfect plastic people sitting patiently in each house, just waiting to be told how best to serve society? Looking at Abby, Lily knew which way she'd bet, but she couldn't resist the opportunity to be proved right. "Uh, yeah; actually. I'd love a cup of tea, if it's not too much trouble."

"Oh, no trouble, no trouble at all," Abby answered, sweeping her arm around Lily, bringing her inside and closing the door behind her in one swift movement. "Right this way dear," she continued, leading her along a short corridor and into what had to be the living room, babbling a polite stream of platitudes and directions all the way. Lily managed to catch the phrase "and I love your blue hair!", which snapped her out of her daze enough to mutter a quick "thank you," but even that was quickly lost under the relentless tide of small talk.

Eventually Lily found herself sitting in a recliner, staring about in a sort of dazed wonder as Abby bustled about in the kitchen one room over. The living room she was in looked like everything she had imagined and more; bright pastel colours, tasteful but sparse furnishings and seemingly a complete lack of personal touches. There didn't seem to be a book shelf, TV, or even a computer; just two couches and a chair pointing towards a coffee table and a big empty patch of carpet. Lily had no idea what this room was used for, but she wasn't entirely sure she would call it "living". It couldn't be just to hang out with flatmates – the place was too small to house more than one person comfortably, and she certainly hadn't seen any evidence of a second person, although in thinking about it there was

barely any evidence of one person. All there was to do was just... sit around and stare at the bright yellow walls until you went insane, Lily imagined. She suddenly realised that as non-threatening as Abby herself seemed, she might not be someone she wanted to spend a lot of time with.

Lily was halfway out of her seat when Abby appeared beside her, startling her so much that she very nearly knocked over the cup of tea Abby was carrying. "Oh, terribly sorry!", Abby said as Lily fell heavily back into her seat, "I didn't mean to startle you. Here's your tea."

Abby handed her the cup, and Lily found herself having to put it down on the coffee table, her hand was shaking too much from the fright to keep it steady. She wanted to drink it down quickly and get out of there, but at the same time she didn't want the rattling of the cup to draw attention to how nervous she was feeling. She wasn't sure what it was exactly, but it was like the walls were pressing in on her; she felt like she needed to tear her clothes off just to breathe properly. Fighting the urge to escape, she instead took a deep breath, the sweet scent of the tea helping to calm her down. All the while Abby was simply smiling at her sweetly, looking on with what appeared to be genuine concern.

"Are you alright dear?," she asked. "You seem a little flushed."

Lily shook her head. Abby couldn't be any older than her, Lily thought to herself – people their age shouldn't be able to use words like "dear" in a sentence like that. "I'm fine," she answered finally. "Just tired from my shift, and ready to head home."

Abby nodded, taking that in like legitimate wisdom instead of a hasty excuse to leave. "Oh, that reminds me! I still haven't opened that package." She turned to pick it up from where she'd left it beside the couch, and Lily took the opportunity to lean forward and take drink some of the tea. The pleasing warmth of it flowed through her, and even though it made her feel even more relaxed, she still gulped down more than she would have normally in order to let her leave faster. "Now, let's see what you've brought me," Abby said.

Lily had seen enough people open their packages that most of her old curiosity there was gone, so she didn't look up until she was done with her tea for the moment. By that point Abby had finished unwrapping everything, and was left holding... some sort of plastic doll, of the kind that lines every distressingly pink aisle of the "girls" section of toy stores; stiff and shiny with a little toy tank top and shorts, and a bright blue post-punk hairdo.

"Wha-," Lily started, until Abby brushed her hand once over the head of the doll, and suddenly she felt herself just... stop. She froze, as though every joint in her body all locked up at once.

"There we go," said Abby. Her voice was still soft and sweet, but there was an edge to it somehow, a force that Lily hadn't even imagined before. Looking at her, her eyes almost flashed. "That's much better. Tell me dear, do you remember me at all?"

Lily simply stared. After a few blank moments, Abby waved her hand nonchalantly. "Oh, you can talk. Go ahead and answer."

"Buh?," was all Lily could get out initially. Eventually her mind caught back up with reality and she managed to get out more of an answer. "I- no? I don't- why would I, I mean...," she sputtered.

"Oh, now that is a disappointment." Abby practically hissed her answer, and somehow Lily felt it like an almost physical slap. "After all, I remember you. You've been here seven times, your hair a different colour each time, but always in your little tank top and short shorts." She'd walked up beside her now, leaning in to whisper directly into Lily's ear while she found unable to move away. "I just had to meet you properly. So, I decided to take a few... liberties."

Lily stood. She didn't make the movement herself, it just happened. Her limbs stiffened somehow without her input, rocketing her upwards to be standing at attention in front of Abby. Her arms fell to her sides, locking her body – she realised after a quick panicked glance – into the exact same pose as the doll.

Abby starting to walk around her slowly. Lily could swear she could feel the air rushing past herself as Abby waved the doll about idly in one hand. "I hope you liked the tea," she whispered softly. "That was the final part. It's a pity you didn't look up before you drank it, or you might have seen its hair changing colour." She stopped her slow circling to regard the doll briefly, before dropping it back down to her side with a shrug. "I'd guessed you'd go for red next. Oh well."

"!," Lily said. Her mouth hung open vacantly, but she couldn't work it enough to speak, all she could do was make a wordless noise of quiet distress.

"Sssh," Abby answered, her tone unsettling. "Don't you worry your pretty little head. I'll take good care of you."

Lily managed to swivel her eyes to her side enough to see Abby give a worrying grin. Then she saw movement out of the corner of her eye, Abby's hand reaching up to the doll, and suddenly Lily's own arm jerked itself up and backwards; hooking her thumb inside the waist of her pants and yanking them fiercely down. They gave immediately – she always wore them loose enough to look like they'd fall down at the slightest provocation, and they proved themselves up to that specification – and soon they were completely off, the movement finishing as she stepped out of them one stiff leg at a time.

"Of course, I can do all of this directly," Abby said from beside her, her voice trailing off for the moment as Lily found her hands shooting back up to grab onto her panties, wrenching them off in another series of awkward motions. "But that never seems quite as fun, in my opinion. Here's what I prefer..."

She stopped manhandling the doll abruptly, and Lily felt herself snap still as though some invisible strings had pulled taut. Instead Abby simply waved her hands over the doll, her eyes closed for a few seconds as she mumbled something complicated under her breath.

Suddenly, Lily couldn't focus on her any more. She couldn't focus on anything – her whole body flashed so intensely hot she couldn't comprehend anything other than the need to cool down. Her clothes were the problem; her lower half felt fine but her upper body was boiling, the fabric of her clothes digging into her skin painfully. With great relief she found she was able to move her arms, and she brought them up to frantically tear off her top, fumbling for several agonizing seconds against the catch of her bra before that too dropped mercifully to the floor.

With her clothes gone Lily stood panting with relief; the heat finally ebbing once all her skin was exposed to the cool air. She only snapped out of her daze when she heard Abby beside her, cooing teasingly at her. "Ohh, look at you," she said. "So eager to get naked in the home of someone you don't even remember?"

The realisation of the moment all came to Lily in a flash, she suddenly remembered herself now that the overpowering heat had gone, and she couldn't help but blush at just what she'd done. Quickly she turned the embarrassment to anger, snapping her head to the side to face Abby and spitting, "f-!"

There was another movement, and her mouth just clicked shut. She couldn't even yell behind her teeth, it was like she was instantly and utterly muted. "Temper temper," Abby whispered back to her. "You'll never get anywhere with that attitude..."

She left the comment hanging for a few moments, circling around her appraisingly while Lily did her best to glare from behind her frozen features. Eventually she stopped in front of her, adopting a thoughtful pose while she continued. "It's funny – I know what you must think of me, but I think you're the one that needs to relax. All this effort, those clothes, that ridiculous hair; all these things that make up your painstakingly constructed persona of not caring... you don't need all that. You just need to relax. Here, let me help you..."

Another brief wave and mumbled sentence, and suddenly Lily visibly shook. It was as though she'd been punched, but instead of pain there was an intense heat in her loins. This was different from before, this wasn't discomfort, but need – need so pressing and urgent she just about doubled over at the sheer strength of it. She needed to – she wasn't sure how this woman was doing this but she so desperately needed but she kept her hands forcefully by her side because she wouldn't, she wouldn't...

Sweating, Lily looked up to see Abby looking down at her hunched body with a satisfied grin. "Like I said, I can always force you to do things, but I much prefer this approach. This way, you know it's you doing it..."

A quick wave of her hand and the feelings intensified, so much that Lily couldn't keep her knees from buckling under the weight of them, only just keeping herself from falling flat on the floor. While Lily panted breathlessly, Abby mercilessly continued. "This way, you know that if you were only a little stronger you could have resisted, and that in the end..."

Lily didn't even see the hand movement this time, she only felt the urge ramp up again, so intently that she couldn't help but slide her hand down her waist, desperate to put out the fire that burned inside her. Leaning in close just as Lily made shivering contact with herself, Abby hissed, "...you know that you're the one to blame, that it's you who gave in and did this. And after all, what's wrong with letting go and enjoying yourself?"

Lily came. She didn't want to, but she did; a combination of Abby's words and her own feverish touch combined to make her hips tremble unexpectedly and a slow stream of slickness trickle out of her. Abby regarded her with a look of genuine disappointment, saying mockingly "oh well that *is* too bad. I thought you had a touch more resistance in you than that." She paused to simply breathe softly against Lily's ear for a moment, enjoying the girl's frustrated moans beneath her. "I suppose it's true what they say – girls who dress like you do really must be sluts, hmm?"

"Ngnn-no...", Lily answered, gritting her teeth with the effort of it. "How you dress... doesn't matter..." She looked up at Abby, burning through her willpower to fix her with an intense stare of her own. "I... had to suck a lot of cocks to call myself a slut, *thank you*."

Abby laughed out loud, clapping her hands in delight. "Wonderful, wonderful! There's that spunk I hoped I saw in you! There's the fire! Now..." She knelt down on her haunches, putting the two girls back at eye level with each other. "Let's see if I can't turn that towards more useful purposes, shall we?"

Lily wasn't sure if she did something again, or if it was just the thought and suggestion of it, but she felt her body quiver and suddenly she was right back where she started, utterly filled with this deep, driving need. Abby was so close to her that she could still feel the heat of her breath, and maybe if she pleased her she would let her be properly satisfied and everything would be... fine, if she could just-

Her hand reached out slowly towards Abby's face, but just before she made contact Abby's own hand whipped up and pushed her fiercely aside, throwing Lily to the ground with the strength of the motion. "No!", she spat fiercely as she stood up to tower over her. "Did I say you could touch me?"

Instinctively, Lily whimpered, pressing herself into the ground at the force of her disapproval. Her mind hadn't entirely caught up with what was happening; everything was a daze and moving so quickly, but she knew she had done something wrong and was paying the price for it.

"You don't get to touch me", Abby continued, still filling her voice with enough venom to keep Lily's

eyes pressed firmly downwards. "You haven't earned that. You're *nothing*. If you're good and you obey I *might* let you lick my shoe! That's what you deserve, isn't it?"

Lily wanted to respond, wanted to argue or fight back or something; but the angry little ball of need inside her was just getting bigger and bigger, and more than anything else she needed release. She played with herself helplessly, sliding her slick fingers against her clit with all her considerable skill, but somehow she wasn't getting anything from it beyond working herself up even more.

Seeing this, Abby sneered. "Oh, you won't get any relief from *that*. You might have been able to, but now that you've gone and been a *bad girl*" - she spat the phrase, making Lily wince involuntarily - "that's not going to be enough." Suddenly her expression softened, and she knelt down in front of her. "But I'm not a cruel mistress. Let's bring out something you can play with." She leaned back for a moment, looked to the side and raised two fingers to her mouth, giving out a short, sharp whistle.

Suddenly from somewhere behind Lily there was an explosion of noise, the sound of a door thudding open and claws scrabbling against the hard floor. Abby stood and backed up a few paces, and within moments something else bounded into view. It was big and shinningly black, running on all fours as it completely ignored Lily and jumped up happily against Abby. It was like a dog - it certainly acted like one - leaping stupidly up against Abby's chest as she laughed and put her hands up to ward off its enthusiastic attention. But despite its canine features and happily swinging tail there was a definite human shape to it, as well as easily being large enough to pass for a person on the rare occasions it was on two legs. Most noticeable of all, however, were the sizeable breasts that hung from its chest, together with the equally impressively-sized cock and balls that dangled freely further down its body. And all of it, the entire body from top to tip, was that one uniform black colour, as though it was wrapped entirely in dark latex.

It was talking too, words tumbling from its dog-like muzzle as it bounced around. "Play? Play? Play Mistress? Play?", it repeatedly dumbly, too excited to leave any sort of pause for a response until Abby calmed it down with a firm press of her hand, forcing it back to an obedient sitting position on the floor.

"Not now Dog", she said with a smile, scratching it fondly behind its floppy ears as it whined contentedly at her. "I need to introduce you to someone." She turned back to Lily, while the creature kept nuzzling happily at her hand. "This is Dog", Abby continued matter-of-factly, as though something like this was the most normal thing in the world. "She was..." Abby paused for a moment, genuinely thoughtful. "You know, I can't actually remember who she was. The mailman, perhaps? Another cute delivery girl? Or maybe a neighbour who didn't quite fit in?" She turned, gripping Dog's head in both hands to tilt it up towards herself. "Do you remember who you were?"

"I'm Dog, Mistress", came the answer. A confused expression crossed her features as she tilted her head slightly in Abby's grasp. "Why, would you like me to be someone else?"

Abby laughed again at that. "No, no", she said softly, patting Dog on the head gently, "that's okay. But! I need your help!"

Dog stiffened instantly, suddenly completely alert and ready, just waiting for Abby's command. "You see this girl here?"; Abby continued. At her prompting Dog turned to look at her, seemingly noticing Lily for the first time. She nodded briefly before Abby carried on. "Well, she's going to be joining us. I need you to welcome her aboard."

For a second Dog simply stared at Lily, her face sliding into a big dumb grin as her surprisingly pink tongue slid out of her mouth to pant expectantly. Then Abby released her head with a soft push in Lily's direction, and in an instant she had bounded over, running behind the other girl as she still sat on her knees.

"Wait!"; Abby called out, and immediately Lily heard Dog scabble to a stop. "Come back and sit in front of her, I want to start with something else for a moment."

Dog obediently did as she was told, trotting out slowly around Lily and sitting back on her haunches heavily just in front of her. The position Dog had assumed left her cock thrust out before her, while at the same time her boobs were pointing enticingly towards Lily as they heaved up and down slowly from Dog's energetic breathing.

"Now"; Abby said from behind Dog, her voice the gentle sing-song of encouraging instructions, "I want you to tell this young girl about your cock."

"My cock Mistress?"; Dog asked.

"The very same"; she responded. "After all, she's going to get to know it very well, so it's only fair she gets introduced to it first, so that she can make sure she likes it."

Dog nodded, whipping her head back towards Lily and talking slowly, clearly with great thought. "Okay. I love my cock. Mistress made it so nice for me; it's so big and it feels so good, and it's always ready to cum!"

Dog stroked it absently while she spoke, a small bead of slick whiteness forming on its tip. In the background Lily could see Abby moving her hands again, but she didn't even care. All she was focussed on was that cock. Dog was right, it seemed amazing. She shook her head at how bizarre that sentence felt in her head, but god, it didn't even matter. She wanted it bad. Her own efforts against her crotch had slowed unthinkingly to match Dog's lazy rhythm, and she found herself drifting forward unconsciously onto her hands and knees.

In front of her, Dog whined and turned her head back towards Abby. "Mistress, can I show her how

much I enjoy my cock? Can I please? Please?" Behind her Abby gave an almost imperceptible nod, and in response Dog let out an excited squeak. She turned back to face Lily, repositioned her limbs thoughtfully for a few moments, then slowly and methodically lowered herself down, bending double in order to slide her cock blissfully inside her own mouth.

There were a few moments of little more than happy slurping noises while her tongue danced eagerly along her wet shaft, until eventually Abby called out firmly from behind her. "Dog! Don't forget to tell her about how good it is too."

"Mmph!"; Dog answered, eyes widening as she was caught off-guard. She quickly withdrew herself, freeing her mouth in order to apologise. "Yes Mistress! Sorry Mistress!" With that done she turned her eyes back to fix onto Lily, taking her cock back inside her mouth again, but moving slowly enough that she could talk awkwardly at the same time.

"I love... mmmph... when Mistress lets me... mhmm... suck my cock! I taste so good and... mhphh... it feels so nice on my wonderful... mmm... wonderful cock. And when I... mphphmm... cum I can feel it sliding down my throat and... mphmmm oh you'll love it you'll love it it's so wonderful when Mistress lets me suck my cock...mmmmhmm... don't you want to be able to?"

And Lily did. She was drooling she wanted it so badly; she couldn't understand how she was still just frozen there rather than rushing forwards to take it inside her mouth too. It was weird and it was wrong and she shouldn't but she'd always loved cocks and even though she hadn't signed up for this today and even though it was weird and wrong maybe everything would be okay and work out if she could just wrap her lips around that cock and taste it inside her and she shouldn't and she fought that urge but it was hard and just in front of her and she needed...

Suddenly Abby appeared beside Dog; Lily hadn't noticed her approach, but then again she was so completely fixated on her cock that that wasn't surprising. She reached down to pat Dog gently on her head, and Dog abandoned her previous movements as she melted blissfully into that affectionate gesture. "I think that's enough for now Dog," she said softly. "We wouldn't want you to leave yourself unable to see to our guest, now would we?"

Dog slid happily off her dick, seemingly happy to stop mid-stroke at her Mistress' command. She looked up at her expectantly, and again with only a faint push Abby sent her forwards, and she quickly ran behind Lily. After a brief moment she felt a heavy weight on her back, Dog's two front paws landing forcefully enough against her that she could feel claws pressing lightly against her bare skin. Dog's body felt – warm, somehow; not as cold as she was expecting from someone beneath all that latex, but somehow clearly warm and alive right to the surface.

Before anything else could happen, Dog was stopped in her tracks by another quick call of "no!" from Abby. She froze immediately, and Lily felt her weight shift slightly as she turned to look back at her Mistress.

"Slow down girl!", Abby said reproachfully. "You've got to prepare her first. We can't go breaking my new toy, now can we?"

Lily felt Dog nod obediently above her, and then drop down heavily off her back. Just then Lily's attention was drawn back in front of her as she saw Abby stoop, and suddenly Lily's rear jerked itself upwards without any input from her, leaving her presenting herself on all fours to Dog behind her. Lily saw the cause of this as Abby set the doll down on the ground in profile in front of her, that too repositioned to be on its hands and knees, with its ass high up in the air.

Before she could think about that any further, she suddenly felt Dog move up behind her, and then there was an indescribable sensation as she licked her tongue slowly along her slit, that one movement enough to drive her to the ground if not for the fact that she was being held stiffly in place. She found she was able to work her mouth at least, and accordingly she let out a great panting gasp in response.

"I think she likes that...", Abby said mockingly, kneeling in front of her. "Do you like servicing her like this Dog?"

There was another mind-numbing lick before the creature behind Lily responded. "Yes Mistress! I could lick her all day if you want me to!"

Abby smiled, fixing Lily again with her stare. "And how do you feel about that? Would you like me to ask Dog to lick you like this..." She paused briefly while Dog dragged her tongue agonisingly against her slit one more time. "...all day?"

"Nguhh!", was all Lily could respond. "I... fffuuck! I... don't, I can't... I'm so... wet..."

Abby's eyebrows arched upwards, clearly feigning surprise. "Oh, that's right! Here, let me show you something." She moved to the side, directing Lily's attention to the doll on the floor beside her with one elegant finger. By now it was as naked as she was, and as Lily watched she saw a small dark patch form on the crotch of it, spreading out slowly like an ink stain. At the same time, her body quivered, and she felt a deep, trembling orgasm flow through her. She flexed her fingers softly against the ground, but she soon realised that she sensation of it wasn't stopping. She was still so wet that she was dripping, and that seemed to be a constant thing. Just like- her eyes had refocused on the doll in front of her, and the black stain on its crotch was dripping freely too.

Abby's smile only grew while she watched realisation dawn on Lily's face. She lifted her head slightly and said, "Dog? Would you test her out please?"

Lily felt Dog's face withdraw, and then suddenly her eyes widened dramatically as she felt two clawed digits slide delicately inside her slit. They were quickly joined by two more, and then Lily knew that one

whole hand of Dog was inside her, testing her entrance and teasing her lips apart. And in response she felt only pleasure. There was absolutely no pain at the intrusion, her body simply stretched to accommodate it, and rewarded her with pleasure for the feat. She moaned incoherently, lost in the blissful sensations.

“You’re ‘one size fits all’, now girl!” Abby whispered to her. “You can take anyone, anything; just like a good toy should. Doesn’t that feel good? Don’t you want to thank me for that?”

“Th-thank you!” Lily gasped. She couldn’t help it - it was automatic. It felt too good, both what Dog was doing to her, but also just saying those words to Abby; thanking her for making her more able to be used and fucked felt... she almost came again just at the thought of it.

In front of her though, Abby’s eyes flashed as she hissed, “thank you, what?”

Lily gritted her teeth. She wouldn’t, she couldn’t – she wasn’t going to give her that satisfaction, that wasn’t the sort of thing she did for... reasons... that she couldn’t entirely think of right now... but she didn’t. Instead she gritted her teeth and bit back the automatic response as it welled in her throat, turning her eyes away from Abby as much as possible.

“Still got some of that fire in you, have you?” Abby responded. She didn’t sound mad – thankfully – she just seemed amused. “Well then. I’m not going to say that I’m going to break you, per se. I simply intend to... change your mind.” She leaned in close, and Lily shivered at her nearness while still fighting to keep herself from looking back up at her submissively. “But you can think of it as breaking you, if you prefer”; she whispered.

Abby leaned back out, looked up and gave a short sharp nod. Instantly Lily felt Dog withdraw from her again, the sensation of which prompted Lily to give an involuntary sigh. Within moments however she felt Dog’s heavy paws land on her back again, and this time she knew she was perfectly set up to receive her. She panted as she felt Dog mount her, taking the time to line herself up perfectly and then press deeply into her, sliding her cock inside Lily’s waiting sex all the way to the base in one long thrust.

Once she was firmly inside, Lily felt Dog lean down over her back, her muzzle resting just a few short inches behind her ear. She started babbling again excitedly, periodically interrupting herself as she rocked forwards and backwards. “Oh you’ll love being Mistress’ pet! I love it so... uhmmm... much, and I’m sure she’ll let me f- uhmmm! Fuck you every day, and you c- cuhhghh! Can fuck me too and sometimes the Mistress has parties... uh-uhhhh... and then if you’re good you get to be fucked so- ohhh! Much, and some days Mistress lets you just su-suhhh! Suck yourself all day and it’s wonderful you’ll lo-ouuhhh... love it!”

Lily’s heart was beating faster and faster, and she suddenly realised she was drooling; what Dog

was describing to her sounded so good that she couldn't help it – even though she was still deeply conflicted, her body was responding instinctively by making her drool in anticipation.

Abby interrupted her train of thought however, waving one hand to gain her attention, and then pointing back down at the doll on the ground. Looking at it again, Lily noticed that black stains had formed on its lips, and tiny drops of dark liquid were dripping freely from them. Her heart caught as she realised; she swept her tongue across her lips and finally noticed that her saliva was thicker, more viscous, and it was- it was just like...

At some unseen signal from Abby, Dog unexpectedly redoubled her speed, pistoning in and out of Lily with such force that it shook all other thoughts from her brain momentarily – she was being fucked, being taken, being mounted, and her still-dripping tongue hung from her mouth as she panted excitedly from the heat of it. Behind her, Dog kept up her enthusiastic monologue, but it was becoming increasingly disjointed as she too was being overwhelmed by lust. "I'm going to ffuuck you and... mhrhhh... you can fuck me and... rhrrhhrrrr... Mistress will let you... rhrrrr... be a good ... rhrrrr... good toy... mhrhhhrrr... just like me... rhrrrr...rrrr! Rrrr!"

As Dog trailed off into animalistic growling, Abby leaned in on the other side of Lily to whisper softly, "this is the best part. When she sinks absolutely into her bestial rut, and just lets herself become a wild animal, fucking you mercilessly. Don't you think?"

Sweating and quivering against every powerful thrust, Lily couldn't speak. She didn't know what she thought – she wanted it so bad but she didn't and she couldn't but she couldn't stop needing Dog behind her filling her up so wonderfully and she- she...

A dramatic moan tore itself free from her slick lips as she felt a pressure suddenly release from behind her. It felt like her every muscle clenched and released as a whip-like tail of her own slid free from her body, the tip of it pulling out just far enough around Dog's compressing bulk to wag feverishly behind her.

"I'll take that as a yes", Abby said with amusement. She directed Lily's attention once more to the doll, now sporting a little black tail of its own. "She's going to fuck you until you're just like her", she whispered. "When she cums inside you you'll become a perfect fucktoy, and utterly, utterly mine." She stood back up slowly, Lily's eyes tracking her helplessly as she moved to be standing imperiously above her. "And all you need to do to make that happen", she continued, "is to accept me as your Mistress, and come forward and lick my shoe."

Lily resisted, for a single, endless second. And then Dog pushed fiercely into her from behind and she fell forward eagerly, landing face-first against her Mistress' shoe and licking at it with feverish enthusiasm. She couldn't remember why she had been resisting – she knew she had had reasons, but they were nowhere near as good as the pleasure she felt in this moment; giving in and letting herself

accept utterly her new life of fucking and being fucked endlessly. If her Mistress was willing to grant her that, who was she not to accept it?

Slowly, her Mistress raised her foot, pushing Lily delicately away with one hand. At first Lily thought maybe she had done wrong, but then she felt one soft hand land tenderly on the back of her head, brushing lightly against her hair. "Good girl," Abby whispered to her, and in that one moment Lily felt her toes curl with bliss, the pleasure of her Mistress' approval rivalling that of Dog's still-powerful penetration. "What a good girl..." She nodded slightly, and Lily felt Dog tense behind her, then finally cum.

Dog's hips still pistoned reflexively as she orgasmed, ensuring her thick cum was pumped directly into Lily's core. Through the fog of her own pleasure Lily saw her Mistress gesture casually to the doll on the ground, and accordingly she turned to focus on it, watching with stilted, halting breaths as a tide of inky blackness swept forward over the rear of the toy. She could feel the same thing happening to her own body, that same wave of dark latex coating her skin as Dog kept cumming endlessly inside of her. It felt so good, like she was being wrapped up in something both comfortingly warm and excitingly sexy, she watched as the feet of the doll reshaped themselves into paws and smiled past her lolling tongue as she felt her own feet shift seamlessly too.

The tide swept up her back, wrapping her up under Dog's heavy paws, while she felt her chest pull downwards at the weight of it, dragging her breasts out slightly to become even more noticeable, just as Dog's were. She saw the doll's face changing, sliding outwards into its new muzzle, and at the same time her own vision shifted; her own canine nose pulling into place in the bottom of her view. It felt so good, it all felt so good as she finally felt her arms collapse, even as they themselves reshaped into paws, her breasts bouncing off the hard floor as she fell forwards, but still there was a heat burning inside herself; it felt like the slick liquid that Dog was pumping her full of was pressing inside her terribly, aching to come out but she couldn't, she didn't know how and she couldn't... she felt an urge rising in her throat and soon she was growling too, her voice rumbling as she tried to express her need but no matter how hard she needed it she couldn't...

After watching her writhe in impotent lust for a few moments, Abby kneeled down and took Lily firmly by the bottom of her newly-altered chin, lifting her up to see the look of utter submission and need in her eyes. She returned the look with one of genuine affection, and then leaned forwards until she was right next to one of Lily's long, floppy ears and whispered simply, "cum."

"Grrahhh! Ahh! Ahh-ahhhhh...", Lily answered, the pressure and need suddenly bursting forth as her new cock and balls swept out of her body, finally completing her as the perfect sex toy for her Mistress. Her body clenched and released again and again, her cock spurting its own thick white cum against the ground while she writhed eagerly against the sensation, blissfully rubbing her breasts against the quickly growing puddle as her hips bucked again and again.

Finally, after several long minutes of increasingly sluggish movements and quivering pauses, both her and Dog were done, the latter's withdrawal causing them both to whimper slightly at the sensation. Eventually they had both recovered enough to pad over to where Abby was now relaxing on the couch, each one resting their head on either side of her. They looked exactly the same now, even Lily's distinctive hair had been entirely subsumed by her new smooth skin, leaving them an identical pair of eager toys just waiting for their Mistress' next command as they panted happily against the couch.

Suddenly, the companionable silence was broken by a sharp gasp. "Oh no Mistress!", one said. "I licked your shoe! I must have gotten it black and sticky with my saliva, I'm sorry, I-!"

Abby stopped her with a lazy wave of her hand. "Don't worry your pretty little head Dog", she answered, watching as her pet smiled blissfully at her first use of her new name. "If I didn't have a way to keep you two from messing up the place I – well, let's just say this place would have been a mess long ago. Now!", she added, slapping her hands to her knees and rising up deliberately. She stooped to recover the doll from the floor, turning it over to examine the six inch figure of a ink-black dog girl with big breasts, a stiff little cock and an eager expression on her face, "let's go get you registered with the rest of the community..."

resonance

CASCADE

Entry 1, timestamped October 20th, 9:05am:

Commencing tests. Attending biochemist is myself, Samantha Coulson. I will be making audio recordings of my findings for review as I go along, as requested.

Scheduled test for today involves running substance through a centrifuge for 32 minutes.

[recording paused]

At the completion of the test, substance appears to have been unaffected. No results discernible.

Entry 2, timestamped October 21st, 9:03am:

Commencing test for today. Attending biochemist is myself, Samantha Coulson.

Scheduled test involves running substance through spectrograph and analysis of results.

[recording paused]

Test aborted before completion. Substance was unable to be heated to incandescence, and therefore could not be analysed.

Entry 3, timestamped October 22nd, 9:07am:

Commencing test for today. Attending biochemist is myself, Samantha Coulson.

Scheduled for today is radiographic investigation.

[recording paused]

A reaction! Pardon my enthusiasm, but I was worried that we weren't going to get anything from this damn stuff. Okay, substance reacted to the X-rays, expanding from its standard volume of 17 fluid ounces to approximately 24. It also changed color very slightly, lightening to a paler shade of green. It appeared that its viscosity may have been effected also, but as all the changes ceased once the X-ray machine was stopped this was not able to be tested during this procedure. I have made a request to test this the next time I have time in this lab.

Standard analysis of the radiograph is problematic, however. The entire image is overexposed, as though the radioactive source was left directly on the plate. The only theory I can posit is that the substance appears to have been emitting X-rays in response to being subjected to them. While extremely notable, this does mean I will have to be even more cautious in my handling of it in the future.

Entry 4, timestamped October 23rd, 8:54am:

Attending is Samantha Coulson, running tests for today. My request to subject the substance to further X-rays has been approved. I am starting with a standard dose, and then attempting to administer increasing doses and observe the effect. Testing begins.

[recording paused]

Another reaction! This stuff continues to surprise me. I've still not been able to get a clear answer on where exactly we got it from, but whatever it is it's sure different from anything I've ever seen before. It started emitting radiation sympathetically again from the opening dose of X-rays, but although I can't say for sure, it appears like it's some order of magnitude above what we're putting into it. Except – except it's not a standard type of radiation. It exposed the radiographic plate, sure; but all of our equipment here didn't detect anything from it. So I can tell it's emitting something powerful, but I can't tell exactly what.

Entry 5, timestamped October 24th, 8:45am:

Samantha Coulson attending. Running tests. I can't stop thinking about this stuff – it's criminal that the lab is only available to me for the first hour of each day. Okay, it's an expensive setup, but no one else is even looking at this stuff. It's important, clearly. This could be big, the biggest discovery to come out of here, no question. Whatever, that's not important. Running the tests for today.

Today I'm testing the physical properties of the substance while it's being subjected to X-rays. I will be

using a very low dose and fully-sealed lead-lined gloves. I just feel like it's important to categorise its properties while it is emitting... whatever it emits. If we're going to potentially use it as a power source, that's the sort of thing we're going to need to know.

[recording paused]

Wow, wow – I'm tingling. Even through all that those layers, it was a weird kind of rush to have something that powerful in my hands. Anyway, yes; its viscosity does change while it's being subjected to X-rays. Normally it's a sort of semi-solid gel, but in this state it was almost a liquid. And yet there wasn't any notable change in temperature, just the change in state and color, as well as all the energy released. This stuff is amazing! I just need to figure out exactly how it works...

Entry 6, timestamped October 27th, 8:00am:

I spent the whole weekend thinking it over. I couldn't come into the lab on the weekend – I don't have that level of access right now, and they wouldn't open it up for me just for this "pet project" of the CEO. I tried to argue that they thought it was important enough to assign me to in a dedicated fashion but they wouldn't listen. They didn't buy my explanation of why it was important either – apparently exponential energy reactions aren't something they consider interesting. It burned out the plates without being provided with anywhere near enough radiation for that, isn't that enough proof for them? Apparently not. So I've just been sitting at home, stewing.

Except, not quite. It's more than that, I've been really- really excited. I wanted to get back here, get back to working on this, to learn more and just really... really get into it. It's great, it's important, I know it is. I just need to unlock it somehow.

Anyway. I'm back here now, and I've got the maximum amount of time possible from when the alarm is turned off for work in the morning until the next shift. Time to get going. I'll start with more X-rays.

[recording paused]

That, that almost worked, I think. I'm sure I saw it glow at one point. It's close, I'm sure it's close. I just need a little more power. Once I manage to feed a little more power into it I think I can get it self-sustaining, and then- then it'll work like it's supposed to.

Entry 7, timestamped October 28th, 8:00am:

I've managed to secure some additional sources. High powered stuff, the kind they use for the focussed cancer treatments. I just have to set this up, and then we should be good to go...

[loud sound of recorder being set down on the bench. Departing footsteps, sound of buttons being pressed, then noises of a machine powering up]

Okay! Let's do this.

[sound of machine running, then powering down. Panting breaths, then approaching footsteps]

That did it! It worked, the material has changed, metamorphosed, reached its next state, whatever, all of them; it worked. It's the lighter green liquid permanently now, even without being subjected to external radiation. It's just... it's just *on*. I can almost feel it somehow; it feels warm all over. It's-

I need to take it home. I realised that last night – they don't value its potential here; if I come back with a name and a chemical formula they'll just nod and put it in a desk drawer somewhere. It needs more than that. I need to keep looking, keep investigating it, and I- I can't do that here anymore. I'll keep recording, but I'll only present these at the end. I can play them when I'm getting my Nobel Prize.

Entry 8, timestamped October 28th, 10:34am:

It worked. Security there is a joke. Oh, they can stop me getting in to do my work just fine, but they don't care at all if I go home sick with a suspiciously bulging lab coat. Whatever, I got it home, that's the important part. I just need to figure out the next step. Just having it here though, that's the important thing for now. I know it's safe, and I can keep investigating it without being called away.

I've got some sick leave built up. Now's as good a time as any to use it.

Entry 9, timestamped October 28th, 4:03pm:

I fell asleep. Somehow I felt incredibly tired, like getting it out of the lab took a lot more out of me than I thought. I'd be concerned, but I feel a lot better now. Better than better actually, I feel really good, somehow. Invigorated. And the substance – I'm sure it's an even lighter shade of green now. Is it burning out, or is its internal reaction increasing?

That's a question for now. I feel energized, but somehow I still need to sleep. I'm excited, but even with the unexpectedly big sleep I just had I feel like I need a little more. Just to take me through to the evening, and then I'll be able to really get to work on this.

Entry 10, timestamped October 28th, 9:23pm:

Woke up later than expected. I still feel – energised somehow, but listless. Unable to concentrate? Not the best state of mind to be running detailed tests in. I'm excited, so excited I can barely sit straight. And on top of that I'm- uh. I'm excited. Moving on.

Substance appears to be now an almost neon green. Whatever is occurring is clearly self-sustaining, and increasing. Just from moving it around in the containment jar it seems to be perfectly fluid now. It feels- I don't know, I'm holding now and moving it around, and it feels...

[silence for several seconds, aside from a quiet sound of liquid sloshing around]

Right, sorry- lost... lost my train of thought there for a second. It just feels relaxing to stare at it, somehow. Relaxing and... exciting, in equal measure. I need... god, okay...

[loud sound of recorder being set down on a table, followed by the sound of another object being placed down next to it. Departing footsteps, then silence for several minutes. Eventually, in the distance a quiet moaning is barely audible. Several more minutes of silence, then approaching footsteps]

Okay, right, that's better. Now I just nnnhhh-uhh! Uhh... god... I just... oh fuck I forgot this...

[sound of a hand hitting the table near the recorder repeatedly, then fingers making contact with the recorder itself]

Entry 11, timestamped October 28th, 11:40pm:

Okay, this is on again now. I c-an't! I was waiting until this died down to start recording again but that's... that's not happening. It's the opposite of that, I feel like I'm getting more – uhhhh! - more worked up over time, not less. I just- I want to study this stuff more, but every time I'm even in the room with it now all I want to do is... uhhhhh! Masturbate, and I can't, I can't stop...

[several seconds of wordless panting, together with a quiet slick noise]

I can't... it just... feels so good...

Entry 12, timestamped October 29th, 6:18am:

I've been up all night. I don't feel like I need to sleep. I didn't even before, that was just an excuse to turn this off and disappear into my bed. But now I can't even stop at all, I'm just- I'm just, uhhhh..!

[panting, and a slow dripping sound]

That's... god, I don't even know how many that is. Definitely in the double digits for the past 12 hours. A conservative estimate would be around 35. Scientifically that's interest-uhhh! Oh god it's happening again sooner, I need to- I need to put something inside... myself... ahh! Again... Uhmhhh...!

[sound of something large hitting the floor, then speaking continues from slightly further away]

Uhhh...! Ffuck! Fuck! I... need...

[panting, slick noises in increasing frequency]

Ah-ahh! Ahhhh...

Ffuuuck.

[dripping noise. Sound of someone standing slowly, then hand hitting the table near recorder, before finally finding the recorder itself]

Entry 13, timestamped October 29th, 2:04pm:

I know what I have to do now. I- need, I need this inside of me. It's glowing now, bright green, and it just looks so good, so perfect. Even just looking at it makes me feel warm. I need... I...

[loud bang as recorder is dropped onto table. Sound of another object being lifted from table, then the "snap-hiss" of a seal being broken. A few seconds of heavy breathing, followed by a sharp intake of breath and a "glk-glk-glk" noise. Sound of an empty bottle hitting the floor, then several moments of heavy breathing]

Oh... god... fuck, fuck, fffuuuuuck! Ah-uhhhhhH!

[panting, dripping noise]

Ffuuuck, I feel so good. That feels so good, I feel, I feel- uhhh... I need to keep... keep mmasturbating... it won't... it won't stop...

[slick noises, sound of something large sliding to the floor, then speaking continues from slightly further away]

I can't... I can't stop cumming! I... fffuuck... oh god, this feels so good, I can't stop I can't stop I can't stop... uh... ah! Ahh! Ahhhmmm... Uh-uhmmm... again, right after the last one I can't... ah-ahhh!

Uhhmmmm!

[wordless moans of fluctuating volume and intensity. Slick and dripping noises persist throughout]

Ffuck it's... I can feel it moving through me... My saliva feels... thicker, I'm... uh-uhhh! Drooling... And it's... green, I can't- it feels so good... I... I need!

[moans and noises continue. After several seconds there is the sound of someone standing slowly, then a hand hitting the recorder]

Entry 14, timestamped October 30th, 1:51am:

Samantha Coulson here, cataloguing the... uhHhmm!... changes. My skin appears to be sweating all over, but instead of normal sweat it seems to be the.. ah-ahh!... substance, leaving my entire body slick and moist. My tongue is... longer, speech is difficult, although not impossible. Most dramatically is... I have what I can only describe as tentacles now- they're long and lithe and thick and green and the feeling of them pressing their way out of my body was... uh-ahh! God, I came just thinking about it again, but for reference that's not- not very unusual lately. There's a... cluster of them at the base of my spine, like a tail, and there's even more pressing out from my... ah-uhhmm... my groin, some of the emerging from my... vagina, and it feels... but they also... my hair feels like it's moving independently too, and they're so wet and thick and go-umph! Mmm... mmm...

[almost a full minute of sucking noises, together with the now near-constant slick and dripping noises]

I, sorry – the tentacles on my head must have known I was talking about them and slipped inside my mouth. Or maybe I did that intentionally – I can't... it's hard to tell. All I want to do is masturbate and touch myself and feel this slickness and uh-mhmmmm! They taste so sweet too, so good and satisfying to feel it fill me up...

I feel like my whole body is different; lithier somehow, more sleek and powerful, and I don't think it's done. My... sexual fluids are green, the bright, neon green of the final state substance, instead of the more subdued color that coats my skin and feel so... mhmmmm... Are my arms going to become tentacles too? Losing my hands would be... but tentacles feel so good... How could I not enjoy more of them? I... uhmm mmmhmmmm...

[sucking, dripping, slick noises]

Yes, yes that feels good. I know what I have to do next.

Entry 15, timestamped October 31st, 6:30pm:

Samantha Coulson attending, initiating experiment.

[sound of knocking on a door, then a muffled voice]

You ready Samantha? Party's in 30 minutes.

Okay Stacey! I just need one more minute. The door's open, come on in.

[sound of door opening, footsteps]

Are you alright Samantha, you sound a little- whoa, what happened here? Did this whole place get slimed by Nickelodeon or something? What is thi-

[noise of a brief struggle, followed by the sound of two people hitting the floor]

What? What? What are you- Samantha? Samantha is tha- glk!

[sounds of struggling continue, but other voice is now completely muffled, only able to make stifled moans]

I have secured the subject, and introduced one of my tentacles to her mouth. Administering substance...

[struggling sounds increase momentarily, then die off rapidly, replaced by a frantic sucking and swallowing noise]

Subject's expression appears to be softening, aggressive movements have ceased. Releasing the subject now...

[sharp gasp, then several seconds of heavy breathing]

I... I...

Subject appears to be incoherent.

I... it tastes... it feels, uh-uhmmm...

Subject appears to have moved a hand down to their crotch unthinkingly, and is beginning to stimulate themselves.

What? I... no, I can't... I just... uh-uhmmm...

Subject's hand is now inside their pants, obviously masturbating. Subject also appears to be overheated, blushing and sweating profusely.

Uhm... uh... I... need... please, please I...

[several seconds without talking, only slick noises and moans]

Yes?

I- I need... oh ffuuck I need...

You need me to fill you up? To take one of these lovely tentacles and press them wonderfully inside your aching slit?

[whimpering noises]

Well? You need to confirm my hypothesis.

Ffuck yes please fuck me please put them in me and- ah! Ahh-uhmmm...

[slick thrusting noises]

There we go... doesn't that feel g-good? Being f...filled! And taken! Like this? Sshh, just relax and let this wonderful substance flow through you...

Mmpff... mhmmm...

[moaning and slick sounds continue for several minutes]

Ah, ahh! Y-yes! T-take it! Take it fuck fuck FUCKYESsss!

Mhmm-uhmm-uhmm-uhmmmmmmmm

[slow panting noises, then the sound of one person standing up with an audible slick noise as the two bodies part]

Hmmm, test one complete. The results are... promising...

Ahhh... ahhh...

Subject's skin appears to be coating itself with the substance freely now, and they are experiencing their first tentacles.

Mhmmmm...

With enthusiasm.

Time to take this research out into the field, I think.

Technician's Note:

Recovered recordings end here. No people were found in the apartment, although several units of the substance were recovered. Escape may have been aided by the time of year. Recommend increased surveillance to recover new test subjects.