

# SHORTCUTS

ANOTHER ADULT STORY ANTHOLOGY BY **ABE E SEEDY**





# SHORTCUTS 2

ANOTHER ADULT STORY ANTHOLOGY BY **ABE E SEEDY**  
COVER ARTWORK BY **RIPPERELITE**



CHAIN **REACTION**

[MONSTROUSDOCTOR.COM](http://MONSTROUSDOCTOR.COM)

# OVERVIEW

## 4 new STARTER

A nervous young woman turns up for her first day of work, only to find that the position is not so much “office administrator” as “cowgirl sex pet”. Fortunately, her new co-workers quickly show her the perks of the job.

**Contains** female/female/futa, woman to cowgirl, themes of public use

## 10 field RECRUITER

After receiving a tiny scratch in the middle of a long hike through the wilderness, Maria finds herself increasingly... distracted. Over time she finds herself unable to stop the ever-increasing lust from overwhelming her, and being drawn in a certain direction. That direction turns out to lead to a wild, snakeperson fuckfest, because of course it does.

**Contains** female/male/male/male/etc, woman to lizardwoman, animalistic sex and dom/sub, definite public use, significant amounts of cum

## 14 club BANGER

Finally out of isolation due to her previous reaction to a potent new sex enhancement pill, Erica decides to make up for her weeks of solitude with a visit to a new club. She then immediately provokes a relapse, only this time the results turn out to be contagious. Horsecocks for everybody!

**Contains** futa/female, woman to futa (repeatedly), women & men to horsepeople, publicly contagious transformation, implications of mind control via hormones, really rather a lot of cum

## 19 big DATER

Two people meet for a first date from a very particular part of the internet. She claims she's a werewolf. He's into that, but thinks she's lying. Turns out, she's not.

**Contains** male/female, woman and man to dogperson-style werewolf, fairly hard femdom, sex pet recruitment, still a significant amount of cum, some dating

## 25 lab PARTNER

A pair of scientists, each already having tentacles due to their earlier work, decide to combine their talents in an experiment on a nice young woman. Look, at this point, you know how this is going to pan out.

**Contains** female/female/female(/futa), woman to futa googirl, tentacles, eggs, tentacles, sex toy indoctrination via caring hypnosis, more tentacles, hints of an ongoing synthetic sex toy recruitment, and yes, a pretty large amount of cum (mostly delivered via tentacles)



# new STARTER

## **The receptionist hadn't even said a word.**

Zara had been a bundle of nervous energy when she presented herself to her desk, all ready for her first day at her brand new job, but the receptionist had just acknowledged her cheery hello with a curt nod, before standing and walking out from behind her desk. It was only after a moment of confused panic that Zara realised she should probably follow her.

She'd led Zara through a surprisingly long, winding corridor without so much as a look backwards, pausing only to swipe her ID at a series of secure-looking doors. Finally she turned, opening a door to the side and holding it open with one arm. She still didn't say anything, but from her gesture it was pretty clear that Zara was supposed to go inside. She did, smiling in a way she hoped was somewhere between thankful and apologetic, and she was so caught up in trying to achieve the right effect that it wasn't until the door clicked closed behind her that Zara even saw the room she was now in.

It was... unremarkable. Deliberately unremarkable, even. A bare white table, with two bare white chairs, one on either side. The only exits were two unmarked doors set on opposite walls, one of which was the one she'd just come through. It put her in mind of one of those interrogation rooms in one of those cop shows, which was a realisation that briefly made her heart jump into her throat, especially given how she'd just been shut in here alone.

She dispelled her panic with a shake of her head. This was probably just some last security check. This was a pretty high security place, after all, it would make sense there'd be another round of screening before they let her start. Even though she was just a temp, and even though she'd already gone through what had seemed like an endless array of background checks and weirdly intensive psychological profiling, it made sense that they'd want to interview her in person before they let her at whatever needed filing, right?

Suddenly she heard movement at the door she hadn't gone through. In a flash she realised she should probably have been sitting down politely waiting for them rather than staring slack-jawed at the featureless room around her, and in a burst of nervous speed she threw herself around the table and into one of the chairs.

"Sorry!", she said as she set herself down, hearing someone in high heels walking in through the door. "I was just a little distracted... by..."

Zara didn't know what she'd been expecting to see when she looked up, probably another severe-looking older woman like the receptionist had been, or maybe someone younger like herself, but there was no way she could have expected what she actually saw.

Standing in front of her was some sort of... cow... woman; someone that looked almost exactly halfway between a person and a cow, with blotchy black and white fur, and a mouth that pushed out into a distinctly animal muzzle. Her long brown hair was tied back in a sensible bun, up through which poked two small white horns. She was wearing a formal black skirt, and absolutely no top, leaving her very large breasts freely exposed.

She was also, in hands that had only three, solid looking digits, holding a pen and a clipboard, and she seemed completely unfazed by Zara's reaction. "Hi", she said matter-of-factly, looking down at the clipboard. "I'm Chloe, and I'll be running you through your initiation."

Zara simply stared.

Eventually, Chloe looked back up from the board, her head tilting to the side slightly in confusion. "Wait - I didn't moo, did I? I still do that sometimes, which mightn't be the best first impression..."

"I... uh...", Zara started slowly. "Is there some sort of like... fancy dress going on? The receptionist didn't mention... well... anything..."

For some reason, that made Chloe give a brief laugh. "No, she wouldn't have. She's not really much of a 'people person'." She held up one hand as she said that phrase, making one set of air quotes with two of her stubby fingers. Seeing Zara's continued look of complete incomprehension, Chloe sighed and continued. "Wow, they really didn't give you any information before they sent you in here, huh? Even I at least got to deal with all the crazy stuff before turning up to work. Okay then, let's start with the basics." She gestured to the door behind her. "You know what they do in there, right?"

That question was simple and direct enough that Zara managed to actually make an attempt at answering it, despite the situation. When she did, it occurred to her that they'd never really been clear in the job details. "Top secret government... stuff?"

Chloe paused, then shrugged. "Eh, pretty much. The main thing though is that what we have here is a building full of the absolute smartest people around, working on some of the most important stuff around."

She leaned in over the table, her breasts hanging down far enough that her long, teat-like nipples almost touched the plastic surface. "And it's our job", she added, "to make sure they have a happy and productive work environment."

Zara's face scrunched up as she thought about that. "So... is it like, filing then? I was expecting filing."

"Oh honey", Chloe answered, "the only thing you'll be filing is some dicks in your ass."

There was a pause.

"You get fucked", Chloe elaborated. "A lot. For a job. And in like, some pretty intense ways."

Zara didn't respond, still unable to really process what this bizarre cow-woman was telling her. "... what?", she said eventually.

Rolling her eyes, Chloe set down what she was holding and walked around the table, sitting on top

of it next to Zara casually. "Look, one of the directors here figured out a while back that like, the most talented computer geeks were somehow always also super the biggest perverts. I'm not sure if that's true myself, but that's the way their hiring processes worked, and that's the team we've ended up with. Don't get me wrong, they're really good at what they do, but to keep them here they had to offer benefits they wouldn't get anywhere else."

She lowered her voice, reaching out and taking Zara's chin with one hand. "And honey, that's us."

Once again, she was met with silence as Zara simply stared incredulously.

Eventually, Chloe let out a sharp, annoyed breath. "O-kay, let's try this then. How about I show you what I mean, huh?" She stood up, and the 'clack' sound as she hit the ground caused Zara to look down and realise she wasn't actually wearing shoes, her feet simply ended in some sort of shiny black hooves. And on top of that, Zara finally noticed as Chloe walked away that a long, swaying tail emerged from behind her, lifting up the rear of her skirt.

She opened the door she'd come through, sticking her head out and saying something briefly that Zara couldn't make out. When she returned she held the door open behind her, and in walked... another one.

This girl looked similar to Chloe, dressed in the same 'skirt and nothing else' uniform, although she looked a little bulkier, a little less lean and a little more... built. Still incredibly stacked, with the way her breasts swayed as she walked in, but together with her short hair being a sort of unkempt, dyed red mop, she seemed less business-formal and more... business. In the... other sense. Her horns were larger too, and when she turned to look at Zara, she was sure this new girl's nostrils flared visibly as she took in her scent.

She didn't say anything. She simply walked to the side of the table opposite Zara, then put her hands on Chloe's hips as Chloe stepped in front of her.

"This is Anna", Chloe said, maintaining eye contact with Zara even as she bent herself forwards over the table. "She'll be handling the... physical side of your introduction."

Suddenly Zara noticed the new girl's skirt. It tented up at the rear for her tail, just like Chloe's did, but now there was something pushing it up from the front too. She didn't have to wait long to find out what it was that was causing that.

In one powerful movement, Anna pinned Chloe down with a thick-fingered hand, her other one moving back to free her straining cock. In front of her, Chloe moaned, clearly enjoying the feeling of having her large breasts pressed firmly against the table, as well as savouring the anticipation of what was to come. Still, despite the stimulation, she managed to keep making eye contact with Zara, smiling even as she resumed talking.

"Now of course, you won't be being seen to by Anna here all the time, but part of the package is a pretty hefty upgrade to your libido, so often there are times when you just need to be fucked and none of the other staff are on break..." She stopped as Anna tightened her grip, then abruptly thrust her cock into her from behind.

"Mhmm... ummm... god...", Chloe gasped, only just managing to keep talking. "It's... oh my god it's so fucking good, you have no idea - to get used over and over again by a dozen employees and then have Anna just fuck you so hard and really take you home..."

Behind her, Anna began to step up her pace, and soon Chloe lost her battle with coherence, her

voice trailing off into a series of sharp breaths. Eventually that too changed, as her head rolled back, and she lost herself in a string of desperate, earnest “moo!”s. That seemed to only spur Anna on further, and within moments her hips were bucking wildly as she came, their bodies locking together as they each savoured their own bliss. A small but insistent dripping noise caught Zara’s attention - looking down slightly she noticed that Chloe’s breasts were leaking freely; each happy shudder her body gave causing another spurt of milk to land on the table.

Finally, after a long, contented minute, Chloe gathered herself enough to keep talking. “So, yeah. That”, she said eventually. “That like, all day. Plus you get paid too, which is nice. But c’mon - you wouldn’t be sitting in this room if the money wasn’t just a bonus for you in considering a gig like this.”

Zara didn’t respond. Her body was locked stiff, her hands clenched against the edge of the table. For a second, Chloe was genuinely worried that she’d had a stroke. Her concern was cut short however, when Anna suddenly pulled out of her, causing a long blissful twitch to shoot through her body at the sensation.

While Chloe recovered, Anna began to walk around the side of the table. For the first time she spoke too; her voice rumbling and powerful, despite not being deep. “I don’t think she’s considering it”, she said. Reaching Zara, she moved her chair to face sideways, giving herself room to kneel down in front of her. “From the smell of her, I think she’s already made up her mind.”

With that, Anna bent down, pushing her head inside Zara’s skirt. There was no resistance as she did so, and when Anna shifted herself upwards to get the skirt out of the way it quickly became clear why - her panties were absolutely soaked. With one pull of her blunt teeth Anna easily tore the damp fabric aside, while above them Chloe leaned down to smile approvingly.

“Well well, it looks like despite your being tongue-tied, at least one part of your body clearly approves, hmm? Well then Anna, why don’t you go ahead and give her a... taste.”

Suddenly Zara’s hands were around Anna’s horns. She hadn’t meant to move them, but as Anna pressed her thick muzzle inwards her body shifted to guide her inside almost automatically. For her part, Anna needed no encouragement, her long tongue licking happily along Zara’s slick skin.

“Ff... fuuuck...”, Zara breathed heavily.

From above them both, Chloe smiled. “Yes, she’s definitely quite good at doing that. And you can enjoy that every single day...”

Zara was having to fight the urge to just drift off and relax, to let herself sink into the bliss of being so eagerly pleased. “I... I don’t... Mhmmm...”

Leaning forwards, Chloe whispering directly in Zara’s ear. “Doesn’t it feel good? Don’t you want to feel like that all the time?”

Zara’s hands tightened around Anna’s horns as her hips slid forward unthinkingly, the better to offer up more of herself. “Mhmmm...”

“That can all be yours”, Chloe continued, her wet nose brushing against Zara’s cheek. “All you need to do is sign the form, and we can get you made into a nice... eager... cow... slut...”

Zara’s eyes were rolling back in her head, small shudders running through her each time Chloe emphasised one of those words. But she was still not quite there, still slightly holding back somehow. Seeing this, Chloe slipped behind her, moving her hoofed hands to cup Zara’s breasts.

“We’ll make you all nice and full”, she said softly, “so deliciously full of milk that I promise feels so good to share. And we’ll make sure you get all nice and fucked, over and over again, day after day after day, like a good little cow slut.” With one hand she reached back over to the table, pulling the pen and clipboard in front of Zara.

“All you need to do, is sign off...”

“MOO!”, Zara cried, her hips bucking as she came, coating Anna’s face in her slickness. “Moo moo fuck mooooo!”

Behind her, Chloe grinned. “I’ll go ahead and take that as verbal agreement then, huh?”

Zara nodded weakly, still riding the waves of her orgasm, but suddenly she was grabbed fiercely around the neck and pulled forwards against the table. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Anna standing up, her nostrils flaring as she drank in the scent of Zara’s lust.

“She’s all yours champ”, Chloe said happily, giving Anna a slap on the rump for encouragement.

There was no hesitation. The moment that Anna had risen to her feet she slammed into Zara from behind, her thick cock pressing deep inside her in one powerful, urgent movement. All Zara could do was moan as she was filled, her tongue stretching further and further out of her mouth with every thrust.

Chloe, meanwhile, had moved back around the table, looking down at Zara with a grin. “Feels good, doesn’t it? The sensation of being fucked hard enough to make your very body change?”

Distantly, Zara tried to nod, but all she could do was grit her teeth as she felt her new horns slide slowly through her hair, her nose becoming wide, flat and damp.

“That’s not even the best part”, Chloe added. She leaned over the table, reaching out to run one hard finger along Zara’s breasts. “The best part, is getting all filled up inside; feeling it building up in you, and knowing how good it’s going to feel when it comes out...”

She dragged her finger down over one of Zara’s nipples, and even amongst the sensation of her getting fucking by Anna it was enough to make her gasp.

“Always full, always ready, always feeling so, so good...”

As Chloe pulled, Zara watched as her nipples grew outwards, becoming a long, sensitive teat, already leaking a steady supply of milk from her swelling breasts.

Suddenly Chloe was right up in front of her, licking her face with her long, wide tongue. “It’s happening”, she whispered between licks. “You’re becoming a slutty cow pet, just like us; to be used over and over again by the entire staff.”

Zara’s face pushed outwards with every movement of Chloe’s tongue, and she felt soft fur chasing after the slickness Chloe coated her with. And always, urgently from behind the pressing, frantic thrusting of Anna filling her up, hammering home just how good it felt to be fucked, to have her breasts become great, swaying tits, all the better to show just how much of a slut she was.

Behind her, Anna came. Zara had only the briefest warning as she felt her tense up, her hoof hands digging into the flesh of her ass. Then all she could feel was the endless release pouring inside her, wave after wave of thick cum filling her up.



“MOO!”, Zara cried. There wasn’t thought behind it this time, she wasn’t intentionally signalling her enthusiasm, there was simply no other noise she could possibly make. It was an urgent, animal bellow, the only possible response to being taken and fucked like the slut cow they promised to let her be. She mooed as she felt a whip-like tail of her own slide out from her spine, she mooed as the great pooling warmth inside her pressed out to form her very own dripping udder, and she mooed all the harder as she felt her hands reshape into awkward half-hooves, promising she’d never be able to be mistaken for someone able to perform complex, delicate tasks. She was for being fucked, to be used and enjoyed, and the thought of that made her cum so hard she didn’t even realise she was still mooing until her throat started to hurt.

It was some time before Zara had collected herself enough to do anything but pant heavily and drip. Anna left some time before then - apparently somewhat in demand - but Chloe stayed with her the whole time, licking delicately over any stubbornly still-human parts of her body until they too were correct for her new role. Eventually, Zara managed to push herself back up into a standing position, balancing unsteadily on her new hooves.

“So, when can you start?”, Chloe asked.

There was a pause as Zara considered it. “I think... in maybe however long it takes to get the next person ready to fuck me?”

Chloe nodded. “Good girl.” ◀◀

# field RECRUITER

**Finally. After hours of walking, the ocean was in sight.**

Somehow, Maria felt that was right. She didn't know what she was doing. Not really. She just knew that whatever it was, she had to do it.

It had started something like four days ago. There had been a... bite? Or a scratch, or something; something that had left a little discoloured mark on her leg, and a few dark drops of blood caked to her thigh. She'd woken up with it, figured she must have caught herself on the seam of her sleeping bag the night before without realising it, or nicked herself against a tree just before she'd turned in. Maybe she had. But since then, nothing had been the same.

Previously she'd been one of the most energetic members of the tramping club, always either right at the front or trying to push the rest of the group to move a little faster. But in the days that followed she found herself distracted, drifting back behind everyone else as her pace slowed without thinking. She explained that away as a fever; nothing serious, just something to be aware of and to account for her change. But there was another aspect that she didn't share, something else she couldn't explain as easily.

She was feeling hot, yes, but not like that. When she was feeling increasingly distracted it wasn't from nausea or some slow-minded fug, but instead an ever-present, growing lust. Her mind kept wandering to increasingly sexual scenarios; imagining herself being surprised by some other group of hikers coming from a side trail, sweeping her off before the others could realise it and taking her passionately again and again. She'd started going without underwear, quietly relishing the feeling of her increasingly slick crotch rubbing against the inside of her rough jeans. She had to stop frequently, steadying herself against a tree as she panted needfully, alternately indulging in and trying to resist the erotic daydreams her mind spun out for her.

On the first day it happened, she'd thought it was just some sort of weird obsession she'd happened upon, something about being out in nature again that for some reason this time had inspired a friskiness she'd never experienced before. But that night when she'd set out to slake her feelings from the privacy of her own tent, things hadn't turned out that way. She came in less than in a minute using just her hand, something she put down to the fact that she'd been building herself up to this respite all day, but after a few minutes' peace she found the urge building up unstoppably once again. She came a second time, then a third, then a fourth, until finally she slipped off into a restless sleep, one hand still buried desperately inside herself. And so the rest of the hike passed; by day doing her

best to keep it together while trying to ignore the near-constant slickness down the inside of her thighs, and by night desperately working herself over, slowly adding more and more orgasms every evening before she was able to get to sleep.

And yet, when the end of the hike came, Maria suddenly found herself unable to go. Everyone else was packing up their cars to head back to the city, and even though she'd been pushing herself onwards the past day or so with the knowledge that soon she could be done, and either see to herself or get herself seen to in such a way that it would finally put this to rest, when she'd waved everyone off she found she'd somehow made herself the last one to leave, furnished with an excuse that she wanted to let her boots dry out from where she's slipped unthinkingly into a stream earlier before packing them up for the long drive back. And then, when she was alone, it was almost as if she felt a physical pull from the trail. Suddenly, in that moment, she realised - she didn't want the feelings to stop. All the arousal, all the awkward, uncontainable lust - she'd been enjoying it. She packed up her bag again, and stepped back into the woods.

All of that had led to her stepping out now through the last break in the trees before the sea. It wasn't that she knew where she was going, just that she felt a... pull; so that somehow she knew when she was going in the right direction just from the tug she felt in her gut. When she reached the shore she knew she was close, but it wasn't quite - it wasn't quite there.

Turning to the right, Maria saw some sort of low hill, or maybe a collection of large rocks, all piled up into a rough mound. There. That was the way. That was where she needed to be.

She was wet all the time now. After an hour or so alone she'd gone without wearing anything on her legs at all, the better to feel her slick thighs sliding against each other constantly. The branches she'd been pushing through didn't bother her any more, even the sharpest of them failing to pierce her somehow toughened skin. But she hadn't even noticed that, and she stepped off towards the mound unhesitatingly, thick drops of inky blackness falling freely onto the sand beneath her.

When she reached the rocks, she went up. Up was where she needed to go, and she had no thought of doing anything else. It felt good to obey, to follow along this path that had been laid out for her, and the idea of questioning it felt as reasonable as questioning breathing. When she reached the top, her bare feet gripping reflexively at the uneven stones, she paused for a second as she looked around at the empty air. The pull, whatever it was, was finally silent. Where to now?

Just then, there was a sound. Several sounds, a series of them, all rising together from some unseen cavern beneath her. It was a hiss; a great, sonorous, rising hiss, echoing out in several directions.

It wasn't that she heard words in that sound, or managed to decode its intention, but regardless, once again she knew what she had to do. Maybe she'd always been able to hear that hiss, just on the edge of her consciousness, and it was only now that she was close enough that the sound itself became audible. But once again she felt that sweet pull, that tug on the invisible leash around her neck that brought her down to her knees. She went down obediently, panting with heat as she tore off what remained of her clothes, throwing her pack off to the side. Steadying herself on all fours, she licked her dripping lips, closed her eyes, and waited.

She didn't have to wait long.

From beneath her, and then from all around her, there was movement. They avoided going in front of her at first, seemingly slinking out to inspect her in a way that kept them out of sight. She felt a clawed hand on her back, something slick and dripping trailing over her left leg, hot breath rasping at the nape of her neck. This was the test, she somehow knew; they were checking to see how she'd progressed, what

her reaction to their presence was. Trembling with anticipation, she raised her ass as much as she could, presenting herself eagerly to her unknown companions. Apparently, that was the correct response. In a second they were on her, a rough assault of powerful, bestial need. She could only dimly make out the numbers involved, but there must have been at least three separate creatures that leapt on her initially; one grasping her firmly around the chin and pressing itself into her from behind, another fighting for space on her rear and soon plunging itself forcefully into her ass, while the last one moved out in front of her to grab her by her short brown hair. It was only with this last one that she finally got a look at what exactly they were - sleek, solid black creatures, with skin that looked closer to living latex than anything else. Its features were serpentine; its pointed snout decorated with a brightly pink flicking tongue, and a long snake's tail replacing its legs. The claws that were pressing into her were sharp enough to be a threat without outright piercing her skin, but it was clear that the hands she was being gripped with were capable of much more strength than what they were currently using. What they wanted was already clear from the actions of those behind her, but this last creature made it visibly apparent. Its cock was out in front of her, standing out stiffly from its body as it moved itself into position. Maria found her head being lifted up, putting her in eye contact with the creature as it looked down at her.

Its lips parted, baring cold white fangs in an expression of dominance. Then, before Maria had a chance to do anything but tremble submissively, it pressed its cock inside her mouth and claimed her.

Somehow, that one single moment was the tipping point. She was already being fucked, the two other creatures already thrusting into her from behind, but she was already so slick and wet there that that hadn't been as overwhelming. But this, this last creature, looking into her eyes as he pressed himself between her lips, his claws tightening in her hair as he encouraged her eager obedience - that was the point where something truly changed inside her. Before she'd needed it, but now it was something different - now she was finally allowed to revel in it; to feel the bliss of being so utterly taken, being so completely filled, of being able to so heartily fuck, as though she would never, ever have to stop.

There was a trembling movement behind her, and the creature at her rear tensed up. She pushed herself backward, desperate to enhance the sensation both for him and for herself, and was soon rewarded with the thick, pooling warmth of his cum unleashing inside her. The one in her pussy soon followed suit, making Maria's head spin with dizzy pleasure at the feeling of being so happily used, so wonderfully able to provide this service and be rewarded for it in turn. As she felt herself drifting on that sensation there was another, more urgent pressure, and then with a sudden, gasping pulse Maria felt something push free from her own body in response, a long, sinuous black tail sweeping out from behind her.

Maria looked up at the creature in front of her with an obedient smile, her mouth desperately wet in anticipation and craving his release. But instead she felt him move backwards, his delicious cock slipping out through her lips.

Confused, she licked away as much of the black mess that stained her mouth and chin, struggling to put together words. "W... why?", she managed eventually.

He moved in close, claws digging into the skin of her neck as he swept his face down level with hers. He hissed, and this time she could somehow hear words in the cadence of it, some version of clear speech finally emerging from within the noise.

"Because", he rasped, "it is not enough for you to be taken. For you to truly join us, you must submit."

For several moments Maria's only response was a breathless panting; desperate, wet heat spilling down the inside of her thighs. Finally she gasped, "How?"

The creature's eyes flashed, its grip tightening contemptuously. "You must show us how much you

want to be taken”

Somehow, before she'd even realised she'd been released, Maria had unconsciously moved herself, switching her position so that she was lying back against the cool rock, her long tail waving up behind her. It felt to her that she'd managed that movement without once breaking eye contact with the creature before her, and now she was left lying eagerly before him, spreading her legs eagerly as she stared deep into his eyes. “Yes...”, she whispered.

Once again he moved his face level with hers, taking her chin in his powerful clawed hands. “Show us how eager and needy you are...”

Maria's hands fell to her pussy automatically, feverishly alternating between working herself over and spreading herself open in invitation. The whole time a steady stream of thick black cum pooled out from her, remaking every piece of her flesh it touched to be just like theirs. Her hands too slid out into long, powerful claws, but her new skin was now of the correct nature to be safe against them. “Yesss... “

Her eyes were closed, but she could feel his hot breath on her face, his tongue flicking out against her lips. The other creatures had pressed in too, and it felt like every inch of her arms and legs were being licked and caressed, fondled and massaged by far more of the creatures than had taken her originally, ensuring that her entire body was quickly wrapped up in this new black coat. She felt her breasts swell, growing outwards to mark her as a sexual plaything, property; something to be used without thinking and enjoyed again and again and again. The sensation of the change rushed up to her neck, but there it stopped, leaving her gasping with frustration.

Again, the creature before her spoke, a low, powerful noise she almost felt in her skull more than heard. “Show us how much of an eager, useful slut you can be!” His hands moved as he spoke, taking hold of his thick cock and thrusting against it urgently.

“YESSSSSSSSSS” Maria hissed, cupping her hands in front of her in order to better receive her reward. It came quickly - a pulse of sticky fluid coating her face, soaking blissfully into the last remaining areas of her human skin. His release must have been the signal to all the other creatures too, as she soon found cum landing on her from all sides; hot and wet and utterly, perfectly blissful, filling up her hands as she brought them to her mouth to lap up eagerly. She came, finally she felt herself shudder with an absolute, blissful orgasm as a reward for her perfect submission, trembling with pleasure as she utterly embraced her new role. She felt her head finally shift too, sliding easily into its new form. Her skin became wonderfully slick, black and shiny, her mouth pushing out into her new snout as her pink tongue flicked happily between her lips, tasting at the air for the first time. She felt small fangs pressing into her bottom lip - nowhere near enough to challenge for dominance, but enough that she was marked as the same species, and dripping with the fluid that she instinctively knew could spread this change to others.

The shared climax lasted some time, prolonged by a few of her superiors who had clearly not been satisfied with the attention they'd received from her so far, and took a few moments to idly press their cocks inside her slick mouth or fuck her outsized tits. Eventually though the group appeared to be finished, the majority of them slinking away back beneath the ground while the creature that was Maria sunbathed blissfully on the rock, still enjoying the utter wetness that coated her entire body. She felt movement beside her as her new Master lowered himself down, joining her in a contented rest. He wrapped his thick tail around her legs - somehow the fact that she still had legs seemed appropriate, as though it was marking her as different and therefore subordinate to the rest of the group - putting a powerful arm possessively over her chest.

“Our choice was good”, he hissed. “You will serve us well.”

“Yes”, Maria answered with a blissful smile. “I will.” ◀◀

# club BANGER

**It was the weekend, and finally Erica was being allowed out.**

Her extended 'hospital stay' had been a result of what the company she was a product tester for termed "an extreme allergic reaction" to one of their new party pills. Erica was pretty damn sure that there had never been an allergic reaction that had made anyone suddenly grow hooves, fur and a tail, as well as a pretty goddamn impressive (and very functional) horse cock. She hadn't exactly minded the situation, but it had made it hard to do anything but like, jerk off. Eventually she'd been able to be persuaded to take the pills they'd told her would fix the situation, and after a few weeks things had settled down enough that the company had finally agreed to let her be discharged from their care - even if she had had to sign a lengthy disclaimer and legal waiver first. She breezed past the legal mumbo-jumbo and instructions for her outpatient care; there was a checkup appointment with the doctor again in a week, don't do all the standard things you weren't supposed to do while ill like drinking or flying, don't tell the media, bla bla bla. After so long cooped up in a confined space, she was ready to sign whatever they wanted if it would let her get back out into the world.

After a quick trip home to get a change of clothes - and noting with some surprised gratitude that the company must have had a team clean up the stark white mess she'd made during her "reaction" - Erica headed back out. Even in her isolation ward she'd still been connected enough to hear about a hot new club launching, and something like that was just the thing to recharge her social batteries after so long of only having doctors and nurses to talk to.

Honestly she couldn't even remember this place's name. Something suitably hipster; like "THE Bar" or just "Black" or some shit. It certainly didn't have a sign announcing what it was called out front, but it did have a long line of people waiting to get in. Glancing back along the queue, Erica really didn't want to have to wait the hour or so it looked like it would take to get in. The music was thrumming and pulsing just inside, and not being able to be a part of it after being cooped up for so long felt like she was being... tied up, or something. So - why not take her chance with the doorman, she figured? She'd gotten in ahead of the queue like that before, although never on an opening night like this. Still, it was worth a shot. She shifted her dress to better display her sizeable breasts, gave her bright blue hair a few styling flicks, and stepped up.

The dude was big. They were always big, but this guy was easily like, 6'10; a full head taller than Erica was. He looked down at her, raising his sunglasses slightly to get a better look.

“Hey”, Erica said simply, surprising herself with how casual she was despite how much she wanted to get inside. “Let me in, yeah?”

His nose twitched. The movement was only tiny, but it was enough to notice given that Erica was standing right beneath it and looking up. The rest of his features remained impassive, until an expression seemed to flow out slowly across his face - a smile. He nodded, almost startling Erica as he spoke.

“Right you are, miss”, he rumbled, stepping out of the way and unhooking the rope to let her through. And with that, she was in.

Inside was packed. Erica soon realised just why the line outside had been moving so slowly - too many more people in here at the moment and it would surely be a health code violation. She pushed her way through to the bar, quickly flagging down one of the roving barmen. He looked like he was going somewhere, but as he was walking past her he stopped short, and Erica put her order in before he could move on again.

“Vodka and lemonade”, said as she leaned forwards, struggling to be heard against the din of the club. “A double, tall glass.”

He nodded, getting the drink together with impressive speed. When it was done he slid it across the counter silently, staring blankly as he did so.

“Uh... so, how much is that?”, Erica asked eventually.

“Oh!”, he responded, the question seeming to bring him back to his senses. “Sorry, I was... thinking. Uh, \$7.50.”

She paid, then took a long drink as she turned around to face the rest of the club. She felt herself relax, the tension she’d unthinkingly built up after so long by herself finally beginning to melt away. The drink felt good going down too, warming her up pleasantly from the inside.

Suddenly, the sensation of the ice cubes hitting her nose made her blink. Huh - she must have emptied it all in one go. That was a surprise. Still, she felt good, and the night was young. She put the empty glass on the bar behind her, then shook her body out and stepped forwards onto the dance floor.

It was even more crowded there, but for some reason Erica didn’t have any trouble getting right to the middle. People parted easily as soon as she started to press past them, without complaint or any sort of reaction at all. Soon she reached the heart of the dance floor, densely packed and throbbing with the music, and as she lifted up her arms and smiled the crowd closed back in around her welcomingly.

She felt good, relaxed, feeling her body moving to the beat even as the mass of humanity swayed around her. It was so crowded there were people on all sides, her arms and legs and ass and tits all constantly being brushed against by those around her. She felt good, warm; her eyes closed as she surrendered to this naked communal pulse. Her mind drifted, thinking about how much she’d missed this, how much she’d missed being around people, being with people, feeling them rub up against her just so and letting herself rub back...

She hadn’t even been able to touch herself in the hospital. That was part of the treatment, trying to make sure there weren’t any further ‘reactions’. Honestly at the time she hadn’t even really wanted to - the medication she was on had dampened down her libido pretty effectively - but now it felt like

it was all rushing back to make up for lost time. Her cheeks flushed, and she unconsciously bit her lip as some cute woman with a tight ass ground casually against her.

All of a sudden, Erica felt so desperately hot. She felt like she was going to boil, but at the same time she couldn't possibly bring herself to leave the crush of people. She needed this, but it was overwhelming all the same, in ways she couldn't even properly place. And the whole time there was the constant pulsing thrum of the beat all around her; drowning out her thoughts and making it harder and harder to focus on anything other than the sounds and sensations she was being bombarded with.

Again, the girl in front of her pressed her ass against Erica's crotch, only this time, with a sudden startled gasp, Erica felt something push back. There was a movement beneath her skirt, her body surging and responding to the stimulation. She knew this feeling, this was just the beginning of how it felt last time, when her body changed and everything got so wonderfully out of control, except now she wasn't safely in the privacy of her own home. She was in as public a situation as she could be, and still the woman in front of her ground against her.

"Mhmn!", Erica moaned. She knew she should do something; tell the girl to give her space, get out of the club and get herself home - she should do all of that, but right now that seemed like the hardest thing in the world. There was another shift, and Erica felt something start to slide free from the confines of her underwear. The second hardest thing in the world, she corrected herself distantly.

If the woman in front of her noticed what was going on, she gave no sign. In fact, she seemed to brush up against Erica even more eagerly, never turning around but clearly encouraged by the feeling of the growing bulge she was provoking. For her part, Erica felt her hands drifting down unconsciously towards the girl's waist, her fingers digging lightly into her flesh as she pulled her closer.

There was a protest trapped in Erica's throat; an explanation or apology or escape route, but it died there amidst the constant, maddening sensation of warm skin pressing up against hers. Her nostrils flared, wider than should have been possible, taking in a heady mix of the scents around her - number one of which was this mystery girl. She smelled like perfume and alcohol, sweat and partying, eagerness and lust - all the things that Erica wanted to lose herself in as the beat hammered itself deep into her brain. She needed, this girl pushed and she needed back, her teeth gritting as she felt her mouth beginning to press slowly forwards.

With a sudden surge and an almost inaudible snap, Erica's cock burst free, breaking its way out of first her body then her panties. Her skirt still kept it concealed from the rest of the world, tented though it was, but it was free enough now that Erica could begin to slide its flared head tenderly across the girl's ass.

Miraculously, just then there was a lull in the music, a brief pause to heighten some upcoming crescendo. That silence was just long enough for Erica to clearly hear what the girl was saying, dreamy moans of "yes, please, yes..." drifting back to her.

Erica tried to hold back. Genuinely, she did. Her legs trembled as she felt her feet fighting to become hooves, her hands clenching as her fingers flowed unstopably together. But in the end it was her balls that did it; when she felt the surging rush of her testicles forming, throbbing and heavy with her cum, she couldn't help but let herself go.

She came. At first it was quiet, pressing herself tightly against the warm flesh in front of her and pushing her cock upwards, letting the thick flow of cum flow out from the tip, but soon things were escalating uncontrollably. She clutched at the woman desperately, feeling the warmth of her slick



cum soaking through both of their clothes, and the ragged gasps that were coming from in front of her let Erica know that she wasn't the only one enjoying this. That thought, almost more than anything else, spurred her on even further.

Stamping her feet, her now fully-formed hooves clacking on the hard floor, Erica couldn't help but slide her cock up and down against the other girl, spreading out an unending stream of slickness against her ass and back. She couldn't stop, every time she came she felt another orgasm building immediately behind it, and the only thing she could do to keep things under some semblance of control was to keep the two of them pressed together as tightly as possible, so at least no one else would see what was going on. Her mouth pushed out further and further with every desperate gasp of breath she took, and with every pulse of cum that swept out of her she felt her horse tail pressing out from behind her, but still it was somehow just contained and quiet enough that no one else on the dance floor seemed to have noticed.

Distantly, Erica heard the girl in front of her say something. The music was back to pumping so loudly that most of what she said was drowned out, but she could at least make out the impression of urgent, animal noises. Suddenly she toppled forward, forcing Erica to hurriedly shift her grip to stop from falling over herself.

The girl finished up on all fours, with Erica leaning over her from behind, still pumping and thrusting into an ever-increasing sticky mess. Only now it was starting to drip down her thighs, pooling rapidly on the floor beneath her. Thrusting forwards again, Erica found her cock sliding beneath the other woman's skirt, her flared horse shaft easily pushing through the sodden fabric of her underwear.

And then, with a frenzied, unthinking thrust, Erica pushed herself inside, wantonly fucking this random girl in the middle of the dance floor. That, at least, started to get people's attention. Even so, the initial reaction wasn't too dramatic. The people closest to them simply pushed backwards to give them more space, then carried right on dancing.

Erica herself barely noticed. All that mattered was that no one was stopping her from fucking this girl, the girl herself was eagerly grinding herself backwards to better emphasise her thrusts, and beneath everything else was the constant, powerful pulse of the music, giving her an unthinking rhythm to sink into. She was still cumming, pumping this girl full of an endless supply of her cum, snorting and whickering as she took her and claimed her and filled her.

Suddenly Erica felt the girl shift. Her hips pressed forward, her head reared back, and Erica could feel it from behind as she changed, a massive horse cock of her own surging out of her. She was cumming too - a torrent of thick cum pouring out from her, coating both the floor beneath her and the hands she was holding herself up with, quickly wrapping them up into hooves. Her flesh bulged and expanded, a wave of short brown fur spreading out over her body as her muscles shifted, a horse-hair tail emerging from her ass as Erica kept fucking her compulsively. She was changing, they were both changing - Erica was spreading it and she couldn't even begin to make herself stop.

The girl reared up, her thick cock sending volleys of cum surging out into the crowd around her. That finally did provoke a reaction; gasps and cries of shock spreading outwards through the mass of people. But within moments those sounds gave way to something else. The people that had been hit directly soon dropped to their knees, an unstoppable bulge of their own building within their clothes. Even with her attention mostly focussed on the girl beneath her, Erica saw two girls go from dancing with each other, to trying to leave, to feverishly jerking themselves off in the space of 30 seconds. One guy was bent double over a small table, his ass and legs fully changed into those of a sizeable horse, while beneath him his friend was sucking dreamily at his massive cock. All across the club a rapid chain reaction took place; a surge of cum, sex and lust sweeping through the tightly packed crowd, ensuring all but those on the very outer edges were quickly caught up in the frenzied, wild

fucking. And in the middle of it all was Erica; embracing the feeling of spreading this need, having pulled out of the girl before her and now just cumming happily throughout the crowd, sharing her infection as widely as possible.

It was some time later. The club had been quietly cordoned off, and the occupants were now peacefully resting after their strenuous exertions. Two executives from the company Erica worked for were reviewing the scene, haz-mat containment teams and all. The less senior of them turned to the other.

“So... this was intentional, right? We meant this to happen when we authorised her release?”

“...yes. Let’s say yes.” ◀◀



# big DATER

## **They'd met online.**

Of course they had - where else could people like them meet? Across a million websites you could narrow down to exactly the sort of things you really liked, and through a path of slowly followed links and increasingly specific favourites they'd each wound up at a very particular dating website. Even that wasn't the end of it though; the site itself merely allowed for people to be open and expressive about their fetishes, letting them advertise from the get-go exactly what any potential partner of theirs could expect, and what they'd like them to enjoy. But within that site there were certain groups, people banding together who liked particular things, and it was through one of those groups that Carl had met Jeannette.

Jeannette, as it happened, was a werewolf.

Carl had been appropriately skeptical, at first. Oh sure, there was a cute, shy, nerdy girl, pretty much his age and right in his area, that not only happened to be into exactly the same weird fantasy sex thing he was into, but also somehow was a weird fantasy sex thing too? That somehow the one place in the world where it was possible to find out that werewolves were real was the one place where people for some reason thought that would be a super hot thing to be true? Jeannette (never Jean, as her profile stated) had helped a little with her explanation that, well, where better for them to hang out than that - especially if they happened to agree about it being super hot. More importantly though, as he'd gotten to know her, Carl had slowly come to realise that he didn't actually care. Well, no, he cared, if it was somehow impossibly true that would be fucking amazing, but it had suddenly occurred to him after he'd been chatting with her about life, TV and the weird shit they liked - it didn't matter if it was true or not, because he really liked her anyway. So he screwed up his courage, looked up a nice restaurant nearby, and asked her out. With a burst of smiling emoticons, she'd said yes.

The conversation had been a little awkward to begin with. He'd known what she looked like of course, they'd known each other long enough to send a few innocent pictures back and forth for context. She wasn't someone from a carefully posed and selected photograph anymore, she was this real, breathing, awkwardly smiling girl standing in front of him, self-consciously playing with her loose black hair and struggling to meet his gaze with her dark green eyes.

"Uh, hey", she'd said as she walked up to him in front of a fountain, their agreed-upon meeting place. "I'm Jeannette."

“The werewolf”, Carl said, kicking himself internally as soon as it left his mouth.

She gasped in mock surprise. “Shit - how did you find out my real last name?”

The response caught him off-guard, and before he even realised it he was laughing, and the ice was broken.

The date went well. Of course it did - they already knew each other, having chatted online for almost two months. Except for her continued assertion to somehow be a for-real werewolf, Jeannette was just a nice, cutely shy girl not long out of college, and Carl was the sort of politely dorky young guy that wouldn't look out of place working in some local gaming store. Neither of them seemed weird or threatening to the other, they were simply friends who hadn't happened to have met in person before. After the initial awkwardness of meeting in person they quickly fell into the same banter they always shared; TV shows, pop culture and internet happenings for the most part, with occasional dips into legitimate news when there was something significant enough to get them both worked up. The only difference this time was that they were eating together, sharing undercooked pasta and overpriced wine at some restaurant Carl soon apologised for picking on a whim. That and, of course, the issue of what could happen next.

They met on a website about fetishes, and they were both adults. They knew they shared an interest not just in each other but also in a particular kind of sex, and with that being so they'd made sure to discuss things carefully in advance. Assuming the evening went well and they both still felt up for it, the prospect on the table was for them to go back to Jeannette's place and see how things went from there. They'd sent each other a list of likes and dislikes, things they absolutely wouldn't do and things they might want to try, and while there were absolutely no promises or expectations, they both knew enough to make good choices. Good choices that, ideally, led to the both of them ending the night with some pretty fantastic sex. So it was that as Carl paid the bill (he'd insisted, as penance for picking the place), his hands quietly shaking with excitement, Jeannette phoned for a taxi for her place.

They fell through her door together, urgently making out after a shy kiss quickly melted into something much more pleasantly energetic. Moving together in a tangled mess of limbs they made their way to a couch in the center of her small apartment, a trail of hastily shed clothes quickly forming behind them. It wasn't until they were on the couch that Carl broke off, pulling himself back slightly from Jeanette as she blushed happily beneath him.

“So, ha - what happens now?”

He fully expected her to take advantage of the pause to slip into her bedroom and fetch a tail, some prosthetic claws, fake fangs - something, hoping that she had enough of an arsenal built up that she could back up her werewolf claims enough to live the fantasy for a few moments, rather than just fostering an abiding passion and a quiet delusion.

But instead just just shrugged and answered, “pretty much just this, for a little while. Then once we get going, I'll get going, and then - well, you'll know.”

There was a brief moment where Carl was disappointed. But as Jeanette drew him back into a passionate kiss, her fingernails digging lightly into his back, he realised that ‘just’ having sex with a hot girl who shared his fetishes exactly was still a pretty good deal. They made out. The last of their clothes slid off them, hurriedly pawed aside in the few moments either of them was willing to spare their hands from more pressing tasks. Carl didn't want to stop, but the urgent stiffness he was increasingly pressing against Jeanette's naked skin was eventually enough of an issue to give him pause.

“Uh”, he said as he pulled away. “Hang on, let me get a condom out of m-”

There was movement, and then a brief shock, and suddenly he was on the floor, with Jeannette heavy on top of him.

“I didn’t say you could stop...”

Her voice was different. Rationally it wasn’t, Carl knew that, but there was something in the tone or the timbre or the treble or whatever the hell the word was that explained how her voice had just made him freeze immediately, like a deer startled in the woods. She wasn’t holding him down - he had a solid foot and at least 30 pounds on her - so then why did it feel like he couldn’t move even if he wanted to? Her breath was hot on his face, and even though she was doing nothing but panting above him it somehow felt like it would be interrupting for him to say anything.

“I’ve got everything you need”, she said, a quiet growl curving her words, “right here.”

She leaned down, putting her face against his. Not kissing, just pressing skin together, as though she wanted to be as close to him as possible but couldn’t quite figure out what to do about it. As she did Carl quickly realised that she was burning up; the heat radiating from her flesh was enough that he almost felt like he was going to break out in sweat. Did she have a fever? Was she ill? If she was he needed to get away, it wouldn’t be safe to be this clos-

Her fingernails dug fiercely into his skin. He hadn’t even realised he’d started to pull away before she stopped him in his tracks. He stilled again, looking up at her with wide, desperate eyes.

In response, he could have sworn he saw hers visibly flash. “No”, she said simply. “Stay.”

She moved back in close, her lips dragging slowly against his cheek. She moved down, and somehow he found himself turning his head obediently, her hot, ragged breaths marking a trail all the way down to the nape of his neck. There she paused, pulling back slightly, and despite everything Carl knew he knew about this kind, shy girl, he winced in anticipation.

Her nails tightened even more against him, but even as he flinched he felt Jeannette move upwards abruptly, putting her face back directly over his. Only this time she slid her tongue across his skin, giving him one long lick from chin to forehead. His brow furrowed, but she growled an answer in his ear before he had any more time to think.

“MINE.”

He blinked. He couldn’t seem to make actual words come to his throat, but his expression must have let Jeannette know he was still confused.

“You’re mine.” Each brief elaboration took a moment as she paused between long, hot licks. “You bared your neck in submission. I won. Now, I get to do what I want...”

Her tongue felt wrong. It was too long somehow, stretching easily from the tip of his nose all the way down to the bottom of his chin. It was almost dripping wet too, and the slickness of it soaked into his skin as she enthusiastically lapped at his face. Despite the weirdness and the tension of it, this was the hottest thing that had ever happened to him.

She shifted above him, giving a grunt of approval as her hips brushed against the straining hardness of his cock. “Good boy”, she cooed, putting her hands on top of his shoulders to give herself leverage. Then in one slow, satisfying movement she pushed herself downwards, her head lolling

back as he filled her blissfully.

Carl moaned at the sensation, but his voice was all but drowned out as Jeannette gave out what sounded like a short, happy bark. “Yesss”, she added, and as she looked back down with a bare-toothed grin Carl was sure her teeth were sharper than they’d were earlier. Her eyes locked with his as she took in his confusion, and in response she merely smiled more.

“I... told you what I was...”, she panted, in between long, luxurious thrusts against him. “You didn’t... believe me? Well... now you get to... pay the price...”

A sudden pain flared against his shoulders. Previously her nails had been digging into his skin, but this, this was somehow different. And beneath the pain was another sensation, as though her hands had somehow spread outwards, become wider and softer despite the sharp points that tipped them.

Jeannette noticed him wince, and with mock tenderness she lifted her arms off him, bringing her hands into sight above his face. Except they weren’t hands anymore.

“Oh, look at that”, she teased, maintaining her rhythm all the while. “You’ve gone and... given me paws already...”

She flexed them distractedly, giving Carl the opportunity to examine them. They were paws, there was no other way to put it - her hands had changed into almost exactly what you would see on a dog or wolf; thick pads, sharp claws and stubby little digits, with only the faintest hints of the shape of a human hand hidden beneath the soft black fur. That fur swept over what was left of her wrist, fading out slowly along her still-human arms.

Behind her paws, Jeannette’s face caught his eye as she adopted a deliberate, pouting expression. “Well then, if you’re making me just... a dumb, useless dog... with my cute little paws...”

She dropped the pout and grinned, her eyes flashing as she pressed herself forcefully down along his shaft once more.

“...what does that make you?”

Carl couldn’t answer. He didn’t even know what his answer would be if he could.

Seeing him pause, Jeannette answered for him. “If I’m just a... happy little dog with a bone... then we’ll just have to... make sure you’re always able to... provide it, won’t we?”

She sped up dramatically, sending Carl’s eyes rolling upwards as the sensation of her thrusting onto his cock overwhelmed him. She only let him lie back for a few seconds however, before pinning his head between her two paws and forcing him to look at her again. She might have been unable to grip him properly without fingers, but there was still more than enough strength in her grasp to hold him steady. Then she leaned in again, and with quick, eager movements resumed licking at his face. Only this time, there was something else behind it.

Carl’s eyes had closed reflexively against the onslaught of her tongue, but even without looking he could tell that something else was changing about Jeannette. Her tongue seemed not only wider and longer, but somehow like it was in a slightly different position, closer now despite her short black hair only just brushing against the side of his face. Her breath was different too; hot and wet and coming out in ragged, panting gasps.

Soon he couldn’t stand it anymore, and risked opening his eyes again when Jeannette’s attention

seemed focussed safely around his chin. He was just in time to see the last of her muzzle settling in on her face; her long, canine tongue flicking against her wet nose before she sent it sliding across his flesh.

She was, she really was - her eyes were a brilliant yellow and her fangs poked at her black lips and her ears drew out to points behind her and her tangled hair melded with the short fur dusting her face and she was and she looked down at him and she was and then there was the pressure of her heavy paw on his throat.

“MINE”, she growled.

And he was.

He came urgently, his body responding to her demands without any input from him. Jeannette pressed forward encouragingly; coaxing as much release out of him as possible without ever opening the possibility of letting him go. She responded too; a thick, bushy tail whipping out from behind her, her feet stretching and distorting into animal paws even as they clenched against the side of his thighs. But all the while she kept up the assault with her tongue, licking him over and over again until every inch of his face was dripping wet.

It was only when he was finished orgasming that she leaned back, a fierce snarl on her muzzle. “No”, she barked. “Again!”

He came, helplessly. It shouldn't have been possible, but somehow instead of getting softer it felt like he was getting harder. He gritted his teeth, sharp points pressing into his lips, but more importantly he arched his back and came as hard as he could.

There was movement, an overwhelming sensation and release, and then Jeannette's was off of him, sitting by his side as he propped himself up on his elbows and panted in the afterglow.

Jeannette seemed to allow him a few moments, if only to appreciate the sight of him desperately trying to keep a hold of himself. Then she turned around, looking over her shoulder as she raised her tail and exposed her dripping wet slit to him.

“I'm a slutty little pet”, she said quietly, “but you? You're even lower than that.”

He could smell her. It was like his nose was pulling forwards from his face in order to better take in her scent, but more importantly it felt like his cock was surging upwards; becoming bigger and thicker, heavier and so maddeningly urgent.

“You're my toy”, she continued. “My little bone to play with whenever I want...”

His hands were on his cock. They couldn't not be. He needed it, he needed it so desperately, but suddenly they were different, changing as he watched into clumsy, powerful paws - perfect for holding down prey but completely incapable of servicing his increasingly slick cock. He whined, looking up at her as his own muzzle filled out into the bottom of his vision, almost unnoticed in his overwhelming need.

“And I want to play all the time. You think you can handle that, boy?”

He came. Not because she told him to, but because he needed to; because it felt so good, the sensations and the idea of being hers and the desperate, heavy urgency between his increasingly canine legs together with his rapidly lengthening tail. He was hers and he came even harder as

her eyes flashed with approval, it was all he could do to roll onto his back as she brushed his side proprietorially, happily wallowing in the feeling of his own cum landing in slick streams across his body. She wanted him, she would use him, and he would always be ready and willing; his swollen balls already surging with cum as he pulled himself awkwardly to his paws at her command.

“Mhmmm, yes”, she cooed, rubbing her face against his before she turned and presented herself to him once more. In return he wasted no time, landing heavily on her back as he mounted her like the beast that he was, thrusting his cock into her pussy with frenzied enthusiasm.

“What a good boy you’ll be...” ◀◀





# lab PARTNER

## **Amy woke up.**

She - she hadn't gone to sleep, she'd just been leaving the gym and then there was this cute girl with green lipstick and green hair that waved in the breeze and then she, she was... She couldn't move her hands. She couldn't move her legs. She couldn't get up, there was something holding her down, beyond the sluggish haze that seemed to be throughout her whole body. With a great effort she rolled her head to the side and opened her eyes.

At first she just saw whiteness, but after a second or two her vision swam into focus. It was a lab coat; a stark, white lab coat, being worn by someone standing next to her. They must have noticed her movement because they bent themselves down, bringing their face into Amy's field of view.

"Hey", she said softly. It - it was the woman from outside the gym. But her hair was wet - had it been raining? And it was moving; thick strands of it turning idly this way and that, in a way that shouldn't be possible from just wind. And weren't they inside anyway?

While Amy tried to make sense of all this, the woman spoke again. "You scared us, passing out like that. I thought for a moment we weren't going to be able to continue."

Much as she tried, Amy couldn't get words to come out of her mouth. The best she could do was make a confused expression. Fortunately, the woman seemed to understand.

"The experiment? Do you not remember?" There was a pause as the woman waited for some flash of recognition from Amy, one section of her hair somehow idly adjusting the glasses on her face while she did so. Eventually, when it was clear nothing was forthcoming, she continued. "Hm. An interesting side effect. Good to know."

She turned away, speaking to someone else out of sight. "Bring her back up, will you? Let's run her through things again so we don't have any surprises."

Suddenly, Amy felt herself move. Whatever she'd been lying on began to tilt itself upwards, a series of heavy ratcheted clicks giving evidence of some hidden mechanism beneath her. Soon she was in a standing position, hanging limply from restraints around her wrists and ankles. Her vision spun at the movement, and as her head snapped forward against her chest she realised in a blurry flash that she was completely naked. Looking back up slowly she blinked against the light, and after screwing her

eyes shut and reopening them she finally had a good view of her surroundings.

The room itself seemed small and bare, or at least the part she could see in front of her did. There was a small desk off to one side and a large blackboard off to the other, the former piled high with sheets of paper and the latter covered with a spider web of equations and formulas. Some distant thread of her former studies sparked at the notations - they were organic compounds. Anything more specific than that she'd need a couple of hours and her old textbooks to decipher, but she could recognise that much at least. The rest of the room was empty, at least it was for a few seconds before two women stepped into view from either side of her.

The first was the woman from the gym, except now wearing a labcoat and a professorial expression. Now that she had a good look at her, Amy realised that that was all she was wearing, except for the slim glasses that she was constantly adjusting with-

Her hair wasn't hair. It was green and wild like she'd first assumed, but it was moving independently in thick, slick strands in a way hair never could. Amy's first thought was snakes - some modern-day Medusa wouldn't make any less sense than everything else so far, but after that brief start she realised that the ends of her hair were merely tapered tips, each one seemingly leaking a steady stream of green fluid. Tentacles, then - some tentacle-headed alien that was regarding her with polite interest. Her lips were green too, but now they seemed to drip green, the coat of whatever it was being refreshed whenever she licked them.

The other woman was no less disconcerting. She too was wearing nothing but a white lab coat, but in her case the bottom of it opened out into a writhing mass of thick tentacles. From the waist up she seemed like a completely normal woman; with her dark hair in a loose bob, and yet all the while she was sliding herself around on that thick mass of tentacles. Ursula, Amy realised suddenly. She seemed like a skinnier, scientist version of Ursula from the Little Mermaid. Although Amy was pretty sure Ursula didn't leave a trail of green slickness everywhere she went. Was she - what, going to steal her voice or something?

With the surge of energy the fear of that gave her, Amy managed to force herself to speak, saying the first of the thousand questions that came to mind. "How... did I get here?"

The woman from the gym regarded her with a non-unkind expression. "Well, you walked here, of course. After we met outside your gym. I'm Melissa, and this is Samantha", she said, pointing to herself and the other woman. "And you agreed to help us with a scientific experiment."

The other woman rolled her eyes, sliding herself over to the desk and looking down at some of the notes. In response, Amy managed to ask, "experiment?"

Melissa nodded. "Yes. We're both scientists that had some... unexpected results from our experiments. After that we both, uh, recruited assistants, but when we heard of each other and discovered that our present circumstances had different causes but similar results, well - we were intrigued. So we wanted to find out what we could accomplish by putting our techniques together and... collaborating." She waved an arm behind herself to indicate the blackboard. "We've got a lot of ideas, and the theory is solid but, it's the practical work that really proves a hypothesis."

"And... is that where I come in?", Amy asked hesitantly.

In the background, Samantha looked up from the notes. "Actually, I think you'll find that's where we cum in you."

Amy's eyes widened, while Melissa merely frowned at the interjection. "My... associate is putting it

bluntly, but that is about the size of it, yes. You see-”

As Melissa was speaking she'd stepped out of view behind Amy, then as she left that sentence hanging she must have taken hold of the table and wrenched it down flat. It clicked back into the horizontal as Amy's heart leapt in her chest, but more disorienting than that was the fact that she'd either been shifted up slightly or the table shortened somehow, because now her head was hanging over the edge into empty air. She was left looking at everything upside-down, her head swimming once again at the sudden change in perspective.

Before Amy could reorient herself, Melissa had moved in front of her, kneeling down to put herself on eye level. She came closer, and when she spoke again her lips brushed against Amy's with every word, leaving a slight tingling wetness behind with each pass. Somehow, despite her disorientation and confusion, Amy stilled.

“We are going to take your body and cover it with our slickness”, Melissa whispered. “We are going to fill you with it, making every single part of you dripping with lust and aching with release. And then, at the end of everything, we're going to see just what you are afterwards.”

She got even quieter, so that Amy couldn't be sure if she was hearing her speak or just thinking the words herself. “I'm betting on a nice, eager little toy slut. Doesn't that sound nice?”

Amy's response was little more than a moan, an unthinking trail of slickness making its way down the inside of her thighs. Melissa noticed the blush spreading out from her cheeks and said with a grin. “Good answer...”

She moved forwards, sliding into a slow passionate kiss. Amy melted into it, her body relaxing as her resistance crumbled. She felt like she was floating - despite being secured to the table it felt like she was in a nice bath; soothing, warm and blissful. And in front of her was this cute, powerful, sexy woman, with a tongue that felt so very good as it swept around the inside of her mouth. It didn't make sense, nothing about this made sense, but somehow, for right now at least, that was allowed not to be a problem.

Dimly, Amy was aware of the other woman in the room as she came closer. She looked down at Melissa, nodded and made a mark on a clipboard she was carrying, then handed the board down to one of her tentacles which deposited it carefully on the desk several feet behind her. “The subject appears adequately prepared”, she said dispassionately.

This time it was Melissa's turn to roll her eyes. Pulling away from Amy briefly she asked, “Do you have to narrate everything?”

“Initiating direct exposure”, Samantha continued, ignoring the comment. She slid smoothly out of view, and for a second Amy forgot she was there as she sunk back into Melissa's welcoming kiss.

Suddenly, Amy felt a heavy weight against her feet. Samantha had - not climbed exactly, but just kept moving herself along fluidly despite the difference in height, so without any pause she'd gone from moving along the ground to sliding slickly over Amy's lower body. She pulled herself forward one tentacle at a time, so that one after another more and more of her dripping wet appendages coated Amy's skin. Samantha wasn't pressing down heavily - she seemed to be holding herself up to spare Amy her weight, but it was still a weird enough sensation for Amy to tense up despite the comforting presence of Melissa in front of her.

Eventually she stopped, content to hold herself over Amy's crotch. Samantha's tentacles might have been uncomfortably wet but it was nothing compared to her pussy; great, slick drips sliding out with

a steady, pulsing rhythm from the middle of her mess of tentacles and landing with a tingling heat against Amy's slit.

There was a pause, before Samantha said simply "Entering subject... now."

Amy gasped desperately as Samantha pressed downwards, one long thick tentacle sliding smoothly inside her pussy in a single sustained thrust. It was more than just that though; several other tentacles picked her up by the waist, raising her body up enough against her restraints that they could curl around beneath her and slip one more tentacle inside her ass. She shuddered as Samantha moved her body for her, positioning her limbs to give herself the best possible angle.

On the floor in front of all this, Melissa sighed. She licked her lips softly, giving them another fresh coat of slick green now that Amy had pulled away from their kiss, too busy writhing under Samantha's attentions. "You know Samantha, your bedside manner really sucks."

Distantly, Samantha shrugged. "Bedside manner is... mhmm... for people who aren't crazy sex monsters."

Melissa rolled her eyes. "I've done the 'mean' thing too, you know. Being nice works out better in the long term."

"Anyway", Samantha continued, ignoring Melissa's comment, "if we expect this... to be successful, we have... more pressing concerns... than politeness." Her head drifted back, her hands rising up absently to push open her coat and paw at her breasts. "Time to... hmmm... kick this up a notch..."

She rocked her lower body forward, grinding Amy slowly along the surface of the table. Amy moaned at that, but all of sudden she felt Samantha seem to lock up above her. Her tentacles gripped her so tightly they began to almost hurt despite how slick they were, before finally she felt something pressing at the entrance of her pussy. Samantha was already inside her, and it didn't feel like she was trying to send another tentacle to try and join the first, instead it felt like the existing one was bulging dramatically, stretching her even wider as pushed inside. It wasn't getting thicker all over; it was a bulge, a pulse - some passing thickness that made its way through her slit and slowly further inwards. Amy felt it move inch by inch, and before it even reached the tip of Samantha's tentacle she could already feel another one just beginning to enter her. Her hands clenched and released desperately - it should have been confusing and frightening but everything about it was too much for her to parse anything beyond how overwhelming the sensations were.

Somewhere above her Samantha had leaned forwards, talking directly to Amy for what felt like the first time. "I'm going to... mhmm... fill you up... subject." She almost hissed the last word, putting some extra power in her voice as she gave a definitive thrust with her tentacles to emphasise her superiority. From behind Amy felt another bulge press itself against her ass, causing her mouth to gape as it moved inexorably inwards. "Yessss!", Samantha growled, tearing her labcoat aside as she gave in fully to her enthusiasm, working herself over frenziedly with both her hands and several of her own tentacles even as she fucked Amy beneath her.

Amy could barely register Samantha's words, because right as she cut loose was when the first of the bulges made it to the end of her tentacles. With only the slightest of pauses it pressed outwards, and somehow the sensation became even more intense as whatever it was slipped free. It was something somewhat solid, slightly yielding but with a definite weight to it as it pushed inside Amy's body. Accompanying it was a thick burst of slick fluid, and somehow that was almost more dramatic - an instant burst of pleasure and heat that made Amy shudder uncontrollably with bliss.

"Yes, slut", hissed Samantha above her. "Take my eggs take them slut take them toy take them yessss!"

And just like that it was as though some seal was broken, and the rest came on in an unstoppable tide. Soon Amy couldn't even register them as distinct events, just half-second highs and lows of sensation as a flood of eggs crowded into both her pussy and her ass. She writhed in her restraints, all rational thought chased out of her mind by the overwhelming feeling of being so emphatically filled.

Suddenly, she stopped. The endless series of eggs were still pressing into her, Samantha was still pumping against her with a low, guttural growl, but Melissa had caught Amy's shaking head in her hands, and somehow that just made her... still. They'd locked eyes, and Melissa's were so perfectly, shiningly green that despite all the overwhelming sensations Amy suddenly couldn't concentrate on anything else. She relaxed, accepting the continuing eggs with little more than a distant smile.

"There we go", Melissa whispered. She was holding Amy's head tenderly, stroking her gently with several of her slick tentacles at the same time. It felt... nice. "You don't need to worry. Everything will be fine, won't it?"

Unconsciously, Amy nodded.

"It will feel good to be our little pet, won't it? And it will make me personally so happy if you were to help us with this." She paused, pouting slightly. "You want to make me happy, don't you?"

Amy did. Even as her body trembled from the force of Samantha pressing her eggs into her, she really wanted to do whatever it took to make Melissa happy, even if it meant accepting more eggs. Especially if it meant more eggs. "Y... yes", she said softly.

"Oh, good girl!", Melissa answered, with genuine enthusiasm. "You'll have such fun helping us with our project, I promise."

Amy's murmured approval was drowned out as Melissa pulled her forward. As her tentacles unfurled on top of her head it quickly became apparent just how many of them there were, and all of them were soon sliding slickly over Amy's face. In response, Amy merely closed her eyes and relaxed into Melissa's gentle massage. One tentacle teased around her lips before slipping deftly inside, almost making Amy purr as she happily accepted the intrusion.

"Mhmm, good girl", Melissa whispered approvingly. "We'll get you all nice and slick while we slowly turn you into what we need..."

Leaning back slightly, Melissa nodded to Samantha. The other girl had seemed to calm down somewhat, settling herself into a simple pulsing rhythm with the eggs she was pressing into Amy. Acknowledging Melissa's nod with one of her own, Samantha began to pull away, while at the same time repositioning the girl beneath her, deftly undoing the restraints and then pulling her upwards until she was on all fours on top of the table. Amy's movements were dreamlike, simply allowing her body to be manipulated without resistance, seemingly her only condition being that her head stayed close enough to Melissa for her soothing massage to continue. Once she was in position, Samantha pulled away most of her tentacles, leaving only the one firmly inside Amy's pussy.

"Subject appears ready for next stage", Samantha said simply.

"Okay", Melissa answered, her tentacle hair still continuing its absent caresses even as she shifted to look back at Amy directly. Her eyes were so green. Where they always that green? How could they not be? What else - what else could her eyes possibly be, except such a deep and wonderful green that there couldn't possibly be anything else worth looking at?

Amy heard words, somehow even before she realised that Melissa was talking. "We need to start changing you now", she said. "We need to start making you into the perfect form for us, and as part of that we need you to be able to fuck others, just like Samantha fucked you. That felt good, didn't it?"

Amy nodded. She hadn't had time to consider the question, but even so the answer was clear. Of course it felt good.

"And you'd want to share that feeling with others, wouldn't you?", Melissa continued.

Yes. Yes of course yes. How could she not? It would be mean not to. Somewhere in amongst that train of thought, Amy belatedly realised she'd nodded again.

"Good girl", Melissa said soothingly. And then, from somewhere behind her, there was that other voice again, saying just:

"Next stage initiating."

There was a pulse. The woman behind her gripped her body tightly, tentacles curling around her legs and fingernails digging into her skin, but that was all just a minor distraction from the main event. Another thick burst of fluid surged out inside her, but somehow this time Amy could immediately tell it was different. It... moved differently, somehow, and instead of pressing inside her further it was almost like it was pushing outwards. No, that wasn't quite right - it was more like it was somehow activating what was already inside her, and then some collection of energy was being released and pressing and pushing and building and she couldn't she needed it felt she-

She came, her own fingers clenching desperately against the table as her whole body shook with orgasm. It was like nothing she'd ever felt before; just building and building unstopably, even as the release of it was so intense her mouth fell open in a wordless moan. There was something, something there that she couldn't help but lean into, something weighing her down and needing to be expressed and then suddenly it was free - a great, slick cock somehow surging out from her crotch. The burst of fluid from Samantha was fuelling it; in seconds another shifting pressure developed behind it, and two heavy balls joined it, already churning with thick cum.

"I- I don't- I, I...!", Amy stammered insensibly, her mind an uncontrollable whirl of thoughts and desperate, frantic desires.

Melissa leaned in close to her ear, whispering simply, "you need to cum."

"Ahh-auhhhhmm!", Amy gasped, her new cock orgasming powerfully on command. The slickness of it coated the table, great thick gouts of dripping green painting the surface beneath her. Her whole body clenched and released as it felt like she was emptying out what she'd been filled with, only somehow filtered and changed slightly for having passed through her own body. But it was good, it felt so good, she couldn't help but lean into it; eagerly pressing herself backwards against Samantha's tentacle in order to make herself cum harder.

"Good girl", cooed Melissa in front of her, and then suddenly all of Amy's other thoughts were unimportant again. "That's an excellent start. But you need to do more than just that, don't you?"

She did. She didn't know what or how, but Amy knew that she needed to do it. She stopped, panting, holding herself as steady as possible so she could stare into Melissa's eyes and drink up that sight.

"We need you to love this", Melissa continued softly. "We need you to live for this. So we can make

sure we can get our results out as widely as possible. This is you now. This is who you are. Sex, and need, and cum. All you need to do is to give in to that.”

Surprisingly, Amy hesitated. Despite everything that had happened so far, somehow she knew that this was the point of no return - that this was her last chance to stop and reconsider. Maybe - did she really want all this? Was it worth it?

Melissa must have noticed Amy’s indecision. Without breaking eye contact, one of the tentacles that formed her hair reached down casually, scooping up a thick portion of the slickness on the table. Then it raised up slowly, and with an exaggerated, tender care, smeared it in a circle over Amy’s lips. Unthinkingly, Amy’s tongue followed it around, tasting the fluid Melissa left behind.

“Doesn’t that taste good? Doesn’t that feel good?”, she breathed. “How could you want anything else but to feel like this, and be able to help other people feel it too? Wouldn’t you rather just... cum.”

Amy’s body jerked forwards automatically, her hips thrusting against Samantha as she came desperately. The closest she came to a verbal response was a strangled gasp, quickly drowned out as Melissa pushed her head downwards, pressing her lolling tongue into contact with the slick green mess beneath her. And with that, all thought of doing anything else was gone. There was no part of Amy that wanted anything other than what she was doing right now - serving her mistresses by cumming over and over again through her thick new cock, creating such a wave of wonderful fluid that splashed again and again against the bottom of her chin as she lapped it up eagerly.

She felt it stick to her breasts, the slickness of it soaking through her skin, and every time it felt for a moment like she was going to stop cumming another twitch from Samantha behind her sent her reeling back over the edge. Her whole body was alive with pleasure, it felt like her breasts were growing bigger, the better to press themselves against the cum on the table. She felt - everything was intense, every part of her skin was dripping wet and needy and perfect. With one sudden surge a flood of green swept out over her like a tidal wave. She shook, her body somehow losing cohesion for a moment as she fell back down against the table despite Samantha’s effort to hold her.

Eventually, Amy managed to push herself back up. She had to - it wasn’t like before, when she’d had to worry about arranging her arms and legs to support herself - now her body simply flowed into position, her limbs moving fluidly to wherever she wanted them to be.

Melissa looked over her with a smile, this brand-new girl somehow made out of bright green goo, still idly stroking her dripping cock. “Good girl”, she said proudly.

A considerable amount of time passed. Melissa and Samantha had arranged for another location, one with a large one-way mirror that allowed them to observe the proceedings without being directly involved. Currently they were watching as Amy approached their newest subject, a girl she’d personally recommended. She’d been impressively easy to prepare too, following the instructions obediently after only the slightest amount of conditioning. Amy took the girl’s hand in hers, the fluid of her body parting as the two of them met, wrapping the girl up to the wrist in an instant and then sliding slowly up her arm. Grinning, Amy withdrew, and after a moment the girl raised her hand up to her face to see just what had happened. Her formerly white skin had been replaced with smooth pastel pink, slight but visible seams betraying its synthetic nature.

The girl was so entranced by this it was as though she didn’t even notice Amy pushing her down to her knees, simply following the command without consciously registering it was being given. She only looked up when she found Amy’s cock at her mouth, brushing lightly against her lips.

“You’re going to have so much fun”, Amy said softly. “Oh, I can’t wait for how good it’s going to feel for you.” A slow stream of dripping green spread out against the girl’s lips as Amy wiped her cock slowly around them, and then when she withdrew that same plastic pinkness was seeping out into her skin there too. Her eyes widened as she found her mouth moving involuntarily, shifting until it seemed to settle naturally into an open ‘o’ shape.

Noticing her panic, Amy cooed soothingly, stroking one hand along the back of the girl’s head while at the same time using it to press her closer. “Sshh, don’t worry. It’s okay. Let me show you what you’re for now...”

In one smooth motion, she slid her cock between her bright pink lips, and instantly the girl’s eyes rolled back in her head in insensate bliss.

“That’s it girl”, Amy whispered, as the new pink flesh spread outwards with every thrust. “You’re going to make such a wonderful toy...”

In the observation room behind the glass, Melissa reached out one hand to Samantha, who returned the high-five with one of her tentacles. “Looks like we’ve finally discovered a very successful product line...” ◀◀