

! A MINOR
CAT.
-ASTROPHE!!



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A Minor CATastrophe

Two hooded figures hurried down an alleyway, heedless of the sulphuric scent in the air. While both bore the emblems of the Alchemist guild across their backs it took only a glance to see they were not the same. The smaller figure's cloak had a satin shimmer to it, while the taller's cloak might have been black once it now wore a patchwork of stains that rendered it grey on average. Still it was he that walked with purpose and confidence while the smaller one hurried after him, fine boots echoing on the stone. They stopped in front of a door and the taller of the pair fumbled with a sparse ring of keys.

The smaller glanced nervously over her shoulder down the way they had come and huffed, "Must you keep your lab in such a dump?"

"Maybe if you paid me a little better..." The man intoned as the lock clacked and open the metal door.

"You're lucky I pay you at all, Glen, with the way you've been lately." Her hand reached inside her opposite sleeve and withdrew a small crossbow. Glen froze as he held the door open for her and found it pointed at his chest.

"Liddia?" He gasped.

"Oh come on Glen," She released a tired sigh. "You've invited me down into the squigs, promising me that shipment of feline essence that you're three weeks late on. So what's

in there? A gang of thugs? Or were you thinking you could handle me all by yourself?"

Glen held up his hands and they trembled. "Uuuh no, I would do- I mean I'd never do that Liddy."

The crossbow inched closer. "Don't you Liddy me, Glen Kerrywine. Who's put you up to this? Is it the Gaknoots? They promise you my shop?"

"No! Honest Liddy, I admit to being distracted lately," He protested. "I'm down here to save rent so I could buy some extra equipment. It worked, or should work. I just want to show it to you." The dim light of the alley shone into his hood and displayed his nervous grin. "Like old times."

The crossbow didn't waver. "And why would you want to show me a secret project? Aren't you afraid I'd steal it?"

"A little." Glen laughed once. "I would have done it alone but I kept thinking about the time you attempted to brew phoenix powder in our second year."

An involuntary shiver made Liddia's cloak shimmer in the shadowy light. Her shoulders relaxed a smidgen. The crossbow gestured inside as she grumbled, "Show me then. You stay in front, though."

With a nod, Glen stepped inside and clapped his hands once. Small flames flickered to life inside small glass lamps that studded the cracked stucco wall that led down beneath the building. At the end of the stairway a metal blast door had been installed with thick iron hinges. A good thought for an Alchemical lab but overkill for a building held together with plaster and spit. The hinges sang as the door opened and Glen shuffled through into a well lit room beyond. Liddia crept up to the doorway, crossbow at the ready as she peered into the cluttered room. Four work tables were spaced equidistant from each other. Each bearing recognizable alchemical apparatus, while various beakers,

books and sample jars lined the walls. It did not look like the likely site of an ambush; it was actually neater than her own lab which caused her to emit a huff of irritation as she swept into it, checking the corners as Glen pulled back his hood. His wavy black hair had grayed at the temples and he watched her with his soft brown eyes. "I'm really not trying to kill you Liddia. Truly."

She flicked him a delicate middle finger and remained silent until she had made a full circuit of the room. Only then did she toss back her own hood to glare at Glen with ice-blue eyes full of daggers. The tips of her ears pierced the cascading waves of her shoulder length intensely pink air. Glen remembered the impish smile had once graced her beautiful face all those years ago when they'd been students when she tackled everything with boundless energy, like a pine martin, a terror to any squirrel. Now both that energy and zest had cooled, no less dangerous nor beautiful but calculating, a small viper perhaps.

She pursed her lips as if tasting sourness before letting out the most put upon sigh. "I admit that evidence indicates that you are not attempting to kill me. This is simply one more rock on the scale that Glen Jerrywine is a buffoon." She folded the crossbow and slipped it into the holster on the inside of her sleeve.

"You've called me worse." Glen relaxed a bit and pulled at his robe.

"Well it has been a long time since I caught you in bed with my sister." She said with smallest smirk.

Glen bit back the urge to explain the long string of improbable events that had led to their break up, a long infirmary stay for him and probation for her. He gave her a nervous, not touching that, laugh and turned to one of the work tables. This had a dust cloth carefully draped over its apparatuses. "Now you are wondering where that batch of feline essence is."

“Yes.” She crossed her arms. “I’m guessing there is an excuse somewhere in this lab?”

He carefully took the edge of the sheet and pulled it from the table, revealing a similar setup to the one stood on the next table over. Both benches had two machines, a distillation apparatus, with three separate boilers at the base and an essence collator, which resembled a giant crystalline penis pointed downward and plugged with a stopcock. The difference between the setups lay in the piping. While on the uncovered work bench the two were separate, on this one a complex network of copper piping and valves tied them together. “Ta Da!” He declared once he pulled the sheet all the way off. “Essence refinement semi automated! With this I can brew an entire batch of essence in two hours instead of twenty.”

Liddia sucked in her right cheek and shook her head. “Or blow yourself up. Alchemists have been trying to do this for decades Glen.”

Glen did a palms up shrug. “It’s a possibility. But I’ve been refining most of your essence for you the last five years and I’m bored. I need a change. How long has it been since you’ve experimented with anything Liddy? If this works then we could put Gaknoots out of business.”

“I don’t experiment much because I like having hands, they’re far more useful than bloody stumps.” Her gaze drifted down to Glen’s hands and their pockmarked skin. “And not rather not have to find a new essence refiner.”

“Well,” Glen blinked, quickly covering his surprise. Had that been concern on her face? Couldn’t be. She just trained a crossbow on him. “Its not like I’m refining Phoenix feathers or anything really explosive. Might wind up with a tail for a week or two.” He opened a deep drawer beneath the work bench and removed a large water skin. From it he poured a vicious crimson liquid into one of the distillator’s three boilers.

“Fine, I’ll watch but I’m spotting you through a crack in your door. Nobody will buy potions from an Alchemist who’s mutated himself. You might look cute with a tail though.” Liddia made a sound Glen hadn’t heard in a long time, an excited giggle.

Memories of that little laugh brought heat to Glen’s cheeks. Pushing them away, he forced himself to focus. Had to make this work first, he carefully laid his instructions and notes in front of him and sparked the burner.

Liddia watched Glen work with tumbling emotions. It been five years since that seemingly chance encounter on the street. The timing had been suspiciously fortuitous, hiding a patch of feathers on her torso from her own from a spill of avian essence for a flight potion, she’d been about to give up her shop if she couldn’t find some else to do essence refining for her. Walked out of the clothier and she’d heard his laugh, a loud guffaw. He’d been purchasing meat pies from old Natty. Before she’d known what she was doing she’d crept up behind him and loudly shouted, “Hey sister fucker!”

She still the remembered the utter delight in his voice, “Liddy?!” when he whipped around, with eyes round with shock. It might have gone two ways because she agreed to his offer of a drink. It quickly came out that Glen’s family shop down south had failed and he was in the city looking for contract work. She gave him a list of all the essences she was running low on and he delivered. Later she had become suspicious, the timing had been too convenient. Maybe he had been had been hired by the gnomes to steal some of her mother’s notes on traditional elvish alchemy? Or merely learn the names of her suppliers. She’d kept him at arms length. Waiting for the betrayal, as had happened with almost every assistant she’d brought on. After five years though, she’d just begun to relax a little and he pleads with her to come down with her to squims. And here it comes, she had been so sure. This would be the moment she proved the Gaznooks she wouldn’t tolerate their meddling.

Underneath her cloak she wore enchanted armor, enough various forms of poison to kill an entire battalion of hoodlums and syringe full of the most potent battle enhancement potions she could brew.

And it had all been for absolutely nothing, Glen had wanted to show her his new toy. And watch his back in case it blew up in his face. So Liddia sorted through the memories of the last five years, not quite paying attention to Glen's process until he started cursing.

"Aw bloody crumpets!" He exclaimed as one of pipes shot out a plume of steam. Swiftly he slapped a handful of clay over it, plugging the leak. "Come on hold together! We're almost done." He pleaded at it, frantically adjusting valves with leather clad fingers.

"Glen!" Liddia heard herself shout, "Its too hot! Vent the batch!" Stress cracks were spreading across the surface of the Essence Collator like veins.

"I'm almost done!" He shouted, placing a beaker beneath the stopcock. Not a moment too soon either. With a resounding Crack! The stopcock shot into the beaker propelled by a stream of neon blue fluid. It splattered over the sides of the beaker. Glen clapped his hands over the gap between the Collator's broken tip and the beaker. The lab echoed with his scream of pain.

"Glen let it go!" Liddia shouted at him but it was already done.

The glove hands came away to reveal a beaker brimming with glowing liquid, over flowing onto the work table. Glen shook out his hands, the gloves fell off and fluttered down to the floor like dead leaves. Pain stiffened his finger joints but he smiled behind the protective mask he wore. Liddia took a step into the room but he waved her off. "Stay back, I gotta bottle it." He grabbed two flasks and a pair of tongs from a rack with swelling fingers. It felt as if there were balloons



inflating within the bones of his hand. Pulling the stoppers from the flasks he found the texture of the cork muted by a thick pad swelling on the tip of his finger while his thumbs were totally numb, rapidly shrinking back into his wrist. "Shit shit shit shit," He fumbled with the tongs as white fur began to spread over the back of his expanding hands they fell to the ground.

Liddia stood beside him, and snatched up the tongs, "I got it." With an efficient motion she grabbed the beaker and poured the liquid into the flasks and capped them.

"Liddy don't," He protested before groaning as each of his remaining digit extended out wickedly curved claws.

"There, bottled. It won't infect the building now," She grabbed his elbow and led him back to the door of the lab.

Outside he leaned against the wall and breathed. He held his arms stiffly, trying not to touch anything with his... paws. They were huge, each as wide as his head, covered in thick creamy fur, the pink pads on each digit nearly the size of a belt buckle, his thumbs reduce to useless nub farther back on his wrist. The fur covered a quarter of his forearms and he could feel a strange pressure pushing on the length of arms. Liddia stared at them with wide slitted eyes.

"Why the hell did you grab the beaker like that?" She asked, "Why didn't you back the hell off?"

"I thought my gloves could take it, and that much essence would have gotten in the sewers and..." He trailed off, seeing anger spark in her eyes.

"You thought your gloves could take hot raw essence." She hissed like a cat, displaying fangs before clapping hand over her mouth. "Shit, how bad am I?" She asked through her fingers.

Glen looked her up and down but most of her was hidden

by her cloak. "Eyes and fangs are all I see."

"Must of gotten a lung full or two. I'll have to do a cleanse back at my shop." She peered up into Glen's face. "Huh, your face is normal, maybe a few more grey hairs. Come on follow me back." She looked down at his paws, "Just don't touch anything with those. They're probably loaded with essence."

With a nod they set off.

It was a long hike from the Squims to Liddia's Potion Parlor. Glen followed after her obediently, trying to shake his sleeves back over his paws but they stuck out no matter what he did. All the while that pressure grew. Halfway there a new problem emerged. Glen had kept his eyes on Liddia while she walked with a confident march, she had this little hip swing that he hadn't noticed before. Something about it, the attitude it broadcast, it had imagination stripping her out of that robe and once out that, out of everything. With that his cock went ramrod straight, pressing painfully against his underwear as he walked. Straining at an awkward angle so that every step made him more aware of it. Liddia might have told him something but all he could do was grunt in reply, not hearing it. Mind alternating between what she looked like beneath that robe and the two pressures in his arms and more so in his crotch.

It was late afternoon by the time they arrived at the Potion Parlor, Liddia quickly herded him up into the apartments over the shop. He had the briefest glance of a richly furnished interior before she opened what appeared to be a closet but proved to be small bedroom, servant quarters. "Here I had to fire my house maid a few days ago. We can use it as an infirmary for now."

Glen eased himself down on the small twin bed and gazed around the room. It didn't look like a maid's room, a dressing dummy in the corner wore a pink dress with an ambitious bust, the plain dresser and wardrobe was having

trouble containing all the maid's clothing and there on the post of the foot board dangled a lacey pair of hand restraints. Liddia quickly plucked them up and shoved them into a chest, her expression neutral. "Now let me get my tools. Be right back." With that she swept out of the room, leaving him sitting there with increasingly horny questions about her maid, which was not helping the tent pole in his underwear. He raised his arms to slide his sleeves back, the fur had almost reach his elbows, the arm thickening to match the paw as well. Although how much was fluff versus flesh he couldn't tell. Touching it might spread it.

Fortunately Liddia returned before any temptation got too great, her robe discarded for a leather apron, thick protective gauntlets over her hands and a pair of multilens goggles strapped over her face. "Now let's see how many potions of essence clarity you're going to owe me." She laughed. "Show me your paws."

Glen held them out for her and experimentally spread the thick digits. Liddia leaned towards them, clicking through several lenses. "I think I know what went wrong." Glen said to fill the silence. "Turns out the process was too efficient. If I-

"Hush." She interrupted. "I've never seen anything like this before." More switching between lens and peering before she reached out to poke at the pads.

"Liddy? I thought we weren't touching." Glen pulled his paw back.

She shook her head. "Oh it's fine. The essence isn't bleeding out. It's the opposite, really. It's pushing inward. I don't need these at all." Grabbing the fingers of her glove, she pulled it off and tossed it into the corner. Then reached out to gently touch, then stroked the paw. Glen shifted uncomfortably as the pressure at the base of his cock increased. Liddia didn't seem to notice, all her attention on the paw.

“So soft. And Huge!” Her excitement made her voice nearly squeak. “Never seen a winged cat with a paw this size.” She squeezed a digit and the pearly white claw slid from the tip. “Woah, that’s a dagger.” Her shining smile quenched Glen’s protest as she made each claw extend one after another. Then took it in both hands, held it close to her face and took a deep breath through her nose. She gave a little pulse with her hips. “Oooh, I like that scent.”

“Liddy...” Glen warned.

She snatched her hands away from his paw. “Ah damn. I know, I know. That’s the feline essence talking. I already took a clarity potion. It should clear up in a day or so.” She peeled off her goggles and gave him a pitying look. “That’s not going to be enough for you. With those.” She nodded at the paws. “We’re dealing with essence corruption.”

“Corruption?!” Glen exclaimed, “That’s only supposed to happen with demonic essence!”

She giggled, an uncertain thing, “You got a huge dose of not quite refined essence. You wanted to do something new, a change?”

Glen waved his paws and huffed, “This was not what I meant.”

“I’ll do some reading and hopefully we can find a way to purge it but it could take some time. In the meantime we’ll document the case.” She schooled her face into a sober mask but couldn’t hide the way the excitement sparkled in her slitted eyes.

A chime rang from downstairs. Liddia stood bolt upright in surprise. “That’s my 3 O’clock consult, Madam Kicade. Down the hall to the left is my library if you want to get started, I’ll be back up in an hour.” With that, she exited the room and closed the door behind her, leaving Glen alone in the maid’s room.

The library would have to wait. Glen stood and after some struggle pulled his heavy robe over his head, leaving him to confront the most insistent erection he'd had in twenty years. It strained against a wet spot on his briefs. He vaguely wondered if it was related to his essence corruption but he'd gladly trade some essence for relief at this point. He managed to undo the bow on the drawstring and pulled his underwear down, allowing his cock to stand in the cool air of the room. Immediately, he tried to grasp it between his paws and thrust between the pink pads on his palms. Too rough, he licked their surfaces for better lubrication, better but not enough. A pressure inside his balls joined the unfamiliar one at the base of his cock. But no matter how he thrust and panted, no release came. Switching tactics, he slid the dick between the softness of his digits, the plush fur was silky smooth and set the tip bubbling with precum, the pressure spread to his entire body but still refused to give way. Giving up on his paws, he opened that chest at the end of the bed, hoping to find a toy or something, anything. Yet the restraints were the only thing of note in the chest as it contained mostly bedding.

Maybe, Liddy's bedroom had something. It had to, clearly this maid was a kink. He went over to the door and cursed. The door had a small knob of smooth brass and Glen massive paw couldn't close around it. Between digits didn't work either, he even tried his teeth to zero avail. The door was as good as locked. Nothing for it, his paws slid back to his crotch as he sank to the floor. He found that one paw pumping the shaft and rubbing the tip with a pad was good. Very good. Slowly, the pressure on him built again. Finally, building up towards the peak of release. He was like a man climbing the stairs of thirty story building dreaming of the fall.

The door opened before he got there. He found himself with a boot eye view staring up at a very surprised Liddia. "Glen? W-what?"

"P-pressure," He panted at her. "Please Liddy! It's maddening."

She stepped away and Glen's heart dived into his stomach as hope fled, but he had no room for shame. He had squeezed his cock between the digits of his paw in preparation of resuming the climb when Liddia returned with the goggles held to her face. She spent a moment staring down into him, slowly she bit her lower lip. "Kneel on the bed, facing the wall." She commanded, placing the goggles on the dresser.

Glen scrambled to obey, pulling himself up from the floor and onto the bed. He knelt and placed his paws against the wall that ran alongside it. He let out a pleading meow, paws kneading the wall.

"Oh fuck, thats adorable." Liddia whispered. She slid a hand up Glen's spine, placing one knee on the edge of the bed to steady herself, one hand reaching around to encircle his cock. The smoothness and strength of her fingers drew a blissful moan from him as he started to thrust. She matched him with practiced strokes, pumping up and down the shaft. Her breath panted on the back of his ear, heavy with her own arousal.

In no time at all Glen found himself at the top of the building he'd been trying to climb for the better part of an hour. "Now come kitty." She accented the command with a hard nip on the base of his neck and it threw him off the building. His claws bit into the wall as a solid stream of glowing white cum leapt from the tip of his cock and splattered. Glen cried out as he felt a pulling sensation throughout his body, as if he himself were being expelled. The stream continued decorating the wall as the dick expelling it shortened, becoming thick and tapered, white fur burst from the skin surrounding it, racing around his hips and spreading down his inner thighs, the legs thickening with muscle. The stream began to falter as his bones began extend out between his buttcheeks. Liddia tightened her fingers around him and he gave three shuddering bursts, the tail lengthened with each one until it nearly touched the floor from where he knelt. He hung by his claws, panting as fur



slid down the tail's length, smokey gray stripes interrupting the creamy white base.

"Incredible." Liddia breathed as she stood, eyes on a massive amount of shimmering cum painting the wall. "Glad I didn't take all that."

"Uuuugh," Glen groaned, pulling his claws from the wall and toppling sideways onto the bed. Dimly he registered the weight of gravity on his new limb and realized he'd just fallen farther down the hole he'd put himself in. Liddia stared at the cum at the wall through her goggles, looking awed.

"I- uh call it, the torrent after a high climb." He said and then laughed at his own joke.

She laughed too, letting the goggles fall from her face. "This cum is almost pure human male essence. You just expelled a large portion of your magical being onto this wall. I better go get a jar."

The door slammed shut before Glen remembered to tell her he couldn't use the knob. It was just as well in the pace of a blink she had returned, with said jar and a metal scraper.

"Wait..." Glen said groggily, "Humans don't produce essence, we're not magical enough."

"I know!" Liddia exclaimed and flashed a grin before continuing scraping. "This stuff will sell to the mages academy for a mint! Or I could make a huge batch of penis for a day potions and actually have them look human. Usually I have to make do with shadow monkey or water baboon essence. One time I used Pegasus. Sold them a noble woman who wanted a truly wild party. Heard zero complaints."

"I'll take my usual fee then?" Greg asked as she scraped the last of it into the jar and screwed on the lid.

An impish smirk turned the corner of her mouth. She pulled a hand from a glove and slid her fingers the fur that just reached Glen's navel. "Maybe I could offer you a belly rub instead?"

The sensation of it drew a sharp breath from him. He couldn't quite decide if he liked it or not. He rolled on his back, legs opening for better access but at the same time his claws slid from their sheaths, the instinct spreading his still human toes too.

"Oooor does kitty prefer a different sort of petting?" With that her hand slid downwards, her fingers gently cupping his balls. Sudden arousal made Glen shudder, his maleness peeked out of its brand new sheath.

Whipping her hand away, she clutched it to her chest. "Sorry. Shouldn't tease-" She cut herself off with a hard sniff. "Oh gods."

Her hand opened and she sniffed at her palm. "Fuck it, just one time." She opened her robe and threw it back, revealing a far more shapely body than Glen remembered. Tattooed tiger stripes graced the curve of her thighs. A black lace bra supported her ample breasts. The soaked-through purple panties where practically clawed off, revealing damp black fur guarding her vivid pink slit.

"Liddy?" Glen stared, awestruck and increasingly aroused as Liddie's cheeks flushed with lust.

"If I ever find out you," she paused to dip her head down to drink in the feline musk, "did this on purpose. I will skin you my kitty cat." Like a feline she rubbed her cheeks, first one then the other, against the length of his sheath. It brought his cock to full, eager attention. Glen knew she was going to make both their conditions worse, but the last thing he wanted her to do was stop. He'd wanted this ever since he'd run into her those years ago. Although he'd convinced himself it would never happen, the want to feel her around

him continued. Logically, this was too great a price but logic died away as she slid her breasts over his staining cock. Her tongue flicked a nipple and drew a needy mew from his lips. She growled possessively, spread her flingers across his chest and pushed up. They both gasped with relief as they fit together, her legs straddling his hips. His paws slid up her arms and pressed against her breasts as she began to rock herself against him. "Good Kitty, you're my kitty now." She gasped between panting breaths.

"Yours," Glen agreed, thrusting up into her. "Always yours Liddy."

She threw back her head and announced her orgasm with a feline yowl. The pressure in Glen gave way suddenly, with the same sensation of parts of himself pulling away as he expelled cum into Liddia's depths. The world shifted larger around Glen. Something in his back cracked as Liddia clutched his paws to her chest. Her black fur spread up around her hips and down to her knees. Two by two, six black nipples poked out from the pale skin of her stomach. Then it ended, she sat down heavily, Glen felt his exhausted cock slip out of her and pull back inside its sheath. She looked down at her new nipples and swallowed, "Thats not what was suppose to happen."

The fur did nothing to harm Liddia looks in Glen's opinion although the fur sadly covered up the tattoos. "I can't say I'm surprised. Fuck a kitty, get kitty titties."

She pulled herself off him with a heavy sigh. "Last time all you jizzed was human male essence. Thought maybe I'd wind up with a dick and then your damn scent would stop making it feel like I installed a hot tub between my legs. Its worse than a lust drought." She checked herself in the mirror and cursed at the small nub of a tail she'd grown. Glen checked himself over but didn't find much different. The fur had advanced both down his legs and up his arms by an inch or so. Was his sheath a little shorter? He couldn't be sure. Cats don't have large penises though. It was when he



stood up that he realized the larger change. “Oh wow.” He gasped, everything in the room was taller.

“What?” Liddia stopped running her fingers through her own fur to look at him. Her eyebrows knitted. She stepped closer and Glen found himself still looking down on her but the angle was much less than it had been. Two hours ago, he’d been almost a head and a half taller, now his height advantage had dwindled to less than two inches. She giggled, “I think I have shoes that would actually make me taller than you!”

“Liddy!” Glenn heard his voice pitch to a whine as a spike of fear broke through the sheer unreality of all this. Unless they did something, he might just be another winged cat chasing bats and mice around the bell towers of the city. He had wanted a change but this hadn’t been on the list of possibilities. Animal essence over doses were a common hazard for Alchemists but they were usually temporary. “There’s gotta be a way to at least pause this.” He flexed his useless paws and rubbed them together. “I gotta-Mrow!-think. Mewbe ice essence? Or Infumewing back the mewale essence. Maybe we can- Mrow?” He suddenly found Liddia there, pulling his paws apart and stepping inside his arms.

She shushed him softly and placed a human hand against his cheek. “Glen calm down. You’re making it worse.” She whispered, still wearing that excited smile although her eyes had lost some of their manic gleam.

Still that panic coiled tightly around his chest. “B-but I-mowr! I mew.” Try as he might to express his fear, the words kept turning into the sounds of a distressed feline.

“Calm down,” Liddia repeated, slipping her fingers up to his ear and gripping its base, and began to stroke the inside of it with her thumb. He produced a startled mew as he realized his ears must have changed but with each gentle caress his panic unwound a little. The movement telling his body that she cared. As his head tilted into her hand she

spoke again, "The worst possibility is that you're going to be a winged cat but you will never be a normal dumb cat. Its a corruption, so it can only twist what's there. You won't go away. And as long as you don't pee on my bed, I'll take care of you."

Glen had to laugh at that, his arms had closed around her, pulling her into an embrace and rubbing his cheek against hers. "Deal, if that's the worst." She had an airy musk mixed with the scent of her sweat.

Her head tilted back to speak but their lips found each other first. The kiss started tender, exploratory and deepened as fresh hunger yawned in them both. Glen broad paw slid down to her buttocks and pressed her hips against his sheath. They broke with a needy mew. "Down kitty." She breathed into his still bare chest. "You're getting me all riled up again. If you spray any more feline essence into me I'm not going to be able to help you. We don't have to settle for the worst outcome here."

"Yeah," Glen agreed, though his lips tingled with the want of another kiss and the rest of him wanted to toss her onto the bed and fuck her until they were both four-legged animals. She'd get better, he wouldn't, but the throbbing pressure behind his cock was rapidly returning. With it came imaginings of days spent flitting among the rooftops and nights sprawled across Liddia's lap. Compare that to what? Stuck somewhere between?

Liddia gently pried herself out of her arms. "Right. Come with me to the lab." She said and slipped by him. He glanced in the mirror before following, triangular cat ears protruded from the sides of his head, and the flesh around his nostrils had turned pink.

Glen found Liddia's lab rather... untidy. She had papers precariously piled up everywhere and only one of the six workbenches appeared clean and ready for work. "I see your filing system hasn't changed." He quipped as he gazed

around the clutter.

“I find everything I need.” She sniffed as she rummaged through a shelf. Her little tail twitched as if trying to lash. After a few moments she lifted a stick of incense from a jar of pencils and quills. “Ah ha, this will keep that stupid lovely scent of yours at bay.” She gave it a sniff and winced. “Peppermint, I hate it.” Placing it in a burner, she lit it and nearly instantly an eye wateringly strong mint flooded Glen’s nostrils.

“Uugh,” Glen blinked back tears.

Liddia coughed, “Right now that we’re burning out our noses lets think. Your body expelled first human maleness and then feline essence.” She reached down between her legs and her body stiffened as her fingers explored. “My clit’s bigger, so maybe a small amount of male essence too.” Pulling her fingers back, she sucked them clean as she thought. Scent or no scent, simply watching her stirred Glen’s loins. She looked up suddenly, “Where’d you get that blood, is it from multiple donors?”

Glen shuddered with effort to think about something else besides the way the light of the lab gleamed on the fur that surrounded Liddia’s hips “Mmmrowl,” He mused at first before grasping actual words, “Of course it is, I started with nearly a gallon and they’re not that big.”

“When you refine essence if it’s from multiple sources, it’s... lumpy until the final step? Right?” She asked, turning back around and digging into a pile of equipment.

What was she getting at? Glen wondered. “Yes. The individual essences don’t lose individuality. You have to do that, or the potions have side effects determined by their origin. That basic.”

“I haven’t done it in a while!” She growled a little before pulling out a box that contained five crystals in a row. “Ah ha,

I knew I had an essence gauge somewhere. Glen, draw me an alchemical circle, will you? I have to configure this.” She brought it over to her cleared workbench and attacked it with a screwdriver.

Glen looked down at his useless paws but stifled his own protest, maybe if she had a thick piece of chalk? His eyes roamed the room and sighted on her chalkboard along the far wall. On its ledge sat wedges of chalk. Behind him, Liddia hummed to herself as she worked and he resisted the urge to watch her and her little nub of a tail twitch. Trying not to think about how she had called him “my kitty.” And why he had liked it so much.

“Mewing with my head.” He grumbled and reached for the largest piece of chalk. The plan had been to grasp it between two of his fat digits but he merely knocked it to the floor. Bracing it against his other paw, he managed to hold it on the second try and then looked around for a likely spot for a circle and found an almost clear patch between two of the work benches. After kicking a few books out of the way, he bent down to draw. He rowled in frustration as the chalk slipped out from his grip again. Also down near the floor, the mint became far less overwhelming, and Liddia’s musk began to tickle his nostrils. Circle, he told himself, trying to ignore the way she danced through his mind, stiffening his man-cat hood and tightening the breath in his chest. He finally got a shaky circle drawn by holding the chalk with one paw and pressing down on it with the pad of another. It still sprang out of his grasp twice, but he got it done.

“Now there’s a fluffy butt.” Liddia tittered from behind him and grasped his tail. Fingers circling its girth she pulled down its entire length, sending an entirely new sensation up into his body and instinctively raising his butt into the air, making his balls churn. “Like that, do you?” She cooed.

“Liddy, I thought...” Words failed when she did again. “Mrrow!”

“I have a theory, but I need you to come again. With this essence gauge monitoring what’s in the circle. I should be able to see precisely what your corruption is trying to expel.” She said, one hand pulling up on Glen’s tail and guiding so all his limbs were in the center of the circle. “So try to aim inside the lines or I might have to do this to you again Kitty.”

Glen’s nostrils brought not only more of her delicious musk but announced the extent of her arousal. Mate me! The scent screamed in his head. Glen’s jaw worked, trying find a voice to protest.

“Now I had a cat once who really liked it when I did this.” Fingers dug into the base of his tail, right into the new muscle bundles that controlled it. Every muscle in his lower body clenched, a small drop of cum spurted from the tip of his cock. His rear surged upwards against her fingers. “Oh you like that too,” Her voice nearly purred “Enough that you’ll cum?”

A lusty yowl was Glen’s only answer as the scratch continued, each stroke coiling the spring in him tighter.

“I know I know. I probably shouldn’t make you come again.” Liddia answered his yowl. “But watching you struggle with that chalk makes my heart all a flutter. You’re so cute when you’re bumbling around and trying so hard. I should lock you in the room for a few hours and watch the gauge. That might work too.”

Glen couldn’t hear a word over the sound of his own internal scream as his body edged closer and closer the release but maddeningly not quite reaching it.

“But a lady should have fun with her pets right?” Liddie stopped talking to listen to Glen’s strangled gasps. “Not quite enough huh? How about this?” She reached up with her other hand stroke the soft unfurred flesh between the anus and tail. Glen hips bucked hard. “Oooh. Sensitive?” She asked, kneeling behind him. “How bout this?” Reaching

between Glen's legs, she grabbed his shaft and then licked him from the base of his balls, across the puckered star to the underside of his tail. Glen experienced the touch as an earthshaking wave of sensitivity. The spring inside him exploded, sending a shockwave of pleasure through his body. Steered by her hand, he sent a stream of cum arcing into the circle. The pleasure propelled more changes, his tail lengthen another foot as the fur spread up his back, a pattern of smoke gray stripes against the white. The vertebrae pressed up against the skin, becoming more supple. Below his shoulder blades, what looked to be odd fingers stretched out of his back. As the stream waned feathers sprouted from the new limbs, and they gave two experimental flaps. Glen sank down to his knees with a mewl of relief.



“Good kitty. Aww, you got little wings.” Liddie’s voice came out breathy and hoarse. Glen bent to look back at her, his spine curving as much as his neck. She stared back at him with dilated eyes and wobbled as she got to her feet. The fur between her legs shined with wetness and the skin of her neck, cheeks and even ears were flushed a red almost as intense as her pink hair. She licked her lips and swallowed, hands clenching and unclenching as she attempted to regain control. Glen’s lower body trembled as if it were the consistency of a gelatin dessert and contented himself with watching her loveliness. He brought his paw up to his mouth and began to groom it with a broadened tongue. Stupid chalk was in his fur, couldn’t have that.

Liddie held her breath as she knelt to pick up the essence gauge in shaking hands. She studied the colors of the crystals, one of which glowed a brilliant blue. “I think it worked. See this?” She tapped the bright crystal, “This is the corruption and it’s the essence of a single cat. For whatever reason it’s the only one doing the corrupting. Usually the corruption process works to convert the victim’s essence but this is attempting to expel out all the competing essences.” She swept her hand down the other crystals. “Other feline essence and your original essence. Question is: Can it convert other essences or only push others out? The more human essence it converts, the more human it becomes and the more human you stay.”

Glen listened as he groomed his paw, following her logic but not particularly caring one way or another. Sated. More human was good. Right? More human was... larger. He’d always been tall and the idea of being small didn’t appeal. He paused his grooming to examine himself, the white fur hadn’t quite reached his ribcage. But on his stomach twin mounds drew his attention, each no larger than a plum. He prodded it with a pad and shivered, breasts. Concern speared through his apathy and rolled onto his back and spread his legs. His sheath had shortened again and his balls had dwindled down from fat grapes to raspberries. “Liddy? What’s the sex of the corrupting essence?”

She'd moved, squatting over the cum splash with the essence gauge at her feet and a clipboard in her hands. "One moment. I have to tally up all this essence you spurted. If the before and after don't add up then we can assume that it is converting some of yours." Her legs parted, she gave Glen a view of her dripping sex. Her short little tail strained upwards.

"Thats... good right?" He asked, the importance of the question dying away as he took in the view of her rear. MATE ME! That little tail screamed to him. He found himself up on all fours.

"Its... the best we have." She continued scribbling on the clipboard as Glen stalked forward, tail lashing with silent swings. Less than ten feet away. Glen lowered himself down to a near belly crawl, where her scent called out to him.

Give it to her. We can give her everything we don't need. A voice whispered in the back of Glen's head as the world around him brightened, particularly the pinkness of Liddia's sex. He took a step forward and another.

"Okay. Good news. There is essence conversion here." Liddie continued doing math on the board as Glen stepped into nipping distance to her tail. "But its not alot. We need to find a way to increase-"

Her words stopped as Glen raked his rough tongue across the base of her tail and up the length of her spine. The clipboard clattered into the spooge she was measuring. Palms smacked against the floor as she half fell, half sprang forward, thrusting her hips against Glen's tongue. He brought the back of a paw to rub her sex, and she ground against it with an urgent need.

Glen wanted to quip something about payback but his tongue was too busy lapping up her wonderful taste. She shouted something incoherent as he lowered his paw and pushed his head between her legs. Lapping at the black fur

of her inner thighs she whimpered and spread her legs wide and straight, presenting her vivid pussy. He sent his tongue deep within her, savoring every taste of her sex. Her clit, as fat as a pinkie finger, made her scream when his lips found it and he had to withdraw to avoid her collapse. She rolled onto her back, heedless of the cum beneath her.

“Should stop.” She panted even as she opened her legs.

“Should.” Glen agreed as he reached out and rubbed his paw over the nipples on her belly. She pressed up against his touch with a desperate mrowl. Sliding his paws up her body he grasped her breast and pushed up into her.

Her legs wrapped around his hips and matched his thrusts with her own. Barely half a dozen mutual collisions and Glen came with a meow of surprise as a strong jet of cum sprayed into Liddia’s depths. Her scream of pleasure did not speak of dissatisfaction. He pushed up into her as deep as he could go as the change pulled on his legs, feet lengthening and toes swelling into thickly padded paws. His cock stayed hard as iron even as he felt his maleness contract. Beneath him Liddie’s tail snaked out longer, tickling his balls as it went. Pads swelled up along with the claws that slid out of her toes. The feet extended, but they weren’t quite paws. She released her hold on Glen and shoved him back.

Without a word or sound she rolled up onto her hands and feet. She displayed, her tail held high and proud as she squatted to allow access. Glen leapt onto her back, answering her demand, wrapping his forelegs around her torso and biting the back of her unfurred neck. A feral yowl tore from her throat as he pounded into her with absolute abandon, trying hard to make up for size with sheer motion. With each thrust he felt more squeezed as if his skin were tightening around him, all except for the very base of his cock, an intense pressure built on the underside of his dwindled shaft. Still he thrust in and out, feeling Liddie’s body quake and shiver beneath him. His hips and thighs

burned, the thrusting slowing to long, tortured strokes and finally it gave way. He felt a lump of something tear from his insides and travel down through the length of his cock and spurt from the tip. It left a void inside him that the rest of him compressed to fill. Liddia's back expanded beneath him. He lost his grip, and fell backwards. He didn't feel the impact at all as a strange sensation of blossoming consumed his sex-fogged awareness. The flesh between his legs opened, pushing deep up into now, her, hips and triggering a cascade of pleasure to travel up his spine, causing Glen to warble like a bird.

The only sound in the lab for a long time was heavy breathing. Glen lay on her side, eyes open but not seeing anything. Slowly, movement registered. A long black tail, curling up from the floor and falling back down again in a rhythmic motion. "Ooor." Liddia's voice had gained a rumble to it, "We could simply fuck and damn the consequences. That works too." With groaning mrrr she slowly forced herself into a sitting position. Shiny black fur covered her back side, joining with her hairline but her shoulders were still bare skin. Wide cat ears protruded from the sides of her head, mostly black but pink tufts at the tips matched her normal hair that she adjusted with clawed hands. Her tail swished as she grabbed the edge of a workbench to haul herself up onto her feet or paws as they were. Thick digitigrade legs supported her after a moment of wobbling. She looked down at herself and gave a soft giggle before turning around to display her front to Glen. "You are such a disaster. Look at what you've done to me." She shook her head and gestured to how the cat nipples had spaced out evenly and the top pair had swelled into breasts nearly as large as her original pair. Yet below her waist the lips of her pussy had swollen strangely with a thick three inch clit dangling between her legs, the pink flesh highlighted by the black. "What do you have to say for yourself?" She asked with that smirk.

"Mrreeow?" Glen answered. Twitched his ears in irritation, composed a sentence in her head and tried again. "Mew

Merf Prrrrretttf.” On the last word she almost got her tongue to do what she wanted, almost.

“Sounds like a cat’s got your tongue.” She stepped near and Glen found herself marveling at just how far away Liddie’s head was, had she gained a few feet of height?

Glen pushed herself to stand and found her view level with Liddie’s second pair of breasts. Worse, she found standing forced an awkward curve of her back and after a few seconds let herself fall forwards. She voiced her concern with a warbling meow and a flap of her wings. On all fours her head didn’t even reach Liddie’s waist.

“Oh don’t be like that. You’re huge for a winged cat.” Liddie scruffled the top of Glen’s head and that made it better. Although it didn’t stop her from frowning at the white wings that were folded against her side, they were barely two feet long, couldn’t even glide with those “Come on, lets make sure you’re truly done.” Liddie squatted down, slid her arms beneath Glen’s ribs and belly. Before she could do more than merp in protest, Glen found all four of her paws dangling.

“Hah. I finally have payback for all the times you’d pick me up back in school.” Liddie said as she carried Glen over to the work bench.

“Hi steew arftr ew sab’d mew.” She grumbled as Liddie set her down.

“You deserved stabbing, if I wasn’t sweet on you it would have been your eye instead of your thigh.” Liddie teased as she pet Glen, who decided Liddie could say whatever she wanted as long as she continued to pet her. A purr rose from her throat as the stroking continued, and her eyes closed as she pressed herself up into it. When she reopened them a strange face confronted her. Framed by a ruff of white fur, it was halfway between human and feline, a broad pink nose that merged with split upper lip, hint of a muzzle. bright blue

slitted eyes with long eyelashes. A striking, inhuman, face.

“We’ll have to pass you off as a rare non lionine sphinx.” Liddia said as she moved the handheld mirror so Glen could see herself in profile. The smokey stripes started just beyond the ruff and dabbled her back and tail, the rest of her was snow white. Other than her face, she had a two inch wide strip of skin across her flat human shaped chest. Beyond the shoulders she had thick feline forelegs, ending in paws. Below the waist the only humanish thing were the six small breasts that hung from her stomach. Sleek, feminine and feline. Her mind quibbled between wanting to be more cat or less. She didn’t like that strip of skin ruining the continuity of her coat and that her wings were purely decorative. Of human bit, she missed her hands already but those had been the first to go. For a horrible magic accident she had turned out well, she extended her wings and gave a little practice pout.”

“Yes, you are a pretty kitty.” Liddia put down the mirror and donned a pair of goggles. “Aaaand I’m only seeing one essence color in you now. Probably not contagious anymore.”

“Mew mab.” Glen grinned, imagining what Liddia would be like with more feline essence pumped into her.

She growled playfully. “Don’t you get any ideas! I have a business to run here.” She grabbed the scruff of Glen neck and shook her lightly before raking her claws through the soft fur. “And keep working on those words. Its less fun when you can’t sass me back. Not that you’ve ever been good at it but its fun to watch you try.”

“Fuuuf ew.” Glen huffed.

A petting hand stole around the underside of Glen’s tail and pressed the knuckles of two fingers into her newly feminized sex. The sensation drew a sharp meow and puffed the fur all along her spine, doubling the girth of her tail.

Liddia grabbed the underside of her jaw and put her lips to Glen's ear. "Oh you will. This little adventure of ours is going to take me extra effort to recover from. So its your job to make me a very happy pet owner." She took a deep breath through her nose. "And what will make me happy at the moment is taking you upstairs and seeing how deep I can slam my swollen clit into this new pussy of yours. What do you think of that my pet?"

The thoughts Glen had in response made her new pussy very wet. She didn't protest at all as Liddie scooped her up and carried her towards the stairs.

✧ The End ✧



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Character Designs!



Glen

Liddia

