

A Sluggish Conspiracy (Man & Woman to Slugtaurs TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Alex and Candace are a couple who stream a conspiracy show that spits in the face of logic and sense. When Morgan the Witch is sick of seeing them pop up on her feed, she decides to let one of their fake conspiracies turn true. Unfortunately for Alex and Candace, it's during a segment when they claim that pollution is 'turning the slugs gay.'

A Sluggish Conspiracy

"Welcome back to Crowded Conspiracy. I'm Alex!"

"And I'm Candace!"

"And together we're blowing a hole in the Deep State. I'm tellin' ya, folks, this is a big episode. Thanks to all the crowdfunders and subscribers-"

"Make sure to add like and subscribe to our channel and buy merch from our website in the description!"

"Yes, thanks Candace. Anyway, thanks to all of your loyal conspiracy buffs, we're taking the fight to the Deep State and all the evil swamp creatures lurking in its depths! From the chem trails seeding mind control spores in our air to the evil liberal agenda trying to turn our kids into hermaphroditic blue-haired, genderless freaks, we're diving in deep to tell you our latest inside sources. IT'S GONNA COME OUT, FOLKS!"

"Remember, we could be shut down at any time. Alex and I are fighting the good fight against the underground commies hiding in our congress, but it's only with your funding that we can keep going. We've got non-government pills, solutions, and dietary supplements that will help you stay healthy too. So as you watch, please support us so we can support your fight for God, Guns, and Freedom!"

"TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE DEEP STATE!"

Morgan rolled her eyes as she watched the stream. How was it that she was still being linked to this kind of bullshit? One would think that being a natural-born and rather talented witch would allow one to steer clear of loser alt-right conspiracy nonsense such as this, but instead the algorithm was throwing it at her with wild abandon.

"You watch one video about the development of the modern tradwife movement and suddenly Mark Zuckerberg and Elon Musk are breaking down your door to feed you this soup."

The beautiful brunette leaned back in her computer chair and took in sight of the two figures behind the desk of *Crowded Conspiracy*. She's heard of them both by reputation.

Alex Otis was a man in his mid-thirties who seriously looked like he was a decade older than that thanks to his constantly red face and poor facial hygiene. When he built up to discussing passionate conspiracies, he soon went into angry rant mode that probably required a lot of heart medicine to keep him conscious during. His hair was already greying and thinning, and his eyes were often bloodshot. Candace Johnson, meanwhile, was his girlfriend and a much prettier sight to see. She had lovely dark skin and straightened black hair that fell around her shoulders, and she did her makeup quite professionally. She had a slim chest and figure, but always wore a backwards cap and singlet, acting like she was 'one of the boys.' A shame that she was such a hateful and greedy individual. She didn't shout or scream like her boyfriend, but instead constantly shilled their bogus ointments and medicines and pills.

Morgan the Witch considered just turning off the screen and going outside, or trying to adjust her algorithm again, but the angry ranting of Alex and the snide comments of Candace started to pique her interest. The latest subject was not, it seemed, about how evil liberal colleges were indoctrinating America or how the moon landing was faked, but rather about . . . slugs. Something about how slugs were getting their genders changed, and how this was a sign of the fall of the decadent West all thanks to the evil socialist liberals or something.

"You've got to be kidding me," she said. She turned the volume up as Alex's ranting took on a new epic level of anger.

"I'm not kidding, Candace, baby! It's all true! All of it! The liquids we're putting in the waters is turning all the slugs gay! It's turning them female! There won't be any male slugs anymore soon, and they'll all be female! Gay, female, lesbian, hermaphroditic slugs!"

"That's just awful," Candace said calmly on the stream. *"Is there anything we can do to counter this? Why would they do this?"*

"Because what kid hasn't picked up or touched a slug, honey? It's their way of transmitting their gender changing virus to our kids. The damn libs are gonna turn them all feminised and weak so CHINA CAN CONQUER US!"

Candace gasped, clearly acting out her part. *"That's so horrible, but all the evidence is true. Just look at the new science blog link down in the bio feed. The only way to protect your gardens and rivers is to buy our testosterone supplements. You can pour them into the local waterways, or simply include them in your dietary foods! They'll protect you, and your sons, and men everywhere!"*

Morgan cackled at this point. The stupidity of it all, the sheer *grift* of it all, it was all too much. She simply couldn't handle having to listen to this dreck any longer. And besides, she'd been meaning to try a new transformation spell type, and these two grifters were giving her some really good ideas for how to go about it.

“Okay, conspiracy buffs,” she whispered to her screen. “How would you like one of your made-up conspiracies to turn out to be real? Even better, how would you like to *be* the evidence?”

The witch smiled and started moving her hands, speaking the ancient tongue of the complex incantation she had in mind, modifying it where necessary to bring out her desired effect. Bright green streams of arcane magic whirled around her as she did so, and she concentrated these swirls of energy upon her computer monitor, highlighting the ethereal connection between what the image showed and the real world location of her two latest victims.

With one final alien sentence from a long-forgotten language, Morgan sent the spell flying. It sounded like wind and looked like green sparkledust as it collided with the monitor and then poured impossibly *into* it.

And then the spell was done. Morgan turned up her computer speakers and sat back in her chair, sipping from her cup of tea as she did so. She was looking forward to what happened next.

Alex was still ranting, carrying on about the slug thing. He wasn't sure if he totally believed it, but any conspiracy was a good conspiracy, as far as he was concerned. Besides, it was so easy to radicalise his followers. The angrier and redder he got, the more they got on board with the program. It also helped him send them out to dox anyone who tried to tear him down online or in real life. Besides, the persona was a blast to play. He may have failed to become an actor like he'd once dreamed of, but he wasn't failing now.

“THAT’S RIGHT!” he screamed. “THESE CHEMICALS! THESE - POISONS! - ARE ALREADY IN OUR RIVERS.”

Candace put a hand on his arm, a gesture signal that he was perhaps going too far into meme territory. He calmed himself.

“Sorry honey,” he said. “I’m just so angry about what’s being done to our country.”

“Me too, darling,” she replied. “Me too.” She summoned the fake tears, the ones he was always impressed that she could bring about on command. “I just worry, what if we ever have a son? Or if you drink the wrong water? You’re always bringing the truth about the Deep State to the people, and the horrible leftists will be after you! Someone might poison you and try to turn you into a woman!”

He struggled not to laugh, and instead gave a stern, defiant look. “That’ll never happen, Candace. I take my testosterone supplements everyday just in case, and so should all of you at home. They won’t make *me a woman!*”

Candace gasped. So did he. His voice had suddenly squeaked and shot up to such a high octave that he sounded like a lady.

"Sorry about that -" he started to say, but his voice still sounded like that of a young woman. He grabbed a glass of water and quickly drank some of it.

"Um, sorry," Candace continued, getting his quick motion. "My boyfriend has been shouting so much I guess-"

"NGHH!"

A sudden series of pressures hit Alex. The red-faced man groaned as they manifested all over his body, and he found himself tearing at his clothing, his shrieks still sounding very, very feminine.

"Honey, what is it?"

"It's t-too hot!"

"Your voice!"

"I know my voice, it's just - ohhhh! There's a p-pressure! I think I'm g-growing - EEUGGHH!"

He shrieked like a damsel in distress, just barely managing to get his suit jacket off before the twin pressures on his chest gave way. His shirt literally ripped open at the front, the buttons pinging off, as two very, very large breasts suddenly expanded into being. They wobbled and jiggled, and the shrieking man clutched them in shock. Candace shrieked, nearly falling off of her seat.

"What the fuck!?" she cried. "Alex, what's going on!?"

"I don't know, babe - I - my hair!"

It began to push out from his scalp, shifting into a vibrant green colour until it cascaded all the way down to his rear. It was long, voluminous, and surprisingly shiny, and even as he felt the strange weight of it as it hung like curtains over him, his face also began to shift.

"Holy fuck, honey, even your face is changing!"

"No! That doesn't make sense! Why do I sound like a frickin' chick!?"

Candace watched her boyfriend's face become that of a supermodel, right down to the plump, kissable lips and beautifully prominent cheekbones. His arms began to deflate, and his hips spread out always, ripping the sides of his tight trousers.

"Oh God, oh God! This can't be happening! Someone shut down the stream!"

But it was just him and Candace with the controls on their desk, and she was too shocked to move as she witnessed her boyfriend changing into a woman.

"Is it the water?" she asked. "Maybe it's true!"

"What!?" Alex squealed, feeling his member begin to pull back into his body. "N-no! It's not real - there's no way - er, I mean, that must be it! The government is getting to me

and you all have live proof at home! THE CHEMICALS ARE IN THE WATER! THE SLUG TRAILS ARE R-REAL! OHHHH!”

He cried out in a very embarrassed, yet very orgasmic voice as his penis withdrew completely, leaving him with a set of female genitalia. His proportions became further exaggerated, his breasts growing until they were each the size of his own - *her* own, now - head, heavy and ripe and surprisingly pert despite their size. They hung low, still, on account of their size. The whole transformation had taken perhaps five minutes, but to Alex it had seemed a humiliating eternity.

“Ohhhhhh,” the new woman continued to groan. Her clothing was all ripped or sliding off, revealing much of her incredibly curvaceous new form to the world. She was on her feet, but her shoes were slipping off of their daintiness. She spent several minutes looking over herself, cringing at the sheer heft of her enormous bosom, the way it obscured her feet, how her hips were the wide, baby-making kind. And the long green hair, what was up with that? Her heart was beating a thousand miles per hour.

“I even feel younger,” she whispered. She grabbed her phone and put it in selfie mode, then nearly dropped it in shock. “What the hell? I look like a supermodel! This is insane! THIS IS FUCKING INSANE!”

“Oh my God,” Candace whispered. “We’re going to be famous, babe. We actually found a real conspiracy, instead of a bogus made up one!”

“Candace!” Alex cautioned. “Turn off the fucking broadcast.”

“But babe, we’re getting the highest numbers we’ve ever seen and it’s only been, like, ten minutes! Tell everyone what happened! Tell them the truth!”

Alex was horrified. She’d become the bustiest woman she’d ever seen, and her own girlfriend was using this moment to extend their conspiracy scam. But then again, perhaps they’d really unearthed something. Perhaps . . . this was their ticket to exposing it all.

“As you can see, folks,” Alex said, gesturing to herself and trying not to blush. “The slug chemicals are real! Someone’s smuggled some HERMAPHRODITIC CHEMICALS into my studio and turned me into a GODDAMN GREEN-HAIR WOMAN WITH SUPERMODEL PROPORTIONS!”

“It’s horrible!” Candace cried.

“BUT I MADE THAT SACRIFICE TO BRING YOU THE TRUTH! You can’t FAKE this, my loyal viewers! This is a real GOVERNMENT conspiracy! From slugs to men to women! They’re changing us, and it’s just my good fortune that . . . my good fortune that . . .”

Candace looked at her, urging her to continue. But a bubbling sensation was building up in the new woman’s midsection, and spreading down to her legs and toes.

“Wait! Candace! I don’t think it’s over! S-something else is h-happening! That pressure is back!”

She expected her girlfriend to turn off the stream by this point. She was already regretting going along with this part, and desperately wanting to go to the public hospitals that she'd spent his whole career decrying. She tried to move to her girlfriend's side of the desk and hit the button, but suddenly her entire lower half wobbled and trembled.

"What's happening now, babe?"

"I'm - ughhh - I think I'm g-growing!"

She was, and soon her pants were stretching to the breaking point, the prior rips becoming entire *tears*. Fat churned within her, massive deposits manifesting from nowhere and making her legs widen considerably. Soon she was wobbling on the spot, trying to keep her balance. Her socks tore apart as her feet grew disproportionately large. She pointed at them, gesturing to Candace.

"Look!" she cried, shifting her hair out of the way so that Candace could see. The other woman's eyes went wide, and then, to Alex's dismay, the grifter saw an even bigger grift in his girlfriend's expression. "No, don't! Candace, don't!"

She grabbed the desk and slid it aside carefully but implacably before Alex could stop her. The new woman's changes were now in full view, her grotesquely swollen feet becoming lumpy and ridiculous.

"What are you doing!?" she yelled, grabbing onto part of the wall behind her to keep her balance. Her thighs were becoming so big that they looked like they were fusing together at the top. Her skin was even turning into a strangely green tone.

"Look, everyone!" Candace announced, newly summoned tears in her eyes. "Don't be afraid, babe, everyone should look and see what the horrid Deep State is doing to you! Don't shy away from it! My boyfriend - the love of my life - is being changed into a horrific mutant! They're trying to silence him, but we won't be silenced! Anyone who is watching, please send what you can - Alex will need treatment. He - she - will need care! She'll need protection and guards! We can FIGHT THIS!"

But even as the donations rolled in, bigger than ever before, Alex was losing her own fight. Her thighs actually *were* fusing together, much to her horror. Worse, the green pigmentation was spreading across her skin, manifesting new changes up top. She could barely see past her huge, increasingly green, breasts, but she was aware of two new pressures below them manifesting.

"Fuck!" she cried, looking straight into the camera. "I'm growing more tits! M-MORE TITS!"

They expanded, becoming heavy and full, and the upper pair grew even more. It was like they were being actively pumped with contents, and soon the woman was moaning as not only her legs joined together in a large, fat pile, but her now-*four* breasts were leaking

bright green milk down her front. It had the effect of ruining more of her top, and soon it was falling off of her, its sensation completely wrong upon her changing skin.

“EUGHH! HELP MEEEEEE! I CAN'T STOP GROWING! NNGHH!”

She tripped forward, and fully expected to slam onto the ground, but at the exact same time there was a veritable *explosion* of flesh out of her backside. To her horror, her rear simply *disappeared*, lost in a mountain of blurry green flesh that was far too gelatinous to be human. It anchored her, and it only grew further and further, this second pillar of flesh connecting with the first and joining as one.

“Oh God! What the fuck!? What is happening to me!?”

Candace gaped, stepping back just a little. Her boyfriend still looked like a human woman from the waist up - well except for the extra pair of melon-sized lactating breasts and the green skin thing - but her lower half was increasingly looking like a giant . . . slug.

“Alex! It’s happening! You’re turning into some kind of slug girl monster thing!”

“What!? No, that was just some bullshit online! It can’t - aghhh - oh fuck, it’s real. The conspiracy was real! EVERYONE AT HOME, THIS IS NOT A SCAM, I’M BECOMING A SLUG. THE WORLD IS TRYING TO SILENCE ME BY MAKING ME A - A - AGGGHHH!”

More expansion, more growth, more strangely sensual pleasure. Alex was lost in that last part, struggling not to moan in her new, almost sultry voice. She grabbed her breasts, one hand on the upper left, the other on the lower right, and massaged them. This only caused more milk to drip, and it spurred on other changes. She shuddered, her entire lower half quaking as a third set of breasts began to emerge below, then a fourth, then a fifth, and so until they disappeared *beneath* her, still growing and extending, priming themselves to make milk. The gelatinous pile below her was taking shape now, gaining a slug-like tail that trailed behind her, and a rounded, quivering shape on either side. Beneath her, folds of slimy flesh stuck to the ground, keeping her in place. She reached out to try and shut off the stream again, but her movement was so slow, even as she could feel numerous muscles extending her slug-like form along.

“Shut it off!” she cried. “SHUT IT OFF!”

But Candace was literally filming her with a mobile phone by this point, taking photos and videos and then creating her own secondary stream. By this point Alex had over fourteen breasts, the lowest ones now *beneath* her, part of her slimy slug tract, and their milk was more slimy, creating a small trail behind her as she moved glacially to escape the attention of literally millions of watchers. It produced a strange aroma, one that Candace found oddly hard to resist. She soaked it up, sniffing the air, and it made her feel . . . rather warm. Rather aroused, in fact.

“Woah,” she said, taking in another deep breath. “That’s . . . that’s very strong. Um, for those at home watching, there’s, like, some kind of pheromone or something coming from my boyfriend. He - she - has become some kind of slug . . . taur.”

“I’m not - ughhh! Oh God, m-more breasts! They’re all, like, leaking! Ohhhh!”

Her change was almost completely finished. Her skin was green, her large form now slug-like from the lower waist downwards, and her large rows of prominent breasts went all the way underneath her tail, lubricating the ground beneath her and causing constant erotica sensation.

“It’s t-too much! Ohhhhh, it f-feels too - ahh! Too good!”

Her eyes rose, pushing out upon stalks just like those of a slug. It was, in some ways, the most alien sensation yet, because now Alex’s eyes could *look at one another*, not to mention swivel around to see Candace’s face. Her girlfriend was biting her lip, stepping forward with a strange, almost hypnotised look upon her features.

“C-Candace! Cut the feed! I’m f-fucking orgasming h-here! My tits are f-full of milk! Mhmm - it’s leaking goddamn everywhere! You’ve g-got to save me!”

But the pheromones emanating from Alex’s body were too powerful to resist. Candace began touching herself, and to the shock of millions now watching the stream, she began taking off her clothing, leaving her slim body and small yet lovely breasts uncovered. The dark-skinned beauty pressed herself against Alex’s slug body, moaning at the feeling of the slime now coating her skin.

“Mhmm, it smells so good.” She licked it. “Tastes so good too.”

“What are you doing!? I’VE BEEN TURNED! THE CONSPIRACY WAS REAL! GET HELP!”

But then Candace rose up to stroke Alex’s eyestalks, causing them to wilt and writhe. They had their own strong pleasure centers, especially once she licked them.

“S-sorry,” she said after Alex quivered, causing literally dozens of breasts to squirm and squelch and lactate. “I couldn’t help myself. The air - your scent - I need to drink from you, Alex! The chemicals - they want to come to me!”

She placed her mouth on Alex’s uppermost left breast and began to suck, drawing in the sweet-tasting green milk. Alex instantly began to writhe and jiggle, overcome with pleasure as more of her milk was drawn out.

“Yesssss! Don’t, like, stop! I NEED TO SPREAD THE HORMONES!”

Candace’s eyes widened at this, but then she moved to the other breasts, one by one drinking from them, lapping up all she could. She had no way of knowing that this was literally infecting her, encouraging her own change. She was bent over, facing away from the camera, and millions of people - Morgan included, much to her delight - got to see her ass

start to balloon up, followed by her hips. It was only when the pressures rose up higher that Candace realised what was going on and snapped out of the pheromones call.

“No! Oh, shit! What was I doing!?”

“Don’t stop!” Alex whined. “I need more! PLEASE!?”

She began to slowly slide towards Candace, but the still-human woman had her own problems; her chest was beginning to rise. This caused her immediate distress. She loved her slim chest, and hated the idea of having large, heavy jugs. Too bad she was getting them anyway now, because her transformation into a slugtaur was beginning.

“No! Fuck! No! People, buy our merch! Send donations! This is not a drill! I’m - eurggh - changing because of the pheromones! The conspiracy is real! SAVE ME!”

“And me!” Alex groaned, milking her own nipples so that her milk poured from her inch-long nipples. She couldn’t even reach all of them, and her gelatinous slug half was squelching on the milk, producing further unwanted bliss.

Candace struggled, feeling her thighs thicken. She stripped off further, but her underwear and bra snapped off. The woman screamed as the same transformation that had just afflicted her conspiracy buff boyfriend now hit her as well. She moaned as her breasts grew to a gargantuan size, even larger than Alex’s, to the point where they were practically the size of melons. It threw off her centre of gravity immediately, particularly as they began to lactate straight away. The transforming woman tried to turn off the stream, but instead flopped forward against Alex, her own sensitive tits rubbing against hers, causing the pair of them to gasp in pleasure at the same time.

More breasts sprouted.

“No! Stop it! I don’t w-want big boobs, especially not so many! I don’t wanna lose my slim, pretty figure! Aghhh! MHMMPPHH!”

Her thighs pulled together, followed by the rest of her legs. Alex tried not to appreciate the changes happening to her girlfriend, but something in her mind was changing as well. Her eyes shifted on their tentacles, roaming around to take in Candace as her backside swelled larger and larger. It was igniting desire within the slug taur, a mating instinct that was making it so very hard to think.

“Candace, you look s-so beautiful!”

“Shut up, Alex! Ahgh! Shut up and get me off your s-slime! Mhmm!”

But the slime was coming from her now as well. Her dark skin was coated in it, and it spread down to her lower half, which bulged out to give her a full slugtaur form. Candace squealed at the loss of her legs, but even that was tinged with a reluctant orgasmic shiver thanks to her continually developing rows of breasts. Unlike Alex, she did not change colour much; her lower half had the same brown tone, albeit with some lighter edgings along her

lower folds where her body could achieve motion. She shook, causing over a dozen breasts to tremble and disgorge their milk.

"It's not f-fair! I just w-wanted to make money off a b-bunch of conspiracy rubes! I didn't think a c-conspiracy would actually hit meeeee!"

Her body swelled again, and with that final exclamation, her eyes also ejected from her face, born aloft on those same stalks. They almost tangled with Alex, who was trying to calm Candace, rubbing her slimy human back with her own slimy green arm. The mixing of their mucus-coating only brought on further arousal for her, though, and was beginning to grow Candace's as well, despite her horror at all that was happening.

"Babel!" Alex managed. "The ch-change - it's making me a total f-freak for you! I can't think straight! The government has poisoned my mind and now it wants - it wants to FUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT WITH MY SLIMY SLUG-GIRL BODY!"

As she shouted this, she shook her shoulders, which caused her heavy breasts to wobble massively, to the point where it took seemingly thirty entire seconds for them to calm down. They sloshed audibly, and Alex cringed at the wrongness and *bliss* at feeling her milk filling up her huge breasts. She groped several of them, causing long streams to erupt, many of them over Candace.

"I f-feel it too!" Candace cried. "I can't f-fight it either! OH God, what the fuck has happened to us!? Our eyes! Our bodies! Ohhhh, I just wanted to be rich!"

"Me t-too! FUCK! I'm so horny IT HURTS!"

The mating instinct grew, drawing power from their brains. The pair were still horrified, still getting used to their eyes and eyestalks, but they could both see the enormous chain of comments constantly being updated on their stream, the viewers as taken aback as they were.

'Lol wat da fuck? Dis a publicity stunt!?!?!'

'Ewwwww gross slug people! Govt coming 4 us! Hide yo wife hide yo kids!'

'Is it wrong that this is turning me on?'

'Was with it until the eyes. Obvs fake'

'Im callin the cops! This is 2 weird! Don't care if I'm a bootlicker at this point!'

Candace and Alex were watching their conspiracy stream take off and blow up at the same time. They *were* the conspiracy now, their bodies turned into horny slugtaurs that felt an incredible need for one another. It was maddening to the point where it was getting hard to think about anything else.

"J-just a little bit of contact, m-maybe?" Alex suggested.

Candace nodded desperately, still coming to terms with her bloated, multi-breasts, brown slugtaur form. "We c-can pretend we're still human."

"Just a kiss."

“Yes!”

“And - ahh - a fondle!”

“Hurry up, babe!”

They moved - slowly - towards one another again, slime against slime, their many breasts pressing and rubbing against one another. The sheer weight of them was exceptional, but their bodies could take it; their bones down below had long dissolved at this point, giving way to fat and muscle and productive glands. They began to make out, slipping their elongated tongues down one another's throats, their eyestalks even intertwining by sheer instinct. Everything about the experience was alien, foreign, and totally *wrong*, and yet they couldn't resist it. Their skin was sensitive, their endless breasts lactating all over one another. Soon they were licking up one another's slime, cupping one another's enormous tits, and drinking from each other. Candace cried out as Alex pulled a number of her nipples, even using a curled eyestalk to grip another. Her pale milk went everywhere, causing yet another tumult of egregious ecstasy.

“This is, like, so fucking good!” Alex cried.

“Yessss, this is - ahhh - amazing! Everything is sooooo sensitive!”

“I can't b-believe the conspiracy was real - and it's so fucking hot, Candace!”

“I, like, know! Mhmm! I n-never want this to end!”

The two continued to make love, sucking on one another's big milkers and continuing to splash their produce everywhere. More and more comments scrolled on the screen, some of them encouraging the pair, others taking screenshots, more of them horrified or notifying others to join. The eyes of the world were upon this changed pair, and while part of them were still screaming at their own transformation, the minds had become simplified, obsessed with sex and pleasure between the pair of them. It really was a lesbian slug problem, just as they had prophesised, and there was no way of escaping it, especially with how nymphomaniacal they had become. Their bimbo brains were urging them to continue making love, and so they did, squeezing slime and milk and juice from one another. Their breasts, of which there were dozens of them between each other, slapped audibly against one another. All of their huge nipples were distended, all spurting milk at random intervals or in response to the other's ministrations.

“S-suck on this one!” Candace shouted. “It's s-soooooo fuuuull!”

“Only if you play with these s-six tits! They want you to touch them soooo badly!”

“Make me a happy slugtaur woman, Alex!”

“I will, Candace! Make me one too! Ohhhh! YESSSS!”

They orgasmed, but this was not the end. Even in the throws of female climax - a new thing for Alex - their quivering, shaking bodies still wanted more. It trembled through them, causing their sluggish forms to wobble wildly. But the passion only increased to epic

proportions. Alex abandoned all desire to become human again, and Candace was not long on her heels. They writhed and squelched, drinking the sweet milk from one another's many mammaries, even as more and more and more was produced. They licked their respective slime coatings, and continued to French kiss with tongues that gave them a level of access no other human had ever possessed.

"M-more!" Alex demanded.

"YES!" Candace cried. "All of it!"

All of the pleasure. All of the sensitivity and joy of being a slug taur. They wanted it all, and nothing else mattered, not even their own intelligence or humanity.

Neither even heard the sound of a man banging on the door to their studio, at least not at first.

"Open up! This is the authorities!"

They did not identify themselves further, and the two slugtaur women barely noticed them, so engaged were they in their lovemaking. Their immense, heavy breasts were still swelling, their constant massaging and groping and squeezing encouraging yet further growth. The pair were putting on quite a show, and thousands more were watching the insane sight by the minute.

"S-so sensitive!" Alex exclaimed, eyestalks straightened from another ripple of euphoria. "This is - ahhh - better than any supplement! Better than f-fucking weed, babe! I'm, like, such a horny slug girl now and I d-don't care - mmhmm!"

"I know wh-what you mean, babe!" Candace replied, shifting her mouth so that she sucked the sweet milk from Alex's many tits between each word. "Everyone. At. Home. Should. Try. This. Don't. Donate. Just. Find. A. Wa. To. Be. Like. Usssss!!!"

Another series of orgasms hit the pair, causing more milk and slime to spread around their studio. In the same moment, the door suddenly crashed to the floor, and a number of slick, black-suited men and women ran through the door, each with black glasses and strange looking weapons in their hands.

"Secure the area!" a red-headed woman yelled. "And shut that thing off!"

An agent darted to the control board and shut it off, ending the stream immediately and cementing its fame in conspiracy circles forever. The camera was bagged as well as other items in the room, while several agents approached the conspiracy pair.

"Oh my God, it's, like, the government! The Deep State is kidnapping us, Alex! It's really real!"

Alex should have been panicking, but her mind just wanted more lesbian slug sex. She caressed her girlfriend, who moaned a little.

"Don't, you know, separate us! You can take us but, like, give us a cell together! I can't stand the idea of not being with my sexy slugtaur girlfriend!"

The red-headed agent smirked. "Oh, I wouldn't worry about where you're going. We'll keep you together, and besides, what conspiracy theorist hasn't wanted to see the inside of Area 51, huh?"

The two gave a look of amazement, not yet realising that the agent clearly meant that the facility would be housing them for life. The epiphany would have to wait, however, because as an agent went to bag some evidence, he slipped over on the thick trails of slugtaur slime and milk and fell to the ground. He rose, coughing, milk and slime in his mouth. His jaw dropped in shock.

"Contain that man!" the lead agent ordered. "Everyone, withdraw and get in your vac-suits. This stuff is contagious."

The man panicked. "No, ma'am, it's not! It's not contagious, I'm not - UGH!"

Alex and Candace watched with fascination, still touching one another but their eyestalks swivelling to take in this new and wonderful sight. The agent groaned as a pair of plump breasts grew in, and his body began to take on a dark yellow-ish colour while his lower half swelled. New pheromones filled the air, inspiring yet more lust from the conspiratorial slugtaur couple. They moaned as one, their sweet voices at odds with their swollen, inhuman forms, and soon, despite suited-up agents moving to prepare them for transport, they began to fuck one another all over again.

"D-don't be scared, Deep State dude!" Alex groaned as Candace drank her milk from her sloshing breasts. "You'll c-come to love it soon! SO FUCKING MMMMUCH!"

"She's right, m-man in b-black!" Candace added, stammering as Alex returned the favour and started draining her breasts. "Who c-cares about f-fighting you guys when you can become I-like us!? Yesssss!"

The two continued making love even as a third joined their number, and soon the studio was emptied and quarantined. The lusty slugtaur trio were off to Area 51, to be kept under careful watch for the rest of their lives. Not that any of them minded by that point, of course.

Morgan giggled as she viewed the stream, first on her monitor and then through the crystal ball she'd hastily retrieved from the living room. The latter had given her some 'exclusive footage' after the men in black had unceremoniously cut the footage. She was more than pleased with the results; they had gone even better than expected, especially with the band getting a third member.

"That's what you get for clogging up my feed with your grifting, fake bullshit," she said in a satisfied tone. "Enjoy being hormonal, bimbo slug girls for the rest of your lives!"

At this, Morgan paused. They really would though, wouldn't they? They were having amazing lesbian sex with the most incredibly sensitive tits, and their slime was a powerful aphrodisiac at that. Hardly a fitting punishment, really.

"Eh," the witch said. "So long as they're not on my feed anymore, I don't care if - goddamnit!"

Like clockwork, yet another alt-right conspiracy grift had turned up on her social media page, courtesy of the twisted algorithm. Morgan frowned for a moment, before a rather twisted smile spread across her face.

"Ah well," she said in a chirpy tone. "In for a penny, in for a pound. Why not make a few more slugtaurs while I'm at it?"

Besides, it was always good to memorise a spell.

The End