

# CELESTIAL BODIES

A TF ANTHOLOGY BY ABE E SEEDY · ILLOS BY ANGRBODA



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**NAME**  
SALAZAR, ROSIE

**CERTIFICATION**  
MAINTENANCE TECH III

**SYSTEM OF ORIGIN**  
SOL

**SPECIES**  
HUMAN

**NAME**  
AVERIN, NADIA

**CERTIFICATION**  
QUANTUM MECHANICS VI  
AEROSPACE ENGINEERING V  
MATHEMATICS VII

**SYSTEM OF ORIGIN**  
SOL

**SPECIES**  
HUMAN

**NAME**  
ADEMOLA, RIYA

**CERTIFICATION**  
GALACTIC RELATIONS IV  
POLITICAL SCIENCE III

**SYSTEM OF ORIGIN**  
SOL

**SPECIES**  
HUMAN



# C O N T E N T S

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## ONE GIANT LEAP

When you successfully test drive an engine that will revolutionise intergalactic travel, it's entirely reasonable to look for someone to celebrate with. Nadia might not have a lot of experience picking someone up in a bar, but fortunately she just happens to have gained a wingman in her brief jaunt between dimensions. They seem to have a slightly different idea of what a good evening looks like... or what Nadia should look like herself, for that matter.

*f/m (increasingly dominant) sex, woman to two-headed celestial space dragon transformation*

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## CULTURAL CONTAMINATION

Rosie might be doing roughly the same maintenance work she trained for on Earth, but she certainly never had a coworker like the insectoid Clicker back home. Every day here on the Frontier is some new, wild challenge, but somehow the most amazing part of her job is how easily she and Clicker get on. When they stumble on a misfiring teleporter though, they find out just how close two coworkers can get.

*f/m sex, mutual meet-in-the-middle human and fuzzy insectoid alien transformation, egg-laying and mutual queen and subject encouragement*

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## FIRST CONTACT

A post on a distant space station might be the perfect way for career bureaucrat Riya to break out of her rut, but it's still a weird and overwhelming experience. After meeting Adaira, she can't help but be envious of how well the gene-modded woman fits in. But when their first date introduces her to an alien sex toy that slowly and unpredictably customises its wearer, well, that's when things get *really* weird and overwhelming.

*f/f romance and sex, long, slow woman to cat woman transformation, and a woman gradually getting used to her new bestial cock*



# ONE GIANT LEAP



For once, Nadia wished there was someone else here. It would almost be worth the hassle, finding them a place on her ship, fending off their questions and keeping them from touching anything - just to have someone there when she finally pressed this button. It's not that she wanted to gloat, not exactly, but still. If a groundbreaking scientific achievement happens in the woods and no one is around to hear it, does anyone actually get the credit? The idea of adding some official recordkeeper to the trip had some merit, so she made a quick mental note in case she ever found herself in this situation again. For now though, she ran through one last pre-flight checklist, double-checked her seat restraints, then engaged the dimensional drive.

She'd braced herself for crushing pressure, no matter how much she'd reminded herself that didn't make sense. Even the hyperlane network more-or-less dispensed with the inertia of classical physics. But this was something else entirely. Instead of the shock of sudden acceleration, Nadia felt only a disquieting weightlessness, slipping from one point to another as simply as a pin pushing through folded fabric. And then, almost as soon as it had begun, it was over, and the surreal view outside resolved into a field of distant stars.

It... took a few moments for things to entirely settle down though. Perhaps just as much as she'd expected pressure she'd expected a clean break between the two states, and instead there was a trailing sensation of otherness. She wanted a better word to put around it, at least something exact enough to compare against in future tests, but nothing came to mind. It was like trying to name a colour she'd never seen before, or describe the taste of a mathematical formula. Whatever it was clung to the back of her while she slowly exhaled, then ran like a shudder up her spine as she finally relaxed into her chair.

"Some issues of comfort to work out", Nadia mumbled to herself. "Gonna have to fix that before I submit to the regulatory committee." But that could wait.

It had worked. It had actually worked. It was always going to of course, she'd done the calculations to make sure of it, but still. It had *actually* worked. Just a minute or two ago she'd been just outside the Sol system, and now here she was, way out in the frontier sector of... L8-396, apparently. There was even a Hub Station nearby, less than an hour away by conventional flight. Nadia set a course even as her hands shook with pent-up energy. It was still hard to believe she finally had conclusive proof of her theory, that she was finally going to pay back her investors, and more besides.

Well, if that was having trouble sinking in, perhaps a few rounds of drinks in the local bars would help. Once again, toasting an achievement like this seemed like something that could be improved with a little bit of company.

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Despite her unscheduled arrival, docking at the station was a breeze, the lone customs official representing Earth so distracted she all but waved her right through. So barely an hour after she'd fundamentally reshaped the future of intergalactic travel, Nadia found herself sitting in some frontier bar, listening to bad pop music blare through industrial-sized speakers. It was, in retrospect, not *exactly* the sort of celebration she'd had in mind. But then again, she'd never really been good at partying. It wasn't that she didn't like to have fun, she did, but she never knew exactly how to get it to happen. Whenever she tried she always wound up, well, just like this - sitting on an uncomfortable barstool and wondering what the next step was beyond ordering a reckless *second* drink.

She slipped out to the bathroom, washing her face and clearing her head. What did she want out of this evening? A few potential options ran through her mind, but with surprising speed she found herself settling on one particular aim. She wanted to get fucked. It was a perfectly reasonable goal. She'd accomplished something amazing, so surely she'd earned that reward. Plus, this might well be her last opportunity for such a frivolous evening. After she'd proved her work to the regulators both fame and fortune would surely follow, after which any further encounters would almost certainly be had with admirers or, by process of elimination, idiots. So tonight represented the final attempt to entice someone under her own anonymous power. Looking at it that way, it took her aimless desire for a good, fun evening and redirected it into a specific, actionable challenge. She could work with that.

With all that in mind, Nadia ran through a personal checklist, cataloguing herself in the mirror.

She was:

- slightly below average height
- featureless from the neck down, or at least so it appeared in her formless grey jumpsuit
- wearing glasses that, out here on the frontier, probably came across less like a deliberate scientific affectation and more like something worn by someone so provincial they couldn't even get minor gene mods or implants to fix eyesight, you idiot
- a mess of frazzled hair and worryingly pale skin
- was that acne, are you even serious, what the hell

Okay. That was quite enough of that cataloguing. Rather than fall too far down that *particular*

hole, she'd be better served asserting her confidence by working with what she had. She did her best to subdue her messy black bangs, then for a lack of any better ideas she undid her ponytail and shook her head. Miraculously, that actually seemed to help. In an instant her hair seemed smoother and shinier, settling over her shoulders as artfully as if it had been deliberately placed. Nadia couldn't quite tell if it was just the lighting, or if that one change really had made that much of a difference, but she started to feel like her reflection was actually looking pretty good. Even her jumpsuit was a little more flattering to her figure than she'd first thought. Well, that was a nice surprise. Maybe once you did something so momentous that it put your name firmly in the history books, it followed that you got to be a little more confident about yourself.

Nadia smiled to herself, turning off the sink absently as she ran both hands through her hair. Maybe this would turn out to be a very good night after all.

As she reentered the bar, Nadia ran a quick scan with her glasses for basic biological compatibility. The first thing they highlighted was a human maintenance worker sitting in the corner, but even a brief glance was enough to tell she was already flirting hard with her insectoid partner. Given that her glasses also mentioned the two of them had a significant physiological gulf to cross to go any further, Nadia quickly decided it was best to just to steer clear of that whole complicated situation.

There weren't any other humans in the place, but there were still a few relatively compatible options. A sullen-looking Mandathian sat in the corner, his snake-like body crammed awkwardly into a booth. However, he snapped loudly at the staff just as she turned to look at him, neatly excusing himself from the possibility pool as he hissed a sibilant insult at whoever was unlucky enough to be serving him. So, moving on.

Next on the list was a Siriate, currently working through a drink at the bar. Nadia's glasses had helpfully identified his species, but few humans would need the help - Sirates were probably one of the first aliens they learned to identify. The fact that they looked roughly like humanoid dogs made them helpfully non-threatening, not to mention easy to get your head around. You didn't need the degree in quantum mechanics that it took to understand the 4-dimensional Tell'Ta'Nms, for example. If you could picture a dog standing on its hind legs, you were pretty much halfway there.

This particular example seemed to have leaned hard into the subtype of "grizzled mercenary". His black and white fur was weathered and frazzled in the places where he'd obviously taken a few blows, and the deep black line of a scar disappeared beneath a patch over his left eye. He was wearing what appeared to be a well-tailored but subtly reinforced jacket over his practical clothes, and while he must have left his weapon behind when he entered the station, he sat

like he was well-used to wearing a blaster on his hip.

The combined effect of all of this was... hard to exactly quantify. He was clearly somewhere on the scale of 'bad boy'; the sort of rough-and-tumble partner who'd be more at home pressing you up against the wall than kissing delicately and holding hands. But at the same time, even with all that grit and grizzle, he couldn't escape how cute he was. His furry muzzle was just human-looking enough to avoid being unsettlingly animalistic, which then gave him a distinctly pet-like charm. He may have been gripping his drink in his sharp-clawed paws, but he was still drinking it with adorable laps of his extended tongue. Even with the clearly cultivated aura of brooding menace, it was hard to feel *too* threatened by someone who couldn't help but wag his bushy tail as he enjoyed his drink.

In short, he was perfect. Nadia flicked the scanner off in her glasses, brushed her hands nervously over her chest one last time, and made her approach.

"Come here often?" Nadia took a seat on the stool next to him, mentally kicking herself for leading with something so cliché.

He put his drink down carefully, turning and giving her a quick up-and-down look before answering. "You could say that", he growled.

She must have passed his inspection, Nadia thought, because there was no way his voice sounded like that without him intentionally leaning in to his gruff persona. So if he was putting on a show for her, she should respond in kind.

About two seconds later, Nadia realised she had absolutely no idea what 'putting on a show' for him would look like. Squealing "ooh you're so dark and mysterious" would probably work, but she wasn't really the squealing type, and if she tried for it she'd probably just sound like she was in pain. Her mouth went dry, and then she just decided, well, the hell with it.

Placing a hand on his thigh, she looked into his eyes and said simply, "hey, you wanna fuck?"

Nadia could tell that caught him off-guard. Part of it was the way his eyebrows raised before he could control his expression, and part of it was the way it took him several seconds to muster a response. Easily the biggest clue though was the way his tail went stock still for a moment, before starting to wag so furiously it almost propelled him off the stool.

"You're quite direct, aren't you?", he managed eventually.

Nadia shrugged, then impulsively reached forward and finished off his drink. Fortunately it was

a simple ale rather than anything exotic enough to make her choke, and she completed the maneuver in the spirit of aggressive confidence that she'd been aiming for. "Is that a problem?"

Grinning, he shook his head. Out of the corner of her eye, Nadia saw him surreptitiously tucking his tail into his belt, forcibly stifling its movement. "Not at all". He gave a short bow as he stood, taking her hand in his. "You can call me Jay."

"Nadia", she answered, letting him bring her hand to his mouth for a kiss, and trying to politely ignore the way the waist of his trousers was now vibrating quietly. "So, do you have a place on the station we could go to?"

"I do indeed" He bowed again, and there was a half-second hitch in the middle of the motion where he clearly realised two bows in short succession was too much, but he was too far into it to abort smoothly, so instead he turned it into a flourish with his free hand. "Right this way."

She wrapped her arm around his and the two of them walked together out of the bar. "I like your black dress", Jay added as they left. "You so rarely see a touch of style like that out here on the frontier."

"Thanks", Nadia replied absently, running the numbers in her head and deciding to go for it. "You should see what I look like not wearing it."

Immediately she could tell she'd scored another hit, because now his wagging tail wasn't the only thing giving him trouble walking. But on the whole he managed to keep it together, treating her to another appreciative grin. "I look forward to it."

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His place wasn't large. As they walked in the door Jay explained he only kept it as somewhere to base himself when he wasn't out in his ship, and Nadia decided to charitably overlook the decor. There was a flat surface for them to lie on, so despite the self-conscious trophies that cluttered the room, it was more than enough for their purposes right now.

Making herself comfortable on the edge of the bed, Nadia accepted the anti-fertility pill Jay offered her, each of them swallowing one in wordless agreement. Then it was time for the next step, and she realised as she sat with her hands on her knees that she had no idea how exactly to take it.

"So", Jay said, turning to face her with a grin that only just avoided becoming a leer, "how

would you like to do this?"

All Nadia could think about was *not* saying the phrase 'doggy style'. It was probably highly offensive, or at the very least hugely tiresome. But there was nothing else. There were no other words in her head except 'doggy style', and a formless, impotent yell to respond with absolutely anything else.

"How about this", Nadia found herself saying, as her hand landed firmly on his chest. "You pin me to the bed, tear off my clothes and fuck me senseless, and then we'll see how we go from there."

They both blinked. Internally, Nadia wondered if she could ever get the autopilot on her ship to work half as well as her horny autopilot apparently did.

Jay went to reply, but quickly thought better of it. Instead his hands fell on her shoulders, his body twisting out of her grip as he pushed her flat against the bed.

"Ahh, *there's* the grizzled space-mercenary I was hoping for", Nadia cooed, rolling over onto her front and wagging her rear at him. "Now, take me like-"

There was a half-second pause as she realised she knew absolutely nothing about the mercenary business that she could flirtatiously play off of.

"-we both can't think of doing anything else", she finished, once again pleasantly surprised by how it happened to come out.

His paws on her waist signalled that he was following her advice. They tore at her clothes, pulling them aside through sheer unthinking eagerness rather than some slow seductive undressing. Nadia was fairly sure she heard the fabric rip, but it didn't stop Jay, and she wasn't going to let it get in her way either. She was naked, that was the important thing, and a few moments later Jay was too, his startlingly red cock waving stiffly in front of him.

Nadia grinned, her head propped up on her elbows as she turned back to look at him. "Ooh, and what are you planning on doing with that exactly?"

Internally, she frowned. Okay, too much. Bring it back a bit. Maybe colour commentary on every little thing wasn't the *most* seductive use of her time.

Fortunately, Jay didn't seem to share that reaction. However, he also didn't just launch himself forwards like she'd been expecting. Instead his hands found her side again, pushing her

upwards until she rolled back over onto her back.

“Now that we’re both comfortable”, he growled, “I’m going to make you wait for the finale. There’s more to fucking someone senseless than just pistoning into them, after all.”

There was?, Nadia thought. Of *course* there was, but isn’t that what wildly horny sex was? Getting so caught up in the passion and the moment that the pure thrusting energy takes you all the way through and even though that’s not how you’d do it when you’re by yourself when you’re with someone doing it just *right* then it’d... be... uh...

Had she just been having bad sex this whole time and not realised it? This was quite the revelation.

Nadia’s eyebrows shot upwards as Jay made contact, his tongue sliding over her clit as his face pressed up against her pussy. Holy shit. Holy shit. Siriates were amazing. Every man should have a muzzle that was seemingly *made* to fit just right the fuck here, with a tongue that was long and slick and strong and the whole thing was a puzzle piece that just slotted together perfectly. She could feel her pussy lips stretch just a little from the pressure of his nose as he ran it up and down over her slit, finishing each motion with another slow sliding lick of her clit.

He maintained that rhythm for several minutes, eventually adding an extra point of pressure as his claws dug into the inside of her thighs. For her part, Nadia panted heatedly. Her whole body rose and fell with every sweep of his muzzle, every twist of his tongue making her fingers curl into his sheets. Soon she was so wet she could hear her slickness against his lips, his tongue going from rough to slippery smooth as her inner tension built.

Nadia tried to stammer out words, but before she could do so Jay must have picked up on her tension and adjusted his movements. Abandoning the long sweeps over the entire length of her pussy he started to focus entirely on her clit, licking over it again and again at a maddeningly steady pace. His paws moved inwards to provide some extra pressure just below, enough to give her something else to push against but without distracting from the rhythmic dance over her clit, and Nadia couldn’t help but arch her back as she felt herself leaning into it helplessly.

When her orgasm finally came it all but forced her to twist upwards, pressing her pussy against his slick nose as she shuddered and gasped. She stayed close for several long moments, Jay obligingly remaining in place while the last of the aftershocks shook through her. Eventually she relaxed, falling back onto the bed as she finally exhaled.

Jay gave her the time to catch her breath, quietly licking his snout clean as he grinned down at

her. He caught her eyes once she reopened them, giving her what was now finally an outright leer. "I hope that you're u-"

Nadia's stopped listening as her mouth took over. "You absolutely need to fuck me right now", she said flatly.

This time, finally, Jay wasn't caught off-guard by her response. "I was hoping you'd say something like that", he chuckled. "I knew y-"

"Hey", Nadia interrupted, snapping her fingers in front of his face before turning the gesture into pointing down at her crotch. "Your cock, here, let's go."

Jay started moving almost instinctively, waiting only just long enough for Nadia to turn back onto her front before bracing his paws on her back. "Yes ma'am", he said simply, and then he swept forwards.

Nadia's lips drifted upwards in a satisfied smile as Jay's hips moved in and out. Bracing herself on the bed with one hand, Nadia snaked the other one down beneath her body, resuming the steady stimulation of her clit with a few nimble fingers. This was perfect. The angle was just right to let his cock press deliciously against her inner walls as he thrust into her, while at the same time allowing her to push down against her own hand when she wanted to add extra emphasis to his motions.

"Good boy", she mumbled, her voice all but lost given that her face was soon buried in the sheets. "That's it, that's perfect..."

There was so much she could do. He was a mercenary, so he'd have to have stamina. She could ride him for hours, her hips grinding up against his as she savoured every last drop of his eager lust. And.. if he was a mercenary, that meant he was also for hire, didn't it? She could hire him, keep him on retainer so that he'd always be around, so that she could give the word and he could press her up against the wall, or drop to his knees and bury his muzzle into her pussy one more time.

The thought made her heart race, and it was as though the idea triggered some other feeling to unfurl deep inside herself. It was hesitant at first; a small, shaky thing that hitched and stuttered as it spread through her body. But she could put weight on it, and it grew stronger every time her fingers circled over her clit, or every time she gritted her teeth and pressed backwards onto Jay. It wasn't heat, but it fed off of the heat that was boiling inside her. It was cool. Powerful, confident. It was the words that just came to her, her body settling into the same forthright autopilot she'd been relying on for this whole encounter. And it felt *good*.

If Jay noticed, he didn't react. His rhythm barely slowed even when he had to adjust his grip slightly, the growing mass around her hips forcing an adjustment to his approach. Nadia, meanwhile, certainly did notice. It didn't make sense, but that same confident voice was telling her that it wasn't something she needed to worry about. It had been right so far about so much, so why doubt it here? Hadn't she always wanted a more generous frame, so why be concerned as her rear filled out, a growing sensation of coiled power building in her core.

She couldn't see it, but she could feel it. Her skin became smooth, shining beneath Jay's grip as the change drifted outwards. Her legs stretched, muscles expanding as her feet lengthened, sliding upwards as her toes pointed into claws.

Her breath caught for a moment as a new, distinct sensation arose. There was pressure at the base of her spine, and that was different enough to draw her out of it, pulling away from her easy sublimation and back into conscious consideration. There was something there, something growing and getting ready to emerge. She should be aware of that, think about it, recognise it, because... because if she recognised it she could enjoy it. If she knew it was happening she could ride the sensation as it occurred, she could slide her fingers over her clit in time to the changes, she could press downwards against it in a perfect counterpoint to the cock thrusting into her pussy.

Panting desperately, Nadia shuddered as the change took hold, her thick new tail stretching out behind her, settling into place behind her full hips as she trembled blissfully through the afterglow.

That... that was a very good start.



Without thinking, her tail curled behind Jay's waist, drawing him in ever tighter to her body, adding yet more extra power to his thrusts. If he reacted to it, Nadia didn't notice. He was a motion, a physical presence, and so long as that was maintained his opinions were unimportant.

That thought ran a little jagged through Nadia's head, and as it bounced off the sides it pulled her into further analysis. The lack of consideration for her partner was somewhat harsh, sure, but she was in the moment. It was okay for her thoughts to sprawl outwards in the moment. She was being swept away in the heat of it all, and Jay wasn't stopping, so he didn't mind, so it was okay. And besides, there were other things that she could be focussed on.

That spreading cool sensation hadn't stopped at her waist. There was a jolt of stimulation as it drifted over her pussy, reshaping it subtly into something larger and more urgent. Then before she could dwell on that it charged upwards, tumbling like a wave of tiny pinpricks up her chest, pulling her free hand away from her clit so she could follow its progress. As her fingers sunk into her body she felt muscle where there hadn't been any to speak of before, but all contained beneath a skin that was as smooth as it was firm. Nadia gasped as it reached her breasts, feeling them fill her waiting hands, although she genuinely couldn't tell if it was because they were growing or if they were merely being pushed outwards as her body added more powerful mass beneath them.

Her tail squeezed, Jay grunting in her grip as he redoubled his efforts. Now she could see the change as it moved down her arms, and she couldn't help but hold her palm in front of her face in order to get a better look. It was black, whatever this colour was that was overtaking her body, only it... wasn't. 'Black' was far too dull a word. It was black in the same way that the universe outside was, black in the same way that mathematical formulas were a collection of numbers. Innumerable points of light reflected and swirled in the sheen of that blackness, betraying no constancy beyond beauty and deep, abiding majesty. Her skin disappeared beneath those scales, her fingers sharpening into the points of powerful, commanding claws.

Even before her hands had completed their change, Nadia became aware of another sensation of growing pressure, similar to how it had felt before her tail had grown in. This time it was higher though, and soon it resolved itself into two separate locations, building like a tense muscle behind her shoulder blades. She felt the urge to stretch, to flex some appendage she didn't quite have yet, the signals waiting patiently in her nerves for her body to give them form. Panting, Nadia gritted her teeth, pushing down against the bed and back against her partner and out with her shoulders and down and back and out and-

Her wings came free, leaving her lightheaded as she all but fell back against the sheets. She stretched her new limbs eagerly, somehow avoiding hitting Jay as they grew large enough to

brush against both walls at once.

That feeling of running the clawed tip of her scaled wings casually along each wall, something about that spoke to Nadia directly. This was it, this was her. This was who she could be. She was mighty, she was powerful, her tail wrapped around her pet as she pressed him into her, her clawed hand piercing all the way through his sheets and into the body of the bed itself as she anchored her position. This was what she needed, this was what she could have. She lowered her head into the change, feeling the smoothness of it run up over her neck, curling over her chin as her mouth fell open. The heat of it poured into her, chased upwards by the cool of her new scales and sent surging down right into the heart of her. Her head pounded with thick, urgent thoughts; needs and desires and slithering, carnal wants. She could curl her tail to her body and keep her pet close for as long as she wanted, then when she was done she could burst from this room and seek out another. Her claws could pin her choice of prize to the wall, seeing them submit to her dazzling eyes and implacable will, ready to service her just as reliably as any other in her collection. That was what she could do, what she deserved, what she was built for, what she-

There was a wall in her head that hit that line of thought full-on, sending it spinning off in disarray. That wasn't how she wanted to be, was it? That's never what she'd wanted before, so why would she want it now? Jay's cock felt good as it still pressed into her, but wasn't there a difference between getting fucked how she wanted and becoming... some sort of tyrant?

Did there have to be? Wasn't it easier if there wasn't?

And that was it, that was the mistake. She'd done a hell of a lot of things in her life, but Nadia Averin, the woman who had put herself through three separate degrees in engineering, mathematics, and quantum mechanics, the woman who'd rallied investors to an impossible concept and then built a working engine almost as much to prove herself right as to prove the accepted limitations of physics wrong - she'd never done *anything* just because it was easier.

She pressed down, and for the first time there was a different kind of response. In moments the scales had enveloped her head completely, and to begin with it seemed like her effort had only served to spur it on faster, like trying to hold back the ocean by plunging your fist into it. But still there was a pressure, despite all the changes overtaking her there was something else that she knew was being kept at bay. She didn't know exactly what she was doing, but she knew that *she* was doing it, that this was a choice that she was making explicitly, rather than letting herself drift along on whatever tide she'd found herself swept up in. So even as her tongue curled upwards with strain and met the roof of her growing reptilian muzzle, Nadia felt this last resistance finally give. All at once there was an indescribable sensation at her shoulder, followed closely by a sudden rush of growth, and then she found herself staring incredulously

at another head, scaly and smooth and presumably identical to what her own head looked like now, sprouting from another neck that now shared space on her shoulders.

Nadia blinked. Just her, not the other head, and it dawned on her that she couldn't control it, nor see through its eyes. So was it her, or was it not, and how did that w-

With a long slow grin, the other head opened its mouth. "Are we going to make out now, or what?"

Ah. That was where the 'horny autopilot' thoughts went, presumably.

It was almost as an afterthought that she realised that Jay was beginning to slow in his movements. The tension in his body made it clear that he was approaching his limit, but the distraction of everything going on with her had left Nadia nowhere near orgasm herself.

Her other head turned towards him, a domineering sneer curling her lips. "Hm. How quickly he tires. Well then..."

There was a pause, and a confused look crossed over her face, followed by an expression of quiet concentration. Then, she sighed, and turned back to Nadia.

"It would seem", she said acidly, "that I cannot control this body at all right now. Would you be so kind as to tighten our tail around this impudent lover until he provides stimulation enough for us to get what we need?"

Nadia took a moment to manage a response. "Uh, no. I don't make a habit of casually crushing people I'm fucking thank you, and that's not even going into just wh-"

"Please"

Both of Nadia's heads turned, seeing Jay pant out a few words behind his desperately screwed shut eyes.

"Please squeeze me closer..."

Nadia exchanged a wordless look with... herself, then looked back at him. "You're into that?"

"Extremely", he gasped. "I don't know how we got to this point but please yes please!"

"Oh". Nadia shrugged, then let herself relax. Immediately she felt something pour outwards from the other head, smiling confidently as it once again took control. "Well, if you say so

then...”

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The bed did not survive the night. In fact, most of his furnishings were scattered in various pieces about the room by the time they were getting ready to leave the next morning, reluctantly heading out in search of food. Also over the course of the evening, Nadia had come to an understanding of what exactly had happened. She was playing host to an entity, something she must have picked up when she took her trip with the dimensional drive. The two of them had talked while Jay was sleeping, sometimes verbally, but for the most part through the mental connection they seemed to share.

It was hard to quantify exactly. It didn't seem to have existed in a classical sense before their interaction, and so its frame of reference was difficult to pin down. It didn't have a name, for example, or even really the concept of a singular identity, which was probably one of the reasons why it had slipped so easily into her own subconscious. It certainly had desires though, and those were likely the reason why it had been tangled up with her in the first place. It wanted, in a similar way, Nadia was forced to reluctantly admit, to how fiercely she wanted things herself. But while Nadia had taught herself to focus on significant achievements; technical accomplishments and societal trappings of success, the entity had no such grand illusions. It wanted satisfaction, and it was not shy about seeking it. But it also seemed to desire power, or strength, or... presence, it was a little hard to define. In any case, that was why its influence had altered her body so much. The way she was now felt mighty on some base level, awesome in the sense of “worthy of awe”. For a formless, identity-less entity, that was perhaps just as aspirational a goal as her own desire to rewrite the fundamentals of galactic travel.

Still, all that meant that she was now a revolutionary engineer who *also* happened to be a roughly 7 foot humanoid-reptile, one that looked for all the world like a descendant of old-myth dragons. And that wasn't even mentioning the second head on her shoulders, which had a habit of constantly whispering tempting thoughts into her fin-like ears. If it wasn't doing that then it was trying to break away and use its reality-influencing powers on someone else - or just slowly take control of her body directly and force her to jerk herself off into lustful oblivion.

In short, it was a lot to deal with. Fortunately, Jay had proved amenable to the idea of sticking around to help her out. He'd sworn that it wasn't because he was still under the influence of the entity - which, for the record, it signalled its agreement to. Instead, he'd told her that she seemed like she was going places, and that someone like her could both use and afford a helpful mercenary around to assist with any complications.

Nadia had stopped before his doorway as he'd said that, fixing him with a stare from both of

her heads. "It's all in the name of profit is it, grizzled mercenary? So then, what exactly is your price?"

He looked up at her, matching her steely glare while at the same time his tail wagged so furiously it tore a hole in his last pair of pants.

"Oh, I'm sure we'll think of something."





# CULTURAL CONTAMINATION



Rosie bit back a grunt as she tightened the last screw. “I betcha I *could* pronounce your name Clicker”, she said over her shoulder. “Why don’t you give me a shot?”

She was answered by a series of chattering clicks that by now she’d learned to interpret as a scoff. Once he was done with that, Clicker transitioned into words. “Do you have a thorax?”, he asked pointedly.

Rosie rolled her eyes. “No, can’t say that I do. Not unless ‘thorax’ is a bug you get if you eat the food here.” She winced, then turned around and raised her hands defensively. “Ah, I mean to say, an *illness* you get. Sorry.”

Her insectoid work partner shrugged, his bulky shoulders pushing up and down in a motion he’d copied from her. “No matter. Would you believe that we call blundering stupidly into something, ‘showing your humanity’?”

Rosie paused, then frowned. “That ain’t true.”

“No”, Clicker conceded, “but would you believe it anyway?”

She pushed him into the vent of the air recycler they’d just finished repairing, the clang as he bounced off of it briefly muffling the laughing clicks of his mandibles. “C’mon you jerk”, she added, “we still got a whole section of these to service before the end of the shift.”

He pulled himself back up to his feet, then fixed her with a mischievous expression in his multi-faceted red eyes. “Why should I bother? Every machine I inspect always has a bug in it.”

There was several seconds of silence as Rosie scrunched her face into a grimace. Eventually, she exhaled slowly. “Have I been punished enough now?”

“Yes, that should do it”, Clicker answered with a nod, before picking up his tools and heading off towards the next site.

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The rest of the shift passed smoothly, banter going back and forth between them as they

worked their way slowly through their long list of maintenance tasks. It was another largely unremarkable day in what had at first seemed like such an unendingly remarkable life, back when Rosie had taken the position as a maintenance tech on this intergalactic hub station. But once the shock and surprise had worn off, she'd found that fixing a toilet was pretty much the same whether you were doing it in Louisiana or in sector L8-396. Back home she'd been just another farm girl with oil-stained hands and close-cropped hair, but even though there was almost no one else like her out here, everyone was so wildly different from everyone else that somehow *nothing* felt unusual.

And so, over the course of about a standard year she'd found the fantastic slowly becoming the everyday, and her co-worker had gone from some giant alien bug to the best person to share a beer with at the end of a night - even if he did insist on spearing each empty can over one of his mandibles.

"Your whole, ahh, 'beer necklace' thing still looks real dumb, by the way", she told him that evening, as they made their way blearily back towards their quarters.

"Yuh jus jealous", he clanked back at her, forming the words awkwardly around the cans that kept his mouth from closing.

Now it was her turn to scoff. "Pfft, sure, keep telling yourself that, beer teeth."

They reached their rooms, and Rosie steadied herself on her door frame while Clicker stumbled across the hall. She watched as his stubby, three-digit hand bashed at the controls, and for the first time that she could remember she just *looked* at him, without the self-consciousness of feeling uncultured and impolite. It was a bit of a crude parallel, but she'd always thought he looked a lot like an Earth moth - if a moth was about 7 feet tall, stood on two legs, and somehow traded its wings for the ability to talk, even if always just a little bit too formally. He was, she belatedly noticed, rather cute. The golden fuzz that covered him head to toe was hard not to find endearing, and despite his bulk there was a sleekness to him that was capped off admirably by the fluffy, feather-like antennae that he normally wore swept back over his head.

The idea of his antennae as a hairstyle got Rosie thinking about something that she *had* thought about quite a lot since she arrived, which was how exactly she must come across to the people out here. Here labels like 'butch' or 'tomboy' were meaningless, so she'd found folks tended towards more direct, physical descriptions like '5 foot, 10 inches tall' and 'relatively well-muscled for her species' without any assumptions about what that meant. In the end, that had turned out to be one of the best things about living all the way out here - that she could wear a flowing pink dress that showed off her bust when she felt like it, and the next day she could wear well-worn coveralls instead, and none of it 'meant' anything about her. She was just her, the same way that her best friend out here just happened to be this giant, huggable bug man.

The buzz of the door denying him entry for the third time snapped her from her thoughts, and

she walked over, gently taking his arm and moving it aside.

“Here, lemme get that.” She jabbed the buttons with her thumb, then looked up into Clicker’s grinning face.

“Uh, hanks”, he said. “I guess, good nigh’.”

Neither of them moved. They’d spent a lot of time together at work, but even though they’d left ‘professional acquaintances’ behind months ago, they hadn’t become anything more intimate than close friends. But in the moment, Rosie realised that maybe that was just because the idea of that had never really occurred to either of them. His large, angular face really did look rather sweet - even with those stupid beer cans on his mandibles.

There was a moment where they both stared at each other, and then Rosie suddenly lost her balance, only just managing to catch herself against the wall with one hand. The impact jolted her out of it - if there was a time to probe this idea, it wasn’t when they were both blitzed. “Yeah, g’night Clicker”, she said with a wave, walking back across the hall and disappearing into her own room. She was asleep almost as soon as she hit the bed.

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The next day, fortunately, was a late shift. They’d been scheduled to do a sweep through D wing, where all the ancient, poorly-understood tech was kept. Officially it was maintenance, but in practice it was making sure that nothing that had been on for ten thousand years had suddenly turned off, or that nothing had suddenly hooked itself into the station and started powering up for some kind of galactic takeover. She hadn’t experienced anything like that herself, but according to Clicker, the official advice for that situation was “hit it with a wrench until it stops”.

He met her outside at the depot after she’d logged in at work, fidgeting with his suspiciously shiny mandibles. “Gotten yourself all cleaned up then?”

Clicker responded with a long, slow stretch of his neck, an expression Rosie had learned conveyed tiredness or embarrassment, in the same way as if she’d rubbed her hands over her face. “I still don’t know how you can drink that stuff all night and be fine the next day. Every time I try to drink like you I wake up thinking my exoskeleton is going to burst.”

“I dunno”, she shrugged innocently. “Maybe it’s that thorax you’re so proud of doin’ you in.”

He narrowed his eyes, but let it pass. “Hm. Well, then, shall we get started?” He stretched his neck once again, then blinked at her several times before adding, “You... may want to take the lead on this one, if that’s okay.”

The start of their patrol was perfectly ordinary, and Rosie passed most of it in silence out of respect for Clicker's hangover. But eventually their route detoured away from where she'd been before, and the station around them began to get increasingly weird. What had started out as regular wires became increasingly thick and green, with a throbbing light pulsing through them. The effect, she realised slowly, felt distressingly like a heartbeat.

"Uh... Clicker?", Rosie asked. "Is this all... normal?"

Looking around, even Clicker seemed uncertain. He looked back and forth between the walls and the comp display on his wrist, every now and then poking and dragging a finger across the readout for more information. "This area is marked as 'techno-organic power conduits', so... I suppose this makes sense."

"Yeah, I guess", Rosie answered, her tone one of only reluctant acceptance. "The thought that I'm standing in the station's veins doesn't exactly make me more comfortable though."

Clicker nodded sharply. "Yes. How about we get through the rest of this quickly?"

A sudden, dramatic gurgling came from a tube beside them, and they turned just in time to see some unidentifiable mass swirling through the green light inside it. As soon as they'd seen it there was a quick, worryingly organic sucking noise, and it sped off into the darkness behind them.

"A-fucking-greed", Rosie said simply.

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The last room on their route was so out of the way they had to clear off some sort of wet-looking rust just to open the door. The room itself was completely dark, so they flicked on their torches before they stepped warily inside.

"Any idea what this place is for?", Rosie asked, her voice a whisper for no reason she could really explain.

There were a few more taps from Clicker behind her. "Storage closet 39-2A", he answered flatly.

"Great", Rosie sighed. "Big help."

They looked around. Those same green cables - or tubes, they were closer to now - criss-crossed the walls and ceilings here, all conjoining on a pair of roughly person-sized pods nestled into opposite walls. Whatever they were they looked complicated, all wires and diodes, with great

shoals of circuitry surrounding each of them in a delicate, golden arch.

“There is a designation here”, Clicker said, moving to a panel on the wall. “But the translator is having trouble processing it. It reads something like ‘matter energy transmission and recombination?’”

Rosie paused for a few moments, her eyes rolling back in her head as she worked that through. “You mean like, a teleporter or something?”

“A what?”, Clicker asked.

Rosie turned to him, genuinely surprised. “Yeah, y’know, a teleporter. Beam me up Scotty, an’ all that?”

His mandibles opened and closed for a few moments in silence, until eventually he just shrugged.

“Huh. Guess that particular bit of sci-fi didn’t get to everywhere.” She turned back, looking over the machines. “I always thought the reason they weren’t out here was because it was impossible, but maybe it was just that nobody thought of it...”

She started drifting forwards, but before she could step more than one foot inside the nearest booth Clicker clamped his hand on her elbow. “Careful. I do not know what these things are supposed to do, but I do know that if they are down here, rather than up on the main deck, then it must be for good reason.”

“Ah, c’mon”, Rosie laughed, “you’re acting like I was going to try and activate th-”

There was a sudden flash of green, and a loud metallic voice clanged out in a cacophony of language. “Activate”, they each heard in their native tongue. “Command Registered.”

They both froze, Clicker’s grip tightening nervously on Rosie’s arm as they each tried to decide what to do. Before they could make up their mind the machine boomed, “initialising”, and then in an instant they each found their vision overpowered by an all-consuming, shining green light.

There was a sensation of weightlessness, followed by a feeling of absolute, inescapable weight. A sound echoed up towards them from a distance, growing louder and louder until they were somehow surrounded, the words “Error, Multiple Entities Detected” ringing out all around them. And then, all of a sudden they were back, thrown clear and falling backwards from the machine on the other side of the room.

They landed in a heap, Rosie buried deep in Clicker’s fuzz as their flailing limbs caught on each other. “Guess that answers why those are in storage”, Rosie groaned.

Clicker grunted in agreement, carefully disentangling himself and getting to his feet before helping Rosie up. He stretched his neck back and forth for a few moments, then turned to her with a quizzical expression. "On the positive side, I am happy to inform you that whatever that was seems to have cured my hangover."

"Yeah", Rosie answered, cradling her head in her hands, "because now *I* got it." She glared at the still-humming machine in the alcove opposite them. "Fuckin' migraine transfer machine, great. C'mon, we can flag this up tomorrow, let's just get out of here."

She took a step, then stumbled to the side as her balance suddenly went, only just avoiding falling flat on her face when Clicker caught her.

"Good idea", he said simply. "Let us get you home."

--

Getting back to her place was more of a struggle than it should have been. Rosie found she had to lean on Clicker for a lot of it, but he accepted her weight without comment. By the time she pawed at the release for the door her vision was starting to blur, the room spinning slowly under her swaying feet.

"Damn", she mumbled. "Guess I mus' be... motion sick or something, yeah? We did go pretty fast, I... ah, I think."

Clicker frowned at her increasingly slurred words. "Perhaps, yes." He looked away, and his mandibles clicked nervously for a few moments before he turned back to her. "I am... somewhat concerned. Would you mind if I stayed with you for a little while, to make sure that you are okay?"

Despite herself, Rosie grinned. "Aww, ya old softie. No need to fuss over me, but I won't say no to the company. If you could just set me down over there", she indicated her couch with a limply raised arm, "my legs don't don't seem to be workin' right now."

He all but carried her over to it, laying her down as delicately as possible before folding himself into a chair opposite. Rosie settled in, pulling a heating blanket out from a slot in the armrest and wrapping herself up comfortably. "So hey, tell me somethin' - how come I don't see any Kithix women around?"

Rosie could have sworn the question made him blush, the fuzz on his face flushing to a rich brown.. But despite that he answered the question in good humour. "For the same reason we don't see your President wandering the station. She is busy."

“Huh! Well I’ll be damned. Y’all just got the one queen? You ever met her yourself?”

“No”, Clicker answered, before adding, “well, once, if you count when I was laid.”

Something about the way he said it made Rosie laugh out loud. “Ha! I wouldn’t mind being laid by a queen either.” Then she paused, and stretched her neck reflexively. “Er, sorry. I hope that wasn’t bad to say.”

Clicker shook his head. “Oh, no no. I quite agree actually.” He leaned in, then added conspiratorially, “she’s got a thorax for *days*.”

They both laughed at that, Clicker trailing off into a series of off-kilter clicks in a way that Rosie knew meant he was genuinely amused. Once they’d both recovered, an expression passed over his face that she didn’t recognise, and after a moment’s pause he turned to her and asked sheepishly, “do you mind if I use your, uh, facilities?”

Rosie waved her hand approvingly. “Go right ahead.” She stretched out beneath the blanket, closing her eyes for a second and giving out a hearty yawn. “Can’t promise I won’t be asleep by the time you get back though.”

Her eyes eased closed as Clicker got up and left the room. Despite her best efforts at staying awake she found herself slipping off to sleep; an odd, almost oppressive lethargy quickly settling over her. The only thing that kept her from drifting off entirely was the fact that the blanket kept slipping into awkward and uncomfortable positions, so she kept having to fumble distractedly at it with her increasingly leaden hands. Finally, she’d just gotten herself completely comfortable when there was a sudden shout from the bathroom, and Clicker came storming back into the room. Rosie sat up and looked over in shock, then turned away hastily.

“Yo, are you naked?!”, she spluttered, instantly completely awake.

“I am always naked!”, he countered. “It is not normally an issue!” He gestured downwards, angrily pointing between his legs. “This is new!”

By this point, Rosie had covered her eyes and was refusing to look. “So, what, you got a weird mark or something, so you unsheathed your junk out here to show it to me?”

Clicker shook his head. “No”, he said in exasperation, “*all* of this is new. This is not how Kithix work! We do not have ‘junk’.”

“Huh.” Rosie couldn’t think of anything more than that to say, but she did find her fingers sliding away from her eyes. “Well, damn, *you* sure do, I guess.”

He started to respond, but then suddenly stopped himself as he looked over to Rosie. “Wait -

what happened to your hands?"

It took a few seconds for her to stop staring in his direction, but eventually her brain registered the question and her eyes flicked downwards, finally taking herself in. Somehow, without her realising it, her fingers had joined together, leaving her with only two bulky fingers and a thumb on each hand. Just like, she realised slowly, Clicker's hands.

"Oh", Rosie breathed slowly. There was so much to say, and the ability to say any of it seemed to have all but fallen out of her head. "Well. Fuck me."

"I could, yes!", Clicker blurted. She looked back up at him, and his mandibles fidgeted furiously for so long that he couldn't seem to actually talk.

Rosie gave him a look of genuine concern. "Are you freaking out right now?"

He managed to control himself enough to glare back at her. "I am, yes! May I refer you again to my new penis!"

"Well hey", Rosie found herself saying, "if it's any help, it's a very *nice* penis."

He went to shoot back at her again, but stopped. "It, uh... it is?"

"I mean, I'm not exactly an *expert*", Rosie said, "but I like what you're doing with it there. It's a good mix of, ah, human functionality and Kithix... ah... "

She made a series of emphatic hand gestures.

"...size?", Clicker ventured.

Rosie nodded. "I was going to go with 'heft', but yeah, size works."

"Oh", he answered simply. There was a pause as they both looked down at it, and then slowly, each of them moved their heads slightly upwards.

"Is it... supposed to move like that?", Clicker asked.

Rosie nodded. "It is if we're doing things right, yeah. So, what do you say", she added, sliding herself over on the couch towards him, "you want to try taking it for a test drive?"

His mandibles clicked, and his waist was drifting forwards unconsciously even as he managed to respond. "You... you can think of something like that right now?"

For her part, Rosie just shrugged. "Sure can. I've seen people get their whole damn body blown

off out here and y'all here just bring 'em right back. So yeah - I'm pretty sure it'll all work out okay in the end." She licked her lips, and added, "so for now, maybe we can just go ahead and have some fun."

Clicker's whole body stiffened as she moved forwards, her hand landing softly around his waist and pulling him closer. Sensing his nervousness, Rosie added, "we don't *have* to do anything, of course. But let me tell ya, if you're up for it, then I think I can show you some of the upsides of this here bad boy."

She saw his expression waver, his mandibles twitching absently once again as he thought things over. "That does sound... increasingly nice", he said slowly. "I... yes. Yes, I think I would like that."

"Yes", Rosie answered, "I think you just might. Now if you can excuse me, I have something better to use my mouth for than talking right now."

She swept in, taking almost half the length of his cock into her mouth in one smooth motion. Despite being the same pale grey colour as seemed to be the standard for beneath his fuzz, his new cock performed almost exactly like any other human one she'd had experience with. She licked the tip temptingly, smiling as she felt that provoke a tremor that ran from his waist all the way to another click of his mandibles. Then, after one final moment of hesitation, she felt the last of his nervous hesitance melt away, his hands landing heavily on her back as he pushed her onwards. The direction wasn't subtle, and she was more than happy to comply.

He really was quite well-endowed, so much so that Rosie was sure she'd have to back off at some point, but she surprised even herself as she felt her lips brush against his base. There was just something about it that made her need to keep going, her mouth simply refusing to complain as it opened wider and wider to accommodate his mass.

"Oh", she heard him rumble up above her, "that really is rather nice."

Rosie registered his approval only dimly, because the moment she'd slid his cock fully into her mouth it had felt weirdly like completing a circuit. There was a rush, a feeling of satisfaction and completeness, but more than that, the sensation of an active connection. A drifting, hazy warmth flowed down her throat and mingled into the core of her body, and she somehow knew that for as much as their encounter with the machine had already changed them, this connection, this level of contact - it was inevitably going to make the impact more pronounced. Already she could feel her tongue lengthening dramatically, growing to the same length that had always marked Clicker's tongue as a barely evolved proboscis. Her eyes flicked downwards as she pulled back along his shaft for a moment, taking in the way that, while the very tip of her tongue still seemed normal in both colour and shape, it was now carried forward by several inches of bright blue flesh, notably thicker and marked with a series of weird bumps and ridges. It was glistening with slickness, and while she could manage to pull it back into herself enough that only the human part would show, she knew it would be but the work of a single unguarded moment for the full, alien length to be revealed. She grinned happily as she leaned into it, slathering his cock

with every inch of her tongue and revelling in the way its new texture rubbed and teased at him deliciously.

Beyond that, she felt something she couldn't quite put a finger on - some sort of vague buzz that swept through her in waves with every long slow lick along his cock. The thrill of it all was so distracting that it took Rosie some time to realise that the connection was running both ways, and Clicker was being changed just as much as she was. She felt his cock thicken and plump between her lips, while at the same time his stance shifted, her legs splaying out a little wider in order to make room for his new equipment. And on top of these physical changes, she could somehow feel his initial good-natured curiosity warping and strengthening into outright lust. She seized on the sensation and fed it, encouraging and heightening it through whatever this connection was that they now shared. At first she tried to rationalise it to herself, with the thought that if he was going to experience sex like this then he should also have the lust to match. But it soon went beyond that - she felt his hands tighten on his shoulders as she pushed him still further, she looked up at him and saw his eyes clouded over with pure, unfocussed need. She wanted him horny, some part of her that she didn't quite understand needed him as lost in lust as possible, and she was as helpless to resist it as he was.

Soon, she felt his body start to respond directly to that need. His stance shifted further, two heavy balls rapidly growing out beneath his cock, and she could *feel* that they were already aching full. She leaned in, wrapping her thick tongue around his shaft and cradling his churning balls with one hand, all the while pressing her need and lust relentlessly into him. That's it, she thought hungrily, let yourself go, give in to this, and let's see what you can do.

He stiffened, and then with a delicate pressure of her fingers against his balls she tipped him over the edge, the surge of his release hitting him so heavily that he all but collapsed into the chair behind him. In response Rosie swept forwards, locking her lips around his cock and ensuring that his thick cum pulsed wonderfully into her. As she drank she felt the buzz inside her increase in a glow of satisfaction, the feedback loop between them wonderfully completed. And then there was something else, a reward from her body for stepping so eagerly into her new role. As she pulled away from his cock that buzz built up so much inside her that for a moment her head rang. Finally it found a release, and with a smooth, satisfied stretch two mandibles pressed out from either side of her mouth, stroking hungrily at his flesh as they parted.

She sat back, her eyes fixed on her new appendages as they clicked lazily against each other. It was... a bridge had been crossed, that was inescapable. Before, she could have been careful and worn gloves, and he could have covered up his intriguing change, but now - this was visible. She couldn't tuck these away, they were right there, front and centre, and for as much as she knew she probably *should* be worried, she instead found herself feeling even more excited. Now they'd *have* to see the doctors before they went back to work, now they couldn't pretend that everything was normal. So if they'd already passed the point of no return, then there was no reason not to go all-out. The station medbay already had her DNA on file after her last checkup, so why not see how far this could go?

Rosie looked over, trying to fight back her nervous excitement enough to check in with Clicker. "That was... well, I certainly enjoyed myself."

Clicker nodded. "Yes", he said slowly. "I did as well."

"Did... did you feel all that?", Rosie added. "That connection, or whatever it was?"

He gave another long, slow nod, buying himself some time before he had to speak. "Yeah. It was amazing, whatever it was."

"So, it was okay?", Rosie asked hesitantly. "I... kinda felt like I was leaning on you there, uh, somehow, and I-"

Clicker cut her off, moving up to her side and laying a hand comfortingly on her arm. "It was absolutely okay. I was already, uh, curious, shall we say, and that was amazing. My only request is that we make sure to do that again." He paused, cocking his head to the side as he took stock of something. "Uh, after a few minutes, at least. I believe I am experiencing what you term a 'refractory period'."

Rosie laughed. "Well, I'm glad you had fun too. But y'know, if you want to take a break from your whole deal for a bit..." She moved back, lying down on the couch and spreading open her legs. "I think I have an idea for how we can kill some time..."

He laughed too, but then hesitated. "Uh", he said eventually, "it's not that I lack for enthusiasm but..." He sighed, hanging his head. "I have *no* idea what I'm supposed to do here."

From her position on the couch, Rosie propped herself up on her elbows to give him an encouraging smile. "Well hey, you're no worse off in that respect than some humans I've been with. But here, let me talk you through it. Y'see right... here..."

She parted her folds with her left hand, then teased a single finger from her right along the length of her slit.

Clicker looked on, seemingly almost mesmerised. He swallowed heavily, the motion carrying through to his mandibles as they wavered up and down. "Yes", he said simply. "Yes I do see."

"Well, all you need to do is lick with your tongue right along here", she continued, tracing an increasingly slick path along the inside of herself, "making sure to pay special attention to this part right here at the end of each lick." Her voice trembled slightly as her finger brushed up against her clit, giving it a small, deliberate twirl before she raised her hand away.

"And that's it", she concluded happily. "Just settle into a good rhythm, and I'll let you know if

you're getting too intense, or if you drift off course."

"But, how will I know when I should stop?"

Rosie laughed. "Oh, don't you worry about *that*. You'll know when I'm good, that's for sure."

Nodding, Clicker bent himself down onto his knees and moved towards Rosie's waist. Once more though, he paused before he leaned in. "You promise you'll let me know if I'm going wrong?" "Yes, absolutely", Rosie answered. "Communication is a very important aspect of having good sex. But", she added, "you know what else is very important?"

Clicker looked up at her, his face radiating innocent unawareness. "No, what?"

"Putting your tongue on my pussy and getting the fuck to work, that's what", Rosie said with a grin. "Now, get to it."

There was a moment where Clicker clearly considered joking back at her, but in the end he let it pass with a resigned shrug, settling down between Rosie's thighs. She gasped out loud as she felt his startlingly warm tongue slide along her slit, moving hesitantly at first, but then with growing confidence as he made his way up towards her clit. When he reached it he moved in slightly, his tongue pressing just a touch harder for a second, curling over it before moving up and away for another pass.

There was a satisfied click of mandibles twitching together, and it took Rosie a few moments to realise that it had come from her rather than him. "Ahhh", she breathed happily, "that's... that's an excellent start."

Encouraged, he went back to work, and Rosie soon felt the growing intensity of their connection through his contact. This time she was undeniably the focus, tremors rippling outwards along her thighs as the tension inside herself grew. It wasn't long until her body found its release; a growing wave of soft golden hair sliding out from her skin, somehow looking more like fur on her body than it did on him. It marched steadily over her crotch and spread out from there, fortunately leaving enough room around her pussy itself that Clicker wasn't distracted in his task.



Beyond the spreading satisfaction of the fur, there was the same mental connection she'd felt earlier with Clicker, the same sensation of a circuit completed, with unfocussed thoughts and feelings flowing between them. Only this time the direction of the flow was from him to her, and she felt her mind flood with alien impulses. If what she had sent to him was a very human lust, focussed on a simple set of cock and balls that she was familiar with, what she was receiving in turn must have been his own version of that; the reality of sex and procreation as he understood them.

There was the need to be pleased, to be... worshipped, she realised, the word catching a little in her head even as it settled to naturally into her desires. She should be a queen, being filled and serviced by an endless array of dutiful servants. That was where her initial need to make Clicker as horny as possible had come from, she finally put together - she needed him to be horny so he could service her as thoroughly as the queen he needed her to be, and she had shaped that service and their sex into the human form of fucking that she was familiar with. They were each contributing one step after another on the same feedback loop, the net result of which was making them both lose themselves utterly in their combined lust.

Her mandibles were now clicking almost constantly, the blissful tension of her body finding its release as her own soft antennae slid into place atop her head. "Yesss", she hissed, craning her neck as her elongated tongue slithered from her mouth. Her pussy was desperately wet, her lips having become slick and smooth after his dedicated attention, ready for the next step that so far still eluded her conscious mind.

"That's it, serve me, take me, fuck me, fuck your queen!" She trailed off helplessly, even her clicking stopping as every part of her body stiffened and stretched, riding the last crest of pleasure before sinking blissfully into shuddering orgasm. In response, he gave her one last affectionate lick, savouring the taste of her satisfaction as she sighed happily.

Fortunately Clicker managed to recognise that as the sign to stop, and the two of them sat in companionable silence for a few minutes. Eventually, for lack of any better idea, he began to stroke along the length of her thigh, clearly wanting some form of closeness, but unsure of what form exactly that should take.

Rosie stretched, her eyes closed as she luxuriated beneath the affectionate contact. "Good job", she panted eventually. "I'd give you a thumbs up, but I haven't worked out how to do that with these hands yet."

Clicker nodded distractedly. "Yes. I'm sure you also have odd things about your new body you haven't worked out what to do with yet."

Something about his pointed tone made Rosie open one eye, quickly seeing his cock once again stretching up from his crotch. "Damn, and I was worried it was just me who was still super turned on."

He gave her a helpless look. "I don't know if this is unusual. This whole thing is unusual. But..." His grip tightened on her thigh, and they could each feel the connection between them spark at the contact. "I do know that I absolutely need to fuck you with this right now."

"Well shit", Rosie answered, her clicking mandibles betraying her own enthusiasm, "how can I say no to a proposition like that?"

They moved to her bedroom. For one it simply gave them a better space to work with, but it also gave Rosie a chance to hurriedly rummage around in her bedside drawers, taking out a small circular patch and sticking it onto Clicker's thigh before pressing the centre of it deliberately. His eyes widened for a moment as the injection of nanobots swept into him, a small light on the surface of the patch blinking yellow for a few moments before it lit up solid green. "I can't pretend to know if it would even work out like that", Rosie explained, "but I'm pretty sure it'd be best for everyone if we don't have a bunch of hybrid babies to explain. These aren't cheap, but given the wild situation, I figure we didn't want to rely on standard anti-fertility pills."

"Agreed", Clicker nodded, then, after tapping the patch a few times to check it was safely in place, he looked back up at her. "So... can I fuck you now?"

Rosie grinned. "Hell yeah you can", she answered, rolling out onto the bed beneath him and spreading her legs eagerly. "Let's see just what we can do."

This time he needed no instructions. He settled himself over her, gripping her firmly by the wrists as he braced himself into position. Then he pressed downwards, his cock sliding easily into her smooth, slick pussy. As he began his first long, slow thrusts he dipped his head down towards her, their mandibles clacking together in something like a tender kiss. He followed that up with his tongue reaching down and curling around hers, pulling it insistently out between her lips. As she looked up at him she saw that his tongue was now red and human-looking at the tip, but the blue bulk behind that matched hers. Even without whatever connection it was they shared, the message was clear. He wanted all of her; the human part, the alien part, the whole dripping length of hybrid lust and desires - he needed that from her just as much as she needed it from him.

That thought pressed into her mind as he slid his cock into her, both things making her eyes roll back in her head. He would fill her, change her, warp her - make her just as needy and wet as she was making him. No, more than that, he would make her his queen, the queen he needed her to be to reach his version of absolute sexual lust, and then she would make him the subject she needed to fulfill that same lust. She felt her body thickening, taking on the full, powerful curves she'd need to inhabit his desires, while at the same time she felt the grip on her wrists tighten, the fuzz over his body likewise tapering into a golden suit of fur, tailored to better reveal the growing muscles she was willing into her eager servant.

Their tongues parted as she rolled her head back against the fabric of the bed, feeling her hair thicken and solidify as it coiled into long, solid tendrils that stretched down to below her shoulders. Meanwhile, she felt him change too, his hands shifting as his fingers split, leaving him with a distinctly human-like grip on her fur. He felt... practical somehow; it was as though he needed to have proper hands so that she didn't have to, he could do the lifting and carrying while instead she was for something else - telling him what to do, and having him serve and obey. That thought felt *good*, and with every thrust of his cock her whole body grew, her mandibles alone almost twice the size of his as they stroked his face encouragingly.

"Yessss", she hissed, feeling her dominance slotting into place as neatly as the last of her body fell beneath her shining gold fur. "Service your Queen..."

His eyes were unfocused, and Rosie realised that for as hard as he was holding her down she could have swept him aside if she had only willed it. The only thing he was truly putting effort into was maintaining his powerful, urgent rhythm, his cock still more than sizeable enough to fill her waiting pussy.

"That's very good", she continued. "Doesn't that feel good to you too? To be such a good, loyal servant to your Queen?"

He was blushing, there was no mistaking it now, and Rosie leaned into it. "Well, doesn't it? Answer your Queen."

For a few moments he clicked wildly, before managing to corral himself enough to speak. "Yes it does", he said eventually.

"Yes what?", she shot back impatiently.

"Yes my Queen!!", he gasped, the rhythm of his thrusts reaching a crescendo. "Please, let me serve you, let me fuck you, I need you so badly, please, I have to be able to fuck you, please, please!"

She looked up at him, smiling magnanimously before gripping his face with her mandibles and drawing him close. "And you will", she hissed. "I will keep your cock stiff and ready always, I'll keep you with me so you can fuck me whenever I choose, I'll... I'll strap you beneath myself as I walk around the station, so that everyone can see you as my obedient servant, always ready to fuck and to fill and to serve and to fff-ahh-AhHHmm!"

He came first, one last sudden thrust marking his climax as he buried himself into her. That moment was what had sent her dirty talk spiralling off into directions even she hadn't been expecting, but his eager, shuddering approval was enough to bring her to orgasm too. She fell back into it, her whole body tensing as the wave of it flowed through her, but suddenly Rosie realised that something was different. It was like the feeling was somehow condensing, concentrating itself down in her crotch as she began to feel a new and pressing urgency. Clicker

withdrew obediently as she arched over herself, her hands gripping tightly at his shoulders as whatever this was made itself known.

Rosie lifted her head in a panting, clicking cry as a small, white egg pressed outwards, her smooth, slick slit finally making its purpose known as the egg slid through it. She barely had time to recover before a second, third and fourth followed behind it, falling softly to the bed beneath her in a small pool of dripping slickness. Eventually she was left with a small clutch of half a dozen or so, and as the last of them slipped from her pussy with a final dramatic shudder, it was all she could do to slump sideways and almost pass out from exhaustion.

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She hadn't fallen asleep exactly, but there was a definite period of restful blankness as her mind and body both recovered from her overstimulation. How long that lasted she couldn't say, but it wasn't until she felt Clicker began to stir that Rosie finally come back into herself, especially as he started poking around at something near where she was lying. Reluctantly she cracked open an eye and saw him gathering up the eggs that were still all but pasted to her sheets with what she could only assume were their combined fluids.

The sight of that made her jump - somehow, she'd been able to write off the last part of what had just happened as some extra little fantasy her mind had drifted her off into during her climax. "What are you doing with the eggs I laid?", she blurted, every word of that sentence sounding even more bizarre than the last. "And what in the fuck - do I lay eggs now?"

Clicker looked genuinely confused. "Well, yes", he said slowly. "How else would we know when the sex is concluded if not for when the woman lays her eggs?"

Rosie stared back at him, flicking her antennae irritably aside as they flopped down over her eyes. "Uh, humans seem to do pretty fine just stopping when we all feel good and tired!"

"Huh", Clicked answered. "That seems like less fun."

Taking a moment to clear her head by giving her neck a long, slow stretch, Rosie tried to calm down. "So, wait", she said, "what are you doing with the eggs that I lay now apparently?"

Clicker simply shrugged. "I was just going to dispose of them. They're not fertilised, given our precautions, so they're just..." He waved his spare hand around for a few moments, trying to think of a good word. "...souvenirs", he came out with.

Rosie had nothing. "Okay, sure", she answered eventually, "the eggs that I just laid are sex party prizes, I guess." Looking down, she added, "and ones that are definitely going to make me need to clean my sheets."

Picking up on how unsettled she was, Clicker stopped what he was doing and sat down next to her, resting a comforting hand on her thigh. “Was it not a good time?”

Despite herself, Rosie found herself smiling. “Yeah. Yeah, I don’t think I can argue that it wasn’t.”

“And are you not just as confident now that we could have ourselves fixed medically when and if we need to?”

She nodded. “Yeah, no, I am.”

“So then”, he finished, standing up once again, “is that not worth the inconvenience of some eggs to dispose of and some laundry to be done?” He leaned back and gave her a quick kiss, his mandibles stroking hers for a brief tender moment. “I’ll even buy you new sheets myself, if you’d prefer. It was certainly worth it for me.”

Rosie laughed, lying back in her bed as he busied himself tidying up. “Thanks Clicker”, she said warmly.

He stopped, seemingly thinking for a second before he turned back and said, “it’s actually Mittix, technically.”

“What?”, Rosie answered. “I can pronounce Mittix!”

“I know”, he said with a self-conscious shrug. “I actually just preferred Clicker, so I wanted the excuse to keep using it.”

“Okay Clicker”, she laughed, “for that, you can get me something to drink while you’re up.”

He bowed as deeply as the armful of eggs he was carrying allowed. “Yes my Queen.”

Rosie’s response was to throw the nearest pillow at him. “And you can knock that off too while you’re at it.”





# FIRST CONTACT



“Tellerassian Wave Scale?”

Riya blanched, backing away from the wet, pulsating mass the merchant was thrusting in her direction. “Uh, no, thank you”, she answered, forcing a smile at the bulky reptilian as she politely waved him off. “I don’t think so, sorry.”

He turned away with a grunt, leaving Riya to sink back against the wall, taking a moment to just breathe through the tumult of the crowded Merchant’s Concourse. Every day she’d come here, ever since she’d first arrived a little over a week ago, and it never got less overwhelming. She tried to think of it as exciting; the sort of wild, new adventure that she’d convinced herself would make being assigned out here worthwhile. But in practice it was just a million noises and colours, a hundred customs and cultures, all at once and all completely unwilling to stop and explain themselves just for her. Her first day she’d ordered a steak the size of her forearm completely by accident, and then had to sheepishly slide it into the disposal system before she could go find something she could actually eat.

She tried not to let it get to her. The working hours of each day were a comforting respite, safe in her quiet little office, diligently filling out the paperwork and following the rules that came with manning Earth’s quiet little embassy way out here on this distant station. But when her day was over she had to do *something*, and she’d promised herself that she’d at least try to experience this brave new world. So she came here, to the station’s great market, and tried to last as long as she could without drowning in the... everything of it all. And hey, it hadn’t been all bad. Two days ago she’d bought a pet - a neat, purple fish that came in a dimly glowing bowl. She’d put it in the corner of her room, and every now and again, whenever the strangeness of the station was getting to her, she could look over at it. It made her feel better to know that at least some of the same rules still applied. Sure, it seemed to live in empty air rather than water, and somehow ate sound waves instead of food, but still. It looked like a fish, swam like a fish, so for as far as she needed to worry about, she could treat it like a fish. She could understand fish, and if she could get a handle on that, maybe she could trust that eventually the rest of this place would stop feeling so weird.

There was a blast of atonal music, and some alien jingle blared out from a nearby stall, completely drowning her train of thought. Riya gritted her teeth, massaging her temple until the shock of it passed. Perhaps it was time to be done for the day.

Before she left she made her way over to the food place she always went to, slipping gratefully

into the less crowded area towards the back of the concourse. It'd been pointed out to her when she'd first arrived as a dependable vegetarian option, so despite her attempted adventurousness Riya allowed herself this unwavering routine. The line was short tonight, so it was only a few minutes before she was standing at the counter, looking up from the ground as she reached the front so she could talk politely to the attendant.

"Hiiii...", she said simply, her mouth hanging open as that lone word fell out.

The server was human, a woman that looked about the same age as she was, but where Riya stood square-shouldered with a regulation close-cropped haircut in her pristine uniform, this woman was an explosion of individuality. She lounged against the counter in faux leather, one elbow of the jacket missing, and the entire forearm ripped off of the other. She was short and *built*, a whirl of tattoos tracing the muscles up her exposed arm and converging in her unselfconsciously exposed cleavage. And then on top of everything else, there was her hair - or rather, there wasn't. She must have been gene-modded, in a way that Riya hadn't even realised was *possible*, because instead of normal hair she had something like a mohawk made of feathers; bright purple plumage crowning her otherwise bald head, while a light dusting of downy fluff on her face provided natural makeup. All of it focussed attention inwards onto her iridescent, golden eyes, and it wasn't until they blinked that Riya realised she still hadn't stopped saying 'hi'.

She closed her mouth quickly, and the server nodded to her. "You're new here, huh?"

"To the station yes, but not to this food stall", Riya answered, unable to catch herself from over-explaining, and then belatedly realising she'd only made things more confusing. "I mean, I obviously didn't come to this stall before I came to this station, but ever since I did get to the station, which was recently, I've been coming to this stall."

The woman laughed. "Wow, you fluster easily. Cute."

There was silence, and Riya had absolutely no idea how to respond. Accidentally flirting was not what she... well, actually, no, that pretty much *was* her standard operating procedure, but that didn't make it any more graceful.

Eventually, the server stepped in. "So, you want to get some food...?"

"Like, get dinner?", Riya squeaked, eyes bulging.

"Or... order something from the food stall you walked up to the counter of. I mean, I'm assuming it'll be your dinner, it could be just a snack. Or breakfast, I'm not the boss of you."

Quietly kicking herself, Riya said, "Oh! Yes, uh, I'll have meal box 3, please."

"Coming right up." A few excruciating seconds passed in silence as she rang up the order, until the box appeared next to her. As she handed it over, she added, "but hey, my name's Adaira, and if

you *do* want to get dinner sometime, maybe swing back tomorrow. I'm on the early evening shift then, so we can have dinner together after I finish up."

Riya blinked. "Really?"

Adaira shrugged, but a genuine smile offset the dismissive gesture. "Yeah, what can I say? I'm a sucker for naive cuteness, I guess. Besides, I've been here a while. It'll be nice to see the station through fresh eyes again."

Another customer coming up and placing their order had thankfully spared Riya the need to put together a coherent response on the spot, so she just nodded deliberately and walked away. She took the food back to her room to eat as she always did, although this time she spent the whole meal thinking through that interaction. It'd be hard to argue that she didn't find Adaira attractive, but it wasn't just that that had left her so completely flat-footed. She was just... well, she just *was*. She was another human in amongst all this alien chaos, but she seemed so utterly comfortable, having incorporated the elements of it she liked into herself and at ease with the difference of the rest. After considering it for a while, Riya couldn't be sure if she wanted to fuck her or *be* her. Was that okay? Is that something you could say on a first date? She hadn't really had that come up before, but then again, her previous first dates hadn't had quite the same element of aspirational role modelling before. "Hey, great dinner, and also - you seem like you're really good here, can you help me be that too?" Was that something you could actually *say*?

Riya stopped, breathing out and putting the question out of her mind for now. It wasn't something she was going to be able to answer by herself tonight, so there wasn't any sense dwelling on it any further. If it went well then it went well, and if it didn't, well, it could be just one more in the series of learning experiences that coming out to the station had become.

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The next day at the embassy was fortunately just the right amount of busy to let Riya coast through, filling up her mind with forms and busy-work without being complicated enough to demand too much effort. When the embassy hours ended she closed up with polite but firm promptness, turning the last stragglers away before she hurried back to her room to prepare. She didn't know exactly what the evening would bring - it was possible Adaira had been joking after all, so that was something to be factored in - but she could do her best to prepare for it by making sure she looked *good*.

There were a lot of options, but Adaira had said she liked 'naive' and 'flustered', so Riya decided to go with something that played into that. Nothing casual then, or even elegant and flowing, because that would be too suave, too in control. No, to emphasise her freshly-assigned-from-Earth status, the best option would have to be her full dress uniform; a crisp, white suit with gold braid, shining brass buttons and a stiff-peaked cap. It always had looked good on her, the short

skirt showing off her long legs, while the ribbon rack on her chest tastefully highlighted her bust. Although, after a few moments thought she undid the top two buttons, allowing some of her dark brown skin to show through. She was trying to be flirtatious after all, so that felt appropriate. She carefully tamed her long black hair back into a discrete ponytail, confident that it could burst back out into its natural frizzy tangle at the slightest push, should she need to escape the tension of an overwhelming moment. And then, after a final inspection in the mirror, she deemed herself ready, with only... one and a half hours to spare. Well, fortunately, there were books to fill that time, so, after carefully setting an alarm, she settled down in a comfortable chair and resumed her reading.

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When the alarm went off, Riya put away her book with only mild reluctance, brushing the creases out of her skirt and heading out to the Merchant's Concourse. Adaira was already waiting for her when she arrived, but Riya was gratified that her appearance clearly made an impact. She did a double-take as she looked up from her personal tablet, her widened eyes and raised eyebrows registering her surprise and approval.

"Well now", Adaira said with a grin, "don't you look fancy."

"Yes I do", Riya answered, taking off her cap and tucking it smartly under her arm. "I thought you might enjoy seeing me at my best before we get the evening started."

Adaira's grin grew wider, and she raised an eyebrow before she responded. "And how do you expect I'll see you once we're done for the evening?"

There was a pause as Riya considered this. "Hopefully less well-dressed."

At that, Adaira couldn't hold back an unguarded laugh. "And I thought *I* was supposed to be the bold one." She stood up from where she was sitting, taking Riya's hand in hers and pulling her away from the crowds of the Merchant's Concourse. "Well, let's see if your prediction pans out then, shall we?"

It was late enough that neither of them wanted to wait for a full sit down dinner, so they agreed to just grab something quickly. Adaira suggested a nearby stall that sold small, spiced nutrient balls, which fortunately turned out to be much more appetising than they sounded, and allowed them to eat easily while taking a walk of the station. Riya quickly found herself getting a much more comprehensive and useful tour than she'd ever received for her official orientation, and doing it with someone like Adaira certainly helped too. She may have come straight from work, but she didn't hesitate in the slightest as she slid into date mode, her feathered hair seeming to puff outwards instinctively as she settled onto Riya's arm. She was the shorter one of the two of them, thin and pale compared to Riya's full-figured body and brown skin, but even though she was often half the size of the people in her way she pushed her way easily through the station, all

but dancing through the crowds as she pulled Riya along her tour. The further they moved away from her stall at the Merchant's Concourse the more her guarded cynicism fell away, and Riya could see the teeth in her smile as she talked excitedly about one landmark or the next.

Her enthusiasm was stunning. Riya had learned through experience not to talk for so long and so unreservedly about the things she was interested in, and yet here was this attractive, unambiguously cool woman doing exactly that, pointing out everything from the monument to the Galactic Citrus Conflict to the shop that, before humanity had established its own presence here, had sold cheap knick-knacks from Earth as vastly expensive curios. She clearly loved this place dearly, and had no qualms about sharing that with anyone who gave her the chance. For all the thrill of being on a date with such a pretty woman, it was possibly that openness that was the most touching.

The final stop on their tour was what amounted to the station's Red Light District. Adaira pled that that was just the natural result of their clockwise circuit, but even Riya saw through that flimsy excuse. It was at least substantially less crowded than the worst parts of the Merchant's Concourse, but it more than made up for that by being overwhelming visually, with a thousand flashing lights and lurid colours spilling out from just about every shopfront.

Thankfully, they didn't stay out in it all for long. Adaira led her firmly by the hand through the crowded confusion, and after a few moments it mercifully gave way to a much quieter space. Refocusing her eyes, Riya found herself inside a store, where the wildly flashing lights of the general market had been entirely replaced by a warm, inviting red.

"And here we are", Adaira said proudly. "The most... *exciting* place on the station."

Riya looked around. "It's an adult store", she said simply.

"No no no", Adaira answered, "it's *the* adult store. Anything you've ever wanted, they've got. Anything you didn't *know* you wanted, but once you hear about them, you *need* them, they've got. Everything from party games for a fun evening to sexual heavy ordnance - if it exists anywhere, they've got it. All here, at the Red Velvet Room."

"Do... do you work here too?", Riya asked cautiously.

Laughing, Adaira waved her off, looking wistfully around the store. "I wish! The staff discount alone would save me a fortune. But anyway..."

She turned back to Riya, fixing her with what, in the dim red light, she took to be an earnest expression.

"I wanted to take you here because if we're going to go anywhere as an item, you need to be aware that this is a big part of my life." She gestured around the room. "I like to fuck, and I like

to fuck *extremely* well, and if you're not at least curious about exploring that, then we should probably part ways here."

Riya stood in silence for a moment, steepling her fingers over her mouth as she thought. Finally she answered, "and... if I *am* curious?"

"Well, then I think that maybe we could have something that's worth exploring", Adaira said with a grin. "But, before we get to that, I want you to do something for me. I want you to pick one thing in this store tonight - without me around, so it's not biased at all - take it home for a few days, and then tell me about it on our next date."

"Oh", Riya blinked, having to process at lightning speed both the unusual request and the casual information that she was being given a second date. "That's... not how I was expecting this night to end."

Adaira held up her hands. "I know, I just don't want to start off with too much pressure, but I also don't want to go right back to square zero myself, and I want to get to know you, and all this can be the *best* way to get to know someone and-" She stopped herself and took a breath. "Sorry, I talk a lot when I get going about things."

"Yes, you do", Riya said with a nod. "It's cute", she added belatedly.

Blushing just slightly, Adaira continued. "Anyway, pick whatever you want. It can be as innocent as a bottle opener, or one of those games. But don't get that card game there", she added, pointing, "that sucks and I'm sick of it." There was a pause, and she took another breath. "But anyway, that's not important. Just pick something, and then next time we get together, it'll give us something to talk about. I promise I won't be weird if it's something small and simple, and I won't be more intense than you want me to if it's bigger or whatever."

Riya considered all that, then asked, "and are you okay with me telling you to be more or less intense if that's working for me?"

"Oh honey", Adaira answered, "I'm all *about* the open and honest communication. That's how you get to that *good* stuff."

"Then I accept", Riya said with a nod, before she turned to look at the digital catalog behind her. "And now if you'll excuse me, I have a decision to make."

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Adaira left her to it. She'd been right though - this place seemed to have *everything*. Riya had accumulated a few faithful tools in her time, but in all honesty she didn't have a clue how to go

about making this particular decision. Especially given the implication that Adaira was going to be trying to infer something about her as a person from her choice. What does that mean? Is buying a dildo better or worse than buying a... she cast about for a few moments... 'electrified self-pleasure restraint armature'?

It would be a mistake to go too far, Riya told herself. This shouldn't be about Adaira. She couldn't control how her choice would be interpreted by her, so she should instead focus on what she could control - picking something that seemed good to her. With that in mind she bypassed all the stuff she outright didn't understand, and scrolled through the catalog to the part that sold more traditional toys.

Eventually, she came to a product called "The Beast", and the almost laughable boldness of that name made her stop to check it out. It was essentially a strap-on penis, although one that promised to be just as pleasurable for the wearer as it was for their partner. Its tagline promised to "unleash the Beast in you!", which was, again, pleasantly direct. Plus, she hadn't brought anything like that with her to the station, so it could be a useful purchase for her even if things didn't work out with Adaira specifically. There were the standard host of care instructions and allergy warnings down the side of the product page, but Riya forced herself to put that out of her mind, for fear of getting stuck reading through and comparing all the fine print. Instead she simply presented her thumb to the scanner, and a beep from the computer confirmed that they had a model compatible with her physiology in stock. After that it was a simple matter of consenting to the funds being deducted from her station account, and she was soon walking back out onto the promenade with a grey, unmarked box.

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She sat down as soon as she was back at her quarters, putting the box on the table in front of her and pushing the button on the side that switched it out of discrete mode. In an instant the product information overwrote the featureless greyness, and soon Riya was confronted by an... enthusiastic interpretation of the product. It was, essentially, just a complicated fake penis, but the top of the box showed several different versions of it. In the middle of the picture was the largest one that just looked like just a smooth grey tube, but then an explosion of lines out from that depicted an array of wildly different options. There was one that looked at least close to a large human penis, but there were also some that looked like curling tentacles, or bulky, hefty... things. Riya had to concede that she couldn't place many of the pictures, but it was clear that they were all genitals, and very emphatically so. In the top corner of the box was what she presumed to be a representation of the user, a cartoonish face with sharp fangs and glowing eyes, looking down at another face in the bottom corner. That, in turn was looking up in an open-mouthed expression of surprise, or desire (or, more likely, both), with text emerging that the box had translated into "so intense!" So much for taking it easy then.

After she was done rolling her eyes, she opened the lid and fished it out. It seemed to default to

the 'smooth grey tube' mode, which made sense, although Riya couldn't figure out how exactly you were supposed to switch it between all these different options. Hopefully that wasn't something that could happen accidentally mid-use, she thought with a grimace. There were more than a few of these settings that looked like they would be distinctly uncomfortable to just appear inside someone.

All of which meant she should probably test it out first. Well, she thought with a shrug, if she was going to try it out, now was probably the best time.

For all its alien complexity, the initial application was surprisingly easy. The grey tube of the toy was attached to a simple belt, which she wrapped around her waist and tightened with a standard fastener. Once she'd set aside her clothes it sat snugly over her crotch, and with a little testing she discovered that there was a substantial amount of give involved - as she ran her hand up and down a significant length of it slid smoothly in and out of her slit. It seemed a curious feature for something designed to be used to penetrate someone else, but for the moment it did make it rather apt for pleasuring herself with. It wasn't quite how Riya had hoped the evening would turn out, but as she sat down on her bed and leaned more and more into the activity, she found she couldn't exactly complain.

As her hands settled into a comfortable autopilot, Riya's thoughts drifted around for a suitable topic, and before long she started to picture Adaira. There was a slight guilt that it might be perhaps too soon to start wantonly fantasising about a potential partner, but given that she *had* invited her to buy something from a sex store and then discuss it the next time they met, that likely wasn't something to be concerned with. Adaira would probably be impressed that she chose something so intense, a smile climbing onto Riya's face as she imagined Adaira saying that with the same rapturous expression as the second face from the box. Looking up at her with such wanton lust and desire, staring up from her knees as Riya stood over her, her cock strong and straining out in front of her so desperately. And then Adaira would know just what to do, how to turn the tables and draw her down to her level, make her moan as she teased the tip of her new cock, pressing it in and out expertly to leave her a panting, mewling wreck.

Riya's motions quickened, now picturing Adaira standing over her, having masterfully parried and reversed her own attempts at dominance, feeding off her frustrated ambition and lording it over her. Making her kneel on the ground, pleasuring herself desperately, waiting for her mistresses' command to finally be able to let loose, to finally be able to give in, to finally... cum...!

With one last thrust of her hips Riya shuddered her way to a climax, letting the fantasy drift away dreamily as she lay back in her bed. That was... surprisingly fast. Normally when she set aside time for self-pleasure she gave herself enough buildup to work through several orgasms in succession, but even just that one had been intense enough to leave her feeling surprisingly sated. Looking down, it seemed that her new toy was still just a dull grey tube, so it clearly hadn't been somehow activated by what she'd just done. There must be more to it, but for now it seemed to be more than enough for her to have fun with. Perhaps it took a second person to mold it into shape, somehow.

Well, whatever the truth of that was, that could wait for another time. With the late-night date followed by this brief but energetic session, Riya found herself feeling completely drained. She'd meant to put everything away and properly get ready for sleep, but she couldn't help but lie in for a few moments first. Soon her eyes were drifting shut entirely, her head cozying up on her pillows as her whole body happily relaxed into sleep.

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Somewhat unusually, Riya slept right through till her alarm went off the following morning. She peeled open her eyes after a few moments of insistent beeping, slowly and reluctantly uncurling herself from the foetal position she'd wound up sleeping in. Swinging her legs out over the edge of the bed she hauled herself into sitting up, then stopped mid-motion as she encountered some unexpected feedback. It took a few blinking seconds before her eyes focussed, and then a few more before her tired brain could interpret exactly what she was seeing, but eventually things kicked into gear and she realised she was still wearing the toy from last night. Not only that, but she must have stumbled her way into a switch for it overnight, because it had apparently shifted away from the 'featureless grey tube' mode it had been in before. Now it was... considerably different.

It looked much more like an actual cock, for starters, rather than some simple artificial toy. It wasn't *quite* human, but it was quite close, having at least most of the same general shape, with a long shaft topped with a bright red tip. But the base seemed to be coated with a tawny orange fuzz, with the length of it emerging from what seemed to be some sort of sheath. There was even the suggestion of slight ridges running back down away from the tip - not large or sharp enough to look threatening thankfully, but enough at least to seem exotic, providing a unique and interesting texture. The general effect then was to look very much like a functional, familiar cock, but interpreted in a distinctly bestial manner. It wasn't something that Riya would have even thought to select herself if given the choice, but now that she was presented with it, she found herself making a mental note to remember this option for the future. But, that was for a later time. For now, she had to get to work. With a casual yawn she reached down with one hand and made to loosen the belt.

That yawn turned into a stretch, then she stood and added a slow arch of her back to the process, as all the while her hand fumbled around behind her waist for the catch. Eventually she realised that not only couldn't she find it, but she couldn't seem to feel the belt at all, so presumably that part had fallen off while she slept. If the toy was still attached to her then it must simply be because it was lodged a little ways inside herself. Which was... odd, especially for it to have survived the night like that, but that would at least explain the sensations she belatedly realised she was feeling down there. So with a quick grunt of annoyance she shifted her hand to grip around the toy and p-

Even before she made the motion, Riya stopped. The feeling of her fingers tightening around the

shaft had been far too direct to ignore, and even just the slightest pull was enough to tell her that things weren't as simple as she'd assumed. This wasn't just a toy that was somehow stuck inside her. She could *feel* her fingers as they moved around slowly, and as her hand closed her thumb brushed up against the tip, and the feeling *that* provoked was indisputable. So too was the slight, lingering slickness that clung to her thumb after it made that pass, and the round, hefty weights that her fingers cupped as they crept down between her legs.

The toy had changed. It had changed *her*, somehow melding with her body to give her this - a sudden twinge of stiffness quickly confirmed - fully functional cock and balls. And, a few more probing moments added, no trace of her old genitals beneath or below that.

This led to several moments of quiet consideration. Carefully, Riya moved her hands away from the cock, and then shuffled in a stiff-legged walk over to the packaging the toy had come in. Finding the user manual section she expanded it out to readable size, then scrolled patiently through the text that now almost covered the front of the box, stopping at the Directions for Use.

"The Beast™ is highly versatile", it read, "and can be used in many different scenarios. Firstly, for Quick Start Mode™, it can be attached around the waist for use as a traditional strap-on dildo, complete with reciprocal pleasure features. This is the most straightforward use, and a great way to start off your relationship with The Beast™!"

That must have been the setting she'd stumbled into, Riya thought to herself, which made sense, given that it didn't really involve doing anything special. However, it was quickly apparent that there was much more to it.

"For a more intense scenario, simply leave The Beast™ attached around the waist to experience Long Term Mode™. This will cause the toy to merge with the physiology of the wearer, allowing them to experience all the wonders that The Beast™ can provide. Not only will they enjoy an additional penis, the integrated TruYou System™ will create an exciting Genetic Rush™ in the user! This system will find the compatible creature that the wearer is most predisposed to, and gradually create the effect of an increasing number of gene mods towards that species."

That part raised Riya's eyebrows considerably, and she quickly pressed on the highlighted 'More Information' heading.

"The amount of change experienced during the Genetic Rush™ is determined by how long The Beast™ remains attached to the user. However, to allow the product to work without complications, and to further the experience of Long Term Mode, there are only limited periods where The Beast™ can be removed, and the TruYou System™ will be deactivated, eventually reversing the effects of the Genetic Rush™. The timings for this are as follows:

Time Attached: 1 standard hour - no change beyond The Beast attaching to user

24 standard hours - slight changes, amounting to 1-5% of new genetic material

48 standard hours - small changes, amounting to 5-15% of new genetic material  
72 standard hours - significant changes, 15-35% of new genetic material

At each of these points, there is a window of approximately half an hour where The Beast™ can be removed manually. Genetic Rush™ changes will not exceed 35%, however, once this point is reached, no further manual removal windows are available, and the product is considered legally indistinct from the user. If changes persist, or if you need to remove the product outside or beyond these windows, please contact a licensed PleasureMax Reconsideration Associate.”

That was... a lot to consider.

Clearly, she'd missed the first window, having slept right through it without realising. That would mean she would have to wait for the end of the 24 hour period to remove it, and the slight fuzz around the base must be the beginning of the “1-5% of new genetic material” being introduced to her system. But, despite all that, there was another pressing consideration she had to deal with. All this confusion and investigation had eaten up her free time already, so now she really had to get going to make it to work on time. Which, Riya supposed, was probably for the best. If the solution to all of this right now was simply to wait, then having something else to fill the time with was ideal. With that in mind, she went through her morning shower (trying her best to ignore for now the odd and intriguing sensations that her new anatomy produced), dressed herself in her most modest and concealing work clothes, and headed out to grab a quick breakfast on the way to the office.

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As it turned out, the day was a busy one. She'd already learned that her work tended to swing between being rushed and being completely empty depending on whether or not a ship from Earth had just arrived. Given that the one-person embassy was essentially the only representation of Earth's government on the station she had to fulfill all the duties between consulate and customs office, so even if the ship was just a single pilot offloading a freighter full of products then it still resulted in a considerable amount to do. Today though there had been a transport ship come through, so most of Riya's day was taken up with passenger interviews - checking paperwork and running through the long list of rules, regulations and advisories that people needed to know when they came this far out into deep space. It wasn't her favourite job, but it was taxing enough that she more or less forgot about The Beast for the day, except for the periodic reminders she received whenever she happened to cross her legs or needed to excuse herself to the restroom. Each time she did the latter she also took the time to inspect herself to ensure everything was still contained. Thankfully, the changes were concentrating themselves around her crotch, which, regardless of the confusingly horny thoughts her increasingly bestial genitals provoked, were at least safely out of view.

Overall the day passed smoothly, the impact of her adventure with The Beast contained to a

curious, private sideshow. When the embassy closed for the evening Riya flicked on the security with a sigh of relief, stepping smartly out the door and heading straight back to her apartment. She didn't even dare go by the Merchant's Concourse for dinner, instead getting something quick and simple from one of the vending machines that lined the station's corridors. Tonight was, after all, not a night that she wanted to invite any additional distractions into, and there were few things she could think of right now that would be more distracting than seeing Adaira again. But, she realised as she hustled her tray of steaming pre-made food through her door, although they'd made plans to see each other again at some point, they hadn't nailed down exactly when, had they? Just 'in a couple of days'. Considering the timetable she was now on, that would need clarifying.

While she ate the steaming assortment of flavoured protein mash, Riya set the display of her tablet to project onto the wall in front of her, scrolling through the station directory with her spare hand. Fortunately there were only a few humans listed, so Adaira herself wasn't hard to find. Opening a dialog box, Riya thought for a few moments, then composed a message.

*Hi Adaira*

*You mentioned you wanted to meet up again in the next few days. Would tomorrow evening work for you? If not, that's fine, just let me know.*

*Regards,*

*Riya*

She wasn't sure if that was too formal, but she couldn't think of a better approach to use to open the conversation. Even so, she found her fingers tapping nervously as she finished off her meal, doubly so after the notification light came on to say that her message had been read. Eventually there was an audible 'ping!', and a response came up onto the display.

*Yeah sounds good! Same time as last time?*

*Looking forward to seeing what you picked out from Red Velvet Room ;3*

Riya read that through, but before she could think of anything to say The Beast beat her to a response. Her eyes widened at the supremely unusual sensation of it stiffening dramatically, and with a slight gasp she realised that it had pushed her work outfit up into enough of a bulge to brush against the bottom of the table she was sitting at. That was... different.

Swallowing heavily, she focussed herself on making a coherent response, making a point to add an emoji to keep up with Adaira's tone of conversation.

*Great!*

*I'll meet you at your work after your shift tomorrow then. :)*

That accomplished, she closed the display on her tablet and turned her chair to the side, letting her get a good look at herself below the table. She hadn't thought of that before, but Adaira would be expecting her to show up with her new purchase in tow. She *could* just have The Beast in its box, and talk about how she'd used it, but that seemed like it would be missing the point. And besides, *had* she used it? That first evening it had basically just been a stand-in for any well-shaped solid object. Did that even count? If Adaira asked her about it, wouldn't she have to admit that as soon as it actually started working as intended she took it off and made it stop? Riya stared down at the bulge in the fabric of her clothes, biting her lip a little as she brushed her hand over the top. Shouldn't she actually... experience it?

Once again, Riya took her time. She got undressed slowly, avoiding subjecting the toy to undue sensations as she carefully removed her work clothes. Her underwear had to be peeled away, a distinct trail of slickness connecting them to her crotch. Clearly the Beast had gotten worked up enough throughout the course of the day that it had left a distinct impression, which was yet another new experience among the several Riya was dealing with. Despite how busy she'd been at work and as much as she'd tried to put it out of her mind, the pressure had been quietly insistent, and it was surprising just how much of a relief it was to finally take care of it. The cock almost leapt upwards to fill her waiting hand, already slick enough to let her fingers slide back and forth easily.

It felt... good. It was certainly different to what she was used to, in a way that she would find difficult to describe. It was certainly easier. Previously she'd needed a fairly steady rhythm, and generally supplemented by either tools, a good fantasy, or a competent partner. But there was an enticing directness to this now, and she quickly realised that so long as she maintained the up-and-down pace of her hand along the shaft, then the growing pleasure inside her could be counted on to take care of itself. Which was good, because it was only when she had decided to start down this path that she realised just how horny she was. She wasn't sure how much of it was the build-up of tension throughout the entire day or just the situation she was in now, but clearly both were contributing factors. Hadn't she spent most of her time at the embassy with her legs firmly and deliberately crossed, her free hand idly tracing the bulge in her clothes as she sat behind her desk? Wouldn't she have finished the paperwork much faster normally, if she hadn't kept getting distracted and needing to go back over the same questions? Did she really need all the bathroom breaks she'd taken, or were they just excuses to get out of the public office and free her straining cock, desperately trying to calm it down long enough so that she could go

back to pretending like everything was normal? Hadn't she avoided going out for lunch just so she could jerk herself off frantically, relieving the pressure as much as she could in a furious five minute session?

No, no - that last part hadn't happened. Had any of that even happened, or was she just daydreaming about if it had? The slickness from her dripping cock was running down over her knuckles as her hand pumped up and down, and Riya's head fell forwards as she looked down to take it all in. Her cock, the fur around its base standing out so markedly against her skin, showing off just how unusual and animalistic it was, highlighting and revelling in its mis-match to her body, while her other hand couldn't help but cup at her balls, feeling how they swung and churned while her hips bucked and swayed helplessly, the pleasure rising and growing as she threw back her head and gave into it...

With a slow, trembling thrust, Riya came. It took longer than she expected - rather than just one powerful burst there was a short series of eager, twitching releases, each sending a small spray of whiteness spattering out onto the floor in front of her. It was... it was all very different from what she'd experienced before, but even so it was very good. She allowed herself a few long moments, panting as she relaxed back in the chair. The last drops of slickness dripped from the tip of her cock, and she let them run down the side of her hand as she considered what to do next. Looking back down, she breathed out slowly and deliberately as she took all that in. That... well, that probably counted as a good first use.

She washed her hands, making sure to turn the cleaning machine on as she made her way back from the bathroom, tasking it with getting out any stains she might have left in the carpet before they sunk in. While it was working she sat back down - in another chair this time, so she wouldn't get in the way of the cleaning - and finally stopped and thought things over with a clear head.

That was... fun. So, now that she'd had that experience, shouldn't she set her alarm for exactly 24 hours after she first used The Beast, and make ready to remove it? That was the next step that she'd planned, after all. And yet.

Didn't that still feel anticlimactic? Going out with Adaira for her date tomorrow and telling her about this wild, different, hot experience she'd had, and then just pointing to a box with a dull grey tube inside? Isn't it likely that Adaira would see that as uninteresting, or unambitious, and stop seeing her as someone she could enjoy sharing herself with? Riya wasn't good at anticipating people's reactions at the best of times, but even so, surely it was obvious that Adaira had wanted her to do something impressive, something exciting and emphatic. Just *telling* her about the experience probably wouldn't be sufficient. She probably had dozens of potential suitors, so surely something more was needed to stand out from that crowd.

Riya drew her thumb slowly along the fur at the base of her cock, shivering slightly as the sensation made it twitch. This was her way to be exciting, to be as exotic and interesting as Adaira was. Shouldn't she avoid throwing that away so soon? She could always remove it *after*

their next date, if Adaira wasn't interested in it. Or, well, she'd remove it after their next date anyway, of course, but it just made more sense to wait until then. Yes, that made perfect sense.

With that agreed, Riya set her alarm instead for the standard time she had to get up for work, and then, after a few moments thought, set it instead for 15 minutes earlier. If she was going to keep this thing a while longer, she might as well get as much experience with it as possible.

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Her dreams were intense. Riya woke slowly the next morning through a fog of half-remembered distractions, which made sense as she sat up and found her sheets tenting awkwardly at her waist. Ah, she thought. Waking up so visibly and physically horny was yet another new experience, but, she had to admit, not an unexciting one.

Even with the extra time she'd budgeted, Riya still found herself a little rushed. As much as her cock was aching for attention, she had to fight back the urge to play with it - to drift off into a long slow fantasy as she drew her hand up and down and really let herself go. She hadn't the time for something that indulgent, especially given that she lost a few minutes looking over the changes the latest 'Genetic Rush' had wrought overnight. It was still nothing sensational, but her cock now looked clearly non-human rather than just somewhat different, a bright red and slightly pointed shaft emerging out of her increasingly fuzzy sheath. Orange fur swept out smoothly beyond that to encompass almost all of her waist, tapering out into nothingness thankfully before the point that could be covered by even fairly tight shorts. But by now the changes had spread outside of that immediate area, with the nails on her fingers having narrowed into almost claw-like points, while a quick look in the mirror revealed her canine teeth were noticeably sharper, and her ears had angled upwards into delicate points of their own.

The overall effect was... interesting. Chances are that no-one would notice anything, but if anyone looked closely there would be just enough different to provoke a slight sense of disconnect. It was like the people she'd heard of who had themselves slightly spliced just to mess with people, like getting their eyes in subtly non-human colours, or having legs a little longer than normal. Of course, that was all overlooking her most notable change, but that would be safely hidden from view in public. Even if, Riya thought as she looked at herself in the mirror, it did seem to want to make itself known as much as possible.

To avoid leaving herself open to indecency later, Riya turned her attention back fully to getting herself off. It wouldn't do to be sitting in her office, her new, bestial cock pressing at the underside of her desk, making her words slip and stutter as she tried to process the latest arrivals, her cheeks flushing red as she finally lost her composure, this new lust boiling over as she tore aside her clothes, let loose and just came, just gripped her cock and balls openly and came and *came...*

Slowly, Riya exhaled, her hand on her chest as the last echoes of that orgasm shook through her. The fact that that had so quickly gone from 'bad outcome to be avoided' to 'very hot fantasy' was something she really needed to consider and unpack, but a quick glance at the time told her that that would have to wait. For now it was all she could do to send the cleaning machine on another quick trip around the room, pack herself once again into her most concealing clothes, and dash off to work.

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The day passed. It wasn't as busy as yesterday had been, and Riya found her thoughts slipping more often to idle, quiet daydreams, but fortunately nothing so intense as to cause any actual difficulties. She did make sure to swing home after work to release her tensions once again, in order to have as clean a slate as possible for her date with Adaira. The idea of leaving herself worked up for that had crossed her mind, but she'd quickly decided that the potential fun of showing off the possibilities of The Beast were outweighed by the potential awkwardness of being too horny to have a normal conversation beforehand. Not to mention that Adaira might not be interested in that particular offering, so, Riya thought, better to avoid the chance of being exposed, vulnerable, rejected *and* incredibly pent up.

So, instead of that, Riya took care of herself once again quickly after returning from work. At least, she'd *intended* it to be quick - it turned out to eat up almost all of the time from her getting home to when she needed to leave for the date, as she eased out the pressure of her long, stolid day by gritting her teeth and jerking off with an almost startling abandon. Before she realised it her alarm set for 20 minutes before the date was going off, and she was forced to just throw on the clothes she had available if she was going to meet Adaira in time. Inwardly Riya kicked herself, rehearsing a line about how she'd gotten stuck at work for too long to properly get ready. Somehow, "sorry, I got distracted by jerking off my wild new cock" didn't seem like a good line for a second date.

As Riya jogged through the station, she tried to think about how she should present the choice she'd made back at that adult store to Adaira. Should she be cocky, wait till after they'd had dinner and pin her to the wall, saying "let me show you something *good*"? It felt like how this was supposed to go, but Riya couldn't see herself actually pulling that off. She could never tell how much of that was too much for other people, so any aggressive assertiveness like that was always fragile, ready to collapse at the first suggestion that it was going badly. But would presenting this shyly and bashfully even work? It was a big, irrepressible cock - would being timid with something like that defeat the entire purpose? Turning around the last corner, Riya sighed as she braced herself both for that conversation and the clamour of the Merchant's Concourse. Gods, Riya thought, if only being horny *with* people was easier, and had more of a clear roadmap, then maybe it'd be something she'd have done more often. But before she could dwell on that too long, the place where Adaira worked came into view, with Adaira herself running an idle hand through her feathered hair as she waited.

“Hi!”, Riya started as she got to her, pushing away for now the argument in her head about what she should say about The Beast. But then she realised she didn’t have any other words queued up, so after a half-second delay she moved forwards to give Adaira what she hoped was a warm hug. All the while Riya’s internal monologue raced. Hugs were good for a second date, right? That had gone down well in the past, but then again in the past there hadn’t been a *bulge* and oh no! In a moment Riya pulled back, leaving Adaira looking a little confused at all the abrupt movements.

“Are... you okay?” She looked Riya up and down. “You seem a little jumpy.”

Riya tried to summon up a polite lie, but couldn’t figure out where to start with that. “I’m just a little, uh, overwhelmed”, she eventually settled on. “I’m happy to see you though.”

Adaira answered that with a smile. “Well, I’m happy to see you. Shall we head off for dinner?”

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Once again, they decided against going to any of the restaurants still open at this hour, and instead got some simple takeout meals and went to one of the more secluded tables on the promenade. As they sat down Riya belatedly realised that she was by now startlingly hungry, so for a few moments they simply ate their plates of richly spiced vegetables in companionable silence. Eventually though, Adaira pushed her plate to the side and said lightly, “so, I’ve been dying to know - what did you pick?”

Riya swallowed hastily. Somehow, for as much as she’d been thinking about it herself, the question still caught her off-guard. “Er”, she answered.

“You absolutely don’t have to say if you don’t want to, by the way”, Adaira added quickly.

“No, no, it’s fine”, Riya said, laying down her own fork to better concentrate on the conversation. “I was just... trying to find a way to phrase it.”

Adaira raised an eyebrow. “Something complicated then? I’m intrigued.”

A blush rose up in Riya’s cheeks, and she had to break eye contact. “Uh, well, yeah, kinda.” She ran her fingers through her hair, and without realising it she both revealed her newly pointed ear and focussed Adaira’s attention on it.

“Oh wow”, Adaira said with a grin, “it was something involving a gene splice?” She sat forwards, resting her head on her steepled hands, both emphasising her interest and giving Riya a distracting view of her cleavage. “Now I’m *really* curious.”

The blush grew, but more than that, Riya could feel her clothes bunching upwards, the bulge at her crotch swelling almost until it was pressing against the bottom of the table. "Uh, yeah", she stammered slowly. "A... little bit, yes. Or... maybe a lot? In... some ways?"

Adaira smiled, but this time she put her hands up too, so the expression came across as disarming rather than salacious. "Again, we don't have to go into it in detail if you don't want to. I just hope it was something you had fun with."

Biting her lip a little, Riya nodded. "Yes", she said eventually. "Yes I did. I, uh, I think I would like to talk to you more about this, but..." Her eyes flicked back and forth at the people walking around them.

"...maybe somewhere in private? If... you're okay with maybe coming back to, uh, my place?"

Adaira laughed lightly, placing one of her hands on Riya's against the table, all but making her heart beat through her chest - and, even more distractingly, her bulge break through the table.

"I thought you'd never ask."

--

With a distinctly stiff-legged gait, Riya led them back to her place. She was thankful for the excuse to walk in front, thereby keeping Adaira from noticing just how much her clothes were tenting upwards. It wasn't something she wanted to have to explain in public, and also, it would ruin the... surprise? Was that okay, that she was going to surprise her date with something like this? She certainly came across as supportive, so Riya didn't think she'd react with distaste to something so kinky as a permanently attached sex toy, but "hey, just so you know, this thing has made me so horny I'm a genuine danger to both public decency in general and my clothing in particular" - that seemed like a lot. But all the same, she couldn't stop thinking about saying that, about showing Adaira just what she'd done at her suggestion, how good it all felt, and hearing just what Adaira thought about all that. She'd realised during their conversation that the idea that she might actively approve of it, that she could be enthusiastic and encouraging about the whole thing - somehow that was the most exciting part of all of this. Is that what she'd been hoping for at the end of all this, someone to praise her for what she'd done, to look at all of her new body and pat her on the head approvingly? Not just 'someone' though, but Adaira specifically, to have this confident, enthusiastic, gorgeous and self-determined woman tell her that she'd done well, that she'd made a good choice in her own development, and that she'd help her take even more steps in that new and interesting direction.

Riya had to shake her head for a moment, clearing out the scene in her mind to refocus on just getting home. She was so hard it was getting difficult to *walk*, and she really didn't need to be piling extra fantasies on top of everything else. Just get back to her place, talk to Adaira about all

this, and see how everything went from there. That's what Riya told herself again and again, even as her own internal script kept spinning off down some truly distracting paths.

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Finally, they made it back to Riya's place, and Adaira draped herself over a seat in the living area while Riya closed the door behind them.

"So then", Adaira started, "I can't wait to hear everything. What'd you get, and how'd it go?"

Riya moved to stand in front of her, although she managed to keep herself facing away the whole time. "Uh, can I- is it okay if I show you? Not a demonstration!", she added hastily, "just... a visual."

"Yes, please", Adaira answered, and with that Riya turned around. "It's... you're already wearing it?", she continued, her eyebrow raised. "That's bold, I like that."

"Close", Riya said simply, and then, lacking any other ideas, pulled aside her clothes and put her new self fully on display.

There was a moment of silence, and it took Riya that long to realise she'd instinctively closed her eyes. Opening them back up, she saw Adaira staring wordlessly at her crotch, her expression unreadable beyond open-mouthed surprise.

"I-"

"This is the most perfect thing I have ever seen", Adaira interrupted.

"Uh?"

Before she could say anything further, Adaira was right up next to her, reaching out her hand but stopping herself before she made contact. "Oh, uh, is it okay if I touch it?"

Riya couldn't decide how she was supposed to react to all this, a mass of half-formed words caught in her throat as her cock started to strain upwards dramatically. "Mhmm-hmm", she answered eventually, supplementing that with a definitive nod.

Wasting no time, Adaira swept forwards, exploring the length of Riya's cock. "Is this all new? Or did you just put a spin on what you already had?"

"Uh, it's, uh, all new", Riya managed, swallowing heavily as she fought to stay coherent. "It used to be a strap-on dildo, but then it got a little... attached."

Adaira nodded, still drawing her fingers over and around the edges of it, taking in all the different parts and textures. "And? How are you liking it?"

Somehow, more than anything else, that single question threw Riya off. "I- uh, I don't know. What do you think?"

Adaira stopped, and her sudden withdrawal as she sat back on her knees made Riya gasp quietly. "I mean, I think it's great, but that's not really important. What's important is how much *you're* enjoying it. Right?"

Blushing, Riya looked away. "I, uh, suppose. It's been... pretty fun, yeah."

There was pressure on the small of her knee, and that insistent touch drew Riya back to look at Adaira's earnest face. "Hey, if you're not enjoying it, that's fine. You don't need to keep wearing it just for my benefit. I know how these things work, I know the procedure to get them detached, so we can just-"

Unconsciously, Riya winced, and her quick jerk away made Adaira look up at her in confusion.

"No no!", Riya said quickly. "There's no need to rush to anything like that. Just..."

She screwed up her eyes for a moment, then forced herself to open them and focus on Adaira again.

"Do... you think you could tell me about how much you like it some more?", she added. "The thought that you approved felt... very nice."

Adaira laughed, and for an instant Riya worried she was going to rebuke her, but instead she kissed her fingers in an expression of satisfaction and approval. "I could *absolutely* do that", Adaira answered. "But now I have a question for you. Would you like tender approval or the more... domineering kind?"

"Uh", Riya replied, suddenly once again on the spot in another way she hadn't been expecting. Tenderness sounded nice, but then again, she couldn't deny the fact that her cock had twitched noticeably as the thought of Adaira dominating her ran through her mind. "Can it be both?", she volunteered eventually. "Maybe starting off tender, and leading up to domineering?"

Nodding, Adaira stood up, walking back a little to sit down on the chair. "I think I have a proposition that might work for you", she said. "How about we start off tonight with something nice, intimate, and tender. And then..."

She steepled her fingers, drew her lips thin and tight, and smiled in way that Riya could only imagine was best called a 'commanding sneer'. At the same time, the feathers of her mohawk

lifted up slightly, seemingly responding to some instinct to become larger and more impressive.

“...we spend tomorrow really getting into the domineering side of things?”

Riya blushed. Part of her wanted to pretend that didn't turn her on, but by now her cock had stiffened noticeably, and the idea that she had such an obvious tell just turned her on even *more*.

Clearly, Adaira saw that too, arching an eyebrow as she flicked her eyes down to Riya's crotch. “Can I assume that you approve?”

“Mhmm”, Riya squeaked.

Adaira gave another small laugh. “Oh no dear, that won't do at all. We need open and honest communication, remember?”

She stood, striding over and laying one arm confidently over Riya's trembling shoulders.

“So you need to say that that sounds good to you. Okay?”

Her lips were all but brushing up against Riya's neck, and focussing on *that* just made her even more aware of what her cock was almost brushing up against. “Yes, that sounds good to me”, she managed.

Suddenly there was the sensation of a half-dozen tiny points pressing into her shoulder, and Riya realised Adaira was digging her fingernails into her skin ever so slightly, just enough to demand her attention.

“That sounds good to me, *mistress*”, Adaira corrected her.

It was all Riya could do to remember to breathe. “That sounds good to me mistress”, she whispered eventually.

The pressure disappeared, and in an instant Adaira was melting over her, the soft fuzz of the down on her face brushing over Riya's cheek. “That's a good girl”, she said softly. Then she leaned back, staring at her deeply with her shimmering golden eyes, and filling her world with her smile. “So - shall we get started?”

They kissed, Adaira's lips so wonderfully warm as Riya all but collapsed into her. Soon their hands met, and with a firm grip Adaira pulled, leading Riya eagerly and without resistance back towards the bed.



The sex was different from anything Riya had ever had before, and not just for the obvious reason. Adaira quickly took on the role of the wise, experienced hand - guiding, encouraging and instructing with subtle movements and quiet commands. She was in charge, but almost without needing to verbalise it. She simply set the expectations, and Riya found herself moving naturally to accommodate them. And then of course, there *was* the obvious reason that this was new for her.

She didn't really know how she was expecting it to feel. She'd certainly spent a lot of time practicing, as it were, but as Adaira lay back on the bed before her, spreading her legs and pulling her slowly forwards, Riya realised she didn't know what exactly to do. Some part of her body knew though - not only was her cock hard and ready, but her hips drifted forward almost without thinking, while her hands found their grip over Adaira's shoulders as she settled into position.

"That's it", Adaira whispered encouragingly. "Good girl. You know what to do."

Somehow, she did. Pressing forwards, Riya felt Adaira's pussy part smoothly around her, her slick walls sliding slowly along the length her shaft. It felt - she didn't have any descriptors that fit. It felt good, and with Adaira looking up at her, biting her lip and blushing as the sensations got to her too, it felt *right*. She felt their hips touch, then realised that that meant her cock was inside her completely, she was fucking her, she was filling her, and it all felt so, so good that she couldn't help but start to lose herself to it all.

Adaira smiled, watching as Riya's eyes began to roll back in her head. "Aww, you're feeling it, aren't you girl?"

"Y-yes mistress", Riya panted.

"It feels good to let yourself go, doesn't it girl?"

Riya slid outwards, pausing for half a second before rushing eagerly forwards again. "Yes mistress!"

Her hand reached out, brushing tenderly along Riya's face. "You're becoming *such* a good girl, aren't you?"

The response was automatic, the words falling out of her mouth as Riya's thrusts settled into a rhythm. "Yes mistress, yes mistress..."

"You're having fun being my nice, eager pet, aren't you?"

"Yes mistress", Riya all but moaned. "Yes mistress!"

"And you're looking forward to tomorrow, aren't you? Where I'll let you slide down further and

further, becoming more and more of a pet..." Her hand traced Riya's pointed ear, while at the same time she buried her other hand into the fur spreading with almost visible speed out over Riya's crotch. "You want it, don't you? To become more of an animal, to become more eager, more needy, more *mine*?"

The words were already there, drifting out of her mouth just as fast as her cock pressed in and out of Adaira's pussy. "Yes mistress! Yes mistress!"

"And your cock", Adaira panted, her own speech hitching as she set one hand to work on her clit while Riya kept fucking her steadily. "Your cock will get more urgent, more needy, more w... wild, more... more, you'll need it more, I'll teach you to need it more, more, m-more..."

"Yes mistress!", Riya cried, her whole body tensing as she finally came, while beneath her Adaira shuddered with her own satisfaction. After a long, drawn-out minute they both collapsed, falling into each other's arms as their energy was completely spent.

--

Normally Riya found herself falling asleep shortly after she was done, especially these past few days, when it felt like her whole being revolved around her new urges and their satisfaction. But tonight Adaira was actually *here*, right in bed with her, and that proved more than enough to keep Riya from slipping off to sleep. So, after a short period of recovery, they talked. About... everything. It started as a debrief of what they'd just done, full of open-mouthed praise and thoughtful encouragements for next time - and then the acknowledgement that there clearly would *be* a next time, that *of course* they'd do something that good again, how could they not - that made Riya relax in a way that she hadn't even realised she'd previously been tense. This was something. This was ongoing. And then the thought of *that* made both of them turn to the idea of just what exactly could come next. There was, after all, still almost all of tomorrow left before she really needed to make a decision about The Beast.

"I have an idea", Adaira said, rolling up onto her elbow to look at Riya directly. "See, I think you'd do well in a position I like to call... middle management."

It was a weirdly unsexy term to say while running her fingers teasingly over someone's thigh, and accordingly Riya raised an eyebrow. "Could you elaborate on that, please?"

Adaira grinned. "It means, I give you some commands, and you carry them out on someone else. It's like, domming and subbing all at once, but without the pressure of having to think of what to do. All you need is to follow my instructions, and put all those new instincts and desires you're feeling to work."

Despite how thoroughly she'd been exhausted a second ago, Riya could feel her cock stir. "So I'd

be like... a tool you'd use to fuck someone?"

"That's one way to put it", Adaira answered. "Another would be that you'd still be *my* pet, but I'd just sic you on someone else. And, if you're interested, I have the perfect person in mind."

Riya swallowed, and Adaira must have picked up on her nervous energy because she slid in close, drawing her fingers along her thigh as she continued.

"So, are you interested?"

She'd never done anything like that before. But she knew Adaira well enough by now to know that she could trust her to know what she was doing with this, that it would be safe and good and fine and holy *fuck* did she want to do this regardless of any of those high-minded considerations.

"Yes", she said simply. "Yes, I believe I am."

--

It would happen at work. There would be rules and limitations and easy-outs in place, but the idea that Adaira had involved teasing her at work, and so that was what they'd somehow talked their way through. It was scheduled to be a quiet day tomorrow, just going through paperwork and taking care of any walk-ins. And one of those walk-ins would be Adaira and her friend, who would *just happen* to suggest that some extra encouragement might make her documents get processed faster (the fact that any sex acts undertaken wouldn't actually influence the speed at which the documents were processed was, thankfully, not important, Riya confirmed).

Slowly they transitioned from talking to cuddling, and from cuddling to sleeping, until eventually Riya had to reluctantly pull herself away from Adaira's arms and get ready for work. She grabbed some clothes, but as soon as she stepped in front of the mirror she was taken aback by how far the changes to her body had progressed. Her lips had turned a dark black, while her nose had turned up slightly, which together with her increasingly pointed teeth gave her the impression of a faintly feline muzzle. Beyond that, tawny orange fur spread down her legs and was beginning its march towards her arms, her chest marked by a splash of fuzzy whiteness. Behind her the stub of a tail swayed gently, fortunately not yet enough to complicate her choice of clothes, but already promising more to come.

"It looks good on you", Adaira said over her shoulder, interrupting Riya's quiet cataloguing.

Riya frowned, the expression emphasising her slightly readjusted face. "You don't think it's too much? That people will think it's weird?"

Laughing, Adaira waved her off. "Please. Nobody on this station knows what a human *should*

look like, so for all they know, humans are supposed to have fur.” She stood up, draping herself languidly over Riya’s shoulders. “To be honest, I’d be surprised if anyone here even notices.”

“Oh”, Riya answered flatly. “Doesn’t that... make it less fun?”

Adaira shrugged. “Sure, the idea that you’re being terribly transgressive *sounds* hot, but in practice it just gets in the way of everyday life. But hey”, she added, reaching down with one hand to give Riya’s cock a quick squeeze, “I’m pretty sure we can have fun with it all regardless.”

Conceding the point, Riya nodded, then turned and gave Adaira a kiss. “I’ll see you this afternoon then?”

“Count on it”, Adaira replied with a grin.

--

The day passed slowly. It really was quiet, but Riya found it increasingly hard to focus on something as dull and technical as paperwork. She couldn’t stop thinking about when Riya was going to show up, and how exactly that would play out. At some point in the next few hours her new girlfriend (right? That was okay to think now, wasn’t it? She should probably clarify that at some point) would walk into her place of work, bringing a friend of hers that she’d never met, and then encourage her to dom that girl into the ground with her new cock.

That was... a sentence she would not have expected to consider before she came to this station. And yet now the possibilities of that were all she could think about.

Increasingly, her work on the forms slowed. Her spare hand drifted below the desk, making slow circles on the outside of her long skirt. She’d tried to dress in such a way that it concealed as much as possible, but the looseness of her clothing had the unintended side-effect of making her cock slide teasingly around inside the smooth fabric at the slightest pressure. That hardly helped her distraction, and eventually while she was trying to take her mind off it by eating lunch, a thought occurred to her. Surely being this worked up would be unhelpful, wouldn’t it? If Adaira had a whole scene planned, it wouldn’t do well for her to be so pent up that she lost it right at the beginning. So, clearly the best solution would be for her to take care of herself first.

Riya was in the bathroom before she’d properly considered the thought. Her tail was much longer now, providing yet another reason why peeling aside her dress was a relief. Her cock was stiff before she sat down, and even more prominent than it had been this morning. Her balls already felt so heavy, and she couldn’t help but lick her lips at the thought of filling Adaira’s friend’s mouth with her shaft. It even *smelled* good somehow, making the budding whiskers on her upper lip twitch as she breathed in deeply.

Without realising it she'd drifted forwards, her back displaying a level of casual flexibility she never could have managed before. But now it was natural, so simple she didn't even have to think about it, her tongue stretching out of her mouth and sweeping roughly over the soft fur of her inner thigh.

Why she started there, she honestly couldn't say. She wanted to pleasure herself, and this was clearly a step towards that, but there was an element of teasing involved, even though she was alone. Maybe it was like eating dinner before dessert, or maybe it was just testing this was comfortable before she started trying to do something more intense, but whatever the reason, Riya found herself spending several moments licking slowly up and down the inside of her legs, taking in the enticing scent of her demanding cock while steadfastly putting off focussing on it for as long as possible.

Eventually however, she couldn't hold herself back any longer. With a blissful sigh she slid her mouth lovingly over her shaft, relishing how it was already slick enough with pre-cum to coat her tongue. A sudden vibration made her start for a moment, until she realised that she had begun to purr. She settled into a slow, steady rhythm, bobbing her head up and down, her eyes drifting closed as she let herself sink down into the most relaxing, blissful self-pleasure she'd ever felt.

"Knock knock!", Adaira called out, rapping her knuckles casually on the wall as she stepped into the office. "We're here for that appointment!"

Instantly Riya's fur stood on end, and she somehow shot a good half a foot straight up into the air before landing in a pile on the floor, all four of her limbs scrabbling frantically at the tiles. She almost ran full-tilt into the wall on sheer, panicked instinct, but after a second she managed to recover herself enough to act like everything was completely fine, and she'd meant to do exactly what she'd just done. She coughed to clear her throat, then called out, "thank you, I'll be right out."

Riya considered stepping out just as she was, but Adaira had implied that what she had in mind involved a slow build, and stumbling out of the bathroom with her cock hanging out would probably run counter to that. So she hurriedly put her clothes back together, ran her claws through her hair a few times to settle it down, and then put on as professional a face as she could manage before going back out into the office. Standing patiently behind her desk was Adaira, and just behind her was what she had to assume was the friend that she'd mentioned.

She was... not what she'd been expecting. It was hard to pinpoint what she'd been anticipating exactly, but given the starting point of "a friend who I want to encourage you to have a sexual encounter with", there were certain elements that had naturally come to her mind. In actuality, Riya found herself confronted by one of the more non-human aliens that she had encountered so far. She was little more than a gelatinous green rectangle, standing about half as tall again as Adaira, and around a foot or so thick. Beneath her smooth, vaguely transparent surface there was another, markedly smaller rectangle, this one only maybe a few inches tall, and this appeared to

be a solid core around which the rest of the creature was built.

“Yes”, she said, her voice weirdly flat and lifeless, “I Am Here For The Combination Paperwork And Erotic Encounter.”

Riya froze, but before she could react Adaira rolled her eyes, and turned to look over her shoulder. “Ha ha”, she said dryly, “very funny Hyethe. Now play along.”

There was a brief chuckle, and then the alien creature shifted, flowing out and downwards like water poured into a shaped glass. In moments she'd settled into the form of a busty human woman, her height exchanged smoothly for considerable definition. She was still all one colour, a sort of slick-looking green, but now there was enough of a spectrum within it to pick out everything from emerald coloured eyes to almost cerulean hair that clung wetly to her shoulders.

She spoke again, and thankfully this time her voice sounded much more natural than the clanging anti-eroticism she'd affected before. “Sorry, couldn't resist.”

“So”, Adaira asked, turning back to face Riya, “are you ready for our consultation?”

Yes, work. Work was a very straightforward and comfortable place to start. She knew how to do work. That would-

Riya suddenly realised she actually needed to verbalise any of this. “Yes”, she coughed quickly, gesturing for both of them to sit at her desk with a sweep of her arm. “Yes, let's get started.”

They sat. Riya couldn't help wondering if her simple fabricated seat would prove comfortable for Hyethe, but she supposed the furniture on the station had had to cope with far more unusual physiologies than hers, and it had survived so far. But, after she proved up to the challenge of sitting down without complaint, it was time to get things started. For absolute lack of any better way to proceed, Riya started with the actual business.

Pressing a button in front of her, the visitor's-side tablet on her desk lit up with a form. “If you want a permit to visit Earth, here is what you have to fill out.” Riya paused, wondering how she could make that erotic to play into the scene. “I'll... be here to help you through it”, she tried.

“Thank you”, Adaira replied, with a smile that seemed to indicate she had far more confidence than Riya herself was feeling. “Just so you know though, the reason I'm here is to fill the form out for her. Is that okay?”

“Uh, sure. So long as she reads it all afterwards and agrees.”

“Thank you again. You see, Hyethe here has worked a long shift, and doesn't feel able to concentrate on something as difficult as this.”

Riya nodded along. She wasn't sure if this was some long-form erotic play or just genuine consideration of her friends circumstances, so she wasn't willing to interject either way.

"In fact", Adaira continued, giving a slight nod to Hyethe, "even just sitting in a chair like this can take a lot of effort. Would you mind if she makes herself more comfortable?"

"Uh, no, not at all. Go right ahead."

Now it was Hyethe's turn to smile, and then a moment later she slid down seamlessly, slipping off the seat in a tide of green and disappearing beneath the table. Riya was initially confused, then had to fight back a full-body jump as she felt two soft, wet hands land on her knees.

Before she could do anything more than stifle that reaction, Adaira continued. She jabbed at the tablet with a single finger, seeming to focus on nothing but the text in front of her. "Now, this part here, where it asks if she 'intends or is interested in making intimate contact with any Earthlings' - how would you recommend she answer this?"

Riya had a number of reactions. The first was to clarify that that was *not* what the form said, there was merely a question about if the requestor had encountered Earthlings before, or if there would need to be any screening for any potential biological side-effects of first contact. But then she caught herself, and realised that this was part of the game. Eroticism through veiled bureaucracy. It was certainly a new one. But if there was any person who could compete in this arena, it was her.

"I would give a clear and unambiguous 'yes' to that question", Riya answered confidently. "Furthermore, I would advise that many Earthlings like encounters to begin with a simple massage, especially one that focuses on their inner thighs."

Moments after she'd said the words, she felt Hyethe's hands slide up her legs, brushing over the outside of her long skirt. Then there was a sensation of pressure against the fabric, and suddenly Riya's fur stood on end once again as she felt the slick texture of Hyethe's body directly up against hers, apparently passing through the outer layer of her clothing at will. It was... an interesting sensation. She was warm, far warmer than she had been bracing herself for, feeling almost like natural massage oil, already pre-heated. Perhaps that effect had been intentional?

Once again, Adaira spoke up, before Riya could lose herself in dwelling on that question. "Okay, could you elaborate on this next one - intended method of entry? What should she use for that one?"

Riya considered her response, and after a few moments managed to put together something she was happy with. "I would suggest she be polite, but direct. This is for the benefit of the customs officer, after all, and they will appreciate her clarity."

Beneath the table, her questing hands found the back of Hyethe's head. With a small push she encouraged that to sink through her clothes too, until she could feel her wet breath against her fur.

"Now, some species are not used to verbal communication, so in those cases we advise they start with simple exercises to limber up their tongues. Just a few minutes of practice, moving back and forth, up and down..."

There was a brief pause as she suppressed a shudder, Hyethe's slick tongue already eagerly following her directions, lapping around and along the length of her stiffening cock.

"But", she added, chewing her lips for a half-second to regain control, "we do advise that when you make contact with the customs agent, not to waste their time. Be polite by doing your exercises first, but then when it comes down to it..."

She pressed forwards, her hips sliding over her chair so much that it had to be easily visible to Adaira as she sat opposite. Leaning into it, Riya locked eyes with her, fighting back the urge to moan as she slid her cock between Hyethe's lips.

"...you really do have to be *direct*."

Beneath the table, Hyethe obediently adjusted to her instructed role. She very quickly settled into a slow, steady rhythm, subtly moving Riya's skirt aside to more easily take her entire length. The pleasure of it was almost enough to cause Riya's eyes to drift closed, but she fought through it. For some reason that she couldn't quite elaborate on, maintaining eye contact with Adaira was important.

Several seconds passed. It was too hard for Riya to keep her composure and assess Adaira's expression at the same time, but she suspected that the smile on her face was an approving one.

Eventually, Adaira spoke. "You give good advice."

Riya shrugged, trying for nonchalance. "Well, it is my job."

"Yes. Now, go on break."

"I'm... sorry?"

Adaira leaned forward, taking Riya's left hand and pinning it firmly to her desk. Not so hard that it hurt, but enough for it to be clear that this was a command. "Push whatever button you need to press to close the door for a break, so that I can *tell* you what your job is now."

The door slid closed before Riya realised her finger had pressed the button. She swallowed, trying not to simply melt beneath both the force of Adaira's dominance in front of her and Hyethe's servicing below.

"Good girl", Adaira continued, standing slowly and walking around to her side of the desk. She put her hands on her shoulders, settling in close to Riya's pointed ears as she whispered her next instructions.

"I want you to feel your cock sliding in and out of that girl beneath you", she hissed. "Doesn't it feel good?"

In response, Riya merely nodded.

Adaira's fingers tightened on her shoulders. "Now now, do we have to start our lessons all over again?"

Mouth already open, Riya searched desperately for the correct answer, and thankfully it soon came to her. "Yes it feels good mistress", she said.

"Very good."

She leaned back, running her hands down Riya's fur-coated arms.

"And how does it feel to be petted?"

This time the response was instant. "It feels good mistress."

"So, which do you like better?"

"I-". Riya stopped herself. It wouldn't be right to answer incorrectly. "I... don't think I know mistress."

Adaira stepped back and pulled her chair around the desk, draping herself over the seat as she fixed Riya with her eyes. "Explain."

"I, well, the feeling of plunging my cock in and out of such a nice, inviting person as Hyethe, feeling her tremble and stretch around me - the feeling of my cock getting harder and more urgent, and just *knowing* that I'm going to cum so much, and the way that orgasm just slides up my spine and makes my head spin that..."

Riya bit her lip, feeling her teeth press just a little more sharply into her skin than they had previously.

“But then I look up at you”, she continued with difficulty, “and I feel the palm of your hand running over my shoulder, feeling your fingers in my fur, scratching at the base of feline ears, and the thought of being your pet just feels so *good...*”

Her eyes snapped wide open, her irises shining gold as she locked them desperately onto Adaira’s own.

“Please - can’t it be both?”

At first, Adaira merely smiled. Then she stood, walking once again behind Riya and laying her hands on her shoulders. She breathed out slowly, running her fingers in small concentric circles as Riya struggled to contain herself.

“Oh my dear”, she said eventually. “Of *course* it can be both. In fact, how could it *not* be?”

She settled downwards, setting one hand to pet lovingly down the back of Riya’s head, while the other strayed further and further down her body. “I think you know by now that the sort of pet I want could only be one with deep, urgent needs; with a nice thick cock that she can’t help but press into another eager partner.”

Her hand closed inwards, tightening for a moment around her breast in a way that made Riya gasp.

“I want you horny and struggling to hide it, having the heat always thumping in your chest, having to deal with your cock always demanding attention, always rubbing up beneath your clothes and reminding you what you *should* be doing...”

Riya’s eyes were fluttering. She didn’t know if Hyethe was following along with Adaira’s intensity or if she was just thrusting into her more unconsciously, but in any case she could feel her orgasm coming, her whole body starting to tense as she approached the edge.

Just then Adaira’s hands paused, the one on her head suddenly grabbing a fistful of her hair and pulling her back out of the moment. “But there’s more to it than just that, isn’t there?”

There was little Riya could do but gape wordlessly. “Y-yes?”, she managed eventually.

Adaira let the lapse in protocol go. Leaning right into Riya’s ear, she whispered, “you’re not just a horny girl with an eager cock, are you? You’re an *animal*. You’re my *pet*. This isn’t just some extra sex toy you’ve attached to yourself.”

Both hands came up, running heavily along each side of Riya’s body as she shivered beneath that long, slow stroke, driving home the fact that her coat of orange fur had now fully grown in.

“I want you to remember that”, Adaira continued. “You traded a part of your humanity for me. You’re not the girl that left Earth. You can’t hide that anymore. It’s gone too far. You’re different. You’re an animal.”

There was a twist, and suddenly Adaira’s hand was gripping Riya’s balls, her fingers pushing effortlessly past Hyethe’s soft lips to tighten against Riya’s shaft.

“You’re my horny, animal pet”, Adaira hissed, her words punctuated with a pressure that made Riya’s eyes roll back in her head. “And you’ve walked yourself down every step of the way into being exactly that, haven’t you?”

“Yes mistress!”, Riya gasped desperately.

Despite her response, Adaira kept up the pressure. “Tell me. Tell me exactly what you’ve done, and then I’ll let you cum.”

It was so hard to put words together with the overwhelming *everything* assaulting her, but not being allowed to cum was not an option, so Riya gritted her teeth and went for it. “I... grew a cock. A big, thick, urgent cock that feels so good to cum, please let me cum, please...”

Adaira caught Riya’s chin in her fingers with her free hand as she started to babble. “Not yet”, she said firmly. “Keep going.”

“I’ve made myself into a horny catgirl”, Riya sputtered, “and it feels so good to have your hands on my fur, to feel my tail swaying behind me, to see myself in the mirror and know I look like a hot fucking animal that you can fuck and play with and pet and uhhnnnnnn!”

Riya’s whole body was a ball of frustrated tension, but still Adaira refused to back off. “And why? Who did you do all that for?”

“You mistress!”, Riya all but shouted. “I did it for you Adaira!”

She was so ready for that to be it, to be allowed to cum as she cried out her mistresses name, but instead she was still held back. After an agonising few seconds, Adaira said flatly, “No. Try again. Who did you *really* do it for?”

It clicked, and the words tumbled out of Riya’s lips almost faster than the thoughts came to her. “I did it for me! I did it because I want it, because it feels so fucking *good* to stroke my cock, to be horny and needy and such an eager pet, to rub up against you and know that you’ll enjoy petting me, and...”, her teeth gritted for a moment, “that you’ll be let me press my cock into any other pets you want and cum and cum and cu-ahhhnn!”

Adaira let go, and Riya needed nothing more than that physical permission to arch her spine and

cry out, her whole body shaking as she came again and again, Hyethe swallowing the results with practiced enthusiasm.

--

The rest of the day was relaxed. Fortunately the quiet morning meant there wasn't any further paperwork to catch up on, and Riya had made sure there were no other appointments scheduled for that afternoon. She even kept the door locked for longer than she probably should have, giving the three of them more than the regulation 30 minute break to recover. They all just relaxed together, in a muddled and sticky heap behind Riya's desk. Even though no one but Riya had cum there was never any effort made to do anything for either of the others. This session had been about Riya, and that was okay. It was okay to have people do things just for you sometimes, she reflected. Sometimes your girlfriend and her friend make time during your workday to send you on an erotic adventure. Apparently.

Hyethe excused herself first, simply pulling herself back into shape and slipping out of the room with little more than a flirtatious comment about doing this all again some time. Adaira lingered, and Riya was in no rush to shoo her away from the crook of her arm that she'd settled happily into. Eventually though, there were some things she couldn't help but give voice to.

Clearing her throat but still staring up at the ceiling, Riya asked, "did you mean what you said earlier? That now I'm the only sort of pet you could want?"

Adaira tensed slightly, and without looking at her face Riya couldn't tell if it was anything more than just her coming out of her relaxation and back into conversation. "What do you mean?"

"It's-", Riya paused, her eyes flicking to the tablet on her side of the table, checking the time. "I've got a decision to make, right? In a few more hours The Beast will finish, and I'll have my final window for manual removal."

This question was important enough that Riya shifted around, making sure she had a good view of Adaira's face as she asked it.

"So I wanted to know - did you mean what you said about how I've become exactly what you want in a pet? Because if that's the case, then I think I'd like to keep it."

Adaira's expression changed several times. There was a moment where she had her domineering grin, and Riya thought she was going to give her another instruction or segue into some new scene, but that melted away quickly. Soon she simply had open eyes and a wide smile, resting her palm on the top of Riya's hand.

"I don't need you to be that, no", she said softly. "I think the hottest thing in the moment -

especially for something like all *this*", she gestured over Riya's increasingly feline body, "is to describe exactly what's going on, and act like it was exactly my plan all along. Talking through exactly why what we're doing is hot helps make it *more* hot, as well as establishing a conversation about the specific parts we enjoy so we know what to focus on."

Pausing for a moment, Adaira brushed her hand through her mohawk, then ran her fingers over her downy cheek.

"I think all this is cool, that changing your body helps bring out exactly who you are. I can't say I don't have at least an interest in that direction. But it's not like, compulsory. And as for the specifics..."

She turned back to look directly at Adaira, looking her up and down before she continued. "It's not that I was somehow tailoring you to fit exactly my fantasy. It's that I was tailoring my fantasy to fit exactly how you were. Even if you pull The Beast off and go back to being fully human, that won't change who you are, and that's what I'm attracted to."

Riya didn't have any words to respond with right then, so after simply smiling at her for a few moments, Adaira continued.

"The choice about keeping the gene splice is yours. Either way, I'm excited to find out exactly who you'll become as you take your place on this station."

There was a long silence, with Riya's only response being to squeeze Adaira's hand, feeling her claws digging ever-so-slightly into her skin.

"Thank you", she said eventually. She looked down, taking in her own body, her tail twitching behind her as it wrapped around her leg. "I think... I think I'm excited to see what I become too."

Adaira smiled, and then they kissed, and it was quite some time before Riya remembered she needed to unlock the door to her office again.



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