



DISCLOSURE

[a transformation story by abe e seedy | illustrations by angrboda]

18+

ADULT
AUDIENCES



DISCLOSURE

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‘What makes you think it wasn’t a big deal?’

Linda sat back from her computer, exhaling in slow frustration. Dr Dave just wasn’t getting it. Yes, she’d seen an alien once... from about 300 feet away. It had looked in her direction, its eyes flashing, and then both it and its ship were gone. Her mind had been left racing, but being on a forum for alien abduction survivors felt... wrong. She hadn’t gone through what they all had. If it wasn’t for how much trouble she’d been having with her sleep she never would have signed up at all.

At least Dr Dave was kind. He must have sensed her reluctance from the half-hearted introduction post she’d made, quickly pulling her aside into a set of instant messages. He was one of the main moderators here, he explained, and he thought that her experiences might be better explored by talking through them directly. That way she wouldn’t have to worry about not measuring up. Her experiences were her own, and they were important. Every interaction with aliens was a useful piece of information, so she shouldn’t doubt her value.

That was his line, at least. In practice, it was hard to get anything out of an alien encounter that lasted a few seconds and left no trace. When she’d checked the landing site in the morning there wasn’t so much as a blade of grass out of place, and no one else had seen anything. She’d spent so long looking that she’d had to rush off to work, leaving the whole thing nagging at the back of her head. It was far too real to be a dream, but only a dream made sense. And of course, since then her dreams hadn’t exactly made sense either.

It was all to be expected, according to Dr Dave. But it was hard to share his measured calm when she was the one who couldn’t sleep. She was once again trying to figure out how to pull her thoughts into a coherent message when the clock on her bedside table beeped.

‘Sorry gtg work’, she typed quickly, signing off before he could respond. She just barely managed to finish her hair and makeup in the bathroom, making it out the door just in time to avoid being late. She felt the tiredness in her bones, but she had to go to work. Maybe now that she’d started to talk this through she could at least get some real sleep in the evening.



The bed receded as soon as she hit the mattress, dropping away as the oppressive weight of darkness reached out and wrapped her up. Her whole body felt like lead, her muscles slack and useless as a ring of lights grew in intensity around the room. She was here again. She was always here, every night, and somehow the most unusual part was that it didn't surprise her anymore. This is what her dreams were now, and even if she couldn't get any rest, at least she knew what to expect. Her head lolled to the side, just as the first of her attendants approached. His eyes flashed, just like the creature from that night, and a warm blanket pushed down on her thoughts. Her mind went slack, even though the dream didn't end. Small, unintelligible objects spun in an intricate dance through the air around her, tiny pinpricks of sensation registering as they sped in and out. It felt like she exhaled for an hour, giving out a single, sustained breath that replaced every atom in her lungs and left her tongue raspy and dry.

Suddenly there was a sensation on her fingertips, like she'd dipped her hand into an icy lake. For the first time she could remember since she started coming here she found herself able to control her body, and her arm lifted itself into her view. Blue green lines dripped slowly down each of her digits, highlighting the spider web of her veins as they converged in her palm. They spiralled down her arm and she felt her heart catch for just a moment, before once again there was a comforting weight pressing down her thoughts, and the whole scene drifted peacefully out of focus.



The scene shifted seamlessly. In the space of that breath Linda was sure she'd woken up, talked about this odd new development with Dr Dave, gone to work and lived a full day, and yet already she was right back here again. Everything else didn't matter when she was here. It could have been a day, a week, a month. The darkness was waiting for her patiently all the while, and she couldn't resist being swept away in its embrace.

And yet this time something was different. It took her time to put it together, because it was so hard to get a sense of anything outside her own body here, but for once she wasn't lying down. A subtle weight on her lower legs indicated she was kneeling, and the tiny hint of pressure on the bridge of her nose focussed her eyes enough to realise she was wearing her glasses, which felt oddly out of place. Why wear glasses in a dream when she wasn't wearing anything else?

As if in answer to her question, a torrent of light enveloped her. She could feel the frame on her face shudder at the pressure of all this energy, sharp yellow lines sweeping back and forth across her sight. Her world went white, but even amongst all this there was a sensation of pressure; deliberate, insistent touches that pulled at her lenses even as it left the rest of her body lolling helplessly.

The light echoed from her eyes as her head drifted backwards, the comforting darkness Linda reached out for instinctively still eluding her. There was too much going on, a funnel of energy pouring directly into her mind as whatever this urgency was washed over her. It was everything; instructions, information, directives, manuals, sustenance, desire - all of it unconnected and surging unstopably inside her skull. Some part of her body braced itself unthinkingly, a strength she'd never had locking into place inside her flesh. That gave her the ability to withstand the sheer physical shock of it all, but her mind was still submerged beneath it, her spine slack as she struggled to focus on this unshaped energy. Until, distantly at first, but with a growing boldness, she began to feel something else.

It started from above, grounding her as something smooth and cool ran a path down the middle of her forehead. She felt the weight of her glasses lift as whatever this was curled beneath the bridge of them, the heat that rocked her skull finally beginning to dim. Linda still couldn't see anything, couldn't place the touch of whatever was removing her glasses, but there was a tenderness to it that she fell into whole-heartedly. She rubbed up against it, echoing the caress of this unknown hand and being rewarded for her affection in turn.

A similar sensation slipped around her wrists, but a deft stroke at her chin taught her these were merely to reinforce her form rather than to act as a restraint. Linda let her

limbs move to where they were instructed, her palms finding purchase on some invisible surface as she braced herself, her stance settling just a little wider on her knees. Before long she knew she was in place, and was given something else to focus on.

Her breath caught in her throat as a sudden pressure built below her. It moved slowly but steadily, parting her folds and pushing inexorably further. All her earlier dreams had seemed vague and imprecise, but this time she could build a mental picture of just what this was; something smooth but with measured, even ridges, cool and firm to the touch even as it twisted flexibly inside her. Some sort of tentacle perhaps, but not as wet or aquatic as that would imply. The thought bothered her only briefly, before a final press of the mass in her slit drove all thoughts of categorisation from her mind.

She found herself resting backwards slowly, willing the tip even deeper inside. It stretched her pussy so wonderfully, filling her up in a way that nothing ever had before, while every other part of her body could just relax in the complicated multi-limb embrace she was tangled up in. Her mouth fell open, all the heat leaving her head in sharp, panting breaths, finding the clarity that came from narrowing herself down to this one simple focus. It felt relentlessly good to slide herself slowly up and down on this, and even when it pressed back so hard that as she almost flattened herself against her elbows she could only gasp in wanton approval. This partner was made for her, or she was made for it, and for the first time she didn't care if the rest of the world fell away, so long as she could better focus on this moment here.



She woke suddenly, desperately hungry. Her stomach growled in complaint, and she couldn't remember the last time she'd had a proper meal. Everything had been so busy lately, and dreams like that - whatever exactly *that* was - weren't helping. She should cook, she should clean, she should shop for food and prepare for work, but all she wanted to do right now was curl up in bed and try and keep hold of that dream before it all slipped away from her. But she couldn't. She had responsibilities. She had to get up and take care of at least something. A bowl of cereal at least, and then she could unpack all this with Dr Dave and think about what it all meant.

His advice was perfect, as always. 'A dream of that intensity is your body trying to tell you something. You should listen to it.' He'd left it to her to determine exactly what that was. As she emptied the bowl and her hand drifted below the table, Linda could only really come to one conclusion. As disruptive as the dreams were, she'd begun to look forward to them.

'Do recurring dreams ever not go away?', she typed hesitantly.

'Sometimes', he said simply, and Linda's fingers flexed into her thigh so hard that she all but kicked the computer over.



It was time to go to work. The alarm had gone off, her breakfast had been finished, and now Linda was in the bedroom, getting ready for the day. Belatedly she realised she hadn't been wearing her glasses this whole time, but somehow when she put them on everything seemed more blurry, not less.

She stared at herself in the mirror for a long moment, trying to make sense of things. Something seemed off, but it was impossible to put a finger on what exactly. Leaning against the glass, Linda brought herself close to her reflection, opening her mouth and running her tongue along the jagged peaks of her teeth. But more than anything, her attention kept drifting back to her eyes, their bright, almost shining yellow reminding her of something she couldn't quite place.

Her prescription must have changed. Leaving her glasses off seemed to do the trick, and she could get new ones later.



The shower welcomed her home from work, pulling her up from the depth of her dream as she woke up for the morning. Her alarm had gone off and she'd just finished her shift, so it was time to get clean so she could go to bed and get going for the day. The building had installed a new model recently; a modernist, bright clean tube that was so inviting she found herself daydreaming about having a shower even while lying in bed. You could set the water running with a wave of your hand, and Linda closed her eyes as she imagined the water running over her body. After a few moments of peace she followed its path absently, running her hand down the length of her chest and clicking her nail over each ridge of her scales. That... her eyes narrowed. Something was different.

Her hand had reached her waist, and her finger had stopped just above her slit. She was used to circling her clit there, teasing at herself when the sessions with Dr Dave had gone particularly well and she'd felt they'd unlocked some new, deeper understanding of her experience together. But her body had never felt like this before, and a sharp hiss of surprise escaped her throat as she leaned forward to investigate.

She slid down her clit slowly, the fleshy sensation rubbing back against her curved finger sending a jolt of pleasure echoing up her spine. This was new, this was different, there was a weight and a power here she'd never had before, but she sank into it gratefully, embracing this wonderful new way to enjoy herself. A single claw danced lightly across the tip, teasing a tingling bliss that set her quivering. A moment later and an almost too-tight squeeze forced her eyes closed, all but making her collapse backward. It was slimy and slick, coating her finger easily as she sent it lower, sliding it into herself in a powerful counterpoint to this new pleasure. All the while her thumb still stroked lovingly along the length of this addition, enjoying the old and the new in a perfect symphony.



When she came it felt like she barely touched the sides, like there was a weight inside herself still waiting to be unleashed. She smiled as she sunk slowly into the mattress, letting her heartbeat calm down. The anticipation was energising. She couldn't wait to sleep and dream again, and see what else she'd be shown next.



It was impossible to imagine starting the day without stretching out full-length in the bath, pushing the shower head to the side and letting herself drip eagerly into the tub. She could have started every day like this for a month and each one would be as intense as the first time, when she convulsed frantically against the smooth porcelain, her hand buried in her crotch. She was particularly fond of how the bathroom made her private parts look, appearing almost bright blue in the light bulb's glare. Every time she was trying to get changed she could scarcely resist how hypnotically enticing they looked, and before long she'd find herself once again indulging eagerly. With steady encouragement her clit had only grown, and she'd experimented with every way she could twist new pleasures from its developing length. Now two fingers could curl around the rounded nub, teasing her mercilessly if she attempted to dress without first giving it the attention it deserved.

One promising new approach involved pushing it with her thumb against her fingers as though milking a cow, and the dripping bliss that provoked made her glad the bath was so easy to wipe clean. Suddenly though, there was a new reaction.

Linda's legs kicked at the edge of the tub, her knees twitching as some new sensation shot through her. Her back arched, and she couldn't marshal her flailing hands enough to help. Teeth gritted, Linda ground her rear against the porcelain, desperate for some leverage to help with whatever pressure was building up unstoppably inside her. And then, with a short, shuddered breath, there was finally a release.



Her hips slid forwards, lubricated by a dramatic flood of slickness pouring from her slit. Riding that wave came a smooth, solid object - something ovoid and firm enough to have her jaw almost unhinge as she hissed her satisfaction, while at the same time soft enough to part her folds without problem. It fell clear of her body after several long seconds of tension, but before she could recover her crotch twitched in anticipation. After this first one Linda managed to corral her hands back into some semblance of service, digging the claws of her left hand into the scales of her thigh for leverage, while her right stroked desperately at her twitching clit. The encouragement was barely required, another orgasm already reverberating up her spine as another pulse of bright blue fluid further stained the bath.

After the second came the third, then the fourth, then the fifth. She left the bathroom that morning on shaky, boneless legs, mind too blown by the intensity of her orgasm to think about anything. Distantly she realised she'd have to clean this up at some point, but that concern was filed away distractedly for later when she went to bed for the evening. She'd never had to clean up after work before, so why start worrying about it now?



The dream washed over her, melting away her bed as her body drifted upwards. It was time for her next session with Dr Dave and she had to go to work. The smoothness of the shower settled in around her as her hand reached instinctively for her crotch, her eyes blinking slowly open as she prepared for the day.

‘How are you feeling?’ Dr Dave asked, his words blinking softly on the screen in front of her as he waited for her response. She knew from experience that he was happy to be patient, so Linda allowed herself a few moments to curl her claws lovingly around her clit, savouring its increasing heft. Her thumb ran from its tip down the spine towards the base, and she was rewarded with a tiny twitch of slickness that made it hard to remember she still needed to reply.

“Good”, she answered eventually, seeing her words slot themselves neatly beneath his.

‘Have you been continuing your exercises?’

Her fangs pressed divots into her lips as she smiled wide, her free hand running appreciatively along the length of her thigh.

“Yes, every day.” Her stance widened slightly, an act that felt slightly uncomfortable for a reason she couldn’t entirely put together, but still entirely worth it for the promised reward. “Is it time to go to work again?”

‘Soon’, came the answer, and the desperate heat that had built up inside her abated for the moment. ‘First I wanted to ask you for your current perspective, because I believe it will be useful for all of us to consider - what do you think of the aliens that you met?’

Linda paused, her hand falling limply to her side as she considered the question. Right. She’d joined the forum for answers about aliens, because she wanted to know more. She’d met an alien, and she needed more information about them. That was why she was here. That was... that...

She blinked, and for a moment she was asleep, drifting through that eternal dream. She floated peacefully in the shower, only now it was a clear glass tube she was suspended in. Bubbles escaped from her mouth as she exhaled sharply, thick fluid coating her tongue as it flicked unthinkingly through her lips. Her eyes flickered and her hand clutched at her side, but she recoiled in shock as her fingers found scales instead of skin.



Dr Dave's words emerged from the darkness outside the tank just as she began to struggle. Somehow it felt like she could hear them, their soft tone offering a clear and comforting path out of this sudden confusion

'Would it help if I told you we have learned what the aliens are?'

"Yes", Linda replied quickly, head swimming back and forth as she spoke almost to herself. "Yes, I would like to know what they are please."

'Humans'

He was right, of course, and that simple name was the key that let it all fall into place. Linda relaxed, settling back down into her computer chair as the moment of disquiet passed. She *had* met a human once, she remembered it clearly now, even if it was only briefly. It seemed so small and uncertain, but above all it was... powerless. The memory released its grip on her, and Linda could have sworn she felt physically lighter in its absence.

"Thank you doctor, that does make me feel better." She waited about as long as she could handle, her fingers curling up towards her crotch as a smile tugged at her lips. "Can I go to work now?", she added softly.

'Yes', came the answer, and Linda felt her waiting hand fill instantly with the slithering weight of her growing cock. Hissing her distracted thank you to the screen, her knees quickly gave way, curling up beneath her to cushion her frenzied, eager masturbation.



That revelation cleared Linda's mind, chasing away for a brief time the dreams that had troubled her sleep for so long. And yet, right as she was finally able to relax, she found herself struck by an illness that robbed all the strength from her legs. For days she couldn't manage to get out of bed, as every attempt ended with an ungainly flop on the floor. After bruising a few scales Linda reluctantly resigned herself to bed rest, following the exercises Dr Dave prescribed to ensure she continued to stretch the muscles in her lower body. She grinned at the revelation that he really was a medical doctor after all, and happily absorbed his polite remonstrations that she mustn't let her lower body

atrophy while she rested. It was good that she had someone so skilled and thoughtful to look after her.

She would have thought it would have been hard to stay in bed all day, but somehow it seemed to fit right in with her routine. Not going anywhere felt almost natural, at least when she had official medical permission to do so. And besides, she still had the exercises that Dr Dave had assigned to focus on, and every session of those she put her body through felt really good. It was like she was engaging entirely new muscles, gently coaxing her body into poses she'd never have been able to beforehand. Pressing her hands against her spine and extending her knees made her feel enjoyably tall, while curling her body up against her chest demonstrated a truly satisfying flexibility. She felt powerful, strong and energised - if not for how she still couldn't manage to stand up, she'd have been ready to take on the whole world.

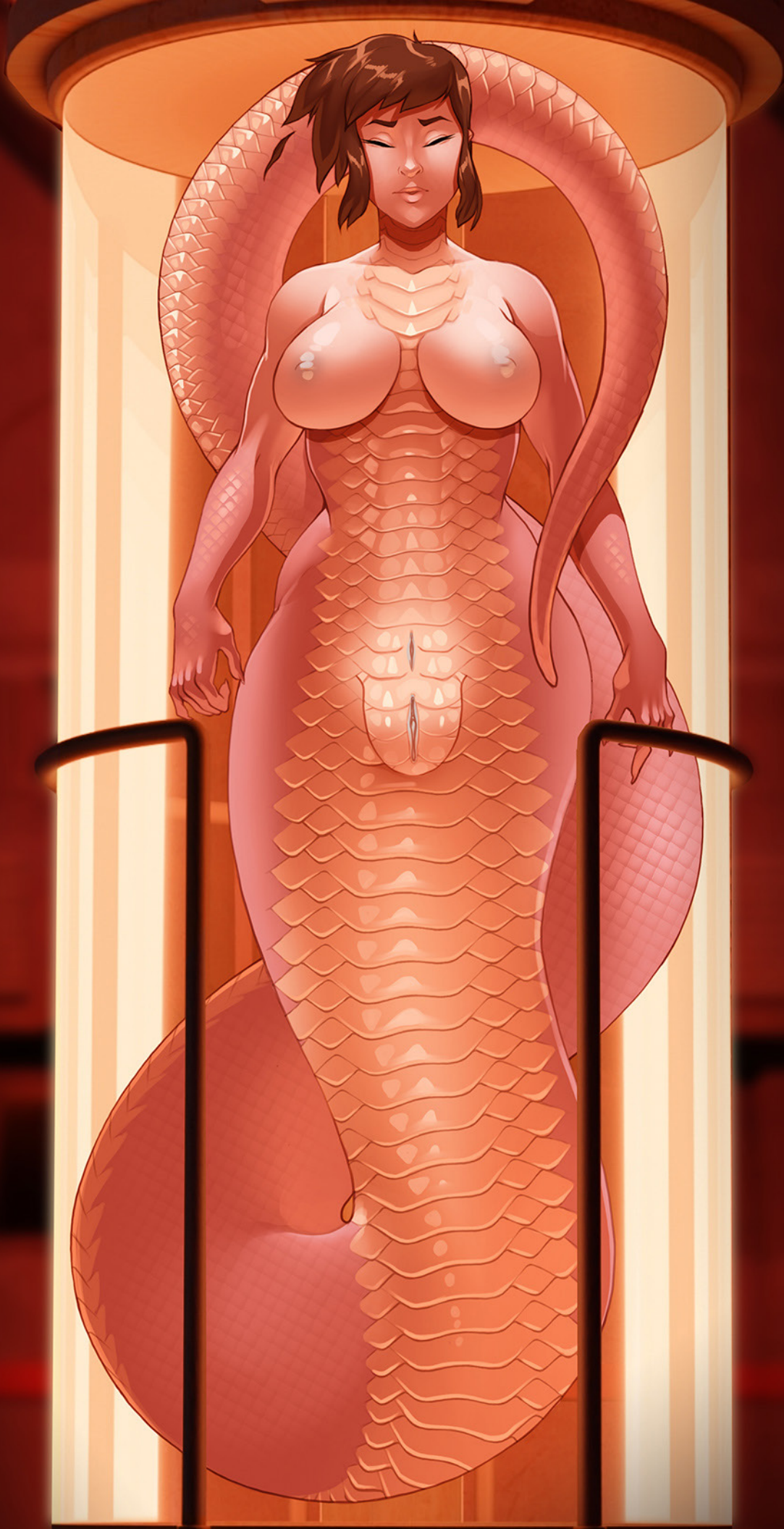
And of course, whenever her body was tired from all those stretches, there was always the *other* pressing matter with which she could occupy her time.



At the completion of every set of exercises, her cock was always stiff and ready, dripping with need as it stood out from her gold-scaled crotch. Part of her motivation must have come from rubbing it across the fabric of her bed while she was stretching, but beyond that there was also the idea that it served as a reward for following through with her task. She was helping her body grow strong and develop, so why shouldn't her body help her deal with her recovery in turn? Every time she wrapped one, two, three, four clawed fingers around her shaft she trembled with enthusiasm, eager to test out what new flexibility the latest set of exercises had unlocked. With time she even managed to curl herself over entirely, almost slotting the slick tip of her cock between her fangs as she teased at it with her tongue, her head a whirlwind of scents and sensations. Further experimentation in that vein would have to wait though, as a sudden shudder called her attention back down to her slit and another queue of eggs made ready to make their appearance. Then once she'd exhausted her body she would fall almost immediately into a blissful sleep, content to lounge and recover in her wonderfully comfortable bed.



The final stretch of the illness hit hard, and Linda felt like she slept for at least a solid day. Fortunately, the time passed easily. By now she was so comfortable in her bed that it almost felt like she was floating, lying back and soaking in the warmth that radiated from her body. Faint wisps of the dreams tickled around the edges of her mind, pulling at her with vague thoughts of urgency. But it was impossible to piece anything coherent together, and besides, what else was she supposed to be doing? She was right where she needed to be, resting and getting stronger. That was her job for now, Dr Dave had told her so, and anything else could wait. Whatever else her mind was trying to do though, with fleeting snippets of alien scenes and locations - it wasn't important.



She woke slowly, stretching her body from tail to tip as she shook her muscles back to life. Landing softly on the floor, Linda made her way towards her computer, blinking in the glare of its screen. It must have been so long since she checked in, surely Dr Dave was worried by now? It was a bit of an effort to fold herself up into a sitting position in front of the desk, but the real trouble came when she started trying to type. Her arms felt loose and rubbery, as though all the strength had drained out of them. They must have weakened during her recovery, Linda thought with a frown, only just managing to position them onto the keyboard and activate the machine. At least once she'd gotten set up things went smoothly, the keys almost pressing themselves whenever she thought about what she wanted them to do.

'I'm back', she wrote. 'I hope you weren't worried.'

As normal, Dr Dave replied with comforting speed. 'I'm glad your recovery is progressing', he answered. 'How are you feeling?'

Linda paused to give the question due consideration. 'My arms are a little off. And my neck is stiff. Nothing unusual for how long I was in bed.'

'That's good', he answered, provoking a quick flush of satisfaction from his approval. 'And are you ready to begin the work?'

Somehow, Linda knew this was something different. It wasn't going into the job that she'd had before, or even the exercises she'd done to encourage her recovery. This was a new position she'd been given, but the details still weren't exactly clear. She probed for them like using her tongue to free food impaled on her fangs, but she couldn't quite get it free.

"I... think so, yes. Could I, uh, get more details?"

Dr Dave soothed aside the words she'd hurriedly filled the screen with, replacing them instead with his own comforting instructions. 'You don't need to be concerned with that right now. When you're ready you'll know exactly what to do. For now, concentrate on settling in, and finishing up the last of your recovery.'

A heavy spell of tiredness settled over Linda, so much so that if she hadn't already retreated to the bed, she might have fallen to the floor. As it was she could only nod her approval towards Dr Dave's warm glow and mumble "yes, that sounds good" before the computer powered down. Clearly, she needed just a little more rest. Her eyes had closed almost before she finished nestling down inside her coils.



Her sleep was oddly quiet. The last lingering traces of those dreams had finally drained away, leaving in their place a welcoming silence. She felt the edge of something deep within her reaching to fill up that empty space, but what it was exactly Linda still couldn't quite say. She woke with a clear-eyed eagerness she hadn't felt for some time. Now that her tail was fully strengthened, she wanted to stretch her body, to appreciate the strength of her muscles as they worked for the first time in what felt like years. Frustratingly, her body and mind weren't yet on the same page. Something, some sluggishness, was still holding her back.

Through all of this, her arms had stayed limply hanging at her sides. It wasn't that they were sore or powerless, they just seemed increasingly... unnecessary. The warmth and strength she felt in the rest of her body simply didn't extend to her arms, and while that was somewhat confusing it was never quite alarming. It was a puzzle more than anything - without her irrelevant hands and arms, how would she be suited for her work?

She curled herself up into a sitting position on the base of her tail as she considered the question. A distracted thought shook her head, and the last twinge of stiffness in her neck unlocked as her hood fully unfurled. That, at least, was a relief - it felt like that had been cramped for as long as she could remember. Trying to get her full bearings, she felt her tongue dart from her mouth as she exhaled slowly and tasted the air, bringing in the tangy scent of her flushed body. And then, provoked by that smell or maybe just the eager energy still flooding through her, her cock strained outwards in turn.

She tried curling forwards and slotting her cock between her lips again, but the stiffness in her arms quickly threatened to get in the way. Recoiling, Linda hissed in frustration, and reluctantly conceded that she'd have to consider the problem thoughtfully before gratification could come. She needed something to provide stimulation, some soft friction to push up against and allow herself to be satisfied. It was easy to imagine - a ring she could press her aching cock through, a circle of pressure to slide along the length of her shaft.

Linda stiffened abruptly, the tip of her tail tumbling from the bed and slapping to the ground with sudden shock. She'd felt it. Exactly the sensation she'd been imagining had flickered into reality for a moment, despite the fact that her hands were still limply at her sides. But if she hadn't touched herself with her fingers, what *had* happened?

Bending a little closer, Linda subjected her crotch to a detailed investigation. Nothing was out of the ordinary - her light blue cock still stood proudly from her body,

while beneath it her slit lay slick and ready. Tasting the air again brought no further information, as she could still only smell her own scent pouring off her. Her eyes narrowed as she concentrated, searching for any details she might have missed, and then once again a tremble ran through her as a sudden *pressure* manifested. This time though, she saw it - saw the flesh of her shaft curve inwards slightly as something compressed her cock, and followed that divot as it ran from tip to base. When she pulled her head backwards it came too, drawing out a sticky pulse of pre-cum as it went.

She blinked, and the pressure released. It didn't return even when she reopened her eyes, not until she stopped and concentrated once again. Then she felt an invisible force guiding itself into place with her stare, wrapping carefully around her cock and standing at the ready.

There was a pause. Linda straightened up, deliberately not looking at herself as she readjusted her stance. The force remained, providing just enough pressure to let her know it was there without going further. Her hood flexed eagerly, and it felt like whole new muscles were ready for their first real workout. With a satisfied sibilant sigh, Linda laid back and let herself get started.

The force began by squeezing slowly up and down her shaft, a ring of mental energy serving her needs. After a few thrusts she reached out further, imagining a softer touch teasing over her tip, and soon there was this obedient extra stimulation to grind against. She hissed loudly into the open air, her upper body waving in a lazy spiral as every ounce of her focus went to her crotch. And yet, something was holding her back.

Her body still felt vaguely wrong, like there was an uncomfortable weight tethered to her sides. She couldn't narrow it down exactly, but she needed... she needed to stretch. Her arms rotated in their sockets, and the itch swam into focus. She needed to *shed*.

Distantly, Linda was aware that there should have been some discomfort, but there wasn't. She dropped to the floor and dragged herself along the carpet, and the shifting weight provoked only a sensation of relief. It was like removing grit from between her scales, some subtle but insistent wrong that only came into focus once it was being corrected. Slowly and in time with her gentle movements, her old skin pulled away, leaving fresh, glinting scales sealing over her shoulders. She stretched her spine in satisfaction, her actions feeling smooth and supple now that her body was in alignment with her mind and instincts. Her discarded arms weren't truly a part of her, and it was faintly ridiculous that such inelegant things ever could have been. What need had she for fingers when her mind provided all the dexterity she would ever require?

With that distraction resolved her attention turned back to her previous efforts. Her body was crying out to mount this partner in front of her, and the mental energy swiftly snapped back into place as she lay forward against it. Her coils felt so powerful as she wrapped around the empty air, cock sliding back and forth feverishly as streams of slickness started to pour over her scales. And yet, she could do better.

Closing her eyes briefly, Linda took the energy spilling out of her frantic movements, capturing it and curving it backwards. A second later and the lips of her slit pushed open, the very tip of this energy beginning to press inwards. Her hood flared as she slowly closed the circle, each thrust connecting herself closer until finally with one great, wordless cry she felt as though every inch of her cock was inside her own pussy. Her mental energy conveyed it perfectly; the dripping, shining slickness of her slit caressing and stimulating her shaft, while her cock stretched and satisfied her folds with such wonderful, aching fullness. It took only a few more thrusts for the climax to hit her, her cock pulsing into her dripping slit as satisfaction echoed from the tip of her tail to the top of her hood.



Linda uncoiled slowly as she recovered herself, and found herself unexpectedly dwelling on a stray mental image of those alien humans. Something about the fulfilment she felt, the absolute surety she had in every inch of her body - it called them to mind as a contrast with their aching confusion. They seemed so lost, so small and without purpose. Surely there was something she could do to help.

She hissed loudly, curling her tail up behind her to tickle at the back of her hood. The last of her climax dripped away, shifting her focus from the past to the future. It had certainly felt good to enjoy her time by herself as she recovered, but she was meant for more than that. It could have been a big decision, but Linda realised she'd been making it the whole time that Dr Dave had so kindly been looking after her. She wanted to help others just like she'd been helped. What better job could there be than that?

In front of her the door slid open smoothly, and she grinned as she tasted the scent of the rest of the ship. Behind her the chamber slowly powered down, unheeded as Linda slithered onwards. There was work to be done, and she could imagine nothing more satisfying.





BONUS

CONTENT:

I wanted to include an **alternate version** of the main sequence that has Linda's final form be **flat-chested**, for the reptile appreciators in the audience and other readers who might find this look a compelling outcome. For the ease of flipping through I've included every image in the sequence but just FYI **the alts start at page 9** (the second image of her in the tube).









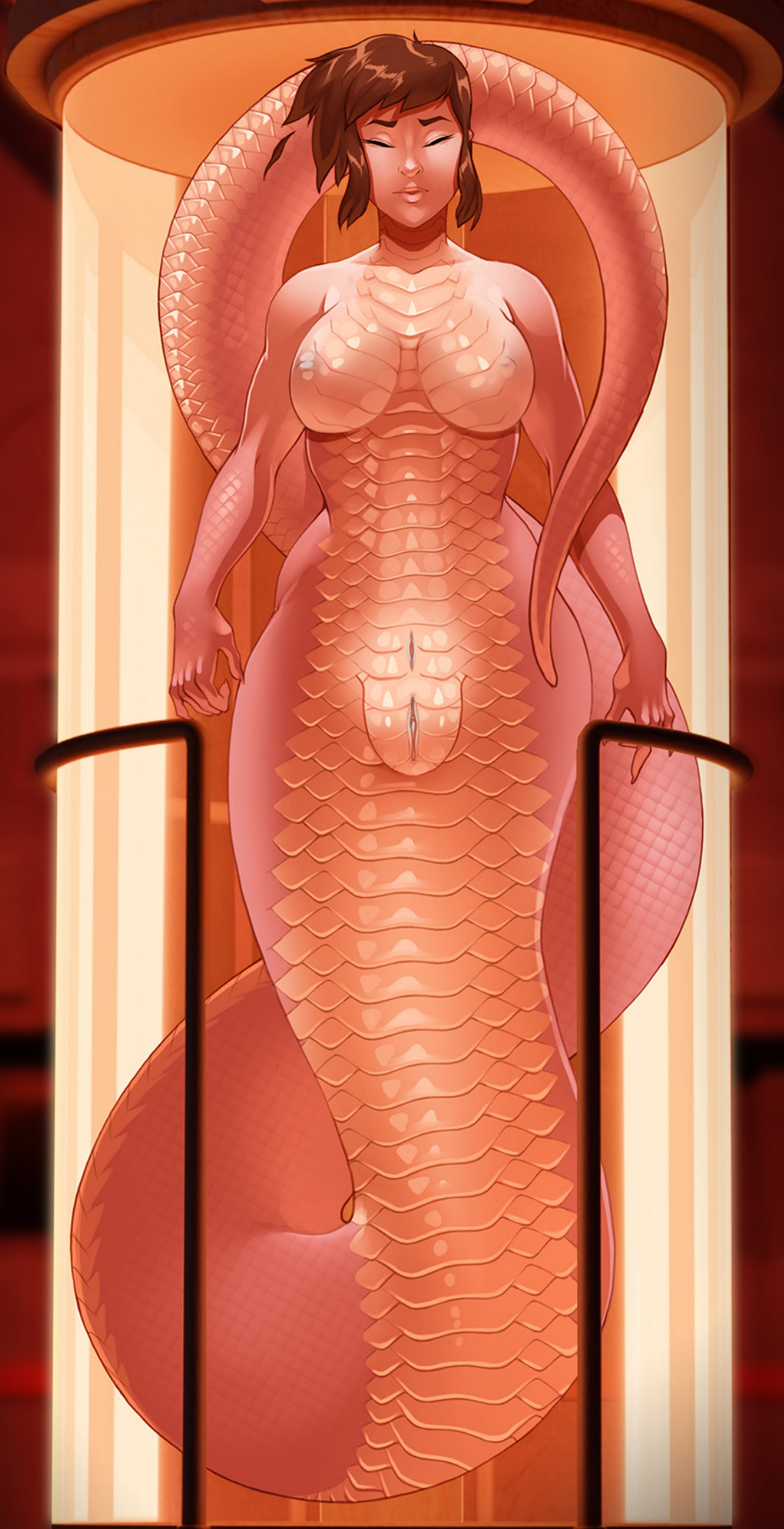




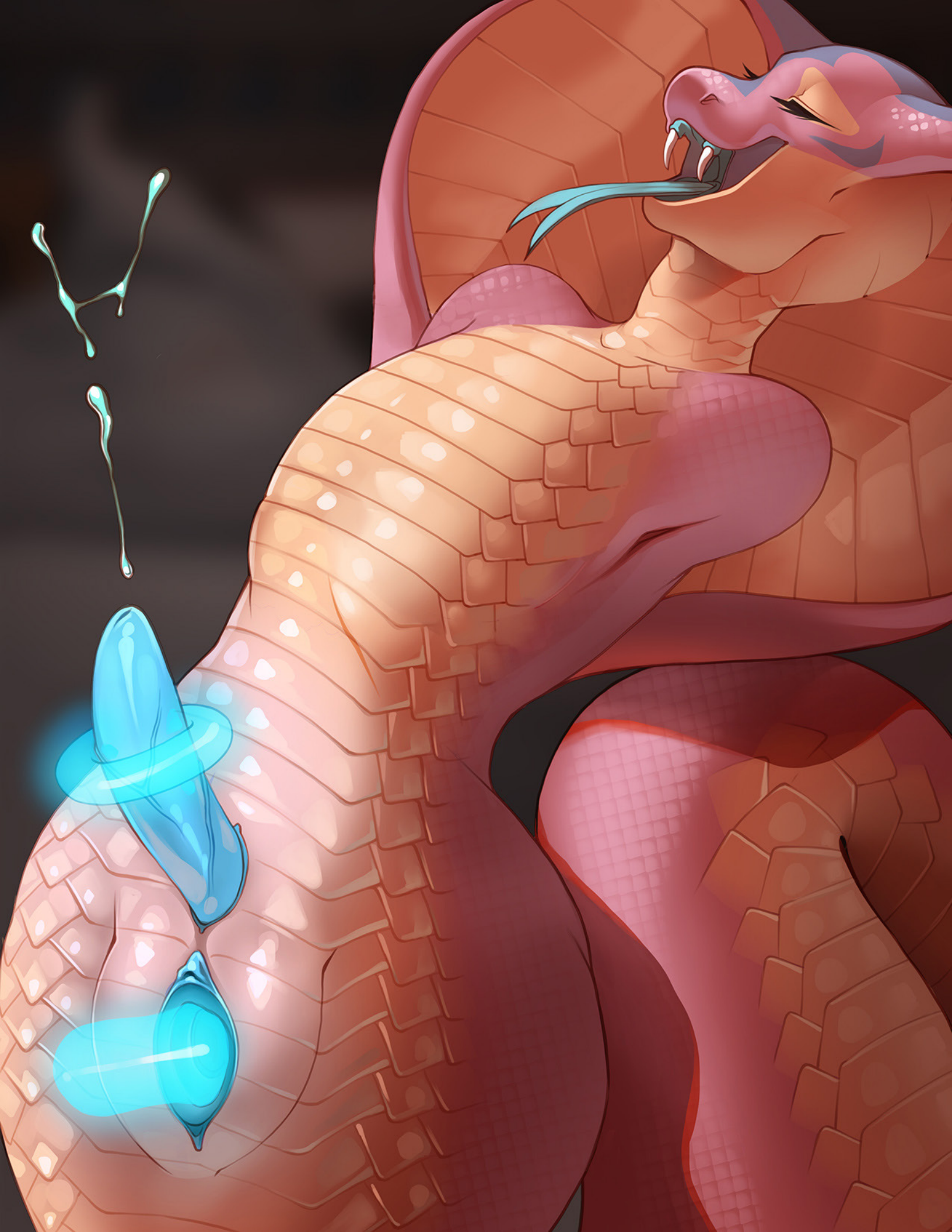
















LINDA (HUMAN)
design sketch



LINDA (ALIEN)
design sketches



THANK YOU

to everyone who bought this and supported niche content! We really hope you enjoyed both the story and the art.

A personal thanks to Abe who really delivered on a darker ask than usual from me and for helping to finesse it as much as he did.

If you'd like to see more of our work, there's stories and art at our site below for free and links to a catalogue of other projects like this one.

MONSTROUSDOCTOR

THE ART & STORIES OF ANGRBODA & ABE E SEEDY

AN ADDITIONAL THANKS

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