

**BONDED AND BOUND
TO MY**

MANIC PIXIE GIRLFRIEND

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18+
ADULT



Ramon watched as the massive cats came prowling down the street, their dark coats containing sparks that whirled and eddied as they moved. Those sleek, muscular bodies flowed with a supple grace that belied their speed. If he so much as blinked, they would be in an entirely different spot, seeming to move ten feet within a single frame. They snarled hungrily at the crowd on either side of the parade lane, bearing fangs longer than Ramon's fingers. Only when their riders, dark-skinned Elven woman clad only in golden jewelry and scraps of colored fabric, tugged on the rein did they turn away from whatever tender morsel had screamed the loudest. It seemed like a poor method of control, no bit in their mouths, a thin chain attached to a single ring that pierced the septum of the feline's nose. Sure they worked as suggestions but pull too hard and those rings would tear through the flesh, then you're astride more than a thousand pounds of enraged feline.

And while the riders kept the crowd safe from both the teeth and the six paws worth of claws, they strode upon, they didn't bother policing the cat's tentacles. Each cat sprouted two of these long limbs from their backs, the riders kneeling on saddles between them. Each ending in bunt pods that hovered nearly ten feet over their heads. As they turned away the cats from the crowd, one of these pods would blossom, revealing petals lined with bony hooks. With the speed of a praying mantis, the flower would pounce down on a snack held by an onlooker, to be tossed aside or eaten as the cat crossed the street to threaten the other side.

Ramon watched them in awe. The parade had already shown him unicorns, gryphons and a singing quartet of sphinxes, but he had no word for these graceful creatures. "Nissa, what are those?" He asked his companion, a woman with pink hair and a slight point to her ears.

"Oh?" Nissa shook herself, blinking away a glaze of her eyes before focusing on the felines passing beneath the window they leaned out of. "Glitch Sabers. Those are rare beasts and you're looking at the only four that have ever consented to be ridden."

"They're amazing." Ramon murmured.

As if responding to his complement, the riders barked out an order, and the four cats drew into a single file line, their long tails lashing. "Hut!" The lead woman called, both her and her mount a little bigger than the others. Their coats sparkled as if they were windows to a star filled sky. The stars flared, then there were eight cats, flare, sixteen. They filled the width of the road, shoulder to shoulder. As one they threw back their heads and roared, launching into a charge down the street, with each step some cats would disappear and others would reappear. No telling which cat was real.



“They do glamor?” Ramon watched them until they nearly over ran the Sylvan marching band ahead of them.

“Don’t be silly,” Nissa giggled as if it were clear as day, “they’re smart but they’re not fey.” Nissa waved her hand, “It’s a different magic.”

“I’d like to see what act they’ll perform for the Queen.” Ramon leaned out the farther, trying to get a last look at the cats and their riders before they turned the corner.

“It will be lewd for sure.” Nissa casually grabbed the waist line of Ramon’s jeans. “Hey no falling. You did the fall and break your legs thing already. Do it again and the only thing I get is the medical bill.”

Ramon allowed her to pull him back into his seat, but was a little surprised when she slid into his lap and encircled his neck with her arms. He pulled her close and enjoyed the touch of her cool skin against his. She nuzzled his neck, tracing a line with her nose until it touched a tattoo right below his ear, a golden circle, that meant he had agreed to allow her to feed on his emotions. A shiver passed through Ramon’s body, leaving goose bumps in its wake.

“In two days, it will be two years and you’ll be free of me. Unless you want to re up.” She kissed his cheek and Ramon felt himself stir.

“We’re running out of planes to push me out of you manic pixie.” Ramon squeezed her and smelled the sweetness of her hair. Cherries. It wasn’t perfume either. Ramon would never again be able to eat or drink cherry anything, coke, cough syrup, the actual fruit, without thinking about her grinning face crashing into his life. When he had been so stuck in a rut that bonding yourself to a starving half fey girl seemed like a good idea at the time. As a half fey, she fed on a very specific emotion, a novelvore. So they spend the weekends constantly seeking out new things to try, new hobbies, new sports, new sex positions. She could exist on things like introducing him new music, but when he faced a truly unfamiliar scenario that made his heart hammer and his hands tremble, she got high. Ramon had really enjoyed sampling everything the city had on offer, but there were things he’d like to try a second time, actually get good at something.

“I know you’re a little tired, Ramy but there are other ways to feed me.” She shifted to let him look into her blue eyes, they were the least human part of her, minus the vestal butterfly wings on her back. Too wide irises, and pupils that swallowed the light. They were very hard to say no to.



“A fundamental change.” Ramon whispered. “Moving to a different country. Or living in the woods?”

“Please.” She gave a little pout that made his heart hurt. You never want to say love to fey, but it rode up to the tip of Ramon’s tongue before he managed to swallow it back down. “I only agreed to two years because I was starving. I usually ask for five.” She moved up and their lips met for a lusty, cherry flavored kiss. She broke it off a tiny growl. “Trust me. I know how to keep things interesting. Been doing this for a long time.”

Ramon broke himself away from her eyes and pivoted her on his lap so she faced the window. She gasped lightly and opened her legs as he slipped a hand under her short skirt. “Yes.” She whispered, pressing back against him as his finger traced out the edge of her slit.

“Five years? Do you have a checklist for that?” Ramon asked, teasing her with his dark skinned fingers.

“Uuuh, You really think I’m organized?” She grabbed his other hand and placed it on her handful of a breast. “In me!” She whined, starting to rock her hips.

“I bet after a hundred years, you know exactly how to occupy a guy for five years.” Ramon dipped his fingers into her, but not deeply.

“How about you shut up and fuck me.” She inhaled through her teeth and her sweet scent punched through Ramon’s nostrils and straight into his lizard brain. FUCK NOW! His penis throbbed. His fingers shifted and pressed hard on her clit. Her scream shattered the compulsion.

He’d never seen a fey parade before, but he’d seen plenty of parades. Her glamor



didn't have the same punch that it did after the skydiving lesson last month. Ramon barely remembered that rut.

"It's the same pattern, I do something new, you feed until you get high and then we have sex." Pushing in two fingers and squeezing hard on her breast.

"I-i like sex. Harder please! It's better when the fey part is full." She began rubbing at her own clit as Ramon scissored his fingers inside of her. "Ah-Ah-Ah!" She began to pant.

"How long since you did something new?" He whispered in her pointed ear.

"N-n-nobody a-aaaah!" Her legs scissored closed, trapping his hand between her thighs. Ramon moved his fingers faster as every muscle in her petite body ratcheted up with tension. Then, with an explosion of breath, she flopped bonelessly against him. Panting through O-shaped lips. "Nobody's asked me that before." She smiled up at him. "Please stay with me."

"Take me to the ball." Ramon said.

"Humans are only allowed if they're on the menu and you're my morsel." She licked her lips. "Nobody else's."

"You're going to let the rules stop you?" Ramon's smile grew impish.

"Of course not but keep those fingers moving while I think about it."



"And here we are!" Nissa covered her mouth to stifle a giggle.

Ramon scanned the totally ordinary strip mall waiting for them outside the car. Brick buildings framed black metal and glass facades. The back-lit signs that bore the names of the stores had yellowed. A Thai place, an Malaysian grocery store, a bridal shop and darkened shop that declared it jail broke phones were some of the standout businesses here. A normal collection of out of the way businesses. "Will Thai take out get us into the Autumnal Ball?"

"Heehee!" Nissa laughed. "No silly! We're in fey town, that shop's run by an ogre that serves up rare obsessions. A lunch there and you might spend the rest of your life cataloging your drier lint."

Ramon looked again. It didn't look like a fey town. Nothing was composed of candy or bone, or even carved from living trees. Yet, after looking closer at the signage, a chill ran



down his spin. “A meal you shall never forget,” crowed the Thai place. “All your life’s problem’s fixed.” Declared the tech shop. The bridal boutique, “You’ll fit our clothing perfectly.”

The window of the boutique, Madam Octiva’s: clothing for any occasion, drew his eye. What he had dismissed as a white wedding dress had a pattern of dark stripes across its sleeves and the manikin’s hands presented the viewer with a white leather tiger mask. A small card leaned against the bottom of the skirt asked: “On your big day, why choose between the lady and the tiger?”

“Careful!” Nissa hissed in his ear.

Ramon blinked and realized he had his fingers on the glass window, peering into like an eager child. He didn’t remember getting out of the car. His fingers peeled from the glass as if the window itself was hungry. “This is the wandering mall, isn’t it?” He whispered, afraid the store might hear.

Nissa gave a little snort as she entwined her fingers with his. “After the ball, after the equinox all these shops will appear in hidden alleyways, abandoned malls and undiscovered nooks, answering the call of poor mortals who call out for their wares. Some will buy their dreams for a fair price, others will pay everything they have for their own destruction. But until the court shifts, they stay here and wait for the foolish to come to them.”

“What’s that make us?” Ramon asked.

“Foolish mortals Ramon.” She huffed. “I’m fey. That makes this more like taking a pet to the groomer. Don’t worry. But don’t touch anything either.” With that, she shouldered him towards the door.

Ramon opened his mouth to protest the pet comment when movement caught his eye. The manikin giving a warning shake of its head. No, what? He challenged Nissa all the time. She wasn’t his master. While he pondered the meaning of the oversized plastic figurine, Nissa crossed in front of him and pulled him towards the door.

It opened with the tingle of an over head bell. A trio of aisles confronted them, labeled his, hers and it. Tall shelves made their lengths dark and cavernous. On either side were a solid wall of fabric, fur and scales hanging from a single bar that stretched into the darkness. Above them, masks of all sorts and sizes were crammed on the shelf, cheap emptied eyed aliens leaned up a hyper realistic wolf’s maw.

“Welcome!” A well weathered voice called from somewhere. “Take a look around dearies! Let me know if something tickles your fancy.”



Ramon took a step forward, toward that wolf mask, but Nissa jerked him back, her grip on his hand tightening like a vice. “No!” The word so sharp under her breath that the mark on my neck tingled.

She pulled him sideways and into a boutique proper, adorned with white and pink lace. A glass counter guarded a shingle door in the back of the room. Five mannequins wore gorgeous, elegant wedding dresses posed against the far wall. Their featureless faces turned stared without eyes as Nissa walking Ramon up the counter and rang the small bell sitting on it.

“In a minute dearies! Did you find something you liked?” The voice slithered out from the back.

“We’re not interested in your cheap glamors!” Nissa called back.

“Cheap?!” One panel of the doorway flung open, banged against the wall and stayed there, pinned by a pink tentacle as thick as Ramon. “I do not carry anything cheap.” A woman stood in the doorway, the light only penetrating far enough to reveal her plump silhouette and large winged glasses, their lens reflecting only white of the light.

Nissa tittered nervously as I felt her sweat of her palm. “I apologize. You do sell your wares at high prices, but that doesn’t make them any less chintzy.”

The lenses went red, and Nissa faltered. “W-we uh... insist on s-seeing only your best work.” She stammered out and gulped audibly.

“Oh dearies,” The red of the lens flashed back to white and the bulk of the shadows hauled itself into light, revealing plump woman with her hair elegantly stacked on top of her head and tentacles spilling out from beneath her pleated dress. The white glare of her lens concealing her eyes. Ramon wondered if she didn’t have any. “There is no need for more discerning customers to be rude.”

“Just...” A brief laugh bubbled up from Nissa. “I want more than what glamor can provide, Madam.”

Ramon jumped as cold wetness sucked on the back of his neck. A damp pop sounded as he jerked away. He turned to find a tentacle standing up behind him. Eyes widening, he traced it back to below the counter.

“Hey! He’s mine! Hands off!” Nissa stepped in front of Ramon as if her petite form could shield his much larger frame.



“A taste, nothing more, dearie.” She smiled and smacked her plump lips. “A delicious taste. In a few days I will have my pick of the world, but for there is always something for the first taste of the season.”

“He’s not for sale.” Nissa stood tall, as tall as a five foot two woman could.

“Yes, yes, non-transferable contract. Pity. He’s already well marinated.” Her stomach emitted a squirk. “Will be cash or,” she grinned, displaying needle-like teeth, “CREDIT?”

“Ha, ha, I’m sure your payment plans are to die for Madam Octava. But I carry the favors you require.” Nissa open her palm towards the woman thing and golden light shone from it. Ramon couldn’t make out precisely what shined, but Octavia’s glasses reflected greed.

“That will allow you five items, dearies.” She reached for the light and Nissa snatched her hand back.

“This should be more than enough for ten.” Nissa said.

“These are no glamors that fade at midnight. To pull the Cinderella act, you will need me to remove them. Otherwise, the Queen’s guard will find out who attended without an invitation. And she will likely be displeased. No need to decide now what you keep or not.” She moved to the side and gestured into the darkness. “Right this way.”



“Have fun Dearies.” Madam Octiva said as a door clicked shut.

Ramon opened his eyes, despite not remembering closing them, to find himself and Nissa standing in the front of a large room filled with racks and racks of clothing on hangers. In total contrast to the dark aisles in the front of the shop, everything here shined, and the air packed with scents of new leather and plastic, displaying their eagerness to be worn. A woman with hooves and a lupine upper body sprawled across a banner that urged the viewer to “Be your BEAST self.” A display of leather animal masks, like the one in the front window positioned below the sign.

“Eeeee!” Nissa jumped up and down once before flinging herself at Ramon. “We did it!” She giggled and kissed his cheek with a loud smeck!

Ramon didn’t quite stagger as she hugged him tightly, his brain still trying to process everything that had happened. “What are we doing here, Nissa?” He asked in a small voice. “And... what did you give her?”



“Why we’re getting around the whole no humans business by making you into something else.” She laughed and gave a little hiccup.

“Nissa please say you’re not drunk.” Ramon clapped his hands down her shoulders and peeled her off his torso so he could look her in the eye.

She returned his stare with lightly glazed eyes, her smirk jubilant. “I’m feeding off myself! Been a long time since I’ve done something new! Heeheehe. I’ve never dealt with a demon before. I taste way different than you.”

“A demon?! Nissa!” Ramon had to resist the urge to shake her.

“Relaaax.” Nissa broke out of his grip with ease. “We only need two or three items to change your species.” She turned to a tall rotating rack festooned with earrings and necklaces, setting it rotating with a wave of her hand. “Where to start?”

“Are you serious!?” Ramon squeaked as his heart hammered in his chest. Change my species?

“Calm down,” Nissa said with a tone of a command, and Ramon’s mark tingled as a cool wind blew through him, his heart slowing.

He took the final steps to her and circled his arms around her waist, pressing himself close. “Nissa, I when I said I wanted to see the ball, I didn’t mean for you to-“

A little tscking laugh cut him off. “You said you’d renew our contract if I got you into the ball. What did you expect me to do?” She tilted back her head and kissed the underside of his jaw. Ramon’s mouth went dry as the implications hit him. She’d gambled her soul to own three years of his measly life. His only response to that was to hug her close and inhale her cherry scent.

The display spun lazy before them, gem stones twinkling hypnotically. Once, twice, three times around and a yellow spark caught his eye. His hand reached out and stopped the spin.

“Ooooh. Did you see something you like?” She cooed.

“Maybe?” Ramon couldn’t be sure. One side of the display held earthy pendants of crystal and green stone. Had been...

Nissa reach out and snagged a pair of earring, gold in a sea of silver. “Here.” She handed them up and Ramon took the plastic square from her hand. Two tiny golden jingle bells dangled from thin hoops via a short chain.



“What will they do to me?” Ramon asked in a whisper, like a man who stands on the edge of an abyss and is afraid it will hear him.

Nissa turned the display until the mirror at the top face him. And he saw into his own fearful eyes. “Put them on Ramon. Now.”

The command contained zero magical compulsion, but Ramon’s hands obeyed. He told himself as he separated the rings from the backing that this would be like all the other times. She’d push and bully him through his fear, working him up to that exhilarating point where the thrill of the new or sheer adrenaline rush would take over. Then they’d both be laughing by the end. He slipped the first earring through the hole Nissa had put there herself the first week of their contract, then the other.

Nothing happened. They hung there, looking ridiculous, the delicate gold work in stark contrast to his thick ears that had always stuck farther out than Ramon had liked. A small shake of his head and the bells jingled so lightly they reminded him of the laughter of pixies.

With that sound came a rush of warmth that gathered to an uncomfortable heat in his ears. His eardrums popped painfully as his ears unfold as newborn insect wings into large triangular flesh cups jutting from either side of his head.



“Ooooh yes. Be my kitty boy.” Nissa reached up and took each ear, stroking them as black velveteen fur coated their exterior. “You like that?”

Ramon’s jaw had gone slack, tongue dry by the time he mustered the words to answer. “Yes. I like that lot. The black fur thickened at the base of the ears and spread an inch along his jaw before stopping. She stroked it, fingers trying coaxing it farther, but it refused her encouragements. Still, she contented herself to play. A stroke along their length would make them flick and the bell to jingle. A nail trace around rim triggered an involuntary shiver and rapid shake of Ramon’s head. She ended the play with a kiss that neither of them broke for some time.

“Meow.” Ramon said as their lips parted.

“I think somebody enjoys being my kitty. Going to have to bump the pet play up on the schedule.” Nissa dragged a finger down his chest.

“Meow?” Ramon asked in a concerned tone and then chuckled. He looked at himself in the mirror. The cat ears were over two inches long and, while cute, struck him as overly large. “Wouldn’t these look better on top of my head if we’re going anime style?”

“Ears and a tail might be enough, but we’re going to have to push the magic if that’s the extent of the effect of each item.” There was a shimmer of light and Nissa unslung her back pack onto the floor. Which, until this point, hadn’t existed.

“Did you smuggle that in with glamor?” Ramon asked as she opened the zipper and peered inside.

“Why else would my fey side be hungry when we came in here? You fed me yesterday.” She pulled out a bottle of purple nail polish. “It’s a total pity, all this newness now and I’m not hungry. Get out of those clothes and let me do your nails.”

She had so avoided the question that Ramon knew it be pointless to ask it again. He stripped out of his T-shirt and doffed his jeans. They vanished as soon as he looked away from where he’d piled them.

“What will that do?” Ramon ask as he sat on a stool that slid out from under a rack.

“We’ll see.” Nissa uncapped the bottle. “Now close your eyes and think claws.”

Ramon cast his mind back, and he only recalled the Glitch Sabres. He hadn’t really seen their claws, concealed within their thick paws but he imagined them to be wickedly hooked, meat tearing weapons.

A titter distracted him, “Awesome! It’s working!”

Opening his eyes, Ramon found that two of his fingers now sported curved purple nails that ended in points. Not quite cat claws, but not human either. “Oh you are not fingering me with these unless I want a piercing,” Nissa giggled as she continued to apply the polish, the nails extended with each brush stroke.

“How is that working?” Ramon asked as she moved on to his other hand, leaving the two inch long nail claws in her wake. The real question on his mind, These are really going to make typing on Monday hard.



“The items here might not be magic, rather the magic is in the room. If we can use what I brought, then it shouldn’t apply to the limit.” She said, painting out his thumb.

“Except for getting getting them off?” Ramon studied his claws, his fingers seem longer, less meaty.

“Uh right.” She paused, glancing up nervously before bending back to finish the last two fingers.

“You didn’t think about that?” Ramon huffed, wondering why that didn’t bother him more. The calm down command rarely lasted this long. The claws looked nice, but appeared to be delicate.

“We’re almost done, anyway. We need a tail and something to get you a little more... feral looking. Pass you off as a pooka kin. We might not need all the pet play gear I brought. It’s all dog stuff anyway.” A giggle and a kiss stole any further protest. She radiated a happiness that made it difficult not to reflect with his own smile. “Go find something that’s a little more body based. Something with a tail hole.”

Ramon found himself being propelled toward the clothing rack, new ears feeling a little warm. Had he always been this much of a push over for her? Yes, was the answer, but he could never be sure if it was simply her forceful personality or a glamor. He pondered the last two years as he carefully leafed through the racks and racks of clothing. If she pulled this off, he’d have to renew. How long? Complete the five years? Or just another two? A pair of long pants denim pants, very similar to what he had been wearing except for tail hole in the rear. Nah, too plain. She’d at least want a lithe cat boy. His own brick like ass wouldn’t rock a tail well.

Seeming to respond to his thoughts, the next pair of slacks were covered in rainbow sequins and had legs the width of broom handles. The following were a gauzy, things straight from I dream of genie porn. Hey, hey! Dial it back a little bit. He thought at the clothing and he suddenly ran out of pants entirely. Tops confronted him, glitzy collections of straps and lacy. Ramon slowed his leafing, trying to puzzle out how they’d even worked. A shiny blue shirt with six sleeves, a dress of silver chains, and finally a golden collection of straps and rings. Well, that would certainly match the earrings, Ramon chuckled to himself, pulling it from the rack.

“Oh sparkles!” Nissa exclaimed.

Ramon tore his eyes from the top to see Nissa near where he had left her, staring down at something in her hands. She noticed his gaze and turned her hand to display a pair of



thick stone ear hoops that swirled with colors. “Dream amber! I lost my only fragment a hundred years ago! I wouldn’t have to feed so often. Can you imagine?!” She clenched them in her fists and strained laugh. “She’s tempting me! NoNoNo.” And slapped them back on the rack, whipping around to Ramon, “Did you- Wow! Not doing anything halfway, are we?”

“What? Oh I didn-” Ramon started, but found his hand to be empty, a sparkle on his shoulder catching his eye. Following it, he found the strappy top hugging his torso, a panel of golden fabric pressed to his front. “But?” It squeezed, compressing his sides and along his shoulder. No pain, a warm embrace that nevertheless built into a pressure that made his fingers and toes curl. Something inside gave away, not a burst but a slow opening on his chest, pleasure rolled over him as flesh pressed out against fabric.

Nissa stood in front of him, grinning, eyes shining with wonderment. “Here I am, trying to go easy on you, make sure you’re recognizable and you go put THIS on?”

Ramon tried to explain but couldn’t manage more than a few incoherent syllables. Each gasping breath brought more blissful warmth pressing outwards, growing the sensation of weight.

“I know you enjoyed the cross dressing adventure we had, but not to this extent.” The top had a slit across its width and she slid her hand up into it, finger cupping the growing mound there. Ramon moaned as her touch stirred the warmth into an eddy of bliss. “You have breasts.” She said, before twisting her hand, fingers squeezing another mound below the slit, the gentle pressure made him try to twist away, but she held him in place as a soft feline rowl escaped his lips. “More than one pair.” She told him.

“Uh, huh.” He responded well after it had become quite obvious that the top had been so odd because it had been constructed to display two sets of cleavage, lifting the first to display the second.

“You are so delicious,” She whispered, continuing her rapturous touching. “Two years and you never told me you wanted this.”

“A-ah!” Ramon trembled as she expertly rolled his thickened nipples across her forefingers, twisting them ever so gently.

“You always savage my nipples, but see how good a gentle touch can be?” She kissed him, closing his mouth with her lips.



Her cherry lips were so sweet. The warmth dripped downwards as their tongues mingled, pooling in his belly as it became. Is this me? Or the magic? Ramon asked himself but he couldn't find the answer.

She pulled away, her inhuman pupils wide, "We have to see where this leads. Stay right there."

"Nissa?" Ramon nearly fell over without her support, his legs wobbled. And his... breasts cried out with her sudden abandonment. Breasts. Ramon looked down at his own cleavage, the breasts strained against the fabric that forced them together. Pressing them against his chest, he looked past them and confirmed lower weights were a second pair. Past them the floor seemed a bit a farther down. His slight paunch had withdrawn. That was good. Right?

Click. Nissa laughed, light a teehee!

Ramon looked up to find her cinching the last strap of her large black pegger



and felt his asshole clench. A nearly ten inch long tapered beast of a dildo. “Uh, Nissa. That was way too big last time.”

The glint in her eye told him there wouldn't be much arguing with her. “This magic does more when you're aroused. Let's see what happens when you cum hard. Bend over.”

“Nis-sy,” Ramon heard himself whine even as he moved to comply. The warmth sat in his stomach, fading, was she right? Bracing himself on the cross bar of the nearest clothing rack, he bent over.

“Don't worry, I brought lube.” She grabbed hold of his lips. The cool of the pressed up against his rear hole. “Think girly kitty thoughts.” Push.

Her length slide up inside him and tickled the warmth sitting inside. Ramon cried out as his cock went from hard to pressurized. “Tell the magic what you want Ramon!” She grunted as she pulled back, pause and pushed back in. “Picture yourself in this top at the ball.” Out, in. Its length stroking the rear of his is cock.

“Yes.” He gasped, a picture of Nissa in radiant dress filling his mind. She held a golden chain. His chain. A creature clad in gold behind her. “Yes.” He pleaded between thrusts. “Show me.”

The warmth wrapped around his midsection and resumed its squeezing. Adding to the pressure that Nissa built with each thrust. “Thats is, be my little fem kitty Ramon.” She commanded as she clasped his shrinking waist, the warmth slipped downwards, pooling in his balls and pulling on them from the inside.

Is she really going to make me?

“Meow for me. Let me hear your little roar.” And slapped her hand down on his ass.

A tortured rowl exited his lungs. His hands and ears flooded with warmth. He watched his fingers swell, the purple nails sharpening to claws as they pulled back into the thickening flesh of his fingertips. The warmth of his ears trickled down his neck, spreading down the spine and along the shoulders. It all brought more pressure, pressure everywhere.

“Thats it! Be my-“

“Mrraaah!” Ramon cried as he popped like a cork. Sending a stream of cum onto the floor with a soft splut. Strength went away with it and he crashed down to his knees. Nissa, her pegger shoved all the way in, went down with him.



“Aww, is kitty tired?” Nissa chuckled and embraced him. Ramon felt her cheek rub against his spine, a strange pulling of his skin accompanying the gentle contact. “You’re going to be a soft kitty.”

“Nissa, this is a lot of things. But I don’t think funny is one of them.” Ramon panted, slowly pushing himself upright, Nissa pulled her toy out slow enough to make him shiver. Careful of his claws, he cupped his manhood and bit back a sound. Brushing his diminished manhood had set off a spike of sensation, he couldn’t decide if it was pleasure or pain. Whatever it was, it was a lot. Peering over his breasts, he found while he hadn’t lost as much length as he had feared or hoped for, but it had pulled his balls halfway inside him, hugging the base of his cock. That didn’t totally surprise him, but it was their color that made Ramon swallow. All the skin of his cock and balls had turned a shocking shade of pink. They glistened with wetness.

“Oh trust me. If you could see yourself two years ago, you’d find this every bit as hilarious as I do.” She reached around and stroked along the cock’s underside. That raw sensitivity shot up his spine and made him mew. “Do you remember your list? No breaking the law, no humiliating me, no hurting me, and no gay stuff. You were very insistent on that last one.”

“I was a little repressed!” He managed to say as she carefully fondled his balls, causing little prickles in his cock as it fought to shrug off the sleepy aftereffects of his orgasm. “Oh... Don’t Stop.”

“You sure?” Her voice like a cat’s who’d hit of the cream jackpot. “One more item and things are going to be very gay.”

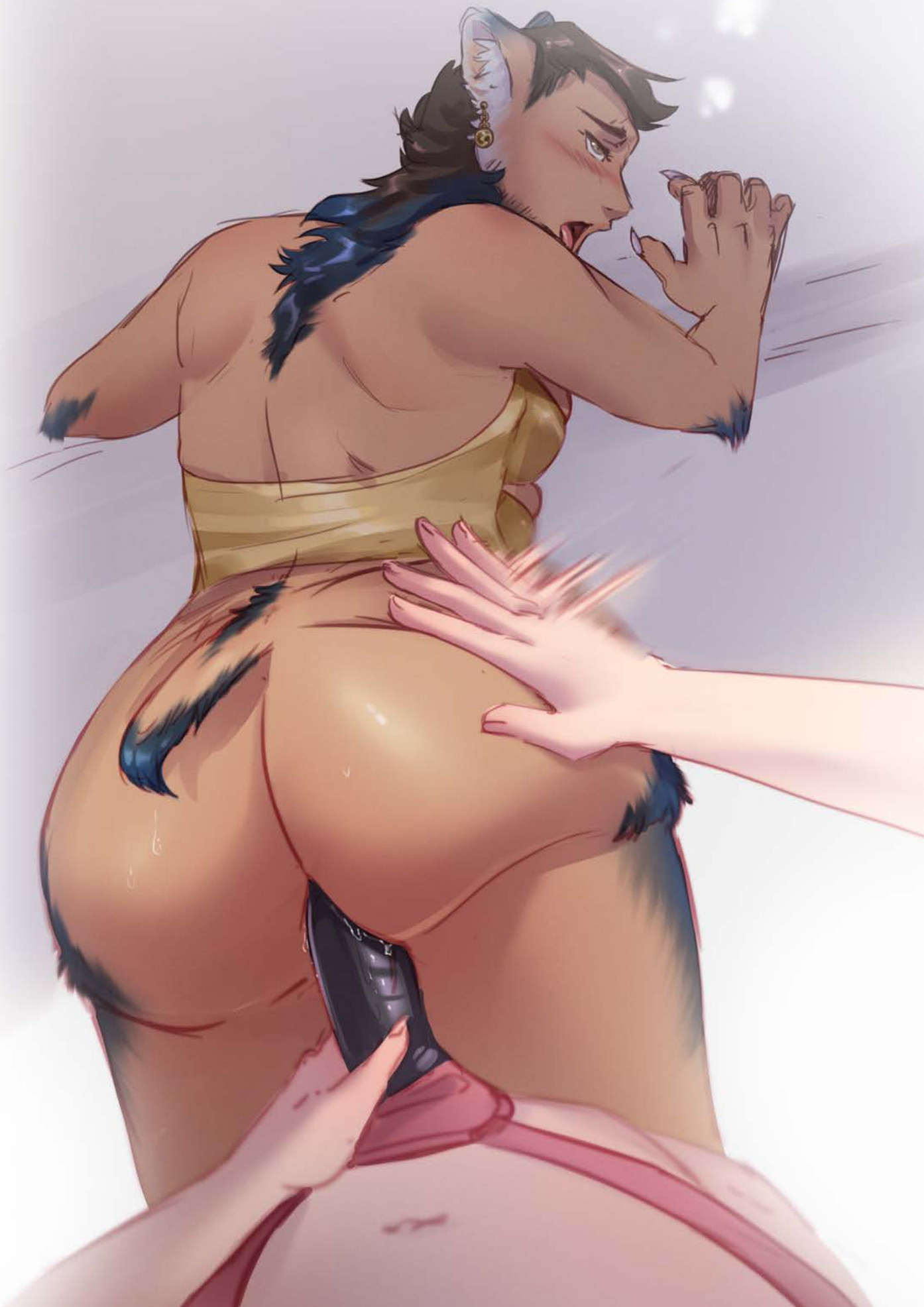
“I-I wanna feel it.” Ramon said the words before his brain could slam down on the thought. “Its temporary.” He amended. “One more will do it and I’ll be done.”

Nissa made a frustrated sound, and “I’m filled to bursting just getting us in here! So much novelty that’s going to be wasted! Fuck it.”

She let go and Ramon watched her stalk back over to the rack where she plucked up the Dream amber earrings. A nervous titter made it through a clenched grin as she pulled the first from the backing and put them on.

They hung there, huge on her tiny earlobes. “How’s thaaaahh.” She clutched at her head as the word stretched into a note of pain. Her pointed ears stretched out into large cups, pink fuzz covering their backside. The change flowed over the top of her head, her short





pink hair standing up on its end, growing taller in the middle. A crest of bristly fur graced her head as she pulled her hands away and stared at her reflection with disbelief.

“You utter bitch.” She whispered and burst into a peel of feral laughter, “Nak, Nak, Nak! Look like you’re not the only one who thinks I’m laughing too hard today Ramon! Heeeee! Well fuck the- Oh Sparkles No!” Fear widen her eyes, as her hands flew to the straps on her pegging harness. Clawing at the buckles even as they dissolved into her skin, pink fur spread in their wake. “No, thats not yours! Stop!” Gripping hold of the dildo she yanked upward, it stayed put as her hands shot up its length. She yipped. “Oh sparkle me!” She slid her hand back down her shaft and a clear fluid burbled up from the tip. “Hehehehe.” She giggled as she started to pump up and down. With each stroke the dildo lost its plastic sheen, its tip

flaring out as it grew longer, reaching up past her belly

button. “Ha, ha, ha,” Nissa panted, the pink of her

bush spreading as two balls rolled out from her

pelvis and hung in their scrotum. The pitch

deepened as her glazed eyes squeeze shut,

grimacing against the pleasure. “Naknaknak...

N-n-nAK!” A clear stream erupted from cock arch

out in front of her, landing a mere foot away from

Ramon.

Nissa slumped with a heavy sigh of relief, shaking with barely suppressed laughter.

Licking a finger, she savored the flavor for a moment. “Mmmm, that was so good.”

Her large ears twitched and the colors in her earrings brightened their hue.

“Are you okay?” Ramon ventured.

Hungry eyes opened, focused on him. “Am I okay?” She

echoed, her voice mocking, “Have you found a bottom yet? I

need to taste how this makes you feel.” Standing,



she swung her hips, making the still erect phallus tilt back and forth as a lewd metronome. The motion captured Ramon's eyes, left-right, left right. Warmth spread across his loins, the familiar prickle of his stiffening manhood accompanied an alien sensation of growing... slickness.

She giggled lewdly when he tore his gaze away. "Whats the matter Ramon? Giant girl dick got your tongue?"

Ramon pawed through the racks, looking for the glint of gold. His ears tilted behind him, tracking the distance of Nissa soft laughter as she stepped up behind him. Muscles tensed in his back as he waited for her to pounce or touch him. But she just stood there, looming as predator in wait. There, gold. He reach for a pair of puffy pants decorated with golden embroidery.

"No!" She barked in his ear and swatted his hand away. "Try again. Don't protect yourself from me."

The pants had a crotch, Ramon realized, which would make giving Nissa what she wanted awkward. A rivulet of wetness escaped down his inner thigh as she growled softly behind him. He revised his request for a skirt, a short skirt.

The racks produced more rejections. Then Nissa's stopped him "There! It matches the top."

"No way!" He couldn't wear that in front a queen. Even in disguise.

"Do you mean that kitty? Will you say it three times?" She asked, her hand straying between his legs, fingers teasing over newly sensitive flesh, the arousal triggering an ache inside. "Want to stop right here?"

Three no's were the total abort. The safe word written into his mark, it hurt them both, yanking back whatever she fed on in the past hour and inflicting a day long migraine on him. He'd used it once. "T-thats not a skirt. I asked for a skirt." He wheedled instead, knowing it was a lost cause, his hand already tightening on the hanger.

"Afraid to be my Kitty Slut at the ball? Awww." She giggled into the fur at the base of his neck, "Put it on."

He pulled it off the rack. It was the anti skirt, a bondage harness with a large tail ring in the rear. All gold to contrast with the jet black fur creeping over his shoulders. One leg, then the other. A single clasp and the warmth bloomed in his balls, pulling hard.



“Thigh buckles.” Nissa reminded him and he hurried to fasten the rest of the straps, despite the sensation of his baby makers tunneling up into his body. He pulled the gold leather around his thighs and cried out. His pelvis emitted audible cracks as they flared outward. Nissa pushed him prone, laying him down across a table he didn’t remember. Hot and cold prickles spread down the skin of his legs. “Doesn’t this feel wonderful.”

Wonderful was not the word Ramon would use as he writhed, his padded palms pressing on either side of his hips as if he could contain their width. And inside there he felt his insides swelling, twisting as if a half dozen hands that deep in his flesh were opening from fists and spreading their fingers. All this sheer sensation eddied around his shrinking cock, it floated on top of it all, getting harder and harder.

“Ever done this before?” Nissa asked as she spread Ramon’s legs, shoving her stiff cock against his and gripping them both with her two hands. She began to thrust in and out, grinding them together.

“Mercy!” Ramon cried out, his back arching. Flinging his arms out his claws found no purchase as the tension increased with stimulating stroke. His hands retreated to cling on his breasts, the squeezing adding to an entirely new nucleus of bliss below the surface of his groin.

“No mercy for you.” Nissa’s smile had grown into a manic grin, her pupils narrowed so he could barely see the black. She squeezed harder and thrust faster, pumping her long black cock up and down like a piston. “Now come like a man for the last time Kitty.”

The tension snapped, thick white cum spurted as his penis retreated another inch into his body. The warmth in his core surged, pushing his spine out past his buttocks. Ramon waited for the cascade of release to wash up over him but it didn’t come, instead every muscle seem to ratchet tighter as she continued to grind, the slick friction of her cock brought his four inch dick to solid rockness in two strokes.

“How bout one more time Ramon. Make sure your all cleaned out. After one more time you’ll need a new name.” With a single stroke of her finger along a ridge of puffy flesh swelling on either side of his diminishing manhood Ramon’s felt pieces of himself shutter, a mere ripple in the ocean. A pathetic amount of clear fluid burbled out of himself. “Heehee, that’s all you had left.” She let go and licked her tongue across her fingers.

“Don’t stop!” Ramon heard himself beg, that blissful tension already starting to drain away.



“Just getting started, Ramona” Nissa reached down and wrapped her hand around his spine. “Now how’s this feel?” Pulling the short boney tail into his eyeline, a tiny tuft of black fur sprouting from the tip. Yet he barely saw it, he was too busy feeling it. There were no words, Ramon gaped as the sensations from a body part that hadn’t existed before slammed through his mind. On the edged of his consciousness, her feeding was light buzzing draining away the fear before it could take hold. “I know! Isn’t it awesome? Nak nak heee! Too short though! Lets fix that.” She laughed and pulled hard.

He winced in expectation of pain, but none came. Sensation of slippage as his spine slowly yielded to the force of Nissa’s grip. A wave of black fur chased down its length and as it swathed the tip with its plush warmth Ramon felt something settle within him. As if a knot had finally been undone and that the long luscious tail first lashed, curling around Nissa’s thighs.

“More.” The word contained Ramon’s entire thought process as Nissa ran a hand down the tail’s length.

“I have so much more for you.” Nissa let out a high pitch cackle and leaned over. Taking both cocks in her hands she lined them up, tip to tip, with a tiny thrust her pseudo penis engulfed his dick and squeezed. Ramon let out yowl of surprise as she gripped him. Nissa grabbed fistful of fuzzy skin on either side of Ramon’s hips and slowly began to work herself back and forth, careful that he didn’t fall out.

In two strokes she brought him right to where she’d left off, that well of bliss refilling, spilling pleasure with every stroke “Oh f-f-FUCK ME!” he cried out, clawing at the air as he felt himself shrinking within her, concentrating the pleasure.

“What do you think I’m doing you silly kitty?” Nissa chuckled, stopping thrusting to grind her tip into Ramon’s fat clit. “Almost there. Are you ready?”

The walls of the well of bliss trembled, pleasure spiked into almost pain as Ramon’s twisted and writhed. With a quick flick Nissa’s tip made a sharp tug on Ramon’s clit. It kicked HER over. An orgasm tsunami that crashed, pouring pleasure down into every cranny of her being. Her mouth opened to scream, but she had no breath left. The wave drained, settling into a tingling of warm after glow she gulped at the air.

“So delicious. You’re going to be such a wonderful pet Ramona.” Nissa licked her darkened lips, the pink fur had threaded up from her stomach and now sprouted between her small breasts. “Think about how nice it will be Ramona. I can dress you in cute little dresses and tie you up in knots of pleasure.”



“Ramona?” The new name came from her lips with a gasp as something in her head popped, a new sound attached itself to her identity with little resistance. Nissa shifted her cock lower, parting the swollen fold and the pair of them sighed with the discovery of new pleasure.

She thrust and Ramona’s flesh yielded a little, out and in again. Only the tip slipped inside but Ramona felt herself close around, aware of its blunt squarish shape inside of her. She spread herself wide, silently begging Nissa to pound her with her eyes.

“Oh no,” Nissa said, settling into an achingly slow rhythm and stroked a hand along Ramona black furred inner thigh. Then ran her nails over the copper skin that stubbornly remained unchanged. “Look at all this nasty human flesh, you can come after this is all gone. Till then we go nice and slow. eeehehehe. Now close you eyes and visualize the kitty slut your going be at the ball.”

Ramona obeyed letting her head fall against the desk and squeezed her eyes shut. Loving the sensation of Nissa slowly plowing her deeper with each stroke. In the dark of her eyelids she could see herself, a lattice of gold over her jet black fur, large clumsy paws for hand keeping her dependent on Nissa. A slender, sexy pet. Discomfort stabbed through the hazy bliss as vice grip pulled on Ramon’s toes. Why be so defenseless. Why be so contained? The image flickered and a new cat grinned back, taunt muscles stretched the golden harness to its limit, stars whirling through her fur.

Something moved behind that figure, slender and long, too high to be her luscious tail. The snow of static flashed and Ramona found herself back on the balcony of yesterday looking down on the sleek power of the Glitch Sabers as they crisscrossed the street below. Barely contained by their riders by their golden reins, dangerous and powerful. Could I be that? Ramon wondered.

In answer, the flesh of his legs surged, bones filling with a fizz as they shifted, longer and thicker. Muscles reknit and swelled as flesh ripping claws extended from widening toes. And still Nissa thrust ever deeper, each stroke bringing more pleasure.

“YEEE!” Nissa cried out as she hit bottom, grinding herself against Ramon’s thick clit. Sucking her panting tongue back into her mouth she gritted sharp teeth together and switched to short hard strokes. She paid no attention as Ramona’s paws grew to the width of her head or the fact that the thighs she thrust between rivaled the thickness of her waist. A possessive growl rose up from the half fey’s throat and Ramona found herself star-

ing into hungry eyes that spoke only one word. Mine! Mine! Mine! They shouted with every savage thrust.

The thrust, the grinding, Ramona tumbled over the edge of orgasm and rode its wave with a roar. Still Nissa continued to slammed her cock through her, not letting the pleasure crest, nor release. It hurdled up into vision blurring heights. On the edge of her perceptions things were twisting on her back and sides but the pleasure blotted out everything.

Then a burst of fullness inside as Nissa let out a feral scream, “NAAAAARRR!” and slumped forward. Her head falling just short of Ramon’s lower breasts. Ramon let her own head fall back against the table. It felt good to simply breath as the rest of body buzzed with the fading orgasm.

“I-I would be convinced to d-do that a couple more times.” Ramona heard herself say. Nissa didn’t respond, simply breathed. Ramona reached for her head, intending to pet the bristly fur on Nissa head but stopped when a second limb mirrored the motion. A kitten arm a foot long in total reached out from six inches below her shoulders.

Ramona stared at it and with a thought, experimentally extended its tiny claws.

“Hehehehe!” Nissa giggled suddenly, lifting her head up to look up at Ramon. No black existed in her earring any more, they were swirls of color. “That was awesome!” She pulled out, making Ramon’s body shiver all the way to her toes. Grabbing hold of her still erect cock she wagged it. “This is great! It felt like a female organism with more spurting!” She laughed and her round ears twitched, then she blinked and those manic orbs focused on Ramon. “And you! What is all this Ramona?” She snatched up Ramona’s foot paw with both and licked the underside with a broad tongue. “These are not kitty feet you silly! These are-” Surprise lit up her face, she dropped the foot and pounced, catching one of Ramon’s tiny arms. “And these! Itty bitty arms!?” She squealed.

“Ow!” Ramon winced as she twisted the little arm back and forth.

“Oh my sparkles! Those Glitch Sabers made an impression didn’t they?” Nissa pulled at the corset, “And this is close to their rider costumes isn’t it?” The threw back her head and cackled like a cartoon villain. “No wonder this is going so slow! Glitch Sabers are packed with magic. And I’m going to have my very own!” She cut off any objection to this with a savage kiss.

She bounced away with a manic giggle and start tearing through the racks. “I need more dream amber! Come on, come on come on!”

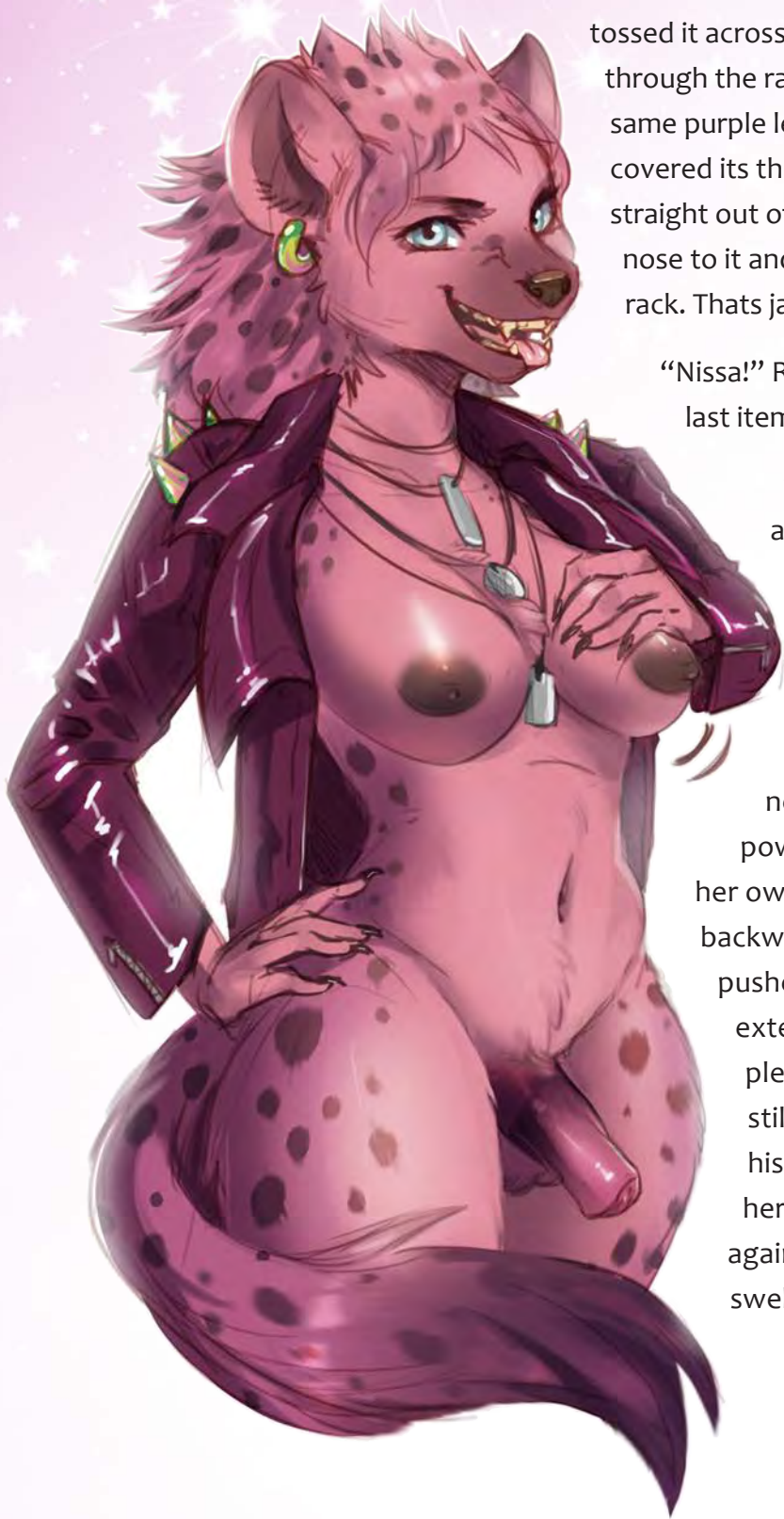


Ramon looked herself over. While her lower body had been completely transfigured into that of powerful feline, she found the rest of herself to be an imbalanced patchwork. Her backside was coated in fur but her primary arms and front remained naked. Not to mention they lacked any hint of predatory muscle that so enraptured her legs.

“Ha Ha!” Nissa held up a leather collar on hanger. Had black spikes that with spots of vibrant collar. “Nice try bitch! I’ll never wear your collar.” She tossed it across the room. “Try again!” A few more paws through the rack and she pulled out a jacket made of the same purple leather of the collar. Dream amber spikes covered its the shoulders, if it were black and silver it be straight out of the eighties punk scenes. Nissa put her nose to it and inhaled. “Ooooooh you how to up the ante rack. Thats jabbawock hide!” She made to put it on.

“Nissa!” Ramon finally found her voice. “Isn’t that our last item?”

“Hehehehehe.” She giggled and slid her arm down one sleeve. “Only if I want to take these off!” Shouldering into the other side as she spoke and closed the jacket around her torso it was far too large for her, she swam in it like one of Ramon’s sweaters. “She thinks a half fey would never trade her good looks away for mere power. But she can’t-” A inhuman laugh from her own throat cut her off as upper body arched backward. Ramona watched as a thick bushy tail pushed out of her already sizable rump. The fur extended down her legs and up her back, dappled with black spots. “Nrrrah!” She groaned, still laughing and turned. “I know you’ll like his part you sick animal Ramona.” She cupped her small breasts as they expanded, surging against the dainty fingers as the tiny nipples swelling into black plugs of flesh.



Ramona felt herself moisten as from the intensity that rolled off Nissa as she fondled her now heavy breasts and laughed joyously. Welcoming the changes as they distorted her cute, almost childlike features into short squarish muzzle packed with pointed teeth. Ramona could only recognize the wild, manic, eyes which fit perfectly with her new visage. “Am I still your Pixie Dream Girl now Ramona?” She cooed, advancing, sauntering with her widened hips.

“Of course?” Ramona answered in a voice that was both higher and fuller than the one he’d walked in her with.

She laughed, “Would you have picked this off the sidewalk and taken her home?”

“Uuuh, maybe I would have called a vet?” Ramona answered, knowing there could be no right answers with Nissa, only amusing ones.

“Heeeee! Kiss me you fool!” She demanded.

Ramona stood up from the bench Nissa had fucked her upon and wobbled as her legs grappled with her digitigrade stance. It wasn’t standing at all more squatting tall and even then she found herself half a foot taller. Nissa lifted her head and puckered her thick black lips.

She still tasted of cherry but more than that, it had an electrical fizziness to it. After the first awkward, tentative taste Ramona wanted more. She seized Nissa’s ears and thrust herself upon her. Ramona’s own lips were unfamiliar and refused to seal. Failing that their tongues danced, hot breaths intermingling. Nissa broke twist the kiss with a twist of her head, “Wow, you’re a hungry kitty.”

Ramona sat back, breath heaving, tail curling up in confusion and she licked the last remnants of that flavor from her lips as Nissa skipped back toward the accessories racks. “Lets see if I keep mine, we can get you one more thing before I shove you down a one-way street to Glitch Kitty town. What will it be?”

“Something for these arms?” Ramon ventured, looking down at her mismatched limbs. She wondered if Nissa should try painting the claws of the little kitten paws but she seemed to have forgotten her bag entirely now.

“How bout these my kinky cat?” Nissa brandished a set of four golden manacles, each trailing thick chain and large enough to fit around her neck let alone her wrists.



Ramona eyed them warily, “Are those all one item?” Something about the way they gleamed in the light stirred her loins, that same want she’d found in that kiss. “Nissa, are you pushing me?”

“Not yet,” She grinned, shuffling closer. “You always know when I push you.”

Ramona reach out tingling hands to accept the new decorations, heart fluttering as she wondered what they’d do. “Then what’s this feeling?”

“There’s a beast in you Ramona. Always has been.” She laughed and offered up the first ring.

No thought, no permission guided the movement as Ramona shoved her paw hand through the ring. Black fur sprouted with such speed that the skin rippled. Bones popped, sizzled as Ramona’s entire forearm swelled until the manacle tightened around her wrist. The massive hand paw would cover her entire chest. “Nissy,” Ramona gasped, “Its too big.”

Nissa chuckle and offered the next ring. Ramon’s left hand punched out, and she mewled as the process repeated itself. Her smaller limbs reach out, their tiny digits tingling with need. The manacles were part of her, a soul deep certainty now. She needed the other two.

“Nuh ha,” Nissa hid the remaining manacles behind her back. “Lets play a game first.”

Ramona rose with a snarl, “Give me them!” Flexing her paws, equally enormous claws slid from the tips of their digits, shining like obsidian.

“Bad kitty.” Nissa snapped her still human fingers. The long dangling chains came to life, whipping upward and out. They pierced the drop ceiling and snagged on something beyond it. Ramon growled and pulled with all her strength, but she couldn’t stop the chains from pulling her arms apart and up. Only once their incredible force had her on the very pads of her toes did it stop.

“Nissa!” Ramon’s tail lashed frantically to keep her balance, “Put me down!”

“Nak-nak-nak!” She chortled, “I had forgotten how much fun having a little extra for glamors is.”

Glamor? If this was a glamor then the chains were a sort of illusion. The only thing holding her up was herself. Ramon closed her eyes and tried to imagine the tension in her upper arms fading away.



“Aww,” Nissa said, “Are you rolling to disbelieve? Thats so cute. I love how your first instinct is to struggle and fight. Heheh. But if I push a tiny bit harder.” She slid a hand up between Ramona legs, teasing her fingered on along the edge of her very pink pussy. Ramona gave a soft mew and thrust her hips forward. Nissa slid her fingers up and down the length of the glistening sex. “You love whatever I do to you. My personal slut. I haven’t had anyone as fun as you for a long time.” She slipped two fingers deep inside, thumb rubbing Ramona thick clit.

Ramona’s head slipped forward, broad tongue hanging over her lower lip. Her cheeks and ears burned with the word ‘slut’ as she ferociously hoped Nissa would shove her hand deeper. Still, an even more powerful need pulled at her. “Nissa, I need the other rings.” Her tiny arms had gained thumbs and were making little grabby hands towards them.

“We have so much work to do Ramona.” She tapped the shoulder of her jacket and all the black spikes arrayed there. “We have to fill all of these up. Tell me that you’re a just a big kitty slut.”

“I-i’m your big kitty slut!” Ramona struggled through the sentence, her ears burning so hot they hurt.

One spike glimmered a little brighter. Nissa side eyed it. “Ramona you are simply too used to me forcing you to admit things. We already did your first female orgasms. We need something more fundamental.”



“Anything! Gimmie rings and don’t stop fucking me.” Ramona tried to snarl but could only manage a lusty rowl.

“Heeeee! Nak!” Nissa grinned viciously, “Thats my girl. Ramona your going into Heat.”

The mark behind Ramona’s ear tingled. “Nissa are such a FFFF- AAH!” The sentence cut off as a freight train loaded with horny slammed into her loins. Her tender flesh swelled against the straps of the harness. She jerked against her restraints, as the needful itch swept up inside her. Nissa stood back and crossed her arms, giggling as Ramona contorted herself trying desperately to reach herself with her tiny arms. “Nis-ssA!” She whined as she gave up, settling for eking out what she could by grinding her thighs together.

“Heat’s so fun!” Nissa cooed. “Uncomfortable, huh? All that swelling. You have to touch yourself.” She offered up one of the rings.

Ramona’s little hand snatched at it and kept going, lengthening and thickening. She clapped it to her sex and let loose a cry of sheer relief as the fingers pierced her sex. Desperately she shoved them deep, quenching every inch of she could reach with blessed stimulation. All the better as her fingers thickened inside her, but so much of her remained out of reach. Despite her efforts the well of bliss remained frustratingly empty. She needed more. So much more!

The moment the manacle tightened around her wrist the chain pulled it away, forcing it to join its upper sisters. Nissa taunted her but Ramona didn’t try to understand the words. Instead she reached for herself with her sole free arm, throwing all the magic she had down its length for one singular purpose. It grew long, and longer, a stick of a limb as its tiny fingers squeezed around her clit. Click went the manacle around its wrist, and it hung there, comically large for a moment before the limb began to grow into the restraint. If she could let go for a moment it would slip off. Buy her a few more moments of stimulation but she couldn’t bring herself to stop rubbing for even a single second as her hand swelled into that mammoth paw. She roared with frustration as the chains pulled it away.

“Course this is simply the first stage. This discomfort.” Nissa knelt, her black nostril’s flaring as she savored the scent. Ramona stilled herself, tensed her arms and lifted her feet from the floor and spread herself.

“Please.” Ramona asked.

Nissa answered with a slow, loving lap of her tongue across the dripping folds. That single stroke brought her closer to orgasm than all of her clumsy grinding combined. “See,



you're still fine inside." Nissa licked her chops, tongue running out the length of each side of her muzzle as she traced the path of the tongue with her fingers.

"AAAAAah." Was all Ramon could say in response.

"You say that but you're simply managing the discomfort. It hasn't really hit your head yet. When that happens there's going to be nothing but sex in your little head. I bet you can feel that already." Nissa laughed low. "Heh heh heh."

With her fingers delicious touch stroking her sex, Ramon could feel the heat slowly creeping into her mind, lusty smoke from the bonfire that was her pussy.

"So its only fair I tell you now." She pulled a heap of gold chain from the pocket of the jacket. The rein. "This is the point of no return."

"What?" Ramon gasped, mind whirling.

That will be the sixth item! A decidedly male voice slapped back in her head. She's going to make this permanent!

"Count of three." Nissa made a point with her fingers and pushed her small hand entirely inside, setting off tremors as her knuckles slipped through. "One. Teehee."

"Oh yes!" Ramona cried out. Maybe one more won't hurt? I could live with the ears.

The voice shouted back, She won't stop there! When does she ever stop?

"Two." Nissa's fingers tickled the very deepest reaches making them sing with joy. Stars sparkled in Ramon's vision.

Say it! Say no no no and stop this! Otherwise we'll be her pet forever. She's turning un-seelie!

The voice was right of course. The voice was always, "right." It had screamed at him ever since he'd signed the contract. No human should want a Fey to feed on them, he'd seen the PSAs with the drooling husks. That would always be a risk. But- But-

"I wouldn't blame you for stopping me." Nissa fingers slowly began open inside of Ramona, sparking off trembles that cascaded into an orgasm that had her thrashing against her chains. Her throat issuing the most pathetic mewling as they thundered up through her. "There's no out. No magic words that will put your life back together after this." She giggled, fingers twisting, her nails circling around her cervix.



Ramona roared, coming with a violent clenching, hips bucked directly into Nissa's nose and the fey fell back onto her tail with a yip. Her hand went with her, pulled from Ramon's folds with a wet pop and shower of hot juices. The prickly sensation of the heat flashed up through her sex even as Nissa slowly picked herself up from the ground.

Absent of stimulation the voice of reason came yammering back. Hurling every reason Ramona could think of but nothing, no concern about family or career could compete with a vision of those barely controlled Glitch Sabers parading down the street or the overflowing ocean of pleasure Nissa's barely audible laugh promised.

The hyena fairy parted Ramona's unresisting legs and delivered small nip to her clit. "And... Three. Now lets increase the Heat."

The warmth pulsed within her sex, and the prickly want grew, slipping out beneath her skin, her fur crying out for touch. She gasped and it pulsed again, reaching up and claiming her breasts, nipples straining against the silky fabric of her top. "Touch me! Please!" She whined, making feeble tugs at her bonds. She felt so empty, the ache rapidly growing into a need as powerful as thirst. It pushed the yammering voice out of her head.

A mad giggle, "On your knees pet." And with a snap of Nissa's fingers, Ramon's bonds released. She fell to her knees more by surprise than fealty and pitched forward, catching herself with her massive paws.

Cock. Inches away from her nose stood Nissa black pseudo penis. That scent, Nissa's cherry's scent had gone fizzy. It effervesced up through Ramon's nostrils, bubbling up through her brain, leaving nothing but want in its wake. Cock.

Ramona scarcely felt the ring of the rein pierce her septum. Only barest glimmer of awareness registered that the tongue she spiraled around the length of the shaft had become longer, broader with each lap. All traces of humanity lost to felinity as her face pushed out into a powerful muzzle. She went to close her jaws around Nissa's fizzy cherry flavored cock but a gentle tug on the reins stopped her short, the tenderness of her nose biting through the lusty fog. Ramona's eyes sprung open, only to cross as they focused on the leaking tip of Nissa cock an inch from her broad nose. "Want!" She panted, "Inside please!" Her tongue lapped out, but the cock dodged away. The reins pulled her upward, forcing her to look into Nissa's grinning face.

"How's it feel to be so horny there's no room for anything else?" Nissa's grinned down with her cute little muzzle.



“Please Nissa! Please.” Ramon moved her head feebly to against the reins but Nissa held them only three inches above her nose, giving her no slack. Her wetness had continued to spread down between her thighs, creeping inch by inch through the dense fur. She parted her legs to slip a paw between them, grinding at her pussy lips. It only served to push the need deeper within her.

Nissa reached down and shut Ramon’s mouth, forcing her to draw in that fizzy musk right through her nose where it bubbled up into her mind. “Do you like my scent?” She giggled as Ramon eyes rolled back slightly.

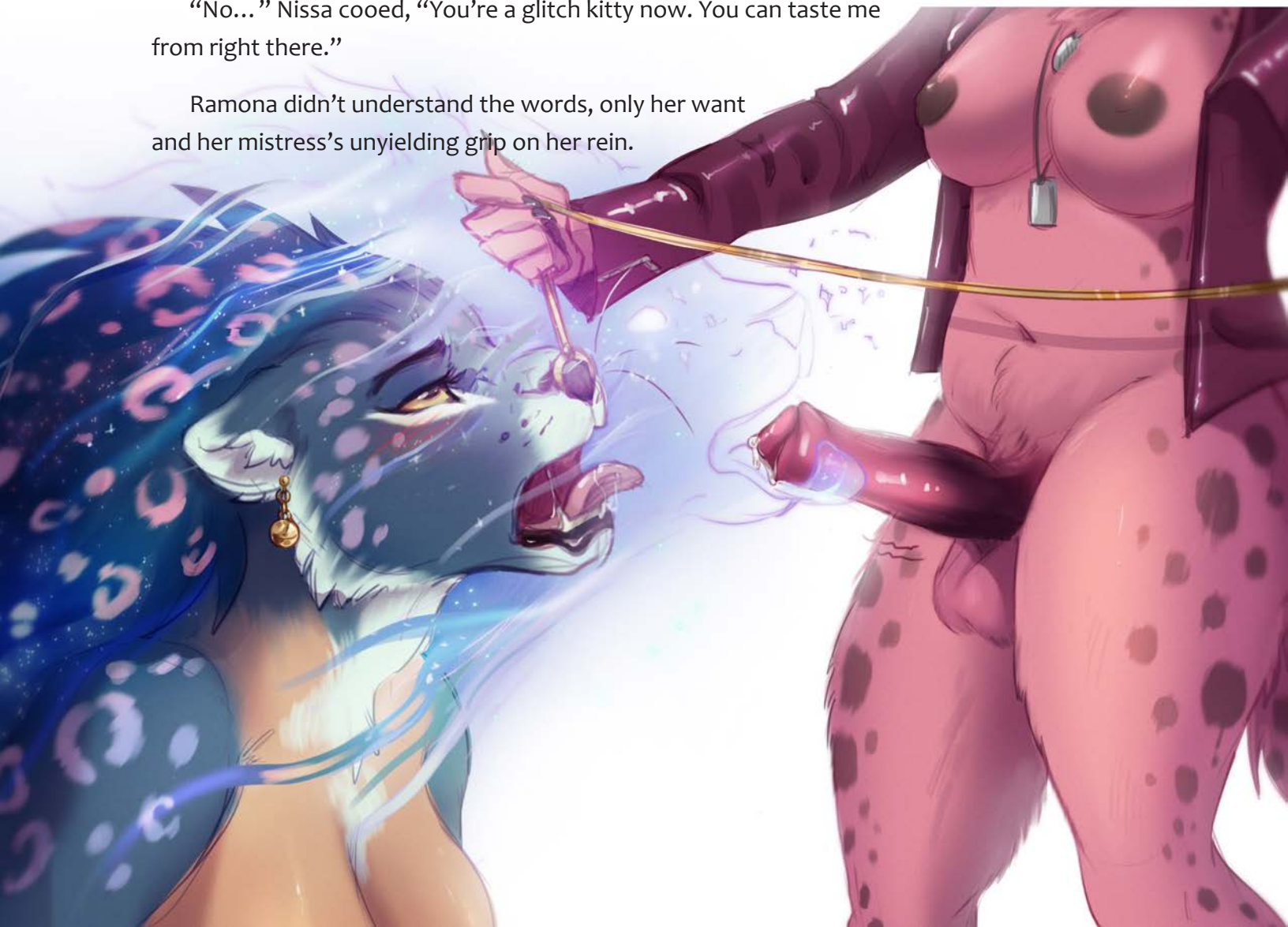
“Yerrr.” Ramon answered out of the side of her muzzle. Anything, for this need.

“You want to suck me like a good girl?” Nissa asked, taking her paw hand away.

In response Ramona could only press forward and lap at the air, her lengthened tongue still an inch too short to taste Nissa’s dribbling tip. Try as she might, the tiny ring through her nose held her like an iron barrier. She clicked and growled with frustration.

“No...” Nissa cooed, “You’re a glitch kitty now. You can taste me from right there.”

Ramona didn’t understand the words, only her want and her mistress’s unyielding grip on her rein.



Snorting with effort, as far as it would go, straining against the pain. Twinkles of light began to wink along the length of her whiskers, a starry blue spread into her fur from the edges of her lips.

“Nak-Nak,” Nissa laughed, moving herself the barest millimeter out reach, “Almost. Need a bit more help?”

Ramona’s still human eyes narrowed down to pinpricks as she swallowed down the tiniest taste of her mistress’s fizzy flavor, the fiery need burning away the wall between the possible and impossible. Her mind grabbing hold of the magic running through it as lion downs an antelope. The stars in her face fur flared with the force of a thousand tiny super novas as her nostrils drink in more of that heady musk. Ramona slammed every ounce of her will into that static fissure in her mind. One by one, the stars burst into swirling clouds of light. They flowed back across her cheeks and brow, spinning into galaxies of purple stars. Ramona’s head fur expanding into a wild mane to contain them but still the stars overflowed across her shoulders and down her limbs.

Nissa’s eyes widened as she watched as Ramona’s fur became an entire universe unto herself. Galaxy’s twirled as a leopard’s spots coasting through a cool blue sea of individual stars. The hand Nissa had been hiding behind her falling slack to her side, revealing a massive collar of gold with an ornate round bell hanging from its buckle.

Static crackled through the fizzy lust of Ramona’s mind as the sparkles lifted from her muzzle, keeping their shape as her awareness split, part of her extending out. This starry face extended her tongue and lapped the dribble from Nissa’s cock. Both Ramonas moaned as she tasted the sweetness of her mistress.

“Nak-!” Nissa cut off mid laugh as the starlight tongue spiraled around her shaft. “That’s!” She gasped as the tongue pulled away, taking an unconscious step towards the feline. Ramona’s heads parted in opposite directions, to deliver a perfectly symmetrical lap to both sides of Nissa’s cock. Her jaw fell open as stars and flesh slid over the flare of her tip. “Gud grrl!” Nissa exclaimed as her eyes rolled back.

A heavy pawhand reached out and hooked the collar dangling from Nissa’s hand. It moved as a snake, slithering around Ramona’s offered arm and wrapping around her now massive neck. The ends of the collar threaded themselves together and melted to form a seamless golden band around Ramona’s neck. The bell rang with deep tone that Ramona’s entire body answered with countless twinkling lights as the universe that was her fur spread down beyond her shoulders. Her body thickened beneath it, finally matching the propor-

tions of her muscular arms, breasts pressing against her gauzy top until the stretchy fabric strained to contain her. As the swirling stars cascaded down Ramona's spine, her starlight self peeled away from her flesh and fur until the two separated entirely. Ramona's flesh self engulfed the length of Nissa cock, the slickened tip sliding down her throat without effort while her star self flowed around behind her mistress to probe beneath her tail. Fizzy want had driven out every other concern in Ramona's mind, even the fire of need between her legs became distant compared to the drive to taste as much of that fizzy ambrosia as possible.

Alternately lapped from behind, while sucking powerfully from the front, heavy pawhands clamped on Nissa's hips and tiny stars swirling around her knees the cats lifted her from the floor. Nissa's wide eyes saw nothing but her own pleasure as tears left tracks of damp fur on her cheeks. "Naaak... Naaak..." She breathed in the same rhythm that Ramona pulled on her fem dick. Her hands clamped on her own thick nipples for lack of any hand holds and pulled her breasts taut.

Cum! Cum! Cum in my throat! Ramona worked feverishly to milk the cock in her mouth and using her other self's tongue to massage her mistress's rear. She felt Nissa's tremble in her grip, the tremor running ahead of the avalanche. Yet the instead of straining and growing longer, Nissa cock was slowly retreating, thickening as it slowly withdrew inch by inch. Need something more, Ramona muddled thoughts cast about for the solution, more stimulation. Long and flexible limbs whipped through her mind. Yes, She needed those. Had to finish herself for her mistress. Had too... She grabbed hold of the magic and pushed, the muscles of her back twisted and curled together and she felt new limbs extend out from her, but the magic slipped away before they finished, far before they were finished. Needed more, far more.

Her star self rushed away, swarming of over the jewelry rack. Another pair of manacles were claimed and swiftly clamped around the short tentacles growing from Ramona's back as stars settled back into the fur. The tentacles surged as suddenly watered seedlings, snaking over Ramona's shoulders, one bud like tip pushing her muzzle aside to press into Nissa's puckered black sex. With a wriggle it popped inside with a spurt of fizzy juices.

"N-n-n-nak!!!" Nissa barked as she quaked with orgasm. Ramona shudder with relief, finally tasting the sweetness of her mistress's cum, both through the tentacle and with her tongue as she lapped around Nissa entrance. Kneeling, Ramona held the hyena fey aloft with barley an effort, her lower paws clasped Nissa's hips while the other pair supported her back. Only her lashing tail and tentacle were left out. The tentacle wasn't content to stay



that way. It threaded around Nissa's leg to press its tip up beneath her bushy tail. Unlike when the first had entered Nissa, this bud had reached its full size, a full foot long, with three petals composed of rubbery muscle. Nissa howled as it slowly worked up into her ass. "Nnnnnn-ak! Too much! Stop! Nnaak!"

Futilely she reached for the rein that hung from Ramona's nose but her wide muzzle blocked her trembling fingers. With a sudden squish, the rear tentacle slid all the way in. Nissa's back snapped straight as every muscle in her body pulled taut, her jaw opened wide but only for the softest, "eeeeeeeee," to escape. The tentacles squirmed inside of her and her taut limbs began to quiver. Her legs stretched and swelled, their heels shrinking away as her feet expanded into clawed paws. Thick fluid gushed around the stalk of the tentacle embedded in her sex.

Ramona lapped at it with abandon, the fizzy pleasure of her Mistress drawn out orgasm flooded through the mark behind her ear and cascaded down her body, making her own muscles quiver and clench. Her mind awash in an effervescent lust where only one coherent thought floated: More. The long sinuous tail lashed fitfully behind her, trying in vain to reach her own pussy but it lacked the precision required, instead twining around the outside of her thighs. Ramona's unanswered need dripped star-filled fem cum onto the tile, forming a growing puddle between her legs. More. More. The stars flared, swirling in answer to the thought and lifted from the liquid that birthed them, rising into the constellation of a feline head, Ramona's starself. A pointillist tongue rasped across the vivid pink of Ramona's sex causing her tail to whip itself upwards, presenting herself to herself as the tail arch over her back, its tip brushing the thick mane.

The fleshself stopped her lapping to emit a bellow of relief. Streaking from her fur like microscopic comets more stars joined with the starself, assembling her fully. She lay with her head between the thick thighs, her body stretching out beneath the still transforming hyena form. While fleshself's limbs had to pleasure mistress, could not drop mistress, starself turned all their many limbs toward Ramona's own pleasure. Her tongue slid up into fleshself's slick folds, each paw hand clutched either starry breast or reached up to squeeze a fat pink nipple. Her starself's tentacles rammed up between her legs, sparking as they overlapped. Ramona became a storm of bliss as sensations from both bodies crashed into the fizzy euphoria. "Yes!" She shouted into the now much thicker fur of Nissa's belly as her actions grew frenzied. Her tentacles squirming turned thrashing both inside starself and Nissa. Ramona's tongue worked its way up Nissa's torso, curling around her swelling breasts as rest of her body increasingly abandoned her human heritage for a more feral expression. Her shoulders widened to avoid being swallowed by her expanding neck to support the cute

muzzle lengthening into a nearly monstrous maw. Twitching fingers grew heavy, their tips padded, holding thick claws.

The changes slowed, halted as Ramona experienced a strain, the fizz in her brain pressing against the inside of her skull. No where left for the bliss to go, space to fill and like gun-powder packed too tightly it ignited. The orgasm began with small flashes of light within her starself's womb, tiny pops of pleasure barely registered at first but the detonations spread in a chain reaction, each tiny supernova releasing more of that pent up bliss. The orgasm became a living, screaming thing as it tore Ramona's starself apart, using her a living fuse as she thrust her exploding tongue deep into fleshself's pussy, finally touching the core of her heat. Everying spasmed and a torrent of juice sprayed from Ramona's sex, pressure burning into rapture. Throwing her head back she roared in joy for it, crushing Nissa to her chest, her tentacles thrusting deep before starting pull away. The back one fell out easily but came out slow, squirming the thick ring of muscle that surrounded.

Nissa took one quivering breath. "Oh sparkles." She whimpered



before burying a scream in Ramona's cleavage. "AaaaaaaaAAAAAHHHH!" her psuedo-cock extended out with tentacle's bud stretched out around it. It extended along the length of the entire foot long bud, ensheathing it, before the tip widened, allowing the tentacle to slip free. "Nnnnnack!" Nissa slumped against Ramona, panting with her tongue hanging from her muzzle.

Ramona held her mistress, as a child hugs a stuffed toy for comfort, staring at a fixed spot of nothing. There's space in her head for thought but the only thing filling it is shock. Each breath brings more sensation from her unfamiliar body. The weight of her tentacles as they rear up behind her, ready to strike, the satisfied ache of her loins balancing against a hot itchy sensation deeper inside. Slowly she raised one of her massive hand paws into her vision and stared at the dim stars that orbited through her fur. They twinkled sluggishly, their fatigue was hers as well. As for the paw itself, it was bigger than most plates. Hell, it might be larger than the steering wheel of... of... her car. Ramona's mind swept through the last several minutes and began to spin into a panick. They'd gone beyond five items, He'd-she'd let Nissa push beyond five items.

A harsh, barking laugh startled Ramona as she panted. Nissa shifted in her arms, putting the tip of her muzzle to the base of Ramona's ear to whisper, "No... No... Hehehe-nak! You did this to yourself Ramona. You did this. Wanted it. Begged for it. Fixed it so there's going back. This is permanently you." Thickly padded finger tips squeezed one of Ramona's nipples through the thin fabric of her top and she couldn't hold back a rowl of a moan.

Nissa twisted from her grasp and dropped down to the floor, giggling with that animal voice. A sharp tug on Ramona's nose forced her to look down at her mistress's small and fierce form.

"Don't you even think about your old life Ramona! Look at what you've done to me!" She growled, wrapping the chain around her fist. "Sparkles! You've fucked me nearly feral. Did I tell you double door me beyond the point of thought?" She jerked the chain hard, nearly doubling Ramona over so she felt their noses meet. "Did I?"

"No?" Ramona mewed, "You told me to taste it. And then... I got. I mean I-"

"Heeheeheeee! Yes, you did get your taste didn't you? My big kitty girrrl." Nissa's growl turned throaty as she traced the length of Ramona's lips with a padded finger. The touch ignited that itch inside her into an insistent burning.



Teeth clacking with frustration, Ramona clapped a paw to her sex, but her slick swollen folds were nearly numb to the touch of her pads. “The hell?! I-I just came. Nissa I came so hard. Why am I?”

In answer Nissa’s head twisted to the side, and shot her tongue inside Ramona’s mouth, they’re both rough and adhere to each other. Surprised, Ramona tried to pull back but the reins prevent it, instead compelling her into the kiss. A clawed hand seized her bottom jaw and wrenched her mouth wide open. Immobilized by the rein in her nose she’s helpless to resist Nissa’s from engulfing her tongue all the way to the very back of her mouth and hold her there. After a moment Nissa’s sharp teeth dragged across both sides of her feline tongue.

Captured, she could bite it off. Ramona thought, her new size and strength were completely useless, the confusion turned and fed the horny fire within her. By the time Nissa released her tongue Ramona panted from the warmth of the fire within here, releasing keening whine. Still Nissa’s grip on her rein remained iron and claws prodding her sensitive floor prevented Ramona from closing her jaw even an inch. Tongue thoroughly conquered, Nissa moved on to explore every nook and cranny of Ramona’s maw with her own long rough mouth muscle. Kisses to delivered ridges of her palate, tugs at the back of her the three inch long fangs and nibbles along her pink lips, all fanned the flames of Ramona deep need.

“Had to have my own taste, hehee... nak.” Nissa released Ramona and turned away. “Tastes like a very wet bottom.”

The huge cat woman collapsed into a heaving pile, two hands massaging her aching jaw muscles. “Nissa! I-I-I-NEED!” Ramona panted.

“Cock. I’m aware.” Nissa low laugh became a near purr. “All those limbs, those probing tentacles but you know they won’t touch that fire no matter hard they try. You need a cock thrust deep into you.” Hand on one hip, she rotated to display her profile to Ramona, her squared tip yeen dick wagged lewdly. Like Nissa’s limbs it had come away from the tentacle fucking thickened considerably and now jutted from her hips more than a foot. She caught it and pumped once along its length, causing a dribble of cum to fizz from the tip. “Specifically, this cock is the one you want. The one your Heat requires.”

NEED! Not the word but sheer demand screamed out from every cell of the vast universe of Ramona’s body. It drowned out every thought or instinct no matter how base. Her eyes snapped onto the object of her desire, the graceful curve of Nissa’s erect sex, disgustingly exposed to the air when it should be rammed up into the inferno of her need. Ramona crouched, muscles in her six terrestrial limbs coiling. Nissa’s triumphant laugh did not regis-

ter as her legs launched her into a brutal trajectory. Had physics been the only player in the room then Ramona's paws, even padded as they were, would have first shattered Nissa's shoulders and then her spine as she drove the fey hyena into the floor. Instead, Nissa smiled in the face of her doom and the glow of two spikes on her jacket winked out.

The short chains that trailed from each manacle lengthened with lightning speed, whipping up into the ceiling and going taunt. Ramona roared as the chains wrenched her from her path, swing her upwards. She lashed out, trying to grab at Nissa with her lower arms, tilting her to a spin as she reached the apex of the swing. In that moment where gravity and speed canceled out the chain move again. Twisting, knotting together, they drew Ramona's four hands behind her back, wrapped her tentacles twice around her ankles and cinched them all tight. When Ramona swung back towards the ground her massive predatory body was helplessly hogtied. Back and forth she went, knowing only the burning need and the rage of her frustration. She roared, kicked, her jaws snapping at Nissa as she hurtled past.

"Hehehe Naknak!" Nissa playfully dodged the futile attacks before carefully grabbing hold of Ramona's knee and bringing her swing to a stop. Reaching into stroke Ramona's sex were only perceived as spit on a bonfire, small pops of cool but utterly meaningless in the need to be filly. With a snarl of effort she strained at her bonds. The metal creaked but gave no give. There was only the Nissa mocking laughter filling her ears.

"This is what you wanted when you saw those Glitch Sabers at the parade is it not? To be wild and dangerous. To require containment for everyone's safety. And you are truly beautiful my Ramona."

Ramona didn't hear the words as anything more than a buzz as she collapsed into her bonds, panting, trying to draw in enough breath to try again. Had to break free. Answer the need. Quench it. Rut.

The base thoughts froze with her body as something pushed ever shallowly through her folds.

Nissa buried her hands in the plush starfilled fur of Ramona's rump as she aligned her cock with Ramona's opening. "If I let you go now, you'd rip me to pieces without even a shred of thought. You'd be a rampaging animal. Nothing would even survive you short of a wandering elephant. Everyone's lucky that I'm very willing to control you and never planning on letting you run free." A giggle shook her as slowly pressed herself deeper into Ramona's. Despite the slickness swollen passage resisted the parting forcing Nissa grabbed fistfuls of ass and strained to claim every inch of progress.



Blessed anticipation quivered through Ramona's being as the giant femcock pressed closer and closer to the source of the inferno within. She could feel every inch of its shape and surface. The rounded corners of the head, the slight oblong shape of the thick shaft. Then finally, after a seemingly eternal journey it pressed up against the source of the need. It rang out with the relief of a scratched itch and Ramona cried out with almost a sob. The cock began to retreat and Ramona whined. Not yet. Not yet!

It nearly exited before it shot up through, its head striking that heat point as a hammer. Pleasure rang out through her. The need flaring up in answer to this sudden fuel as the cock withdrew only to hammer back faster. Her body shuddered with every impact, cracking the vise grips the heat had on her mind. Awareness slowly expanded beyond the glorious thrusting inside her, the slap of Nissa's hips timed with subtle swing. Her strained laugh.

“Nak.”

“Nak.”

“Nak.”

The tip of Nissa muzzle pressed into the small of her back.

Ramona hung there in her bonds, unable to do anything but slip down into the pleasure pounding up through her. Muscle uncoiled, her unbound head slowly dipped to rest on the floor, panting against it. “Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,” the simple human exhalation came from her bestial mouth, marking each ripple of bliss.

“Mine!” Nissa drove in hard, grinding her loins into Ramona's sex as a torrent of warmth flooded into her deepest parts.

“Yes.” Ramona answered as she crested, not an explosion she'd expected but a sweeping sensation of relief and sizzling satisfaction, like iron shoved into a cooling bath. The magic within her settling within her soul and body. Her vagina tightening around Nissa, conforming to its shape, even as it continued to spurt intermittently. Ramona drew in a full breath reveling in awe at the ecstasy and rightness of the moment.

“I am key to your lock.” Nissa proclaimed, nuzzling at the small of Ramona's back.

They rested there, listening to the sound of each other's heavy breaths. Nissa stirred some minutes later, pulling out with a light sucking pop and a small gush of clear and starry cum. “One more.” She mumbled, “Paid for ten items.”



Ramona gave a low exhausted moan, “Don’t need anything else. Just promise to keep me.” The chains relaxed, lowering her to the ground, letting her limbs sprawl out around her body. “Only need you Nissa.” Her eyes fluttered open, the racks, the clothing, the store had all disappeared.

In its place stood a single stone dais styled as a three pedaled flower, a open glitch saber tentacle. A silver rune hovered above it, a sideways hourglass shape with a clawed hand reaching from its center. Nissa approached it drunkenly, giggling quietly to herself. Extending her arms to either side the rune came free of the dais, floating in the space between her paw hands. Her solemn expression broke back to that ferally manic grin.

“Nissa, what is that?” Ramona asked as her chains slowly moved.

“Could you have imagined this day Ramona? The sensation of your body and twisting into a new shape. Your very nature bent to a whim seeded yesterday?” She asked, her voice swooping low and dangerous.

“No?” Ramona’s tried to see where her love was going with this but quickly gave up, content to watch from within the bliss of her afterglow.

“Not many could, but so many want it. Deep down they want to toss all their humanity away.” She turned, her tail waving excitedly behind her. “A rune of bestial change.”

The chains lifted Ramona’s slack form with the whisper of metal on metal, pulling her so she hung upright, arms lower stretched out to the sides and the upper ones slightly at a forty five degree angle. Heavier chains clipped into Ramona’s hip harness supported the bulk of her weight. Smaller chain constrained the tentacles and spread her legs leaving her helpless to watch Nissa approach, fighting to steady the drunken weave of her legs.

“But...” Ramona struggled with the words mired in the muck of her tired brain. “We don’t need that. We’re... already-”

Nissa came to stop below Ramona, holding the rune a foot from her stomach. A few of her stars leapt from the deep black fur to orbit around it.

“Tehee heheh nak nak!” Nissa’s laugh transformed from girlish to inhuman in the pace of breath. “It’s not for us! It’s for everyone else!” She exclaimed, then cackled, pressing the rune into the fur right below Ramona’s navel.

Cold and warm spiraled together as it sealed itself to Ramona’s skin, making her shiver as it took root, the stars tickling further as they moved to outline the rune.



“Oh those poor mortals.” Nissa cooed, “Trapped with their humanity. We can set them free with just a taste of you.” The chains leaned Ramona back as Nissa gathered up the thin chain of her rein, winding it around her fingers. “We can start with your ex-girlfriend, who’s always been so concerned what would happen to you. So jealous too. Heeheh.”

With her free hand she grabbed a strap of Ramona’s harness top and climbed Ramona’s towering body. She levered herself up wards until the pair were nose to nose. Only then did she put the slightest pressure on Ramona’s rein, pulling her into tender kiss. Their lips at the end of their muzzles danced together for a time. The chains slackened and Ramona arms closed around Nissa, holding her gently as the cat woman was lowered to the ground. The kiss broke, Nissa sliding her muzzle into the thick fur of Ramona’s neck.

“What do you think, of... that?” Nissa words faded into a mumble. “Your doomed... be... my tool.”

“I love it.” Ramona whispered as a purr rose from her throat. “My manic pixie girl and many other things.”

Nissa responded only with a snore with a light giggle at the end of it.

A door opened and Octiva stood within its frame. Her spectacled gaze swept across the room before settling on Ramona and Nissa. “Awww, happy with your purchases are we?”

“We’ll wear them home,” Ramona answered.

“And everywhere else.” The demoness chuckled. “Have fun at your party.”

Thank you for Reading!

It's been a blast to work with Strawberry TF on this project and watching Nissa and Ramona come to life. We also have to thank Jill the Succubus who did the initial character design commission for them you see below. Thank you so much for reading and supporting my weird sexy stories. I hope to bring you more soon!

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