



ESCAPE *FROM THE* ZONE

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA





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CHAIN REACTION

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In a way, Anya told herself, she'd been lucky. Things could have turned out a lot worse.

Entering the Zone had been a stupid idea. But she'd seen people get rich, heard them swear that the dangers were overblown, that all you needed to do was be careful and you could be in and out with something worth a fortune. But she'd barely made it half a mile inside the fence before she felt the air just go... wrong. In an instant she realised she must have wandered into an Anomaly, but before she could run she felt herself floating, rising up, gathering speed. There was sudden, wrenching movement, and then she hit the ground hard.

As far as Anomalies go, it was a tame one. She'd heard horror stories, everyone had, but apart from a few bruises from when she hit the ground she hadn't even been hurt. It wasn't until she looked up and saw the vast expanse of the Zone around her, stretching out on all sides out to the horizon, that she realised that her predicament was far more dangerous than just physical injury. She was in far, far deeper than she had ever prepared for. She scanned the area desperately, hoping to find some landmark that she could use to get her bearings from, but all she could see was unrecognizable, blasted wasteland in all directions. And then, suddenly, she noticed movement.

She'd heard about the creatures in the Zone too, of course. Tales of them went hand-in-hand with talk of the Anomalies. They were formed from the same stuff as the Zone itself, or they were explorers who had stepped in the wrong place and been made into beasts, or they were the product of some shadowy secret organisation to find a way to control and exploit the area - nobody knew anything for sure. But one constant in all the tales was that they alone seemed to be immune to the effects of the Anomalies, which is why they ruled the deepest, most dangerous regions. And now here they were; dark, ominous shapes in the distance, gliding through the air on large, powerful wings. How far could they see? There looked to be some of them in every direction she looked, but thankfully none of them seemed to be close by, and from what she could tell they all looked to be busy doing... something else, out where they already were. Searching their own patch of ground, fighting, dancing, or something; anything other than charging at her. She knelt down low, desperately running through her options.

She felt a breeze, and it took Anya a second to realise why it seemed unusual - the air was moving straight down, hitting her from above. Quickly, she looked up, and then she saw it.

Her, she corrected herself. Whatever the creature that was descending upon her was, it was definitely at least a her. Her skin was grey and smooth, although the membranes on the wings stretching out behind her as she lowered herself to the ground were an almost radioactive-looking green. Her eyes were coal black except for irises of that same toxic green, and the hair on her head looked like elaborate dreadlocks, their color a platinum blond until they too faded out to green. Her build was lithe but powerful; "dragon-like" seemed the only appropriate term, with the way her face



pushed out into a blunt reptilian snout and a long, lizard-like tail waved behind her. But despite all her monstrous, bestial features, the thing that shocked Anya the most as the creature landed gracefully next to her was the fact that, inexplicably, it seemed to be wearing clothes. Kind of.

Long, black gloves and stockings covered her arms and legs, albeit with openings at the end to let her sharp talons through. There was a small pouch on a belt at her waist, which seemed to be either part of or holding up a pair of short shorts. Finally, although her sizeable breasts were almost entirely bare, two X's of black tape covered her nipples - her whole outfit seeming to be a compromise between practicality and the absolute bare minimum of modesty.

If she was wearing clothes, then she had to be a person, right? Some random, Zone-spawned monster wouldn't come fully equipped with clothes, and who would dress a wild animal, especially with something that seemed to fit so well and not be torn to shreds? Could she be just another lost person, trapped by the Zone and remade like this? But then again, Anya had also heard stories about what regular people had done to each other in the pursuit of valuable objects from the Zone, so she slowly realised that prospect mightn't be as comforting as she'd hoped. Still, with this creature-woman standing over her, looking down at her with piercingly inhuman eyes, it wasn't like she could escape even if she tried to.

"Uh, hello?", Anya tried hesitantly. "I, uh, I don't mean any harm. I'm just... lost?"

The creature regarded her impassively for a few moments, and when she finally did begin to move Anya flinched away in shock. Instead of lunging at her however, the creature simply brought one clawed hand down to her own waist, casually pulling down at her own shorts. The belt came loose quickly as it dropped to the ground, revealing the rest of her completely naked crotch. Kneeling down defensively as she was, Anya was immediately eye-level with her pussy, the lips faintly tinged in that same green.

Stunned, all Anya could think to say was, "oh." Eventually she blinked, looked up at the creature's face and said, as delicately as she could, "uh, no? Thank you?"

It moved, with a speed that caught Anya utterly off-guard. Suddenly her clawed hand was behind Anya's head, digging sharply into her hair and pulling her forwards. Completely unable to fight against such startling strength, Anya found her face pressed forcefully into the creature's crotch, the slickness of her already dripping between Anya's lips.

The taste was... cloying. The scent too, especially given that Anya was being pushed so far forward that she could feel the creature's clit against the bridge of her nose, and every time she breathed in it provoked another burst of slickness, which in turn led to more of the intoxicating sensations invading Anya's senses. She couldn't... she was supposed to be struggling but her tongue felt thick, and everything was just... it was...

Suddenly the creature pulled her away, her clawed hand yanking Anya's head backwards and sending her sprawling to the ground. Lying on her back, Anya looked up hazily, trying to marshal her thoughts against the tide of warm green fog that pulsed from her stained lips. "What... what are you doing to me?", she mumbled slowly. For the first time, the creature seemed to respond to her, even if not verbally. It crouched down over her, and then, with an exaggerated tenderness for someone so bestial, caressed Anya's cheek with one hand. Anya couldn't help but lean into the gesture, closing her eyes and savouring the affection while her heart still pounded from the creature's earlier attentions. Then she felt a sudden tugging at her waist as the creature used its other hand to pull aside her jeans and panties in one swift motion, all before pushing Anya firmly backwards onto the ground.



Anya started at the movement, but instantly the creature's hand brushed her face again, calming her down. Opening her eyes she saw the creature looking down at her, almost smiling along the length of her snout, but with urgency and intensity plain in her stare. The creature lowered herself down steadily, and soon Anya felt her slick crotch meet Anya's own, and couldn't help but rise up against it. It felt so good, the way the creature's slickness quickly spread out over her, making Anya respond in kind, licking her lips desperately at the traces still clinging to her mouth.

Above her, the dragon woman began panting, her long, wet tongue hanging from her snout as she started to work herself over. Anya wanted - she wanted that tongue in her mouth, in her pussy, all over her; she wanted to feel that slick wetness wrapping up her whole body, making her warm and wet, making her feel so good - she couldn't help it, she didn't know why but she did, it was an unstoppable tide of need and desire that she couldn't even begin to fight.

And then, suddenly, the creature above her tensed, and Anya felt something press its way out of its pussy and into her own. An egg, she realised with a gasp, even as the creature pushed itself down tight and locked their bodies together, shuddering as two more eggs followed immediately behind it. It must have orgasmed at the sensation of them all as a slick flood of fluid swept out at the same time, thickly coating Anya's crotch as she came too from the feeling of the eggs filling her up.

She gasped desperately, feeling the slick, round warmth of these three eggs nestling deep inside her. They felt so... they were big, but they fit, they couldn't help but fit even as they filled her so wonderfully completely. Her body trembled through a series of echoing aftershocks, her hands clenching and unclenching futilely at the loose dirt beneath her.

Anya was snapped out of her reverie by a sudden sensation of pressure. The creature above her pushed down dramatically, hard enough to force the air from her chest, and she only had time to widen her eyes in surprise before the dragon woman launched herself into the air, her wide green wings beating powerfully as she ascended. And then, with one last blast of wind, she dove forward into a swooping glide, flying quickly out of view.

For several long minutes, Anya simply lay there. She didn't seem to be in any immediate danger, and she needed some time to... process things. She was... she still felt good, and she didn't really know what to make of what had happened. She'd definitely never heard any stories like that. And what the hell had happened, anyway? They'd... had sex, of some form or another, and the creature had laid eggs in her somehow? What was... what would that mean? Her first thought was panic - or, rather, it was that she should be panicked, but she somehow... wasn't. As far as she was aware, instances of creatures laying eggs inside people didn't turn out well, but somehow that just... didn't seem like an issue. It was too... there was a feeling, and Anya couldn't really pinpoint where it came from, but it seemed true - that the eggs were important. Valuable. Yes, yes, that made sense. Everything from within the zone

was valuable, right? Well, maybe that's what the creature was doing - it had seen her, taken pity on her, and decided to give her something to go home with. That made sense. She just had to keep them safe for now, make her way outside the Zone and then... then she'd surely be able to find a buyer for whatever they were.

Slowly, Anya pulled herself to her feet. Thankfully her clothes hadn't been torn as the creature had pushed them aside, so it was a simple matter to redress herself as she got her bearings again. She couldn't see the dragon woman that had... visited her anymore, but there did still seem to be a collection of other creatures wheeling around in the distance. After what had just happened though, Anya found herself less concerned by them than before. She had her... benefactor after all, so, hopefully, they would leave her alone. That seemed the best she could hope for, and she wasn't going to just lie down on the ground and wait for something worse to happen. She knew the town lay along the west side of the Zone, so she put the still-rising sun behind her, set her jaw and headed off.

Less than an hour later, she was stopped once again. It wasn't that she had any more run-ins with creatures or Anomalies - the former seemed to be pretty much ignoring her, and she hadn't seen, felt or heard any signs of the latter. No, what stopped her now was a much more mundane impediment, but no less insurmountable for it. About half an hour after she set out the spongy brown turf she'd been walking on faded out into loose volcanic rock, making every step a struggle as she had to fight to keep her feet from slipping. That had been bad enough, but then the landscape began to slope noticeably upwards, and this long slow hill seemed to have no end. The jagged stones were much too sharp for her to pull herself up with her hands, and while her thick hiking boots kept her mercifully protected they simply didn't offer enough traction for her to make any sort of progress. She'd tried skirting around the hill but it seemed to go on forever - she must have been in a valley or something at the moment, and no matter which way she went she'd have to come out of it eventually. About the only way she could make any progress was to go achingly slowly, putting her weight slowly on one foot at a time and making absolutely sure she standing somewhere secure before taking another step, but after about twenty minutes of that she was pretty sure she'd only moved about a hundred yards, and the top of the rise still looked so far away. At this rate she'd reach it in, what, a day? Fuck that.

Gritting her teeth, Anya dug her feet in slightly to give herself maximum possible leverage, bent down towards the ground and tensed up, then launched herself forwards. She sprinted upwards with everything she had, loose rock spraying outwards from her furiously pumping legs, but even then, even at maximum possible effort, she still only managed to gain about a dozen feet before she came crashing to a halt. She just couldn't keep up her forward momentum, and as soon as her feet lost their balance she found herself toppling forwards, only just having the presence of mind to land on the padded shoulder of her thick jacket rather than cut open her palms. Even so, the fall knocked the wind out of her, making her gasp at the shock of slamming sideways into the sharp rocks, followed by an angry, strangled yell as she felt herself slipping helplessly back down the slope.

In all, she estimated that that dash had cost her about ten feet of progress before she skidded to a stop. For quite a while she simply lay there, curled up on her side, cursing her situation and nursing her new bruises. And then, she felt... something else.



It started as a quiet but insistent throb, pulling down at her from inside. Suddenly she was acutely aware of just how full she still was, how the eggs that were still in her were rubbing against her walls with every breath. That- that must have been the case for the whole time, but... how could she have not noticed before now? They were so... pressing, stretching her so full, the fact that she could have just not realised for so long seemed impossible. But now, now she couldn't think about anything else, it was all she could do to lie back and gasp at how achingly overwhelmed she felt. There was a pressure, a tension, a... need...

She struggled up to her knees and, without conscious thought, her hands drifted down her body, sliding softly inside the waist of her jeans.

It wasn't until her fingers brushed up against her slit that she even realised she was doing it, and then the sudden surge of sensation was enough to keep her from being able to resist. She slipped down lightly, breathing out as she kneeled on the sharp ground, the pain momentarily forgotten to allow herself this brief respite. Immediately she was rewarded with yet more pleasure, this time enough to make her mouth drift open in a silent, wordless moan. Somehow, despite her situation, she was already desperately wet.

She started to bend her fingers inwards, but before she could do much more than that her whole body suddenly tensed. She knew her body well enough by now to know what she needed, but this time it was as though she responded to the mere decision to indulge, the actual process being almost an afterthought. The second she pressed inside herself properly there was a response, another great surge sweeping out through her, only this time it seemed to come with a roaring power fuelled by something deep inside. Her body twitched and jerked as she came helplessly, but beyond that there was something else, some great shuddering shock as she distinctly felt one of the eggs dissolve, shifting the remaining two deliciously inside her. And then there was a... pulse.

She felt it rippling down her body, her muscles spasming as this invisible bolt of electricity arched through her. It reached her feet and then just sort of... pushed outwards, her body flexing as her flesh was carried inexorably along with it. It didn't hurt - she was still far too deep in the afterglow of her orgasm for that - there was just a dim sensation of tension, pressure, then release. Then, after several urgently gasped breaths, Anya looked down and saw her shoes in tatters. And at the end of her newly exposed legs, where her feet should have been, there were instead two pale, chalky... talons, looking like nothing so much as those the dragon woman had landed next to her with.



Anya reacted bodily first, scrambling upwards in a desperate, flailing attempt to get away from whatever they were. She earned herself a shallow cut on one palm in her panic, and almost fell back over when her half-removed jeans threatened to trip her up, but even though her balance was thrown she just... didn't fall. Without thought her toes locked downwards, her claws sinking easily into the loose rock, putting her instantly on a firm footing. Somehow not falling over was startling enough to give her pause, and then that one moment of confusion turned into a longer one of curiosity. She yanked her pants back up and very carefully, she lifted one foot off the ground entirely, holding it out to the side as she tested her grip with the other.

It held. It kept holding as she started walking, clearing the unreachable summit of the hill in another 15 minutes of stunned silence.

She only allowed herself to stop once she was sure the ground beneath her was solid, as though she was a cartoon character walking on thin air and questioning it would have made her plummet back down. When she finally felt the stringy grass that grew throughout the Zone between her toes (toes? Sure) once again she stopped, settling herself down on her rear and stretching her legs out in front of her.

Okay. From about halfway up her shin her skin faded out into a dusting of bone white scales, which extended all the way down over both feet. Her feet themselves were noticeably longer, and were tipped with what could probably be called talons. That was new. But, that... happened. She'd heard of people having... influences from the Zone, unfortunate side effects from living too near whatever it was that caused all this. This, this at least was manageable. Once she got home she could hide it all by just wearing boots a few sizes larger, and then... then she'd still be good. So, for now then, the goal was the same. Just take these new, tougher feet, and use them to walk right the hell out of here.

For about another hour or so Anya made good progress, mostly by focusing on keeping her eyes out for Anomalies and threats while thinking about her feet as little as possible. Eventually though, another obstacle rose up in front of her. There was some sort of ridge in the distance, as though the ground along a fault line had been abruptly yanked upwards, resulting in a sheer wall of rock that seemed to stretch for about as far as she could see in either direction. She angled to one side, hoping she could find a gap before she got to it, but, of course, she had no such luck. By the time she could reach out and put one hand against the flat rock surface she hadn't seen any indication that this was going to be something she could walk around. Once again she'd found herself at the bottom of a hole, and once again she was going to have to haul herself out of it.

That, however, was easier said than done. On the plus side, it didn't actually seem to be that tall - maybe 30 feet, at most - easily a height she could manage to climb. Unfortunately, she had no idea how to actually do that in this situation. The wall was surprisingly smooth, seemingly made out of shiny black volcanic rock, and as far as she could tell, utterly lacking in handholds. She'd never really practiced free climbing, so she was at a loss for how to deal with something that felt like trying to climb a solid slab of glass. After a few moments of hesitation she found that she could get a good grip with her feet by spearing her talons straight into the side of the cliff face, but then she was simply left about a foot further up and scrabbling ineffectually with her hands. After that she tried just using her feet, trying to essentially walk right up the side of the cliff, but she only managed to take a few more awkward steps before she lost her balance, tumbling over backwards painfully and winding up in a sorry heap back on the ground. So much for that, then.

She tried to keep herself focused, but it was hard not to just feel uselessly frustrated. Even though it wasn't that high, this damn wall seemed completely unclimbable. And so what, was that it? She was just trapped here, unless she could find a way to somehow walk around it? For the moment, Anya just couldn't summon up the energy to pick a direction and walk for who knows how long just to get around this thing. If she was stopped here for now then fine, she could have a rest while she considered her options. Sitting down on the ground she stretched her legs out in front of her, then turned away to face the horizon so she wouldn't have to see either her feet or that stupid wall.

In the distance, the creatures still flew. She hadn't seen any more of them up close - even the ones that had looked to be in the same direction she was heading had either turned out to be at a different angle or flown off of their own accord long before they became a problem. So instead they were just distant, unthreatening shapes, patterns almost; diving about on invisible currents of air. Watching them go was surprisingly calming, like watching some natural dance, artfully performed. It really was actually very... very nice...

She wouldn't have done it if she'd been thinking about it, obviously. But she wasn't thinking about it, just like before, and it was as though her hand slid down the side of her body of its own accord. Once again it was only when it breached the safety of her jeans that she noticed it, and once again the powerful kick of pleasure she felt at that moment was enough to throw off her reservations. She shouldn't - last time she did this something bad happened, but all of a sudden the need was so desperately pressing, and then she was pressing too, feeling the heel of her hand slide down over her clit as her fingers slipped inside herself, and by that point the thought of consequences was just too hard to grasp. She needed this, she'd earned this, so why shouldn't she have it? The last time must have been a one-off,

some Anomaly she hadn't noticed must have swept over her feet while she was... otherwise engaged. That... that made sense, and it couldn't possibly happen again, so this... this was fine...

Her mouth fell open, her tongue stretching outwards in languid bliss as she leaned back and indulged. She was already so wet, she just needed to enjoy it, just needed to push down and in and hard and embrace how good she could feel. It was good, it was good - her fingers were coated with thick slickness as she worked herself over, and then with a sudden, juddering moan she felt that same aching fullness as the eggs inside her moved. Once again they'd somehow faded into a mere background sensation, but now they were back to feeling so wonderfully urgent and pressing. She was, she needed to, needed them, needed to make herself, need-

She came, her hips jerking forwards erratically as she felt her slickness sliding down the inside of her thighs. And then it just didn't seem to stop - she came again and again and again, both hands forced down against herself to allow her to lean into it as much as possible, and both soon thickly coated in her fluids. At first that was all she could focus on, just the endlessly crashing waves of her constant orgasm, but then slowly she began to realise there was something else pressing beneath it. What she was feeling on her slit was different, as though her nails were digging into her flesh far more than they should be. It was... oh. Oh no.

With a breathless gasp she pulled her hands away, but the damage was already done. From her forearms downwards her skin was the same pale color as her feet, and just like her toes her fingers had stretched out and thickened slightly, ending in intimidating, dark claws. It was all she could do to just stare, some distant part of her marvelling at how her flesh faded out into something like smooth lizard scales at her elbows. It looked almost like she was wearing gloves, but from the way she could clearly feel her cum still dripping slowly down from her hands it was clear that it was much more serious than that.



Okay. Okay, okay. Anya closed her eyes for a moment and breathed out, thinking about where to go from here. Well, gloves. Her hands already looked like they were in long gloves, so she could just... wear those. Okay, yeah. That would work. She just needed to get out of here, and if she couldn't find a way to fix this, then she'd just need to wear boots and gloves... pretty much always. That was doable. Plus, now she knew what had triggered this. This wasn't an Anomaly, it was something to do with the eggs that dragon woman had left behind, and they were somehow set off when she... gave in. She just needed to not do that any more, then she could get out, sell the last egg, and be fine. Suddenly she had to laugh - make her way out of an incredibly dangerous wasteland without masturbating - how was that possibly a challenge?

After all that, actually getting over the cliff was almost an anticlimax. Anya simply stepped up to the wall, squared herself against it, then thrust one clawed hand powerfully into the surface, feeling it lodge deep in the rock with a satisfying 'thunk'. Her other hand and both feet followed suit with equal ease, and after that she climbed upwards at a pace only a little slower than walking, making her own hand and footholds as she went. She crested the summit in less than a minute, not even breaking a sweat. That was a plus, at least. Beyond the cliff there was another seemingly featureless expanse of wasteland, with nothing but the distant promise of the town somewhere out to the west. Clearly she still had some way to go.



So, she walked. At first she held her hands together behind her back, the better to keep them out of her sight, but that quickly got too disconcerting as she couldn't help exploring how they felt with her fingers. So then she simply kept her hands at her side, trying not to let them touch her legs in case it spread further. As for further obstacles, she did her best to avoid them before they became a problem. She couldn't be sure what the exact link between her being stopped and her getting... distracted was, but it was enough of a risk that she skirted around a dense patch of shrubland instead of trying to push through, and when she found her way barred by an old fence she looked around until she found an open gate rather than risking climbing it and finding it was unexpectedly electrified or some bullshit.

By doing that she managed to make good progress for the better part of two hours. It was starting to get into the afternoon, but even so she wasn't feeling the need to stop for a rest quite yet. Actually, that wasn't quite true - in the back of her mind she still felt the quiet temptation nagging at her, the same faint feeling of fullness rubbing against her insides with every step, but she could handle it. Now that she knew enough to be aware she could recognise that the need was there, but if she kept her mind on just keeping walking then it stopped it from building up enough to become overwhelming. So stopping for a rest when she didn't absolutely need to - it was increasingly hard to keep her mind off that, but she was managing to fight the urge for now.

Suddenly, in the distance, Anya saw a flash. She ducked instinctively, hurriedly scanning the air for any other telltale signs of Anomalies, but eventually she realised the cause was something far more reassuring. It was a searchlight, one of the high-powered ones they kept running at all hours at the few big gates in the outer fence. If she could see that, then she couldn't be more than an hour's walk from the edge of the Zone. Her heart leapt, and part of her wanted to break into a run, but now wasn't the time to get sloppy. She was still near the edge when she first got into this mess after all, and she definitely didn't intend to blunder right back into some other Anomaly when she was so close. Standing back up she started off again, scanning around cautiously, and then almost immediately stopped dead in her tracks.

There was a... chasm. There was no other way to describe it. Some great chunk of earth had just fallen away, leaving a gap at least ten feet wide, dropping down to a depth of - Anya couldn't even tell, but it was far enough down that she couldn't see the bottom. So, here she was again, at yet another impassible obstacle. Of course when she looked left and right it seemed to go on forever, so there was no walking around it. And of course, there didn't seem to be any way for her to get past it - at least, not as she was now.

She sat down heavily on the ground, stretching her legs out in front of her. Of course there was one last challenge. There had to be. And honestly? She was tired. Tired of pushing doggedly onwards, tired of keeping it together, tired of acting like everything was going to be able to return to normal. When she lay down on her back and felt that last egg sliding wonderfully around inside her, she knew what the solution was, knew

what one last gift she would need to make her way out of here. Wouldn't it be better if this time, she just embraced it? If she knew what she was doing and leaned into it anyway, and really let herself enjoy the experience? Hadn't she earned that by now?

This time when her hands moved down to undo her pants, they were under her complete control. This time it was a choice, a choice that she had made to accept it, and open herself up to just how good this could feel. At first she was worried about how her new hands would feel on her sensitive areas, but fortunately they must have changed too without her realising it. Now she was smooth and slick down there too, her flesh seemingly toughened with the same scales that coated her forearms and feet.

She caught herself with what she'd just thought. 'Fortunately'. Fortunately, she'd changed more without even realising, without noticing, and now she was dripping wet before she'd even really started. Bringing her hand up to her face, she realised there were even more changes she hadn't noticed. Her cum was different; not only was it more viscous, stretching in thick strands between her fingers as she examined it, but it was an almost glowing pale blue, like she was dripping with some sort of electric neon goo.

That was... that was not right, she should stop, this was too far. But then she breathed in, and as her nostrils opened she was hit by the scent of it. Her scent. It smelled like her, her own cum smelled like the dragon woman that had fucked her earlier, and the thought of that was... was...

There wasn't a thought there. There wasn't space for it. Instead there was a powerful, urgent reminder of how she'd been taken, and a desperate need to make herself ready to be taken again. There was the scent of her, and then some primal part of her brain determined that meant that she was nearby - she had to be, if she could smell her - and that meant she could fuck her again, if only Anya could entice her. So her hands fell back down instantly, one of them tearing her clothes aside while the other pawed desperately at her clit, spreading and encouraging that slickness as much as possible.

It felt good, it felt so good; her new pussy was made to be taken like this, and soon she would be able to feel that again. First though she just needed to make herself wet, always dripping, always ready, wrapped up in that scent so that the whole world would know whose she was and what she was for. That was... that was... that...

With an open-mouthed roar, Anya came. Her whole body shook, two fingers pressed urgently inside her slit as a tide of her thick blue slickness poured out of her. And then, just as she was coming down from that high, she felt the final egg inside her dissolve, a blissful, loving approval of her actions. The power of it flowed through her once again, only this time it moved upwards, sweeping up her chest before pressing outwards behind her. It built up beneath her skin for a few moments, surging and pumping as her body readied itself, and then, in a sudden climactic rush, her new wings burst out from her back, unfolding in seconds to reach the same size as the dragon woman's.



Turning, Anya saw they looked the same as hers had too; except that once again her colors were different - where the structure of the dragon woman's wings had been pale grey Anya's were that same color, while the thin membranes that stretched between them were bright teal blue instead of radioactive green.

Anya flexed them experimentally. Even though she was still quietly panting in recovery from her previous exertions, and even though there was a whole host of rather serious concerns about her current situation trying to make themselves heard in her brain, she still couldn't help but take a moment to examine this. She had wings. Wings. Theoretically, she could fly. Wasn't that at least a little cool, even with everything else?

She got to her feet, stretching her wings out to full length behind herself. Anya didn't really know what the appropriate wingspan of a full grown woman was, but they looked about as wide as the dragon woman's had been, and they'd seemingly supported her weight with ease. So, this was it then. Time to see if her indulgence had been worth it. She lowered herself down into the starting stance of a track runner, tensed, then sprinted forwards. Then, when the chasm was at her feet she leapt, throwing herself into the air with everything she had and willing her new muscles outwards as hard as she could. A triumphant roar escaped her burning chest, echoing down into the chasm below.

It worked, after a fashion. Saying that she flew would be far too charitable, it was more that she managed a sort of inelegant glide, giving herself enough extra distance on her jump to make it to the other side of the ravine before landing on all fours in the dirt. Anya allowed herself to stay there a moment, catching her breath and willing her heart back down from her throat, when all of a sudden she heard the sound of another impact beside her. Turning quickly, Anya looked up, finding herself staring straight into the approving eyes of the dragon woman.

What happened next was something of a blur. Anya had stood, guided delicately by the creature's hands, and then after that her mind just sort of went blank. She was there, she was right there next to her, and no matter how much Anya wanted to say and ask and do, all she could focus on was how the scent of her was wrapping her up, the sight of her grinning muzzle was making her heart race, and the feeling of her hot breath on her cheek made Anya's thighs slick with slowly dripping lust. There was - she should ask her how to leave, how to fix this, maybe she'd fill her full of more eggs, how to get out, she could fuck her, how to fly well enough to get past the outer fence, how to lay eggs, how to be fucked, how to... go... how she could... why she needed... to be filled...

Anya collapsed forwards, stumbling desperately into a passionate kiss, unable to think any longer about anything else. The dragon woman returned it, stroking Anya's hair affectionately as their lips met, and teasing the girl's slick tongue with her own. It only lasted a few seconds before she pulled back, the two of them separating only reluctantly as their lips parted.



For Anya however, the motion went on somehow a little longer than it should have. By the time they had separated completely, Anya's tongue had stretched out a few inches as though to follow her, and the tip of it was beginning to drip with the same slick neon fluid that was still spilling down her thighs. The dragon woman grinned and, giving a single, enticing wave, turned away and took to the air.

The implication was clear. Come with me, if you want more of that.

By rights, Anya shouldn't have even been able to follow her. Only moments beforehand she'd only barely managed to use her wings for a slightly extended jump, and now this woman was asking her take off from a standing start and soar towards the horizon. But more important than the difficulty was the fact that she couldn't not go. There was a pull, a desperate, pounding need that her body understood far better than her mind could, and Anya simply allowed herself to obey it. Her muscles made the required movements, tensing her powerful legs and propelling her up into the sky, before her wings opened out smoothly and sent her sailing off behind the other woman.

The flight took something like half an hour. Anya was dimly aware of passing back over first the chasm, then the cliff, and then the slope of loose rocks, but those were now distant concerns. If she could pass over them so easily now, then there was no sense worrying about having to do so a third time in the future. More importantly though, they simply weren't important. She was following along behind the dragon woman now as she should be, and soon she would be allowed to feel so very, very good once again. That was what was important. Everything else... could wait.

They landed on a low hill, rising up alone from the flat wasteland plain. Touching down just below the crest of the hill, Anya saw it was topped by a single gnarled tree, and then leaning up against that was... something else.

It was another creature, similar to the one she was following, but while that was a woman this one was emphatically male. He lounged back casually, clearly confident in his domain, and accordingly the woman Anya was with approached him with careful submissiveness, keeping her head bowed and avoiding eye contact as she drew near. Grunting an acknowledgement of her, the creature shifted slightly, widening his legs to expose his - oh.

This creature was an absolute brute, thick with muscles and built in such a way that he would likely be more comfortable on four legs than two. But such a build came with some advantages, and along with the raw power to seemingly dominate the surrounding area with ease there was also his massive cock, hanging languidly over his equally sizeable balls.

Without realising it, Anya licked her lips.

The dragon woman was the one who made the first move however, kneeling down obediently in front of the creature. Looking up briefly to check that he wasn't expressing

disapproval, she moved in, sweeping his cock into her welcoming snout. Anya could see a tremble of satisfaction run through both of them, and while she couldn't help from being jealous she knew enough to know that now was not her time.

For a while she simply serviced him happily, a low rumbling sound almost like a reptilian purr coming from her throat as she did so. Eventually though she pulled away, and from the way that the male creature opened one eye to look at her it seemed likely this was not normally part of the deal. Still, he didn't stop her as she stepped back, even if his expression did seem to imply he was only allowing her a portion of his very limited patience. Before he could take further action the dragon woman turned towards Anya, reaching out her arm in a clear invitation to take her place.

'Oh', thought Anya. It took some time before she managed to get any further than that.

The woman took her hand, pulling her over and gently but firmly placing her in position. Internally Anya was debating the situation, trying to come up with an actual conclusion, but externally her body obeyed the woman's directions instinctively. She could still leave, Anya thought, as her knees hit the ground. She could wear gloves, boots, and a trench coat, she reasoned, as she was pushed forwards onto all fours and her few remaining clothes were stripped from her. She could stop, she could go, but what she was doing was raising her ass up in the air, as though trying to entice him with the waving tail she didn't even have yet. She could... she should... she... she...

His paws landed heavily on her back, nearly pushing her down flat to the ground. The tip of his cock brushed up against her slit as he lined himself up, and even just at that she could feel a wave of her own slickness pouring down the inside of her thighs in response.

"I...", she gasped, but as soon as she'd said that one word he pressed into her, a fierce growl rumbling from his throat. She trailed off into a wordless moan, but even that was cut short when the dragon woman took Anya's chin in her hands, lifting her head up to face her. Anya thought she was going to make eye contact, but instead she simply stepped closer, bringing Anya's face up to her slit and pressing her firmly up against it. There were, it was clear, better things for her to use her mouth for than talking.

Anya followed the direction distantly, her tongue sliding out to savor the slickness pouring forth from the woman's slit. She still wasn't sure, she was still in some way fighting it internally, but how... how could she fight this? How could she fight how good it felt to be fucked like this, to be filled and taken utterly from both sides? The beast pounded into her from behind with such urgent, powerful thrusts, filling her absolutely with his wonderful cock, while at the same time the woman in front of her was giving her such an endless, perfect treat; something that tasted so good and felt so slickly delicious as it slid down her throat. This was, this was... she could go back, but it felt so good to let them fill her up, it felt so right to just stretch out and have her new, long tail slide out from behind her, to have her tits sway heavily beneath her as she was rocked powerfully back and forth, to have her hands flex against the ground as her new scales swept slowly up the rest of her arms, her legs becoming equally smooth and shiny in turn.



It felt, it felt - if she let her face stretch out into a snout of her own then she could more perfectly service her mistress, if her thighs and back were wrapped up in scales then she could more easily stand to be fucked roughly from behind by this wonderful beast. She just had to... had to... she needed-

Suddenly, the beast behind her tensed up, thrusting inside her powerfully as he finally came. Anya's eyes opened wide - the feeling of his thick seed filling her up, every pulse of it singing through her body, making her drip, making the flow of slickness between her thighs into a surging torrent, it was all she could do to cum in response. It was unstoppable, her body had to change, she couldn't fight it, she couldn't possibly fight it any further - this was exactly what she needed to be. She could feel her tail rising up even further in the air behind her, the better to entice her mate with in future. The other woman stepped back to let Anya roar, her new muzzle hanging open for the first time as her long, dripping tongue stretched out in front of her. Her orgasm shook through her, letting her body slide perfectly into exactly the shape it needed to be, scales chasing the last of her pale skin off the surface of her flesh. But it didn't stop - it swept through her again and again with every surge of cum the beast gifted her with. Until finally Anya felt the sensation turn inwards, instead of trembling through her whole body, it narrowed down to one precise spot, deep inside her, and somehow, she instantly knew what that was.

It was her eggs. The three she had been gifted had been used up in beginning her transformation. Now it was time for her to pay them back by making more.

By now she was pressed face-first into the ground, her heavy breasts rubbing against the dirt with every lazy thrust she was given, and all she could do in response was pant and drool desperately as she felt the very core of herself change. She was - it was what she was for, others were to fly or to find or to fight but she was to be bred, it was her job to be taken over and over and over again, to be fucked so there could always be more and more eggs, so that others could be taught the same way that she had been taught, so that others could be held down and filled and changed and helped, and she would do her part - she would be fucked and filled with eggs so that she could then show others just how good it felt to be remade into something so slick and full. She gasped urgently - already she could feel this new batch of eggs growing inside of her, stretching and pressing against her inner walls, and soon they would be ready to help induct the next recruits.

She came. She couldn't help it - she'd already been rocked by several orgasms, but this last thought, this last, desperate command to spread, to convert and to corrupt, was far too intense to ignore, and provoked nothing in her but shuddering, ecstatic submission to it. It felt good, it felt so good, and it just made so much more sense than all the aimless walking and pointless scabbling over rocks she'd been doing before she'd been given this gift. Of course she should help share it, help others to feel just as good as she did now. She leaned forward, feeling the warmth of her mate's seed pooling deliciously inside her, her whole body quivering pleasurably as the fullness of her growing eggs echoed through her. How could she not help others feel this too?

Finally, after several long, slow minutes, the beast behind her was done, withdrawing back to his spot against the tree with little more than a grunt and letting Anya fall fully to the ground. The other woman helped her back up, stroking her hair affectionately as Anya came back down from the bliss of her climax. She was still dripping with thickly spattered fluid from her thighs down, her lips and chin both equally stained with bright, viscous color, but aside from that she was... she was done. Her body was every bit the powerful, sleek, dragon woman as the one who was standing in front of her, even if her coloration was her own. More important than that though, she had a purpose; a simple ringing truth that gave her such pleasure to even think about.

She truly had found something of great value here in the Zone after all. And now, she would make sure as many others as possible would find it too.





APPENDIX 1

THE ZONE OF CONTAMINATION

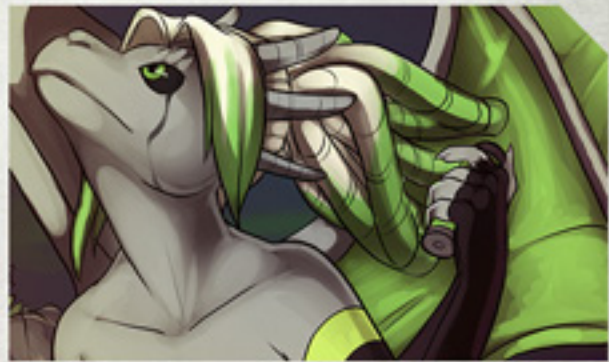
exists at the site of a failed experiment to create a new kind of reactor whose catastrophic failure triggered what is essentially a dimensional rift. It contaminates surrounding people and objects based on probability - the closer you get to the actual reactor site, the greater the risk. Within the Zone, the physical sciences seem to occasionally follow different rules - these pockets of weirdness are called Anomalies. Even outside Anomalous areas, very little grows or lives within the Zone itself and the things that do are... different.

The Zone is steadily expanding at an undisclosed rate. Outside personnel or civilians are forbidden from entry, but it is understood that items from within the zone are extremely valuable, and so unauthorized excursions are somewhat inevitable. The Zone has a way of discouraging would-be scavengers from returning, or sometimes, from leaving at all.



THE EXILED

are the transformed firefighters who responded to the initial explosion. They were far enough away to survive, but close enough that their contamination level was extremely high, leaving them essentially feral dragon-like monsters. It's unclear whether they have regressed to below human level intelligence, or their new instincts are simply too strong to disobey. They are extremely territorial and function in a loose guard capacity when they're not fighting or fucking. Their guard priority seems to be the reactor itself - reasoning for this is unclear.



THE SCAVENGER

is the product of an illicit experiment by those scientists tasked with understanding and quelling the expansion of the Zone to create an agent that can traverse the waste without fear of either the Anomalies or the Exiled. She was created by introducing Exile genetic material (retrieved [REDACTED]) to a human woman. Her initial mental programming to act in service to the scientists seems to have faded in the time since the experiment as her Exile instincts have risen to the fore. She occasionally does still deliver items to the scientists, although protocol is to never interface with her directly, following the Incident described in [REDACTED]



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