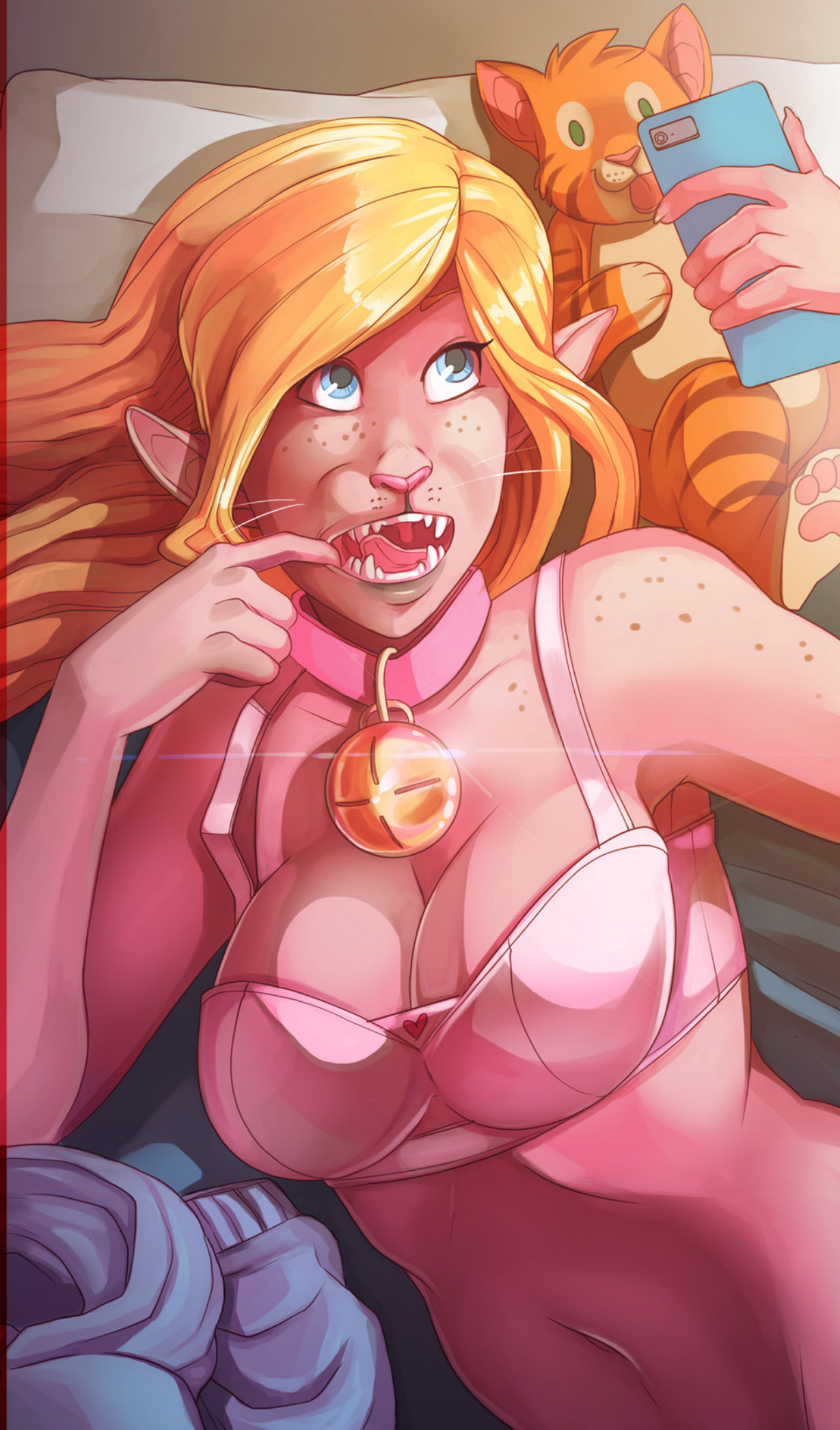


# Kitten REMIXX

AN ADULT TRANSFORMATION ANTHOLOGY BY ANGRBODA



**A**

ADULT  
AUDIENCES



# KITTEN REMIX

A TRANSFORMATION ANTHOLOGY BY ANGRBODA

# FORWARD


**What can I say about this book? It's been a long time coming.** Of all the books I've worked on, this one is the one I've been nudged about the most times by folks from lots of different corners of the internet. The original story, which is practically ancient in internet years, was something I worked on while I was in college, on and off. The last page was finished ten years ago this year, if I'm remembering right. Like I said, extremely OG.

I've been trying to do a follow up story (the comic that eventually became the story in the back half of this book) for most of the intervening years, but it never clicked, and eventually, the art for that first comic was so old I felt guilty expecting folks to have read it.

So a couple of years ago I got the idea in my head that it would be a fun project to redo the whole thing; to add to it and change the pieces that I felt like aged poorly. The crux of the whole thing is wish fulfillment - there's other elements, but that's always the most front and center - and that can be really hard to do without it seeming corny or eye-rolling. I could write a whole big thing about how hard it is to make earnest porn, but I'll cut it short and just say that it takes a lot of sketching, second guessing, and rewriting, at least in my case.

The story that's in this version was even trickier, and is a much different story than I would have written even five years ago. I was always worried about using Katherine in porn since she's such an "innocent" character, but it really clicked for me when I realized that I wanted to tell a story about her growing up and dealing with consequences, and sex is (for a lot of people, but not everyone), a slice of that experience. The fact that this whole thing is a metaphor for self actualization (it's only mostly about hot catgirls) seems especially appropriate given that the pot of gold at the end of that rainbow is (like in life) better relationships, self knowledge, and happiness.

This one goes out to all of us who wanted to grow up to be something else - I hope every day brings you closer to peace with yourself and the realization of your dreams.



DADDY'S  
NEW  
FORMULA

REMIX

SO, TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY.

I'M 18 YEARS OLD,  
AND FOR MOST  
PEOPLE, THAT  
REPRESENTS A  
TURNING POINT.

TODAY I COULD SMOKE IF I  
WANTED, OR GET A TATTOO,  
OR REGISTER TO VOTE.

AND THOSE ARE ALL  
GREAT (EXCEPT  
SMOKING, OBVS).

EVERY ONE OF  
THOSE DECISIONS  
IS A BIG DEAL.

BUT WHAT I JUST GOT  
IN THIS BOX IS A  
BIGGER DEAL.

A *MUCH* BIGGER DEAL.

TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY,  
AND I NEVER EXPECTED  
IT TO COME SO SOON.

LET ME REWIND A LITTLE BIT - HALLOWEEN, THE YEAR I WAS EIGHT:



WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, WHAT I WANTED, MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD, WAS TO BE A CAT. SILLY, RIGHT? TYPICAL OF A LOT OF KIDS. SOMETHING YOU GROW OUT OF.

EXCEPT WHEN YOU.... ***DON'T***.

BECAUSE IT WASN'T JUST THAT HALLOWEEN. IT WAS ***EVERY*** HALLOWEEN, BEFORE, AND AFTER. AND OTHER HOLIDAYS. AND MOST OF THE TIME I GET TO SPEND ALONE.

AND I HAVEN'T GROWN OUT OF IT - I'VE GOTTEN SMARTER ABOUT KEEPING IT TO MYSELF. THIS ISN'T A THING MOST PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT ME, EXCEPT FOR MY DAD, WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE PRESENT.

ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO BE A KITTY. AND MY DAD, BLESS HIM, HE NEVER THOUGHT THAT WAS SILLY. OR IMPOSSIBLE. BECAUSE IN ADDITION TO BEING MY DAD HE'S ALSO PROBABLY THE MOST BRILLIANT BIOLOGIST THAT HAS EVER LIVED. AND THIS VIAL - THAT'S HIS GIFT TO ME, TODAY. SO HERE WE ARE.

I COULD STILL NOT GO THROUGH WITH IT - MY DAD WOULD UNDERSTAND. AND THE RESEARCH THAT'S GONE INTO THIS WOULD HARDLY HAVE BEEN IN VAIN, CONSIDERING WHAT HE CAN DO, NOW.

BUT IN THE BOX WITH THE VIAL IS A SYRINGE, AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT. THIS IS A DECISION I'VE WEIGHED A THOUSAND TIMES IN MY HEAD, AND A THOUSAND TIMES, ***DECIDED***.

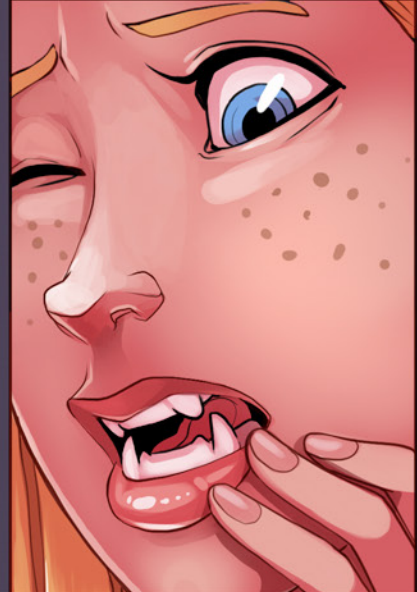





I PREP THE SYRINGE,



AND MAKE THE INJECTION.



THE EFFECT HITS ME RIGHT AWAY. MY TEETH CHANGE FIRST, SHARPENING. I RUN MY (NEWLY ROUGH) TONGUE OVER THEM, TESTING HOW THEY FEEL.



AT FIRST, MY BODY ONLY FEELS WEIRD, A NUMBNESS LIKE PINS AND NEEDLES. BUT SOON-



IT HURTS.



I CAN DO THIS, THOUGH. I CAN TOUGH IT OUT.

I CAN FEEL THE FLESHY PINK PADS SLIDING OUT ON EACH OF MY TOES, AS MY FEET RESHAPE THEMSELVES INTO-

CRACK



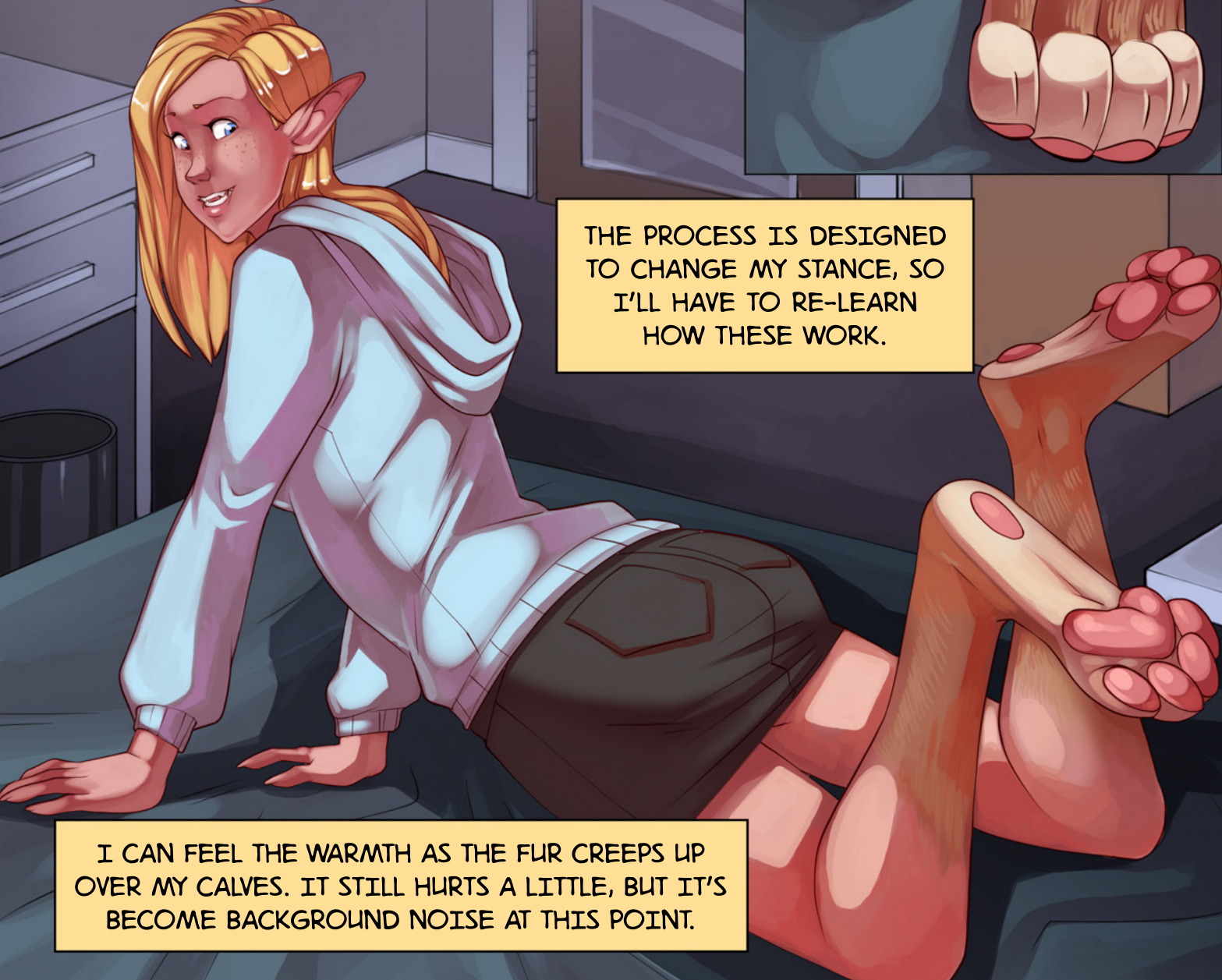
POP

PAWS!

FLEXING THEM A LITTLE, THEY FEEL... DIFFERENT THAN I HAD IMAGINED, BUT STILL AMAZING.



THE PROCESS IS DESIGNED TO CHANGE MY STANCE, SO I'LL HAVE TO RE-LEARN HOW THESE WORK.



I CAN FEEL THE WARMTH AS THE FUR CREEPS UP OVER MY CALVES. IT STILL HURTS A LITTLE, BUT IT'S BECOME BACKGROUND NOISE AT THIS POINT.

LOTS OF THINGS ARE HAPPENING AT ONCE NOW, I CAN TELL. I THINK THE BEST PART MIGHT BE COMM--!! --AHHHN!!

MY TAIL STARTS AS A LITTLE NUB, PULLING ITSELF AWAY FROM MY SPINE, GRADUALLY BECOMING LONGER.

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN HOW GOOD IT FEELS - LIKE SCRATCHING AN ITCH TIMES A MILLION.

I WRIGGLE MY PANTIES OFF TO GIVE MYSELF ROOM TO TRY IT OUT.



FFFFFFFUUUUUU--

OH MAN, THIS THING IS SO, SO SOFT. I CAN'T OVEREMPHASIZE HOW THIS IS SIMULTANEOUSLY COMPLETELY UNREAL AND THE MOST REAL I'VE EVER FELT.

I'M PETTING A CAT.

BUT THE CAT IS ME.

IT SEEMS LIKE I CAN MOVE IT CONSCIOUSLY, BUT WHENEVER I DON'T FOCUS ON IT, MY TAIL JUST... DOES ITS THING.

IT'LL DEFINITELY TAKE SOME ADJUSTING TO... AND I GUESS IT WILL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE BIT OF A TELL ABOUT HOW I'M FEELING. I KIND OF LIKE THAT.



NOW THAT I HAVE THE TAIL, THAT SHOULD HELP ME BALANCE, SO LET'S SEE ABOUT--



STANDING!!-- AHHHHH!

HAHAHA, THIS IS --  
IT'S A LOT TRICKIER  
THAN I THOUGHT!

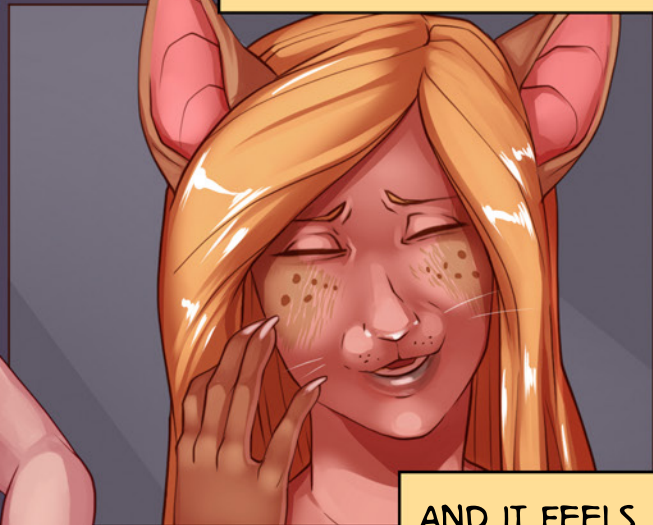
AWW MAN  
THOUGH, THE  
FEELING OF MY  
TOES IN THE  
CARPET IS  
GREAT -  
RELAXING AND  
STRETCHING  
AND LETTING  
MY CLAWS OUT  
TO REALLY **DIG**  
**IN** IS SOOOO  
SATISFYING. I  
COULD DO THIS  
ALL DAY.


BUT THEN MY FACE TENSES UP,  
AND I KNOW WHAT'S NEXT.

AND IT FEELS...

IT FEELS...

INCREDIBLE.





THIS IS IT - THE BIGGEST CHANGE. MY NEW FACE. MY HEART LEAPS IN MY THROAT AND I KNOW I HAVE TO GET TO A MIRROR AND SEE HOW IT WENT, BUT I COULD BARELY STAND IN THE FIRST PLACE AND I'M AT A LOSS FOR EVERYTHING RIGHT NOW. SO I CRAWL ON MY HANDS AND KNEES.

SOMEDAY I'LL APPRECIATE HOW APPROPRIATE THIS IS, BUT NOT RIGHT NOW.

THE GIRL I SEE IN THE MIRROR IS...

SHE'S NOT AN ALIEN. SHE'S NOT A MONSTER. SHE'S NOT EVEN A STRANGER.

SHE'S ME.

SHE'S A DIFFERENT ME THAN THE ONE I'VE ALWAYS SHOWN EVERYONE, BUT THAT'S OKAY. EVERYTHING'S OKAY. I CAN BE OKAY, NOW.

TEARS RUN DOWN MY FACE. I REGISTER SOMEWHERE PAST THE POUNDING OF MY HEART THAT I MUST BE CRYING. THAT I CAN CRY, STILL. THAT'S GOOD.

THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR IS CRYING TOO, GREAT BIG TEARS TRACING HER MUZZLE AND FALLING DOWN TO SOAK INTO THE CARPET. IT'S RELIEF, AND HAPPINESS, AND NERVOUSNESS, AND THE RELEASE AT LAST OF A LONG, COLD, LONELY ACHE.

EVERYTHING THAT COMES NEXT? I'LL FIGURE IT OUT. BUT FOR NOW, FOR TODAY---

TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY.





THE  
**NINTH**  
**LIFE**  
OF KATHERINE FISHER

*Eveline Ross had the chance to catch up with Katherine Fisher, a researcher at the Institute for Genetic Restructuring. She told us about her experience being one of the pioneers of the SPLT process.*

**First off, thank you for the interview - we know you've been reluctant to do this type of media outreach in the past.**

Katherine: Oh, I'm still reluctant to do it *[laughs]*, but I guess I'm here, at least.

***[laughs]* That's true. What made you decide to break your no-interview policy?**

So my experience so far has largely been that people's reactions to what our company is doing - and to me personally - range from very interested to skittish to extremely unpleasant. The hardest thing is that it's impossible to tell from knowing someone's background how they're going to handle it, so for a while I felt like the best policy was to just, not. But increasingly that's... not the way to go, I think.

**To just live in a lab?**

Yeah, you know, be a full on science-hermit. I did that for about... the first three years. There was a lot to sort through and figure out. But eventually, I felt like there were

too many things I was missing out on, that maybe the cost of being in the world was worth it. And it is, most of the time.

**Most of the time?**

Yeah. Occasionally I get someone who is like, extremely mad about what IGR does and my... whole thing. Those days are hard. I try to tell myself that maybe they're just not cat people *[laughs]*.

**So that brings up a good point. I'm sure the question is why do this at all - but I'll take it a step further - why a cat?**

That's super easy - cats are just, like, the best. I know this sounds weird and kind of hokey, but it just feels right. I went through my whole life with this... feeling that the way I was just didn't quite work for me. And when I looked around for a thing that would, when I imagined myself the way I'd want to be - cats were always the model. There's definitely concrete physical benefits, too. If people would take five minutes and stop being angry they'd realize that getting to be a cat is actually pretty great. Maybe they should try it.

**Physical benefits? Like, superpowers?**

I don't know if I'd go that far. But yeah, my hearing is way more sensitive than someone who hasn't Split. My sense of smell is a little better, which means food tastes a little better, even if it's harder to chew. The night vision is pretty neat, and my balance is great. *[waves her tail back and forth]* This baby makes me like, the yoga master.

**Is there anything you miss?**

Honestly? Anonymity. I mean, that and sneakers. And not having to blow dry my entire body. But to be real, I don't really regret this decision much. There's definitely

ways in which I wish things had worked out differently, but if I had to, I'd do it again.

**There's been a lot of talk about the fact that the SPLT process isn't reversible - is changing that a priority?**

I certainly think people deserve the option, and it's definitely something IGR has done work on and continues to look into, but knowing as much of the intricacies of the procedure as I do, I doubt that's solvable in the near future. I'd encourage anyone who is thinking about it to come in and talk with us. No one is going to pressure you into any decisions because... it's just not our place to do that.

**Do you have any big advancements in the pipeline that you can share?**

I can't get into the specifics of it but we have an extremely promising test group looking into the long term effects of SPLT on people with chronic illnesses. I'm really excited by the direction that's moving in. I think my dad's discovery has a lot of applications for helping people beyond how it helped me, which is why I'm so passionate about seeing that work continue.

**What would you say to people who want the whole thing stopped? Who think it's wrong?**

I try to be a thoughtful person but at this point I'm so tired of this argument. What I actually always want to say to the spiritual panic crowd is "too bad". Whether you're happy about the discoveries we've made or not, now that the research is out there, this isn't going away. If IGR shut down tomorrow someone else would pick up right where we left off, and good for them.

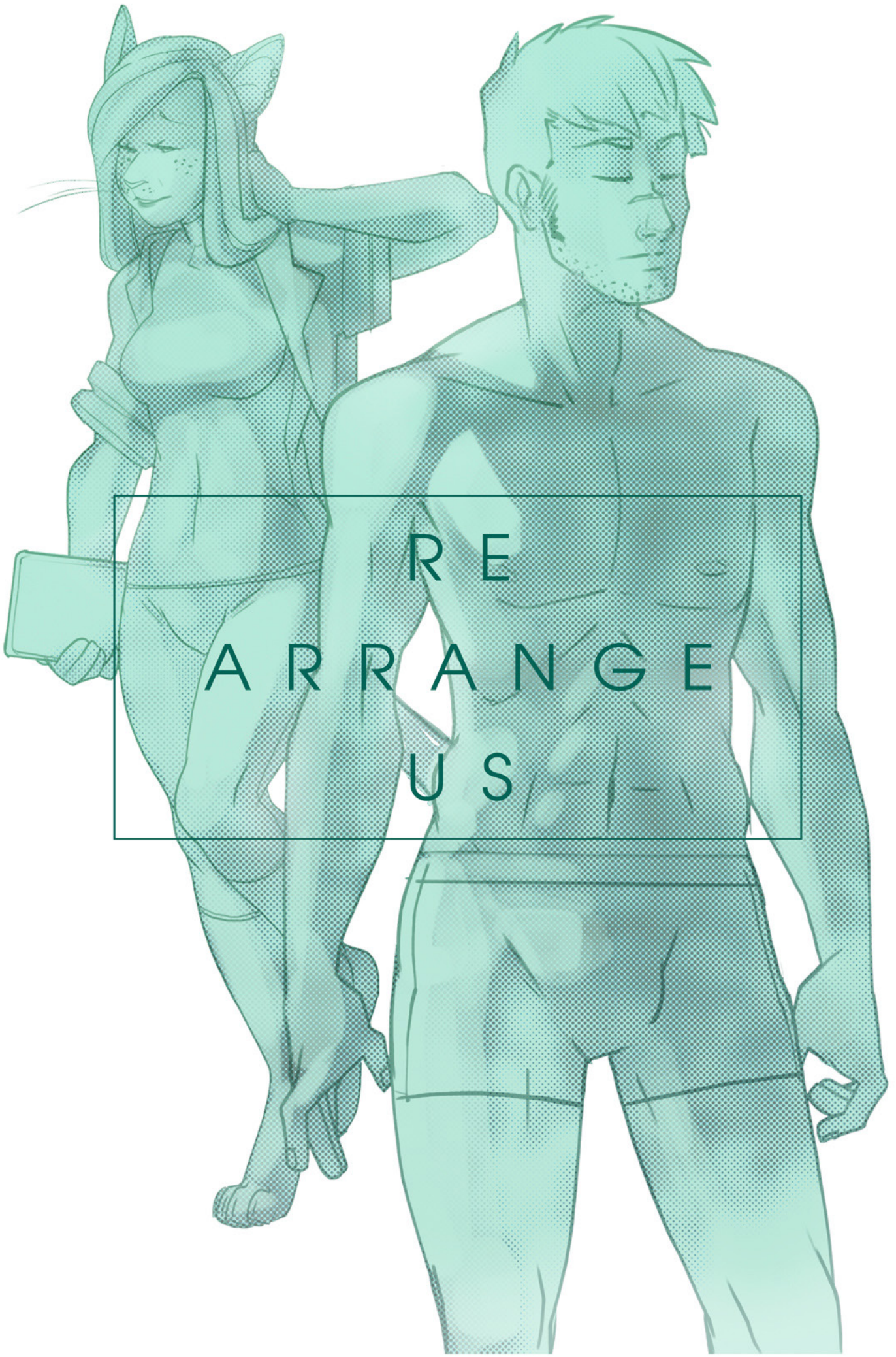
All the questions we're asking now - about what humanity means and whether that meaning is separate from our physical

bodies - those are questions we've been asking forever, and will probably continue to ask. Those of us who choose to take this step have already had that internal debate many, many times. I was lucky enough to be the first to have the chance to take this leap, but I fall asleep at night knowing that I'm far from the last. ■

“

There's definitely ways in which I wish things had worked out differently, but if I had to, **I'd do it again.**

”



RE  
ARRANGE  
US

## **There were windows.**

In most rooms, that's not remarkable, but in this particular case, the natural light afforded by the high, veiled windows was a luxury - one Kate had fought for herself. Viktor deserved a room with windows. Scrunching her eyes closed more tightly, she absently regretted making that demand, if only just a little.

She licked her lips - the climate control in this lab was off, slightly; not enough to make her uncomfortable, but enough to leave her with a serious case of cottonmouth. Twisting her muzzle into a rueful grimace, she unfolded her arms from beneath herself and stretched. She'd always been an early riser anyway, and Splitting hadn't changed that, even if it had made her more inclined towards an occasional mid-day nap.

She'd been a bit disoriented when she'd opened her eyes - she wasn't at home, which is always a slight shock, but of all the places she'd expected to fall asleep, Viktor's room at the lab was definitely not high on the list. Stupid. She remembered now how tired she'd been; too many hours going through files and entering data, combing through research for things she was beginning to be able to pick out herself. This next phase of the project was too crucial for her to miss anything, and the thought that she might have made what little sleep she managed to get fitful and empty.

But it made sense for her to be stressed. They couldn't make mistakes, now. The preliminary results were--

... curled up on a couch in the corner of the room, awkward and probably achy and snoring just a little.

He was there. And he was too important for her to screw up.

After she drifted off in his room, he must have put her in his own (temporary) bed and crammed himself onto that tiny couch. Unbelievable, but that was Viktor to a T - kind of rough around the edges, but a total marshmallow at heart. She'd avoided discussing it with anyone (not that avoiding conversations was atypical for her), but that was part of the reason she was so particular about wanting everything to go smoothly. At the very least, she couldn't bear the thought of letting him down again.



Waking up first gave her an opportunity to really look at him - not in the context of his usual exams, but just as Viktor - for the first time in a while. He was big. It was easy to forget sometimes, but he had almost a foot of height on Kate. He'd played hockey in high school, and the couple of times she'd seen him skate, he'd really thrown his weight around. That was also how he'd broken his nose - she'd missed that game - but that was fast becoming a moot point, thanks to his progress with the serum. His nose wasn't quite a muzzle yet, but it was moving in that direction; it ended in a rough pink section that was starting to fade into a darker color towards the edges. As he slept, his lip twitched slightly, drawing attention to the rows of spots where his whiskers were just beginning to come in. She followed the lines of them back to his cheeks, bristley from a combination of his fur just starting to grow in and his not having shaved in at least a few days, up to his sandy blonde hair--

"Morning."

She was startled from what she belatedly realized had been staring, her eyes snapping down to meet his own.

"Uh... you -- yes! Good morning," she fumbled, hoping that he either hadn't noticed her reverie or wouldn't press her on it. "About last night, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean--"

"Not a big deal," He unfolded himself from the couch, rubbing his neck and shoulders with his heavy, padded palms to help work out the kinks. "You're pushing yourself too hard, but no one's going to be able to stop you from doing that. I figured I might as well make sure you got an okay night's sleep."

"Thank you," she responded at full volume, and then added "I'm managing okay," under her breath. He was right that she was pushing too hard, and he knew enough about both the course of the research (as its prime subject) and her specifically (as her ex[ish?] boyfriend) to make that judgement, but she always resented at least a little how fast he cut to the point.

She instantly regretted it, as she watched his mouth momentarily flatten with a twinge of resentment. His hearing, of course, was improving daily. It wasn't quite what hers was, yet, but it was certainly good enough to pick up her small aside. Before either of them could acknowledge it, the silence was broken awkwardly by the sound of his stomach giving a loud growl.

"Anyway," she chirped, taking advantage of that interruption with some relief, "I'm going to grab us some breakfast, if that's okay. You want the usual?"

---

Breakfast was less tense, thankfully. It's hard to be irritated at the person giving you food when your metabolism is turbocharged with a heavy dose of what amounts to mad science.

In Viktor Alexandrov's case, the genetic re-writing was even more extensive than the process was originally designed to be - hence the reason for his extended lab stay and the vastly increased length of time it would take him to successfully Split (at least, compared to her own transformation, which had only taken a couple of hours to complete). He was going through the process as part of a trial of its effects on patients with chronic illnesses, to determine whether or not their conditions could be cured by the judicious application of some heavy genetic modification.

The fact that he had been the most promising applicant for trial had been at the very least a bizarre coincidence, although privately Kate regarded it as both a cruel trick and a small blessing, in turns. On the one hand, it helped that she knew him to the extent that she did, both from a logistical and emotional standpoint. On the other hand, this was the person she had hurt the most with her sudden disappearance, which was easily one of the top 5 things she had struggled with the most in the aftermath of her change. When you've just opened a scientific Pandora's box by becoming the monster inside, it brings some seriously rough times, so the fact that hurting him ranked that high - that said a lot.

All those old thoughts welled up in her again as she excused herself to shower - how much she'd missed him and the idle time they spent together. Watching movies while she laid across his lap, his hands in her hair, running through it gently while they laughed at every lame plot twist in turn. How he cupped her chin sweetly when she leaned up to kiss him, or wrapped his hands around her to hoist her up until their noses touched. The way he would run his hands down her body, his claws teasing at her fur while she could feel him from behind, his heavy breath hot on her neck, his muzzle buried in her hair, his co--

--The soap abruptly dropped to the floor of the shower stall.

Those weren't memories.

And what she was doing with her hands while her mind wandered back and forth certainly wasn't remembering.

Abruptly, she slammed the tap to the off position, leaving her standing, still half covered in suds, breathing heavily. Her lungs felt like they were on fire as she struggled to take deep gulps of steamy air. Every part of her felt too warm. Her right hand was pressed firmly against the wall of the shower stall, but her left was still...

With a shudder, she slid her fingers out of herself, unable to resist taking one last long stroke of her pawpad over her clit as she went. The rest of her fur was drenched from the shower, but her hand was matted with something else - Kate was hopelessly, painfully wet, just from thinking about him. About them. About things they hadn't ever even done; but now, she realized, things she wanted to do so badly that the thought was startling.

She was smart enough to realize what that meant - and a quick mental calculation confirmed her fear. It was exactly the wrong time for her to miss taking her suppressant - last week would've been fine, but between heading to the office unexpectedly yesterday and then staying overnight, she'd now missed her dose twice in a row during a very bad week to do so. She'd been pushing herself to the point of being irresponsible, and now, well, this was the consequence.

She was in Heat.

---

When she'd made the decision to inject herself with her dad's pet project at the tender age of 18, Kate had taken it as a given that there would be some trade offs, side effects, consequences, whatever. She and her father had discussed it often, especially as he had gotten closer and closer to perfecting SPLT, and together their understanding shifted from acknowledging her change as a possibility to dealing with it as an eventuality.

Obviously, trading in her humanity (in the purely literal sense, she was always quick to add) for something else was a huge undertaking, and there were all the social and societal difficulties that brought. That stuff she didn't really need to re-hash with herself after the fact, because she was too busy living it - dealing with it every day, having the same patient conversations over and over until sometimes after a lot of strain they ceased to be quite so patient.

The physical effects - sometimes those didn't rise to the surface, either. A lot of times, these days, she honestly took them for granted. That most people couldn't hear a conversation in someone else's headphones from across the street, or easily enjoy the scenery outside on even the darkest and most moonless night. She'd even mostly stopped missing wearing sneakers - you just had to be a lot more careful about sidewalk gum.

There were certainly things she'd always miss, though. One of the toughest precautions they had taken when they developed the process was effectively making her sterile - getting pregnant was too much of a wildcard with too many potential issues for them to figure out as a first round test subject. She'd taken measures to deal with the potential that she'd someday want to have kids before she'd gone ahead with the shot, but there was a lingering finality to that decision that had one of the harder edges she'd had to deal with.

And then there was the weird stuff. The naps (Compulsive Afternoon Tiredness Syndrome, she sometimes jokingly called it) were one thing, but they were easy enough to deal with, and honestly, she'd kind of expected them. What she hadn't expected was Heat.

As an 18 year old girl with pretty much no sexual experience, who had only recently turned herself into a cat person, the first time she'd encountered that phenomenon had been... difficult to say the least. Difficult, messy, and extremely embarrassing. It had thankfully only lasted about three days, but the entire time she'd kept herself locked in her room, frantically trying to

calm herself down and ... deal ... with things as best she could on her own. She'd taken a lot of showers. Thinking about it now, she grimaced.

In the years since then, they'd developed a solution - a pill she took every day that worked to regulate and suppress what she referred to with mortal embarrassment as her "private days". If she missed it during the vast majority of weeks she was okay for a few days, but slipping up at a crucial time was... undesirable. It left her in a situation where taking her medicine wasn't going to help - she was still going to run through a very distracted and difficult three days or so. It had only happened a couple of times since they'd figured out her medicine, with varying degrees of ending up temporarily extremely sex obsessed.

If nothing else, this was going to seriously impact her ability to get her work done.

---

The solution, she decided, was to bury herself in charts. If she was too busy to think about anything, she wouldn't think about how wonderful it would be to have a pair of strong hands around her waist, pulling her back onto--

No. No no, definitely not.

Her first task today, now that she'd done breakfast and had gotten re-dressed and ready to go, was to administer the morning exam. She slid a hair tie off of her wrist, bringing the mess of her dirty blonde hair into a more businesslike ponytail, and purposefully strode back to Viktor's room, grabbing her tablet from her desk on the way past.

With a couple of quick taps, she brought up his charts, comparing his last given vitals and dosage to the optimum values given by his program guide. Everything looked relatively normal, but that wasn't a surprise - the deviations that were giving her trouble typically didn't appear until the afternoon or early evening.

She arrived back at his quarters and, noting the door was closed, gave it a gentle knock. When there was no answer, she knocked again, gradually growing more concerned. Eventually her worry overtook her and she swiped her palm over the access panel to the right of the door, forcing it open, expecting something terrible--

"Jesus, Kate!" his voice rang from the far end of the room, where he'd just entered from the adjoining bathroom. He whipped his towel down from his shoulders, quickly wrapping it around his waist in a vain attempt to preserve his modesty.

Her cheeks underneath her fur were beet red, for all the good that did. "I --- ah---" she stammered, groping awkwardly for words until she landed on an abrupt "Sorry! I'm so-- I'm very sorry." She turned her back, covering her eyes with one hand for good measure, and hurriedly

made her way to the door. "Take all the time you need!"

---

She could hear him muttering to himself, even through the door, and if she would have been in a better mental state she would have realized that his annoyance was ever so slightly tinged with amusement. Instead, she was slumped outside the door with her face buried in her paws, her mind replaying the scene over and over.

But the thing that struck her most wasn't the embarrassment, or at least, what she was embarrassed about wasn't her mistake. It was - she couldn't - she ground her thighs together, feeling the uncomfortable warmth welling up. In her mind she was steaming; desperately re-imagining him as she'd just seen him - tall and muscled and completely naked - his short dusting of light brown fur peeking out of his skin in tufty patches, tracing the lines of his abdomen down to the V of his--

She grit her teeth, bringing her palm down to her crotch, and applying a grinding pressure. This was a mistake. She should just bail and try to get home somehow and then she would be okay, alone but okay and no one would know, and maybe it would be okay if for a minute in the privacy of her room she thought about him again and let herself enjoy it...

By the time the door slid open, she had resolved to do just that, buying back her composure with the promise of giving in later, if only a little. All she had to do was make it through his exam. Then she would make her apologies and call someone to cover and leave, and no one would be the wiser.

He peeked his head into the hall "I'm uh," he began sheepishly "I'm sorry for the commotion. I just wasn't expecting you."

She shook her head adamantly. "No, it was my fault. I was worried something had happened - it was silly. I should have been more patient."

He shrugged the strong T of his shoulders as he moved out of the doorway, allowing her to enter, "Not a big deal. So, you're here for the morning exam, right? Or was it just to get a glimpse of me naked...?" He laughed at his own joke, drowning out her tiny, mortified groan.

"Definitely; this has all just been a long con. My real goal has nothing to do with science." She was only like, 89% joking at this point, she admitted to herself.

By now, he knew the routine. Blood pressure, blood sugar, dosage levels, sleep recap, questionnaire, inventory of changes. She watched his lips move as he described a particularly vivid dream (one of the hunting ones - she'd had those, too), idly noticing for the first time that they were starting to blacken. According to the established schedule, within the next couple of

days his muzzle would begin filling out in earnest, stockier than hers, but still not as pronounced as a big cat's.

She'd picked out the species of his Split with him, flipping through dozens of options on the monitor before he had chosen. She remembered the way his hand had lingered idly on the photo as he paused in cycling through, and she had known, and smiled slightly to herself. He was going to be so incredible...

"Are you okay?" His voice cut through her reverie.

"Of course," she replied, quickly snapping back to the present. "Sorry, just remembering something. Anyway-" she paused, scrolling through his responses and checking that the voice recordings had been entered in the logs, "We should be good on most of this. I might skip your physical exam for this morning if that's okay, I'm feeling a little-" she clamped her thighs together tightly "-out of sorts."

"Me too, to be honest," he admitted, running his palm over the ruff on the back of his neck. "It must have been the night's sleep. I don't know." She could see now that he was sweating. She'd been so preoccupied with her own issues that she'd missed it, before. "It's probably nothing," he dismissed his statement. "You should go home."

She was torn. Part of her genuinely wanted to leave, and part of her wanted to stay, and an increasingly large third part couldn't think of anything except the way he smelled, and as she leaned in to put a paw on his slick forehead, that third part swelled in an inexorable wave, swallowing her up. She slumped down into his lap abruptly, burying her face in his neck fur, eyes closed, inhaling deeply.

She expected him to be surprised, or upset, or confused at this violation of his personal space, but the apology couldn't escape her muzzle before he cut her off:

"Christ, you smell so good."

There was a half a second of silence before he added "-I'm sorry, I know that's weird and this is weird and I shouldn't be--"

He stopped when he realized that she was rocking back and forth slightly, grinding the crotch of her tight workout pants along his leg.

"Mhmmmm," came her muffled reply.

There were a lot of things he wanted to say - but they were so complicated. This was so fucked and yet, the strangest thing of all was the familiarity. They weren't teenagers anymore, and this wasn't his mom's couch, and--

-- and she's not human.

The thought hit him like a ton of bricks - blunt, and heavy. And true. She wasn't. But as he wrapped one arm around her back and threaded the other up through her shirt, it occurred to him that he wasn't anymore, either. So fuck it, maybe.

He hoisted her up his knee, moving her in close. His hand slid her bra out of the way, letting him tease his pawpads over her chest. She let out another low moan and wrapped her arms around his neck. She could feel him through their clothes, his body responding to their closeness.

She was a mess, too. Throbbing. Aching. Everything was so tender, and he clearly remembered enough of the right things to take it the rest of the way. With some effort, she removed her head from his shoulder and rested her forehead against his.

"I'm... Is this... are you sure?" She mumbled vaguely, aware enough to need to give him an out. This wasn't - there was no guarantee that he would still want this, after everything else. She wasn't capable of having the rational dialogue this should have required right now, but she at least needed this.

For his response, he moved in and kissed her.

Pulling away at last, he muttered "I missed you, you know. Not just the old you," he slid his hand to the center of her chest, "the actual you."

She didn't respond, and he felt a momentary twinge of anxiety, until he felt the wetness dripping down her muzzle. Tears matted her fur in a line that traced from her eyes to her mouth. "You... that's so... corny," she managed to get out at last, breaking out in relieved laughter that cracked slightly at the end. "Thanks, Viktor. I'm sorry."

"Water under the bridge," he responded. "So for now, maybe let's go with the flow...?"

Their eyes met, and she grinned, a wicked little smile, all pointed teeth and mischief. "I was really hoping you'd say something like that".

And then, she dug in.

If she was grinding on him before, what she was doing now could only be described as marking him - her pussy dragging all up and down his leg as it radiated heat only inches from his cock, which was getting hard enough to feel the strain. He could smell how ready she was - her body had clearly made its decision a little before the rest of her - and the scent was picking out chords in him that he could only follow.

Bringing his muzzle down to the level of her chest, he extended his rough, textured tongue (a

recent development), sweeping it over her left breast. She let out a cute mewling yelp as he found his rhythm - long, slow licks across her nipple in time with the rocking of her body. He brought his strong hands down to grab her ass, digging in his developing claws ever so lightly as he continued his work.

Idly, he watched as her right hand crept down from his chest to her own abdomen, and then threaded inside her pants and underwear to finally, finally find its purchase in her aching pussy.

It didn't take superhuman hearing to pick up the gratifying sound of how wet she was, her fingers slickly sliding in and out, then drifting up to circle her pawpads over her swollen clit. She had to be gentle - she was so so so goddamn tender - but even so the long delayed sensation being able to scratch that itch was immediately overwhelming.

He withdrew his attention from her, giving her space to herself, and turned his attention to his own body. He slid his own hand inside his shorts, slowly beginning to jerk himself off while he watched her. He'd only been at it for a few seconds when she backed off of him, lowering herself to the floor at his feet, never removing her hand from its ministrations. She crawled forward on three limbs, finally bringing her face even with his crotch. With a sound that was more like a purr than any word, she brought her muzzle forward and plaintively nuzzled at the bulge in his pants. This was all - this was her body on autopilot, but it was so good, and right, and it was all clicking. This was exactly what she needed to do. She was so close, the blood was pounding in her ears like breakers on the shore.

"Please..." she panted, frantically pawing at herself, "I... I need--!"

She came so hard, she swore she saw stars. She rode the wave for a solid thirty seconds, her pussy clenching and unclenching as a trickle of moisture ran down the inside of her thighs. She had already been so wet, but this was a whole different level. Slowly, she withdrew her matted paw, placing it where the focus of her nuzzling had been. Cumming had only served to make her more ready - she was absolutely aching for cock - and the only way to satiate that need was to be filled, so she'd make sure that was next.

Having the entire focus of her hands and mouth on his dick, it didn't take long for him to get the message, but he seemed somehow hesitant.

"Just... keep an open mind, okay? Things have changed a bit down there, as well," he cautioned, before sliding down the band of his shorts to give her the access she had so effectively begged for.

He wasn't kidding. His dick was roughly the same size it had always been (generous, her mind inserted) but now it emerged from a sheath, its pinkness contrasting with the dusty tan fur that covered his balls. She reverently wrapped her damp hand around it, idly noticing its very slight texturing, as she opened her muzzle and extended her tongue...

"Ahhhh.... damn, girl," he breathed. "That's... I... fuck, this thing is sensitive."

She wasn't experienced, but he was so amped up that it didn't matter much. Her tongue did enough, roughly running up and down his length, lapping at the tip of his cock, and then repeating. She was careful to keep her teeth out of the way, and overall the warm wetness of her mouth was ample preview of where he was very sure things were headed. After a couple of minutes he placed a hand on her head, backing her off.

"I have a feeling this isn't the way you wanted us to finish," he said, doing his best to keep his composure. He was so close - the smell and feeling of her, the pleasant vibration as she literally purred with his cock in her mouth - it was beyond too much.

"It's not, no," she breathed, taking the opportunity to lean forward in a stretch. Reaching up, she grabbed her shirt and bra, finally removing them over her mess of blonde locks and perky ears. That complete, she hitched her paws into the waist of her capris and wriggled out of them as well. Turning her rear to him, she carefully peeled away the mess of her panties, bringing them down to where her knees met the floor. She leaned forwards on all fours in an exaggerated motion, finally raising her tail in what was both a reveal and an invitation.

In the center of her matted thighs was the view he had craved - her pussy on offer, quivering and dripping and deep, blushing pink. She turned her head to regard him, and he could see the haze in her eyes - the need, the eager anticipation. In her own mind it was so intense she felt at once that she was drowning in the inescapable drumbeat of her heart and somehow also outside herself, waiting calmly for him to make his move.

She didn't have to wait long.

He crawled forward, towards her, inching his face slowly closer, closer, ever closer and deeper into the cloying fog of her scent. It was... somehow smell wasn't enough and he needed to taste it.

Her eyes slammed shut as she felt his tongue on her, dragging along the length of her pussy, then dropping back down to her swollen clit. Mercilessly, he lapped at her, again and again and again, a measured but intense rhythm that left her ears ringing.

'Ah!-' she yelled before she could stop herself. 'I--- nyahhhhh---' she trailed off abruptly, as she managed to bite back the sound, his pace increasing, building to a crescendo.

This was it. This was it thiswasitthiswas----

The noise she made was a stifled almost-yowl, words lost in the bliss of cumming. She rode the waves of it as long as she could, ears pressed flat back against her hair, her body collapsing down onto one elbow until it subsided.

"Hf-ffffuck," she panted. And then, at last, another feeling registered. His paws, grabbing her thighs, wrapping around and hoisting her back up onto all fours. His knees locking in tight against her legs, and at last, at last, at long last his cock pressed up against her dripping aching wetness.

She didn't wait for him to say anything, a swift gasp of "please," escaping her muzzle.

He only grunted in reply, pushing himself excruciatingly slowly inside of her. She was so warm, and so wet, and so tight.... her walls tightened as she slid herself back against him, wringing out the sensation of being filled as much as possible.

"Yeeeeesssssss," she breathed, and then collapsed out of speech into a series of plaintive meows.

This was... this was too good, and it wasn't going to last, so he might as well lean in...

Viktor gritted his teeth together in a predatory growl, accelerating, withdrawing almost all the way and then ramming his cock back in to the hilt in a rapid succession of strong thrusts. Below him, she was a purring, moaning mess, with occasional words coalescing through her chorus of animal need : Yes. Please. More. Yes. Everything else inside her was, for the moment, totally consumed with this. And he was right there with her, mesmerized by his own rhythm, the tightness, the wetness, the warmth, and of course, the view of his cock - changed, for sure, but still very much his - pounding and withdrawing from her tight pink pussy, each time covered in her fluid, his balls matted with her slickness as they finally surged---



He lifted himself on top of her with the final thrust, burying his cock in her as deeply as it would go, grabbing her ponytail tightly in his paw and bringing his mouth to her pointed ear in a mindless, feral growl. His cock spasmed as her walls clenched around him in response, pumping her full of his own cum.

He stayed on top of her like that, panting, for a minute, and then, wordlessly, brought his mouth down to her furred cheek and kissed her.

"Thank you," was all he mumbled as he dismounted slowly.

She slumped to the floor, clearly exhausted, punctuating the end of their session with a peal of giddy laughter.

"Hahaha.... Thank YOU, Viktor." He watched her wipe tears from her eyes, clearly loopy from the endorphins their session had unleashed. Her muzzle was plastered with a huge, contented grin. "That was fucking incredible. Incredibly fucking incredible!" She laughed again. "I couldn't have asked for any of that but it was exactly what I've needed for so, so long."

"It was... um... my pleasure, haha," he answered, unable to come up with anything more clever than a lame play on words. Real conversation was a thing for later, when he wasn't so... drained, in every possible way.

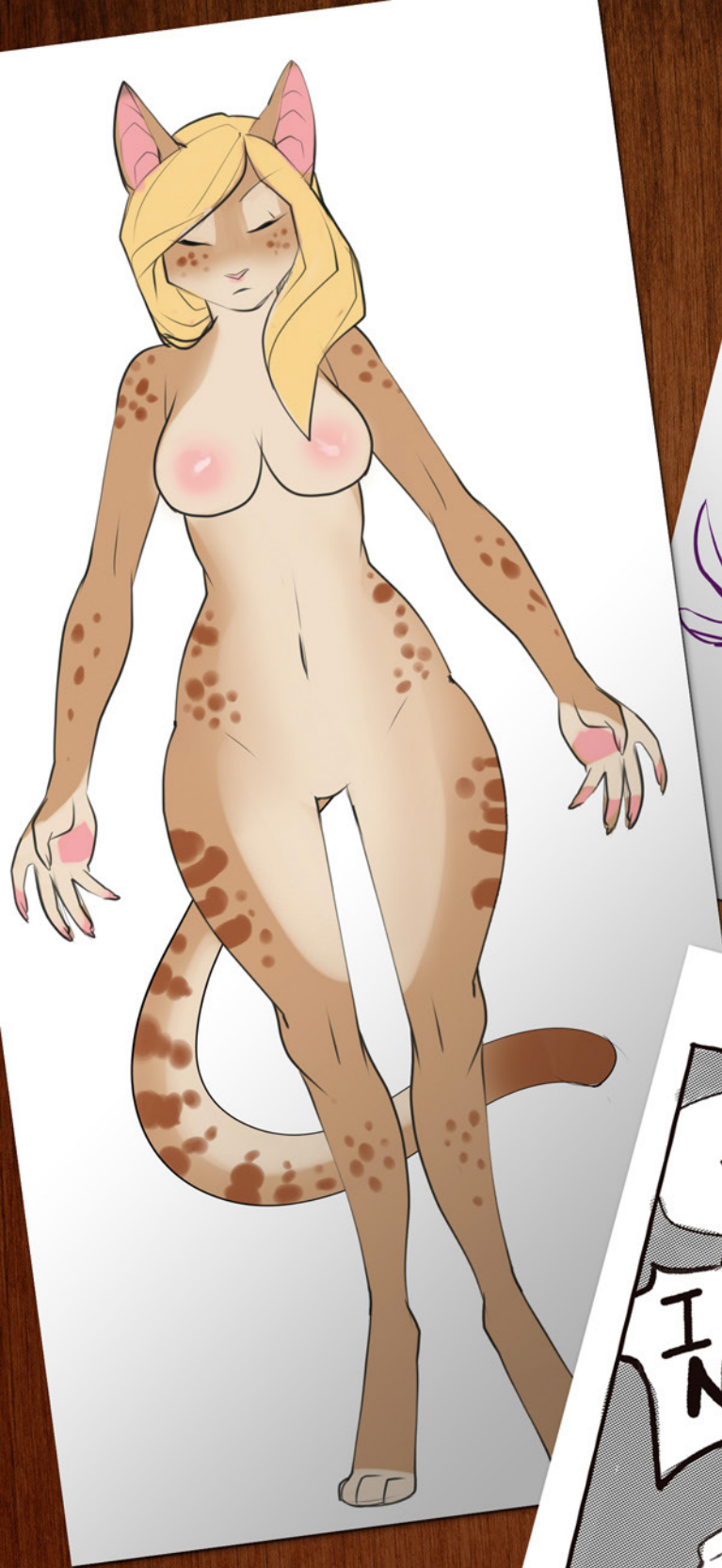
He moved to rearrange himself so that he was sitting with his back to the couch, the light from the high window peeking down and framing him pleasantly in a sunbeam.

She slid her still naked body over to him, plunking her head into his lap, the rest of her sprawled out on the floor. Reaching up, she removed the band from her ponytail, letting her blonde locks fall down across her face. Instinctively, he reached down, threading his fingers through the strands and gently pushing them out of her eyes.

As he did that, he felt something he was beginning to find weirdly familiar, that he had an inkling he would only become more familiar with in the coming days - the deep vibration of her contented purr.



BONUS ART



CHARACTER  
SKETCHES



CHARACTER  
SKETCHES

THIS IS ME. VIKTOR ALEKSANDROV.  
YEAH, I KNOW, I LOOK LIKE A TRAIN WRECK.

DON'T WORRY, IT'S NOT A LOOK I PLAN ON KEEPING.

THE LAST THREE MONTHS OF  
MY LIFE HAVE BEEN A  
DISASTER.

NOT GONNA BORE YOU WITH  
THE DETAILS, BUT THE OLD  
BANK ACCOUNT IS PRETTY  
MUCH EMPTY, AND A GUY WITH  
MY WORK SKILLS AND  
EXPERIENCE, THERE'S NOT A  
LOT OF PROSPECTS.

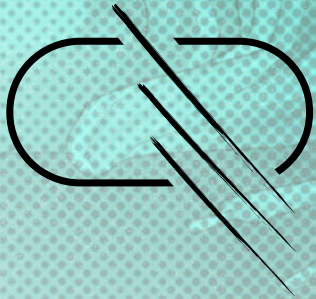
SO, MAYBE INSTEAD OF GOING  
BACK INTO GRUNT LABOR, I  
FIND MYSELF SOMETHING A  
LITTLE... UNCONVENTIONAL.



VIKTOR  
(Eurasian lynx)



*thanks* FOR READING  
AND FOR SUPPORTING NICHE CONTENT



**CHAIN REACTION**

MONSTROUSDOCTOR.COM