

## Matat Spa

*A couple visits a spa staffed by faceless latex attendants, and slowly lose themselves to the hypnotic smoke.. Explicit.*

The highway weaved along the coastline, between the warm beaches on one side and the orange cliffs on the other. Riley sat behind the wheel of her rental car with the window rolled down and her arm hanging out to feel the breeze. The wind whipped at the side of her short mane. Riley had the imposing posture, sharp smile, and sinewy frame that came with being a hyena. She watched the road from behind her mirrored sunglasses as she followed it north.

Julie sat in the passenger seat. While the lioness didn't look as tough as Riley did, their tussles in bed had proved that they were evenly matched. Julie's copper hair was brushed back behind her ears, though the wind blew around the inside of the car so much that she had to occasionally re-tuck it. A pair of gold studs sat in her left ear, nearly hidden against her tawny fur.

As they came around another ridge, Julie's ears flicked up and she leaned forward to point. "There it is," she said.

Nestled between two orange hills was a building shaped like a white cylinder, three stories high, and shaded from the road by lines of narrow cypress trees. It was smooth and nearly featureless, and if it hadn't been for the spacious parking lot and well-kept driveway, it might have seemed like a water tower.

Riley pulled off the highway and followed the driveway up into the empty parking lot. She plucked the sunglasses off her face, then asked Julie, "Is this place open? It looks deserted."

"Deserted? You mean *ex-clu-sive*," Julie sounded out in a mock-posh voice. "The website said it's open. It's just really new, I guess."

"And a half-hour out of town," Riley added. She climbed out of the car and shut the door behind her. From this angle, the building seemed to be lit uniformly, as if it didn't even cast a shadow. Just a weird trick of the angle of the sun, but Riley couldn't stop looking. Her eyes searched for the edges, but they weren't there. The building wasn't there, just a hole in space, opening into an endless white nothingness. It struck some primal fear

buried deep in her brain: real objects cast a shadow, so this wasn't real. She was looking at something that shouldn't be there.

And then she blinked. Her eyes had started watering. The building was just a regular cylinder, nothing strange or unknowable about it.

"What are you waiting for?" Julie asked. "Worried a spa's going to ruin your street cred?"

"No, I'm just thinking about the kind of dork who comes to California to spend a whole day inside," Riley said. "Like fifteen more minutes and we'd be in Malibu."

Julie wrapped an arm around Riley's back and walked toward the front door with her. "No beach bunnies today, sorry," she said.

There hadn't been any signs by the road. The only identifying sign Riley found was a small plaque next to the door, where the name of the spa was written in such tight, cramped letters that it almost looked like eight vertical bars. The curved white doors slid open automatically in front of them, without a sound. Together, Riley and Julie walked into the Matat Spa.

The interior was almost as stark as the facade, but a few small flourishes lent it some character. The faux-marble floors and white walls came together at an edge of golden trim. In the center of the first floor, directly in front of them, a large open space connected to an outer ring of rooms. In the middle of the space, a spiral staircase led up to a second level. They stood now in an entry hall leading to that central room, lined with smooth, plain columns. The vaguely Roman touch was emphasized by the two polished, blank-eyed marble statues of mares dressed in togas that flanked the front doors.

"Lemme guess. It's a modernist interpretation of neoclassical values, right?" Riley asked.

Julie snorted and rolled her eyes. "You don't know what half of those words mean."

Riley began to say, "Dude, you've taken me to enough museums—"

One of the mare statues moved. It took a step forward and raised its head. Riley instinctively stepped back and grabbed Julie tight across the shoulder. The mare looked Riley directly in the eyes, and then after a moment's pause, flashed a mechanical smile. "I welcome you to Matat Spa," it said.

Or really, *she* said. Riley breathed a sigh of relief. It wasn't a statue, it was just a woman dressed up like one. But even though she was talking, Riley couldn't shake the feeling that maybe this wasn't a woman. Her eyes didn't move around and when she stopped speaking, she stopped moving too. Riley figured that feeling was just her nerves.

"How can I help you girls today?" the mare asked.

Julie piped up and said, "We wanted to try out whatever your basic package is, so one of those for both of us."

The mare paused as if thinking, then smiled, then nodded stiffly. "Our package includes individual relaxation, aromatherapy, guided meditation, and massage therapy."

Riley slipped away from Julie for a moment, peering at the other mare statue. She rapped its nose with two knuckles and got a satisfyingly rocky *clunk*. (She was just checking.)

As Riley rejoined Julie, the real mare said, "This way, I'll show you to your room." She moved like a metronome: she'd look at Riley, smile, look at Julie, smile. Then she turned and clopped off through the empty hall, leading the way toward the stairs. The light rippled across her skin, but now that she was in motion, her glossy sheen made her look more like rubber than marble.

"What's her deal?" Julie asked quietly, following a short distance behind the mare.

"Maybe she's a street performer on the side," Riley said.

"Well, I don't like it," Julie said.

Riley smiled slightly and pulled Julie along. "You're not chickening out after we drove all the way out here."

Julie sniffed and cracked a smile at Riley. "Sure, I'm the chicken. I saw how high you jumped when she moved."

They climbed the spiral stairs to the second floor and let the strange mare usher them into one of the rooms. White, gold-trimmed cushions and rugs were laid out on the floor, perfect for sitting around the low table in the middle of the room. On top of the table was a white porcelain hookah, its coals already glowing. The whole outer wall was a one-way window: from the outside, it had looked white and opaque, but from the inside, they could see out past the tall cypresses, out to the beach and the shimmering ocean beyond.

"We will start our procedures soon," the mare said. "Please feel free to smoke and relax. We hope you have a pleasant stay." With that, she turned and left. Her footsteps echoed off the spiral stairs.

Julie approached the window to soak in the view, while Riley stepped over the cushions and held her hand out above the hookah. The coals glowed their heat onto her palm. She reached down and picked up one of the hoses. Pressing the gold-trimmed mouthpiece to her lips, she sucked in a small bolt of smoke. The spices glowed on her tongue, sweet and smoky and with a little peppery tingle. She couldn't quite tell what was in it, but it tasted like some quality stuff.

Riley blew the smoke out between her teeth. "Hey, Jule, try this," she called over to her girlfriend. Julie left the window, walked over to the table, and took a seat on a large, plush, tasseled pillow.

"Quick question. Uh, how do you do this?" Julie asked. Her whiskers twitched in an awkward grin.

"What, haven't you smoked before?" Riley asked.

Julie stopped grinning. "Just tell me how to use it."

Riley sat down on a pillow next to Julie's, holding out the hose in her hand. "Sure thing, Miss Straight Edge. Just take this, put your lips around it, and suck. I know you know how to suck."

Julie took the hose in her hand and gave the mouthpiece a quick glance, then slipped the tip between her lips and breathed in. Her chest rose, the water in the hookah bubbled, and she lasted for about one and a half seconds before breaking away. Her eyes watered as she leaned forward, coughing out puffs of smoke.

"There, see?" Riley patted Julie's back.

Julie shivered. The fur on her tail had puffed up. "It's like trying to breathe pine needles."

"Here, let me," Riley said. She took the hose back and sucked down a long breath of smoke. The hyena let it linger, chest puffed out, for a few moments. Then she breathed it back out through her nose. The aftertaste of the spiced smoke lingered along her throat, while the warm, dry feeling reminded her of smoking with her friends. Maybe it was placebo, maybe it was just the pleasant memories of getting high, but Riley was already starting to unwind.

"Easy for you, sure," Julie said. "I don't think you even have a gag reflex any more."

Riley reached over and grabbed Julie by the waist. She lifted the lioness up off of her pillow, then scooted under her so that Julie was on her lap. Her chin rested on Julie's shoulder and her arms wrapped around her sides, enclosing her in warm hyena fur. She pushed the mouthpiece toward Julie's face again. "Give it another try," Riley said.

Julie took the mouthpiece in hand and pressed it to her lips. She sucked in and her chest rose. As she breathed the smoke in, Riley trailed her thick claws along Julie's back, underneath her shirt. The urge to purr rose up inside her, but she fought it off. Riley's petting eased her throat, and she was able to draw in a long breath of fragrant smoke and hold it for a second before letting it all out in one puff.

Coughing softly, Julie patted her chest. "That tickled," she said.

"That's more like it," Riley said. "Your throat wants to close off but you've got to tell it no."

Riley sat with Julie on her lap and passed the hose back and forth. They didn't have to share, as the hookah had plenty of hoses, but neither of them felt any need to get up, and trading off gave them an easy rhythm. Riley could show off by blowing plumes of smoke from her nose or trying to make smoke rings, and Julie could let Riley coach her on how to breathe, how to hold the smoke in, and how to exhale without coughing.

A faint haze clung near the ceiling. Julie held the hose more loosely, grabbing the mouthpiece with her lips and drawing in casual puffs. Time gently stretched around them, feeling less important with each slow drag. A sliver of sunlight now peeked through the broad window, making the room seem brighter, the gold glisten more, and Julie's fur feel softer against Riley's body.

"Is it getting warm in here?" Julie asked, leaning against Riley's chest. She blinked twice, like she was fighting away drowsiness. Riley could feel her slow heartbeat.

"*You're* getting warm in here," Riley said. She tilted her head so that she could give Julie's neck a gentle bite. Her left paw slipped under Julie's shirt and rubbed her stomach in slow circles. Julie purred and flicked her tail. She stretched her neck to the side to give Riley more room. Riley squeezed her girlfriend's slim belly and nuzzled into her neck, growling pleasantly and passing her the hose.

The sun coming in glowed and shimmered in Riley's eyes. The air in the room felt warm, but not stuffy, like the crisp warmth of a sunny beach. Julie was even warmer than that, and soft and firm under Riley's hands. As they traded off puffs of smoke from the hookah, she kept rubbing her girlfriend's body. She felt as if she was finding new,

unexplored areas of silky fur. From her waist to her chest, Riley's hands roved and squeezed. Julie rumbled away contentedly.

Julie reached back behind her, grabbing one of Riley's big hyena ears. Her back curled and she looked up at Riley with a glazed smile. "Hey."

Riley tried to look annoyed, but she was getting that giddy feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was that kinda thrill you got when your feet got knocked out from under you, but before you know you're falling, so it just feels like you're soaring through the air. "Hey," she said back.

"How long have we been smoking?" Julie asked. She pushed the hose into Riley's hand and laid her head back against the hyena's shoulder.

"I dunno. Maybe like...half an hour? Check your phone," Riley said.

Julie was quiet. Her eyes were closed, jaw slack, and tail curled around Riley's waist.

Riley bit her lip, trying not to snicker. She couldn't help it; getting high made her giggly. Blame her hyena genes. "Didn't know you were that much of a lightw..."

She didn't even get a chance to finish her sentence before she was sound asleep.

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Julie didn't even remember closing her eyes. As she blinked herself back awake, she blearily remembered the spa, and learning to smoke, and Riley stroking her while they laid together. Eyelids still heavy and brain still foggy, she lifted her head from the dozing hyena's chest. Her bare chest. She stared down at the C-cups splayed across Riley's broad chest and wondered when her girlfriend had taken off her top. Then she looked down at her own bare chest and found herself trying to remember when she'd taken off her own top.

Only then did she look up to find that they weren't alone in the room any more. Sitting motionless and quiet by the table was a female canid figure. Maybe a fox, or a jackal. She couldn't tell because it was white, pure white, and glossy like latex. It looked like it was waiting for something, or maybe watching the hookah. It had no features on its smooth, white face. She felt like she was looking at the mold for a mannequin. The sun gleamed off its curved, simplistic chest.

"Um, hi?" Julie said, trying to sit up, but it was too much effort all at once. With her head spinning, she slumped back onto Riley's body. Reaching a hand up, she scratched at her girlfriend's chin. Riley stirred and shifted and wrapped her arms around Julie's waist.

"Mm. Sup," Riley rumbled, pressing her cheek against Julie's and rubbing contentedly.

"There's someone in here," Julie said. Part of her was wondering if she was hallucinating something, but she didn't think she should be getting hallucinations just from smoking...huh. She didn't even *know* what she'd been smoking. She'd figured weed, but it could have been anything.

Riley sat up and cracked her eyes open, squinting against the bright light of the room. She looked up at the faceless latex thing sitting at the table. "Kinda looks like that receptionist," she said.

"But her *face*," Julie insisted in a low voice, as if she wanted to avoid offending the motionless thing. She didn't sound all that insistent, though. With Riley awake and rubbing her fur again, a pleasant fog was settling in around her thoughts and she wanted to just lie down and keep smoking.

"It's that...modernism whatever. Like, form over function," Riley said.

Julie wanted to argue the point (besides, it was more Art Deco than Modernist) but she didn't have the mental traction to do so. Instead, she flopped back against Riley's chest and nestled the back of her head between her girlfriend's breasts.

"Do you think that," Julie began to ask, then paused as she pressed the mouthpiece to her lips and drew in smoke until her chest began to ache. Her eyelids drooped a little and small wisps of smoke fell from her mouth before she exhaled it all in a heavy cloud. "...we should stop smoking?"

Riley's paw slid over Julie's and plucked the mouthpiece away. She breathed in, held the smoke in her chest, then let out a long plume that curled and twisted up into the air. "Mm...nah. Why?" Riley asked, passing the hose back to Julie.

The lioness took it and tried to not bring the tip to her mouth right away. She couldn't. She sucked down a deep drag of smoke and let her eyes slide shut. The spice tingled and danced on her tongue, waves of vanilla sweetness and peppery tingling. Like an expert, Julie curled her lips and puffed out a wispy smoke ring. "I dunno. Just felt kinda like I'm hooked," she said.

"Hooked on a hookah," Riley said, starting to snicker. She calmed her laughter enough to take another drag from their shared hose.

Julie grinned too. "Hookah, hooked, hooker."

Riley snorted a jet of smoke from her nose. Julie took the hose back from her, holding it tightly in her paws and pressing the mouthpiece to her lips for a long, slow draw. As she breathed in, Riley's paws crept up over her stomach, and then around her soft breasts. With a firm grip, the hyena's paws squeezed Julie's D-cup rack back against her chest, rubbing back and forth through her tawny fur.

Julie wiggled her hips and twisted her tail around one of Riley's legs. Biting her lip, she pushed her cheek against her girlfriend's chest. "Riiiley. That girl...thing. She's still here."

That didn't stop Riley's paws rolling over Julie's breasts, or stop her soft pawpads squeezing and nipping at her nipples. The room was already drowsily hot, and Riley was only making Julie warmer. "Not like she can see us," the hyena whispered.

Julie whined wordlessly. Her hands, searching for something to hold onto, gripped the pillow beneath them. That wasn't enough, though. Slowly, with pushes and tugs against Riley's arms, Julie flipped herself over, so that she was laying face-down on top of Riley. With a sleepy grin, her large paws slipped up over Riley's bare chest and started to knead them in an instinctive, feline way.

"Hey, not fair," Riley groaned. The hyena girl wriggled underneath Julie, and because they were pressed up so close together, Julie could feel every flex and quiver of Riley's taut muscle. The hyena's mane splayed against the pillow behind her as her head tipped back. Her eyelids fought to stay open.

Julie spared a hand to reach for the hose and drag it to her mouth. She sucked in another deep breath until she felt a small creak from ribs. She stopped and let her eyes roll back. Smoke rolled loosely from her mouth as her head drooped, then fell across her girlfriend's chest. Riley's soft snorting enveloped Julie as her eyes slid shut.

Julie's shoulder wiggled.

"Wakey wakey." A peal of sloppy giggling.

Julie pushed herself up, wiping the drool away from her lip and squinting blearily at Riley's dopey grin. The air in the room had grown almost misty, lending a dramatic glow to the sunlight pouring in. Julie's thighs shifted together as she moved, and she realized that neither of them were wearing pants. She was *sure* she hadn't taken them off.

The glowing heat between her legs just made the warm room feel even warmer. She couldn't tell if it was the smoke, or the heavy petting, or just being groggy, but she was horny enough that her pussy felt slightly swollen.



"Look, company," Riley said. Julie turned to look toward the table and saw that, sitting opposite from the first faceless attendant, there was now a second, like a mirrored copy. The sun gleamed off their shiny latex skin.

"Ryyy," Julie whined, batting her face against her girlfriend's neck. "They're weirrrd."

"Well, you wanna ask them to go?" Riley asked. Her shoulders shook as she stifled her giggling.

Julie planted a hand on Riley's chest for support and pushed herself up. "Hey, guys! Some privacy? Me and my girlfriend want to fuck." No response. Julie flopped back down on top of Riley. Her round ears drooped flat and her tail flicked heavily behind her like someone had tied a weight to the tip.

"I mean...we can still fuck," Riley said. She grinned, then squinted, and started snickering again.

Julie straddled Riley's waist as she managed to push herself to her knees. It felt like her head was way up at the top of a skyscraper and her body was all the way down at the bottom, but she fought the feeling of vertigo by propping herself against Riley's firm belly. "You're such a gigglebox when you're high," she sighed.

The smooth, sweet, tingling taste of the smoke had left an aftertaste of spice in Julie's mouth that drove a craving for more. She wobbled on her knees, turning herself toward the table despite her muddled sense of balance. She reached out for one of the hoses, then slipped, and fell on top of Riley's legs. The mouthpiece fell from its hook bounced off the top of her head. She reeled in the hose and pulled the tip to her lips. She hugged it close and sucked in a long, lingering breath.

The smoke tingled in her lungs and made her breasts feel warm and strange but pleasant. Her fingers pinched one of her nipples and rubbed gently. She started to purr. Then a pair of paws grabbed her by the ankles.

Riley dragged Julie upward, until her chin rested on Riley's thigh and her crotch sat right in front of Riley's face. Wet hyena nose bumped up against her pussy, then a broad tongue rolled across her mound and swollen folds.

The sudden pressure made Julie jerk her body and start coughing out a lungful of smoke. Another set of giggles erupted from down between her legs. Julie flashed a frown over her shoulder, then in retaliation pressed her snout up against Riley's brown-furred crotch. With one hand, she spread open the hyena's folds, then pressed her tongue against her pussy. Normally, she used a light touch, but this time she pushed, dragging her rough tongue against Riley's tender pussy until the hyena whined

and bent her knees. Once Julie had gotten her revenge, she relaxed and treated her girlfriend with gentle laps instead.

The two of them both took breaks to suck down more smoke. Julie would pull back and shove the mouthpiece between her teeth, taking in one quick, deep breath. Then she'd blow it out again before slipping back between Riley's legs. She could tell when Riley was taking a smoke break because she'd slip her thick paw pads into Julie's swollen mound to keep her going, then blow a plume of warm smoke against her lower belly before returning to work.

The presence of the two motionless latex jackals wasn't on Julie's mind any more. The smoke kept her thoughts drifting, so that she couldn't fixate on any one thing. The steady lapping from Riley's thick tongue dominated her mind. Her tail flopped back and forth eagerly and her body rocked gently, making both of them sway back and forth on top of the luxurious pillows.

Julie winced as she drew in another breath of smoke. Her ribs creaked, popping as if a joint had just snapped back into place. She curled to the side, baring her teeth and clutching her chest gently. Her breasts felt heavy, like they were overflowing over her arm, but she was so high she could barely trust her senses. It might have just been her sluggish limbs. She let her thicker, perkier E-cup tits spill against Riley's stomach, and went back to lapping at her pussy.

Riley's tongue curled inside of her. Julie's hips jerked and she gripped Riley's thighs. She was trying to hold out. A mutual orgasm would be all hot and romantic, but her head was so muddled and she had to be so careful with her tongue that she just couldn't keep up. Her tail flicked high into the air and she arched her back. Her whole body seized and her pussy clenched and her fluids trickled onto Riley's tongue. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she nearly drifted back into a stoned daze right there.

With as much focus as she could muster, she twisted her tongue deeper, and used her fingers to rub Riley's folds, and kept going even though she wanted to just collapse and bask in the warm afterglow. A growl started in Riley's throat, rising louder and louder. The hyena threw her head back, groaned out loud, and came messily, leaving Julie to lap the juices off her lips and chin.

With the taste of her girlfriend fresh on her tongue, Julie managed to stay awake long enough to turn around and rest her head against Riley's soft, pillow-like breasts. They were bigger and more plush than she remembered, but by the time her head touched them, she was already slipping off to a drugged, dreamless sleep.

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Riley opened her eyes to find that Julie wasn't on top of her any more. She began to sit up, but a pair of white hands pushed her shoulder down and eased her back onto the pillow. Still groggy, she stared up at the chest and face of one of the faceless attendants, now kneeling behind her. "Hi there," she said, then cracked a wide grin and hunched her shoulders and giggled.

The attendant wordlessly lifted one of the hookah's mouthpieces to Riley's mouth. Riley leaned up and gripped it between her teeth. As her head fell back against the pillow, she pulled in a slow drag of smoke. The smoke seeped into her throat and curled its tendrils up around her brain and leaked into her breasts. Riley groaned and thrust her chest out into the air. The attendant put her slick, smooth hand on one of Riley's breasts, and as it pushed her down its hand sunk into the swollen flesh of her chest.

Riley's hand flopped up lazily and squeezed one of her breasts from the side, pushing it inward and feeling it deform underneath her fingers. Her tits were so...titty. With a giggly snort, she sucked more smoke in. The skin of her breasts pressed outward against her fingers. Her pawpads climbed to the tips of her breasts and squeezed her swollen nipples.

After letting out a big plume of smoke, Riley flopped her head to one side, then the other. She felt too tired and heavy to move, but she spotted Julie lying just a few feet away, with her own attendant kneeling behind her. "Juuule," Riley said. "Hey. Heyyy cocksucker."

The lioness's nostrils twitched and her eyes blinked open out of sync. Of course, calling her cocksucker woke her up. Riley snickered while Julie's attendant made her suck down a long drag from the other hookah hose. "Jule. Check it out. I got tits," Riley said, tipping to one side and squashing her breasts together. The way the tight skin squeezed together made her shudder.

Julie's eyes roved over Riley's body. Her eyelids looked so heavy, like she was struggling to just keep them open. "Woah. Not fair. Tits are my thing," she said. She leaned toward Riley and nearly slid off her pillow. The attendant moved quickly and pulled her back down. Riley looked on as Julie gazed down at her own breasts, blinking sleepily, then reaching up a hand to test their size. Even Riley could tell that they were bigger, sitting up higher and more prominent on her chest. Probably F-cups, Riley thought. F for fuck that's big.

"We both have tits," Riley said, then broke out into snickering before her attendant stuck the mouthpiece back between her lips. Her eyelids drooped as she breathed in

reflexively. Her cleavage slowly widened, stretching her creamy underbelly fur wider. Her dark-skinned nipples popped up stiff and swollen, capping her E-cup breasts.

"These things make me feel like a girl," the hyena grumbled. She exhaled a thick cloud of smoke, then kneaded one of her nipples between her fingers. As she breathed in fresh air, her throat strained, like it was hard to get a proper breath.

"You've got an ass like a girl," Julie said. Riley shifted on her pillow. Curiously, she cocked her hips up to one side and twisted around to get a look at her rear. Below her stubby tail, her ass curved outwards: big, soft handfuls of speckled brown fur and equally thick thighs. Her sinewy muscle was hidden beneath the new thickness that wrapped around her lower body.

"Woah," Riley said, rolling back onto her butt and feeling the little wobble that came with it. The soft mass around her waist made her feel padded and warm and relaxed, even though she vaguely knew that she shouldn't feel this chill about it. It was hard to care about things with all the smoke swirling around in her head, and it got harder with each new drag she took. The attendant lifted up the mouthpiece and Riley sucked down a drag that lasted longer than she should have been able to take.

Her bones popped and creaked and the smoke tingled in her chest and down through her body. The spiced scent lingered in her mouth and nose, like a gentle glowing ache that drew her back to the hookah every time. Riley's tongue dragged across her lips while she pressed her swollen breasts together and squeezed her thighs tightly.

"I think the smoke's...doing something," Riley said, lolling her head back in Julie's direction again. The lioness's chest was larger still, jutting up into the air, so swollen that her tits looked nearly round. Riley's tits were only different in that they were smaller. Her tits stayed perky, but when Riley squeezed them, they gave way, like they weren't...full. The same prickling feeling she'd gotten when standing outside the spa began to creep up her spine. Something was wrong. She couldn't focus on what, but the sense of unease slowly dug its way through her dazed high.

"Yeah," Julie said, clenching and unclenching her paws. Riley watched her doing it, squeezing her pawpads together as she balled her hands into fists, then relaxing them. Her fists wouldn't quite close. Her fingers strained, stopping a short distance away from her palm. It was like her paws had been overstuffed.

"We should mmph," Riley said, cut off by the mouthpiece stuck almost forcefully into her mouth. Her eyelids fell as she breathed in. On top of her chest, her breasts slowly creaked outward, pressing against each other taut and firm. Her ass swelled out

beneath her, lifting her up on an insulated cushion. Her thicker thighs squeezed tighter against her puffy mound. Riley thought piece by piece: she shouldn't...be...growing.

The attendant behind her head moved. She shifted around to one side, then reached down and put her hands on Riley's arm. With slow, steady motions, she began to massage Riley's muscles. As if she wasn't already limp, the attendant's smooth and mechanical motions seemed to rob her body of energy. The attendant's hands worked across her body, soothing her arms and chest and stomach and legs. Riley blew the smoke from her nose. She took a deep breath in and let out a sigh. Wisps of smoke escaped from her lips. She exhaled more smoke than she'd inhaled.

For the first time since they'd appeared, the attendant made a sound. It raised its head, looked at its counterpart, and made a mechanical clicking sound. It reminded Riley of gears clicking on a bike, or of a cigarette lighter that wouldn't light. Eight evenly spaced clicks. A reply, made of the same eight clicks, came back from the other attendant.

A sleepy groan from Julie's direction drew Riley's attention. Her attendant stroked her belly, working her abs with one hand, while its other hand pressed three fingers between Julie's legs. Its moved in such an even motion that it made Riley imagine a piston pumping into her. "Hey. That's my girlfriend," Riley said, starting to roll in Julie's direction. "Get yer own."

Riley's attendant pulled her back down. It held the hyena against the pillow with one hand on her shoulder. With the other, it held up a device made of black rubber, tapered at either end and bulbous in the middle. Riley squinted, jaw slack, as she tried to figure out just what it was. But then the attendant brought it down to Riley's crotch and pushed the tapered tip up into her pussy. She had no trouble figuring out that it was a dildo.

"It's fine," Julie said, giving Riley a dazed smile. "Fuck, these things are good. They really... get... deep," she said, punctuating each word with a little jerk of her hips. Her oversized breasts wobbled with each motion of her body.

No, she thought blearily. Not Julie too. Whatever they were doing, they were doing to both of them. It felt like there was less. Less of herself. It was empty space filling her up.

"Nnguh," Riley groaned. Her jaw went slack. Her tongue hung from her mouth as she puffed small clouds of white smoke into the air. The afternoon sun made the whole room glow, hazy with hookah smoke. The attendants nearly blended into the white walls, hard to see clearly with their featureless forms and smooth latex skin.

Riley's attendant moved the double-sided dildo mechanically, pumping in and out of the hyena's puffy, damp pussy. It wasn't pushing far enough to squeeze the bulb inside her,

but that thick rubber bulge pressed up against her folds and parted them wide open with every thrust. Despite the smoke weighing Riley's whole body down, her hips could still move. They pressed up against the attendant's mindless thrusting, and coaxed the shaft even deeper.

Sparing its hand from massaging her chest, the attendant took the mouthpiece and pushed it against Riley's lips. It held it there, as if demanding her to take more. Riley's lips obligingly closed around it. Even if she had been lucid enough to resist breathing in, it was a reflex now. Her throat tightened and her chest rose. With one paw, she reached up and grabbed the side of her swelling tits. The skin stretched beneath her paw pads. Currents of smoke swirled just underneath her skin. Thick plumes rolled from Riley's nose as she groaned, but the smoke kept coming in.

Fuck you, she thought. What are you doing? You can't do this to us. But she couldn't stop smoking, let alone get enough breath to speak.

Her tits were huge, taut, porn-star mounds. Her nipples were swollen up nearly as thick as her pinky, capping the spherical rack that jutted out from her chest. Riley dug her claws into the tight skin and felt the way it wrinkled and stretched, like trying to cling onto a balloon. From one side to the other, her breasts were as wide across as her shoulders. The only part of her that was thicker was her hips.

Down below her waist, Riley had curves like she'd never had before. The tight swell of her bubble butt lifted her off of the pillow and her spotted fur wrapped around her thick hips like leggings straining at the seams. Even her mound seemed thicker and puffier, like it had grown plump along with the rest of her hindquarters. The steady push and pull of the strange dildo squeezed her pussy until she thought she might pop and let out all the smoke inside of her.

The attendant plucked the mouthpiece from Riley's mouth. Each time she breathed out, she let out a puff of smoke. Riley rolled her head to the side to look at Julie. The lioness's arms were splayed out on either side of her body, palms up. Her paws were larger, her pawpads thick and puffy. Her round tits stuck out high on her chest, tight domes of golden fur that stretched to even greater sizes while she drew in the sweet hookah smoke. Riley had the curves, but Julie had the tits.

Riley's chest seized. She took deep, open-mouthed breaths, but the thick smoke wouldn't leave her lungs. For a moment, some instinctive impulse kicked in, and her heart pounded in panic. She nearly tugged away from the attendant's grasp. But then that instinct fizzled out. Riley breathed in a long breath of clean air, let it filter through her lungs, and then blew out a long trail of hookah smoke.

Things shifted inside of Riley's body. In her daze, she could only snicker at the bumps and jostles. She kept grinding against the smooth, bulbed dildo. The attendant started pushing with more force, bending forward and ramming the double-sided shaft into Riley. The tapered shaft stretched her swollen pussy open, making the overinflated hyena bob back and forth on her pillow. And then there was a *pop*. Riley puffed out a mouthful of smoke. One of the shaft's bulbs had lodged in her pussy. Her body's muscles continued to spasm and jerk and squeeze around it. With each clench of her muscles, the black rubber shaft throbbed.

And it began to grow.

Riley rolled her head back and pressed up against the attendant's hand. It gripped the shaft firmly, running its hand back and forth along the length. Riley could feel it like it was her own skin. She felt that rubbery hand on her rubbery cock and felt each bulge of extra mass and length that forced the attendant to grip it tighter. The swollen pleasure was so much more focused, had so much more of a driving force behind it. Those eight...nine...ten inches of knotted flesh had an innate desire to be lodged inside of something.

Riley's hips bucked forward against the stroking hand. She pumped her new cock far enough forward that the attendant's fingers slid around her knot. As the attendant tightened its grip, it squeezed Riley's thick bulge. Riley puffed out a cloud of fresh, spiced smoke and thrust again. Her cock throbbed; the rubber pulsed as if alive. Then with a hot hiss, she began to orgasm. Her muscles spasmed and the tapered head of her canine cock flared. All that escaped her shaft was hot air until a jet of smoke shot from the tip. It came sputtering at first, but soon the flow was smooth and uniform. Her hips jerked as she spewed smoke into the air from her hookah cock. Her tits bounced back and forth, wobbling free on her chest. Riley felt a pair of slick, rubbery balls bobbing between her legs, squeezed tightly between her taut thighs.

As her orgasm subsided, Riley's eyes glazed over and she lay limp on her pillow, numb to everything but the bliss radiating outward from her thick latex cock, and the pleasant, constant swirling smoke that tickled her lungs and chest and stomach and hips.

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Julie lifted a hand and planted it awkwardly on top of her chest. She couldn't move her fingers independently, and the thickness of her pawpads kept her from curling them. She could hardly grab anything, except by cupping her hand and squeezing. She tried to hold her huge, round tits steady as her chest rose and fell.

Where was the hose? She needed another breath of smoke. It was the only thing in her mind. One plush pawpad flicked over her bloated, thumb-sized nipples. A soft yowl rolled off the back of her throat. She curled her legs and began to squirm. Her lungs ached like she was out of breath, but no matter how much she gasped, what she needed wasn't air, it was smoke.

Was that wrong? It felt like it wasn't supposed to be that way, but the smoke dulled her sense of dread down to a tickle along the back of her neck.

A pair of smooth latex hands slid under her back and pulled her up. She was lifted to a sitting position, a thick pillow propping up her back. Instead of just two attendants in the room, there were now four: another pair sat next to the table, their blank faces pointed at her and Riley. Every couple seconds, one of them would make a clicking sound, and then another might respond, or might not. The doped-up lioness couldn't make any sense of it.

Julie caught sight of Riley. The hyena was on her knees next to the table, eyes rolled back in her head, breathing out small plumes of smoke. Her chest wasn't as big as Julie's, but it had still swelled to a chest-dominating size. The thick curves of her hips softened her sinewy frame into a more sultry, feminine shape. And a ten-inch black latex canine cock stuck up stiff between her legs.

Julie's own weight pulled her forward. She fell and caught herself on her hands, but her arms felt too short and her paws too large. Swaying slightly, she rose on all fours. Her tits jutted out high enough that they squeezed between her front legs and stood out proudly in front of her, even in her new, more natural quadrupedal stance. She couldn't even will herself to stand.

"Ry," Julie wheezed softly. Her rough tongue rolled from her mouth and dragged over her dry lips. "Ry. Your cock." Julie watched with a single-minded hunger as a trail of smoke rolled up from the tip of Riley's shaft.

Riley's eyelids batted twice and she smiled, as if in a dream. "Yeah. My cock."

"Need to," Julie gasped. She lunged forward and spread her mouth wide. Her nose bumped up against Riley's crotch and her lips closed tight around her rubbery cock. The slick latex squeaked against her teeth and slipped smoothly down her throat, until its girth was visibly bulging against her skin. The roughness of her tongue didn't even bother Riley's durable latex cock. She could slurp and suck with abandon and not worry about being too rough on her.



Her mouth around the rubber shaft was so strange and artificial that it didn't feel real. None of this should be real. She needed to pull back, to grab Riley, to tell her to run. ...to suck her cock.

The trickle of smoke from Riley's cock was enough to whet Julie's thirst but not enough to satisfy it. With each suck, she got a little tiny rush of smoke. She had to work for it, bobbing back and forth, lips pulled tight, eyes screwed shut. Riley's soft groans told her that she was on the right path. The smoke that Riley made was sweeter and thicker and richer than from the hookah, and once Julie had gotten her first taste, she couldn't go back. She needed Riley's smoke.

The furious bobbing and sucking between her legs roused Riley from her daze. The pumped-up hyena blinked slowly and looked down at her four-legged girlfriend. "Fuck," she breathed in a puff of smoke. Her paws pulled against the back of Julie's head, coaxing her further down along her cock. Her teeth and lips slid down, squeaking against the rubber, until they met her knot.

Riley fought to push Julie over her knot and Julie struggled to work her jaw around it. Julie twisted her head to one side, then the other, trying to find some angle by which she could take the thick bulge. Riley gripped the back of Julie's head and thrust with her hips. Julie's jaw twinged in pain and she slipped back away from the knot. Riley pushed harder; Julie strained, curling her claws into the carpet. A snarl split the hyena's throat. With a fierce push, pulling every muscle in her body tight, *POP*. Her knot lodged itself behind Julie's teeth..

The rubber bulb was wedged so tightly that by flexing her jaw, Julie got a whine out of Riley. Her jaw was locked in place, so she couldn't slide back and forth, but Julie kept bobbing her head, and sucking, and drawing her tongue along the throat-filling shaft lodged inside of her.

This close to Riley, every jerk of the hyena's hips bumped against Julie's snout and every growl hummed along the latex cock. Julie pulled with her cheeks and throat. Riley's head rolled back and she let out a deep, shuddering groan.

A click sounded from somewhere in Riley's cock, and as Julie pulled, she suddenly tumbled backward. Riley's shaft was still lodged in her mouth, but from its base ran a hose, which led right down to Riley's crotch, like the hookah's hoses. Julie stared, but Riley grunted and jerked her hips. Her cock throbbed, then swelled, then spewed thick, pungent blasts of smoke straight down the lioness's throat.

Julie purred. Her tail lashed behind her. Her lungs sucked down the smoke and her ribs creaked. Her breasts inched outwards, so taut and round and puffed up that she could

bury her face in her own cleavage just by looking down. She gripped the hose with her front paws and tugged her head back, but her mouth was firmly lodged on Riley's cock. Her hands dropped back to the ground.

Julie felt like a natural on all fours. Her large paws supported her weight, and her posture had shifted, making a quadrupedal stance more comfortable. Her arms had grown short enough to hold her shoulders level with her hindquarters. The biggest difference between her and a feral lioness was her massive tits. The smoke-filled globes reached nearly halfway to the ground, squeezed out between her front legs like she had puffed her chest out in pride.

The clicking chatter between the attendants picked up. Julie was only aware of them in the corners of her thoughts, because so much of her mind was taken up by the huge cock wedged in her mouth. Julie basked in the feeling of being filled up to her throat, until an attendant took her by the shoulders and pulled her back. By then, Riley's knot had softened enough to let her pop free with relative ease. The hose retracted, sliding back into Riley's crotch smoothly. She jerked and groaned as it clicked back into place between her legs.

There were now six attendants in the room: two sitting by the table, one each next to Julie and Riley, and a new pair standing behind a set of large basins. The two basins were filled with glossy, viscous fluid; the one next to Julie was filled with black, rubbery goo, while the one next to Riley was full of similar liquid latex in white.

The attendant next to Julie clicked at her, its featureless face pointed in her direction. Then it dipped its fingers into the basin of black latex and reached out, spreading it along the front of Riley's chest. The attendant painted a streak of black across Riley's breast, covering one of her nipples in the process. The fluid quickly dried, soaking in and becoming a smooth, featureless surface without any hint of fur or nipple. Riley curled her back, sticking out her oversized breasts. Her other nipple popped out stiff and swollen while she groaned and panted smoke.

The attendant then took Julie's overgrown paw and dipped it into the basin. Julie paused, staring down at the black dripping off her paw, then up at Riley. The fluid was slick between her fingers, and warm, and smelled like rubber. She stretched out her front paw, and painted another stripe of black across the front of Riley's chest. The hyena's hands came up to squeeze her tits together and run her fingers over the slick black latex coating one of her tits.

"Oh yeah?" Riley said, with a foggy grin.

"Yeah," Julie said, grinning back at her.

Riley dipped her paw down into the basin of white latex and slapped her hand across Julie's chest, letting the white fluid drip down into her cleavage. She giggled to herself, while Julie retaliated by scooping up a handful of black latex and splattering it against Riley's belly, in an attempt to tickle her. Cupping her hands, Riley grabbed some more white fluid and poured it on top of Julie's head, making it trickle down over her hair and along the bridge of her nose.

The fluid left a tingling sensation where it went, like her skin had gone pleasantly numb. The coating of slick latex was so sensitive that it could have been her real skin. As the fluid on Julie's head dried, it formed a smooth surface, as if she'd shaved her hair down to nothing. A whole bundle of Julie's thoughts fizzled away, leaving a blank space in her mind. It was like a burden lifted off her shoulders, not having to think so hard. Wait, that wasn't...that tickle of dread played along the back of Julie's neck, but she struggled to put her finger on what was wrong.

Julie plunked her paw into the basin, then kicked up a big splash of black latex that splattered across Riley's front. The big patches of rubber dried quickly, forming a latticed web of latex stretching over Riley's body. Gaps of fur stuck out where her splash hadn't reached. The hyena glanced down at her front and snorted softly, then hit Julie right back with a splash of white latex.

The fluid hit her body, and then it hit her mind. Whole chunks of her thoughts went *poof* and vanished. Julie bit her lip and giggled along with her girlfriend's snickering. Julie tried to reach up with her paws to grab at her breasts, now speckled with drops of latex, but she nearly lost her balance. With one paw propping herself up, though, she could use the other to grope herself.

Julie covered her paw in black latex and splattered it across the front of Riley's face. The latex sealed up across the hyena's nose and mouth, forming a simple, almost geometric shape, simplifying the texture of her snout. Riley smeared white liquid latex across the left side of Julie's face in return. It dried smoothly, forming a flat surface over her eye as if there was nothing there.

The more that Julie's thoughts fizzled out, the more she realized how good this stuff was. It was taking away all of her worries and leaving her happy. Just like the smoke. Coming to this spa was such a good idea, she thought. She needed to make sure that Riley was all covered up, so she'd feel as good as possible too. It seemed like Riley had the same idea.

Julie got a thick handful of black liquid latex, then slathered it onto Riley's chest. Riley did the same, smacking thick globs of white latex onto Julie's tits until they were fully encased. The two of them fell into a rhythm, spreading the latex across each other in

turn. They splashed their paws into the basins and kneaded it into their fur and let it seep away their identity. Julie paid attention to Riley's cock, working the soothing goo into the crease between her pussy and her shaft. Soon, Riley's cock was entirely sealed over, merged into her spreading black latex skin.

There was *something* beneath all of Julie's thoughts, and she wanted to reach it so badly, but every single thought in her mind was blocking her from getting there. She leaned into Riley's hands, rubbing against her paws to spread the liquid latex faster. More and more of her thoughts winked out of existence as the white latex dried. Her shoulders and arms and chest were swallowed up in smooth, swollen curves of glossy rubber.

I need to stop, she thought. It was only a weak thought, like a whisper in an empty room, but it made her shiver and pause for a moment. Stop, she thought again. There won't be enough of yourself—. And then the thought fizzled away, and so did that worry.

Riley was coating Julie just as eagerly as Julie was coating her. Little flecks and drips of white fell onto Riley's black latex skin, while strings of black dripped onto Julie's glossy white. The drops of opposite color spread, stretching out into faint ribbons and wrapping across the mutable latex, like the ripples of light and dark in marble statues.

Together, they gave each other the finishing touches. Riley coated the other side of Julie's face with the white latex, while Julie spread black latex up across Riley's eyes and over her mane, plastering it down against her head. As the latex dried, the last hints of their features vanished beneath smooth, formless faces, like silhouettes without detail.

Julie's last thoughts disappeared. She was filled with a sense of relief. All the tension and difficulty of being someone were gone now. Her paws rested on the floor and she sat up straight on all fours, facing forward. Her vision came back slowly, in a new and different sort of way. What she saw was a uniform white nothingness, interrupted only by ripples, the contours of the things around her, like the world was wrapped in latex.

The attendants clicked eagerly around her, rising up to their feet. The procedure was finished. One of the attendants clipped a white collar around Julie's neck. Another helped Riley to her feet, one hand on her expansive, rounded chest to help her balance.

Riley hadn't lost her muscle tone, but it looked much more subtle next to her pornographic tits and thick, plush hips. With her height and broad hips, she cut a heroic figure, like a Greek statue of a barbarian queen blown up to exaggeratedly sexual proportions. The busy attendants brought her glossy black clothing, draping it over one

shoulder, such that her breasts stayed bare and the draping fabric suggested the bulge of her hookah-cock.

Julie, on the other hand, resembled a statue of a lion, or given her exposed chest, a sphinx. She was even less plausible with her giant, balloon-like breasts, but the gentle ripples of leonine muscle still glistened in the sunlight and she had a statuesque size and bearing.

The lioness-drone stepped forward and let out eight mechanical clicks, pressing her cheek against the hyena-drone's stomach. The hyena-drone put her hand around the lioness-drone's shoulder and squeezed her against her side, clicking back at her quadrupedal partner. No, they would stay together, she said. The hyena-drone would make sure of it.

Another commotion of clicking came from the attendants. New visitors to the spa. The two new drones followed their directions, taking up positions in front of the window. The hyena-drone fell into a sultry contrapposto, one arm gracefully raised, while the lioness-drone settled down to sit at her side, front legs stretched out in front of her, with her tits resting on top.

Minutes passed in silence, then footsteps echoed up from the stairs, and the receptionist stepped into the room, followed by a pair of older women: a vixen and a deer. Silhouetted by the late afternoon light, the two drones waited, patient but eager, as the two new customers admired "the statues", then sat down and began to smoke from the still-burning hookah.

11 January, 2017

[female](#) [furry](#) [hyena](#) [lion](#) [intersex](#) [latex](#) [weird](#) [explicit](#)