

# MORPHOLOGICAL

## M O N S T E R 2 M A N U A L

A TF ANTHOLOGY BY ABE E SEEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA





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## **IT HAS BEEN AN INTERESTING TWO YEARS**

since I published the original *Morphological Monster Manual*. Professionally, the book did better than I could have imagined, supplying a secure source of funding for my expeditions. Personally, those same expeditions, almost invariably deeper and deeper into the ancient territory of the Snake People of the Red Jungle, have led to my own circumstances considerably changing.

However, I did not put this book together as an excuse to re-tell my own story. More than anything else, the previous book led to me being contacted by numerous people or groups wanting to relate their own experiences, to highlight how they came to be who they are, and universally wanting to explain how they were not the threat that I had initially painted such body-altering creatures to be.

If the theme of the last book was that the world is strange and full of unknown perils, then let this one be about how the world and its people can surprise us, changing our lives for the better. Yes, the Wererats of Candle Cove still lurk, and the Sphinxes of the Elder Desert still toy with trespassing merchants, but there is more to it than just that. From the tale of the legendary Fighting Minotaur getting her start in the Labyrinth games as just a regular combatant, to the monk from the Order of the Dancing Lights finally attaining peace with their new form - the single, ongoing thread to all the stories was the sheer amount of humanity they displayed, even (and, perhaps, especially) when they had to struggle against their newfound instincts and desires. This book may contain just four tales, but these were only the most verifiable ones out of the dozens like this that flooded in. On a more professional note, this book also marks that I have learned better than to include a map with my tales, both to preserve the privacy of those who wish it, and to avoid provoking another wave of the boldly curious into blundering around the wilderness.

I must admit that my own altered body makes me somewhat biased in all this, but even so, I couldn't help but want to publish this second book. As I said in the last one, be aware, and be smart, because the world may well be stranger than you know. But to that, now that I have heard and seen so much more, I would add one last tip:

Be smart, be aware, but above all else, *be kind*. Because the struggles and circumstances that shape those around you may be far deeper than you could possibly know.

*Isobelle Carroway*



THE  
SNOW LEOPARD  
OF THE  
DANCING LIGHTS





*Of all the messages I received in the wake of publishing my previous book, the one from the Order of the Dancing Lights was perhaps the most blunt. Having read my tales of the strange and particular circumstances that could result in a person being bodily changed, their response was best summarised as “well, obviously”. Apparently, their distant, mountainside monastery has been, as they put it, “in tune with the natural spirits of the world” for hundreds of years, and the realisation that the rest of us are blissfully unaware of such things struck them as something of an ironic joke. I had no real patience for the majority of their letter, something about ‘not being cut off from the majesty of the world’, the ‘perils of urban living’, and presumably about why any innovation more recent than a sackcloth robe is a sin against nature, but in the end something they included did catch my eye: a tale laid down by one of their older masters. It’s the story of two initiates being inducted into a particular section of the Order, one with a rather involved initiation ceremony. It required these two initiates to hike out into the mountains, living off the land for as long as it took for them to “meet and bond with their spirit selves”. Having conducted some research into the matter myself now, it seems that the monastery is founded in a region where some ancient magical cataclysm left lingering traces through the sky, visible at certain times as the ‘dancing lights’ the area is locally known for. I have sourced several accounts now of people outside the monastery who have met members within this special section, and they verify that these people have indeed been changed. It would seem that lengthy exposure to this phenomena has a very particular effect, as the tale recounts:*



Huddled tight under their thick robes, Stewart and Lucas reached the top of the stairs. The climb from the monastery felt like it had taken hours, but now they were finally here. The sharp winter wind whipped viciously around them, but Stewart barely even felt it. Tightening his hood reflexively, he looked over at Lucas, and was happy to see the same enthusiasm reflected in his face.

Noticing him looking, Lucas grinned. “So, have you figured out what it’s gonna be yet?”

“Yeah man”, Stewart answered, “it’s gonna be a wolf. It’s gotta be, right? All like, cool and powerful and stuff. Or, wait, maybe a dragon — that’d be amazing, right? That’d be the best one for sure. Or maybe a fox? Like, something cool, but majestic, mysterious and tricky, but still powerful?”

“So... that’s a ‘no’ then”, Lucas deadpanned.

Stewart laughed. “Man, whatever, it’ll come to me. It’s gonna be awesome, and *right*, that’s for sure. You’ll see.”

“No doubt”, Lucas replied with a good-natured laugh of his own. “I look forward to seeing it.”

“And how about yourself?”, Stewart countered. “You still set on —?”

“Boar all the way man.” Lucas patted his barrel chest affectionately, grinning widely as he did so. “You gotta admit I suit it.”

Stewart couldn't resist rolling his eyes. “You know it's not just about what you look like, right? Just because you're a big guy doesn't mean you need to be a big hog or something.”

“Eh.” Lucas shrugged. “Doesn't mean I can't be one either. Nah man, it's always been a boar. The fact that how I look matches up is just a happy coincidence.”

Laughing quietly to himself again, Stewart shook his head. “Whatever works for you man...” Turning forwards, he looked out over the path ahead. “So, I guess here is where we split up, right?”

“I guess so. Which peak do you want?”

Stewart thought for the space of a single breath, then snapped his fingers and pointed upwards. “The Claw! No wait, the Tooth. Or, uh... hmm. Uh...”

“Psshhh!”, Lucas laughed, putting a meaty hand on Stewart's shoulder. “Look, I'll save us both the wait you'd take to decide and call the Tooth for me, and you can take the Claw. Okay?”

Putting his hand on Lucas', Stewart nodded. “Okay, sounds good.” He squeezed affectionately, gripping as much of Lucas as he could with his thin fingers. “I'll see you after, yeah?”

“For sure man.” He began to walk away, taking a few steps down the path to the Tooth before turning back and adding, “I hope you're ready to meet the Boar — and I look forward to seeing whatever it is you turn out for in the end. I'm sure it's gonna be great.”

Stewart's words caught in his throat a little, and at first all he could do was wave and smile as Lucas walked away. “Y- you too!”, he managed eventually, although given the rising wind he couldn't even be sure if Lucas heard him. In any case, he quickly disappeared into the swirling snow, and then there was nothing for it but for Stewart to turn to face his own path. Tightening his robe determinedly, he stepped forwards.



It was hard. Just putting one foot in front of another was hard up here, with the wind pushing back violently, and the cold threatening to suck all the warmth from his bones, but hard was nothing new. He'd been dealing with hard his whole life. Everywhere he went, everyone else just seemed to know what to do. Maybe not everyone was as laidback and easygoing as Lucas was, but still, it felt like everyone else knew how to just *be* in a way that Stewart never did. Growing up, in classes,

even just running around and having fun, everyone else seemed to know what their role was, and was happy to play it. But for him it had *always* been hard, he'd always had to focus to put one foot in front of another, to play how he was supposed to be playing and be how he was supposed to be being. And it *was* hard, but you did it, because what else could you do? Going against the grain couldn't work, that would just make everything *worse*, so instead you tried twice as hard to feel half as good as everyone else, and hoped that was enough.

In the end, that's why he'd come here, to this tiny monastery on the edge of nowhere, because at least here the pressure was off. When everyone is just some featureless monk in plain grey robes, then at least he didn't have to worry about the effort to not stand out. In comparison to that relief, dealing with a strict training regimen and meagre diet was almost laughably easy. But then, after some months of just quietly getting by, one of the older masters had told him about this, the Path to Physical Enlightenment, and the more he heard the better it sounded.

Through isolation and exertion, initiates would not only get to know themselves, their true, absolute selves, but be able to find a reflection of it, some creature in spirit form that would come to them and merge their beings together. It had sounded far-fetched, until the master had pulled back his hood and revealed the wolf-like face beneath it, complete with pointed ears, fangs, and soft white fur. Instantly Stewart had agreed to join the next initiation, because he just *knew*. This was finally the answer, a way to make things stop being so damn hard all the time. If he could just get the power of the wolf, or the cunning and charm of the fox, or the... just *everything* of a dragon, then he'd know what to do. He could always know what to do, and even if he looked a little different, at least he'd finally be able to be comfortable. So if these last steps on this path were hard, well, they were nothing compared to all the ones it had taken to get here.



The slow climb up to the peak took the rest of the day. Thankfully the trail was easy to follow, even if he did have to scramble up rock faces more than once. The sun had long set by the time he was nearing the summit, and then there came a moment just after he'd made his way through a narrow pass when the view opened up, presenting a breathtaking vista of the whole valley far below him. Not only that, but with a stuttering flash the sky above him lit up, great streaks of hazy colour shimmering into existence seemingly not more than a few dozen feet above him. Panting, he allowed himself a brief moment to take it all in as he caught his breath, before once again pulling his cloak tight and pressing onwards.

The peak played tricks on him, presenting him over and over with what looked like the final summit, until he climbed up to it and discovered a whole new stretch of mountain that had previously been hidden from view. But finally, when the moon was hanging full in the sky, he saw the rippling red flag that marked the real summit, flapping wildly just ahead. His aching muscles

tensed as he got ready to break into a staggering run, but just then he caught sight of something else.

Just off to side of the trail, standing on a small column of raised rock, was a glowing, spectral wolf. It was a dim-lit blue, ever so slightly see-through as small flecks of snow whipped around and through it, and it was staring right into his eyes.

Stewart stopped instantly, entranced. The creature, the spirit, whatever it was — it was perfect. The lines of its body were ruler-straight; sharp, dominant angles and not a single piece of fur out of place. Every part of it seemed powerful and yet absolutely contained. At a glance Stewart could tell this was a creature that always knew exactly what it needed to do, and never had the slightest hesitation in doing it. It just... *was*, so completely, and it was all Stewart could do to keep his eyes locked onto it as he moved haltingly forwards. It seemed completely unconcerned with his advance, content to simply stand and pose majestically as he inched closer, his arm outstretched.

Then, suddenly, there was a crack, and the surface beneath him shifted dramatically. Stewart had just enough time for his eyes to flick downwards and see a loose rock drop out from under his foot, and then he was falling, his arms flailing wildly as he tumbled off the trail. He managed to spin himself around and land on his back, sparing at least his face from the rocks, but even that sent a kick up through his spine that left him breathless as he slid awkwardly down the mountain. It only lasted a few panicked moments — thankfully, he pitched up against some rocks on a ledge only a few feet further down instead of falling entirely off the mountain — but even so, the impact was enough to leave him battered and stunned. Looking up blearily, he could just see the face of the wolf spirit as it looked down at him and then, without a sound, turned and jumped away.

All Stewart could manage to do was gasp breathlessly. The cold wind was stealing the air from his lungs and the pain of the fall was echoing through his body, but nothing else hurt like that did. It was gone. His one chance, the perfect creature that could make everything fine, it was gone. Of course it was, he could n —

He stopped. There was a noise, growing louder slowly as... something got closer. He couldn't see what it was, but the noise itself was... weird. It sounded like... “brbrbrbrbrbrbr”, some odd little playful noise a child might make as they pretended to fly. And then he saw it, a flash of pale blue light catching his eye as another spirit made its way over the ledge above him.

It was a snow leopard, or at least, presumably it was. Whereas the wolf had been nothing but a wolf, nothing but the absolute distilled essence of a majestic, powerful creature, this could hardly be more different. For a start it was maybe a quarter of the size, and almost completely round — a weird little cutesy puffball of a creature that seemed to be floating downwards under its own power, all the while making that odd playful noise. Its tiny paws were stretched up and outwards, as though it was preparing to give him a mighty hug, and its fluffy tail was stretched out behind it, trembling in excitement as it descended. And it was... smiling? Its mouth was open at least, and

while Stewart didn't know what a smile would look like exactly on a rounded little muzzle like this, he couldn't help but figure that was the expression it was going for.

Taking all of this in, Stewart simply said, "what", in flat, dead-panned confusion. He had never heard of anything as ridiculous as this, but then... perhaps this was to be his guide? Maybe this was a little helper spirit that had been summoned to get him back on the path, and show him how he could get to where he needed to be. That... that had to be it, surely?

Raising his arm slowly, Stewart reached out towards the spirit, now just a foot away from his right hand. "Uh, okay, um, hi?", he tried. "I'm Stewart. Can you h —"

It moved, zipping in close suddenly and touching his fingers, and there was the briefest sensation of warm fur as a pulse of blue light flashed. Then there was a weird shock that made Stewart draw back his hand reflexively, and by the time he looked back up the spirit was gone, leaving only a tingling numbness in his hand behind.

Shaking the sensation out, Stewart considered his options. If that weird spirit was supposed to be a guide then it mustn't have been a good one. Or maybe it had abandoned him too, and it was just one more —

No, he decided, gritting his teeth as he got back to his feet. He wasn't going to fall back into that old path; the self-doubt and anxiety stopping him from doing what he needed to do. He had a path now, and he was going to stick to it, whatever happened. No matter what obstacles got in his way, whether they be weird round cat spirits or... hm.

He considered the climb back up to the path in detail for the first time. It couldn't be more than ten feet up in total, but, as pretty as the dancing lights were, he doubted their shifting, coloured light would be good enough to let him find the handholds he'd need to climb up. So, okay, then he'd just have to find somewhere here that he could camp out. Luckily his backpack had survived the fall, and everyone always said that sometimes these trips lasted for a few days, so just hunkering down and waiting for the morning seemed like the best approach. With a bit of effort he managed to work his way around the ledge to an alcove — not deep enough to be a cave, but enough of a shelter to keep the wind out. Wrapping himself up as best he could in a thick sheet of fur he settled in, and slowly managed to work himself to sleep. Tomorrow, tomorrow he would climb this mountain, he would track down that wolf and prove himself worthy of it.



In the middle of the night, Stewart dimly felt himself getting warmer and warmer. He half-woke up several times, pushing more and more of the fur off of him to keep himself from overheating. But

every time he fell back to sleep he must have rolled back into it, because he just kept waking up hot. In the end he shuffled himself right over to the mouth of the alcove, letting the wisps of wind and snow cool off the stifling heat that must have built up over the night. That seemed to take care of it, and at last he slipped into a restful sleep.



It was late in the morning by the time Stewart woke up again, the sun only reaching into the alcove when it had almost reached its height. He rolled over lazily, kicked the furs off of himself, went to stand, kicked again, then again, and stopped.

The fur he'd brought with him was sitting back where he'd left it in the middle of the night, several feet away on the ground. The fur that was on him was...

He raised his hand up to his face, inspecting it with slow, dawning recognition. Thick, white fur, spotted with black rosettes, trailed down his right arm, melding into a puffy mess of fluff on his chest. His hand itself seemed particularly affected; his fingers having plumped up as bright pink paw pads pushed out from his palm, the beginnings of claws just starting to make themselves known.

“Oh”, he said flatly. He genuinely hadn't considered a snow leopard, but... that could work, right? It was powerful, graceful, even majestic in its own way. And it had a distinct environment, somewhere it fit in, up here in the snow and the cold. That would... that could be okay, couldn't it? It did feel like he was certainly warmer than he would have been, with all of this fur on hi —

His wandering hand stopped, clutching at the fur around his chest. There was something — he brought his other hand up, slowly squeezing both of them in unison, his eyes swivelling down slowly as he confirmed the bizarre sensation.

It was true. He had breasts, just starting to grow out beneath the fur on his chest, and already they were getting large enough to be difficult to hide.

For some time he just stood there, his hands opening and closing reflexively. “Uhhhhhhh...”, he said blankly, his mind struggling to kick properly into gear. Could... could this even happen? Was it possible for there to be a mistake *this* big? He was supposed to have gotten that wolf spirit, clearly, but had his fall somehow summoned this weird snow leopard instead, and in trying to help had it gotten things all mixed up? That made sense, didn't it? It was all just some hilarious little mistake, and it was no use getting worked up because surely it would get sorted out soon enough. Female spirits didn't join with males, so no use thinking along those lines like that. He'd never heard any tales like that, so that was... that wasn't something to be considered seriously. That was

just too weird, wasn't it? It couldn't last, surely.

His hands squeezed one more time. It... it didn't *seem* to be going away. If anything, he could have sworn his breasts felt just a little bit bigger than they had when he'd first noticed them.

Or maybe — maybe this was just a part of the test? Perhaps it was a distraction, something else he had to overcome to make his way to his one true spirit. If he failed, then even this spirit would surely leave him, and he'd go right back to how he was before. But if he passed, if he could make it to the peak and his wolf before whatever *this* was got too far along, then surely he could overpower it with what he was meant to be, and everything would be fine. It was discipline, wasn't it? Everything always came back to discipline with the Order, in the end. So if he just kept his head and got through, then everything would be fine.

Shaking the rising blush out of his cheeks, he turned to look out the alcove entrance to the lightly falling snow outside. "Okay", he said to himself quietly, "that makes sense. Just gotta get through with all of this; just this one last thing." He went to walk forwards, stopping after a single step as his eyes flicked downwards, and he belatedly remembered to lower his hands back down to his sides. He coughed awkwardly, "Uh, okay, enough of that now. Time to, uh, get back to climbing."



It took a little while for him to pack his gear back up, especially with his one paw-hand hampering him a little with its stiffness, so it was after noon by the time he was staring back up towards the path. The climb looked less intimidating in the light of day, but still, Stewart took his time finding a route up. There was no rush, and he refused to get caught off guard by not paying enough attention again. So he was well-prepared when he first stepped up to the rock face, and then completely taken by surprise when the claws on his new hand dug into the stone and he hauled himself almost two full feet up in a single motion. In no time at all he'd pulled himself back onto the path, his claws retracting easily back into their sheaths with an oddly disconcerting sensation.

"Uh, okay then", he said, barely even panting as he caught his breath. "That's... that's good too I guess."

Once he was back on the path, it was no time at all before he reached the summit, planting his foot firmly next to the fluttering red flag that marked the peak. The view was definitely impressive, the valley unfolding beneath him in the brilliant midday sun, but... that was it. There was nothing else here. No spirits, no lights, nothing to break the silence except the snap of the flag as it flapped in the wind.

Despite himself, Stewart started to panic. What if the wolf spirit wasn't waiting for him? What if

it had all been for nothing? What if this mistake was permanent? That'd — that would be terrible, everyone would look at him and *know* all the — no, there would be something else. There *had* to be. His heart was beating faster as he sunk down against a rock, letting his feet kick out into the snow as he sat heavily. It was — was he getting warmer? Looking down quickly, he saw that the fur on his body was spreading, somehow encouraged by his racing heart. The realisation of that just made his heart beat faster, and *that* seemed to make his chest almost leap outwards, his... breasts... growing by inches in seconds as he gripped at them frantically. This was... this was, it was all going so... not right, he —

It hit him suddenly as his eyes widened with panic, and a flash of light reflected from the snow by his feet stunned him. Of course, the lights! Surely the spirits only came out at night, when the dancing lights were active, and here he was worrying that they weren't around in the very middle of the day. So no, there was no need to panic. He'd already done everything he needed to do, he was here, right where he was supposed to be. All he had to do now was relax, and wait. Breathing out slowly, he managed to shake off his earlier panic, and saw with relief that the steadily-encroaching fur stopped spreading too, stretching now between his waist and his collarbone, with his left arm completely covered but his right free everywhere below his shoulder. Sighing with energetic relief, he let himself slide backwards, using his packed belongings as a makeshift pillow as he settled in to wait for nightfall.



Time passed. He was surprisingly comfortable, with even the softly falling snow not really bothering him with its cold, but he wasn't anywhere near tired enough to sleep, and he couldn't think of any other way to pass the time till sunset. He tried meditating, which seemed to at least help, but it still didn't feel right. He tried repeating the mantra the old master had taught him before the initiation, a simple verse of self-actualisation.

“I am who I am meant to be. What I am meant to be is who I am.”

He repeated it over and over again, but no matter how much he tried to focus on each word they never had enough weight to clear his thoughts. He felt off-balance, as though his clothes were bunched up awkwardly, and he repositioned his weight on the ground several times in an attempt to centre himself. Instead it only seemed to make things worse; a weirdly intense sensation vibrating through him as he moved around. Confused, he bent forwards, undoing his belt and opening his robes to inspect what was going on.

As he had been expecting, the fur had crept further downwards, presumably at some earlier point when he had been distracted by the more easily visible growth of his breasts. It swept over his hips entirely now, the same black-rosettes-against-white-fur pattern tapering down until it was just

a light dusting against his thighs. But above that it seemed surprisingly long already, given that it seemed to conceal his privacy almost completely, leaving only a faintly visible rise. Reaching one hand down to pull back the fur and complete his inspection, he gave a sudden jolt as his paw brushed up against something unexpectedly, the slightest hint of wetness left on the base of one of his pink pads.

His... penis, it was shrinking, even as he watched. In its place, beneath it, in the skin of his crotch, something else was building, delicate folds opening up in his flesh. In moments his testicles were gone, absorbed like the rest of his genitals into this new configuration. And then that was it, his penis was subsumed into a little nub of sensation that he could only assume was a clitoris, and beneath that his questing paw pressed open the folds of his new vagina.

“Oh”, he said simply. “That... I suppose that makes sense.”

The only answer was the sound of the flag in the breeze. Somehow, in the midst of all this strangeness, his mind focussed on the fact that that very quiet was unusual too. He was alone. Solitude had always been a big part of time with the Order, to allow for meditation, personal fulfillment, and inner peace, but it was always *collective* solitude. The cramped conditions of the monastery never allowed for privacy, especially not for the low-ranking initiates like himself. But now, up on this barren wind-swept peak, he truly was alone. Instead of merely passing the time, the realisation crept up on him that he could actually make use of it.

There were certain private activities that he'd never been much tempted by, even before joining the Order. And yet, in the moment now, he found himself experiencing an unfamiliar pull. Normally he spent as little time as possible looking at or dealing with his private parts — yet another reason why he'd had little trouble adapting to a monastic lifestyle — but here, in the privacy of this mountaintop, he was... curious. The stubby fingers of his altered right hand were already resting against his fur, and almost unconsciously he swept his soft pink pads against his skin. He shuddered once again as he felt that same slickness, now even more pronounced than before, enough that when he pulled back his hand he could see a tiny sheen of liquid sticking to his fur.

It felt — it felt good. It felt good in a way that he'd never quite felt before; direct and uncomplicated, as though there was a route straight to his libido that he'd never had access to in the past. His fingers pressed inwards, eliciting a trembling, needy moan as he worked himself over with increasing intensity. He felt his body start to tense, some great sensation building, something that he couldn't help but lean into as his other hand gripped at his fur desperately.

“Ahoy there!”, came a sudden yell, almost causing Stewart to fall over backwards as his hands shot guiltily away from himself. Looking around frantically, he spotted a figure on a nearby mountainside; close enough to be visible, but far enough away that he had to squint to make them out clearly. It was — it could only be Lucas, but he'd clearly already found and communed with his spirit, as his body was significantly changed. He must have met with a boar spirit, just as

he'd always said he would, as his face pushed out into a long snout, with large white tusks curling upwards from the sides of his mouth. He seemed larger all over, carrying his entire pack easily in one hand, and Stewart could just about make out thick, grey bristles of fur poking out around the edges of his robes. He was just close enough for simple, yelled words to carry across, but too far away for actual conversation. He patted his large belly in an exaggerated mime, then pointed back along the path towards the monastery. "Food time!"

Stewart's cheeks burned - he nearly outright sat on his hands but only just stopped himself with the thought that that would be far more suspicious than just leaving them limp at his sides. "O-okay! Great!", he responded belatedly.

Even across the valley, Stewart could see Lucas cock his head to the side slightly in confusion. "Coming?!"

"Uh, soon!", Stewart answered, injecting as much false confidence as he could manage into the words.

There was a pause, and Stewart's heart was in his mouth as Lucas considered his response. "I'll come round!", he yelled eventually.

"No!", Stewart yelped reflexively. "No need!"

Lucas gave a dismissive wave of his arm as he turned back to the path. "No problem! Be there tonight!"

Before Stewart could think of anything else to say, Lucas had shouldered his pack and started walking, quickly turning a corner and going out of sight. And with that the conversation was done, and Stewart was left to think over the consequences.



So, Lucas was coming here, and he'd see him as he was now, vulnerable in the middle of this mistake. The thought of that made his cheeks burn even brighter with guilty embarrassment; Lucas would surely have questions — what did you do, what were you *doing* — why else would he have volunteered to come around? He was supposed to go right back to the monastery when he was done with his joining for the celebratory feast he was clearly so excited for. There was no need for him to come here instead, it was perfectly acceptable for initiates to arrive back at different times. It was a long way for him to go too, so it wasn't a small thing.

Although — maybe it would be okay after all. Stewart was only waiting till nightfall anyway, and

Lucas wouldn't get here until well after that, so if everything went to plan things would be fine by the time he arrived. Once again, this was just another distraction, one more little complication put in his path to make him lose his cool before he earned his wolf spirit. And once again, all he needed to do was keep calm, sit back, and wait. He put his hands together in front of himself — clearly resuming his previous activities was *not* the correct thing to do right now — and went back to meditating.

Somehow, this time everything just clicked into place. The fact that there had been so many distractions, so many extra hurdles, and he'd overcome all of them, that gave him the strength and focus he'd lacked last time he tried this. It just hit him — the whole point of this was for initiates to find themselves through isolation and exertion. Well, he'd certainly gone through both of those, and all he had to do was relax and lean into it.

He felt himself descending into mindful nothingness as he repeated his mantra over and over again, similar to how he'd experienced it while meditating in the monastery, but this time the mantra somehow made things really click, instead of him just following along with what he was supposed to be doing.

“I am who I am meant to be. What I am meant to be is who I am.”

It was as though time sped up as he relaxed, the sun sailing through the sky as he let the world pass him by. He felt the sunlight on his face, slow snowflakes falling on the fur of his chest, the cold of the wind not able to touch his own warmth. He even felt a detached awareness of the changes slowly spreading, and he surprised himself with the fact that they didn't actually seem to bother him. He simply adjusted his grip as his left hand shifted to match his right; puffy pink pads pressing outwards from his soft white fur while his nails sharpened into claws as they slid backwards into their sheaths.



His fur now extended all the way from his neck to his knees, and Stewart could tell that even beneath that extra fluff his body had rounded out considerably. His breasts were sizeable, although not out of place given his current build. He was different, he had changed, but in this moment, in the meditative peace of this solitary mountainside, that was okay. There was no consequences, no one to judge, nothing that could go wrong as he spoke his mantra again and again with confidence. Over time he became aware of something else — his voice was changing; the dull bass dropping out of his tone as each word he said slowly rang out higher and clearer. Once again he simply noted this change distantly and objectively. There was no one around to hear this voice, so it did not matter whether or not it existed.

“I am who I am meant to be. What I am meant to be is who I am”, this voice said. For himself, he judged that he liked this new voice. As voices went, it seemed to be a nice one.

At the same time, he felt a tension in his legs. Although he considered ignoring it in order to keep his cross-legged position, there seemed to be no reason why he shouldn't simply stretch out as his body required. There was nothing to be gained from discomfort for its own sake, surely, so why endure it stubbornly when it could be remedied? So he stretched his legs, feeling his tendons strengthen and shift as the fur spread downwards, wrapping up his calves and letting him watch with quiet interest as his feet reshaped themselves. The soft leather of his boots quickly tore, leaving his feet to expand outwards without restriction, his toes melding together as pink pads pushed out beneath them. A smile tugged at his lips as he wriggled his new soft paws freely, feeling the oddly comforting sensation of a new set of claws sliding into place. Then, with one last stretch, they were done, and he settled back happily and looked up towards the sky. With a small surprise he realised that the sun was already setting, and soon the Dancing Lights would appear and allow his wolf spirit to return.

With a start, Stewart thought of something. In the detached, meditative, mindful space he had worked himself into, he realised that the idea of the wolf spirit arriving and correcting this mistake provoked not relief, but genuine sadness. But quite why that was exactly, he couldn't manage to say. It was... he felt like he would be missing out on something. The mantra trailed off as his gaze turned slowly downwards. Well... that was *one* thing he'd be missing out on...

He slid one paw down his body, enjoying the way the pads on his palm brushed against his soft fluffy fur. He paused at his chest, cupping his breasts as best he could with his stubby little fingers. It did feel good, almost better than he'd ever imagined it would, to have breasts of his own and feel his fingers brushing over his nipples as the breath caught in his throat. To imagine other people looking at him and seeing him like this, seeing him as a *her*, and having every part of that go without question as she sunk further and further down into it. To embrace it, to spread her legs and push her paw inside her slit, relishing the eager slickness she could already feel there. To lean in, feeling her fingers pressing inwards again and again and again, how good it felt to thrust her hips against it, to have her head loll back as her tongue hung from her lips. It was... it was all so good, it felt so good to just let go and *be*, to enjoy herself utterly and shamelessly, to grind her pussy

into her paw as her whole body trembled with pleasure.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a flash of light, and with considerable effort she managed to slow the tempo of her ministrations to a more manageable level, raising her head and focussing her eyes. The dancing lights were shining in the sky, bathing the mountainside in their eerie glow, and Stewart soon realised that standing on a rock not two feet away was the wolf spirit, looking impassively in her — in *his* — direction. This was it. It was right there, regal and powerful, waiting for him to reach out and touch it. His cheeks burned once again as he realised something was watching, and fought to stop what he was doing. There weren't any other obstacles, there weren't any more tricks or challenges, it was just there for him to lay claim to and solve all his problems.

But.

It wasn't just that this felt good. It *did* feel good, the way his cute little paw pads circled over his clit, and one stubby little finger after another dipped down inside his dripping wet slit. But as good as that felt, that was only part of it. The rest had been the thoughts, the idea that maybe this wasn't just temporary, or at least the ability to let him consider that without worrying about it. Maybe this wasn't a test, some series of obstacles thrown in his path again and again to keep him from finding his way. Maybe it was a choice, quietly but insistently given until he recognised it. The wolf was here, and he could reach out his hand and join with it, and it would give him everything he'd need to fit right in with everyone else, to be as powerful, strong and masculine as the world had always asked him to be. Or, he could not do that. He could choose to stay as he was now. As a woman, with this cute, curvy, snow leopard body. Just before, it had felt so good and right to think of herself, and not of himself, and it was only when something else was around to see that Stewart had self-consciously stopped. But there was a choice, *she* could choose this, and it would be okay.

She was who she was meant to be. Who she was meant to be was who she was.

The wolf was right there, but she didn't need it. It was another defence, another way to face the world by running away from it, pushing her real self still further down and presenting a shell she could hide behind. She knew that if she did that she might pass, but she'd never be happy, and she'd certainly never be herself. The snow leopard spirit hadn't ambushed her, some part of her had called out for it and it had answered just like she'd been promised. She wasn't some proud, stoic fighter, that was just what she'd been forced to be to survive. The idea of being a goofy, cute fuzzleball filled her with so much happiness that she couldn't help but smile, her mouth growing larger and longer as the fur swept up her neck, pushing her face out into her new feline muzzle. Her fingers settled once again into a powerful rhythm, still trembling at the newness of it all but leaning into it eagerly, embracing the unfamiliarity even as it felt so much more natural than anything else. There was a pressure at the base of her spine, and her ears flattened against the top of her skull as she rolled over, arching her back as her paw pressed into her slit, her tail stretching out behind her in a single fluid motion. Then, finally, she came, her new voice ringing through the mountainside in an animalistic roar as she cried out in release.



Lucas arrived some time later to find her sitting patiently at the peak of the mountain, looking at everything around her with new, quizzical eyes. “Hey d —”, he started, before a quick flick of his eyes made him correct himself. “Hey!”, he finished simply. “You look good!”

She smiled widely, practically bouncing to her feet as she stretched her long body. “Thanks!”, she said brightly. “You too!”

Lucas answered her smile with one of his own, his lips curling upwards around his thick tusks. “So, uh, what should I call you?”

“I’ve been thinking about that”, she replied. “And you know what? I have no idea! Definitely not my old name, but I haven’t thought of a new one yet. I’m sure it’ll come to me though.”

Grinning even wider, Lucas nodded. “Sounds like a plan. You good to head back then?”

“Yeah!”, she answered, darting forward quickly until she was standing right in front of Lucas. “Although... could I ask you for something...?”

“Uh, okay, sure”, Lucas said, cocking his large head to the side. “Ask away.”

She leaned in, whispering something right into his ear, prompting a brief snort of a laugh from the big boar man. “Yeah, sure, go ahead”, he answered.

“Yessss!”, she hissed, pumping her fist in excitement. Then, in a single smooth movement she leapt upwards, wrapping her legs around Lucas’s neck as she settled onto his shoulders, making him grunt as he took her weight. “Now then”, she said, posing proudly with one arm pointing forwards while her tail swept out behind her, “to the monastery!”



THE  
GOO PEOPLE  
OF THE  
GREAT NORTHERN FOREST





*The village of the Goo People, tucked away at the edge of the Great Northern Forest, is no secret. For as long as records exist it has been at least a local curiosity, and even a source of considerable tourism income during more enlightened periods. While the inhabitants have never been known to talk, they are nonetheless more than happy to entertain visitors. Indeed, any person entering the village is quickly propositioned through a mixture of gestures and encouraging physical contact, with seemingly every member of the group eager to indulge intimately with their guests.*

*The creatures seem well-suited to these pursuits. Completely gelatinous but still somehow maintaining a human-like shape (albeit a generally taller, more slender one, with notably pointed ears), they seem able to adjust themselves around any potential partner, eagerly filling or being filled by them at a moment's notice. There are no more than fifty of them in total, all of whom have the appearance of attractive young men and women. At the same time, they are reportedly completely immune to all harm, and no children, elderly, or ill ones have ever been observed. They require no food — or at least, they appear to sustain themselves entirely with their carnal appetites — and they seemingly have no interest in entering the wider world. And so they have remained for as long as anyone has ever known, an entire species content to exist purely in the one place, desiring nothing but sex when it is offered, communicating nothing more than their straightforward desires, producing no products and paying no tax beyond that which neighbouring kingdoms can extract from travellers seeking their peculiar ministrations.*

*As far as I can determine, this was the sum total of all knowledge about these creatures that existed in the world until recently, when one of them visited my home. I was surprised, to put it mildly, but after letting her inside and cordially hanging up the cloak she had used to conceal herself during her journey, she explained her presence. She couldn't speak — apparently that is not due to mere disinterest, it is an actual physical limitation — but instead she drew her bare palm across the surface of a nearby wall, leaving behind perfectly lettered words in the shining purple residue of her own slickness. Once I had read to the end of that line she simply swept it off and repeated the process, and in this way I had one of the more fascinating conversations I have ever been a party to.*

*To begin with, the Goo People are incredibly old. She has no firm recollection of the exact time they have been as they are, but based on some information she provided she herself has existed for at least several hundred years. As much as I would have loved to press her for information about what the world was like back then, whether our old tales of magic and the Magicians that wielded it were true, she knew little of the world outside her village, and besides, had come to see me with a more direct purpose in mind. Through some talkative traveller she had heard of me as a teller of a particular type of story, where creatures change and are remade, and in this she had her own tale that she wanted to share. I have transcribed this tale below as she told it to me, in the same awkward tense that she herself used, for, as she stated apologetically, the specifics of her personhood are somewhat confusing. Because at the beginning of her tale, and indeed, at the beginning of her race, she was not one entity, but two.*



In the very long ago, there were two separate creatures. One was the Goo, and the other was the People. The People called themselves Elves, and they lived ageless lives, spending their long existence happily in small villages. How long exactly the People had lived altogether we do not know, but it was enough that the world grew old around them, that their stories grew stale in the telling, and that the surprises of life fell away. Slowly they became dispassionate and uninterested, their happiness curdling as they settled into routine. They stopped venturing outside their villages, because why should they? There were no new things for them to see or to do, nothing of note that had not been noted a dozen times already. Even the pleasures of intimacy wore thin, and as each Elf drifted lazily inwards new children became rarer and rarer. Over time, accident or ennui wore their numbers down, until eventually there were none left who could say for sure if there were any Elf villages left outside their own.

The Elf that I was was called Maeve, and she lived in the last new-settled village, with the last group of Elves that had set out from their families to make a new life for themselves. Of all the Elves that were left she was the youngest, only a few hundred years old, and still able to find some amount of curiosity with which to approach the world. She alone looked at this slow extinction of her people with anything more than disinterested resignation, and set herself the task of trying to find a solution. She worked at it diligently, trying to find some mixture that could excite the spirit of her fellow Elves, something that could prompt even the weariest of them to connect with one another again, and ideally produce new Elves with which to reverse their decline. She tried many things, created many passing fancies, but nothing that could rouse the passions of her fellows enough to make a difference. Until, finally, she created the Goo.

The Elves were many, but at first, the Goo was singular. It crawled forth from her mixing pot, the dying fire beneath it glimmering through its bright purple mass. It had no form of its own, being simply some indistinct blob that was no longer or larger than her forearm, but it was so active, so *curious* — it poured itself onto the ground before Maeve's astonished eyes and slid around the room as though it was experiencing every single sight and sensation for the very first time. Which, Maeve belatedly realised, it was.

There were no stories for this. Creating some new life was not something that was done, the possibility of it never even discussed. And yet Maeve had somehow stumbled into it, and it was like nothing she had ever seen. It was energising, exhilarating, and wonderfully intriguing. But, there was something else, some other feeling beneath all the pride and accomplishment. Merely being around the creature, Maeve realised slowly, was somehow quietly arousing.

Intellectually it made sense. She had been searching for some sort of aphrodisiac, and apparently the fact that the result of her experimentation had taken on a life of its own didn't detract from its success in that area. There was an aura to it, some energy that emanated from it that made Maeve's body tingle, causing a slow but steady sheen of sweat to build on her skin. Reaching out a hand cautiously, she lowered her palm to touch the slick purple mass of the Goo, shivering as an even stronger wave of delicious heat ran through her.

This was... this was excellent. Some new type of pet was diverting enough, but one that could inspire lust and passion in its owners was even better. She just needed to make more of them, and then she could give them out across the village freely. She turned back to her latest page of notes, intending to hurriedly gather the required ingredients, only to find the viscous surface of the Goo holding on to her hand for a moment longer than she had expected. The resulting jerk threw her off balance, making her stumble as she turned. Her free hand flailed out in front of her, catching as it did a large vial of boiled bark extract, upending it squarely over her notebook. The thick brown liquid bubbled out quickly, and in moments it had rendered the parchment completely and permanently illegible.

Maeve stood wordlessly, frozen in the moment after the accident as though not moving any further would somehow cause the problem to subside. "My... my notes", she said flatly, the full impact slowly breaking through to her. The process she had undertaken to create the Goo was incredibly long and complicated, the result of thousands of failed trials. Without records of them, there was no guarantee she could ever replicate her success, and even if she could it was likely to only be after another equally exhausting amount of work. Who knew if they even had that long? What if some forest fire swept through before the next full moon, wiping out if not the village, then at least the woods they depended on to sustain themselves? What if even she couldn't summon up the energy to start it all again, and she succumbed to the same malaise that plagued everyone else?

It was everything Maeve could do not to collapse completely in the weight of that moment. She slumped down against her desk, leaning heavily on her elbow as her head spun. Suddenly though, she found the spiral of her thoughts interrupted, a warm, pleasant glow brushing them aside. Looking down, she saw the Goo sliding itself over her hand, and the sensations that provoked were enough to brighten her mood.

Maeve grinned despite herself. "Well, at least I have you", she said. "I suppose something good came out of all this." She raised her hand, picking the Goo up and bringing it in front of herself. "But I doubt just one of you is going to be enough for the whole village."

It stayed on the flat of her palm for a moment, and Maeve could have sworn that the featureless creature was meeting her gaze. And then, with a surprising burst of speed, it moved forwards, falling out of her hand and down the inside of her dress.

"Oh!", Maeve squeaked, the sudden shock of its touch against a new part of her skin momentarily stiffening her joints. Before she could react coherently it slid down between her breasts, slithering quickly down towards her crotch. Once there it continued to move with purpose, pressing the front of itself insistently into her slit.

The sensation that provoked was dramatic. Maeve fully intended to remove the creature, scolding it as to what was and was not acceptable, but the moment it touched her clit all rational thoughts drifted from her mind. What replaced them instead was, at best, a different kind of experimental curiosity.

“Okay. Let’s... let’s see where this goes”, she mumbled to herself.

With that encouragement the Goo moved further, and soon more than half of its mass had pressed into Maeve’s pussy. She gripped the desktop heavily to steady herself, her eyes almost rolling back into her head at the intensity of the experience. It differed from sex, instead of a series of thrusts this was a dramatic, emphatic filling; a slick, wonderfully warm, and all-encompassing sensation that filled her body with a powerful, growing energy. She couldn’t help but orgasm as the Goo twitched and pulsed inside her, her own slickness mixing freely with its viscous body as it sent her slowly to her knees. Until finally, with a sudden swiftness that made her gasp, the last of the Goo disappeared inside her, and she felt it settle with a lazy comfort at the core of herself.



It was some time before Maeve managed to raise herself back to her feet. When she did, she found herself once again falling back into the spirit of experimental curiosity, only this time the subject she was examining was herself. She touched her stomach softly, noting the barely-visible bulge it now sported. It should have felt uncomfortable, but it somehow just... wasn’t. If anything it felt vaguely pleasant, like the afterglow of a good meal, without, oddly enough, the feeling of being bloated that that would normally provoke. Instead she just felt content. Well, content and *one* other thing...

There was a large mirror near her work station, set up specifically so she could inspect the results of any of the cosmetic products she had come up with in her long history of attempted solutions. She turned it towards a nearby chair, then sat down and opened her legs, inspecting herself with continued curiosity.

While the Goo had disappeared inside her, its passage had left a mark. Her pussy had changed somehow, going from flesh to the same soft, purple texture that the Goo had been. Running a finger along it experimentally, she shivered as she confirmed that she was still just as sensitive there as she had been previously. More so, in fact, so much that when she drew her finger back it was dripping with fresh purple slickness. Just that one touch sent a fresh wave of heat running through her whole body, enough that she had to steady herself against the chair and catch her breath.

She bit her lip, breathing out slowly as she fought to push aside the lust that was threatening to overwhelm her. Indulging might be fun, but she really should be taking a careful, scientific approach to all this. Putting her hands to her sides, she dug her nails into her thighs lightly, just enough to get herself to focus again. Then, suddenly, she felt a weird sensation, an odd, lurching shift taking place deep inside her. Before she could react she experienced the supremely weird feeling of having the Goo inside her slither outwards — not entirely, but enough to extend a long purple tentacle out of her pussy. Maeve’s eyes widened as it moved, both from the sensation it provoked and from watching something so unusual occurring in the mirror in front of her. Despite that, the movement didn’t

feel aggressive; the tentacle simply stretched outwards slowly and wrapped around the wrist of her right hand. From there it began to withdraw, pulling her hand gently but insistently back towards her crotch, until eventually her fingers were once again up against her dripping slit. The tentacle then tugged her hand back and forth encouragingly, before unwinding itself from her wrist and disappearing swiftly back inside her.

The implication was clear, and the surprising tenderness with which the Goo expressed it was enough to make Maeve laugh softly to herself. “Well, okay”, she said, her fingers already starting to curl into her dripping folds, “if you *insist*...”

What followed was the most blissful masturbation session she had ever experienced. The slickness of her gooey pussy was perfect for sweeping her fingers back and forth across, her internal walls stretching wonderfully when she changed to press her hand inside herself. Time slipped away as she indulged herself, accompanied all the while with the happy thrumming warmth of the Goo pulsing and squirming deep in her core.

She had had some limited successes with aphrodisiacs before, but normally even under their influence her horniness burned itself out after a sustained period of indulgence. But this time, the opposite was somehow true — even after several shuddering orgasms working herself over just made her more and more aroused, and the only reason she eventually stopped was because the urges became more and more overwhelming. Eventually she rolled off the chair, pulling herself up to her feet and stumbling towards the door. There was only one solution to this situation, said the small part of her brain still pretending to be operating rationally. She needed to be *fucked*.



Irwyn was sitting at the edge of the village, looking out at the sunset as it dipped down over the trees. It was a nice view, which he knew because he had set it up himself. He'd carefully crafted this small bush to be a perfect, soft seat; he'd planted the trees in front of it personally and maintained them diligently until they framed the setting sun just so. All so that at exactly this time of day, at precisely this time of year, he could sit back and enjoy at least this one perfect scene, for as long as it would last. Here he had peace. The whole village knew that this was his spot, his time, and they gave him the courtesy of solitude to enjoy it. Normally.

There was a shuffling noise behind him, just enough to make his ears prick up. He tried to ignore it, but it was only getting closer, and soon he heard the distinct sound of a throat being cleared. Apparently someone needed him *right now*, so that even his personal sunset couldn't wait. “This had better be good...”, he muttered as he reluctantly turned around.

What he saw managed to make for a small surprise, which was at least a good start. Maeve was

walking towards him, a sheepish blush on her cheeks, while at the same time she was completely naked from the waist down. Her fingers were distractedly playing with her slit, and a faint sheen of slickness glinted on her thighs in the dying light.

“Had a breakthrough with your experiments then Maeve?”, Irwyn asked, eyebrow raised sardonically.

Maeve’s only response was something like “mluh”, as she licked at her lips and swallowed heavily, the same slight trace of sheen visible around her mouth as she got closer.

Irwyn would have been concerned, but this was *Maeve*. She was a perfect combination of diligent study and experimental klutz that meant she never made anything worse than “harmless but annoying”. There was the time she made delicious chocolate that had the side effect of making hair grow three feet per day, for example, or when she invented bright pink glasses that provided entertaining and entrancing visions to the wearer but also just happened to leave them completely unable to resist suggestions. Whatever this new thing was, it seemed like it too would provide at least another temporary distraction.

Moving up to him, she took his hand from his side and pulled Irwyn up to his feet. She cleared her throat once again, only this time she somehow managed to make it sound like a proposition, especially as she looped her arm around his shoulders and leaned in close. The warmth of her panting breath fell on his cheek, but somehow it was more than just that — it was like there was an aura all around her, and it made Irwyn’s body tingle with heat as she pulled him close.

“Maeve”, he said teasingly, “would you like to have sex?”

She nodded emphatically, her fingers already tangling themselves in his hair as she pulled herself in for a kiss.

Irwyn withdrew some time later, smacking his lips absently for several moments before looking around and noting that the sun had sunk below the treeline. “Well”, he said slowly, wrapping his arms around her shoulders and turning the both of them back towards his home, “I suppose I’m free for about a day now...”



They stumbled through the door of his hut, Maeve seemingly unable to wait until they were even inside to grope at his crotch desperately. They barely made it to his bed before they fell forward together in a heap, and both of them couldn’t help but giggle as they hastily untangled themselves. There was something to this moment, some warmth, energy, and enthusiasm that Irwyn hadn’t realised how much he’d missed until he was confronted by it here again. Everything felt new and

exciting again, even after the uncountable number of times it had been exactly them on exactly this bed, doing exactly this. But then, it had never been *exactly* this before. Maeve was almost purring, taking his hand in hers and running it along the length of her body, in a way that was somewhere between playful foreplay and an overwhelming need to rub as much of him on as much of her as possible. She grinned at him, needy and eager, but still dorky and *fun*, and once again he couldn't help but laugh out loud at the sheer enthusiasm of it all. Laugh, and hurriedly remove both of their remaining clothes.

It was only when she had settled back on the bed before him and opened her legs invitingly that Irwyn got a look at the real results of her latest experiments. She wasn't simply invitingly wet, it was something else entirely: her whole pussy seemingly coated with a dripping, viscous purple goo. Once again, it should have been unsettling, but even as he looked down in surprise he felt the *heat* of it hit him, and his body responded faster than his mind could keep up. Before he knew it he had lowered himself down onto her, the feeling of his cock pressing inside her slick slit driving away all doubts. It felt good, impossibly good, the perfect mix of invitingly soft and pleurably firm.

There was just a moment of quiet realisation as it occurred to him that Maeve had spent just as long on this as he had on his sunset view, and that perhaps her time was not as wasted as he had previously assumed. And then he breathed her in, the slickness of her lips mingling with his as she kissed him passionately, his eyes sliding shut as he lost himself to the simple rhythm of his thrusts.

Neither of them had any clear conception of exactly how long they went at it. Maeve clutched at Irwyn's back feverishly, grinning and laughing in both bliss and relief as he fucked her powerfully. In the back of her mind she tried to record how she was feeling, how this was different somehow than in the past — instead of building slowly to one or many climaxes, it felt like she was a series of waves, rising and falling but never once losing momentum. Irwyn's experience seemed a little more standard however, and eventually she felt him tense, his cock pulsing and releasing deep inside her slick pussy. The sensation of his cum building inside of her was somehow an extra kick, the Goo inside her wriggling happily in a way that hazily reminded Maeve of its presence.

“Wouhhhhh”, Irwyn breathed out, slowly levering himself up and off her so that he could collapse on the other side of the bed. “That was... something new.”

Maeve simply nodded, content to lie back and enjoy her blissful feelings of contentment and fullness. Time passed with the two of them lying side by side, neither of them feeling the need to say anything more.

Eventually though, Maeve felt something else. She didn't know what it was exactly, but it was pressing, in a somehow different way than she had experienced before. It felt oddly exhilarating, even if she couldn't exactly explain why. She swung her legs over the side of the bed, hauling herself up to her feet with some effort. “Experiments”, she mumbled by way of explanation, already heading towards the door.

Irwyn raised a hand from his position face down on the bed, weakly waving her off. “Yes, good idea. Keep... keep up the good work.”



For once the malaise of her fellows was a benefit, as no one stopped Maeve while she hurried back to her home. By the time she got safely back to her laboratory, the sensation inside herself had become... insistent. She had just enough time to settle down onto a chair, spreading her legs wide in a way that she somehow knew was now necessary. And then her hand dove downwards, her fingers working herself over almost before she knew what she was doing.

It wasn't like before. Then it had been an overwhelming lust that she was doing whatever she could to slake, but this felt different. That was a need, this was a process; it was, somehow, just what she needed to do now. Her feet shifted on the floor as she opened her legs yet wider, slick wet squelches echoing around the room as she rubbed at her gooey pussy urgently. Her breath caught in her throat and her knuckles stiffened, her back arching as she tensed in the chair. Something — something was coming.

The sensation was profound. Maeve could only liken it to laying an egg — not that that was something that she had experienced, even considering her previous experiments — but considerably more orgasmic than that implied. She came with a rippling, whole-body shudder, and as she did so the gooey lips of her pussy stretched, making her eyes widen as something pressed out of her. It wasn't like the tentacle from earlier, which had been rather slender, all things considered; from the start this was thicker, more urgent. In one long, slow moment it slithered out of her, pushing her back into the chair with the sensations its movement provoked. And then, with a gasp, it was done, and she fell backwards into her seat in post-coital relief.

For yet another time in this one day, Maeve needed a moment to rest and collect herself. The technicalities of what had happened exactly were open questions, but before they could be solved Maeve took the time to simply breathe, allowing her eyes and mind to slowly refocus. When she eventually did, she realised there was some new stimulus that she had not yet noticed. There was a something lying on her right foot, something wet, slick, and yet somehow moving.

Looking down, she saw what could only be the Goo she had made earlier. It looked in all respects like how it had then; the same size, mass, and cute, inquisitive nature, only now instead of being purple it was entirely green. And... moving the hand that still rested on her crotch confirmed that her pussy was still as it had been, still slick and gooey itself, and a brief probing touch made the creature inside herself give a brief appreciative tremble.

This green one, then, was new. Her Goo was still hers, and she had found a way to make more. Her grand experiment was back on.

She knew *exactly* who to share it with.



Her name was Rasidhe, and she had two characteristics that made her perfect for the next test. Firstly, she was one of Maeve's closest partners, and so was always the first to try out whatever new fad she cooked up. Secondly, she was also always the first to fall *out* of favour with each new fad, returning inexorably to her default, artfully somber state. If the Goo could impress her for any length of time, then it could impress anyone.

Being that it was now the evening, Rasidhe was not hard to find. Maeve tracked her down without too much difficulty atop the nearby hills, halfway through one of her moody moonlit walks.

"Oh! You startled me my dear", Rasidhe exclaimed, covering her pale face with her black laced fan. "Is something the matt-*wuh!*"

Maeve took her by the hand wordlessly, pulling her back down towards the village and to her lab. "Come on, I've got something to show you", she elaborated eventually. "I can't *wait* for you to see it..."

Intrigued, Rasidhe followed Maeve's lead, although her long dress did slow the both of them down considerably as they had to avoid catching it on any wayward rocks. By the time they made it back to her place, Maeve had edge to her excitement, a neediness creeping steadily into her voice as she quickly tried to explain.

"Okay, so, experiment, right? I was trying to make an aphrodisiac —"

"Because of course you were", Rasidhe interjected with mock derision.

Maeve barely seemed to notice. "Right, right, of course I was. Why wouldn't I? But so, I made it, but then I un-made the notes, but I'd already *made* it, and I was pretty low but it had an idea..."

Rasidhe raised a delicate eyebrow. "*It* had an idea? The aphrodisiac did?"

Nodding distractedly, Maeve bent over a collection of lidded jars that stood together on a crowded table. "Yeah. I know, right? But trust me, it was a *very* good idea. Aha!"

She turned, holding one jar in particular, the lid of which she had just snatched off in triumph. Upending it, a slick green mass oozed out slowly, pausing for a moment at the lip before falling wetly to the floor.

Rasidhe bent down over it, flicking her eyes back and forth between Maeve and the blob on the ground. "I... I am not sure I agree that this is a *good* idea dear."

Before Maeve could respond to defend herself, the Goo moved, making Rasidhe jolt backwards so suddenly she fell down into a sitting position. Piling its mass upwards into a central stalk, it hooked the tip of itself towards Rasidhe, in a way that made her swear it was regarding her curiously.

Leaning slowly forwards again, Rasidhe asked hesitantly, "What... what *is* it?"

In response, Maeve opened the simple skirt she had reluctantly put on before going out to find her, proudly displaying her own gooey purple pussy perfectly at Rasidhe's eye level. "I told you", she said simply. "It's a *very* good idea."

Rasidhe was mesmerized. The sight of it alone was stunning; Maeve's sex seemed to be completely made out of whatever this new substance was, with a slow wave of dripping purple spreading out over the inside of her thighs. But more than that, there was a heat to it, some sort of energy that —

"The aphrodisiac effect is hitting you now, right?", Maeve said, interrupting Rasidhe's thoughts. "That's how it always starts — first it looks weird, then you feel hot, and then you feel really *good*."

She draped herself over Rasidhe, grinning as she bore them both slowly down to the floor.

"So why don't we just skip to that last part then. Sound good?"

Rasidhe nodded enthusiastically, pushing Maeve off her for just enough time for her to frantically undo her elaborate clothing, throwing it all into a pile beside them. With that completed, she pulled Maeve back onto her, sweeping her into a passionate kiss. The sensation as soon as their lips met was distractingly intense, and Rasidhe felt as though she was melting as she relaxed blissfully into it. She was so relaxed that she didn't register the separate sensation of the green Goo crawling slowly up her leg, making its way steadily towards her own increasingly slick pussy. It paused on her thighs for just a moment, until with a brief shudder a purple tendril emerged from Maeve's slit and, applying a delicate but insistent pressure, urged it onwards. Satisfied with this encouragement, the Goo pressed inwards, and the sensations that provoked were impossible for Rasidhe to miss.

If she felt as though she had been melting with pleasure before, now that feeling was increased tenfold. It was all she could do to keep some small part of herself concentrating on kissing Maeve above her, rather than just focussing entirely on the sensation of this stretchy, gooey mass filling her so wonderfully. It pressed against her inner walls perfectly, like it was scratching an itch she hadn't even known she had. At the same time it was pulsing and wiggling happily, making small shuddering spasms rock through her body as it pressed onwards and inwards inexorably. Eventually she had to break from from the kiss, forced to pant desperately at the heat of it, as all the while Maeve leered approvingly above her.

Her fingers dropped instinctively to her pussy, rubbing and pressing at the gooey mass she found there, until eventually the sensations that provoked felt like they were being amplified by the slickness rather than muffled. Finally, as her fingers dragged themselves against her newly rubbery clit, and she somehow *knew* that there was now no separation between herself and the Goo that had merged with her, then she *came*, urgently and energetically, again and again in seemingly endless, blissful waves.



Maeve lay with her as Rasidhe recovered. For some reason now Maeve was finally tired, as though this one last thing had at least temporarily sated her lust. She could still feel a distant heat inside herself, but for now it was a warm, contenting glow rather than an urgent, pressing need. Rasidhe, on the other hand, was earlier in the process, still marvelling at the way her newly gooey slit felt as she pressed her fingers in and out. As soon as she'd caught her breath from the initial change she'd rolled over onto her front, dragging her hips slowly along the floor just to stimulate her pussy even further.

"Fffuuuck", she breathed slowly.

Maeve was still lying on her back and staring at the ceiling, but she appreciated the sentiment. "I know, right?"

"Fffuck!", Rasidhe answered, more urgently, starting to stand back up.

Grinning, Maeve reached up and slapped her on the rear. "That's right girl", she said approvingly, "you go get some. Trust me, that feels even better."

Rasidhe didn't bother to respond. As soon as she'd gotten back to her feet she stumbled out of the room, barely able to walk straight as she revelled in her all-consuming lust.

For her part, Maeve rolled over contentedly, settling into the thick fur of a conveniently placed rug and quickly drifting off to sleep.



A sound like the crashing of a wave jolted Maeve back from her sleep. Opening her eyes with a start she saw someone looming over her with a smile on their face, but they were completely green, and she could also see the roof of her hut above them, and... through them?

She blinked, trying to focus her eyes enough to make sense of everything, while the creature above

her lowered their clasped hands back to their side. Suddenly, recognition of their shape clicked into place. “R... Rasidhe?”, she tried.

Nodding happily, Rasidhe grinned even wider. She opened and closed her mouth in an exaggerated speaking motion, but only emitted a series of slight bubbling noises. Then she caught Maeve’s attention with her hands again, and started to speak in sign language.

\*I don’t think I breathe anymore, so I guess talking doesn’t work\*, she signed, as though that was a perfectly reasonable sentence. \*But never mind that, I have something to show you. I’ve figured out something even better for your idea!\*

Maeve’s eyes ran up and down Rasidhe’s body, taking in the fact that she was now apparently entirely made out of green goo. “Clearly”, she answered eventually.

Rasidhe ignored her remark, taking Maeve by the hand and hauling her to her feet. Whatever goo she was made out of could apparently be solid enough for that to work, although not without leaving a persistent tingling sensation where Rasidhe had touched her bare skin. Still, Maeve could hardly claim not to be curious as to what had happened, so she willingly followed along behind Rasidhe as she made her way back to her own place. She moved fast too, somehow almost skating over the clear ground, sliding forward smoothly on her slick goo feet as though that was a perfectly natural way to move quickly. She started to ask her about it, whether it was difficult or just came naturally, but before she could they made it inside her hut, and that question was very quickly replaced by more pressing ones.

There were six Elves there, all of them lounging naked around the room in various states of rest. Despite that, every one of them was sporting an erection, and even a cursory examination revealed a slick mess of green goo coating their shafts. Maeve knew all of them of course, and she had *never* seen them as... enthusiastically indulgent as it seemed they had been.

“It worked!”, she gasped, clasping her hands together happily as she took in the scene. “Everyone is *excited*, everyone’s naked and horny and fucking and their cocks are hard and... uh...”

There was a twitch deep inside her, and then she could feel her slick, gooey pussy starting to become even more wet and ready. “That’s... this really is really good...”, she said distantly.

Rasidhe slid smoothly around behind her, guiding Maeve gently into the centre of the room. At the same time she saw the other people stir, standing silently as grins grew onto their faces. There was something else to them too though, something she only noticed as they stepped forwards around her — the slick trails of goo seemed to do more than just coat the outside of their cocks. As one of them made his way over Maeve caught sight of his rear, noticing for the first time the gooey slickness marking the centre of his ass. It was blue, an entirely new colour, and Maeve realised with a start that one of the Goo must have been joined with him as well. With all of them no doubt, and between the

lustful look in their eyes and their hefty, swollen balls, it seemed like it was having its own effect on them just as it had on her.

Maeve was still processing all this when suddenly a pair of bright green arms descended into view on either side of her, Rasidhe wrapping around her body to communicate to the group.

\*Is everyone ready for the second round I promised?\*, she signed, while at the same time just happening to lean forwards enough that her large, gooey breasts pressed warmly into Maeve's back.

There was a silent chorus of nods from the group, each of them relaxing into a wide-stanced pose that allowed them to heft their increasingly slick cocks in their waiting hands.

\*How about you Maeve?\*, Rasidhe continued. \*Ready to see what your latest invention can really do?\*

Maeve was salivating. Her mouth felt gummed up, her saliva thick as she swallowed with difficulty to clear her throat. Her hand had already drifted down to her crotch by the time she managed to respond verbally, caught in the welcoming embrace of the slim, gooey tendril that emerged to meet it.

“Yuh-huh”, she said simply.

Rasidhe pressed, lowering Maeve down into a sitting position. Then she spun around her once again, darting in to place a hot, sticky kiss on her lips, making Maeve's tongue tingle as it swept unthinkingly over the slickness she left behind. Leaving the other girl to process that for a moment, Rasidhe turned around, selecting the nearest Elf and beckoning him over.

Dimly, Maeve recognised Irwyn as he stepped forward. She could have *sworn* his cock hadn't been that large when she last experienced it, although he certainly didn't seem troubled by the change. Rasidhe took his entire length into her mouth in one smooth motion, working the base of his shaft expertly with one hand as she tugged imploringly at his balls with the other. Soon he was visibly drooling above her, a thin trickle of pinkish-red goo dripping past his lips and down his chin. Rasidhe redoubled her efforts as he drifted closer to orgasm, soon clutching him urgently as his hips tensed and locked, a stifled grunt marking his climax.

But that wasn't the only indication of the moment. Rasidhe had set the lights in this room burning bright, and Maeve realised once again that she was just translucent enough to see through. Through the hazy obstruction of her gooey body Maeve could see Irwyn's cock as it twitched with release, and she could follow the path of thick white cum as it spurting into Rasidhe's waiting mouth. It began to surge down her throat, but then, demonstrating an astounding level of skill in something only newly possible, Rasidhe somehow changed the internal flow of her body, redirecting it back upwards. She pulled away from Irwyn as soon as he was done, turning back to face Maeve with a look of quiet concentration. Then she grinned, and Maeve saw that her lips were now pure white. Before she

could fully register what that meant Rasidhe upped the ante by licking them salaciously, her tongue similarly now either completely coated with, or somehow momentarily composed of, Irwyn's cum.

\*We'll need more than just this much for the process, of course\*, Rasidhe signed as she slid back over to Maeve. \*But I think this is the most *fun* way to get it started, don't you?\*

Without waiting for a response from the dumbstruck Maeve, Rasidhe swept in for another passionate kiss. This time the sensation was like lightning, a jolt of pure energy coursing through her whole body as Rasidhe's tongue danced along the inside of her lips. Then there was a twinge from deep down inside her, from the spot at her core that Maeve had come to realise marked the place where her own Goo had melded with her body, and when the sensation of Rasidhe's kiss reached that place it was answered by a powerful, urgent need. She needed cum, any cum, all cum — her hands latched unthinkingly around behind Rasidhe's head as she pressed the two of them together, desperately trying to milk her tongue of as much of its slickness as she could manage.

Maeve's movements were frantic and uncoordinated, but Rasidhe in turn was remarkably composed. She pressed forwards firmly, sending them both sinking down to the floor. Looking upwards, Maeve could still see through Rasidhe, not clearly, but well enough to see her raise her rear invitingly to the gathering crowd, and the next eager Elf stepping forward to take her up on her offer. With only a moment's coaxing he thrust himself into her, her gooey green pussy welcoming his latest contribution. All the while Rasidhe maintained her focused, probing kiss, the only sign of his intrusion a growing smile on her lips and a series of slight ripples spreading out across the surface of her body from his movements. When he came, her eyes crossed slightly as she concentrated once again, and Maeve caught sight of the pulsing stream of whiteness surging up through her. Releasing her grip on Rasidhe's tongue, now that it was safely drained of all the goodness it had contained, Maeve's mouth fell open, already salivating instinctively in anticipation.

Rasidhe did not disappoint. When this new source of cum reached the back of her throat she leaned forwards fiercely, gripping Maeve firmly by the chin as she pinned her to the floor. Then, either curling her tongue back inside her mouth or somehow reforming it entirely with this new source of fluid, Rasidhe speared it forward, abandoning teasing subtlety entirely as she sent this thick tendril of living cum straight down her friend's throat.

It was all Maeve could do to lie back beneath it, dimly aware of all the sensations washing over her. The tendril inside her pulsed warmly, wave after wave of cum coursing through Rasidhe and deep into her. There must have been multiple donors, several Elves taking turns in the hazy world that existed outside Maeve's perception of Rasidhe's fingers on her face and the endless, bliss that was pumping into her twitching body. It felt as though it was somehow at once both quenching a fire and spreading it further; the slick, heavy satisfaction seeping out from her stomach and reaching every part of her.

Eventually, Rasidhe relented, waving away her latest partner and sliding to the ground, lying with one

arm over Maeve's panting body, her slick lips kissing softly at her ear. For Maeve's part, she was lying on her back, staring upwards with unfocused eyes. She felt so... full. Running one hand absently up her chest she hefted at her breasts, and at that pressure she found herself shuddering with unexpected release. Bringing her hand up to her face, she managed to focus her eyes enough to see the thick purple goo staining it, long strands of which still connected to her dripping tits.

She was... she was leaking. She could feel the goo inside herself, so filling and warm, and she just needed a little bit more energy to let it all out. She just needed... she needed to be finished, needed to feel the release of it all, not just slickness pooling out of her mouth and her pussy but everywhere, all over, just like Rasidhe...

Turning her head to the side, she gave her friend a desperate, imploring look. "Plhr", she tried, her tongue uselessly thick and heavy in her goo-slicked throat. Raising her hands away from her body with distracted irritation, she hurriedly signed a few precious words.

\*Please. More.\*

The assembled Elves did not need any further encouragement. In moments they had all stepped forwards, gathering into a loose circle and starting to work themselves over expectantly. Even those that had just finished with Rasidhe seemed willing and eager to go again, with Irwyn and his increasingly gooey pink cock seemingly leading the pack. This must be how it affects some people, thought Maeve distantly. Those with the equipment to do so are encouraged to overproduce cum, while the others take in that production to produce more Goos. Quite how a complete ecosystem had emerged fully formed from an accident of her alchemy table she didn't even think to ask. Indeed, it wasn't even something she thought about consciously, it was just something that she knew. The Elves around her were producing cum, their libido and their balls deliciously encouraged by the Goo creatures that had already merged with them, and in turn it was her responsibility to absorb their affection, to take it and use it to produce more Goo, which could then be merged with more Elves, to produce more cum, and more Goo, and then more and more and more.

Above her Irwyn stiffened, and she felt the first of a tide of cum start to fall on her. Her hand had moved unthinkingly down to her pussy, compelled by a mix of overwhelming arousal and a need to heighten her own dripping slickness. Her other hand was pinned beneath Rasidhe as she lay beside her, sending her still-white tongue in long, loving licks across the length of her face. She paused for a moment beneath the bridge of her nose, and the smell of it, the sheer intensity hit Maeve so hard that it made her eyes roll back in her head, her mouth falling lazily open as yet more cum landed over her lips. She was — there was so much, and she could feel her body responding in kind as the slickness on her grew, her skin absorbing it and softening, with growing patches of fresh purple goo spreading out rapidly across her chest. Rasidhe smeared it around with her free hand, happily encouraging more and more of Maeve to sink down into this eager, gooey state, while at the same time continuing to kiss and lick at her passionately, enjoying the sight of her face as she so utterly submitted to the indulgence of her new needs. And all the while, the crowd of Elves above the both of them kept up their own indulgences, with several starting to seek the attention of those beside them, open-mouthed kisses and grasping, fondling hands encouraging their own gooey contagion.



Maeve had no idea how long she spent there, writhing blissfully beneath her attendant lovers. Time passed only in milestones; the moment when the hand in her pussy changed enough that her fingers could stretch unthinkingly longer to better fill herself, the moment when she felt her newly gooey tits tremble and swell with all the encouraging fluids she was taking in, the moment when she felt the wave of purple goo wash deliriously over her head like a dive in an ice-cold stream. And then she exhaled, letting out the last of the air that was inside her, and opened her eyes once again as an entirely new type of being. Not Elf, not Goo, but both. Still with all the memory and drive of her former life, but now with a seemingly unquenchable enthusiasm for indulgence that could only come through this joining of a new perspective.

For the sake of convenience, you can continue to refer to us as Maeve, if that is easier for you. We haven't had much use for names since then, so we never bothered to come up with another one.

After that night, things happened quickly. The good thing about ennui is that no one was particularly invested in maintaining the status quo, so no one had any reason not to indulge with the Goos that rapidly spread through the village. And why not? Irwyn could still take a moment to enjoy his sunsets, even appreciating the way that his own colouration now matched a particular hue of it. He simply had rather more activity to fill the rest of his day with.

We have discovered many specifics about our situation since then. First and foremost, we can tell from your expression that you are wondering why the world is not covered in Goo, given our enduring indulgence with each other, and with our visitors. As it turns out, Maeve was correct in that the ecosystem for these creatures was fully-formed, although that had consequences that we did not foresee. When all the People were converted to Goo People, so too did we stop being able to produce the cum that is apparently required to create more Goo. Even the cum of other races, pleasurable and nourishing as it may be, is not sufficient for the process. We don't mind though. The Goo gifted us with lust for all life, and the People have imbued us with time enough to enjoy it. At some point in the future perhaps, we will turn back to Maeve's old workbench, and try to find a way to propagate our species again. Perhaps we will even find a way to reverse the process entirely, if anyone should so choose. But there is no rush. It has only been less than a thousand years, and we have not tired of this fad yet. We had been surprised that we had not been visited by any other tribes of People since the night of our Joining. But there is time for that yet too.

I do hope I have conveyed this story well. We are always open to new visitors, after all.



THE  
FIGHTING MINOTAUR





*Despite the volume of correspondence the success of the Morphological Monster Manual provoked, I was surprised to see a letter from such a well-known figure as the Fighting Minotaur. I don't follow the Labyrinth games myself, but my girlfriend Andrea is a big fan of hers, and even without that her fame is such that I'm sure I'd be aware of her. She said she'd read my book with great interest, and the Sphinx story in particular resonated with her. More than that, she said she had a story of her own that might interest me should I wish to write another book, so I took the time to arrange an interview between us.*

*We met at my house rather than out in public. She's an imposing figure — almost eight feet tall and thick with muscle, even in her travelling clothes which, I'm reliably informed, don't accentuate her figure anywhere near as much as the armour she performs in does. Between that and her fame, not to mention my now non-standard body type, we decided it was easier to meet in private than in public, and it also afforded Andrea a nice opportunity to geek out for her idol (not that she would ever put it like that). Eventually we settled into some of my larger chairs, and she told me what was essentially her origin story, which I've transcribed below. It quickly became apparent that, like a lot about her life, it revolves around the sport she performs in.*



You know no one actually dies, right? I mean, maybe not *never*, but it's pretty damn rare, especially for as brutal as we get sometimes. We play it up for the crowds, but at the end of the day, if we can't scrape up the losers and encourage the winners to come back, we wouldn't have a very long-lasting show, now would we? I — I should probably just go through it, if that's okay.

The basics are pretty straightforward. There's this big maze — and it is a maze, not a labyrinth, no matter what the flyers say, that's — uh, anyway. The walls are all seven feet high, which I can see over, but obviously regular people can't, although that also means that all the people watching in the stands around the sides can see right in on the action. So a bunch of contenders go in, and they're all trying to get past me to get to the centre of the maze, where the prize of the night is kept. Now, there's like, four or five of them, depending on how big of a show we're doing, and everyone's got like, a theme, right? You have Spotters, who are wearing light, loose stuff, and they can climb up the sides of the maze to get a look at where they should be going. There's Tricksters, who are bastards, by the way — all spikes and nets and traps and everything. There's Chargers, who are almost like little me's — all done up in heavy armour, sometimes going as far as having big horned helmets. And then there's maybe seasonal stuff too, like if we're doing a show during a midwinter festival then we'll probably have Freezers — slippery little jerks with ice potions that just *love* to knock you flat on your ass.

Anyway, the idea is that it's all of them against me, but it's also all of them against each other too. People can team up and work together to get past me to the prize, which happens, but not as often as you'd think. Anyway, the point is, there's all these different types of contestant, and they're all defined by their equipment. And the same was true of me, back when I started out as a Spotter.

I suppose it's probably not much of a twist that I wasn't always the Minotaur, given I arranged to talk to you for this book and everything. But yeah, I wasn't. I started out as just another punk Spotter, looking to get some money and maybe make a bit of a name for myself, probably about... ten years ago now. I wasn't the first Minotaur, obviously. I started out during the run of the second one — although for that first switch the people in charge played it off like nothing had changed, so no one really even knew it was the second one. For all we knew he was the same stone cold badass that there had ever been, crushing challengers and throwing fools bodily out of the maze for 20 straight years.

What happened for me was, well, to begin with, I got hooked on the show. Some people just have a go once and are done, but more people than you think sign up to be a regular. The roar of the crowd, the thrill of the moment when you see the Bull coming and manage to throw yourself to the side, hearing him plow through three other idiots as you laugh your ass off all the way to the prize. I won my first match with a dodge like that — not to brag, but that ain't exactly normal. Anyway, I kept coming back, and eventually things... stepped up.

There's no like, career path or anything. It's not like the owners were looking for someone else to take over for the Minotaur and I caught their eye. No, actually, if anything, it was the Minotaur that caught *my* eye. You see, when he was in the ring, he was all business — bloodshot eyes and crazy, flaring nostrils, so you could just *tell* that he was looking for the best way to smear you up against the nearest wall. Which, yeah, I respected the shit out of. But then I met him *outside* of the show, and the difference was amazing.

Let me paint you a picture. I was toweling off after a show, and I walk past this room and I just see this big furry ass sticking right out into the hallway. I look in, and he's stuck horns-deep in the wall, trying to pull himself out without pulling the whole damn building down around himself. Out of the corner of his eye he sees me looking, and I expect him to be mad, or embarrassed or whatever, but instead he just coughs and says "Uh, would you believe this is how I sharpen my horns?"

I gotta be honest — I wasn't expecting him to be able to joke about himself like that, no. He even admitted that what had actually happened was that he had sneezed, and that had made him throw his head forward suddenly and jam his horns right through the cheap plaster. Which is so dumb, right? Instead of being just this eight-foot stack of muscle and fur, which, y'know, I'm certainly not *not* a fan of, but then he's also this weirdly sweet, kind of awkward goofball? Ow my fucking heart, right?

Anyway, I helped pull him out, and we started getting together not long after that. At first it was just hanging out after shows, having fun and blowing off steam, y'know? So yeah, we fucked. We fucked a *ton*. He had this dick like — oh my god. You should have seen his dick. It was a work of fucking *art*. I fucking *loved* that thing. It was... what's that word for when you eat something once, and it's pretty good, but then the more you have it the more you like it, until eventually it's like, the *only* thing you want to eat, and you can't stop thinking about it even when you're supposed to be working? I don't know — can a cock be addictive? If any cock was, it was his. Fuck man, that cock. That was some fucking cock...

Anyway, I'm getting distracted. We went on like that for quite a while, right up until there was an accident. We were doing a show, all the standard stuff. I wasn't anywhere near him when it happened — not that that would have made a difference, it's not like we went easy on each other or anything — but when we finished up I found out he'd taken a bad fall. He'd be fine — it's hard to hurt a sack of muscle that big too bad, but his legs were pretty messed up, and it'd be some time before he'd be able to perform properly again.

But the show couldn't wait, you know? You think people are going to pay to see folks running a maze without a minotaur in it? That's just... that's just a race. No, they needed something else, and I didn't realise quite what until they took me aside.

I remember it was a nice quiet room. One of the healers was there at first, looking after him before Mino waved him away. Then it was just me and him, sitting together on this bench for a while. Him just staring forwards, me holding his big stupid hoof-hand in mine. Then he breathes out, turns to me and says "I think you're going to have to take over for me."

It hit me pretty hard. He asked the question, and I had no fucking idea how to answer. How could I take over from him? I wasn't a minotaur, right? Who even was? I never asked about his family life or whatever, but I'd been figuring he was going to ask me to go out looking for the rest of his lost tribe, convince one of them to join up too or some bullshit, but no. Turns out, he hadn't always been a minotaur. Turns out, his name was fucking *Craig*. Craig the fucking minotaur.

Turns out, it was his armour. See, he was always wearing it — or at least a piece of it, some bracer or something somewhere, when we needed a bit more, uh, freedom. I'd always thought it was a comfort thing, like maybe that armour was the last link he had to his culture or something, and given that that whole conversation wasn't one I particularly wanted to have, I'd just never asked him about it. But no, he told me then that that was the whole deal — it was wearing that armour that turned him into a minotaur, and if he ever took it off, he wouldn't be one anymore.

And that's it. It's a one time thing. One on, one off, and you're done. Weird, right? Most of the shit you were writing about before, people are worried about if they can get it to change them back. This — you fuck up for *one* second, have all your armour off for any reason, and that's it, no takebacks, right back to how you were before. And the dude was like, shaking just thinking about it, right? Because it would mean going from being the *Minotaur* to being just Craig. Craig the... guy.

But still, as much as it messed with them, he'd already come to the decision that he had to do it. Part of it was that, technically, it was the owners of the show that owned the armour. One of them had found it in the first place, in some ancient temple somewhere or something, and they didn't want to wear it themselves, but you better believe they kept a close eye on who was. I mean, we probably could have run away if we'd really wanted to, just holed up somewhere and waited until he was better and we could... I don't know, go back to fucking all day or something. But he loved performing as much as I did, and we both knew that doing that would not only mean the end of that for both of us, but also

the end of the whole damn show. Like, have you ever loved something so much that you'll give it up, just so that it can keep going on, even if you don't get to keep doing it yourself?

Honestly, saying it out loud like that, it kinda felt like ending a relationship with someone. I guess it kinda was, in its own way. But instead of being with a person it was with like, all people, everyone in all the crowds that came out and cheered. They mightn't be cheering for him, but at least like, at least the cheering would still be going on.

Well, anyway, even if he convinced the owners to just take a break for a while to let him heal up, he said he was starting to feel it. The bruises were getting bigger, the pain lasting longer, getting back up after getting tripped was getting harder — shit was starting to catch up with him. If not now, he knew it was just going to be a matter of time, and maybe next time it'd be something he wouldn't be able to recover from. No, he told me that it was time to pass it on, and he'd be honoured if I'd consider being the one to take his place.

And to that I said... I said a fucking lot. All this motivational bullshit about how he shouldn't give up, about how he could just power through and run this problem into the ground, about how he was better than this, and I would suck his cock every day until he felt better enough to get right back to kicking ass in the maze. It's fucking weird — I went from supportive to angry so fucking fast. I didn't want things to change, and here he was giving up because he'd had a fucking boo-boo? I didn't want to accept that. I wouldn't accept that.

And you know what he said? Nothing. He just leaned forward and wrapped me up in this big, warm hug, and just like, *held* me for... I don't know, ages. Long enough that my anger burned out, and I finally let myself hear what he was actually saying. He'd had a good run, and he was happy to retire because — and this was the kicker that really fucking got me — he said he couldn't *wait* to see how kickass of a Minotaur I was going to be.

The fuck can you say back to that? It was all I could do to not just like, cry all through his stupid fur. So yeah, in the end, I agreed.

It took some planning. The first step was that we had to give him a proper send-off. We put together this whole special show, and based it around the fact that he couldn't really move around with his leg all messed up. Instead of a maze, they built this thing that was just like, four corridors going straight to where he was set up right in the middle, standing on this little square surrounded by a moat, with the coin that marked the treasure right under his hooves. So all the competitors just ran straight at him, one after another, and he took turns picking them up one at a time and throwing them into the moat, fucking roaring and daring anyone to knock him off his perch. It was a fucking great show, a great way to go out.

I know what you're thinking, and no, it wasn't me that took him out. I was the first one he threw into the water. That was on purpose though — for one, I didn't want to risk him going easy on me,

but also, the owners wanted to make sure someone other than me won too. That was so that when I showed up, I could kick their ass and put them back in their place. If you're trying to move the show from one ultimate badass to another, you can't have the people think there's someone out there that can beat them both. Nah, the torch had to be passed, so my first event had me throwing that woman through three separate walls and into the crowd. Gotta be honest, that felt pretty good.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Before I got to that, there was the whole transfer first. And don't worry — I read the first book, so I know this is the important part.

It was private, let's start with that. Just me and him, sitting on a couch together in a quiet room, away from everyone and everything else. Maybe I made it seem like there was some big ceremony, some ritual that we had to perform or something, but it really wasn't like that. All we had to do was take the armour off him and put it on me, and it didn't really matter how we did that, so long as we did it. So yeah, we started off slow. We'd given him a big farewell for the public, I wanted to make sure I gave him just as much of a send-off in private.

We had plenty of time, and I planned to make use of all of it. So when I took off a few select pieces of his armour and his cock slipped free, I just... that was my whole fucking evening right there. There was something about it, the way even just the scent of his cock just reached in and filled me up, like it snuck in through my nose and just set my brain directly to "happy" somehow, but fuuuck — I don't even know how long I spent with my face just buried in his crotch, lovingly licking at his cock. Honestly, it was so big that sometimes it was a struggle to even fit it in my mouth, but that just meant that I could like, lick up and down his shaft until he was slick enough to slide right in, or even just happily rub my face against it and coat myself with his wetness. Plus I could really grab his balls with both hands, just feel the weight and the heft of them as I ran my fingers through his thick fur. Fffuuuck. Have you ever been just so blissed out that you like, purred? I felt like that every time, and this time I leaned into it for as long as possible.

Anyway, the plan was to mostly just hang out and worship his cock like that for most of the evening, but that didn't exactly pan out. Eventually I just couldn't hold back, y'know? Like, I had his dick in my mouth for so long, that pretty soon I couldn't stop myself from going further, from saddling up and actually fucking that bad boy, or at *least* giving him a good enough blow job to make him cum. I don't know if it was some weird side effect of the armour or maybe it's just a minotaur thing, but I swear even his cum tasted good, like it was the extra special kick that made sucking his cock even more satisfying.

*Fuck* I miss that cock.

Anyway, I'm getting sidetracked. I started stripping him off, going through the same motions I'd gone through a bunch of times before, taking away all the big armoured plates that would get in the way, while still leaving his bracers on. At this point he's just as worked up as I am, so as soon as I get all that metal out of the way he just picks me up, spinning me around and pressing me up against that

couch, his hand grabbing me by the back of the head as he gets himself lined up. Then he leans his big bull head back and just *roars*, his deep, bellowing voice cutting right through me as his fingers tighten in my hair. And with that he just cuts loose, pressing his thick cock deep into my pussy. That's when my eyes roll up in my head, because there's just this... this *heat*, this aching, desperate fullness, it makes you need to push back down against it even as your whole body shakes with every powerful thrust he gives you, your tongue hanging out of your mouth as the hot, wet breath from his muzzle washes over your face.

You know, I asked him about this too at one point, like, what it was like from his side. All I knew was that sucking or getting fucked by a minotaur's cock was amazing, that there's something else to it beyond just him being big and powerful. I don't know, maybe you nailed it with that 'addictive' bit earlier, because I sure as shit felt some pretty powerful cravings when we hadn't had time off to spend together for awhile, and that moment when you get to feel it inside you again — yeah, that was a rush on a level with winning a show, if you did it right. But for him, he told me that there's something else at play. The whole time in the back of his head there was just this drive, this sort of... urge, this need to let loose, to take out his cock and just fuck and rut and cum. It normally wasn't too much to handle, but it was always there, this sort of weight that he could just feel tugging at him, making him always at least a little horny. That was one of the ways he worked himself up so much for a show, he told me one time, by just tapping into how mad he was that he wasn't able to just fuck everything all the time. So when he *was* able to cut loose, well, I guess what I'm saying is that if it was like an addiction for me, then there was definitely something of that on his side too.

Normally that would pretty much be it — I'd get all worked up on sucking his cock, he'd let loose and fuck me till he came, and then I'd be so blissed out that it wouldn't take much more than just him working over my dripping wet pussy a few times before I'd cum too. Fuck, and he'd do it with such a satisfied, *possessive* grin on his face too, which always just made things even hotter somehow. But anyway, things went different this time.

He started off with that same mad rush he always had whenever he let himself go, but this time it was like he deliberately pulled back for a while. He moved me around so that I was facing up towards him, then put one of his big hands on my face, just brushing my cheek softly as he settled into a slower rhythm with his thrusts. I didn't realise it at the time, but he wasn't just drawing out his last time like this, like I first thought. He was taking a moment to remember me as I was, to run his fingers over my skin and take in the curve of my body before we switched up and the armour did its thing. Ha, that uh... that big softie.

He leaned in, bringing his big blunt muzzle up next to my face, his thick black lips brushing softly over mine. Normally when we fucked it was wild and animal, but this time he was just so damn tender. His last fucking ride and he spends it just like... appreciating me as I was. I was all set for a wild, furious sign off, like with his last time in the maze, but this, fuck, I couldn't help but dig my fingers in his fur and love that big idiot just a little bit harder than before.

At first, I didn't even notice his armour coming off. I was used to him pulling most of it off once we got started, at least all the stuff that got in the way. It was only when I felt something cold snap around my wrist that I looked down and realised he'd put one of his bracers on me. Then, looking up, I saw that he'd taken it all off — for the first time ever, I was seeing him completely naked. Honestly, I didn't have that long to really enjoy the sight.

It started with heat. There was a warmth that spread out from the bracer, not quite enough to hurt, but right up to the edge of that. At the same time I saw him curl inwards, wrapping his arms around himself as a shield against some sudden cold. I went to ask him what was wrong, but instead my tongue just flopped out of my mouth as the thought somehow just like, fell away. The heat had run right through me, sweeping through my body and hitting my heart, then shooting right up my spine to fog up my head. My nostrils just started flaring, over and over as I breathed in and out, and with every breath the only thing I could focus on was how *good* he smelled. Actually, it wasn't even that — that was how it had been before. This was more like, picking up a scent, or like, noticing that something was in heat, and soon it felt like my whole head was soaking in it.

We'd been right up next to each other, but at that point my hands just took hold of him and pushed him backwards. I needed him lying flat on that couch, and my hands twitched and flexed as I moved him roughly into position. In moments I was on top of him, pressing his cock smoothly into my wet slit, feeling such wonderful satisfaction as he slid into place. It was — there was a need to it that I'm not sure I can really describe, but right then I absolutely needed to have him inside me, to fuck him wildly and forcefully, so hard that I could feel his thick cock pounding into me again and again. We'd been making love before, but this was  *fucking*, this was holding him down beneath me and riding him, taking and using him, in a way that I couldn't help but need. That heat was dancing around inside my head, pouring in through every snorted breath I took, and it was all I could do to dig my fingers into his fur, baring my teeth as I gasped and growled.

In the middle of all of that, in the heat and the lust and the drive, the changes started. At first he was moving where I wanted him to on his own, but as the muscles in my arms swelled I soon found myself holding him down harder than he could even struggle against. I felt my hips change too, growing wider and larger. I shifted position awkwardly, fur of my own blossoming outwards slowly as I thrust myself against him again and again.

I shook my head distractedly, something getting in the way of my eyes as I rocked myself back and forth. After a few blinking moments I realised it was my own nose, my face pushing outwards in front of me as it slid into my own bovine muzzle. I could feel my ears flopping down against the side of my head too, swinging from side to side as they become long and coated with fur.



And then, looking down, I saw him, and just for a second that threw me out of it. His own fur was receding, his muscles contracting, his loveable, kissable snout sliding back towards his face. His eyes were unfocussed, but they met mine as I looked down at him, his lips sliding upwards into a wide smile. “And just when I thought you couldn’t get any hotter”, he said to me, leaning forwards to kiss me on the chest. “C’mon, let’s get you through the rest of this, yeah?”

That was enough. I looked down at him and smiled, feeling my teeth grow and flatten to fit my increasingly bovine face. I tried to answer him with something witty, but it just came out as an incoherent snort as my long tongue all but fell out of my mouth. And then I could just feel that this was it, the changes were slowing down as the last of my features settled into place. Fur had grown thick over my whole body, and I went through the *really* weird sensation of my feet hardening up in on themselves, leaving me with hooves. The last thing to change were my tits. Well, I suppose I don’t really know for sure that they were last, but they definitely caught my attention when they did. I’d been pretty flat-chested before — I had a whole ‘skinny little punk twerp’ vibe which had led them to put me in as a Spotter in the first place — but along with all the extra muscle and fur I suddenly just started to, uh, fill out. Man, I said my feet changing felt weird, but the feeling of my breasts swelling and growing like that, stretching outwards to sit heavily on my chest, feeling the weight of them as I moved... and not just that, but we were still fucking the entire time, or, I should say, I was fucking him — all but ramming my hips against his again and again to fill myself up, desperately snorting and moaning as the sensations of it swept me up.

I came so hard we broke the couch. We fell to the floor together; him exhausted, me still shuddering and twitching as I rode the last of that high. I don’t know if it was the change or the fuck — I haven’t done the first one without the second I guess, so I don’t know if it feels that good without it, but fuck, I can recommend it.

We both lay there for a little while, first to recover, and then just like, looking at each other. He was cute. Smaller than I expected actually; he looked more like someone I’d expect to see in the superfan section of the crowd at one of the shows than one of the participants, which, it eventually turns out, he had been before he’d been recruited. As for me, I looked like I do now. Eight foot tall, stacked — in both senses of the word, these tits took some getting used to — a great big furry war machine from my head to my hooves.

After that, we had some time off to get used to ourselves, to each other, and then we got back to work. He moved behind the scenes, planning out the events, teaching up new recruits. Not that they ever knew who exactly he was, of course. And I stepped into centre stage, taking on all comers as the the new Minotaur. They announced me to the show — I wouldn’t let them call me his long-lost sister, that was too weird, but I was happy to be called a member of his little-known tribe. I felt like I kinda was at that point, in all the ways that mattered.

The show owners don’t like me talking about it in detail, something about ‘taking away from the myth of the monster’, but fuck it, it’s not like this whole story isn’t going to do exactly that anyway. Let’s just

say that bracelet wasn't the only piece of metal he slipped over my hand that month.

You know, I wasn't sure about doing this whole interview. It was Craig who talked me into it, after he showed your first book to me. He thought my story was a good fit, and also that it might like, have a good message to put out there.

And that message is just like... I wasn't expecting all this. Some dumb, skinny punk kid from the back of nowhere that basically just ran away with the circus one day. Things were okay back home, I guess, and I was getting by, but there was always this nagging feeling that — I don't know. I wanted to do more, to be more, and the idea of that is probably why I got so caught up in *Delving* in the first place. I'd see all these cool people doing all these cool things, and I'd think, yeah, that's what I'd like to be.

So I guess the point of me putting this story out there is to say that like, I didn't just start out like this. Not even me, the fucking Minotaur, I didn't just walk onto that stage and instantly own it. I decided I wanted to get in the show, however I could, then I worked and I trained and I put in the time. And whenever an opportunity opened up in front of me, I took it, and ran with it. Grab the bull by the horns, I guess. And then when that bull turns around and buys you a drink, see where it goes. Maybe the bull gives you the fuck of your life, and then after that maybe *you* get to be the bull.

That's something that's worth shooting for, let me fucking tell you.



THE  
CHIMERA  
OF THE  
SHATTERED PEAK







*Following the success of the previous volume of this book, I have become something of a recognised expert in a few fields. Chief among them was, of course, the topic of creatures that transform others, but I have also become rather knowledgeable about the practicalities of dealing with the aftermath of such an event. Partly this was due to the ongoing studies of some of my subjects, but, more directly, I have had to learn a lot since the results of my own repeated expeditions to the ancient empire of the Snake People in the Red Jungle.*

*It was in this second capacity that I was contacted by one Addison Carter. She had gone through a very particular set of circumstances and, having become aware of my work, sought my assistance for practical next steps. Living as she does with a small household on a farm perilously close to the Shattered Peak, she didn't receive many visitors, but it was only a matter of time before they were going to have to start making trips to the market to sell their goods and stock up on what they couldn't produce themselves.*

*If I had to distil my wisdom on that subject to a single piece of advice, it would be that being seen as 'eccentric' goes a long way to avoiding defaulting to 'dangerous', and having a ready supply of money will cover the rest of the distance (although a close second would be "if you have a non-standard body shape, then the services of a tailor and a carpenter are worth their weight in gold"). Accordingly, I asked if I could purchase her story for use in my next book, and she readily agreed. I provided her with enough of a monetary advance to smooth her household through the upcoming winter, and she related to me the following tale.*



The farm was failing, and I was pulled in to revive it; the last, disinterested branch of a withered family tree. Trading my university studies for some scrap of land clinging to the side of the Shattered Peak wasn't exactly in my plan, but with no money coming in to pay my tuition it was that or starve, so I did what I could. Which, it turns out, wasn't much.

I spent about a year fighting for every crop that could manage to push through the soil. But the land needed to be plowed, and while I'd inherited a barn, there weren't any draft animals left to fill it. Eventually I decided that if what I assumed was the traditional approach wasn't working, then I would have to get a little more creative with my problem solving.

Most of my time at the Silverport University I'd spent reading books, and most of those books had been about the past. It's interesting to read about the Magicians of old, of course, but 'interesting' doesn't till the fields. I needed something practical, and eventually, combing through my notes, I found it. There was a reference to a whole race of draft animals that were created by a particular Magician and supposedly used to dig the Great Valley that separated two warring nations. The creatures were famously strong and enduring, while at the same time being "as loyal to their master as if they shared a single purpose". Then, once they were no longer needed, the creatures were simply

stored, trapped in a state of being both everywhere and nowhere. At the same time, a veil of residual magic kept them hidden and dormant, like a blanket thrown over a caged bird. It was unquestionably a longshot, but if even a single one of these creatures could be retrieved from their hiding place, then that would be all I would ever need to maintain my farm with ease. After all, I didn't need to create the creatures themselves, or even the spell that summoned them — I just needed to break the veil keeping them hidden. All that would take was the magical equivalent of brute force, and *that*, I could get.

If you know the Shattered Peak at all, then you know that thunderstorms rage over it year round, with shimmering blue and red lightning flashing out almost constantly. Some of those storms drift down to ground level too, and the farm had long been set up with a large, redmetal spike to drive the worst of that energy back into the ground. My plan was to siphon it off, attaching it to a few jars of hydrated salts solutions so that the power would be stored there instead. I would then release the energy again in a slightly more controlled manner, directing it, through the best of the incantations that I could piece together from the books, towards the Vault of the Beasts.

Well, it almost cost me my eyebrows, but storing the magical energy worked. For some reason the redmetal spire took so much feedback it practically exploded, but after I picked up the pieces and put out a few small fires I was the satisfied owner of three glowing red jars, the liquid inside of them churning silently within the glass. I dusted myself down, cleaned off my equipment, and headed into the barn for the next phase.



I decided to only use one of the jars initially. The others were backup, in case any had broken before getting to this point, or if one by itself proved not to be enough. I surrounded myself with lit candles — every illustration of magic use in the old books involves an abundance of candles, so it seemed the thing to do — and recited the best incantation that I had come up with. Then I closed my eyes, waved my hands through the candle smoke for good measure, and opened the jar.

I'd braced myself for a pretty wide range of outcomes. I thought there was about a 50/50 chance that nothing at all would happen, and the most likely thing after that would just be a big fireball blowing up in my face. So I was quite relieved to find that instead, the glow from the jar began to waft up slowly once I opened the lid, changing colour as it did from pale red to a deep, almost calming green. I found myself transfixed, staring at this orb of pure light as it hovered in front of me, wafting back and forth slightly as it shimmered in the smoke from the candles. Then, after a few short breaths it flashed dramatically, and I felt an impact on my chest as it hit me with a physical force. The candles all puffed out as I fell backwards, sprawling spread eagle onto the floor of the barn as I coughed and spluttered in the sudden dark. Once I'd gotten myself back together I sat up slowly, shaking my hands to steady my fingers enough to relight a nearby candle.

Nothing had happened. The trembling light from the candle revealed a still-empty barn, completely absent of any magical beast that I could use to save the farm. Something had *been* happening, but I suspected that punch at the end was the result of a missed step somewhere along the way, whatever magical power I'd managed to assemble dissipating in violent disapproval of my amateurish efforts. I still had the two other jars to try again with, but I didn't want to rush right in. Instead I returned to my books, spread out in one of the empty stalls behind me, settling down on the loose hay as I tried to figure out what exactly had gone wrong. Over time I found myself settling down further and further, with warmth enough in the air of the barn that I unthinkingly shrugged off each of my clothes one after the other, eventually passing out entirely with my chin on a book.

While I slept, I found myself in a surprisingly vivid dream. There was a creature, what I immediately assumed was one of the Magician's Beasts, running forwards in a dark, empty space. It looked like some sort of cross between a lizard and a donkey; powerfully built on four hooved legs, with a pattern of green scales over its body rather than fur, and topped with a spiny, muzzled face. It stared forwards intently with bright yellow eyes while a long, flexible tongue flicked in and out from its maw. A reptilian tail whipped back and forth behind it, almost as long again as its entire equine body. It ran tirelessly, coming straight towards me even though it never seemed to get any closer.

Then, with a dizzying quickness, my point of view changed, swinging around until I was seeing the dream from the Beast's perspective. I could make out a figure in the distance that it was running towards, starting out small and indistinct but gradually growing larger. It was me. I was standing there, looking right back at the creature across this black nothingness, my arms outstretched welcomingly and a smile on my face. I felt muscles tense, and my point of view went up and forwards, the Beast leaping at my representation. Then there was a moment of contact, and I felt that same thunderous jolt run through me as when I'd opened the jar. And then, with a start, I woke up.



I don't know how long I'd been asleep, but it was around the middle of the night when I woke. Outside a storm was raging, cracks of thunder echoing through the empty building. But it wasn't that that woke me — there was something else too. There was some sort of... thickness to the air, and moving my hand in front of my face felt like pushing through treacle. I scrambled to my feet, steadying myself on the chest-high wall of the stall, and there was a moment where it felt like my hands caught somehow, leaving a faint afterimage of my hand in mid-air as lightning struck outside. It kept happening as I moved around in incredulous wonder, ten times in all, each time coinciding with a flash of lightning and the residual image blinking out a half-moment later.

For some reason though, this phenomenon stopped at just those ten occurrences, and in the few moments' pause that followed I looked around in confusion, straining to make out anything in the darkness that would offer any sort of explanation for all this. Then lightning flashed again, but

this time instead of my hands momentarily freezing, ten sets of wholly other, disembodied hands were revealed, and now they were nowhere near where my own were. Each was the same colour as the lightning outside, so one moment they were bright red, and the next a deep, searing blue. They seemed to fade in and out of reality, but not so fast as the lightning did, lasting perhaps a few heartbeats either side of each strike. I could tell this even though it was pitch black because they weren't simply visual apparitions. After their first appearance they moved in on me, stroking at my flesh with eye-widening intensity.

Quite honestly, I did not know how to react. Obviously this was some consequence from the spell, but, as the hands ran almost tenderly up and down the length of my body, I couldn't exactly say it was a bad one. Perhaps the Magician had another spell to summon some sort of spectral masseuse, I reasoned, and I had inadvertently summoned that instead?

That thought lasted right up to the point where one of the hands suddenly changed its grip, pressing its fingers through the flesh of my crotch and *pulling*. I gasped, leaning heavily on the side of the stall to support myself as a swarm of the hands descended right to that spot, coaxing my body in a way that somehow provoked a response. My mouth fell open as I felt my body *change*, a shudder running through me as a shape slid outwards into the waiting hands, the lightning crashing almost ceaselessly now to enable them to keep up their efforts. And then, with a final tremble, it was done, my pussy replaced entirely by a large equine cock as though that was as simple as pulling the sleeve of a shirt inside out.

I gaped wordlessly, several of the hands ensuring I couldn't form coherent thoughts by falling upon the completed organ with enthusiasm. One pair moved beneath it, beckoning at my flesh with waving fingers like it was a shy lover, and in moments their coaxing drew two heavy balls out into their waiting palms. Another set swept up and down the length of the shaft, paying special attention to the flared tip, almost gloating over the marked inhumanness of it. Finally, a third hand swiped playfully upwards from the top of it, and beneath its touch a growing dusting of light green scales spread over my waist.

Just then I heard something else, something that should have been drowned out by all the thunder but was instead somehow even more noticeable because of its difference. There was the long low rumble of the barn door being slid open and closed, followed by the unmistakable tone of hushed voices. The hands refused to let up, but even so I managed to turn in that direction and yelp, "Hey, who's there?!"

There were two of them, their silhouettes framed in the light of a lantern they carried but any further details obscured beneath dripping wet raincoats. From the way they froze I could at least tell that they seemed as surprised to find me in the barn in the middle of the night as I was by them, but I soon noticed the bow strapped to one of their backs and the long, metal-tipped staff in the hands of the other, making me feel very keenly my own complete lack of weaponry. Fortunately, one of them stepped forward before I got too nervous, pushing back her hood to reveal a fresh-faced young

woman with a tuft of bright red hair.

“Er, shit, sorry”, she started, raising her hands apologetically. “We didn’t think anyone would be in here, and we really needed to find some shelter.” She turned to her companion and added pointedly, “Because *someone* didn’t spot this world-ending storm coming.”

I could see the other figure rolling their eyes even before they lowered their own hood, shaking out her dark black hair as she shot a meaningful glance back to her fellow. “I am sorry if I did not know to expect magical lightning to flow down the side of this broken mountain. Where I learned my skills, the geography has the decency not to be quite so aggressive.”

Throughout their entire back and forth I was only barely concentrating on them, consumed instead by forcing myself not to respond too obviously to the continued attention of the hands. They were concealed from their view by the wall of the stall, but that small mercy did not mean they were any less enthusiastic in their actions. Only one was attending to my cock now, sliding slowly up and down the entire length of it, seemingly focussed more on showing me just how good it could feel rather than outright attempting to jerk me off. The others had moved elsewhere, with one set moving up to massage at my chest, and I could feel my breasts beginning to swell outwards in response, filling their cupped fingers with a growing amount of soft flesh. I shivered, subtly lowering myself a few inches in the hopes of keeping this, too, concealed behind the wall.

The red-headed girl seemed not to notice, cracking a smile as she playfully elbowed her companion. “C’mon Saf’, I’m just kidding. Anyway, point is — we just wanted a place to crash for the night, if that’s okay. This barn looked a better deal than staying in a washed out tent, and we figured we’d be out before anyone even noticed.”

The other woman nodded, but added thoughtfully, “And... why are you sleeping in your barn, exactly?”

A part of my mind registered that I had been asked a question, and desperately flagged it for attention against the equally pressing situation that the hands had found a new favourite target. Two of them were sliding up and down the length of my legs, and I could feel them tweaking and pulling at my muscles, diligently adjusting my joints. Another two pairs had taken one of my feet each, and they were massaging them inwards in a truly distracting manner. I could feel myself growing taller, and I awkwardly shrunk down on unfamiliar joints as I tried to conceal it all as much as I could. Against all that, I did my best to come up with a plausible excuse — somehow, ‘I was playing around with probably dangerous magic’ did not seem like a good idea to say to two random armed people in the middle of the night.

“A... storm this bad always worries my donkey, so I’m staying with him till it passes to stop him freaking out”, I came out with. That seemed reasonable enough, and once I’d started the rest of the story just spooled out. “He’s the last beast I’ve got on the farm, and if he runs away or hurts himself

I'll be in trouble."

There was a twinge in my leg from a sudden determined press, and I responded involuntarily by stamping my foot. The distinctive 'clop' of a hoof echoed out across the barn, and my eyes widened. Somehow, my mouth said, "See? He's antsy", which was amazing because internally the only thing going through my mind was mile-high letters saying 'That was you. That was me. I made that noise with my foot and they think it was a donkey's hoof because *it was and it's yours and I have hooves.*'

"Awwww!", the red-headed girl said. "That's sweet. What's his name?"

I blinked. "Beast", I said flatly.

"Beast?", she responded.

There was way too much going on for me to get hung up on this one point. "It, uh, pays not to get too attached on a farm", I covered with a shrug, which I then followed by shrinking back down hurriedly with a blush as I realised that shrug risked bringing my naked, swelling breasts up into their view.

"Well, can I see him?", she continued. "I love animals."

At this, her companion rolled her eyes once again. "No, you love *pets* Cara. 'Animals' would be like the goat that ate your book last night."

"Ignore my friend Safiya here", Cara said, dismissing her objection with a wave of her hand. "I'm sure your Beast would never do that. So, can I see him?"

"Uh, better not", I answered hurriedly. My legs having been finished, the hands shifted their attention, and all those that had tasked themselves there drifted up towards my rear, pulling at the flesh of my ass in a way that was truly disconcerting. "Ah, uh... he's skittish in the, uh, storm", I stumbled, having to lean even further on the wall to brace myself against their attention. And the whole time my cock was *so hard*, and an ache like I had never known was being steadily inflamed by the hand that had tasked itself there. "Meeting someone new would... probably only spook him further," I finished with difficulty.

There was a beat, and from across the room I half-thought Safiya was narrowing her eyes at me, but if she was suspicious she let it go. "Yeah, good point", Cara admitted reluctantly. "But do you mind if we camp out in here though?"

I really did, but before I could come up with a good enough reason to send them back out into the driving rain, there was something else. All the hands behind me suddenly took up positions and *pulled*, and I felt the incomparable sensation of my body extending rapidly, a large equine torso stretching out behind me in moments. At the same time, a few more hands gripped my cock and

pushed, ensuring it slid smoothly backwards with my growing body and fell into place between my back legs. “Nope!”, I blurted out, covering the sudden volume with the four of my hooved feet — ‘*my four hooved feet. Mine*’ — hitting the ground. My mind ran desperately, and I managed to add, “But, uh, I’m going to be in here all night, so... why don’t you stay in the farmhouse?”

Safiya gave me another look. “Really?”

“Really!”, I squeaked, feeling the hands take up position at the new rear of my body for some new development. “I’d — feel better with people I can trust l-looking after the place!”

There was a long silent moment. Later on, Cara told me that it was right about now that she and Safiya both came to the conclusion that I had been surreptitiously having, as they put it, ‘kinky dress up sex with a partner wearing fake hooves and a gag’, because what else explained why I was clearly so nervous and flustered, as well as referring to a donkey that was somehow both entirely silent and which there was no food for in the rest of the barn? Fortunately for me, they both decided to treat my suspected adventurous spirit with good humour. Breaking the tension with a clap of her hands, Cara exclaimed, “Great! We’ll camp out in our bedrolls somewhere out of the way then, and head out before you know it! C’mon Saf, let’s —”

At that exact moment, a tremendous crash rocked the barn, as a bolt of lightning struck just outside. Safiya lowered herself to a defensive crouch and I let out a brief, startled bark, but it was Cara who had the biggest reaction. She was already slightly off-balance as she had been halfway through turning around to talk to Safiya behind her, and as the apocalyptic boom hit she jumped sideways, throwing herself exactly into the spot where I’d stashed the other two jars of trapped lightning into a pile of hay for safekeeping.

The resulting explosion was even more dramatic than the thunderclap had been. Cara was thrown off her feet as all the energy in the jars unleashed itself in a blinding flash, with a fair amount of it even seeming to jump over to Safiya and hit her hard enough to knock her to one knee. Despite that, Safiya recovered quickly, shaking off her own dizziness and darting to Cara’s side. Cara waved away her concern, coughing briefly on a twirl of multi-coloured smoke as she picked herself up. Supporting her on one shoulder, Safiya fixed me with a fierce stare and asked, “What exactly was *that*?”

Fortunately, the hands surrounding me had momentarily let up their attentions, seemingly overwhelmed by the magical feedback, so for the first time since they arrived I had the peace to think of a good response. Unfortunately, it wasn’t exactly an easy question to answer.

In the end, I went for something close to the truth. “It was — well, I was trying to store lightning. I wanted to see if there was a way to use the energy of it to help the farm. Unfortunately, getting that much blew up the redmetal rod I had set up to divert the lightning safely, which is probably why the storm is so bad.”

I looked over to the smouldering pile of ex-hay, dotted with tiny shards of the small amount of glass that hadn't simply evaporated in the explosion.

"I... guess I can forget about that now", I finished.

Cara caught her breath and stood up under her own power, apparently completely unhurt. "I am so sorry", she said, her expression full of genuine contrition. "I've just blundered into your life and *completely* messed everything up for you, haven't I?"

I was going to respond, but right then the hands snapped back into action. One of them materialised at the base of my upper torso, and, diving somehow right *through* my flesh, elegantly carved out a new, forward-facing slit. I fought hard to hold back a full-body shiver, but even without looking down I knew that as well as the equine cock dangling heavily between my rear legs, I now once again had a human pussy to my front.

My sudden clenching was interpreted by Cara as a barely suppressed nod to her question, which she responded to with a look of fierce determination. "Well then, we'll have to find some way to make it up to you. So! Tell me what we can do." She added a theatrical bow, waving her hand airily in my direction. "I hereby swear that we will serve you faithfully until you determine that we have discharged this debt."

My eyes went wide, both at this and at the way that the spectral hands were continuing to lovingly explore my new genitals. To my surprise, Safiya seemed to be in agreement, saying by way of explanation, "Cara is right, we do not leave others the worse for our passing. Besides", she added with a sideways smile, "this should make up for my failing to properly secure that goat last night. If we are to serve you though, you may have to introduce yourself to us first."

By this point, I was having trouble keeping up with what was even going on. Fortunately the direct and simple question of my name was enough of a thread for me to regain my grip with, even with the way the hands were once again beginning to focus on my rear. "Oh! I'm Addison", I answered. "And, uh, sure. I hereby officially accept your service."

As soon as I had said those words a spark jumped right from where my hands were gripping at the stall, first through Cara before earthing itself into Safiya. Both of them jolted upright, but thankfully were only startled rather than injured. They were understandably confused however, and my mind raced to decipher what had just happened. Was that a final snap of the barrier I had broken? Had the spell that was affecting me transferred itself to them now too? In the end, I opted for the most palatable explanation.

"Uh, side-effect of the storm, sorry", I said with an apologetic shrug. "Sometimes it kinda like, charges up the air. That's how I got the idea for the jars."

“No bother”, Cara replied, already happily putting the weirdness behind her. “So, what exactly can we help you with?”

*Leave*, was the first thing that rang through my head, but that was followed a moment later by an equally demanding thought of *stay. Come here and bend over*. I shook my head to clear it, but that wasn't where the problem was. I could feel my heart beating up and down my body, but especially in the length of my straining cock. With my new balls hanging beneath it, it just felt so *heavy*, so overwhelmingly pressing and urgent that I couldn't help but let my hips start to drift forward into a slow, impotent rhythm. Wouldn't it feel *good* to have someone beneath me to assuage that need? How else could I deal with that heavy, desperate *throbbing*? The hands had abandoned both my genitals entirely now, in what could only be a calculated attempt to drive me wild with frustrated lust. Why give me this urgent, bestial cock if not to let me *cum*? How good would that feel — to press myself forwards into a willing servant, feeling their warmth as my cock found purchase, my new body perfect for mounting and fucking, while the other could kneel at my slit and eat me out at the same time...

Cara coughed politely, snapping my eyes back open. “Uh, Addison?” Any ideas?”

There was just enough of my normal thoughts in control to hastily elbow these new animal urges into submission. “Ah, the uh, redmetal. Could you go down to the canyon at the, uh, west end of the farm, and bring back a shard from the uh, the uh, the deposit there? Then I can replace the rod.”

Safiya nodded. “I saw that canyon in the setting sun on our way into your farm. I can bring enough of your redmetal back for us to work with by the afternoon.”

“Great!”, Cara added. “And while Saf is doing that, I'll hang around and help out at the farm. For now though, we'll head over to the farmhouse, and leave you to your 'sleep'” She winked suggestively, and my cock instinctively stiffened even further. “See you tomorrow!”

“Uh, yeah”, I mumbled, as the two of them disappeared back out into the still-raging storm. “C-can't wait.”



I'm not sure if they were somehow aware of being observed, or if I was actually exerting more unconscious control over them than I had realised, but the spectral hands immediately reacted to Safiya and Cara leaving, with several of them raising quickly to my upper body to pursue new tasks. Two resumed working over my breasts, those apparently not already being full and heavy enough for their liking, while another pair drifted towards my head. One settled in front of my face, but before I could react to its presence another hand curled itself inwards and slid two long fingers into

my slit, the sensation of which caused my mouth to drop open in a gasping pant. Seizing its chance, the hand in front of me swept inwards, slipping two fingers of its own between my lips, massaging my lengthening tongue as I sucked on it unthinkingly. Soon it contorted itself further, its grasping fingers examining my teeth like I was little more than a prize racehorse, and I could feel my incisors sharpening into pointed fangs under its attention. At the same time the thumb of that same hand was stroking along the length of my lips, and there too I felt changes spread. There was a weird pliability that followed along behind wherever I felt it press against me, the texture of my lips changing in a way that was markedly unnatural. Finally, I noticed the other hand busying itself within my hair, reaching in and pulling at first one ear and then the other, lengthening them effortlessly as fur washed over and enveloped them. Even though I lacked a mirror in the barn to inspect them clearly, I could tell what they were from the way they hung from my head, and the sensations that were provoked as that hand stroked them lovingly — I had donkey ears poking out from my hair, lengthy flaps of fur and pink skin that drooped down or perked upwards of their own accord. And that, that was it. That was visible, even hiding my fully-equine lower half behind a wall wouldn't be enough to keep people from seeing those. The moment Safiya and Cara came back into the barn in the morning they'd see what I was now, no matter what I tried to do to hide it. They'd come in expecting to talk to a person, and they'd be confronted instead with a weird, powerful hybrid beast.

There was a twinge, and the hand working the length of my cock suddenly picked up its pace encouragingly. Several more hands swept themselves along the flanks of my body, stroking lovingly over my new muscles. Yes, I found myself thinking hazily, I *was* powerful. I felt my balls churn; thick, aching and heavy, their weight alone enough to incapacitate any lesser creature. My four legs were enough to bear them, but somehow beneath it all I could tell that it was still a haphazard join. It was an issue of scale — my lower body was perfectly set up to run, to plow and to fuck, but my upper body, the part of me that was still largely human, that was struggling to deal with the sheer flood of hormones and lust that my equine body produced. My cock was so hard, and now that my body had finished changing it was all I could think about, every rational thought sliding in moments back to the sheer glistening length of it and what I could do to finally cum. And I needed to cum; not just because of the dizzying, all-consuming lust, but because my balls felt so rich and heavy that it was impossible not to. My newly pointed teeth pressed into my lips as I slowly gave in, letting my new urges take over as I melted softly into them.

The hands, finally, were nothing if not obliging. Two of them cupped my balls, squeezing them gently and encouraging my swiftly building climax, while a third continued its strong, steady stroking of my shaft. The rest busied themselves wherever they happened to fall; kneading at my breasts, pressing in and out of my dripping pussy, even just gripping me by the chin and caressing the length of my ears. Finally I couldn't take any more, rearing up on my hind legs as the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced rushed through me, a noise halfway between a wild bray and a feral growl bursting from my lips. And it kept going too, my cock continuing to spurt wildly long after my feet once again hit the ground, my own arms flailing jerkily downwards as I pressed my fingers into my slit, desperate to heighten and prolong the sensation as my whole lower body trembled with pulsing, eager cum.



I felt my cock slick the underside of my belly, the back of my legs, the stall wall in front of me; everywhere, anywhere, I couldn't even begin to care, the only important thing in the world was that I come. It was as though I was made for it, as though my purpose in life was to breed and to fuck and to cum, and this was a moment of breaking the seal, of finally grasping this new and perfect purpose.

Slowly and eventually, the moment passed, the blissful stream of thick whiteness beneath me finally subsiding. But even though my orgasm passed, the thoughts that were fuelled and inspired by it did not. I was more than just profoundly horny, I felt almost bestial — even a release such as that doing more to encourage my need than to abate it. I snarled, pawing incoherently at the latch of the door to the stall, my mind so consumed with lustful thoughts that I barely even noticed that the spectral hands had finally stopped appearing. Instead I was just focussed entirely on those two women, thinking about how they had pledged to serve me, and how their mouths would feel so good around my thick cock, or their pussies, or just their hands...

I felt like a passenger on this great, other, bestial being, intoxicated by the lust it pumped into me endlessly, my jaw slack as I left myself get swept away by the sheer power of it. I would gallop out of here, my four strong legs carrying me through the storm and back to the house, where they could do nothing but fall to their knees in awe at the sight of me. And then we would *fuck*, I would lose myself to wild abandon as my new, urgent cock took charge, allowing Safiya and Cara to service and pleasure me for as long as they could stand

I don't know how long the thoughts like that went on for. Fortunately I never could manage to get the door to the stall open, and trying to jump over the wall entirely didn't occur to me. Pretty soon I was left just mounting various parts of the stall, rubbing my stiff cock across anything I could find in a frantic attempt to stimulate my frustrated lower body, while my own hands played ceaselessly with my pussy. It was never enough to properly get the release I was craving, but over time I did manage to tire myself out, even my previously all-consuming horniness eventually waning as the night stretched on into the morning. And so eventually I slumped down, my eyelids impossibly heavy as all my tiredness caught up with me at once. I was asleep mere moments after I settled onto the ground.



“Hello!”

I woke with a start, my limbs flailing as I struggled to not just get to my feet, but also remember exactly how many feet I *had*. Cara was already pulling open the barn door, still talking after having announced herself with that chirpy wakeup call.

“Safiya’s already headed out to get the redmetal, so I figured I’d swing by to find out what you needed help with around the farm.” She paused, belatedly registering the fact that I hadn’t responded. “Oh, I,

uh, I hope I didn't wake you up! I tried to tidy up the house for as long as I could to give you a chance to sleep in, but it's almost afternoon now so I figured there must be something more important for me to be doing."

"Oh, no, that's, uh... fine", I answered slowly, deciding to stop trying to stand up for now and instead shelter behind the wall of the stall. "I should probably have been up by now anyway."

Cara's tone stayed light, so clearly she hadn't noticed my reluctance to show myself. "Yeah, I'm sure you don't get many opportunities to sleep in when you're running a farm. Or... maybe you do? I guess I actually have no idea how farming works specifically."

That caught me off guard and made me laugh, but the sound that actually came out was halfway between a loud snort and a quiet roar. I stifled it as soon as I realised, but Cara still heard it before I could cut it off.

"Hey, are you okay?", she asked earnestly, and even without looking I could tell from the sound of her voice that she was coming closer. "If you're like, injured and can't move or something, you can tell me. I'll get help, I'm not going to rob you or anything just because you can't fight back."

She was only a few steps away now. "No no, I'm fine!", I answered hastily. "It's all fine!"

"Are you sure? Because you haven't moved at all from last night as far as I can tell, and neither of us could figure out why you'd rather sleep in a barn than in your nice house. If you j—"

Hearing her move right outside the stall, I sighed. I wasn't going to be able to play this out any further, so I figured I might as well own up to it. Taking a moment to untangle my legs and steady myself on the wall, I stood up, bringing myself first to eye level with Cara and then, to her considerable astonishment, a good few feet above her.

"Holy shit", she said simply. Her eyes were wide, but I couldn't tell if it was from fear or just surprise. "Saf' and I have seen a few things by now, but we've never seen one of you before..."

I gave a rueful shrug. "Yeah well, neither have I. All this", I indicated my lower body with one hand, "this is new. This just happened in the lightning storm last night."

"Wait, getting struck by lightning here can do *that*?"

"No, no", I answered, shaking my head, until I stopped and thought for a moment. "Well... not that I know of. But no, I was messing around with magic, trying to summon an ancient beast to help out around the farm." I indicated my lower body again. "I guess you could say it *half* worked."

For several moments, Cara just looked at me, mouth agape. I couldn't blame her surprise, but having

my changed body inspected like that made my cheeks blush with embarrassment. I barely knew this woman, and here she was staring at not only my naked chest and pussy, but also my weird, bestial cock? Someone who'd never known me as just a regular person, and was now looking at me like the bizarre creature I now was. More than that, I hadn't exactly bothered to clean myself and the stall off last night, so she could clearly see the evidence of how much I'd indulged myself. For that matter, up this close, she could probably smell it. And yet — and yet there was something else there, beneath the embarrassment.

The urges from last night had died down, because otherwise I'd never have been able to get to sleep, but now that I was awake, I could feel them starting up again. It was like an oncoming storm — it may only be a few drops now, and it was such a big thing that it would take time to build, but when it was here it would once again be all-consuming and unstoppable.

“How... how does it feel?”, Cara asked, still looking over my new body intently.

It wasn't that I heard voices or anything, but still, the first thought that rose to mind was simply 'I could show you'. It was just... an option, something that I could have said, and it took a moment to disentangle that thought from the growing lust that provoked it, and then a few more to come up with something else to answer with.

“Uh... pretty okay, actually”, I said eventually. “Strong.”

“Yeah, I'll bet.” She raised a hand, holding it up a few inches away from my flank. “May I?”

I nodded, and when her hand connected a shudder ran through me. Having someone else touch my new, bestial torso was a confirmation of all of this that I hadn't even realised I was waiting for. I wasn't just seeing things, she was touching a part of me that should not exist, and I could feel her touch, and so all of this was real. I really was a half-person, half-beast creature. And it was the beast part that she was touching, and if that was real, then I could touch her right back with it...

My nostrils flared as I pushed that thought back, but Cara once again seemed not to notice, altogether absorbed in the inspection of my body. “It's like... smooth scales, like on a lizard. Wow, it's — it's really cool. Do you mind if I come in?”

I twitched out another nod unthinkingly. If she wanted to step in here with me, then why would I ever deny her that? I could feel my balls beginning to churn, and it was difficult to focus on anything beyond my slowly stiffening cock.

She stepped inside the stall, running one hand down the spine of my lower body, rubbing each of the small ridges that had emerged there with her curious fingers. She was inside the stall. She was here with me. I could turn in an instant, raise my forelegs to her shoulders and bring her to the ground, leaving her at the perfect height for my eager, dripping cock. I could press it between her lips before

she could say anything, mounting her and claiming her as my own personal relief, a nice slick mouth to fuck whenever my need was strong, as it always, always was. I would break her in beneath me; just one mounting and she would be unable to resist me, she would taste my thick cum and know exactly what the service she'd signed up for was destined to be.

Cara's polite, inquisitive voice cut through my spiralling thoughts. "And do you feel any different now?"

My cheeks burned as I snapped back up to normal conversation. "Ah, kinda. There's a lot... going on. It's... a lot."

I couldn't believe how far I'd let that thought go. Mounting her and breaking her in as my own personal sex pet? That wasn't what I wanted. That... wasn't what I wanted to want. But as the tip of my cock touched against the bottom of my body, I couldn't stop myself from considering it again.

Cara laughed, which took me by surprise enough to once again pull me out of my thoughts. "Well, you've clearly been enjoying it", she said. Turning to face her, I saw that she was looking at the white-plastered mess I'd made of the wall in front of myself, and a flush of panicked embarrassment swept over me.

Before I could say anything though, she continued. "So... how was it? I'm guessing pretty good", she added with a wave of her hand at the wall, "considering all this."

*it felt good it felt good it felt very good*, beat the clouded thoughts from all the lust pumping up from my lower body. I fought to shake them off, but beyond that I couldn't think of a single thing to say. "Uh, good", I answered slowly. "Really, really good."

"Yeah, I'll bet", Cara answered with a grin. She ducked down, running her hand along my flank and ending with a playful swipe that stopped *just* short of my straining cock. "I've been with some big guys in my time, but I think you take the cake on that front. But what's it like suddenly *having* a cock like that though? I mean, assuming you didn't have one before."

"No, I..." I stumbled, searching for words. Was she flirting with me? Now, standing in the barn stall I'd slicked with cum all night, patting my scaled beast flank and telling me how big my monster cock was? I didn't know how to process that, so between the urges bubbling up from beneath me and her sly encouragement beside me, I couldn't help but start to let it all out.

"It's... it's so *much*. There's the heat and the pressure, this unending, pulsing rhythm, that might be the heart of the beast that I've merged with and might just be the surging, desperate need that comes from its — *my* — big heavy balls just *constantly* churning with cum, my cock always straining and eager for release." I was babbling now, the walls were broken and I turned my whole body towards her as I stared with wild eyes. "I just need to cum so *much*, I need to fuck and to cum and to *breed*, there's

all these feelings that I don't have a handle on yet and they're all so overwhelming, but if I could just get someone underneath my cock that I could press forward into and fill them and fuck and fuck and fuck and I wouldn't need to stop, I could make them, make *you* into a nice eager pet to be taken and used and fucked and filled whenever my body needs it and it needs it *so much* and I can't stop needing it but I can't stop *wanting* to need it, it feels so good that I can't, I need —”

My feet were stamping on the ground, my useless hooves completely unable to do anything about my frustrated cock. My eyes had drifted out of focus — it was only by drifting off into fantasy that I kept myself from seriously entertaining advancing on Cara, even as I was spilling out the whole elaborate fantasy right to her face. But when I felt the touch of her hand on my chin I snapped out of my daze, looking down to see her looking up at me with a smile. “Sounds like I found the best way to help you out on the farm today then.”

I blinked. “Wh... what?”

“Hey, you heard Safiya. I like pets, right?” She slipped off her clothes in an instant, kneeling down in front of me and reaching one hand forwards to run slowly over the tip of my cock. “It might be nice to try being one for a change. Besides, I promised to serve, didn't I? So, what do you need?”

With that, the last of my restraint snapped. My body knew how it had to move, and I felt like little more than a rider as my legs sorted themselves out. I reared up, two hooves falling heavily over Cara's shoulders, but fortunately she was expecting that enough to be braced for their weight. I steadied myself with my hands as best I could against the wall of the stall, but even that was just a happy accident — I wasn't trying to avoid weighing her down so much as I was just making sure I had the best possible position for leverage. And then she leaned in, and I pushed forwards, and finally, *finally*, I got what I needed so desperately.

Her lips slid around my cock, and mercifully I could tell that as large as I was, I wasn't too big for her. To me it felt like a perfect fit, my cock filling her mouth deliciously, while still leaving enough room for her tongue to swipe and taste at my constant, dripping slickness. Meanwhile, her hands worked my shaft expertly: rubbing, stroking and encouraging parts of myself I still wasn't even used to having, but that Cara seemed wonderfully eager to explore. And why shouldn't she? Her mouth was perfect, her skills were perfect, she would be a perfect, eager servant pet, and I would train her and take her and fuck her until that was absolutely true. I would need to mount her regularly, my balls were always so full, my cock so desperately needy, but I would have her there, ready to be used and fucked and filled. Maybe... maybe I could fashion some sort of harness, something to strap her beneath me so that I could spend the entire day with her, doing whatever menial tasks needed doing around the farm, but whenever I felt that urge building up I could snort and shift my bulk, look down distractedly to make sure she was in place and then plunge my cock back into her pussy. I could grind out one, two, three orgasms right there in the field as she moaned and cheered me on, and then once I was done I could go right back to work, my servant waiting patiently until my next time of frenzied need...

The tense and surge of an oncoming orgasm brought me back into the moment, and it was almost a surprise to remember that I'd only been riding half a fantasy — Cara really was still beneath me, pulling her mouth off my cock just as my whole-body shudder warned her of my oncoming release. She kept milking my cock as I came, happily accepting the tide of sticky white cum that poured out over her face and chest as her reward for a job well done. She wasn't shy about wringing every last drop from me either, apparently deciding that if she was going to serve then she would do it to the absolute fullest of her abilities, and being thoroughly coated in cum was a mark of pride rather than a downside.

Eventually though, even I was completely drained for the time being, and once that was clear she slid out from underneath me, letting my twitching forelegs fall back down to the ground. She stood up, wiping away the worst of the mess from her face as she smiled at me. "Now that was fun", she said. "I gotta say, feeling you lose it above me, just go completely wild as I made it so you couldn't do anything but cum and cum and cum, that was pretty h-hawwt."

There was a pause as we both looked at each other curiously. Cara held up a finger to stop me talking for a moment, saying cautiously, "Hot. HO-OT. H-hawww!"

She stopped, feeling around her mouth with her tongue, then smacking her lips a few times as she encountered some weird sensations. Looking down at her, I saw distinct points pressing up from her hair, and in moments distinctly donkey-like ears began to stretch up from her head. Eventually my dumb stare drew her own attention to it, and as she looked herself over we both finally saw the thick grey fur growing out from her waist and sweeping down her thighs, her feet already starting to shift inwards towards hooves.

"Oh shit", Cara said flatly. She looked back up at me, but instead of fear or confusion, her expression was one of barely controlled excitement. "Is it my turn? Do I get to cut loose now?"

The best I could do was nod dumbly. "Uh, I guess?", I managed eventually. "I suppose maybe the ambient magic could have—"

"Okay, yeah", she cut me off with quickly, "I'm sure there's a whole bunch of reasons for this happening and all, but instead of going through them right now, could you do me a favour?"

"Uh, sure?"

She bent over, raising her rear as high as possible to show off her glistening wet sex. "Fuck mee-haww! Hee-haw!"

Despite myself, I paused. "Do... do you have to make that noise the whole time?"

Cara responded with an exasperated sigh. "Listen, you lean into it your way, I'll lean into it mine. If it

really throws you off, just like, cover my face so I can't do it anymore, okay?"

I thought about it, but my rapidly stiffening cock meant that there was only ever going to be one answer. "Deal", I said eventually, a shared shudder running through us both as I pressed myself into her waiting pussy.

"Oooohhh, *fuck*", she gasped, her fingers grasping at the ground as I thrust into her again and again. "Fffuuuck that's good. It feels so guh! So good to have... to hawww... to have a cock inside me... to fff... to feel it pressing, fuh! Fulling! It's so... hawww! So haww! So hot!"

My eyes were sliding back into my head as I fell into the rhythm. I'd *just* come, and already I was ready to go, the constantly building lust rising up in me once again. Even her random, animal brays were starting to work for me, showing just how far down she was sinking into wild, bestial heat.

Something felt different. I couldn't see Cara from where she was beneath me, but even so, there was enough of a shift in her position and I could tell that something more was happening to her. With a sudden, dramatic bray she pulled herself off of my cock, rolling awkwardly until she was lying on her back beside me. "I feel, I ffff, I feel it hawwww! I f-haww! Hee haww! There's something... something coming!"

Her hands fell down to her crotch, at first just desperately playing with her pussy, but then quickly shifting to a different motion entirely. Her fingers curled inwards, gripping at herself and then somehow pulling, until suddenly her body shifted beneath her touch. With one last frenzied gasp her new anatomy just clicked into place, and instead of her pussy she now had a large, equine cock, complete with grey-furred balls that sat heavily in the palm of her other hand.

Cara stared down at herself in a haze. "Oh fuck", she said simply. One hand swept up and down her new shaft, while the other grasped eagerly at her swelling balls. "Ohhhh, fuuuck...", she added, any further attempt at words trailing off as she embraced her new equipment. She pumped up and down her cock in a blissful frenzy, her head falling back to the ground beneath her as her back arched in pleasure. "Ffuh fuh fuuuhhhaww! Hee hawww! Haww! Yyyuhh, fffuhhh! Hawwww!"

With all that build-up, not to mention the overwhelming sensations of her sudden change, it wasn't long before she reached her climax. She stopped moving for a moment as her whole body tensed, then thrust her hips forwards jerkily as her new-grown cock came again and again, the rhythm counterpointed by the lengthening, tufted tail that soon stretched out behind her. The expression on her face was one of absolute bliss, rather cutely highlighted by her flattened ears and, now that I noticed them, markedly buck teeth.

For my part, I started watching her with a feeling something like smug recognition, until I noticed a new sensation building inside me. Whether due to the excitement of watching someone else indulge so utterly, an aftershock of all the attention I'd already received, or even just something completely

unrelated, I began to feel a sensation of growing heat and pressure deep down inside me. For once my perpetually eager cock was relatively relaxed — this was centered somewhere else, somewhere further forwards, and was very soon focussed on my so-far neglected pussy. I shifted my stance awkwardly, raising my rear and lowering my front as I felt something move, and then the sensation of pressure hit me so hard that all four of my knees almost buckled. I felt my slit stretch maddeningly slowly as the pressure built, something slick, round and large sliding outwards in a way that felt disconcertingly pleasurable, like being filled with a massive and satisfying cock but somehow in reverse. It dragged onwards for several long, slow moments, feeling like an orgasm that had somehow solidified into a physical object that was working its way through me. My whole body drifted downwards unthinkingly at the peak of it, until finally it reached past the tipping point, and the completed egg fell softly to the ground beneath me.

I would have been more shocked, if all that mental space hadn't been taken up with the recognition that a second egg was following hard on the heels of the first. Soon I was standing next to the still furiously masturbating Cara without even looking at her, my hands gripping at the wooden door of the stall in a desperate attempt to steady myself as one egg after another slid with maddening pleasure through my now-dripping slit.

Cara spent some time riding that wave, milking her new cock with abandon as she added even more to the sticky mess that the floor of the stall had by now become. Eventually though the last of her enthusiastic brays died away, and by that point my own experience also seemed to have tailed off, a small pile of milky-white eggs attesting to my latest development. Cara paid them no mind at first, too busy pulling herself to her new feet and beginning to look herself over, rather than simply exploring her new body directly.

There was a relationship between our new forms, that much was clear to see — while I seemed to have become a mix between a human, a draft animal, and some third, lizard-like creature, she was a lesser mix of just those first two. Like myself though it seemed to not be so much a full melding as it was a patchwork meld, as everywhere above her waist seemed to be as human as she was before (apart from her ears and teeth, for some reason), while her lower body was marked with soft grey fur, a tail, and both her feet now ending in hooves. And, of course, there was her cock and balls, which had completely overridden her pussy, in a development that she seemed surprisingly unfazed by. In fact, the whole process of her body dramatically changing had apparently barely rated beyond 'pleasantly surprising' for her, if the beaming smile and happy, eager expression she looked at me now with was any indication.

"Well fuck me", she said eventually, managing now that she'd calmed down to talk without impediment from her teeth, and without backsliding into any more wild brays. "When Safiya and I set off looking for adventure, I didn't think we'd stumble onto one *this* good!"

"I don't know how to turn us back!", I blurted out hurriedly. I'd meant to find a good way to put that, ever since I realised that she was being changed by this too, but somewhere between my second cock-

wringing orgasm and first batch of eggs the delicacy of that phrasing had gotten away from me. “I don’t even know exactly how I *did* this, let alone how to undo it!”

Cara’s face didn’t drop, as I’d been worrying it would do. Instead she settled into an expression of dedicated thoughtfulness, rubbing her chin with one hand to further convey the idea that she was giving this predicament due consideration. Then she shrugged. “Eh. If people can be changed this easily, I’m sure we can change back if we really put our mind to it. But for now, I’m alive, this all feels pretty good, and I can see having a body like this being useful for quite a few things. We’ll solve any other problems when we get to them.”

There was a pause, and then a start of genuine concern as something else occurred to her. “Wait... Safiya. Do you think something like this has happened to her too?”

I gave my best look of apologetic confusion. “I... really don’t know. If this was something caused by me being contagious somehow, then no? But if it’s a result of the magic from last night... I don’t know?”

Cara bolted for the door, only slightly stumbling on her new and unfamiliar hooves. I followed along too, finally managing to leave the stall I’d been in for almost a full day now, and getting my multiplied legs in line enough to trot carefully to the other end of the barn. We both blinked in the sunshine as Cara threw open the door — I hadn’t realised it from just the light coming through the windows, but the storm had really flushed out the air, leaving the sky dazzlingly bright. It took a few moments for us to get our bearings and adjust, until eventually Cara, shielding her eyes, pointed to a figure moving on the horizon.

“There! I think... shit, hold on!”

She dashed back towards the farmhouse, rounding a corner a little sharply and clattering to the ground in front of the front door with a bleated “fuck!”, but quickly picked herself back up and disappeared inside. I kept watch on the figure on the horizon while Cara was gone — they were too far away for me to make out much in the way of details, but they were heading slowly back up from the valley I’d told Safiya to head towards, so it was a reasonable guess that that’s who it was.

Cara re-appeared before I could get anything further from looking, holding up a portable spyglass, stretching it out between her hands and putting it to her eye. “It’s her!”, she all but shouted. “She’s... oh. Well, good news, it wasn’t that you were contagious.”

I was too busy gaping at her to respond. Eventually she looked over at me, and followed my eyeline to the fabulously expensive, highly precisely-made tool she was casually holding. “Oh yeah, my family’s rich, so I’ve got some toys. Deal with it, I guess. Anyway, do you want to look?”

In retrospect, that made sense. It certainly explained why she was so completely unfazed by any

challenges or problems, because she probably hadn't encountered anything growing up that couldn't be swept aside by her family's wealth. Even if she'd deliberately struck out away from that now, it seemed like she still hadn't lost that sense of naive indestructibility that was, presumably, allowing her to think that spontaneously turning into a donkey-woman with a large dick was no big deal. So, while I processed all that, I very carefully took the spyglass — an object that was almost certainly worth more than my entire farm — from her hands, cautiously holding it up to my face and looking out to the oncoming figure.



It was Safiya all right, but very soon I could see that things had changed. From the waist up she was as she had been last night, albeit with the clothes she was wearing in a state of some disarray. Below her waist though she was more changed even than Cara, her waist and legs coated with bright green scales. Her hips were altered such that she walked in an unusual, thrust-forward stance, balanced by the long, reptilian tail that waved in the air behind her, while sharp, pointed claws dug into the ground beneath her feet.

Cara piped up beside me. "Did you see that she's even still got the redmetal?" Looking again, I saw that too; she was dragging behind herself a solid chunk of it that was almost as large as she was, with an expression of resolute determination on her face. "I guess she's still just as focussed on the task as always", Cara added.

I nodded, just about to hand the spyglass back, when a change in her movement caught my attention. Safiya had let the redmetal go behind her, and had stopped moving to settle into a weird half-crouch, her legs splayed wide as her tail stuck straight up behind her. Before I could figure out what she was doing her hand moved down to her waist, and then onwards to her slit, and as she pressed her fingers inside herself and my eyebrows shot upwards I realised that that was at least one more difference now between her and Cara. Very slowly, I moved the spyglass away from my face.

"Wait, what's happening?", Cara asked. I couldn't think of a thing to say, so I simply handed her back the spyglass wordlessly. Taking it and raising it to her own eye, she quickly let out a laugh so loud that several times it faded into an outright bray.

"Oh, ha ha hAWWW ha! Ha hawww ho-ly fuck me, that's amazing", she panted, completely refusing to look away for even a moment. "Fucking get some girl, fuck yeah."

Surprisingly, given everything I'd been through recently, and the fact that I was fairly sure my own massive equine cock was beginning to once again stir, I felt a strong blush grow on my cheeks.

"Should, uh, should you maybe not be watching?"

Cara looked up at me in confusion briefly. “What? Oh, no, we’ve shared way more than me just watching her take care of herself, trust me. I wouldn’t have run off in the first place if I hadn’t had her to run off with.” Shrugging off all the questions that leapt to my mind at what she’d just said, she turned back to focus on the view. “I’m just impressed with how much she’s getting into it, out there in the middle of nowhere. I mean, I get that this all feels pretty great but, oh... okay, no, I get it now.”

Now I was curious, despite myself. “Why, what’s happening?”

With a grin, Cara handed the spyglass back to me. “Why don’t you look for yourself? I’m sure she wouldn’t mind, and besides, we have you to thank for it.”

I considered not doing so, but between the leering expression Cara gave me and the genuine curiosity at just what could be happening, I couldn’t resist for long. Soon I was looking back down the spyglass, observing Safiya as she continued to enthusiastically pleasure herself in the far field of my farm. She’d dropped to her knees now, her mouth open as her eyes rolled back in her head in pleasure. A moment later I finally caught sight of what must have been working her up so much, as a glistening white sphere emerged slowly from her slit, provoking a full-body shudder as it dropped to the ground to lie in the small pile she had already built up.

“That’s pretty good, huh?”, Cara teased. “I’m happy with what I got, but I gotta admit that you seemed to get a pretty good deal out of all this.”

My blush became all the more furiously red as I lowered the spyglass back down, while all the while my cock began to stiffen upwards in unbidden excitement. Before I could say anything though, Cara elbowed me playfully in the flank.

“C’mon then, let’s go get her caught up.”



Safiya took it all surprisingly well, considering. She barely even looked surprised when I cantered up to her, with Cara riding an awkward sidesaddle on my back. She merely arched an eyebrow as we approached, asking, “Do all lightning storms in your area cause such results then?”

“Uh, no”, I admitted with a blush. “I was... well, I was trying to — wait, how are you so calm right now?”

With surprising nonchalance, she shrugged. “Things happen. I read quite widely before I set out with Cara, and one book laid out some fairly similar situations, which tended to work out fairly well for all involved. And besides, if all else went wrong, I know of a magic spring that can cure any

misalignment of the body if one bathes under the full moon.”

“Really?” I asked incredulously. “Is that true?”

She gave a look of studied inscrutability. “As far as you are aware, yes.” Turning towards Cara now that she had successfully dismounted, she asked, “Are you alright?”

Cara answered with a scoff. “I’m better than alright, check out this diiiick!”

Even Safiya couldn’t hold back her smile at Cara’s sheer, ridiculous enthusiasm. “Indeed, how could I not?”, she said eventually.



From there, things all sort of just... happened. Or continued to happen, I suppose. Cara filled Safiya in on our time together in the barn, while Safiya relayed that she’d had a similarly intense solo experience while out getting the redmetal. Soon we moved from talking about what had happened to what could happen next, and, well, Cara has a way of being infectious in her enthusiasm. But more than that — I quickly realised it wasn’t just me that felt the overwhelming, excessive lust of the Beasts bearing down on them, always quietly crowding out rational thought and pushing for just one more step towards going wild. We spent a drawn-out day getting to know each other right there in the fields, and after that the idea of them moving on again was just unthinkingly set aside. They’d set out looking for a more interesting and adventurous life than the walled garden Cara had left behind, and both myself and the farm were more than happy to have their company for as long as they wanted to stay. It wasn’t *exactly* the help I was trying to get with that magic spell, but I certainly can’t complain.

Now if I can only get someone to buy all the fucking eggs we keep making, we’ll be set.

The background of the cover is a dark, monochromatic marbled paper pattern. The marbling consists of intricate, swirling, and vein-like patterns in shades of dark grey, black, and muted brown, creating a complex, organic texture. The overall tone is somber and artistic.

SKETCHES  
AND  
CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT













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