

A GAME OF NO HANDS

a transformation novel written by Mr. Nibs
illustrated by Krim Hue



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A novel by
Nod Nibs

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CHAPTER 1

They say communication is the key to marriage. So, when Steve's wife, Tina communicated that she wanted him, her and her girlfriend to form a throuple. He, of course, understood the unspoken communication beneath the message: "Make this work or I'm leaving your depressed ass entirely."

Steve blinked, and rubbed at his eyes as the tall woman slowly came into focus. She poked tentatively at the contents of a frying pan. A pink nightgown clung to her thin figure, a lacy bow emphasizing her small perky breasts. For a panicked moment, his hung over brain failed to produce her name, but finally his neurons stopped beat themselves against the interior of his skull long enough to cough it up.

"Morning Angelica." He managed to croak and then felt brave enough to approach the breakfast bar and lever his chunky frame onto a stool.

"Hey." Angelica answered with her soft voice. She pushed a lock curly dark hair out of her face and gave him a tired smile. Perhaps Tina hadn't given her much rest once the pair of them deposited his drunk ass in bed.

"Interested in some breakfast?" She asked.

"You sure? Feeding me is a slippery slope. Tina did that once and now she can't get rid of me." Steve tried to laugh, but his scratchy throat turned it into a cough. Still, a little bit of hope sprouted in his heart. If Angelica felt comfortable wearing that in front of him, maybe he hadn't completely ruined things yet.

"That seems to be her usual tactic with both dogs and men." Angelica scraped a spatula across a pan full of scrambled eggs as she chuckled.

"I'm not a dog." Steve snapped, but seeing Angelica's raised eyebrow he quickly amended, "I don't rate that highly to Tina," and hoped that would soften the blow. His feelings about Tina and the Dogs were wrapped in a complicated bundle of envy. She practically skipped out the door to attend to her pack of clients. Their marriage hadn't made her light up like that... in well, ever.

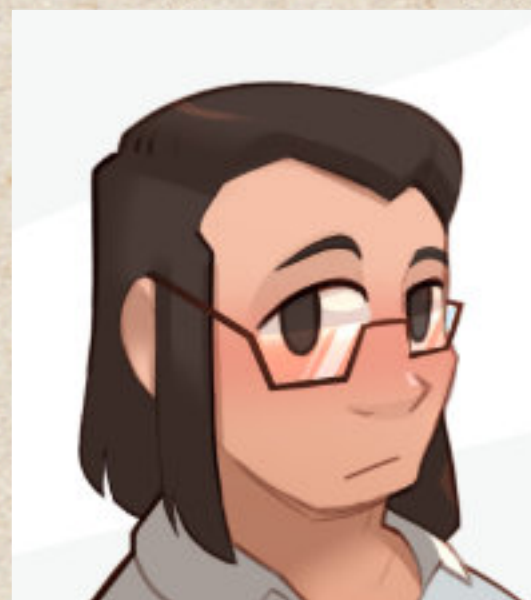
"I wouldn't feel bad about that," Angelica soothed, "Nobody can really hold a candle to a dog on a walk. She never sees how right bastards some of them can be. Show them a blow dryer or a spray nozzle and you get to see much more teeth."

Steve nodded. Dog grooming sounded less fun than walking a



pack of poodles. "So where is our intrepid Queen?"

Angelica shrugged, "Taking herself for a walk? She said she had a lead on something that we'd all enjoy."



"Uh oh." Steve laughed and then heaved a sigh. "Listen, I'm sorry I messed up last night. Taking care of me... wasn't on the agenda."

Silence stretched as Angelica dished up two portions of breakfast. Finally Angelica spoke, "It wasn't just you last night. Your wife's super cute on the dance floor, but that club, it was a lot of mixed stuff for me."

"What do you mean?" Steve asked as his stomach howled for the bacon.

"I've made a lot of mistakes in clubs, including meeting my ex-husband in one." Angelica said. Steve only knew the barest

outlines of their relationship, but the two had been separated for years. There had been lots of issues. Angelica's transition had been a large one.

"Ah." Steve acknowledged as she slid a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him.

"Okay, that will be one sucking of my cock." She said, her mouth blossoming into a grin.

Steve gave a small surprised noise and jerked his face up to stare at her in a vain attempt to determine if she was kidding or not. That was what they were here for, but that was... forward.

Angelica continued to smile, and Steve felt his cheeks heat.

"Heh. You do have a wonderful blush." Chuckling to herself, Angelica turned back to the stove to dish up a portion for her.

Still feeling unsure, Steve dug into the food with a mumbled thanks and prayed his stomach didn't rebel. He needn't have worried. The greasy food hit the spot. On finishing it he leaned back and found Angelica watching him with a quizzical expression on her face, from one seat down. Her own breakfast only half eaten. There was a shine in her dark eyes. Her black hair fell over the shoulders of her pink nighty in a gorgeous way.

"You're very pretty this morning." Steve blurted.

Her face lit with a smile. "Wow, feeding you does work! I guess it is that easy!"

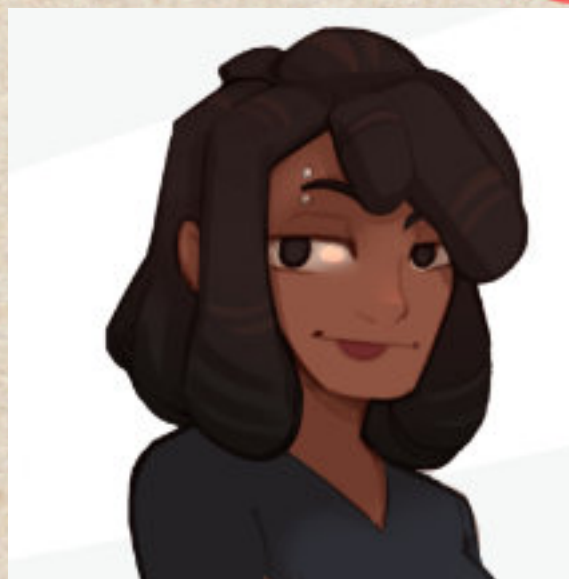
Instantly, Steve felt his cheeks heat and he sputtered, "I mean, you were attractive last night too!"





She laughed, but not unkindly. "You're cute Steve."

Cute? That only made Steve blush harder. He wasn't cute, well, except Tina sometime thought so, before he'd gained a hundred pounds. He fumbled for something to say when the front door opened. The house had an open floor plan with the kitchen, dining and living area all in one very large longish room. A hallway from the middle of it, in the dining area, led to a foyer where the staircase and front entrance were located. From this hallway Tina strode, hefting an aged brown box a little bigger



than a toaster over her head. Tina herself stood a head shorter than Steve's, slightly above average height. Bright red hair, tied in a ponytail, an oversized Zelda hoodie hid most of her curves while yoga pants showed her well-toned legs.

"Dun dee DAaaa!" She proclaimed, spinning in place, "I have returned and the weekend is saved!"

Steve squinted up at the box. It had old timey black lettering across its weathered surface. "No Hands. A game for adult enjoyment. (A Magically Enhanced Experience.)" Then within a nearly rubbed out splash of red: "Part of the Golden Card series." None of the text was particularly illuminating, but the mention of magic had him leaning away from Tina. Magical items from the pre-regulation period could be dangerous. Angelica stood her ground but looked at the short redhead with open skepticism.

"Did it need saving?" Steve found himself asking.

Tina's cheer cooled, her gaze focused into a glare that summoned up all the numerous things that had gone wrong last night.

Steve winced. "We just had a nice breakfast."

"He told me I'm pretty." Angelica added.

Tina sagged a bit with a sigh as she set the box on the dining table. "We all agreed we wanted to do more than hang out this weekend. Since dancing and drinking didn't work. I figure we try something more structured." She patted the game. "One of my streaming buddies said there's nothing better than a game of No Hands to promote intimacy."

Angelica took a bite of the egg. "This is like using foreplay dice you like so much?"

Spiders of embarrassment were crawling up Steve's neck. Tina had never used those with him. Since they'd opened up their marriage, the number of times they'd had sex could be counted on one hand. Even those times he'd had difficulty finishing. Most nights, it was





difficult to do anything other than watch TV after coding for nine hours.

“Kinda? But way more involved. I’ve only got an inkling of how it works.” Tina said, not seeming to notice Steve’s flush. “It’s supposedly intense, but different every time. Especially if you can get a copy that charged its magic for a few years.” She blew some dust from the cover. “This copy’s been sitting in a storage unit for at least a decade.”

She lifted the box’s top. Both Steve and Angelica approached cautiously to peer inside. Eight decks of cards were arranged in a circle around a much larger deck in the middle. The central deck had the same text as the outside of the box, but each of the surrounding decks were labeled with animal. The choices were: Dog, Cat, Dragon, Hyena, Panther, Deer, Fox and Bear. Flipping over the top of the box revealed a single line of instructions.

To Start: All players select their decks, sit at a table and place the main deck between them.

“Huh.” Tina commented, plucking up the Hyena deck. She found it to be thin, maybe ten cards. The last card on the bottom was blacked out. An attempt to separate them proved futile, the cards stuck together as if glued. Placing it back in to its slot, she grabbed the central deck and turn it over. A golden card sat on the bottom. This wasn’t black, its typewriter style text declared: To the winner, the boons will be granted.

“Holy fuck.” Steve gasped when he saw it. “Is that for real?”

Tina stared at the card. “I-I dunno.”

“You could do a lot with one of those.” Angelica’s voice had a hushed awe. Boons were the closest thing that human magic could get to a wish. One could make you instantly wealthy, rewrite a portion of your life, or permanently instill a person or object with magical powers.

Rumor was, the largest internet company Wootgle had been started with the help of a major boon of some kind. Steve’s mind drifted to what sort of code he could create with a boon on his side. Maybe he could crack the mystery of spell code or some other technical miracle. What to pick, though? His hand reached out and snagged the dog deck. He laughed to himself. “Now Tina will have to help me win.”

“Pssh.” Angelica plucked up the panther deck. “Not if I eat you first.”

“Hey hey wait a minute.” Tina said, waving off Angelica’s hand from the main deck. “I’m not playing a high stakes sexy game while wearing yoga pants. Change and shower first.”





Steve suddenly tasted the remains of last night in his mouth and hastily agreed. Angelica muttered something about cold feet but agreed to the delay. The big house had more than enough bathrooms to accommodate three showers at once.

He made it back downstairs first, wearing a pair of tiger print boxers and his cozy blue robe to ward off the chill. He froze in the doorway to the dining area; the oblong dining table had been replaced with a much smaller square one in the precise same style. Three chairs waiting for them, their chosen decks waiting. A small token beside each. In the center of the table sat the main deck, its glossy card back shining beneath the white light of the chandelier.

"Uuh," Steve scanned the room for anyone who might jump out and declare this to be a weird practical joke. The air seemed to have a barely noticeable shimmer to it. The game had placed the dog cards across from the panther cards with the Hyena cards in the middle to his left. Cautiously, he crossed the room and eased himself into the designated chair to wait. Examining the token next to his cards, it had an arrow printed on it. Idly, he rolled it between his fingers until he heard the squeak of the stairway. Tina appeared, dressed in a scarlet pair red panties and a bra that perfectly matched the hair that cascaded just past her shoulders. Steve smiled appreciatively as she shimmied her wide hips playfully.

"Couldn't wait to set it up?" She giggled.

"Nuh uh. I didn't touch it." Steve shrugged. "It was like this when I came downstairs."

Tina's playful expression clouded to a worried frown as she hurried up to her seat. "Oh funny, stick me with the hyena."

"You picked it, not me," Steve protested, showing his hands.

"I just picked it up to look at it." Tina grabbed at the thin deck of cards in front of her, but they remained adhered to the table. "Oh come on!"

"No backsies I guess?" Steve laughed into his fist.

With a frustrated huff, she sat down in her chair.

Steve didn't say, Hey this was your idea. But he thought it loud enough that she gave him a glare. He responded with a leer of his own. "I think it might fit. You certainly laugh like a hyena when you stream sometimes."

"I do not!" A flush filled Tina's cheeks as her entire body stiffened.

"True..." Steve allowed, bobbing his head back and forth. "It's more of a cackle."

"A cackle!" Tina exclaimed. Her eyes dipped to the cards in front of Steve, "Well, you're a uh,"





Steve's grin widened. "A what?" Baiting her had always been fun.

Tina forced the words out, "A... Needy Bitch! You always want something!"

"Oh, is that it? That all you got?" Steve laughed off the light sting of the insult. It wasn't entirely untrue, but his imagination busily conjured up far worse things to call himself.

"Is everything alright down there?" Angelica called from upstairs.

Tina narrowed her eyes at her husband and mouthed, "I'll get you later." Before calling back. "We're fine, old married couple here. Come on down."

"Okay... Here I come." Angelica's voice wavered a bit before proceeding slowly down the stairs, the floor boards announcing each step. Both Tina and Steve gasped when she stepped around the banister and into their view. A black lace corset encased her torso and narrowed her waist, Victorian style stocking, complete with straps and garters. Sparkly high heels forced her hips to sway as she tottered toward them, swinging her not small bulge in the panties.

Her nervous smile grew wider with satisfaction as she closed the distance. "You like it then?"

"Girl, you are making me feel really under dressed." Tina frowned down at her comparably plain underwear.

"Uh yeah. Wow." Steve swallowed to make sure his tongue had not escaped his mouth. "You lean into the angel in Angelica real well." He said, while tightening his robe around his own body.

"Thank you. I love this corset, makes me feel like a little less of a bean pole." She laughed, almost a titter, as she took her seat. "As our first time, Steve, I figured you appreciate the extra effort."

Steve nodded rapidly and wondered if she'd been wearing that beneath her dress last night.

"Now how's this work?" Angelica adjusted her corset and eyed her cards. "Punk Panther? Is this a different deck?"

"Nnnn..." Steve trailed off, noticing the title of his own cards now read: Husky Maid. "The hell?"

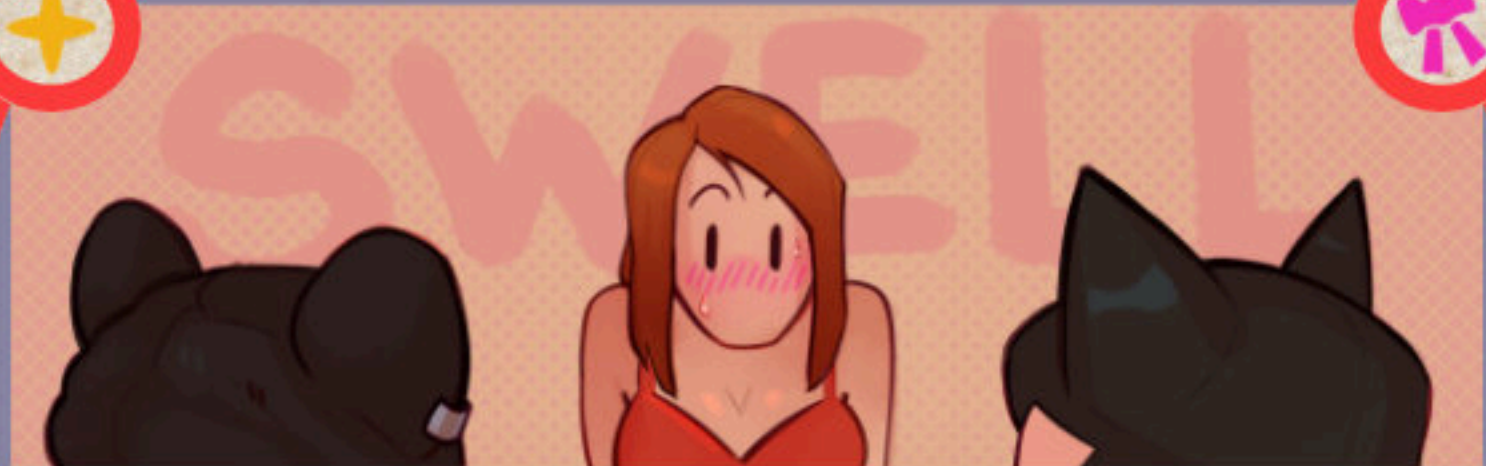
"Oh, my gawd!" Tina busted out with a loud cackle. "Heee! Hehehe! Yeen Queen!?"

"Already getting into character I see," Steve said.

Tina cut off her laugh. "Don't you start. What you get." She leaned over the table to peer at Steve's deck and her eyes lit. "Husky maid!" She nearly squealed. "Oh, that's so adorable!"

Movement on the table distracted Steve from lodging his





CHAPTER 2

Angelica shrugged. Steve nodded. He touched his deck carefully, as if it might bite him. There were still so many questions as to what the cards did. Yet, as Tina started counting, he flipped the card before she reached three.

Happy Tail and Eager ears! The card stated in typewriter font along with a doodle of a husky maid, arrows drawn to her ears and tail. A pleasant warmth struck the sides of Steve's head, muffling his own panic as he felt the flesh of his ears being pulled outward. Their bases swelled. The women echoed his moan as the warmth flowed down his spine. He stood as the magic painlessly broke his tailbone and pushed it out between his buttocks. A soft furry snake pushed against the seat of his boxers before sliding out the left leg. As the warmth faded, Steve found the angle deeply uncomfortable. Shrugging out of his robe, he reached behind him to tug the tail free of his boxers. Fluffy white fur along the bottom, and a darker gray along the top. It curled upward, not quite bending far enough to touch his back. He gripped it, squeezing the thin bony limb within all the fur, and felt the pressure on his extended spine. Real.

A twitch of his ear drew his hands up to them. Soft, fuzzy and they felt huge as they stuck out the sides of his head, angling upwards. Across the way Angelica grappled with a similar change, rounder ears parted her curly waves of hair. These were black with a dash of bright purple across their backs. Angelica's focus was on her nose, poking it with a finger as she crossed her eyes. It had flattened and broadened to that classic feline shape, its downward point had drawn up her top lip, splitting it. Whiskers protruded from the slightly swollen space between lips and nose.

Their eyes met, and they both smiled at each other.

"What you get?" she asked as Steve felt his new tail wag side to side.

"Eager ears and happy tail." He said, "You?"

"Oh, that is cute!" She tilted her head to look at the waving fluff, even as Steve strained to still it. "Mine was Cat girl rebel. Which I guess means I don't get a tail?" She shrugged and sniffed hard. "Tina? You okay?"

From their viewpoint Tina appeared unaltered. She stared down at something below the lip of the table, eyes wide with shock.

"Babe?" Steve's tail dipped with his concern. "What you get?"

Tina gave a halting sputter of a laugh. "I got, uh. Ha!" She stood, revealing a black, massive phallus that had pushed aside her



panties. Her fingers loosely played around its squarish tip. "Her majesty's scepter. It's a pseudo penis. I can't believe I got it first thing." She drove a single finger down its tear dropped shaped opening. Her body twisted in pleasure. "Ooooh and it's real sensitive. FffffFuck!"

Steve's own cock began to press against his boxers as Tina closed her free hand around her dick. Still, a bitter part of him couldn't be content to watch. "Wait, I thought you didn't know anything about the game?"

"Its... Fine. Shouldn't be permanent." She gasped, driving a second finger into the opening as began to pump the shaft.

"Permanent?!" Angelica squeaked, "What do you mean this can be permanent? If I even smell like a cat when I go to work on Tuesday, there's gonna be pandemonium."

Tina pulled her fingers from the tip of her femcock with a wet pop and shook herself, giving Angelica a lazy smile. "Relax, we just have to get to the end of the game. The boon can fix it however you like. Besides, those ears look cute."

Angelica didn't look particularly mollified, but any further objection was cut off when Tina's eyes strayed to Steve.

"O-M-G Stevie! Those ears!"

A startled yip escaped Steve's lips as Tina rushed up to him to grabbed his oversized dog ears and made them flap. Her touch brought a muzzy pleasure as she cooed over them. Instinctively, he shook his head to free them from her grip. With a giggle, she hugged him tightly.

"Who's a good boy?" She whispered into one ear.

Steve's brain fumbled for something sarcastic, but one of her hands had begun to scratch at the base of an ear. Digging her nails into newly existing muscles and furry skin. Steve's thoughts paused as his mind sorted out this new sensation. The warmth of Tina against him, the excitement in her voice. Good. Wonderful even. Muscles in his buttocks twitched, wagging his new tail as he leaned against her.

"Feels good! Yes, it does!" Tina's voice went high and happy. "Look at your tail go. You're a happy Stevie yes you are! You forgive me for a little trick, right? Stevie, we're going to have fun today, I promise!"

The individual words were little more than burbles in his awareness at that point. What resentment and annoyance he'd gathered drained away like fine sand through the fingers of his mind. So long as she never stopped.

But she did stop, although Tina softened the sudden dearth of sensation with a kiss that sent his nerves tingling all over again. Leaving Steve blinking away sparks in his vision and shifting to reposition his very hard cock as Tina retreated back to her seat.





Tina smiled slyly at Angelica, who still watch her with narrowed eyes and pursed lips.

"Aww, you jealous? Does the kitty want her ears scratched too?" Tina extended her fingers, but Angelica leaned back, out of reach.

"I am not jealous!" She huffed as her cheeks flushed. "You still tricked us."

"If I told you everything, it would spoil the surprise. Now, shall we play the next turn?" Tina asked. A second card from main deck turned over.

Steve laughed, still in the process of collecting his scatter wits. "Game thinks so." He gave up on retrieving his anger, that had been thoroughly buried. Tina was many things, but mean wasn't one of them. Hopefully, she knew what she was doing.

Angelica snatched up the card from the table before Tina reached it. She read: "The second and third turns you may choose to play your card on yourself or attempt to play it on another player. Read your card out loud and then secretly point the arrow at the intended player. If it's not yourself, then you'll get a wild card. Careful though, if the player you've targeted for a card is also targeting you, then both will rebound." Angelica's eyebrows moved towards one another. "What's a wild card?"

Tina shrugged. "Maybe an unthemed change?"

Steve scratched his chin, his mind playing out the possible combinations. "Sooo, that introduces more changes to the game over all." If everyone played cards on each other, then six total cards were played. He hoped they didn't have to get through the entire main deck to get the gold card with the boon on it. It was at least as thick as a normal deck of playing cards. "To do this in the most efficient manner, we should all play our cards on ourselves. That way, we change the least." He mused.

"Great idea!" Tina clapped eagerly. "Let's agree to do that. Yeen Queen, Punk Pantheress and a Husky Maid. We can live with that for a weekend."

"Wha?" Steve sputtered. He'd just been analyzing the mechanics, not proposing a rule. He looked across the table for support, but Angelica nodded slowly.

"I guess we could do that. I've never been punky at all, but I could try it." Angelica said.

Steve screamed internally as both women looked towards him. Did they not see the maid portion of his cards? Being a husky person might... might be fun with Tina, but his mind trembled at the thought of wearing a maid uniform and worse, could the cards make him clean stuff? Actually, he considered that might be one of the reasons Tina looked so eager. Still, he found himself nodding meekly, "Sure, we can try that."

They all reached for their cards. Angelica swore.





"What you get?" Tina asked.

"Down with thumbs." Angelica gave a nervous laugh and rubbed her hands together.

Steve screamed internally, as his own card read: Dirt is the enemy. He announced it, wondering if the game read his mind just to fuck with him.

"At least you both generally know what your cards will do," Tina said. "Mine says Speak Royally. I can imagine at least three different ways this could go."

"Trade ya." Steve smiled eagerly.

"Oh hell no. We're sticking to the agreement. And don't you dare break it on the very first round Stephen." Tina made an eyes on you gesture. "You too Angelica."

Steve hunched down and considered his options. Very much considering saying fuck it and shoot the card at his bossy wife. Still, if he did that, he'd get a card from the main deck. That was a complete unknown. Too risky. Deciding to be a good dog for now, he cupped his hand over the token and pointed it at himself. Glancing up, he found Angelica looking back at him with a bright flush to her cheeks and a tight smirk.

"Everyone ready? Reveal." Tina called out and everyone's hands went up. Both Tina and Steve's arrows were pointed in the agreed direction, but Angelica's pointed directly at Steve.

"What? Why me?" Steve whined as painful tingling flowed into the palms of his hands and radiated through his fingers.

Angelica shrugged guiltily, "I dunno, dog-cat thing. I certainly didn't want them." Then quieter, "Kinda thought you'd hit Tina with your card."

Steve had stopped listening, watching in horror as the palms of his hands stretched outwards, away from his diminishing thumbs. Thick black claws curved out of swelling fingers. Then white fur burst from every square inch of skin except for an oval pad at the end of each digit and larger pads across the width of the northern part of his elongated palm. The thick fur flowed nearly up to Steve's elbows as the transformation settled, leaving him with two huge dog paws in place of hands. Wide as his face with each bean the approximate size of a silver dollar put through a coin squisher. Steve turned them over, noting with some relief he still had full use of his wrists.

A inhuman laugh came from Tina, "Nak nak naak!" Before she continued in an imperious tone, "We disapprove of this breach of contract."

"Well, I'm not regretting it yet." Angelica reached out and drew the top card of the main deck. "Red Rocket ready for takeoff?" Her eyes bugged, and she threw herself back against her chair, sliding away from the table. "Ho goods!" She grasped, clawing at her panties and pulling them aside to reveal her straining cock. Not small to begin with, it





surged upward, tapering into a point as they flushed to a near crimson red. She gripped her balls and cried out as they plumped in her hand, black fuzz engulfed them and continued to move upwards. The cock's angle steepened as a sheath slid up around it. Yet the cock refused to be contained. It continued to grow longer, its skin becoming shiny and slick. The dripping tip stretched up past the bottom of her high-waisted corset and its base bulged out into a wide knot.

"Fffffffuck me!" Angelica moaned, writhing in her chair, hands fumbling at her throbbing cock. Tina stood with a titter, propelling her chair behind her. "This is a boon we readily grant. Watch carefully Stevie." She said with a hungry gleam to her eyes.

Steve stared, his useless paws forgotten, as Tina stepped over and gripped Angelica's shaft. Angelica's back arched as Tina cut off her incoherent sounds with a kiss. Immediately Angelica clung to the smaller woman, pulling her close. Their mouths worked together as their hands kneaded the tips of their cocks. The seal of their lips broke with twin gasps as they sucked in oxygen. Angelica, still lost in the sensation of her newly enhanced cock as Tina tilted them so members were tip to tip. With a thrust, her extended clit engulfed it all the way down to the knot.

"Holy fuuuuuc! That worrrked!" Tina squeaked, her entire body shivering as the pair started thrusting into each other. Angelica's still sitting on the chair while Tina squatted a bit. They clung to each other's shoulders and panted through wide-open mouths. The angle would never work for humans, but their bestial anatomy had no trouble. Tina's femcock pumped up and down the dog cock, thickening and squeezing it ever tighter.

"Naa. Naaaak!" A strangled laugh seeps out at Tina as she drove herself faster and faster. Fur spread out from the base of their sexes, shaggy brown colonized the inside of Tina thighs while purple rosettes blossomed in the black fur creeping up Angelica's belly. A growl rolls from Angelica as she digs her fingers into Tina's back. Then she broke with a mew like cry, her entire body shuddering. Tina thrustured herself down on her partner, grinding her now thick, puck like pussy against Angelica's bulging knot.

"Cum! Cum for your Queen!" she demands as Angelica collapses back from her, breath heaving.

"Already did." Angelica smiles tiredly.

Tina gave up trying to fit the knot inside her and fells against Angelica, resting her head on the larger woman chest for a moment.

"We... approve." Tina wheezed, waited another breath before pulling herself off her lover. Her pseudo cock did not let Angelica go easily. It stretched back out, showing the contours of the red rocket and held on. After an experimental tug produced a wince on both their faces, Tina used two hands, one on the base of her own phallus and the other wrapping the bulge of Angelica's knot, to pull themselves apart. They separated with a soft sucking pop. Tina cradled her cock as it





squirted a stream of cum onto the floor. Groaning and still dripping, she slipped back into her own chair.

"We find ourselves," Tina laughed that unhuman titter, "Sore now."

Steve had been grinding a paw against his boxers and getting very little satisfaction as the play had gone on. "I find myself, really hard." He said as he stood from his chair and made for the kitchen. Worse, they'd gotten cum on the floor!



CHAPTER 3

"If the game keeps going like this, I'm sure one of us will be chewing on your bone soon Steve!" Angelica called after him, tugging her corset back up over her perked nipples.

Steve pawed at the roll of paper towels mounted beneath a cabinet until it had extended sheets all the way down to the counter. Briefly, he stared down at his huge paws and flexed his digits. They bent, more than he'd expected, making a C shape. Probably couldn't grip anything narrower than a paper towel tube. A little more experimentation showed he could do a scissoring motion with his first and second digits. He smiled and his tail wagged while his brain fit together the puzzle pieces. Bracing the roll with his left paw, he pinched the highest sheet between two digits of his right paw and tore it off the roll. Success! Bundling the sheets into a wad between the paws, he swiftly carried them over to spooge puddle between Tina and Angelica. Halfway into wiping up the mess, he became aware of their incredulous stares. He paused and looked up at Tina.

She watched him back with a bemused smirk on her lips and a concerned furrow between her eyebrows.

"Someone could slip in it." Steve said. His tail stopped its wag as he wondered what he was doing wrong. He didn't know where they kept the mop and bucket in this rental.

"You're fine. Continue. We could definitely adjust to this behavior." Her smirk broadening to a grin.

Steve finished, deposited the towels in the bin, and sat back down on his chair. Only after he had sat down did it occur to him why his wife of five years stared at him as if he'd been replaced.

"I clean up if I spill something." He protested with a soft growl as both indignity and panic combined to open his sweat pores.

Tina didn't say anything, letting him remember the aftermath of last weekend's anime binge, watching her pick up the numerous soda and beer cans. It's not that he liked the mess. He'd told her he'd do better, but getting up to clean the puddle had been so automatic and natural. No voice in his head had commanded him to clean. He'd simply done it. A thread of thought continued to worry that the floor would be sticky and planned to hit the spot with whatever cleaner he could find beneath the sink later. Steve wasn't proud of being a slob, but to have that shifted so suddenly



scared him. What else could the game change? The panic showed on his face. "M-maybe we should stop?" He suggested. "Not sure I like this."

"Relax, Steve." Tina reached out and patted his paw with only a tiny laugh. "It magic, but its a game. You're still you. Besides, if we stop, we cannot punish a naughty kitty for violating our treaty."

"What?!" Angelica protested with a little hiss.

Both the touch and the promise of revenge mollified Steve. One more turn couldn't be too bad.

Tina sat back in her chair as if it were a throne and drew herself up. "Ha! HA! As punishment, the Punk Pantheress must play her card on herself and take what we deign to give you this last turn. That we declare to be fair."

"Or what?" Angelica's ears went half back.

Tina blinked in surprise, as if defiance had not occurred to her. "Because it is fair. Otherwise, we will both play our cards on you."

"We'll see about that." Angelica reached for her own set of cards and flipped it over. "A mouth that never stops." She read, frowning at animated drawing of a pair lips lustily licking themselves. "I think this is your card, Tina."

Tittering nervously, Tina narrowed her eyes and drew her own card. "We possess, the Queen's Luxurious mane."

Both looked to Steve, who prayed the deck to be nice to him this time as he batted at his stack. A single card slipped from the top and huffing with effort, he manages to get a claw beneath it to flip it over. "Wear it well." He announced his card. The drawing depicted the husky maid admiring her curvy figure in a mirror. Another maid card.

"Oh no. Don't play that on me." Angelica snarked and covered her token. "How terrible that would be."

"You shall play that dirty mouth on yourself." Tina insisted. "And return to the agreement. We shall punish you at a later turn."

Angelica laugh bounced off the walls. "Want to keep your mane? I don't need it. that's the one part of me I really like." Demonstrating, she tossed her thick curly hair back over her shoulders.

"We have enough enchantments upon our mouth." Tina bared her teeth and growled. "Promise to keep that dirty card to thyself."

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't." Angelica grinned wider.

While they were distracted, Steve pointed his token at Angelica and covered it with a single bean. Maybe he could get out of this as a dog person with neatnike tendencies.





Glowering at Angelica, Tina did the same. The reveal came up with two arrows pointed at Angelica, with hers pointed back at Tina. The women grinned at each other, but their words were stopped as moans of pleasure as the changes hit them.

Tina's hands grasped the top of her head as her bright red hair stood on its end, and surged out between her fingers. Ears unfurled into large fuzzy cups. "Oh gods! That- hee heee Nak!" A fit of giggles struck her as her teeth sharpened and the spikey fur grew down the length of her spine.

Meanwhile, Angelica had grabbed both of her breasts as they swelled beyond the confines of her corset. Her yowl filled the room, almost drowning out the sharp crack that reverberated from the sudden widening of her hips, her figure filling out everywhere. "T-t-tight!" She gasped, clawing at the strings at the back of her corset. Gritting sharpening teeth together, as her face surged into a slight muzzle, a broad pink tongue stealing up to lick her black triangular nose. Gasping, she pulled the corset off over her head and seized her breasts. Each now a heaping hand full. She licked at their tops, until she sucked one of her own nipples. Suckling, almost desperately on it, the black fur spreaded down her neck and into her cleavage.

Three dealer cards jumped off the deck and slid one to each player. Steve's eyes caught the text of his own. "A proper number of nipples." Then he too joined the commotion with four canine yips as it felt like two wasps stung his front in parallel, followed swiftly by the tingle of warmth. He pulled up his shirt to watch eight pink nipples swell into existence. Six on his belly and two joining his original pair on his chest.

Tina, didn't see the card that landed in front of her. Didn't read the text, "A tail for hanging out." But it didn't stop it from taking effect. The fur that had petered out above her butt crack swept down to envelope both cheeks. A cackle of bone tore from out of her, along with her spine extending into a tail. It kept growing, thickening with muscle and tendons, pushing Tina out of her chair and propelling it into the floor with a crash. Even at three feet long, it continued to grow. The intensity stilled Tina to a soft pant, "Heh, heh, heh." Until it finally stretched out behind her, dappled with black spots along its length of shaggy brown fur. A spikey ridge along its top. "Fuuuck..." Tina whispered as she looked back at it.

Angelica had a similar expression when she spotted her card, "Horny all the time." Then confusion hit when she reeled beneath the sensation of twin jackhammers on the inside of her skull. The pain announced the growth of horns from the area just in front and above her ears. Smooth, black and ridged, they curled, their tips hidden behind her feline ears.

They fell silent as everyone contemplated their altered bodies. Steve dropped his shirt and felt the course cotton on his new additions, but had no doubt he'd gotten the easiest of it this turn. Tina had changed the most to his eyes. Her spikey red hair, almost mohawk like crown stood half a foot above her head, nose had blacked and she panted through sharp teeth. The huge tail forced her hunch forward as she experimentally waved it back forth. A monkey's tail but scaled up for an ape.





"That's quite the tail hon," Steve said after trying failing to come up with something more clever.

"It is." Tina responded, too dazed to even laugh.

Angelica did though, "It a tail that's going to leave them all tongue tied at the club." Pink tongue traced her upper lips. The purple rosettes dappled the sides of her face, shoulders and had begun to colonize her breasts. Now sans corset, her new curves invited Steve's gaze to roll along them. She caught his eyes with her own and gave a wink. "You get a card that gives a slit. I want it." Hefting her balls, she pointed to the skin behind them. "I want one right here."

Steve nodded.

The main deck flipped, and a card zipped over to Angelica's deck. She winced but when nothing happened, she peered down at it and blink. "Huh. Taking it like a champ bonus. When you take three cards in a single turn, you are entitled to revenge. Next round, you must enhance one of the cards played on an opponent."

Tina shook herself, coming out of her daze, her long tail curling around her legs. "We are not pleased by that."

Angelica only shrugged, starting to groom the back of her still bald human hand.

"You alright Tina?" Steve ventured.

She gave half hearted giggle. "We are fine. This mode of speech is frustrating. We laugh at everything but cannot joke."

"Aww." Steve slipped off his chair to approach his wife. She glanced at him warily as he stepped into her personal space. Still, as he wrapped an arm around her waist, she leaned against him, a quiet admission that she too was getting stressed. Experimentally, he ran a paw up the line of hair along her spine. Her lean became a snuggle, and she pressed that crest against the nape of his neck. The hairs were stiff but pliable. The rim of her big ear brushed his lips. Digging his blunt claws against her skin, he scratched the back of her neck. "Do we need a break?" He asked.

"Nak nak..." She sighed and rubbed her cheek against his chest. "You smell sweet. Maybe we shall take a little break." Her hand slipped inside the waist band of his boxers.

"Wait!" Angelica interjected as Tina's fingers wrapped around his cock. "If you're going to do that, we might as well do the first challenge."

"Challenge?" Steve's voice went high as Tina gave his cock a squeeze.

The catwoman flashed a card. "An ice breaker, the card calls pumping the fountain. It's a cum off."



CHAPTER 4

Carrying out the card's instruction to create a hand job circle proved to be more difficult than expected. Knees proved to be an obstacle while attempting to close a circle when accounting for the limited reach of arms. Several failed attempts had them all giggling, breaking the tension that had built. The challenge was to make your opponents come before you did, promising one to three points in the order of orgasm. The three of them settled on a triangle of sorts with each woman clasp one of Steve's meaty thighs between theirs as he sat in spread leg stance. Steve did not think his chances were high as he leaned forward and slid their cocks between the middle digits of his clumsy paws. Just the thrill of having two women's fingers on his shaft had him rock hard.

Not that they were any less aroused. Both femcocks stood ready. Tina's cheeks possessed a bright flush while Angelica kept licking her chops. Steve found himself planning what to do after he lost. The card stated that your butt cannot leave your seat until after you cum. It did not say anything about playing queen maker afterwards.

"Ready?" Tina's laugh had already neared a pant as both Angelica and Steve nodded. "Go!"

Steve began to work his paws up and down the shafts, hoping the soft fur would do something. Unfortunately, Tina knew precisely how to get him off and went directly for it, grasping the top of his cock while running the pad of her thumb side to side across his tip. Angelica went low, cradling his balls while stroking the skin behind it with a nail. A canine whine accompanied the near immediate surge in pressure at the base of his cock. His strokes on both their members grew feeble as his breath caught.

Both women wore predatory grins as his hips rocked helplessly. They were ganging up on him in a coordinated assault.

"Come puppy, come." Angelica teased and squeezed hard.

The pressure broke, a spurt of cum arced up between them, splattering across everyone's thighs. A high ting sounded as Steve fell off the edge of his chair. He landed panting on the floor.

He gazed up at the women. Angelica pumped her hand up and down Tina's black shaft. The squarish tip dribbled clear fem cum that ran down its length. Each stroke drew a higher pitch sound from Tina, "Niak, niiaak, Nak!"



Meanwhile, Tina deployed the same tactic she'd used on Steve on Angelica, focusing on the tapered tip of the canine shaft, the white precum slicking her fingers. The red color, the white of the cum, the messiness that needed cleaning, all of it resulted in a gravity that pulled Steve toward it.

Angelica gave a grasp of surprise as Steve slid his paw beneath her black furred balls and licked the border of the sheath and slick red flesh. "Mrowl!" She protested, "Steve! I've almost got her!"

He didn't really hear her, too focused this new unique flavor of cock and its musky scent. Careful not to get in the way of Tina's work up top Steve lapped at its base. It extended further, the knot popping free of the sheath, and Angelica shuddered, yowling Steve's name.

"Hehehe," Tina laughed and her voice strained, "Seems Stevie's... found a... new toy."

"Shut up and come you b-b-biiii..." Angelica words were lost to a silent scream as Steve took as much of her knot into her mouth as he could fit. Then use his paw to cram in more. The suction on one side, the leathery pad on the other combine with Tina's skilled fingers swiftly overwhelmed Angelica, who came so hard the cock recoiled. Cum sprayed in all directions, Tina's thumb acting as it would over the mouth of a hose.

Steve acted swiftly to contain the mess, knocking Tina's hand out of the way to clamp his lips over the pumping cock. Another Ting! Sounded but nobody heard it. Steve swallowed a load of ropery cum and dimly wondered why it tasted so good.

Tina cackled with a feral yeen laugh in victory, "Nak-Nak-Nak!"

"I'll show you!" Angelica retorted with a breathless and all but dived for Tina's femcock, fitting three quarters of its length into her extended mouth. Bobbing her head up and down caused Tina's tail to whip towards Angelica and coil around her midsection.

"Yes! Your... Queen... Likes that!" Tina grabbed Angelica's curled horns and thrust hard, shoving her cock down the pantheress's throat. Angelica's cheeks puffed out as fluid escaped the seal of her lips. The cock Steve's mouth squirted back to life, and he swallowed that down. Sucking hard, he hoped for more.

It wasn't to be. Slowly, the tension drained from Tina and Angelica pulled herself off the femcock with first a gasp and then a light cough. Steve relented his hold on the red rocket and wiped his mouth with a paw. The chairs and floor were speckled with cum, but he allowed himself to lean back against Tina's knees. Angelica joined him on the floor, her eyes glazed. Slipping an arm across her shoulders, she cuddled up to Steve and kissed his cheek with her rough tongue. Wrapped in his own muzzy afterglow, Steve captured her lips with his own. Those split upper lips hesitated against his own for a moment before pushing to explore. It all tasted of affection and warmth. Tina's thick tail curled around his waist and hugged





him like an amorous snake, but furry and soft.

“Ha ha.” Tina laughed softly. “We knew the royal pets would get along.” Extending her hands, she scratched both their ears. The kiss broke as both leaned into the sensation.

“Not a pet.” Angelica protested, with a growl that sounded far more like purr. Still, she began to squirm, half heartily trying to twist her ears out of Tina’s reach.

Steve, afraid she’d ruin the blissful moment, bapped her nose with his paw. To his surprise, she seized it and lapped at its underside. First at the beans, then continuing on to groom the white fur. He recalled her last card, busy mouth, and chuckled. Cleaning his paw would certainly keep her busy.

“We declare this to be a successful game,” Tina said once Angelica had worked her tongue between each digit of Steve’s paw. “Cracked this royal throuple. Perhaps we should retire from the game now?”

Between the strange pawacure, the ear scratches and the warmth of lovers, Steve felt more relaxed than he had been in years. Still, that wasn’t nearly far enough gone to not see his wife’s ploy. “You’re only saying that because you’re winning now.”

Angelica turned her head and nipped at Tina’s hand.

Tina chuckled. “But we have our prize.”

Angelica’s ears twitched as a card flipped from the top of the deck. With a huff, she got to her feet and plucked it off the table. Her ears went flat against her head as she read the card.

“What’s it say?” Steve found himself asking.

Angelica fixed Tina with a sharp look before reading from the card, “A game of No Hands is a journey that players must travel together or not at all. No victory is rewarded until the final round is played out. Still, a single player may declare the game over at any time. That player’s changes will last for a month while other players’ changes will last two weeks.”

“What?!” Steve’s tail attempted to tuck between his legs but instead flopped against the floor he sat on. Whirling on Tina, he exclaimed, “I can’t show up to work looking like Barf from Space Balls! I don’t have more than a week of vacation built up yet!”

“Then we shall not quit then. Onward we go.” She rose her nose in dignified disdain. “Besides, we find you far cuter than Barf.”

“Nobody is going to leave their little Fifi with someone who might view them as a snack, either.” Angelica added, “So we have to get to the end for a reversal?”

Another card flipped in answer.





She picked it up and read it, "The fun of changing is in the living. At the end of the game, players may discard up to three changes. The winner may decide how long the changes last from a month to permanent. The boons they are granted may banish the changes immediately, but it could do so much more. Why waste it on normality?"

"Tina!" Steve barked. "That's not better!"

Angelica gave a saw-toothed growl. "This is supposed to be a wild weekend. I can do this cat thing for a weekend. Maybe a week, but we're only three cards in. We're going to be worse than the monsters in Augmented Monthly at this rate!"

Tina's huge tail swung back behind her and smacked hard against the cabinetry. Her wince ruined her haughty crossing of her arms. "Only because your play style is reckless and forcing extra changes upon us all."

"That's not the point Tina! The point is we're all going to need new employment if this sticks for a month." Angelica bared her fangs.

"We bid you to relax. We did not know." A light chuckle lifted her shoulders. "But we have more than a month of income saved. New employment can be found." She grinned and excitement shone in her eyes. "And a boon can do much to aid one's finances. Streaming might also be lucrative if one has exotic pets."

"You're not going to promise you'll limit this to a month are you Tina?" Steve swallowed. His wife had a fondness for schemes and the occasional troll.

"Niii nak nak nak," Her giggle was predatory and inhuman, "Who is to say? After the breaking of covenants, anarchy reigns. We will see where the royal whim stands when we are victorious."

Steve stood up and shook himself. "I'm not going to be a maid for the rest of my life, Tina. Yours or anyone's. I'm a software engineer and- Hrmpf!"

Tina's tail curled behind him and pushed him into Tina's embrace where she muffled his protest with a fierce kiss. "My love." She said after releasing him, "Think of the boon. It could make the next startup you throw yourself at actually succeed. That's worth risking your dignity a little, yes?"

Steve blinked. Right, the boon. One of those and he could know precisely what the NEXT BIG THING was. He could jump on it, even start his own company. Break the cycle of burnout he'd been trapped in for years. Tina's face had changed, gained a feral cast with those fangs but she still had those bright brown eyes. Surely, she'd been kidding about doing this to him permanently. She wouldn't reduce him to that. Just a bit of a troll combined with the cards forcing her to speak authoritatively. Right?

Not waiting for his answer, she turned to Angelica.

"Don't think you can just kiss me and make it better," the cat





woman warned with narrowed eyes.

"We... do not worry about you leaving," Tina answered smoothly. "You hate losing and..." She stepped over and cupped one of Angelica's breasts, "You'd hate to have these disappear in a month or a year."

Angelica growled but didn't disagree as she pulled her breast from Tina's fingers. "You know... Queenie is a very common name for a pet."

"We do believe that neck of yours will look lovely with a collar." Tina tittered, her tail reaching out and snagging one of the cum splatted chairs and dragged it behind her.

A large part of Steve felt revolt as Tina got that cum in the beautiful fur of her tail. "Uh, maybe we should take a break?" He suggested. "Have some snacks?" So, he could clean up the mess a bit.

"No." Both women answered. Angelica had to retrieve her chair more traditionally but step it down with a thump.

Grimacing and being careful not to dirty his paws further, he pushed the last chair over and carefully threaded his tail through the back as he sat down.

So assembled around the table, a card flipped. "New Round, New rules." It announced.

"Turns in this round take place twenty-four hours apart and tier two main deck cards are unlocked. As before, the first turn of the round players must play their cards on themselves."

Steve glanced at Tina's tail and self-consciously rubbed at the nipples on his stomach. If those were on the same tier, how wide were the changes on tier two cards?

Each of them drew their cards. Steve used his claws on the end of his index digits like a pair of chopsticks to ease the card off and flip it. His card displayed the husky maid with big puppy dog eyes and blushing furiously. The title of the card, "Call Me a Good Girl."

Oh no... Steve closed his eyes and waited for the warmth to hit him.

Nothing happened.

All the players looked at each other in confusion before Angelica's eyes widened. "Oh! I have to decide which card to enhance. What you two get?" She leaned over to look at Tina and Steve's cards. Her own read "Conflict is Heated," illustrated by a punky Pantheress fingered herself while angry emojis attacked one another. Tina's was equally clear title, Sexy Devotion, depicting the Yeen Queen fondling a boner as someone bowed at her feet.

"Well, I don't want to give Queenie here any more reason or motivation to lord over us, so Steve gets the enhancement." Angelica declared.





"What?!" Steve yipped, "But I gave you a card that you wanted last turn!" More text appeared on his card, amending it to, "Call Me a Good Girl. (And I'll become one.)"

"If I enhanced hers, she might be able to compel us to bow to her or something. It's far safer for both of us if you're a good girl," Angelica said.

As soon as the words were past those split lips a energy burst in Steve's mind and sizzled down to his tail. His ear perked and tail moved in a hopeful wag, he gave Angelica bright eyed attention.

Angelica grinned like a cat who'd found cream. "Steve are you a Good Girl?" She asked, pitching her voice high. "I think you might even be a very Good Girl."

Steve consciousness reeled as each instance of the phrase set off a bomb of happy excitement at the core of his being. His body began to vibrate with excitement and the full force of his tail. A flood of arousal followed, his cock snapped to attention as every single one of his nipples tingled and hardened. "Wha, -wha what are doooing?" His voice transmuting into a howl for a moment.

"I'm just asking you a question." Angelica's nostril's flared before she licked her nose. "Who's a Good Girl? Is it you? Are you a good Girl?"

Under the force of three more GG bombs, something in Steve folded. "I aaaam?" He squeaked as the excitement bent into a hot need between his legs.

"Oh wow," Tina breathed, "it's shrinking."

"What?!" Steve wrestled back an iota of self-awareness to press his paws against his stomach and peer down at his manhood. Tina hadn't lied. His dick had shortened to half its normal length and his balls had withdrawn to mere lumps below it. The entire area around it looked wet and puffy."

"I gotta see this." Angelica was suddenly beneath the table, sniffing at his shrinking cock. "You lucky lucky good girl!"

Steve moaned as his flesh below his penis split and a void yawned open inside of him. Every virgin inch cried out for touch. His paws ground against his many nipples, but it wasn't enough.

"Be a good girl for us and we'll give you a treat." Tina said, getting in the action by sliding a hand up a column of nipples and twisting one. "Tell us you are a very Good Girl."

"I'm your good girl!" Steve gasped, his need shattering the remaining resistance he had left. "Please fuck me! Please please!" His penis disappeared into the thick hood of puffy pink flesh that folded around his roughly T shaped opening.

"Now that's a spade," Angelica whispered and ran her tongue across the slick opening.







"Awww gawds! Yes!" Opening his legs, he thrust his sex against Angelica's lips. They were plenty eager. Sucking hard at the puffy lips sent waves of cascading pleasure up into Steve's body. So much! Too much sensation! He tried to push Angelica away, but Tina captured his hands and forced them to the sides.

"We command you to take it all." Tina whispered. "Love it."

"Sooo much!" He whined, but he had no idea.

Then that tongue penetrated up into his body and set off a buzz saw of bliss ripping up through him. A canine howl, head back, lips pursed, tore out of him as his entire body clenched, shuddered, then clenched again.



"Stop! Please! Too much!" He pleaded as once he found words again. Angelica relented, leaning back with satisfaction as Steve slumped back in his chair. His breath came in ragged pants. His new parts felt raw from the abrasion of the rough tongue. "Thank you..."

"Hey, I've got twenty-four hours to play with this. No need to break you entirely yet," Angelica said.

"Do you want a break now?" Tina asked, kissing him on the top of the head.

"Huh uh." He wheezed; his entire body felt absent of bones.

There was more discussion between the two of them, but he didn't catch most of it as they helped him over to a couch, where he fell asleep nearly instantly.



CHAPTER 5

Tina gave the insensate Steve an affectionate scratch behind the ears. He turned a bit, legs opening to display his still shiny canine cookie in the middle of a swath of white fur. He was so sweet and adorable looking with his new additions. The thought of him wearing a maid's uniform ignited tingles in her cock and brain. Their marriage had become painfully traditional over the years, and this was spicy justice.

The other piece of spice Tina was introducing to their marriage spoke. "I thought we were giving him a break?" Angelica's smile had a sly quality. The bright purple that dotted her spreading black fur was a delicious blend of goth and rainbow. It suited Angelica, who put up a front of innocence, until you push a little past the surface. Then the claws (and the bratiness) came out.

"Did you enjoy destroying mine husband?" Tina asked, reaching up to scratch beneath Angelica's fuzzy ears?

Angelica's eyes widened slightly, but still lifted her chin to allow greater access. "I didn't get to destroy him nearly enough."

Tina giggled, "Patience pet. You have at least two more days to copulate with him until his sodden brains leak from his large ears."

A hand reached up and pulled Tina's fingers away from the soft fur of Angelica's neck. "Call me pet again and I will transform a queen into a needy slut begging to be fucked."

Tina felt her heart thump as Angelica's predatory visage grinned hungrily down at her. While they both had fangs, Angelica possessed height and used it to loom. Still Tina, mane bristled at this defiance of the natural order. She was the queen here. She squared her shoulders, growled out a deep, heavy laugh. "Heh, heh, heh. A naughty pet is still a pet. We are to be a Queen, her Servant and her Pet."

"Is that so?" The grin widened. "If that's true, then the Queen can play with herself for a while." Abruptly, Angelica turned and strode away toward the stairs.

Taken aback and a little hurt by the sudden departure, she listened to Angelica's angry feet pound upstairs. Had she pushed it too far somehow? Maybe Angelica's recent divorce made her really opposed to being a pet? She might view becoming a pet antithetical to what she wanted. Tina resolved to apologize, or at least try. This was all the Queen's speech compulsion's fault. She'd leaned into it too far.



Now, without an immediate conversation partner, Tina's mind turned to its favorite topic, worrying about the logistics of life. The house had been rented for only the weekend, which meant they'd all have to pack up and head home tomorrow after playing the cards. It wasn't a short drive either, seven hours. Her gaze fell on Steve's adorable but decidedly less functional paws. Could he drive like that? That was going to be a definite downside to having a husky maid for a spouse.

She went upstairs to the room she officially shared with Steve, although she'd not slept in it yet. A large master suite upstairs, on entering her eyes, immediately flicked upward toward the hooks that dotted ceiling that the BnB listing had never mentioned but displayed in the pictures. She hoped Angelica would be up for tying up a certain good girl later or maybe the naughty kitty needed some time bound and gagged. Her fem cock stood at the thought of either of them struggling helplessly.

"Down girl." She told it, even as she fingered the tip. Grabbing her phone from the nightstand, she opened up the BnB app. Still playing with herself, she scrolled to their reservation and attempt to request an extension. She tittered darkly to herself. Somebody had booked the house for the entire night. Worse, check out was at nine, before the 24 hours were up. Unless she did something, they'd have to play the next turn on the road. She had to find another place in town. Searching, she saw a few possibilities just as her finger pressed into the slit at the end of her pseudo penis and the flood of sensation surprised her. So good! It had felt so good to ram it down Angelica's throat and now even Steve had a pussy to slide it into. How would that feel?

Lost in her thoughts and masturbation, Tina did not see the punk-colored Pantheress peer into the door way, sniffing at the musky scent of arousal. The figure disappeared briefly, returning holding a pair of leopard print hand cuffs and a length of pink rope. Tina had dropped her phone on the bed to give her cock the attention of all her digits. No inkling of Angelica's presence entered her mind until her lashing tail pressed up against something behind her. Too late, the handcuffs clicked around her wrists. Tina stared down at her sudden restraint, not processing what the pink knot around the middle meant until the rope went taut.

"Angelica!" she barked as her hands were pulled over her head. Whirling, her tail knocked a lamp off the night stand and onto the bed. Angelica stood there holding the rope and grinning like the cheshire cat. "What are you doing?!" Tina's voice made an unqueenly squeak.

"Taking a queen prisoner so I can utterly destroy her. I'm hoping she has much more stamina than her husband." Angelica said, tugging on the line until Tina was nearly on her tip toes. "Safe word is lemon drop. Is that too high?"

"Hehe, do your worst. You just wish to suckle on the royal cock." Tina huffed. Both intrigued by what Angelica had planned and disappointed that she hadn't seen this coming.

"I dooo," Angelica growled lustily, "It tastes amazing, but I





don't want to be ruled entirely by my new oral fixation." With a grin, she displayed a yellow hard candy between her teeth. "Last round gave us all a trigger, yours a little bit more difficult than the good girl's down stairs but lets see what happens when I do this." Angelica tied off the rope on a nearby hook before getting down on her knees.

Tingling in Tina's nethers set off warning alarms in her head. Angelica slowly raised her hands, palms toward Tina, over her head. Then, leaning forward, she pitched her entire body into a low worshipful bow. That motion, the way Angelica pressed her nose to the carpet, her so very naked round ass. It combined into the single sexiest thing Tina had ever seen. She knew it shouldn't be. Knew it wouldn't have done much more for her an hour ago, but her body did not care. A flush of warmth flooded up from her loins, curling within her breasts. Cock and nipples aching for touch. Then Angelica made it worse.

"I honor you, my queen." She said, with a faint note of sarcasm, but it did matter. The words amplified the warmth to a sopping need. The tip of Tina's cock did not dribble. The femcum came as a solid trickle, flowing over the squarish end and running down its length before dampening the brown fur surrounding it.

A nervous titter escaped Tina's clenched teeth as she futilely tugged at her bonds. "You may... rise and touch our royal scepter." Tina gasped.

Angelica's left ear flicked, but otherwise she remained still. "I am not worthy of rising in such a majestic presence."

The heat drove her to pant, her tail wrapped around the bed post and yanked but the bed did not budge. Bolted to the floor. Still she pulled at it blindly, lifting her feet from the floor as she rubbed her thighs together. It did nothing for her new phallic equipment. "We..." She gasped, "Command you to suck upon our rod!"

"Oh, I am far too lowly to touch such divinity, my Queen. I could only worship your most distant parts." Angelica belly crawled forward, caught one of Tina's petite feet and cradled it.

The lightest kiss on her toes drove Tina to scream out in sheer need. Her pseudo cock began to retract, its slit widening as it gained girth. Uncoiling from the bed post, her thick monkey tail curled around to grind against the growing slit. Angelica caught it, but it resisted her attempt to pull away. With a huff Angelica's stood, shoving it away with her hips. The tip of her half sheathed cock rested against Tina's dripping black sex and set her squirming. With keens and grunts, she attempted rub against Angelica but the pantheress placed a hand against her tummy.

"Now who's the pet your highness?" Angelica purred, gently squeezing a tit."

"Naaargh!" Tina cried out, a strangled mix of animal and human. "We... will... Revenge!"





"I know you will, Queenie. That the fun of this, isn't it?" With a soft crunch, she crushed the candy in her mouth and swallowed it down, freeing her tongue for other activities. Leaning forward, she nibbled along the tops of Tina's large ears. Tina shivered with the contact, her body screaming for touch, any touch. Her panting breaths narrowing to needy laugh.

"Heeeee, heeeee, heeeee!"

"Say it, say you're the pet and I'll think about touching you. Maybe I'll even let you come." Angelica's whiskers tickled Tina's ear as she spoke.

The demand brought no more magic lust but Angelica didn't need it anymore. Tina's mind and body craved to be fucked and fucked hard. Nothing else mattered. "Weee submit! We are the pet! Now breed us. Fuck us."

"As you wish, my pet." Angelica growled softly before she and her tongue embarked on a journey downward. The rough tongue lavishing over every square inch of Tina's skin, lingering to suck hard on each nipple. Tina gave sharp whines in response, her body curled and writhed as she begged Angelica to stop teasing her and quench her burning need. Angelica continued at her own pace, unwilling to be hurried. At Tina's tummy she paused, marveling at the six dark nipples that had definitely not been there when she first entered the room.

"Oh! I think this game's magic leaks a bit when we're horny." Angelica commented.

Tina had nothing to say other than barking and mewling sounds as Angelica treated each nipple to the same treatment as the ones above, savoring the sensation of them swelling to thick plugs between her lips. Then there was the thick brown fur to comb through before finally lapping at the slit contained by the thick mound of black flesh.

There had been many plans in Angelica's head detailing more tortures and humiliations to visit on the imperial yeen queen but her own patience had run out. The taste of the femcum, spurred her own hunger into need for it. She grabbed that flailing tail and pulled hard to steady the swing, allowing Angelica to work her muzzle and tongue deeper into Tina's slick passage.

Tina wailed like a feral banshee as the tongue clawed at her insides. He hung from her restraints as Angelica's tongue practically lifted her from the floor. As her screams began to weaken, Angelica stood, face and fur dripping with fluid, eye still shining with a fierce, possessive lust. She released the rope and commanded her onto the bed. There Angelica gripped that tail and used it as a lever to nail her dog cock into Tina's pussy again and again. Angelica yowled each time she came, desperately grinding her knot against the mound but as before, hyena vagina refused to accept it. After two warm loads had been shot deep into Tina's belly, her sore, abraded sex had enough. Her slit closed, swelling back into a phallic shaft. Both women flopped down on the bed, holding each other in an exhausted cuddle.



CHAPTER 6

Steve had briefly stirred when the sound of very heavy petting began upstairs but had rolled over once he'd ascertained that the growling and yowling did not concern him. Later a growling arose that he could not ignore, that of his own stomach.

After a stretch, he noticed two things, first that the game had not been a dream, and he still had paws for hands. Boo. Second, his dick had reappeared. Yay. Being all limp and flaccid made it difficult to ascertain if had come back to its original dimensions, but it had come back, so he considered that a win. An open bag of pretzels poured into the cereal bowl took care of the hunger. Having to shove his face into the bowl and grabbing the pretzels with his teeth was less than elegant but it did the job. Having to wake up either Angelica or Tina and asking to be fed felt like something a dog would do. In fact, he remembered with some bitterness, the stupid paws were supposed to have been Angelica's. The little maid husky on the cards had hands. Maybe there was a card switching card?

He approached the table where the game still sat, wondering what would happen if he took a peek through the deck. Reaching for it again reminded him that it would be a totally futile effort without thumbs.

Wandering back to the living room, Steve glanced at the clock hanging over the fireplace. Still nearly twenty hours to go until the next turn in the game. He tried not to think about it and failed. His cock stirred a little as the fanged grins of Tina and Angelica popped into his mind. The sex had been amazing, although the latest episode involving Angelica's tongue was a bit foggy now. He cocked his head and listened, but didn't hear either of them up and about.

That's fine, he told himself. He couldn't keep up with them even before the game happened. Now their appetites were probably limitless. Time for a little R & R. He plopped himself in front of the TV and reached for the remote. Turning on the TV proved no problem at all, navigating the menus, however, proved to be an exercise in absolute frustration. The remote's arrow buttons were all tiny and made from hard plastic. He could, with effort, flick through the channels, but inputting either his Neatflix or Hard Sushi passwords weren't happening without assistance.

He settled in to watch some random crime drama when he noted a shelf of black DVD cases next to the entertainment center. Deciding to paw, haha, through them to see if there was anything worthwhile, he wandered over. He snorted at the titles, all of them ancient. Who



ever watched MASH or Beverly hills 90120? Not even an Evangelion or Cowboy Bebop collection. He wrinkled his nose at the dust his paws stirred up. Filthy, didn't they use a maid between visitors? Swiftly retrieving the roll of paper towels and finding a bottle of 609, the "magic" dust remover, Steve set to giving the entire entertainment center a thorough wipe down. The spray bottle wasn't too hard to operate, it just took two paws and even rearranging the shelves wasn't difficult. The DVD sleeves were easily held between two digits. Steve sang the ABCs softly to himself as he alphabetized the movies.

Excitement flushed through his system as he slid three separate zorro movies into their proper place. Stepping back, his tail wagged as he admired the now shining surfaces and organized shelving. A job well done if he said so himself and he did."

"Good Girl!" A voice called out and Steve's entire body rang with pleasure. Whirling, he found Tina relaxing on the couch, clothed in a loose Zelda t-shirt and sweat pants with a bit of a tent to the crotch. She laughed, a good natured hee hee! Almost her original laugh, "We apologize, the moment was right."

Steve smiled back somewhat brainlessly, basking in the fuzzy sense of accomplishment and praise. What was she sorry for? That question kick-started his higher brain functions, and immediately reevaluate the situation. He stood naked in front of his wife and he'd been... cleaning! Oh gods, the damn cards had mind fucked him. And she called him a good girl. Was she about to reduce him to a panting mess in order to fuck him with her cock thing? His insides still felt sore from that tongue, although he didn't technically have insides at the moment.

"Uhh," He began so articulately that he stopped and tried again. "I tried to watch a movie, but the buttons were small and then I saw the TV was really dusty. All their movies kinda suck, so I got distracted and oh gods. Maybe the owners of the place had a system for their DVDs I didn't see." The words came out in a nervous torrent, Steve reassembling what he'd been doing for the last at least an hour or so as he talked. He hadn't fugue on any project in months and never on cleaning of all things. Shaking himself, he looked back over what he had accomplished, glaring at the shine of the plastic and cheap furniture as if they had tricked him somehow. They already had a maid here, or at least a cleaner. They didn't need his help.

Tina's black lips smiled at him as she patted a spot next to her. "Want to watch a movie with me?"

The question pulled him out of his spiraling thoughts, and he nodded. Meekly shuffling over and dropping into the spot indicated. The affectionate ear scratch allowed him to relax against her until she stopped to pick up the remote and easily log into their Neatflix account. A process he watched with envy, but when she asked him what he wanted to watch, he noticed something new. Around her neck hung a thick brown leather dog collar.

"What is that?" He attempted to point but settled for waving his paw in the general direction of her neck.





Tina's cheeks nearly lit as she fingered the collar and gave a nervous titter. "Aah. It is jewelry that we will return to Angelica at the proper time and place."

"You keep telling yourself that, Queenie!" Angelica called from the hallway before striding from it. "Are my pets hungry? I'll order us a couple. Unless you'd like to venture into public?"

"Her pets?" Steve asked in confusion, wondering if they'd somehow played a round without him.

No one answered him as Angelica stepped up to the back of the couch and scratched both the husky and hyena ears. Steve submitted gladly, tail whumping against the cushions. Tina took longer before leaning into Angelica's fingers, eyes still narrowed in calculation as she sighed.

"My good pets," Angelica declared. "I know you probably want to play more, but I'm tuckered out."

"I'm good with pizza and movies," Steve said, giving up trying to understand why Tina now submitted to the pantheress. Some sort of game between them? At least Angelica had chosen not to trigger him.

Once pizza was ordered, Angelica sat herself between Steve and Tina. She teased him a little, threatening to watch Maid Force 5000 but settled on a silly adventuring anime. They paused for the pizza and as they opened the box on the coffee table, Steve found himself whining as the women grabbed their slices with nimble fingers.

Tina giggled at his paw bound plight and offer him a bite of her slice. Not seeing an alternate that didn't involve getting tomato sauce in the white fur or fumbling embarrassingly with a fork and knife, he submitted. The pizza quickly became a "Treat" in Tina's hands. Fortunately, big eyes and whining a little got him out of performing tricks. Rather, Angelica and Tina took turns hand feeding him. The first piece had him taking little reluctant bites, but hunger and necessity soon over powered his embarrassment. By his fifth and final slice, he was licking the grease from fingers.

Bellies full, they settle back onto the couch to resume the anime. Steve found himself in the middle of the pair, Tina's more familiar weight balanced by Angelica's greater bulk. It felt warm and right as he watched the characters prance around on screen. In such a way, the evening passed. Although it wasn't entirely without sexy times, they were lower key than the intense afternoon.

Midway through a later episode, he felt Angelica tongue rake across his ear. Startled, he sat up, but she followed, tongue insistently grooming every trace of fuzz he possessed, methodically working downward. Her tongue probed the crannies and corner of his paws. She kissed each of his ten nipples before determinedly working through the fluff of his tail and the thighs. Methodic and slow, it took her at least two episodes before that tongue curled around his balls. Her eyes were shut the entire





time. Steve wondered if she were sleep grooming. Yet, she responded to his pleas not to subject his tender cock to her rough tongue, and she curled fingers around his shaft and sucked on his balls. As he neared climax, she enveloped his tip with her lips and sucked down every drop of his spurting cum.

Tina chortled. "Need to occupy your busy mouth?"

Angelica raised her middle finger to the Hyena woman but didn't open her eyes. As Steve panted lightly, she moved over to Tina's knees, rubbing her cheeks against the Yoga pants. A nip at the waist band spurred Tina to remove them and her hoodie, revealing her thick black belly nips. Angelica used her whiskers to guide herself along the length of Tina's tail, following it over the arm of the couch. At its very tip she began grooming. Tina made little snorts and giggles that increased in pitch and frequency as Angelica worked her way along the tail. To allow access, Tina lay down with her head in Steve's lap. The laugh grew needy and her pseudo peen strained by the time Angelica at reached the tail's base. Any attempt to touch it, by either Steve or Tina, drew a warning growl. Up that bristly mane Angelica worked, then only after the ears were thoroughly clean did Angelica gift those nipples with her lips. Tina had no objections when that broad tongue wrapped around her cock and milked her.

"There. Clean pets." Only then did Angelica open her eyes, her satisfied growl purr drowning out the TV. Placing her head in Steve's lap and her long legs across Tina's lap she settled in to doze through the rest of the season. After it concluded, they all shuffled off to the king-sized bed. Wishing each other good night with tender kisses and falling to sleep in a tangle.



CHAPTER 7

“Steve! I command you to rise! We must pack.” Tina barked her husband to wakefulness.

Bleary-eyed and uncaffeinated, he sleepily shoved clothing into suitcases.

There was a hurried explanation about over sleeping and checkout time. Something about how she couldn’t find another booking for tonight.

They had to drive home now. He got that much, but when he approached the driver’s seat, he found himself unable to retrieve the keys from his pocket. He’d been so sleepy that he barely noticed Tina’s assistance with his shorts, both slicing a hole for his tail and doing the button. However, the tight pocket would only admit two of his fat digits, and the keys refused to hook neatly on a claw.

Tina herded him over to the passenger side. “We shall drive. Do not worry.”

“Can you even sit in the driver’s seat with that tail?” Angelica yawned, showing off her many pointy teeth.

“We shall try. Get in.” Tina’s tail arced up above her head, tip curling and uncurling as if eager to strangle someone. Even the Punk Pantheress seemed disinclined to argue with Tina while she was in go mode and slipped into the back seat. Steve watched as Tina leaned the seat all the way back and angled the seat itself forward. Even getting in proved awkward, draping the tail over her shoulder and kind of flinging herself up into the SUV’s cab. Then the tail lay across the lowered seat back and curled into the bench seat behind, its tip landing in Angelica’s lap.

“Ooooh. A toy.” Angelica cooed.

“Not while I’m driving!” Tina said with a growled chuckle. “Heh, nak.” The tail flicked down into the space between the seats as Angelica shiver slightly.

“Where are we going?” Steve’s neurons fired belatedly as Tina fiddled more with the seat controls, trying to find a comfortable position. Driving without back support was going to be weird.

“Coffee hopefully.” Angelica responded.

“A definite first stop.” Tina agreed and started the engine.



"Not driving like this for eight hours without caffeine."

"Home?" Steve blinked and looked down at his large, clumsy paws. "We can't go home like this!"

"We cannot stay in this domicile. Its time has elapsed." Tina responded.

Panic clawed at Steve's heart. "Can't you extend it? Book us a new place? The neighbors will see us!"

"We were attempting to last night! But then a ruffian..." She glared at Angelica in her rearview mirror. Angelica smiled back, totally unrepented. "Assaulted our royal personage and forced us into a submissive state of judgment and logistical concerns were flushed from our agenda."

"Oh, so this is my fault, pet?" Angelica shifted in her seat. Neither Tina nor Steve could see the way her pink skirt had begun to tent.

Tina tugged on the dog collar she still wore. "Mistresses assume responsibilities!"

"Why couldn't you just book another place?" Steve whined.

"Heh! We have been attempting all morning!" Tina growled. "There are no properties available on such short notice."

"What about a hotel? It's a Sunday morning, there have to be hotel rooms in a tourist town." Steve argued. "They can't all be booked."

"We will not lower ourselves to such an establishment." Tina drove on, navigating the suburban neighborhood toward the coastal town's commercial district, where there would be coffee.

"Lower yourself to a hotel? Book a nice one then!" Steve's own voice gained a growl.

Tina giggled, "Is our speech. We require privacy to complete our entertainment."

"We'll put up the do not disturb thing on the door knob."

"Better to simply return to home while it is an option!" She snarled.

The 'pets' argued, totally oblivious to the effect it had on their erstwhile mistress. Angelica's mind tumbled in confusion. Steve and Tina were having a normal argument, nothing sexy about it. Yet, as the pair's words heated up, the way their passions drew them to snarl and growl sent firestorms of want whirling through Angelica's body. Her cock strained against the fabric of her skirt, the canine cock's skin burning with a fire that screamed to be quenched. Freeing it from the fabric, she seized her cock with both hands.

"We're will endure these forms for least a month Stephen! Perhaps longer. Letting that busy Mrs. Gringe spy us is unavoidable! We have larger concerns!" Tina's voice edged up to a





shout.

Steve's ears were half wilted, his tail twitched against the seat, trying to tuck between his legs but blocked by the seat. Still, he didn't back down. "Well, you should have booked it longer then!"

"Yes but we-" Tina paused, her wide ears finally catching Angelica's frantic panting as she pumped her cock. "Angelica! We are driving here!"

The rebuke only added fuel to the fire of Angelica's need. A need that her hands were doing absolutely nothing against. "I-, I-," she grasps for words to explain it but could not find them in the fire of want.

Steve twisted to stare at Angelica's desperate masturbation and laughed as he recalled her last card. "Aww, are you finding our conflict... Heated?"

His voice summoned an image of the dripping spade that Steve had possessed briefly in Angelica's mind. It called as oasis of relief to her burning cock. Her dilated eyes snapped up to Steve's, lust burning in the black of her pupils. "I-, I- need my g-good g-girl! Be my good g-girl!"

Fresh excitement flooded through Steve's system, the tension banished from his face, replaced with a brainless joy.

"This is not the time! We are lodged in traffic!" Tina's protests fell on two pairs of deaf ears.

"Are you a good girl? Be my good girl Stevie and come here. Be my good girl and I'll give you a nice treat." Angelica cooed.

Steve squirmed under the good girl bombardment. Not here, not now, he begged at the magic in his body, but it only responded by letting him feel his cock rapidly shrink away, pleasure focused as it compacting into a single point squeezed by the swollen lips of a spade. A need utterly unreachable by clumsy paws.

"Good girl. Good girl."

Steve couldn't tell if Angelica still called out the words, or they were bouncing around in his own skull, but they fueled the growth of a needy cavern within. It tunneled up deeper than before, demanding to be filled. What would be the harm, really? No one could see. The windows were tinted. The last of his resistance evaporated. He hooked the lever on the side of the seat and the motor whirred as the barrier between Steven and Angelica lowered. Seat belts unclipped.

Tina's high laugh filled with disbelief as she shouted, "We banish you both to the back!"

Angelica didn't argue. She scooted over and clawed at the seat top until she found the latch. She lowered it down and hurled herself into the trunk compartment.





"Come here Stevie. Come here and be my good girl." She cooed and displayed her delicious candy red cock.

Steve tried to tell her lay off the magic words, but the words jumbled together into a muddle of sounds. Each good girl grew the yawning space between his hips. As he crawled to Angelica, his hip started widening to make room.

Not that Angelica had any rational neurons in her head. "Good girl, Good Girl." She muttered like a mantra. Only stopping once she positioned Steve on his hands and knees in front of her, to pulled down his shorts. She gasped at the size of the dripping canine cunt and licked at the puffy lips beneath the lifted tail.

Whimpers of urgent need were Steve's only reply, but Angelica understood. Throwing herself across Steve's back, she thrust her cock deep into his spade. Juice splashed out around the tapered cock like that of an overripe fruit. Both cried out as their burning skins quenched the other.

"Oh my good girl." Angelica panted as grabbed hold of Steve's love handles and thrust, then withdrew. "You're a good girl," and thrust again.

"Good girl." Thrust.

"Good girl." Thrust.

"Good girl." Thrust.

Pleasure and praised hammered Steve as he used a paw to cushion his head as Angelica drove it against the plastic wall of the SUV. Each parting of his feminine flesh shot sparks up his spine as the magic word squeezed at his very essence. Caught between the two, a sense of impossible pressure built. The orgasm came not shivering his loins but from sudden crack deeper than any phallus could reach. In the shivering bliss that radiated outward, Steve saw her, that happy husky maid from the cards, loosed inside him. Relax, you're a good girl, she soothed. Now with every thrust, she claimed more of his body. Angelica tightened her grip on a shrinking waist as flesh flowed toward his thighs. Steve felt the feather touch of the maid's duster across the inside of each nipple as they swelled. Those on his stomach grew just enough to feel their extra weight as each impact rocked him. Meanwhile the four on his chest grew into swinging pendulums.

Angelica's strokes grew longer, deeper and as the little maid plucked out Steve's adam's apple, Angelica abandoned thrusting entirely. Instead, she grabbed fistfuls of Steve's ass and ground her knot against the swollen pussy lips.

"Good girl," said the husky maid as she began to open doors in Steve's head. Flooding him with sparkles, dresses, happy tails, and shapely wants.

"I'm a good girl," Steve echoed with high soft voice, through thick black lips. "I'll be your girl!" Brown hair cascading downward, lengthening almost to the floor.





GOOD!
GIRL!

PLAP
PLAP

PLAP
PLAP
PLAP

PLAP
PLAP

I'M A
GOOD
GIRL!

I'M A
GOOD
GIRL!





"I'm- Awwwwwoooo!" she howled as the knot popped into her and her canine sex tightened around it.

Angelica roared as she shot her hot seed deep into Steve's virgin womb.

Outside, spectators giggled as the car stopped shaking side to side.

Out of breath, Angelica collapsed onto Steve's back, her throbbing balls still pumping cum. Sweat shined on the skin that her spotted fur had not claimed.

"More." Steve moaned as she felt the flow taper off. "Give me more!"

Angelica yelped in surprise as Steve's broad buttocks drove her into the wall and ground against her hips. "Steve! What-"

Muscles clenched hard around Angelica's cock, pulling it even deeper into the hungry spade. The sheer force of it caused Angelica's mouth to open in a silent scream.

"Steve isn't here. I'm Steph! I'm your good girl! Gimmie all your cum! I want it! I want it all! Give the good girl all your Cum!" Steph spoke with a desperate, hungry pant.

"Aaaaaaa! Gaaaawd!" Angelica whisper screamed as Steph's grinding and squeezing milked a last spurt from her. Her body flopped back against the wall, her very bones ached with empty. "that's it. That's all I have." She pled as she attempted pull out.

The knot held tight.

"More!" Steph barked. "Good girl helps mistress cuz she's a good girl! Yes, she is!" Shifting forward, she jerked Angelica off the wall by her trapped cock.

Angelica made an inarticulate cry of helpless protest, but the pain of the yank paled sensations that flooded her as Steph began to roll onto her back. Angelica gave a keening wail as Steph's pussy rotated around her cock, the torque around her member both pleasurable and extremely unsettling. Steph had to turn over very slowly in the confined space, keeping her pussy elevated so not to pull Angelica down on top of her.

"Did you break my husband?" Tina called back with a worried snicker as Steph worked her leg past Angelica and set it down while simultaneously pushing up with the other. Angelica had helpfully reached up and braced against the ceiling, supporting a not in substantial portion of Steph's weight with her cock until she got her legs in position.

"Your husband's the best!" Steph answered as rested from the turned so proud of herself, her tail beat against Angelica thighs. "She a good girl now! Angelica! Open your eyes and see what a good girl I am!"

Angelica teeth baring grimace relaxed a smidgeon. "That..."





kinda hurt.”

Steph emitted a playful bark, “I’ll make it up to you. Look at meeee!”

Obeying, Angelica’s eyes cracked open and then nearly sprang from their sockets as they beheld the woman she’d knotted. A curvaceous beauty of a husky girl, with a booty heavy hourglass figure, four heaping handful sized breasts. Six swollen nipples decorated her belly and a long tongue hung out the side of the side of her mouth. Happy mania shone from mismatched eyes, one brown and one pale blue. Angelica’s tired cock stiffened as her eyes ate up the way her hair pooled around this woman’s head even as tingling fear crept into her brain.

Nothing about this woman resembled Steve. She didn’t see the man Steph had been at all. Tina might kill her.

“Like it?” Steph asked, with her gleaming eyes. “Cum in me more. I want every drop!”

Not waiting for an answer, she let her rear fall to the carpeted floor of the trunk space. With a yelp of a canine, Angelica toppled on top of Steph. Those thick padded paws clapped to her back as that long canine tongue licked at her cheek.

“Thrust mistress! Please thrust into your good girl!” Steph insisted.

Angelica pushed herself up off Steph well cushioned chest, “Sorry, but you have it all. Steve-Steph I’m spent.”

“Not yet! I help!” Steph voice pitched to a sinister amount of glee as her paws clapped on either side of Angelica’s head, thick digits hooking around spiraling ram’s horns and pulled hard. Steph, used to moving around considerably more bulk than the skinny transwoman, easily moved Angelica so their noses met. Then began to lap at the pantheress’s split lip. A shiver stood over every hair Angelica possessed on end. Fresh arousal stirred bits back to life as the probing tongue coaxed her jaws open. Rough and smooth tongues jousting, entwined as Angelica’s erection slowly returned and aching soreness accompanied a tired throb in her testicles.

Steph’s paws, no longer needed to hold Angelica’s head close, expertly hooked Angelica upper and lower jaws to force them open wide.

“Aaaah rrrrooo,” Angelica protested before Steph lapped her tongue across her ridged upper palette. The contact sent a fire racing through Angelica’s body. Her hips bucked once, twice, and she was thrusting, tugging the knot back and forth.

Steph rejoiced in the fresh pleasure, wrapped her legs around Angelica’s hips. The cat woman growled and grabbed hold of Steph’s shoulders for greater leverage, pistoning her entire body with each stroke, their breasts squeezing against each other. The nipples of Steph’s belly rubbing against smooth skin. Steph wondered how she’d ever lived without this wonder of being taken, being filling, feeling the cum sloshing





around in her belly.

Then finally a new shot of warmth triggered undulation of bliss as both fell still chests heaving against each other, sweat from their still human parts leeching into fur.

"Did... I do good?" Steph asked.

Angelica gave a halting breath, "Yes, oh yes."

"Am I your good girl?" She pressed.

"Yes." Angelica nuzzled her cheek, "but you have to let me go now."

"Awww," Steph whined. "Call me your good girl and maybe."

"I think you've had enough of that for awhile." Angelica laughed.

"But..." She could feel it, a sort of pushing in her mind, a kernel of panic at what she'd just done, what she'd begged for. "I need it. I don't wanna go away."

Angelica smiled and lapped at her cheek. "You're not going far." She whispered, staring down into her eyes as the ice blue one warmed back to a rich brown. It wasn't as simple as a switch. First, that excited, joyous horniness drained away, leaving the person beneath Angelica staring into the mess of their mind. Sorting through the wreckage of drunken bender.

"Steve?" Angelica asked.

They pondered the name, the continuity behind it. So much of it. Yes, they were Steve and that just now had been... Steph. They, Steve sorted things into piles of Steve and Steph. Steph had cared nothing for consequences or anything other than the now.

"Are you finished copulating yet?" An annoyed Tina huffed. "We desire coffee. We have been circling for thirty minutes."

Steve seized on the opportunity to avoid puzzling out what separated him from Steph. "I'd like a latte mocha please!"

"A blond roast for me." Angelica added.

"Get dressed for the drive through, then." Tina gave a snorting laugh and shook her head. "We wish to open the windows." Her own cock flirted with the edge of the steering wheel.

Angelica tugged experimentally, but the knot held fast, "Can't until your husband lets my dick go." Then whispered, "You're back?"

Steve, yes, Steve not Steph. Then a flare of indignation. "You didn't need to push it that hard."

Zero apology manifest on the feline face. "Had to see how far





it could go. And you, well, she got your revenge. I am going to be so fucking sore all day."

"Husband! Let the cat go." Tina commanded.

"Trying!" Steve flexed at the unfamiliar muscles but only succeed in making Angelica wince. It still felt good with her inside him. "This might take a while."

Tina went through the drive through, parked and then handing coffee over the back seat. She nearly dropped them when she saw Steve and his shapely body. "Oh Heeee, nak nak nak!" The laugh escaped as her eyes lit.

"I know!" Angelica exclaimed, "Doesn't she look so good!"

"He/him still." Steve's cheeks heated as he covered his naked breasts, the big ones at least. He'd need another set of arms to get the ones on his belly. "It's going back to normal." He muttered, looking away from his wife's grin. His statement wasn't a lie either. He could feel things beginning to flow back to their original shapes, but they weren't doing it in a hurry.

"I think it takes about fifty 'GG's to get Steph. Warning though, she's a hungry and big." Angelica said. "Ow!"

Steve had given her a clench and glared at her. They were sitting up, leaning back in a sort of scissor position. White cum leaked out around Angelica's cock and leeches into the carpet.

"You've now been inside our husband twice." Tina sniffed and handed the coffee over. "As soon as we return to our residence, we shall have our turn."

"If you ask nicely, pet." Angelica smirked.

"Don't I get a say in this?" Steve asked.

Tina laughed hard enough to rock her head back and bounce a bit of coffee out of the cup and dribbled over the rim. "Only if you're a good girl."

Steve's entire body perked up as she felt a fresh gush of wetness within her. Nipples hardened as she snapped her hiding arms away and thrust out her chest. The sudden motion made the breasts jiggle.

"Oh. We believe that to be an eager yes." Tina smiled.

Blink. Steve came back to himself, but Steph was also there, breathing on the back of his neck. Ready. Tina was watching him carefully. Waiting for? An objection, he realized. Unlike Angelica, Tina had been respecting boundaries. If he didn't want her to carry out her plan, all he had to do would be to tell her. Say the words, please don't call me a good girl. Or even simpler, please don't. But then... then she wouldn't.

Blushing so hard, his overly large ears burned, he reached out and took his mocha with two paws.



CHAPTER 8

The coffees were half consumed when the swelling abated enough that the canine sex parts separated. The process was not quiet. Steve whined while Angelica made sharp little gasps. Only then did the road trip home begin in earnest. They kept the conversation light, anime and video-games with Angelica warning them whenever Steve and Tina's opinions start to clash.

"Heh, that is definitely not a card you should keep." Tina groused as they shifted topics yet again.

"Or we all have to agree that the best marvel movie is iron man three." Steve chuckled.

"I can't say I'm a fan, either." Angelica agreed. "Also, maybe some lunch is in order? Rest stop is ahead."

"We do not believe rest stops do drive throughs." Tina said.

"I need to stretch my legs and take Steve for a walkie. Let them stare for a bit," Angelica said.

"Hey!" Steve objected. "I'm not the one wearing a collar here."

"We can fix that." Angelica reached forward and scratched an ear, short circuiting his response. "Would you like that good?"

"Don't!" Steve pleaded. "I'm almost back to normal. I mean male." Truth be told he was a bit concerned how long it was taking. It had been almost three hours since they'd left the parking lot of the coffee place and his dick still hadn't reappeared. Most everything else had. His moobs seemed slightly more pronounced and his body type now resembled more of an apple than pear. Yet still a hollow existed between his legs. If he focused on it, he could feel it reluctantly shrinking. He might have his original equipment back by the time they got home, only to lose it immediately to Tina's lust. It didn't help that every time he thought about that great black phallus driving into him, the lips of his pussy warmed distractingly.

"Fine." Angelica relented, and they coasted into the rest stop in silence.

They'd manage to hold off stopping until after peak lunch time so the parking lot was only half full. Still, that left plenty of eyes to stare at them as the trio walked into the building. Magical Augments, like cat ears and tails, were not that uncommon but things like Tina's prehensile tail were incredibly rare and expensive. More than bizarre than even



that would be a loss of function alteration, like Steve's paws. That be unheard of outside of fetish freak shows. He shoved his paws into the pockets of his hoodie and resolved not to take them out until they had their food.

Still, the fresh air felt good after hours in the car. He gave serious thought to taking himself for a walk around the grounds to stretch his legs. Tina and Angelica headed directly inside. Tina wore yoga pants with most of the seat cut out to make room for her tail and covered that fact with a long jacket. Angelica, lacking a tail and her dog dick easily hidden, cut the most human silhouette of all three of them but the brightly colored rosettes that patterned her cheeks drew attention to feline face and horns. She accented this by wearing her hair a pony tail. Fellow customers had a wide range of reactions, from furrow brows, wide-eyed stares and smiles, as Steve followed them into the food court.

They elected to patronize the big F diner to get some added privacy and asked for a booth. The hostess' smile only faltered a little when she saw them and quickly showed them to a booth in a corner of the sparsely populated restaurant. They all paused in confusion when the table had a deck of cards in the middle of it.

"Did you?" Angelica asked the trailing question, to which both Tina and Steve shook their heads. The hostess had already departed and with a shrug, the three of them slid into the booth.

"It has been twenty-four hours." Tina commented as she slid into the booth tail first. Angelica and Steve opposite of her. "It appears that waiting until after the journey is not an option."

Steve looked down to find his diminishing deck of Husky Maid cards and no silverware or menus. "Doesn't even want us to eat first."

"Pushy game. So long as it gives me what I want this time, I'm all for it." Angelica flipped her card over and peered down. "Stealthy predator." She smiled slyly. "I could live with that."

Tina drew her card next and gave a nervous chuckle. "Her Kingdom's arsenal. That is terribly vague."

"Is there a picture?" Steve asked, eager to delay his own card.

She plucked it up from the table to display a grinning hyena face with jaunty little crown. The teeth looked particularly sharp.

"Teeth?" Steve guessed.

"The little queen always smiles similarly." Tina said, gestured to Steve's deck.

Swallowing hard and mentally begging the game to go easy on him, he nudged off the top card of his deck and flipped it with a flick of his claw.





A cartoon of a happy husky maid greeted him, standing proudly in a sparkling uniform. The text above her head: "The Right Clothes for the Job." Steve shuddered. Would that mean he couldn't wear anything else? He wasn't really known for his fashion sense, but that seemed so limiting. Especially if they were stuck like this for a month. Still, it was easy to imagine how good that would look on Steph and felt a little drip of excitement for her.

"Oh adorable!" Tina exclaimed, accenting her excitement with rapid, "Naknaknak!" laugh. "We will all be playing these upon ourselves this time, yes. No need to risk the wild deck."

"I can't wear a dress!" Steve protested.

"Steph can." Angelica suggest.

"I'm not Steph!" Steve insisted.

"At the moment, we can fix that." Angelica made a show of licking her chops.

Steve whimpered, shrinking back into his seat and begging her with his eyes.

Angelica sighed, "Fine, you can play it on me."

Wow, the puppy eyes work! Steve thought to himself as he straightened and gave an excited pant. "Thank you!"

Tina frowned in open disappointment but said nothing.

With a roll of her eyes, Angelica pointed her token towards herself and covered it. As Steve fumbled with his own token, Angelica winked at Tina, swiftly turning hers with the palm of her hand.

When they lifted their arms to reveal the tokens Steve yipped as he saw the betrayal of the two clashing arrows. "You lied!" He exclaimed, the hurt making his voice waver.

"You were going to play it on one of us regardless." Angelica teeth clenched on the word and leaned forward over the table. Her short skirt lifted in the rear as a tail lengthened out from her spine, black furred and patterned with neon purple rosettes. The change hit her feet next, sharp claws ripping pierced the toes of her boots. The leather briefly struggled to contain the swelling feet before bursting along the seams as her heel raced away from her swelling toes.

Across the table Tina watched as her hands grew and thickened, heavy claws erupted from her finger tips as black pads rose from the skin. "Niiiii! We desire to keep our thumbs! We beg!" she pleaded, but her thumbs had not diminished, swelling along with everything else. They passed the size of Steve's paws, and kept going, her forearms thickening to support the massive mitts. Shaggy brown fur colonized the stretching skin. The paw hands grow only subsiding when the span of her palms rivaled





that of her trim waist. It didn't stop there. With a pained laugh, Tina's jaw issued a bone jarring crack. Her hands enveloped her head, muffling the crackle and snap of her skull as her face reshaped into a wide canine muzzle. Her black nose pushing out between the palms of her massive hands. When they lowered, Tina's face, the one he'd been kissing for the last five years had been completely replaced with the brown furred visage of a hyena. It had minor nods to humanity, thickened lips to allow speech, the skull more domed. To support the heavy jaws, her neck bulged with new muscle that nearly consumed the width of her shoulders. Angelica's facial reshaping could be accomplished with special effects makeup, but this, this was so much more.

"Tina?" Steve's question brimmed with concern.

She lowered her outsized hands to the table, large tongue lolling over fearsome teeth as her eyes, small in that large head, focused on her husband. "We find your outfit pleasing."

Steve glanced down at himself, saw the black fabric overlayed with a white lacy apron. The cards gave him no time to process this unnoticed change in the outfit. With a light flicking sound two new cards slid in front of both Steve and Angelica.

Hers bid her to "As the crow goes." While his stated, "That's lewd, Tentacles."

Steve felt two spots of warmth, each over a kidney. Before he could even compute the growing twisting sensation, Angelica's back exploded with such force that the wind nearly knocked Steve out of the booth.

"Haha, wow." Tina spoke with awe as she stared up at the huge black feathered wings that stretched out from Angelica's back, right below her shoulder blades and all the way to the ceiling, where they had knocked out several ceiling tiles. A light dusting fell down onto Angelica and the table. Haltingly, they folded themselves to Angelica's back, but they were too large to let her slip down onto the bench. Steve moved to let her out of the booth. Clutching the remains of her shirt and to her chest, she half spread them experimentally. Purple feathers were mixed among the shiny black pinfeathers that reached down to her digitigrade ankles. The punk Pantheress pattern had claimed her entire lower body.

The restaurant's manager, a stout woman, came charging up to her. Angelica smoothly apologized for the damage. Spinning some yarn about being the victims of a magical accident. Steve stopped listening when something slick and warm parted the trifold of his spade. It rubbed up directly against his hidden clit, sending a fresh quake up his body. Steve bit his tongue to suppress a scream and flung himself back into the booth before his legs gave out. The thing pushed deeper, stretching the chamber that had been shrinking and began to twist about.

Steve husky whimpered into a paw pad off one paw while groping his lower body with the other. Beneath his maid's dress, a tentacle extended from his lower back, curled around his thigh and





into his canine sex. His tentacle, he realized as he felt the prodding of his paw from both sides. He tried to withdraw it, but it only pressed in deeper. Images of so many hentai videos of men and women entrapped by tentacles, forced to into unimaginable levels of pleasure. Helpless to stop it. Helpless like him. He opened his legs, and it thrust in with a sudden surge of strength. The second slithered up his chest, its very tip poked above the neck line of his uniform.

Tina, who'd been watching Steve hunch while the air filled with the scent of his feminine juices, saw the pink tip extend. It crept up toward his mouth and had just reached his jawline when he spasmed with an orgasm and slumped back against the seat.

His dazed eyes met hers. Grinning, he mouthed the words, "Don't worry. I'll share." The tendril swiftly retracted and in the space of glancing at Angelica, who still talked to the manager, Tina felt slick warmth curl around her own cock and give it a tender squeeze.

"Ssssst-t-teven." She growl stuttered and pressed her claws against the vinyl table top, causing it to crack. The tentacle had pushed down the length of her femcock and the objections fell from her head as it squirmed deliciously inside her.



CHAPTER 9

Angelica sighed as the manager departed to get them some food. She'd convinced her that was the fastest way to get rid of them. Between the wings and the cat face, the woman hadn't even noticed that Angelica was essentially topless. As the woman disappeared into the kitchen, Angelica felt a flush of giddiness. Wings! She had wings. The tail was nice too. The way it swished behind her felt super smooth yet wings! They were going to seriously complicate moving through human spaces, but if they worked, even if it was just for gliding, that would be worth it. Once she got some food in her belly, she would be going outside to see if she could lift off! Pivoting on her new paws nearly over balanced her, but she caught herself with a half flap. Chuckling at herself, she grabbed a nearby chair from another table and placed it on the far end of the booth. Straddling it allowed her new tail to lash freely behind her. She started to explain but stop when she saw both Tina and Steve had their mouths buried in their paws.

"What are you-"

"Nnnnak!" Tina's body pulsed and Angelica heard a gush of fluid. Peeking beneath the table she saw a dripped mess of Tina's femcock stuffed with a tentacle. Fem cum spurting around it and puddling between Tina's paw like feet.

Her feet changed too? Angelica thought as she swallowed down a sudden flood of saliva as the thought of getting down there to lick at the mess crossed her mind. Shivering, she focused on the vivid pink tentacle, tracing its origin to Steve's skirt. So much for getting out of here without something horny happening. Steve's dog features and his natural cherubic quality, let him remain adorable in that maid's outfit. The flushed cheeks were a plus on top of that. She leaned way over the table to whisper in his fuzzy ear.

"Do good girls masturbate at the table?"

Steve jump like a child caught, eyes springing open as the inside of his ears turned pink. Angelica heard a sound like a slurped noodle followed by a suction breaking pop. Tina didn't collapse, but melted a little into her seat.

"Honestly, I turn my back for a minute and my pets are misbehaving." Angelica chided them with a smile.

"Sorry," Steve sputtered, "They're... hard to control." Angelica nearly squealed as he responded like such a good naughty pet.

Tina, smiled doggily before laughing softly. The gleam in her



eyes told Angelica that her reign as mistress would be challenged soon. Unless she thought of something clever fast, those huge paws would handle her into submission, the moment they reached Tina's and Steve's apartment. Yet, Angelica wasn't worried. She could lose a round or two. Entering this weekend, she hadn't been certain what she wanted other than continue fucking around with Tina. Now she knew. Knew she wanted to win this game, make herself a beautiful predatory angel, collar her girlfriend as a horny fuck beast, and trap her husband as a slutty dog maid forever. Then they'd all live lustily after. They'd thank her for it.

Burgers and fries came for them all fairly swiftly. Tina's meal disappeared into her maw in less than a minute and stared hungrily at Steve's, who struggled with the thin fork and knife. No matter how hard he clenched the knife between two digits, they slipped from his grip as soon as he attempted to saw through his bun. Angelica mused that while thicker rubberize grips might allow him to use utensils in the future, these were clearly a lost cause.

"Hehe. Just lift it." Tina suggested, she illustrated with her own licked clean plate, sandwiching it between the beans of her index fingers and nibbling on the plate's edge.

"But then I'll get fur in my food." Steve whined, moving himself and his food into the far corner of the booth.

Angelica finished off her own sadly dry burger as Steve leaned down to his plate to scarf up a few fries. Tina watched his food hungrily and Angelica couldn't be sure if she was merely playing with her doggified husband or her latest change had modified her appetite. Probably both. When Tina's massive mitt of a hand started sliding toward the burger and Steve growled protectively, Angelica knew she had to intervene.

"Hey, hey no fighting pets." She chided. "Stevie, come over here. I'll hold the burger for you." Also, that little growl had made her cock tingle. She couldn't afford to be reduced to a panting wreck now.

Steve watched her back, brown eyes calculating as they flicked between the two predatory women. Adorable how he'd suddenly slipped into this doggy mental state, Angelica wished she knew Steve better, if only to know how much his mind had shifted. Clearly deciding that having his burger fed to him was better than not getting to eat it at all, he slid his plate and self-up to Angelica.

"There that's a good-"

"Nnnak!" Tina cut her off with a combination of a growl, bark and laugh. The harsh sound and her flashing fangs kindled a rush of fear that poofed Angelica's tail.

"-Boy. Good Boy." Angelica finished, feeling her dominance slipping away by the moment. Still, she ignored the outburst and lifted Steve's burger for him. Sadly a dog muzzle wasn't in the





bondage bag, she'd have swing by her apartment and get her grooming bag if she was going to have a shot at this.

Steve ate the burger with dainty nibbles from Angelica's fingers, his eyes glazing slightly as he fell deeper into dog mode. Her own tongue grew restless, pressing against her teeth. "Was that a good treat?" Angelica asked him after he finished the last bite and licked the tips of her fingers. He nodded, and she scratched his ears before catching his chin and running her own tongue across his lips. The quick kiss stunned him. She resisted an urge to groom those fuzzy ears, she'd gotten lost in that motion the last time.

She left the waitress a generous tip for the mess and they braved the gauntlet of stares. Tina now received most of them, she hunched slightly now, oversized hands hanging ape like from her still diminutive shoulders. There was no hiding the claws that looked like something you'd find on heavy logging equipment.

Yet stepping outside, a breeze caught a wing and she forgot everything about other people and sexy dominance play. She had wings and snapped them open! The wings nearly took out several bystanders who had been about to open the door to the building. They were huge! Easily extending out eight feet on either side of her. People stumbled back from the black and purple feathers that blocked their way. "Oops sorry," Angelica said automatically and quickly refolded them. She turned to Tina, "I'll meet you at the car. I'll try to be quick." Unless it works, she added mentally. Then she wouldn't need the car.

Not waiting for an answer, she dropped the shreds of fabric from her front, exposing her still sadly unfurred chest and stomach. She hurried away. The rest stop had a sad lack of sixteen-foot-wide strips free of obstacles that were not parking lot. She jogged to the edge of the rest stop's asphalt, acutely feeling her lack of bra. Her new breasts were not huge, but they were far larger than the ones that three years on pink pills had gifted her. Still, this would be worth the discomfort and possible indecent exposure charge. She found a decent length devoid of cars and crouched like a runner at one end. How to do this? Run with wings out or open them after getting some speed? She decided to try the latter. The card had punned off of as the crow flies. If they were crow wings, she should be able to flap herself into the sky. Right? Only one-way to figure it out.

She attempted to burst into a sprint but while the magic had made walking on her paws effortless, her run attempt pitched her too far forward. In three steps she half tripped, half leapt, wings stretching open. Too slow, the palms of her hands kissed the rough pavement as the feathers pushed down on the surrounding air. A new set of muscles in her chest pulled. Instead of tumbling head over tail, Angelica lifted from the ground.

I'm flying! Angelica's mind screeched with joy as her wings spread to glide. No! Higher! Angelica bid her wings to flap again and immediately lost the four inches she'd gained. She got her feet beneath her, wings steadying her. It would have been a good recovery had she not run out of runway. She hit the side of a red SUV with a solid THACK!





Her arms had protected her head from the impact, but she still pancaked against it. Stuck there for a moment before peeling herself off and staggering. The entire world spun.

"Now that's a dent." Someone called out.

"Angelica! Be alright!" A nervous giggle accompanied the demand of the hyena woman who steadied her with a massive paw and pulled her into an embrace. Immediately Angelica wrapped her arms around Tina's neck and buried her nose in the soft fur, shutting out the dizzying world.

"Did you see?" Angelica asked, her nose already filling with her lover's musky new scent. It spoke of warmth and safety. She couldn't resist tasting it with her tongue. "I flew."

"We did. You silly cat-bird. As did this entire kingdom." Tina pushed her out to arm's length to look her over, although she did more sniffing with that wide, wet nose than anything. "You bleed."

"Just, just my hands, a little scrape." Angelica dizziness waned but an overwhelming sense of embarrassment swelled up to replace it. She'd just let total strangers watch her slam into a car while being nearly naked.

"We must depart." Tina pulled Angelica back to herself, wrapped her hands around the punk pantheress's bottom and hoisted her from ground with nary a grunt. Immediately feeling like an oversized child, Angelica's ears heated as Tina barreled through a small crowd of onlookers. Tina shouldn't be this strong! Angelica's inner dom protested. I have at least a half foot of height on her.

Still, Tina carried her all the way to the car, hardly breathing heavier than usual.

The tailgate yawned open as they approached.

"She okay?" Steve asked from the driver's seat.

How the hell was a man with paws for hands going to drive? Angelica wanted ask, but she was unceremoniously shoved into the back head first. Steve had folded down the back seats, creating a sort of raised area before the front seats. With the first joint of her wings towering over her head and stiff feathers extending well below her butt her positional options were limited. Forcing her to kneel over the folded seats as if they were a confessional.

"Few bruises." Tina growled as she stepped up behind Angelica. "Watch thy tail." Thick fingers closed around Angelica's tail and held it up out of the closing door. The touch made Angelica crave more.

This is not the time. Angelica chided herself but was unable to suppress the familiar sensation of vulnerability that usually accompanied Tina tying her up. You'd think running into a car would knock some horniness out of her, but no, simply being confined in a space with a partner that could easily overpower her called it right back.





"I hope I don't get a ticket for driving while impawed." Steve joked, backing out of the parking space and then anxiously piloted the SUV onto the freeway. The steering wheel was just barely thick enough for his digits to grip. "Maybe we should have Angelica drive if she's feeling up to it?"

Tina laughed at the pun, then smiled toothily, "No. Her wings are too tall. You shall drive us home." To fingers pinched Angelica's soft tail between them and pulled down its length. The sensation made the pantheress shiver.

"But she's the one with hands!" Steve insisted, his voice heating argumentatively. "We're still five hours from home."

Angelica opened her mouth to answer for herself to find her mouth stilled by a leathery pad.

"It is not only her wings that makes her an unsuitable chauffeur. Have you observed these paws? How thick they are? Could catch a foot under a pedal." Tina's laugh went dark and low as she began to pinch Angelica's toes one by one, squeezing out each claw with huge fingers. Angelica tried to pull her paw away, but Tina had completely boxed her in. Among the trio's luggage there wasn't much space for them to separate had they willed it. Tina rested one elbow on the folded seat, kneeling with a lazy grin on her muzzle. "Besides, we like her on her knees."

Angelica turned her head saw that grin and below it, the tented skirt with a growing wet spot. Oh shit. Her trigger. Angelica thought in a panic. "Tina, this isn't-oh!" Her protest cut off as something soft pressed against her cock and balls. The touching, the argument and her own helplessness had been creating a pool of arousal in the back of Angelica's mind. With this sudden stimulation, she fell into it, clamping her thighs together to trap the soft snake like thing, Tina's tail, and hump it against the seat.

"Bad." Tina snickered and held up her pawhand in front of the feline nose.

Angelica's entire vision filled with the smooth leather texture of Queen Yeen paws before it blotted out the light and the fingers enveloped her entire head. The beans of her fingers pressed against the back of her skull and the thumb rested along her jaw. Instinctively, she struggled, but the grip held her fast. When her own hands grabbed hold of the massive wrist, the grip squeezed hard and Angelica's entire body froze.

"No." Lips whispered into Angelica's ear. "Put them down."

"Mrrrph!" Angelica protest into the thick pad but obeyed, placing them against the seat.

"Those are injured and we don't want to hurt them further. After all, we require their services to remove this collar from our royal neck and place it... Hee hee nak!" Tina chuckled as the tickle of her breath disappeared from Angelica ear.

"Here." Tina breathed before Angelica felt the long warmth of





a tongue lap across her throat. The jaws followed, the points of Tina's many sharp teeth dragging across her skin. Panic sparked in Angelica's mind and a whimper slipped from her throat as her body went still. Except her cock. It inched further from its sheath as Tina's teeth played Angelica's neck like a violin.

Angelica tried to plead her surrender but all that made it past the paw was, "Mmm mmurrbmm."

"Surrender? Whatever for? Hee-hee. We are simply holding our favorite cat-bird and comforting her on this long journey. Since she seems stressed." Tina whispered, gently pressing Angelica's wing into a closed position, then swept her hand down the length of the spotted spine and pulling down the length of her tail. Then again. And again.

It felt good. Being pet by such a massive hand. Each stroke felt else less like Tina's hands were outsized, but instead it was Angelica who had grown small. Her jaw held shut, Angelica's became more aware of the pawhand's musky scent with every breath. Heavy, bold. It pressed on her mind with every stroke down her back. Impossible to escape. And why would she ever try to escape this? It felt so good.

The scent, the grip, the petting, it all mix into a swirling mix of pining need in her. It rose up into her throat as a rolling yowl that over powered her growling purr.

"Heh. Does our cat bird want something?" Tina growl whispered. The next stroke dipped beneath Angelica's tail and single claw traced a path from her back door, over her fuzzy balls and up the length of her canine cock. The touch ignited her lower half in a blaze of want.

She nodded into the handpaw.

"Well, perhaps we can make the trip more comfortable." Tina laughed a high pitch, "Tee-hee-nak!" That provided Angelica with little hope for release. "We shall release you, but you will keep your eyes shut or we shall be displeased with our pet.

Angelica nodded again.

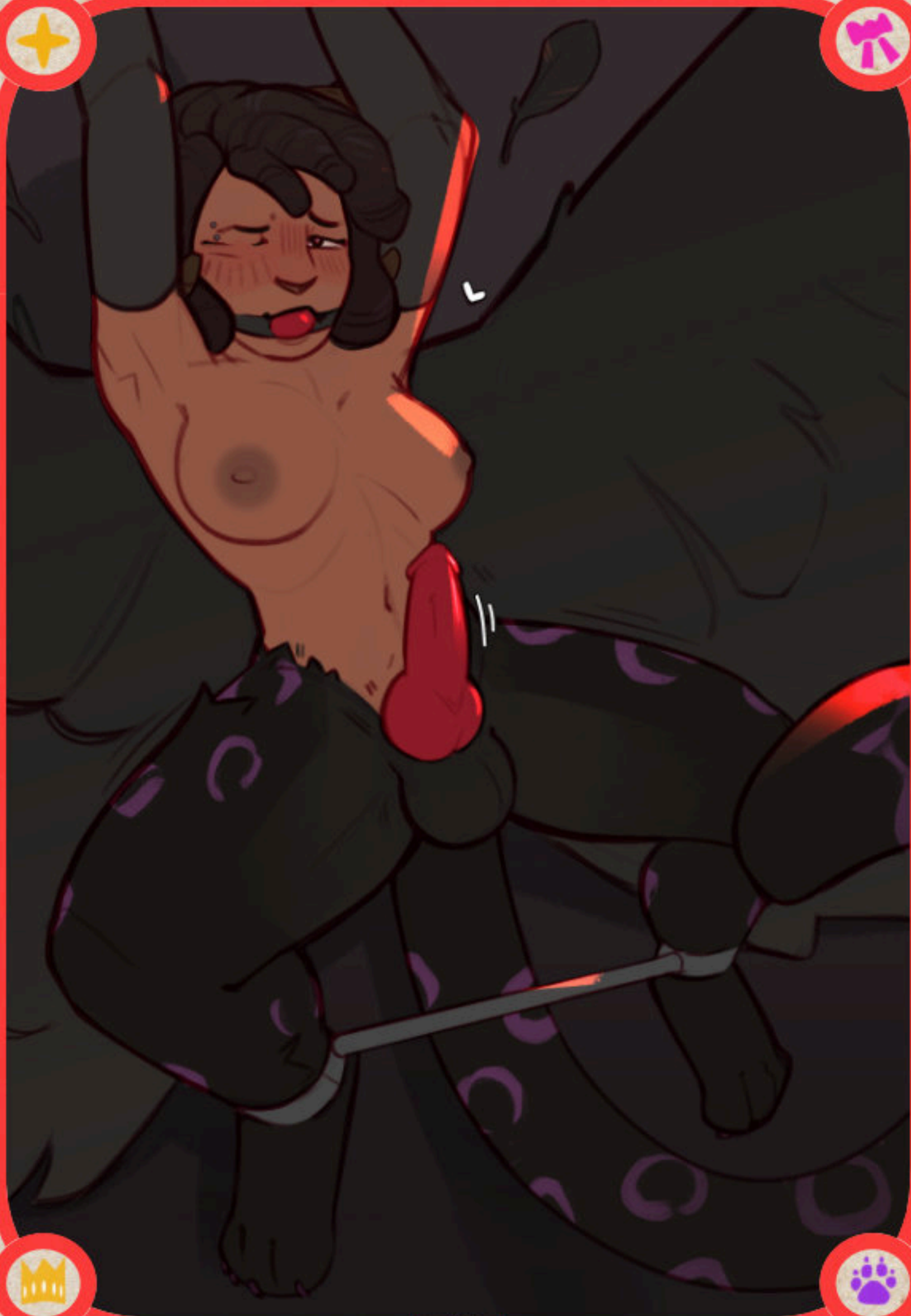
The paw peeled from her face and she gulped at the air. The easing of Tina's heavy scent made her lap at nothing, as if she could capture it with her tongue. She kept her eyes closed as Tina giggled to herself amongst the sound of suitcases being unzipped.

"Ah, Ha! Yessss." Tina cackled over the soft clack of metal.

Curiosity burbled through Angelica's subby haze and she risked peeking over her shoulder but her black wings completely blocked her vision.

Giant hands gripped her knees, spread them and then fumbled with something for several minutes before loops of leather encircled them. Clicks followed.







Angelica squeaked as something brushed the fuzz of her balls. Her knees attempted to clench together, but the cuffs stopped the motion.

Spreader bar. It left her totally defenseless as Tina's handpaw kneaded her balls and stroked her sheath. Her cock throbbed for attention, her hips thrusting at empty air. "Tina!" Angelica squawked in a desperate plea.

"What are you girls doing back there?" Steve called.

"Hee hee hee!" Tina laughed, casually reaching forward and engulfing Angelica head again. "Anything we desire. Drive on. We will bestow a treat upon you once we arrive home."

Angelica found herself unable to protest further, too busy sucking on the leathery pad pressed against her lips. When the massive finger pressed past her teeth, it became her world as she suckled upon it. She mewled softly when Tina traded her finger for a rubber ball and strapped the gag to her head, sucking on it listlessly. Like a good kitty.

The buzz of a vibrator stirred her from the depths, but she could do nothing but register the softest of protests as her tail was lifted. Not that too. Its...

Thought ended as a well lubed vibe entered her back door. Its sensitizations rippling through the void of her body. She came with the recoil a gun shot.

"Good pet." Tina giggled as the warmth of her breath caressed Angelica's nethers in prelude to her long, wet tongue.

The vib's buzz became the background of Angelica's submerged consciousness. The touches of Tina finger and tongue brought pleasure to the empty void. She could be patient; she had no other option as the hours stretched on and Tina's appetite for toying with her proved limitless.



CHAPTER 10

Steve drove as boring as one could without thumbs and prayed to whatever gods that might exist that he didn't get pulled over. The possibility of trying to explain to a cop why a bound and gagged leopard angel knelt in the back of his SUV, drove him to constant anxious pant. Well, she wasn't really bound. Angelica's hands were in plain view every time he batted at the rearview mirror to get a look. Nothing other than Tina's looming presence stopped Angelica from reaching up and removing the ball gag from her mouth. Still, that appeared to be more than enough.

Tina insisted Angelica would be fine. Her royal highness was simply proving a point to the punky Pantheress. Steve tried to ignore the muffled exclamations and wing flutters that preluded the pungent scent of fresh Angelica spunk every fifteen minutes or so. It took constant concentration to keep his own latest additions in check. The tentacles, which coiled in small cavities above his hips, ached along with every other erogenous zone as he drove. The one time he'd let them slid up into his slick spade, he'd nearly drifted into another car. So, he'd clamped down on his horny body and tried to ignore the slow inversion of his sexual equipment. The damn dick came back hard and insistent. He tried to marshal his thoughts away from the treat Tina had promised, but he kept imagining Tina's long tongue curling around his cock. The fantasy grew stronger the closer they got to home.

By the time they were within fifteen minutes of home, the image of both Tina and Angelica lapping at his cock were starting to blot out his view of the road. As they pulled into the parking lot, his control faltered and the tentacles snaked out from their hiding places to wrap around his cock. He squeezed into their assigned parking spot before slumping over the steering wheel and letting the slick warmth of the tentacles work. Far clumsier around the cock than buried in a pussy. They kept slipping off the tip.

"Heheh nak nak!" The quiet laugh was his only warning before a long tongue licked at his ears. "Need your treat now?"

Not waiting for his obviously affirmative answer, she used a single claw to peel up Steve's skirt to expose his entwined cock. They yielded to her tongue. It wrapped around his dick once, twice before she took in within her muzzle and sucked hard.

Steve barked and whimpered as he came almost immediately, his cum pulled out of him rather than expelled. Only after his ball ached with emptiness did she release. He fell back as he panted her lips came up to meet his. They shared a tender kiss before her lips parted



and she held most of his face within the span of her jaws. Each ear felt teeth. Steve froze, a sudden bolt of panic ripping down his spine.

Tina swiftly relented, sounding a small giggle and grinning toothily. "Am I scary?"

"Little bit." Steve admitted.

"We've always been the small one. The partner you have to be careful not to hurt. Heee hee! Not now though!" Mania shined in her eyes.

"Its... uh. Ah. Nice to have that switched around, for a little while," Steve said, his heart beating so hard he pressed a paw against his chest to reinforce his ribs.

The grin stretched across her entire muzzle. "For a little while?" She echoed before chuckling darkly and withdrawing into the back.

Steve shivered. At least she seemed happy with him staying male for the moment. She hadn't GG'd him at all.

In the back Tina set to rousing her captive. "Come now, time to use those clever fingers."

Angelica mrowled piteously as Tina pried her gag from her mouth and coughed lightly.

By the time Steve had carefully used a tentacle to extract his keys from the steering column and exited the SUV, Tina had opened the back.

She carefully extracted a shaking and shivering Angelica, whose neck now sported the dog collar. The cat bird fluttered uneasily on her feet and leaned on Tina, seeking to maximize contact between them.

"Is she okay?" Steve asked.

"She is deep in subby land." Tina laughed, cradled the back of Angelica's hand and pet her cheek with her massive thumb. Angelica leaned into it, purring. "We need to put her to bed."

"It not even six," Steve noted.

A wicked grin lit her face, "Pets sleep more than their owners." She reached out and booped Steve nose.

He shivered. Tina maneuvered up beside him so they were hip to thigh and hugged him with her free hand. Their height difference remained but her muzzle allowed her to lick his cheek without stretching.

"We love you, husband. Tonight, we shall allow you to rest but tomorrow..." She growled aggressively. "We're going to destroy you."

"Destroy me?" Steve yipped and tried to flinch away, but her grip held him fast.





She giggled with amusement, "We will determine if we love the good girl you more."

The excitement of the trigger ran headlong into the shivering fear and burst out Steve as startled bark. She let him go. He skittered out of range and stared back at her, breath heaving. "I... I..." He gasped, grasping for coherent words, but his thoughts were a jumbled mass of conflicting desires. A desperate want for her attention and the love in her eyes warred with his need for control that she was denying him. This was a game, just a game, right?

"Get the bags." Tina's eye contained plenty of love, but no mercy for Steve's conflicted state. "Kitty here with the clever hands will get the door. Won't she?"

"Uh huh." Angelica echoed as Tina piloted her towards the stairs, leaving Steve standing there.

Belatedly, he realized his tail had been wagging. He stilled the traitorous limb with effort and ignored his half stiff cock's attempting to tent his skirt. Pushing away his thoughts on Tina, he focused on the mess the pair of them had made out of back of the SUV. Several suit cases had been opened and an impressive amount of sex toys were scattered about. Many he had no idea Tina had possessed, another reminder at how poorly he'd been satisfying his wife's sexual wants. As he herded the object back into the bags he tried and failed to convince himself they were all Angelica's, but they all fit neatly in Tina's "gym" bag. The zippers proved to be a puzzle. They defeated even the tentacles' attempts to grip them. To seal the bags and avoid leaving a trail of dildos and multicolored ropes that led up their apartment he had to use his teeth. That problem solved, he shouldered his and her duffel bags and wheeled Angelica's large suitcase towards the elevator.

One neighbor snuck into the elevator with him as the doors started to close. The handsome Carlos who lived upstairs. "Wow!" He exclaimed, "Amazing cosplay Steve. I didn't know you and Tina were into that."

Steve blushed to his ears as he haltingly spun a story about a convention and darted out of the elevator before Carlos could ask which one. Fortunately, Tina had left the door to the apartment open, and he dashed through it before any other neighbors could appear. Kicking the door closed, Steve dropped the bags and let himself rest against the door.

Surveying the apartment hurt. They'd left it a total sty. The door opened into their living area where a futon from college and a newer recliner sat in front of a massive entertainment center crammed with gadgets and game consoles. Evidence of his Steve's all night anime binges pile up everywhere. Soda and beer cans covered most of the available surface of the coffee and end tables, a half full bag of chips lay open and both the carpet and upholstery were so stained with past spills they were starting to resemble a gross abstract painting. Tina had given up policing his, "theater area" and staring at it now, he marveled at the fact he hadn't been served with divorce papers.





From the bedroom he heard Tina coo, “Does Kitty want a little suck before her nap? Hehe! Oh good kitty! Thasss aaaah!”

He felt a pang of jealousy towards Angelica but quickly dismissed it. No wonder Tina had never brought Angelica back to their apartment. He had to tame this mess before Angelica came to her senses!

Shrugging off her own fatigue, Steve hustled into the kitchen, which as Tina’s domain was far less of a disaster, but every surface could use a thorough scrubbing. It did occur to Steve that this was the damn cleaning compulsion at work, but even pre game Steve understood the importance of tidying for company. He liked Angelica and wanted to make a good impression; the compulsion merely added a bit of mania to this want to clean. Right? Even without it, his first instinct would be to pick up some. Yes. That was rational and had nothing to do with the fact he wore a maid uniform.

The trash bags were a pain to get open, but once they were he was in business. Scooping up cans by the armload and dumping them into the bag. The tentacles extending out beneath his skirt to snatch up escapees. He had to be careful with them as he found that their tips tasted what they touched and tasting the spots on the carpet had him gagging with revulsion. Once the trashed was cleared, the vacuum was next.

The noise summoned Tina out of the bedroom. She stood, oversized arms crossed, watching Steve with half-lidded eyes and amusement playing across her muzzle. As Steve just about finished, she ventured into the room and tilted the futon back. Steve winced when he saw the things hidden under there. He fetched a fresh trash bag and probably would have sold his soul for rubber gloves that fit over his paws. He settled for using the dust pan with a handle just barely thick enough for him to grip. Then he sprayed the entire area with the most caustic cleaning agent they possessed. Afterword, as he scrubbed his paws in the kitchen, Tina embraced him from behind. Her femcock hard against his buttocks.

“We once ask our mother what she found sexy, and she said: A man cleaning. We understand that now,” Tina whispered.

Steve appreciated the hug, but his attention was on the gunk that pulled uncomfortably in his fur. “Sorry, I let it get so bad.” There was so much left to be done. The carpet cleaner beneath the sink might not touch the spots, and he wondered if he could rent a carpet shampooer on short notice. Even his tentacles hadn’t stirred.

She laughed and squeezed him tighter. “Oh, you’re focused, not everything changes. We shall proceed with dinner then.” A kiss on his cheek and a scratch at his ears gave Steve a warm sensation before she parted.

Steve attacked the stains with vigor, but ultimately the stains won. Steve ran out of steam when Tina announce dinner.

Glad for a break joined Tina at their small kitchen table. She’d broiled some steaks and fried some green beans.





"Impressive." Steve commented as he experimented with wrapping a tendril around the shafts of his fork and knife. While they held the silverware, small precise movement proved to be beyond them as he succeeded in only flailing them about ineffectively. Tina took his plate and carefully cut up the steak into chunks.

"These mega mitts are surprisingly dexterous," she extolled. "The problem is seeing what they do."

Steve ate his meal face in his plate. Halfway through the meal Angelica strode into the kitchen, wearing nothing but the dog collar. He tensed, waiting for a comment on the state of the apartment, but she said nothing and gave his ear an affectionate scratch as she turned a chair around.

Tina laughed softly. "Is our kitty bird hungry?"

Angelica kept her eyes on the table but smirked, "Yes, my glorious Queen."

A soft grumble escaped Tina, "Careful, my pet. Consider the consequences of your words. We are all tired."

"Very well, my mistress. I live to serve," she winked at Steve, "For now."

The evening continued as a low-key affair. Angelica did the dishes as Steve continue to attack the living room mess. Tina lured them both to the couch for cuddling and a movie. Which proved logistically complex due to Angelica's wings. She first attempted to hang them over the back of the couch but that twisted some pin feathers. Laying across Steve and Tina's laps meant they had to hold the wings down to avoid them from flapping up into their faces or blocking the view. They wound up pulling the futon mattress off the frame and tossing it on the floor with a half dozen pillows. There was some light sucking, teasing and tentacle jobs, but none of them had the energy required to really get carried away in the horniness of their altered bodies. Emails were written to employers about having a terrible flu and they drifted toward the bedroom.

Steve removed the maid's dress and was relieved that he was able to do so. However, opening his dresser drawer, he found that all his boxers had been transmuted into panties and stockings, mostly black and white but with a few pastel colors sprinkled in there. Checking his closet revealed a similar situation: maid uniforms from modern and conservative to latex fetish wear hung from the hangers. With a huff, he abandoned his clothing and went to bed naked.

Tina grinned as she folded a furred arm across his chest and pulled him close.

"Don't worry, we'll pick out a great outfit for you tomorrow." She whispered.

She giggled her animal laugh when he protested.





A wing spread across them and Steve wondered why he, while still out weighing both women, found himself as the littlest spoon.

Regardless, sleep claimed him before he found an answer he liked.



CHAPTER 11

Steve woke to the most dangerous sound, that of two women giggling softly and sharing conspiratorial whispers.

"Think that will do?" Tittered one.

"Be more authentic if I could go to the shop, but then they'd see all this and you know none of those folks can keep a secret." Both laughed.

Steve knew he should get up and do something to derail their plans. Turn the tables somehow. Both women had their own triggers after all. He could exploit that. Get up. Start an agreement with Tina and make Angelica got too horny to think, then pivot to subservience until Tina could do nothing but pump her lady cock. He'd show her who the pet was! Yeah. That was it. Then they'd both bend their collared necks to suck his balls.

Just had to get up. Then they'd take care of his stiffening cock.

A tentacle's tip slid out of the nearly hidden orifice above his left kidney.

No. He told it. I have to get up. Yet it slithered around his waist, totally undeterred. It encircle his shaft. Slick, warm, far better than any hand or humping pillow so that it was so easy to pretend a slick pussy engulfed him.

He'd get up. After this one rub. Then-

The door opened and Tina entered the room with a manic giggle. Steve froze, his tentacle withdrew with the speed of a startled barnacle.

"Oh husband!" She sing songed, her toothy grin looming over him. The broad, fleshy tongue ran over the points of her teeth. "We suppose we can let you come into me one last time."

"Last time?" Steve croaked before she leaped on top of him. Those huge paw hands swiftly captured his paws and pinned them to the bed. Surprised, he began to struggle when those jaws clamped around his throat and squeezed. A canine whine escaped his shocked expression.

"Heh heh," She breathed, releasing her grip to lick the length of his trachea.

"Tina what are-"

"Sssshh," She shushed him, lifting her hips to bring the squarish end of her femcock to touch Steve's cock. The dribbling



tips flirted as she struggled for the proper alignment before finally risking letting Steve's left arm go. A single finger forced the cocks into a straight line. One thrust of her hips and her thick black member swallowed Steve's entire cock.

He gave a strangled gasp. The surrounding tightness was totally unlike anything he'd felt before. Then she squeezed, and his entire body bucked. "Tina!" He squeaked her name.

In response, her massive hand slid up his chest and wrapped around his neck, the heavy curve of her thumb claw pressing into the underside of his chin. "No." She growled. "I gave you plenty of time. We made sure Angelica wouldn't use your trigger, so your head was clear when we told you what would happen today."

Steve remained frozen in a mixture of arousal and terror as he starred up into his wife's predatory grin. When had whites of her eyes turned black? She worked the thick sleeve of muscle up and down his ramrod stiff cock. Milking it as each movement drew pressure into the base of his dick. "You didn't protest, not even a little whimpered no. So, we're not stopping. You request us to be more aggressive in bed once. Today that desire is granted."

She thrust down hard, her femcock swallowing every millimeter of his dick. The little dam burst and he spurted up into her. Steve sagged in her grip, chest heaving.

"Did my Good Girl enjoy that? Her very last male orgasm." Tina's grin redoubled as she seized his shoulder and began to thrust against him with a steady rhythm.

The now familiar euphoric excitement washed through Steve, but it couldn't dislodge the impact of Tina's last sentence. "L-L-Last?" He asked.

"Does the Good Girl finally understand?" Tina laughed, "Your Queen is done with Steve. We command you to be our good girl!"

With each use of the GG phrase Steve felt his cock dwindled within hers, the pleasure of its entrapment growing more intense the smaller it got. Stars danced in his vision as his paws paddled at the air.

"A Good Girl doesn't waste their time on pipe dream startups." Tina laughed, high and inhuman, "Our Good Girl doesn't ignore their Queen for a week because she's in a funk. The Good girl doesn't expect her Queen to do all the goddamn house work."

Down to mere nub of a cock, guilt mixed with the brain breaking pleasure waves that raced through Steve's body and curled his very toes. "S-sorry!" He ground out as he writhed beneath her.

"Sorry? Haahahah!" Her laugh turned mocking. "It is too late for sorry naknak-hee! Because you're going to be a Good Girl! A slutty, giggly maid."





Steve yelped as one testicle escaped his scrotum and up into his body cavity.

"A Good Girl who puts time into looking femmy and fuckable."

The other ball joined the first, and the pair tunneled up away from each other, pushing kidneys and intestines out of the way.

"Our Good Girl, who adores being the pet she is. Under our control."

Flesh gave way and Steve felt the tip of the femcock slip past the tiny nub his dick had become. Inside him. His back arched as he clenched around her! Spawning an entirely new dimension of bliss and relief. Spreading his legs, he urged to her press deeper.

"There..." Tina cooed. "Good girl, you like this. Yes you do. Good Girl. Admit it now! Good girl, Speak!"

"Oh god yes!" Steve cried out as the massive penis tunneled up through him, striking the edge of his still forming womb. The touch rang out through him, triggering a cascading avalanche of orgasm. A howl burst from Steve's lips as the vivid pink tentacles shot out their hiding places to wrap around Tina's thighs and try to pull her even deeper.

Tina slowed her thrusts to the point Steve could feel the flared edges of her cock's head.

"No! Faster. Please Tina. Don't stop." Steve heard himself plead.

She did not answer his pleas, instead laughing softly and leaning down to capture Steve's lips with a sloppy kiss. "No need to hurry Good Girl. We promise once the game is won, we will make you into our Good Girl... Permanently."

The P word hit Steve with the force of a nuclear-powered slap. His entire body jerked and his new pussy spasmed hard around Tina's dick, but she did not flinch. Her predatory eyes watched Steve's widen in shock as all the implications of living like this fantasy spun out in his mind. "P-p-permanently?!" He sputtered; the sheer terror punched through all the arousal. "No! You wouldn't."

"Good girl, you'll beg for it." She said without a laughter or humor, simple predatory intensity.

"No!" He barked. Thrusting out with his paws, he broke her grip and struck her in the chest. Steve had never considered himself partially strong, but he remained large and it took muscle move his bulk. The blow knocked Tina to the side, letting Steve scramble out of bed.

Growling, Tina's pawhand seized him by the tail and pulled him back. Panicked, he turned, swinging out with his paw. Rearing backwards, she caught the paw and jerked him toward her. Steve's vision went dark as she enveloped his head in her pawhand. His one free paw





SHRINK



PLAP
PLAP

PLAP



tried futilely to pry open her grip as she bore him to the mattress. Teeth captured the paw and bit down.

Steve yelped and jerked his paw away, pulling it to his chest. Each breath issuing a keening whine of surrender, muffled slightly by the pad pressed firmly to his mouth. His heart thundered in his ears, but it was barely louder than the howling arousal in his loins. The brief tussle seemed to have directed the blood into his sex and the sensitive skin of his bitch's spade stretched taunt as it swell.

Tina's whiskers tickled his ear as she laughed into it, a soft human chuckle. "Oh, did we find the line? Which is it? The gall of being a servant or the impossibility of hiding what you've become if the magic never fades?"

"Mmmph!" Steve tried to protest.

The pressure of the pads on face increased. "Don't bother telling me. We're destroying Steve today, regardless."

A pad traced the line of rock hard nipples down Steve's torso and set him squirming anew. "Oh my, what is all this? We haven't even said the magic words." She asked, petting the lips of his swollen spade and Steve shivered as a small tremor of an orgasm expelled a small gush of juice. "Haha. All this time and we never figured out how much you like it rough. Did 'I'm too tired tonight' actually mean take me by force?" Pushing Steve's head harder down into the mattress, she treated each nipple to a harsh nip. The sharp pain made him jump each time, and clawed at her wrists, but the dull claws did little more than comb Tina's shaggy fur. Worse, she had him dead to rights. His spade burned like the sun, along with his cheeks and ears.

She released his head and Steve gasped at the suddenly available oxygen supply. Lifting his head, he found Tina on her knees, licking her chops. Her pseudo cock had pulled back and widened into a drooling slit that she traced with a single claw. Deliberately, she straddle on of Steve's legs and grasped the other with one hand. "Tell me you are a Good Girl."

"I'm a good girl!" Steve answered as his tail desperately attempt wag against the bed sheets. A voice in his head told him he was pathetic to crumple so easily but he couldn't stop himself from adding. "I'm your good girl, my Queen. My liege. My love. Please."

"Gooooood Girl." Tina growl in approval and then tittered as she slid her thick black sex against Steve's swollen red spade. With that last utterance and the kiss of their netherlips the change spread outward.

Grasping Steve's leg, Tina ground their sexes together, chanting, "Be a good girl. Be a good girl." With every stroke.

Steve's lips stretched out in a gaping O and whimper along, Ima gud gurl! Ima gud gurl! Paws kneaded his too hard nipples as soft flesh swelled beneath them. Tina's long tail curled around Steve's waist and squeezed as it narrowed. Their words devolved to the howls and pants of beasts as they rocked their hips together.





Still, Steve's body continued to feminize, either still catching up with their combined chants or mental chant that circled in Steve's head fueling the magic. His voice cracked mid-howl and shifted to a dainty awwooo as his strong chin eased. With a whispered floof his short cropped hair grew out to long mane.

"N-n-n-nak Naak!" Tina bent her head to Steve's shrinking foot as pleasure ripped through them both. With a shaky laugh, she relented and pulled herself away from Steve. Rolling on to her back, she grinned, tongue lolling out the side of her muzzle. "See?" She said after a moment to catch her breath, "Isn't it better this way?"

Steve had no coherent comment, aftershocks still wracking his body. "Oh gods," His voice high and sounding like a completely different person in his head. Hefting one set of breasts experimentally and peering down at the second pair, beyond them sat the six small bitch tits on his stomach. Tina's tail covered the lowest set, her brown shaggy fur contrasted with the strip of white fur that threaded up between his breasts. It all felt absurdly good, Tina's softness against the sensitive nipples and the warm glow that basked his curvy body. It just the magic, he told himself, its fucking with my head. A part husky woman is still a freak not... pretty.

He forced himself turn his attention to Tina, still flat on her back, muzzle hanging over the foot of the bed. Her two full breasts slumping to the sides of her chest as it rose and fell. Her pseudo penis midway between pussy and shaft mode.

"Satisfied?" Steve asked. "I'm all girly now and I'm feeling pretty wrecked."

Her body shook with a silent laugh. "No. The royal pet must be presentable." Then she called out. "Oh Angelica! It's your turn with her."

"Finally!" The door opened to reveal Angelica in all her winged glory, wearing nothing but a collar. Her eyes shined with eagerness as they fixed on Steve. "Is my good girl ready for her grooming appointment?"

The phrase shot a bit of caffeine into Steve's spine and he perked up. Then spotted the leash and collar in Angelica's hands as she advanced. Would she be taking him for a walkie? The thought made his tail thump against the mattress. Where had that come from? He wondered, shaking his head to clear out the intrusive thought.

"Uh.. Uh. I can wash myself." Steve protested, hustling to stand as Angelica walked up.

"You're a dog. You can't trust a dog to clean themselves. Even good girls will roll in the first puddle they find if you're not paying attention."

Steve shivered with the praise as Angelica threaded the collar around his neck and clipped the leash. Walkies! Eagerness bubbled up inside of him. Docilely, he followed out into the living area before he applied the brakes. "I-I uh, I don't need to be groomed."





She turned and grabbed a lock of hair that cascaded past his shoulders. "This needs a trim and style." Yanking on the leash, she pulled him close and grabbed at Steve's sex. A finger up stole up inside him. The sudden pleasure pushed Steve up on his tip toes. There was a tiny twinge of violation, but a want for her to go deeper shouted far louder. "And you're all wet. Besides..." Angelica leaned over and licked across of Steve's topmost breast. "It's my turn to make you howl. Now heel like a Good Girl."



CHAPTER 12

Steve was still tripping over itself by the time he faced the apartment's clawed tub. A scaffold of metal poles had been setup, so one ran across the length of the tub, about two feet above the lip. Steve recognized what the cobbled together setup was supposed to represent, a groomer's station, where you clip a short lead to prevent the dog from moving around too much.

"In you go." Angelica patted him on the bum.

Trying to avoid another GG, Steve obeyed. The bar's position forced him to squat beneath it. Angelica nudged his shoulder, and he toppled forward onto his paws and knees. The motion jolted his heavy breasts and their swing stirred his body with a fresh wave of arousal. His tail flipped upward and his tentacles slid from their hiding places and reached toward Angelica.

A carabiner clicked as Angelica secured his lead to the bar. She caught one of the vivid pink tentacles as it tried to wrap around her wrist. "Why, you dirty girl. Are you trying to distract me with that needy scent and these?"

"N-no!" Steve stammered as Angelica squeezed the tip of the tentacle with her fingers and his words unraveled, reducing him to a plaintive whine. The tentacle itself, tender and sensitive, not like Steve's slick inner walls but still akin to a ridiculously long nipple. The sensation mixed with the tug of gravity on his breasts and strange radiant rightness that emanated from the paw pads bearing his weight. Completely overwhelmed, Steve's thoughts scattered.

Angelica didn't see the glazing of Steve's eyes or the way his black full lips went slack. Her eyes were focused on the tentacle tip. Feline nostrils flared.

"Smells sooo..." she whispered to herself as brought the tip to her lips. It eagerly slid through them. Angelica closed her eyes and suckled eagerly on it as her free hand squeezed her fully extended knot. The other tentacle found her tit and swiftly encircled it.

Steve's nipples burned with jealousy and her sex plumped in anticipation. Instinctively, she thrust her spade high into the air. That cock, that knot. She remembered it, she wanted it.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" were the sounds Angelica made as the tentacles guided her to the rear of the tub. She came as her thigh bumped against the tub's rim, a stream of white, ropery cum arching onto Steve's furry thighs.

With a sucking pop, she pulled the tentacle from her mouth with a gasp.



"Bad girl!" She managed between panting breaths. "You're a bad girl!"

The words sent a spike of ice through Steve's heart, and she flinched. The tentacles whipped through the air as they withdrew into her lower back. She protested with a rolling babble of jumbled canine sounds.

"Don't you sass me!" Angelica growled. "Trying to distract me will not get you out of this. God, you really are a husky."

Steve whined and wriggled his still needy dog cunt.

"No." Angelica said, as she took the shower, head down and turned on the water. "I am not getting tied to you." She let the water spray run over her fingers for a moment before adding, "Right now. I have to make you all pretty for her highness."

Ignoring the Steve's whines, she turned the water on her, spraying with professional ease. Steve tried to back out of the way of the stream, but the leash and the smallness of the tub prevented escape. The warm water took the overwhelming arousal down a notch.

"I don't understand why I'm so sensitive to scents." Angelica groused as she up tended a bottle of shampoo and squirted a line down Steve's spine. "The card was busy mouth, not over sexed nose. It's not fair that both your and Tina's scent toss my brain out my ear holes. It make more sense if you were both cats. This game makes very little sense."

As she talked, her hands expertly worked the shampoo into Steve's skin and fur. The touch was businesslike and non-sexual but wonderful all the same. He released little happy howls as the hands found sensitive areas, her ears, the underside of her breasts and the flesh that concealed her tentacles.

"Oh, you like that, do you? Good girl." Angelica said as she moved toward Steve's tail. It scattered her words back into the ether but Steve was beyond the point of caring. Her spade still ached, and she yelped when Angelica neared it.

"I better do something about that or you're going to muss all that fur before I get it trimmed." She said, then quieter, "Or I'm also going to need a grooming."

Steve liked that idea, lowering her head to the drain and presenting herself for a good fucking.

"You're such a slut Steve." Angelica laughed, "Maybe I can give you a little treat."

I'm not a slut! Steve blinked as the first words thought crossed Steve's mind since Angelica had grabbed a tentacle.

The winged leopard retrieved a black case from among her tools and present it to Steve. "I've had this for a while. More as a joke than anything. I can't take anything half as large up the rear, but





you'll like it, won't you girl? They call it the Cerberus." Angelica displayed a Cheshire grin as she flipped the case open. Steve's eyes widened as the light shined off the contents, a massive cherry red canine silicon cock. A foot long, including the knot, thicker than Tina and Angelica combined. "Now bend over Good Girl."

Steve whimpered in both fear and excitement as Angelica circled around to the rear of the tub. Without ceremony, Angelica lifted the flagging tail and shoved the Cerberus into the swollen canine sex. Steve howled as her swollen bits were suddenly filled and then stretched to their limit.

"About halfway, not bad," Angelica commented. Then she turned it on.

Steve's perceptions exploded as the bathroom reverberated with a buzz that rivaled the roared of a chainsaw. Muscles spasmed, neurons firing randomly. The vibrations swept through Steve's body too fast to register as either pleasure or pain, blasting over all her previous expectations. She screamed out a single atonal note. "AAAAAaaaaaaa!" As her lungs reached empty, the white hot sensation cooled down to a drone of ecstasy oscillating through her body. Already down on her elbows, she covered her mouth with her paws and made soft whimpers into her pads.

"Ooops." Angelica's voice cooed, "Probably should have started with a setting below the big bang. Anyway, shall we if that loosened you up?"

"Mmmh!" Steve exclaimed with perfect clarity as the buzzing phallus shoved deeper into her internal organs. As the vibrating silicon stretched her still new walls to their absolute limit, it touched off a quivering explosion that cascaded into another, until her nethers were like a Chinese firecracker, a string of uncoordinated flashes of pleasure. Her paws dug at the side of the ceramic tub as she collapsed. "Ah ah ah ah! AAAH!" Everything clenched once and the Cerberus popped out of her like a cork on a shaken Champaign bottle.

"Did you enjoy your treat?" Angelica gazed down on Steve from seemingly miles over head.

"Uh huh," Steve responded, so limp that she couldn't really feel her limbs and really didn't care one way or another.

A door opened and Steve twitch an ear at Tina's voice. "Are you murdering my husband in here?"

Angelica's voice dropped to a whisper. "Just applying a behavioral correction, your highness. She should be sated for an hour or two."

"Is he...?"

"She'll be fine. This is your idea, remember. Now sod off and let me work. You'll like it. I promise. She will too."

The door closed.

Chuckling, Angelica reappeared in Steve's view, her horns





glinting in the light. The massive wings fluttered once, stirring the air. "Your wife's a marshmallow dom. Too late for cold paws now." Her eyes rolled. "Well, not really. We could stop here, but then we wouldn't get to see how this goes and I'm hella curious."

At the moment, Steve was about as conversational as a wall and stared up at Angelica uncomprehendingly.

"Glad I used a break away collar. Now get up. We have to finish your shampoo."

Listlessly, Steve slowly climbed back to her paws and knees. Swathed in a layer of afterglow and exhaustion, she was content to let Angelica's roaming hands lather up her hips and tail, then rinse.

The loudness of the blow dryer stirred her a little, as did Angelica's sparsely used good girls.

"Good thing you don't have full body coverage yet or this would take forever." Angelica chatted at Steve as combed out the white fur, telling a few outlandish stories about unruly dogs she groomed. With her nethers sore and sated, Steve complied with her instructions. After all, she was a good girl. The appearance of scissors stirred some weariness, but soft praise and treat, a crunchy one, convinced her to let Angelica work. In particular, Steve liked the shaping she gave her paws, cutting back the fluff, so they didn't look quite so comically large.

Then things took a turn towards services that were not generally included by pet groomers. Tina's collection of nail polish and make up appeared.

"Wait... I don't need..." Steve mustered up the words after a long silence.

"Don't you want to see how pretty you can be?" Angelica paused her squinting at the various colors to scratch Steve's ear.

She was so deep into this, a pearl of curiosity had formed toward the end result. Yet, one thing still stuck in her craw. "Tina said... Tina said, she'd make this permanent."

"Oh, she did, did she?" Angelica purred, leaning down to nuzzle Steve's cheek. "Make up, hair styling and nail polish is never permanent. Don't you worry. We're all having a bit of fun. Gimmie your paw."

Steve did so, and she shoved large wedges of foam between her digits.

"We have four turns left. Four more changes, not counting extra cards. Think how monstrous Tina's going to be at the end of that as the Yeen Queen." Angelica said as shook up a bottle of vivid pink nail polish. "You think Tina's going to want to live like that forever? She doesn't have gonads. If she makes this last a year, I'll be surprised." She reached out to cradle one of Steve's breasts, thumbing the nipple.

That simple touch, sparked a fresh desire within the midsts of





Steve's aching parts.

"It's me you have to worry about making this all permanent." Angelica spread one wing, it reached the door. "For what is worth, you make for a very, very good girl."

"Really?" Steve heard herself ask, tail starting to wag.

"Hun. It's taking sooo much willpower not to start sucking on each of these nipples and work my way down to your cute little cunt."

They stared at each other. Angelica licked her lips as Steve's thoughts split into two parallel streams.

One went, no no no no no.

The other, yes, yes, yes, Yes! Fuck me.

Angelica looked away and uncapped the nail bottle. "But then we ruin the whole grooming and I want to see what Tina's got planned." The moment passed as she applied the nail polish. Then, as that dried, Angelica did Steve's hair, collecting the whiter strands at the temples and side into two long braids that reached down below the first set of breasts, while the darker grey formed bangs and waves down her back. Bit of lipstick and Angelica paused with the eye shadow pencil to squint at Steve's left eye before continuing.

It all comes off, Steve reminded himself throughout the process, even as the impatience to see the result built with every minute.

"All done!" Angelica finally declared. "Now that's a makeover."

Steve sprang up from the toilet where she'd been seated, intending to rush over the mirror above the sink. A wing swiftly blocked her view.

"Not till you're dressed!" Angelica gestured toward the door.

Steve whined, but the purple and black plumage did not budge. With a huff, she attempted to stride out of the bathroom. Fumbling with the knob broke the momentum.

Once outside, the fall of Tina's jaw almost justified this ordeal? Process? Whatever this was. Steve had never seen Tina's eyes roam her body like that.

Giggling excitedly, Tina declared, "You are absolutely adorable! Oh My God! You are going to smash brains once we get you dressed." Tina pounced Steve, muzzle thrusting forward to meet her lips.

"Don't muss her makeup!" Angelica cried from the bathroom and Tina diverted her lips at the last second, wrapping Steve in a crushing hug. Her tail joined in, wrapping tightly around Steve's leg.

"I love it!" Tina said, stepping back, her predatory eyes shined, her spikey crest looking taller somehow. "How to do you feel?"





"Like..." Steve's tail gave a tentative wag. "Like a good girl?"

Tina let out a cackle, "Ha haaaah! Like a gorgeous girl, you mean. You have no idea how long I've dreamed of this. Come with me!"



CHAPTER 13

Tina took Steve's paw and led her across the apartment to their bedroom. During that short traversal, several realizations hit Steve with the force of hammers. First, Tina was so excited she'd broken her royal speech compulsion. Second, she'd dreamed of her husband becoming a woman? This wasn't just her playing a domination game, this was a fulfillment of a fantasy. That meant, that meant... Steve's ponderings ground to an inconclusive halt as they passed into the bedroom. She beheld ground zero of an explosion of an extensive wardrobe. On the bed lay a rainbow of stockings and a dozen double bras. Maid uniforms of some type or other covered the rest of the available surfaces.

No! Pretty! Twin thoughts burst into Steve's mind and she hooked a paw on the doorway, breaking out of Tina's grip.

She turned and looked into Steve's face as it trembled with internal conflict. The colors, the shapes all drew her attention and curiosity. Particularly the bedsheet that had been tossed over the full-length mirror. Yet a dizzying fear held her, as if she were peering over a sheer cliff. Something about this all marked a point of no return. More than any of the magical changes that the game had wrought on her thus far. An enormous but indistinct pressure built within the bedrock of Steve's being. In this room, it would crack. That terrified her... him?

Yet, Steve still wanted to see what lay beneath that mirror. So badly. Needed to see. The want and fear warred, rendering words to indistinct whines as Tina placed one massive hand behind Steve's back and gently pulled.

"You cannot wear anything but clothes such as these." Tina's speech regained its formality, and she chuckled. "Your Queen will bestow a uniform upon you." She steered Steve toward the bed and called, "Angelica, would you care to assist?"

Angelica swiftly stepped into the room, the tip of her tail practically wagging with excitement. "Yes, my queen."

"You will dress our maid as we desire, and she will be a good girl for us or she will be punished." Tina nipped just short of Steve's ear, teeth clicking together.

Steve eeped and shivered from the juxtaposition of the trigger words with punishment. "I'm a good girl."



Tina licked the rim of the ear with the very tip of her tongue. "We shall see what you are in a few moments." With that, she retreated to Steve's small desk and sat on top of it, spreading her legs to display her very erect femcock.

Angelica approached with an authoritative sashay, one hand on her swaying hips, perfectly counter balanced by her swinging tail. Steve watched her with a sense of unavoidable sexy doom. She carefully plucked a pair of lacy white panties and held them up for Tina's judgement.

The Queen shook her head. "No panties. They will be in the way. Go to the garter belts first."

With a nod, Angelica selected a matching hip hugging lace garment. With a Tina's approval, she held them open for Steve to step into and then cinched it her waist. The first step in a dance performed in absolute silence, aside from Tina's occasional chortles of approval. Crisp pink stockings with white paws running down their sides came next. As Angelica clipped them to the garter belt, Steve breathed deeply. That pressure swelling within her head. A white double bra came next and although the sudden support of her heavy breasts took a welcome load off her back but, it didn't help at all with her the growing mental weight. She felt as if she were in a chamber filled with water up to her neck and, with each article of clothing, the water inched higher. Angelica's soft hands lingered over Steve's curves. Her lips and tongue stole kisses when they neared bare skin, transmitting affection.

Tina watched with shining, excited eyes, her tail occasionally smacking against the wall as it waved about behind her. Her own breasts rose and fell with rapid, lusty breaths.

A slip with a V all the way down to Steve's waist came next, spilt in the back so the skirt fell around her tail. The lacy hem stopped short of her knees. Steve began to pant as Angelica lowered the dress over her head. Its color matched the vivid pink of her claw polish and her tentacles. Tentacles that began to squirm in their internal pockets. Still more layers were added, the tiny white apron, pink lace cuffs tied around her wrists, ribbon decorated the tassels of her twin braids.

Steve could barely breathe when Tina stood. She walked toward the covered mirror, her tail encircling Steve's waist and pulling her along behind her. Steve made soft whining noises but couldn't bring herself resist being repositioned.

"Good girl." Tina whispered as her tail released Steve in front of the mirror. "Few more things." Tina bent and hooked a pair of pink four-inch heels from the top of her dresser with two laid them in front of Steve.

"Please... I..." Steve's vision blurred with tears. The internal pressure had grown to a point her skull threatened to explode. Stealing a glance behind her revealed Angelica blocking the way to the exit, holding a lace maid cap in her hands. Finally, Tina clipped a two-inch-thick white sparkling dog collar around her neck.





Even if she ran, where would she go? Tina wanted her to see this. If she stopped the game, she'd still be... a good girl for a month. Stopping the game... would ruin everything. She had to see what Tina had dreamed of.

The shoes looked far too small, even so, her white clad foot slipped into it. Tina steadied her when she wobbled, lifted the other foot. Nobody breathed as she pushed her heel down into the leather's grip. The heels were not anything Steve would term comfy, but they fit. Angelica placed the cap on Steve's head and pinned it to her hair.

Tina's tore the bedsheet away from the mirror with a magician's flourish.

Steve beheld the image in its silver surface and felt herself crack.

That wasn't... it couldn't be. The creature, who looked back with wide, panicked eyes, bore no resemblance to Steve. This woman had to have just stepped off the stage of a kinky cosplay stage. Her soft rounded features, wide eyes, fluffy paws and sharp ears that protruded through her waves of hair embodied cuteness. While the uniform frilly edges spoke of a magical girl's innocence but its color shouted something else. A bright and aggressive pink drew the eyes to the shortness of the skirt. Lines of white embroidery pulled the gaze upward to a top that struggled to contain her four breasts, their cleavage visible through a long diamond-shaped window reinforced with the crisscrossing of thin black ribbon. Little black bows were tied over the position of each of the covered stomach nipples. Other details that hinted what lurked beneath the fabric. Cute at first glance, but the more one stared at the outfit, the louder it became. The pink paws print of the stocking walked up the outside of her calves but crossed behind the knees to march up her inner thighs.

"What do you think?" Tina asked softly.

"I'm... so pretty." Steve blinked and so did the sexy husky woman in the mirror. A nervous grin grew on the woman's face as the edges of her nostrils darkened. Experimentally, she raised a paw and pressed on a breast until it threatened to pop out of the low-cut dress. She felt the compression of her flesh and marveled at how that could be. Yes, the magic had feminized Steve, but there was no way that woman could be Steve. Steve couldn't have hair that belonged in a shampoo commercial, dog or human. Steve never had a smile that beamed like hers. The fluffy tail wagged slowly but confidently behind this woman. Steve's mirrored it and began to wonder who was who's reflection.

"Do you like the dress?" Angelica asked.

Steve turned to the side and ran a paw over the curve of her hip. "Yes... It's a bit slutty though." The woman in the mirror's red lips moved with the high but rich voice that Steve had squeaked and stammered with for the past hour or more. She used it with confidence. It fit her. She laughed, cheeks coloring, and she hid them behind her paws, hunching slightly. Mischief brightened her eyes. Her left iris turned from brown to blue. The pose struck her and she tittered anew over how cute the emote





was. Steve had never been cute, maybe handsome if you squint, but never cute. He'd also never say, "Then again... I'm a huge fucking slut." The woman in the mirror whispered it into her pads and the blush spread up to the inside of her ears and the tail sped up to a blur, wiggling her curved buttocks along with it. She glanced over her shoulder to confirm that her tail indeed move in synch with the one in the mirror. The mirror wasn't magic, and a flush of happiness bubbled up through her. She took the first full breath she had since Tina had pounced on Steve, tipped her head back, and howled. She wasn't Steve anymore, was she? The mirror husky woman was her.

Still not entirely convinced, she smiled at the mirror and declared, "I am a big fucking slut!" To demonstrate, she slapped her own ass and watched the wave travel down her meaty leg. Take that Steve! She crowed mentally, giggling madly. She turned away from the mirror and bent over, extending her tentacles to flip up the back of her skirt and expose her spade nestled among the neatly trimmed white fluff. "I want all the cocks right in here while I lap at all the pussies with my tongue!" She called out while peering through her legs. Yes, Steve would never, ever say something like that.

"See!" Tina clapped her hands together. "I knew you would enjoy this, Steve."

"I'm not Steve!" the lewd husky maid barked, almost yipped as she whipped up to standing position, "I'm a good girl." But that didn't seem to cover it. She resolved to be everything Steve was too scared to be. After all, she wasn't him, didn't have his family or his friends to worry about. Just Tina and Angelica. She could be whatever they wanted her to be and more. "I'm Steph!"

"You know what else you are?" Tina's laugh gained a sinister edge as she stood and stretched, reaching her paws high overhead. A yawn showed off Tina's powerful teeth before the paw hands came down on Steph's shoulders and held her tight. "My royal property. Now be a good girl and bend over."

With a gentle shove, Steph stumbled toward the mirror and caught its sides. Tina's massive handpaws encircled her waist and pushed her lower, positioning both so the femcock's tip rested on her spade and the two woman could see each other's eyes in the mirror. A giggle and Tina thrust herself deep into Steph, who gave a small blissful moan. Her long femcock didn't stretch Steph in the same way as Angelica's monstrous toy, but as it began to piston in and out of her pussy, it brought new pleasures. Her inner walls molded themselves around the flared tip. The tags of Steph's collar rhythmically clinked. The strength of the grip around her waist and hunger in Tina's eyes made each thrust an act of possession, a wordless declaration of MINE!

Steph yielded to this with as much enthusiasm as her heart could muster. Screaming, "Yes! Yes! I'm your pet! I'm your good girl!" And howling "Aaaawwwwoooooowww!" with each quaking orgasm.

"Forever!" Tina grasped as her thrusting speed up. "Tell me you're going to be our Good Girl forever. Swear it!"





Steph felt a cold spark of fear well up inside her and stomped on it hard. The fear was Steve's, and she wasn't him! Steph wasn't afraid of being a pet. She was a pet. "I-I-I," As she attempt to answer her queen, a tingling warmth gathered in her lips and tongue. A warning? Still, she pushed through, "I'm your good girl! Mmmmy queen! Alw-w-ways!" Each word brought a minor change, a wet blackness spread across the width of her nose, her front teeth gain predatory points and white fuzz crept down from her ears to cover her cheeks.

Tina marked the oath by slamming deep into Steph's sex and grinding hard against her thick lipped sex. "We accept... your.. Nak-nak...Fealty!" Tina burst, sending a torrent of hot juice into Steph's burning insides.



CHAPTER 14

Tina watched Steve's... Steph's mismatch eyes carefully for any flicker of remorse or resentment as she squeezed out a near a gallon of fluid into her spade. Yet the only emotions those eyes displayed were sheer bliss as they rolled back into her head. The clear femcum came gushed out around Tina's black shaft and splashed onto the bedroom carpet. Steph's face had become a step more dog like when she'd sworn that oath. What did that mean? Tina would worry about it later. Pulling out her still stiff femcock, she let Steph fall down to her knees and pant into the floor.

There was no stopping Tina's victorious cackle as she watched her former disaster of a husband shiver, trying to pull herself back together. Gnats of guilt buzzed around Tina's mind. She knew she probably shouldn't push this hard, but once Steve and husky maid entered the same sentence Tina couldn't stop herself. She had to see it, make it true. A Tina without the damn royal we speech compulsion would have been more tender about it but she had to admit being a mean dom had a certain amount of satisfaction. Hopefully, this would prevent Steph from stopping the game prematurely, which had been Tina's largest fear when Steve drew such a femmy deck. Course Steve couldn't even tell her to stop bullying him, so maybe becoming a husky maid had been some sort of deeply buried fantasy. If she let herself ponder that deeply, she'd giggle herself hoarse.

While she could do without the laughter and noble complex, Tina loved the physical changes to her body. She stroked herself idly with a thumb as she lifted her gaze to examine her second pet, Angelica.

The feline watched Steph with a half smile, tail swinging behind her ankles, red cock peeking halfway from its sheath. Tina pondered inviting her to have a turn with Steph but they get knotted. Getting stuck might knock Steve from her Steph head space. Who knew what the next turn could do? With it only a few hours away, Tina decided she'd enjoy her time on top while she could.

"On your feet doggy girl." Tina accent the command by administering a hard swat to Steph's bottom with her long tail.

Steph yelped in surprise, then hurried to obey, "Yes, my glorious Queen." She whimpered as she fought to stand up on those heels. Legs wobbled, and her arms lifted to the side as she found her balance.

"Be a very good girl and thank Angelica for making you so pretty. Kiss her." Tina instructed.



Angelica shot her a look that plainly asked, what are you up to now?

Steph put way too much energy into her first step and stumbled forward with a yelp. Angelica skipped forward and caught her, stabilizing them both with a half flap that sent several sets of panties tumbling across the bed.

"Careful there, puppy girl." Angelica laughed as she helped Steph straighten up, then blinked when she found herself nearly nose to nose with the panting dog woman. The heels nearly equaled their heights. "Going to need more practice in those shoes before you can skip in them."

In response Steph closed her eyes and leaned in to sniff at Angelica's cheek. "I can smell you now." Steph voice had a distant, dreamy quality, "You smell real nice. I'm gonna kiss you."

Angelica had no objections to that. Her eyes flicked towards Tina before tilting her head to receive Steph's offered lips. The kiss started tender but quickly deepened, Angelica pushing Steph's head back as their mouths worked together. Tina felt a flush of heat roil through her as she watched lust build between them. A tentacle stole out beneath Steph's skirt, curled once around Angelica's spotted thigh and slithered up under her tail.

The kiss broke as Angelica threw back her head to moan. Steph did not dwell on the loss of lips and aggressively began to lick and nibble her way down Angelica's front. Unsurprisingly to Tina, Steph lavished attention on Angelica's breasts until she forcefully pushed the dog woman down to towards her cock. That left Angelica to lick her own fingers as Steph sucked on the red rocket with far more enthusiasm than skill. Thanks to the tentacle through she didn't need anything more than that. An orgasm dropped Angelica to her knees and Steph followed her down, tail wagging as if the spunk were the most delicious treat in all the land.

"Good Girl!" Tina called out. "Suck her hard. Wiggle that tentacle more, get it real deep!"

Steph redoubled her efforts, the tentacle making an audible squirking sounds as it writhed. Angelica yowled like an alley cat, as she fell backwards with an awkward one wings flap.

Giggling, Tina repositioned herself on the side of the bed, closest to Angelica. Steph still eagerly assaulting Angelica's cock with her tongue despite the purple spotted hands making a weak attempt to push her off.

"Steph. That is enough. Stop." Tina forcefully shoved Steph's head aside with the pads of her foot paw. The dog woman continued to lap at the air as Angelica breathed a sigh of relief. As she lifted her head to gaze down at Steph, Tina placed her other foot paw on the bridge of Angelina's nose and forced her head against the carpet. The cards had extended Tina's feet and swelled her toes into clawed paws, but they were dainty compared to her hands. Tina spread her toes to maximize their scent, hoping if the fragrance wasn't enough to plunge her into sub space, she'd decide to play along.





Angelica inhaled deeply through her nose and gave a little shiver.

"That's right, taste the scent of your queen. Pets love the scent of their queen. Yes. Smell us more." Tina's commanding voice broke into snicker as both women responded to the command. Steph shook herself and took a tentative sniff of Tina's toes, recoiled a little before returning for a full inhale with flaring nostrils, her eyelids drooping. Angelica gave a half defiant side eye before her tongue stole out to wrap around a clawed toe. Another lick, a panted breath, and her lips closed around the toe.

"Good girls." Tina cooed, raising her feet. Her pets followed, rolling up onto their knees as their tongues. "Clean your Queen."

With each lick and suckle, the pair fell deeper into their task. Angelica's rough tongue slowly combed up the length of Tina's foot while Steph's bathed every inch of hers with wet warmth. Tina's own tongue lolled as she eased into the contrasting attention of her pet lovers. She mumbled encouragements and praise as they slowly climbed her legs. Then she whined with arousal as they nipped and nibbled her inner thighs. By the time they reached the base of her cock she was already feeling a lake of her fem cum pooling within her. Steph and Angelica passed sly glances between them, synchronizing the strokes of their tongues as they transition from fur to rigid black flesh.

Tina screamed as they simultaneously licked up along her entire length, "Yiiiiiii!" One side slick, the other rough. She spurted as they kissed either side of her flared head. Then they curled their pink mouth muscles around the width of the shaft, slick, rough, slick, rough, all the way up and down again. Tina could only cling to the mattress she sat on and struggle to breathe as the pair traded off swallowing down the copious fluid that fountained out of her and playing with the absurdly sensitive ball like sacs that swelled at base of her black cock. As the pumping well of fluid finally ran dry, the focused pleasure spread upwards into Tina's body, transitioning to body bucking organisms as her shaft shrank down into a needy slit.

The pets showed her zero mercy, alternating the textures of her tongues as they thrust into her and pressed against her inner walls. Each probing lap kicked off new tremors within her.

"Eeee! Eeeee! AHHH! HAHAHA!" Tina laughed uncontrollably as her body spasmed, throwing her back onto the bed. Too much! Far too much! Thrashing, she kicked away, rolling up onto her hands and knees.

The pets scrambled up onto the bed after her. Angelica sweeping up under her swinging tail, pushing it upward, hugging its girth so it arched over back.

"Heeeee!" Tina exhaled as the tapered canine cock pierced her already tortured sex. Her body thrust back against it, driving it deep. Her mind screamed for her to stop; the pets were out of control but the sentiment ran headlong to a savage want to take all they offered. The Queen would not cry for mercy.

Steph hastened to position herself in front of her Queen.





Whatever her plan had been, Tina ruined it grabbing hold of a thick thigh and flipping the now very rumpled maid onto her back. Tina drove her muzzle between Steph's legs and raked her tongue across the swollen folds. So sweet. One lick wasn't enough. She licked again and again, timing them with Angelica's thrusts, transmitting their force through her body.

When Tina lifted her muzzle to steal a breath, tentacles shot out from Steph's skirt and wrapped around Tina's head, trying futile to force her blunt muzzle into her spade. In response, Tina switched from licking to sucking hard on the soft flesh. Steph tentacles fell away as she howled.

Tina giggled to herself. If Steph thought she'd gotten an upper tentacle, she was wrong. Angling her body lower, Tina forced Steph legs farther apart to better drive her tongue up into Steph's hidden clit. Yet she had to pause to howl out her own pleasure and surprise as Angelica knot drove her malleable sex wide. She clenched in reply and Angelica yowled as her dog cock released a surge of delicious hotness within.

One down. She resumed her tasting of her husband's succulent lady parts and did not stop until she was nothing but a whimpering mess.



CHAPTER 15

Steve woke encircled by Tina's monstrous arms. A pleasant tightness around his middle as her long head rested on his breasts. Slowly, she squeezed him tighter, verging into discomfort. He pawed at her nose but she didn't stir, the pressure continuing to increase.

"Tina!" He whined, shoving at her face, but she only responded with a low chuckle. "Wake up." Steve pleaded as breathing became a struggle against her strength.

"Honey please." He gasped.

No response.

"Y-your highness! I-I beg!"

She grinned and Steve heard the tearing of fabric.

His eyes snapped open as he finally took a full breath. The familiar texture of the apartment ceiling greeted him. Shifting, he felt cum stiffened fabric pull on his densely furred nether regions. Looking down, he found a swath of loose fabric where his breasts had been while the corseted waist had split down the side by his swelling belly. Passing his paw over his head confirmed that the long hair and braid had fallen back into the ether of the magic.

Ugh, He thought to himself, disappointed as the last of the trigger induced changes faded. Back to being a fat bastard. Although maybe... He turned his head to find Tina slumbering peacefully beside him, Angelica's head snuggled just below her breasts. The shaggy pillow that Steve's own head rested upon proved to be Tina's wrist.

Steph would pounce her, lick her face and demand to be called a good girl until all this ugly maleness went away.

I'm not ugly! Steve protested his own thoughts and rolled off the bed. Although the mirror did little to support his argument. In a ripped, ill fitting, cum splattered and stiffened dress with smudged makeup he looked like a drag queen after a gang bang. He chuckled at that as he wriggled free of the dress and underthings, biting back yelps as adhered bits pulled on crusty fur. His stomach howled, so he detoured to the kitchen enroute to the bathroom. The paws thwarted his attempt to snatch a breakfast bar quickly. He had to spend minutes pondering how to open the damn wrapper. Finally, he wrapped the handle of their meat cleaver with paper towels until it was thick enough to grasp tightly in the curl of his thick thumblike



digits. Then, with an awkward roll of his wrist, spilt the bar in half, wrapper and all. Huffing in victory as he wolfed down the one of halves of the grainy bar, he didn't notice his black furred lover prowling up behind him.

He yelped as black hands, spotted with purple rosettes, suddenly sprouted beneath his armpits. One snatched up the other half of the bar and the other covered his mouth.

"Sssh." A short fuzzy muzzle nuzzled Steve's cheek, "Don't want to wake her highness." Angelica purred, then popped the purloined snack into her mouth.

"Hey that was mine!" Steve whisper whined.

The muzzle wrinkled as Angelica chewed, "Eeegh, well, I'm considering giving it back. Yuck." Still, she swallowed and then attempted to scrape flavor from her tongue with her teeth.

"Serves you right. Snatching my snack." Steve pawed a second bar onto the cutting board and split it in half with a solid thwack! Angelica flinched.

"I could have done that for you." She offered, sliding over beside him.

Steve growled and flapped a paw in her direction. "These were supposed to be yours. They make everything harder." Sullenly, he picked up a pair of toaster tongs between two digits. One at a time he pick up the wrappers and slid the bar halves out.

"That's why I gave them to you. It's so much cuter to watch somebody else struggle with them." She smiled as he leaned down and ate the bar off the counter. Angelica's amused stare heated his cheeks.

"I'm not in the mood." He said between bar halves, his hunger pangs overriding his dignity.

"Aww, is the puppy grumpy?" She asked, plucking another bar up from the counter and opening it a signal easy motion of her long fingers.

"This puppy is sticky, tired and wants to clean himself up, but a certain kitty won't leave him alone." Steve sniffed and scented a heavy note of arousal entering Angelica's musk. "Because she's triggering herself."

"Takes two to argue. Although if you're not in the mood now, I know a couple words that would fix that." She spoke while slowly sliding the bar from the wrapper and ended the sentence with a sultry lick on its tip.

The suggestion touched off a pang of longing in Steve. Those words could but him back in that state they had put him last night. Where everything made sense. A whispered, "Please..." snuck out his lips. He shook his head and added, "No. Not now... please."

She cocked her head curiously and offered him the bar. A tentative sniff confirm that he was still very hungry, he took a bite.





"I know where you are." She said, "I've been there."

Steve swallowed down a dry bite. "That... She wasn't me." He said before taking another. "I'm not trans."

Angelica said nothing, just let the statement hang as she fed him the rest of the bar. In the silence, the scent of her arousal hadn't faded at all and she pressed two padded fingers against his lips as he chewed the last mouthful.

"Gods, you are cute. Course, I'm a serious sucker for lost puppies." She said as he swallowed, her hand sliding up to his ear where it did this combination of scratching and massage that felt like heaven. "How about we get cleaned up for our Queen? Would you like that?"

Steve gave a tiny nod, and she swept forward, pressing her thin naked body against his thick one as they shared a heady kiss. His paws circled her waist, brushing pinfeathers aside. The tender affection stirred his tail to softly thump against the cabinetry.

Breaking the kiss, Angelica peered over Steve's shoulder at the curly tail. "There we go, Puppy's happy again." She hooked a finger on his collar. "Come on. Let's take a shower, you can help me with these feathers. If you argue with me, I will jump you despite the fact my cock feels like it ran a marathon without me. Oh and," her voice shifted to a sultry purr, "I will happily GG you into puppy slut mode if you ask."

"I... I'll keep that in mind." Steve managed to say.

Showering with Angelica was weird. He and Tina had done it all the time but the casual intimacy of doing it with someone new marked how far they'd come in few days. The weirdness of their bodies encouraged them to explore each other. Angelica couldn't reach the area between her wings at all and clearly enjoyed Steve's lathered up paws working across her back. Her claws combed out tangles of his fur. So different from this morning's styling session, a mutual grooming. Steve did not ask her to GG him, although the desire flared every time he caught his own reflection in the mirror.

Once done, they toweled off. Angelica joked about the body sized hair drier she would have to buy after the game. Steve noted to himself that Angelica sounded like she wanted to make this permanent, too. Although there was an obvious difference, Angelica loved what the changes had done to her body. Tina seemed less enamored of being the Yeen Queen and more focused on good girling him.

Although Tina didn't look uncomfortable in her fur at all as she greeted Steve and Angelica with a sunny grin as they exited the bathroom. She lounged across the length of the couch, the recliner and a kitchen chair pulled up to encircle the coffee table. In the middle of its glass surface sat the stack of No Hands card, their individual decks in front of the seats.

"Noble of both of you to keep so tidy." She laughed, "Although a futile endeavor as it is the appointed time for fuckery."





"Wow, thy royal tongue is back with a vengeance." Angelica circled around to the kitchen chair, pushed it out of the way and knelt down on the floor, propping her elbows on the coffee table.

Tina shrugged, "There must be some class to these proceedings, even the maid is naked. Showing those lewd dangly bits to your queen."

Steve quickly covered himself with a paw. "S-sorry. You want me to get dressed first?"

"No, we shall see what the card hold first. Although we are disappointed that our Kitty-Bird hasn't held you to your promise." Tina chuckled.

"I didn't want to deny you the pleasure, my Queen." Angelica stuck out her tongue in cheeky defiance.

"Naughty pet," Tina giggled affectionately before looking at Steve who stood there, frozen, waiting for the enviable GG. "Now be a good girl and sit."

"Yesum," Steve shivered with excitement and relief. Still, Tina's good girl at least. With that thought, he hurried to obey and looked down at his cards. The face of the Husky Maid grinned up from the cards.

All three of them reached for their decks. Steve's card flipped over as soon as he touched it, as if too eager to wait for his fumbling paws with. Proud Pillows! The card declared with the huskie maid sporting a much enhanced bosom, soft looking fluff spilling out over the top of dress's boob window.

Yes! Went one part of his being, as another recoiled in horror. He didn't want to be a man with big boobs! What would happen when he got good girl? Steph already had two sets of large breasts. The image of breasts too large to see over flitted through his head. On the other paw, they might look very nice.

He announced his card and then looked across at the woman's chests. Angelica's already enhanced once breasts were still smaller than Tina's.

"Just what a puppy girl needs, more padding," Angelica snarked, "Better than mine, dress contrary. Another fucking compulsion."

"To dress contrary, you have to actually wear clothing." Tina snickered through a very wind grin. "I received A Queen's Majestic Battlements."

What did that mean? Both Angelica and Steve peered toward the card in the hope of seeing the illustration to grok the meaning of the term, but to no avail. Tina had already hidden her token behind her hand and a good quarter of the table with it.

"Should we talk this out?" Angelica offered.

"No. We know perfectly well what you are doing." Tina said.

"You do?" Uncertainty flitted over Angelica's face before she nodded and hid her own token.





Steve had no idea what would happen if one mixed dress contrary with being only able to wear maid uniforms. Would that mean he'd be forced to put on the dress upside down and hang the stockings from his ears? That had zero appeal. Sighing, he pointed his token toward Angelica as he assumed Tina had. This would give her another triple change and maybe another enhancement card. Still, he was pretty sure she'd use that against Tina this time.

"Hehehe!" Tina chuckled darkly as the tokens were revealed and he gasped to see her token pointed at him. Angelica had played as expected, pointing her token directly at Tina.

"Its around the world!" A tinny voice exclaimed, along with trumpets sounding off. A card had flipped off the deck and a bursts of light exploded above like tiny fireworks.

Tina plopped a finger tip over the card, dragged it towards her and read it out load. "It's the round the world event! All players have played cards to their right or left without any blocks. To celebrate this peaceful sharing of changes, each player must describe their interpretation of the card's effects. Start with the player with the lowest score and work in the direction of play."

Angelica gave a confused mew as the three of them shared expressions of wary confusion. Finally, she sighed, "Okay Steve, describe what Proud Pillows mean?"

"Uh Huge tits obviously." Steve said.

"Obiiiii-" Angelica grasped, grabbing at her breasts as they surged larger with curious squirking noise. They quivered and swelled beyond the hand's ability to contain them.

"Like enormous, head sized." Steve continued and Angelica swore as her breasts continued to grow. The flesh jiggled until they were the size of melons and the nipples were thick plugs wider than a quarter.

"They're so soft, because they're covered in thick, plush fur." At Steve's bidding, the bare skin of Angelica's breasts, the only part of her left uncovered sprouted dark fur, it covered the breast up to the edge of the areolas. It kept growing, becoming thick and plush. Yet it didn't stop there, it spread down Angelica's belly, coating down to her sheath in plushness. Her cock jutted out in front of the sea of darkness.

Grabbing at her nipples and twisting, she let out rowling cry before gasping, "They so sensitive!!"

"Your proud of them." Steve said, enjoying watching Angelica struggle with an awkward change. "You love them to be touched and petted."

"Why wouldn't I love them? T-they sssso big and ssssoft!" She started kneading them, squeezing them together, the pleasure making her eyelids flutter as she fell into a slack jawed pant. "I like being ssssoft! More!" she squeaked, a jet of cum splashing up onto the





underside of the coffee table. She dropped hands from her breasts, which thanks to the fur, rivaled small watermelons for size. Yawned or screaming soundlessly, the fluff broke out of the confines of her front torso. The black fur floofed all around her body, the purple rosettes swelling, with the outer rings becoming even more vibrant. A punky snow leopard more than jaguar now.

Before she had any chance to recover, the deck dealt her a single card.

She glanced at it and her eyes widened. "What?!" she whimpered, clapping both hands to her tummy. It emitted a sharp gurgle and bowed outward.

"Holy fuck!" Steve barked as Tina leapt to her feet.

The card read, Get Laying Once a Day.

"I can feel them!" Angelica cried out, clutching at her newly pregnant belly.

"Do you need assistance?" Tina released a high-pitched titter that edged on panic.

"I got it! Oh Gawds." A hand warded both Tina and Steve off as Angelica raised herself into a squat, clutching the edge of the coffee table for support. "Just catch them, please."

Steve ran around behind her and ducked beneath her newly thickened tail. There he watched her bottom swell as hips made room. A plump, furless line of flesh extended out from the very rear of her scrotum, chasing her anus, which drew up closer to the base of her tail.

"Mmmrrrrrowl!" Angelica yowled as Tina cradled her head in a hand paw, petting the bridge of her nose with a thumb. Below, the line swelled before splitting open into two drooling pussy lips. No sooner had they formed than some shiny and black forced them apart.

"I got it! I got it!" Steve shouted excitedly, tail wagging as he shoved his two paws beneath the heaving slit.

"Ooooh!" Angelica's wings flapped tentatively as she forced a pink speckled black egg from her body and into Steve's cupped paws. It broke suction with the sound of a kiss. Not quite an ostrich egg, but still bigger than a large human fist.

"Got it." Steve pulled the egg free, clutched between both paws. Glancing around, he found himself unsure where to put it.

"There's more!" Angelica gasped.

Steve placed it on the recliner's seat and nearly dived back between Angelica's legs. Two more eggs dropped into his paws before Angelica announced she was done with a moan of pure satisfaction. Together with Tina, they picked her up and resettled the new cat-bird hen into the recliner.





"Finally." Angelica sighed, her grin beaming up at Tina and Steve. "I have all the parts I wanted and look!" She hefted one of the eggs. "I made breakfast."

Tina and Steve shared a deeply unsettled expression as the Yeen Queen's hands pressed at her own belly in case it decided that it wanted in on the action.

"What if its... fertile?" Steve asked, giving voice to their unease. That neither wanted children had been a settled fact in their marriage. The egg symbolized a consequence of all this magical fuckery.

"Won't be after we cook it!" Angelica said with a laugh. As both her lovers continued to stare down at her with deep frowns on their faces, she rolled her bright amber eyes. "Its impossible. These are virgin eggs."

"But maybe we have to start taking precautions?" Tina asked.

"Sure!" Angelica chirped, "Steve, be a good girl and stick these eggs in the fridge."

"Yessum!" Steve brightened and hustled to obey, gathering the eggs into his arms.

Angelica watched him bustle into the kitchen, open the fridge with a tentacle, and dump the eggs inside with a smile. Then looked with to see Tina staring with her ears still pinned back. "Oh come off it Queenie! Neither of you are going to knock me up. Steve's sperm count's been through a magic gender blender. And you..." She reached over and grabbed one of Tina's black balls and squished it flat.

"Yeeee!" Tina jumped but failed to pull herself from the cat's grip.

"And you're nothing but show in that department." Angelica chuckled as she continued to squeeze Tina's sack. Tina's pawhands opened and closed but made no move to stop Angelica's teasing fingers. "And I've been on the pink pills for a year, my little wiggles are dead and gone. So don't let that worry your big, toothy head." Her voice dropped to a seductive purr, "Infact, why don't I give you something else to think about? It is my turn."

Tina's head, which had tilted back as she enjoyed the still very novel sensation of furry fingers playing with her pseudo balls, dipped down toward the newly curvy cat bird. Her muzzle bore an uneasy grimace. "And what does dress contrary mean to you?"

Mischief sparkled in Angelica's eyes. "Most Queens save their most glorious appearances for the wider world, but you are a contrarian Queen. Starting tomorrow, you shall dress your best for us, your most inmate subjects."

A deep blue light shone out from Tina's brown eyes, their pupils dilating, her facial features freezing as she took in Angelica's instructions. "Elegant gowns, wild fur styling and sparkling





jewelry, or a combination of all three. It should take you three hours in the morning to prepare yourself, with or without assistance."

"that's..."

"Generous I know. Not done though. That elegance is only for our eyes only though! When you to interact with the outside world, you will feel intensely uncomfortable if you are not wearing as little clothing as you can get away with. To them, they'll see only a savage beauty. Collars are always acceptable, though."

"Nnnnnak nak nak nak!" Tina's body shuddered hard, then shook her head violently shook her head as trying to shake the magic free. "Three hours?" She gasped. "I-I don't have the wardrobe."

"I'm sure the cards will help you with that. They seemed eager to transmute my wardrobe." Steve commented. He'd had been watching this from the safety of the kitchen, felt a little torn. That all felt a wee bit mean, but on the other paw, at least he wasn't the only one with a dress requirement now.

"Thought you'd like that one." Tina turned her head to smile at the naked husky man who stood in the entrance to the kitchen, watching with a half smile. "Plus-"

A far too loud flip of a card cut off Angelica and everyone's eyes went to the table where a card slid toward Tina's deck.

With a yip of a laugh, Tina grabbed at her sides and fell to her knees. "What's... It say?" Her voice coming as a tortured wheeze, intersperse with crackling emanating from her upper spine.

"Double stacked?" Angelica peered at the card.

Tina cried out, dug her claws into the carpet as her fingers thickened and split with the sound of ripping flesh, each stacked on top of the other.

Steve blinked in confusion. The first thing that came to his mind was the memory of two sets of breasts hanging from his chest but that didn't involve bone structure. The split continued, a second set of arms slowly lifted from Tina's original pair. As the split reached her shoulders, Tina gave a saw tooth giggle as her spine added new vertebrae with a series of firecracker loud pops. The new handpaws joined the originals in grasping the floor, driving the heavy claws through the cheap carpet and deep into the floorboards. The division had left the lower hand paws slightly smaller than the top pair, but still more than twice the size of any human hand. Steve count seven pops before Tina's much longer back sagged.

Giggling incoherently, Tina climbed up to her feet, revealing a second set of breasts hanging on her chest, slightly smaller than her originals. Fingers on the top hands flexed experimentally, followed by the lower. Then upper and lower hands pressed against each other, pad to pad. Fingers interlocked, let go and then each oversized pawhand





squeezed a breast. "Hah Hah!" Tina laughed. "The kingdom has a surplus of hands!"

Steve huffed. Figures the game would give Tina a second set of manipulators while leaving him with clumsy paws. Unfortunately, the sound caused Tina's eyes to lift from her explorations and settled on him.

Tina's grin of wonder split open, bridges of saliva shining between the points of her teeth as her eyes traveled up and down Steve's body. "Ooooh it is our turn to enforce our will." One hand paw bent a finger towards him. "Come." She demanded.

What card had she played on him? Steve wracked his brain as his feet began to shuffle forward. Something about battlements? As he approached, it struck him how much height she'd gained. He now found himself eye level to her black nose. Unbidden, tingles played across his nipples and ran up the length of his cock, stirring it to stiffness. As he approached, she reached between his legs and cradled his balls with a single curved claw.

"We are disappointed to see you in such a state of... maleness." She said with a small sneer on her upper lip. "Already you break your promise."

"Sorry!" Steve squeaked before his brain could get in front of the apology. "I-I mean, this morning was just playing, right? You d-didn't mean I had to be ah-good girl every second, right?" His tail wagged, both from the trigger and his own desperate hope.

"Unfortunate. It seems the magic agrees with that, but maybe it gave us A Queen's Majestic Battlements, to help correct this oversight. After all, if these," She dragged her claws over Steve's cheeks and snapped her teeth just short of his nose, making him flinch. "Are the Queen armaments, then the battlements must be..." she cupped her breasts with her lower handpaws, then slid them down her toned stomach and around the curve of her hips. "Everything else."

"Ghh-" Steve found himself without words as his body mass began to flow in now familiar patterns. A swirl of pleasant warmth curled out onto his chest as the breasts swelled. Hips widened and buttocks plumped. Tina pulled him into her embrace, pressing her soft breasts against his back and squeezing Steve's narrowing waist.

"That's a start. HeheheheEE" Tina licked Steve's cheek. "But with this card we gift you with the body of not a mere husky maid but the husky Queen. A breed of athleticism is comboed with an ideal of femininity and fertility. Become your perfect bitch husband of mine."

Ideal husky woman? The image of her rippled through Steve's mind. A compromise of Steph's curves with Tina's fitness. He attempted to fling the image away, but a tendril of magic pounced on the image. As flows within him intensified, he cried out "Tiiiiinnna!" with a voice equal parts anger and joy. Futilely, he attempted to escape her arms, but it only resulted in him paddling at the air. Previously, the good girl trigger





had only redistributed, but the flows turned in on themselves. He felt like a full bucket that had sprung a leak, his flesh draining away as his girth dwindled.

Tina's commands echoed through Steve's entire body: "Athleticism." The word rippled through his muscles, trading oceans of tone for their former bulk. "Femininity," Steph giggled from somewhere as long tresses of hair spilled across Steve's eyes and his features softened. "Fertile Bitch." These words wormed around in Steve's hips, pressing to widen further, swelling the flesh beneath the stomach nips until each could be termed a small breast.

"Good girl!" Tina whispered and with that Steve felt herself blossom internally, the process sparking jolts of pleasure as the external became internal. Steve couldn't help but grind against one of Tina's offered finger.

"There it is! That my girl coming back to her proper shape." Tina cooed with a light snicker. "Say thank you to for this gift."

"I-I..." Part of Steve or Steph wanted to howl out praise to Tina. It all felt so good, right even as she hugged her curves and breasts. Yet another part screamed No! He couldn't be this bestial sexual servant, it couldn't be him. It had to be the magic making him want this. The real Steve had ambitions beyond being a fuck toy. Right? As usual, the conflict muted him.

A flip of a card greeted the opening of his eyes and he saw the words upon it as it traveled across the table to his deck. "Have a second opinion." Before he could ponder the meaning of the words, a sudden spike of pain drove down through his skull. Arcs of brilliant rainbow light flooded the vision through his left eye. Additional fingers of agony reached down through his head. He opened his mouth to scream the fingers wretched and pulled. A sudden crunch and the pain disappeared, leaving Steve panting, the left side of his face tingling oddly.

"Thank you Mistress. I feel so much better now!" A voice Steve recognized as... her own called out right beside her. "Please don't stop." She swallowed to confirm that it hadn't come from her throat.

Steve slowly turned his head toward the voice and caught Angelica staring at her with sheer shock painted on her muzzle. Then Steve found herself, literally the face of Steph looking back at her. She was too close to really see all of her but that pale blue eye, wet black nose and happy grin.

"Hi Sis!" She giggled and slapped her tongue against Steve's lips.





GULP!

ATHLETICISM

SWELL

FEMININITY

FERTILITY

SWELL

SHRINK



swos

THERE IT IS!
MY GIRL'S BACK TO HER
PROPER SHAPE

SHRINK

SAY THANK YOU TO
FOR THIS GIFT

TH- THANK

pop

THANK
YOU

CHAPTER 16

Angelica giggled like a hyena as she watched Steve's right head attempt to dodge the hyper slobber assault from the left. If she weren't firmly held by Tina's many arms, the husky woman's entire body probably would have kneeled over.

"Blb-bl-blb!" Went the right head as she turned side to side, trying to avoid the tongue until finally wedging a paw up between them.

"Awww! But Sis, I just want you to know I luv you!" The left head's pale blue eyes sparkled with energetic mania. That had to be Steph. Meanwhile, the brown eyed right head stared at Angelica with the same shock and betrayal that she'd seen on many a husky's face when they're dropped off at the groomers. That be Steve.

"Don't look at me like that!" Angelica said in the precise tone she'd often respond to unruly clients. "I didn't give you any cards this turn."

"Make her stop!" Steve pleaded. It was Tina who interceded, shoving her muzzle between the two heads. Not that there was much space between them at all. Steve and Steph's shoulders had only widened an inch or two to make room for their split neck.

"Enough." Tina huffed without a single breath of laughter, her ears sagging. "We must sort this out."

Angelica cocked her head at the sudden deflation of the Yeen Queen's mood. She's welcomed two additional arms with giddy laughter but drew the line at additional heads on her husband/wife. Interesting.

The left head pouted with a canine whine before answering, "Yes mistress," in a sulky tone. "My sister just needs more love."

"I have plenty of love!" Steve blustered. "I've had plenty of dresses, boobs and getting forced to clean." Their right paw worked at prying Tina's hands loose from her waist. "I'm a guy! Not..." The black lips yawned open as one of her tentacles circled around the outside of her re-sculpted thigh and penetrated up into her sex. "...This!" She moaned.

"Don't listen to her mistress," Steph cooed, rubbing her cheek against Tina's muzzle. "We love what you've done to us. You just have to push her harder to get her to admit it."

"N-n-n-Nooooo?" Steve protested as both paws started to knead



at their copious breasts. Their second tentacle joining the first in their pussy to thrust and squirm.

"See mistress? I don't..." Steph gave a identical moan to her sister, her eyes starting to roll back behind their lids. "C-control her li-li-limbs!" Despite her words, the paws worked in coordination up and down their breasts, squeezing nipples between their thick digits. Tina let go of their waist, allowing them to access the bottom set.

"Li-li-liar!" Steve gasped, both paws reached back to hang onto Tina's neck. "This is..."

"Soooo goood!" Steph cried out, spread their leg as both tentacles swelled within them. The pair howled in perfect unison as their hips bucked. Juice squirted out around the edges of her spade as the organism shuddered through their body.

The tentacles pulled out. Steph and Steve gave breathy sighs as Tina's lower them down to the ground.

"You going to tell us you never want to feel that again?" Steph asked.

"Shutup!" The other head hid her flushed face within her paw. "I'm not supposed to be..." she trailed off, apparently unable to finish the sentence.

Steph beamed her victorious grin up at Tina. "See mistress! She's all bark."

Tina nodded and gave a pleased chuckle, her own nostrils flaring with the scent of their performance. "We will have fun with the both of you." Then she looked across the table and met Angelica's eyes. "Heeeehehe! It appears the kitty liked it even more."

"Fuck you Queenie." Angelica would have flicked her off, but both hands were dug into the arms of the recliner. The husky maid's performance had lit her new pussy on fire. The first whine of conflict between the conjoined sisters had set a sensation of moisture creeping along her unplumbed crevices. Even without the damn trigger, watching the absolutely gorgeous creature Steve had become pleasure herself, would set her on edge. Now her entire body screamed for touch.

"Are we a grumpy cat today?" Tina fingered her own black shaft. "We have a treat for grumpy cats if she asks nicely."

Angelica wanted that shaft. Wanted it shoved into her new regions and squeezed between her huge tits. Yet she, perhaps alone among the three, or four depending how you count, remembered what came next. So, she balanced her lust against another need, the need to win and fought it, ears staining for a sound.

The sound of one more card flip and it came with the call of a tiny trumpet. A gold-rimmed card dealt itself the center of the coffee table. All available heads turned towards it and the word emblazoned upon it. "Round two challenge! Catch your prey!"





Golden light flared up from the card, then coalesced into the squat form of a rabbit with a pair of small branching antlers. "Hehehee! You'll never catch me! Nyoom!" It cried out in glee before sprinting as a golden streak off toward the apartment's bedroom.

Tina and Angelica's surprised eyes met for a moment before their lips split into snarls. They both scrambled after the golden jackalope, Tina vaulting over the couch while Angelica nearly knocked over the recliner. Angelica reached the door first and attempt to bar Tina's entry with the spread of her wings. Four hands grabbed, lifted her and flung her out of the doorway so quickly that Tina stumbled, dizzy from the motion.

"Come on!" Steve shouted at their sister from behind Tina, "Help us get up!"

"But we're still after glowing here. It's comfy." Steph whined back.

Angelica shook her head, tried to ignore the heat that shot through her loins and ran after Tina.

"Gotcha!" Tina laughed as she shoved a mitt into the dark beneath the bed.

"Not even close! Nyoom!" The Jackrabbit shot out from the other side, bounced off the wall and ran across the very ruffled sheets. It leapt over Tina's sweeping grab and narrowly avoided the snap of her teeth. Angelica pounced, throwing herself at the golden bunny thing as it shot toward the door. It zigged at the last moment, warm body brushing Angelica's fingers. Angelica hit the floor with a soft "oof," but barely felt the impact, thanks to her cushioning floof.

Growling, Tina threw herself upright and thundered towards the doorway as the jackalope sprang through it. Angelica eeped and tucked in her wings to avoid getting kicked before scrambling after her. The bunny beelined along the rear of the couch, Tina chasing right behind it.

"There it is! Get it!" Steve and Steph stepped out in front of the dashing bunny thing. It shot through her spread legs. Tina, far too big to fit, slammed headlong into the two headed woman so hard that the pair of them somersaulted. The Jackalope dived beneath the doorway to the apartment's second bedroom and squeezed through the crack with a little kick of its legs.

"Get off of our royal heinie!" Tina roared as Angelica ran past the jumble of limbs. Throwing open the door revealed a massive computer desk, a bevy of lighting equipment, bookcases stacked with video game themed figurines and toys. This was Tina's stream room. Angelica didn't see where the jackalope had hidden.

"But Mistress, you are on top of us!"

"Yeah hon! We called it too. Oh, can we call that one a triple header?"

Angelica stumbled into the room, the sheer amount of arousal making it difficult to walk. Clapping her hands over her ears, she





attempted to shut out the argument as the pair detangled themselves and scanned shelves. The little fucker glowed. He should be obvious if he hid among the toys. Maybe beneath a bookshelf?

Getting down on her hands and knees required letting go of her ears and instantly the voices snapped back into clarity.

"Hehe! Put those tentacles away! Later pet."

"Steph stop it! We can't let Angelica win the second round!"

"Who cares! We're not gonna win, anyway."

Angelica's arousal forced her tail straight up as she tried to peer into the dark beneath the shelving. To get that low, she had to squish her nipples against the carpet, the sensation drove her ass higher into the air. "Mount me." She heard herself whisper, imagining Tina driving her femcock deep into her slit.

Belatedly she noticed a glow deep beneath a book case. Panting, she crawled towards it, internally screaming as her plug like nipples dragged across the rough carpet. Her cock throbbed as fresh tingling spread along the outlines of her feminine sex. Thrusting a hand beneath the bookcase she groped for the bunny when heard a laugh directly behind her.

"Is our Cat Bird all excited?" Tina asked as grabbed Angelica by the base of her tail. "Did you find a mousie?"

Angelica yowled, need blending with protest as she was dragged back from the bookcase. Only one chance of winning this now, distracting Tina with her own trigger. "Yes your hiiiiiii-" A thick pad pressing against the swollen lips of her pussy transmuted the words into a needy scream.

"Patience pet. Nak nak nak." Tina taunted her before gently placing her footpads on Angelica's cheek and pressing her head into the carpet.

The only protest Angelica could muster was a soft hiss as she fought to keep herself from falling entirely into the sub space that yawned open in her head. Tina's musk pressed down on her as surely as the soft pads of her foot, it had a spicy, almost cinnamon flavor to it. Still, she tried to keep focused. There was something she had to do, a golden thing she wanted.

"Hehe. You look so delicious down there my fluffy angel, my pretty punk kitty. Now stay." With a tiny push Tina turned and sauntered toward the bookcase. "Is this where he went?"

"Yes my Queen." The honorific flowed from Angelica's lips naturally as her ears heated with Tina's words. She tried to blink away the cloud of lust that obscured her thoughts but to little avail.

"How appropriate. Heehee." Tittering, she stepped to the side of the bookcase and pulled one of the few books on the shelf. The click of a latch sounded and the bookcase swung open. A hidden





closet packed with sexual accessories, from bundles of colorful shibari ropes, to a rack of plethor outfits and tastefully arranged set of vibrators organized by size. As Angelica stared at the kink closet in both awe and envy, she entirely missed the golden jackalope hiding among the tall shiny boots arrayed along the bottom.

"Uh oh!" The jackalope squeaked. "See ya! Nyoom!"

Tina had seen him though. As he bolted her tail whipped across the width of the closet. The impact propelled the jackalope back into the closet, where he scattered the boots as a bowling ball scatters pins. He hit the rear of the closet with a dull thud.

"Oooh." The jackalope groaned as small stars circled his head. "Ya got me lady. Six points to the Yeen Queen."

Six points? Fuck me. That's double the last round. Angelica shook out her head, her competitive will finally pulling her back from the void of sub space.

"Who will come in second?" The Jackalope jumped up onto his feet. "Nyoom!"

It bolted for the door, Angelica tried to block his pass with wing but the little speed demon zipped through before the wing extended halfway.

"There it is!" One of Steve's heads bark excitedly. "Get it!"

"Oh fine! Come 'ere you."

Tina threw back her head and cackled before grinned wickedly down at Angelica. "Go on Kitty, or are you going to let the dog beat you?"

"No!" Angelica lifted to herself upright with a partial flap of her wings. While she'd cleared some of the lust fog from her mind, her entire body trembled with need. The sensation of her pussy lips pressing against each other nearly dumped her right back onto the floor. Swaying, she lurched into the door frame and hung there, surveying the room.

The stupid dog was stalking toward the kitchen, her fluffy curled tail high and alert. The tail connected to a wonderfully plush ass that stood out among the husky woman's now more moderate curves and perfect hourglass figure. Their orgasmic howl echoed through Angelica mind as she began to stalk forward, not making a sound.

Steve grabbed a frying pan from the counter as they rounded the corner.

"You think that will work?" Steph huffed at the pan.

"Maybe. You got a better idea?" Steve growled back with annoyance.

They continued to argue as they surveyed the cabinets. Their two slick shiny pink tentacles, extending from two orifices on their back, just above the fur line of their hips to wrap around the cabinet handles and jerk them open.





Heat and need flared in Angelica as she crept up behind them. Her mind narrowed to consider only where she wanted those tentacles inside her and how she'd fill their mouths. Padded feet carried her so that they were within arms reach. Reaching herself to pounce, her quarry yelped in surprise as a gold blur streaked from a cabinet. The pan crashed to the cheap linoleum floor. The stupid sexy dog woman whirled and flinched back when she found Angelica standing in her path. Both sets of eyes, widened.

Angelica pounced them with roar seizing their shoulders driving them back against the far wall of the galley kitchen. Pinning their arms against the wall she pressed herself against them and made a wonderful discovery. Steve had lost almost six inches of height. Putting them at the perfect height for Angelica to smother both heads with her breasts. Each of their faces were enveloped in the plush fur, the thick nipples ground against their lips.

"Suck them you dog sluts!" Angelica growled her demands over their muffled protests. "Fill those stupid sexy mouths of yours."

Steph obeyed immediately, latching lips around the nipple and sucking hard. It triggered a wave of pure bliss to pour down into Angelica. Steve joined in after a few more encouraging thrusts of Angelica's chest. Soon both were suckling in perfect synch. Each pull sending pleasure radiating through her feline body.

"Good Girls." Angelica purred. "My good girls!" Releasing their paws, she grabbed fistfuls of their hair. Then forcefully pulled her breasts from their mouths. Steph let her nipple go willingly while Steve hung on with desperate suction before releasing it with a moist pop. Not waiting for either of them to recover, Angelica pulled their heads further apart to lick the spot where their necks joined together.

They yelped and shuddered, proving the region to be very sensitive. Following up with a pair of laps that went from the base of one ear, down into the V and up the neck of the other reduced them to quivering putty.

"I'm going to fucking ravage you sluts. Nail you both to this fucking wall." Angelica growled as she levered her body up and down theirs, dragging her breasts over their rows of mammaries. A tiny bit of her mind was aware she was taking out her frustration over Tina's win on Steve but the majority did not care. Besides, half of them didn't mind one bit.

"Yes please!" Steph's blue eyes shined with excitement.

"I'm not a slut!" Her counterpart squeaked.

"Then you're my prey." Angelica kissed those black lips hard. Steve resisted, pressing mouth closed. Angelica released their hair, flowing her hands down their sides until she found the lowest set of breasts. Pinching a nipple between her sharp claw-like nails, Steve's mouth sprang open, allowing her to thrust her tongue into it. Swiftly she captured the thin tongue inside and Steve resistance collapsed into eagerness. Her lips worked against her thinner feline hybrid ones.





"Take us! Fuck us!" Steph cried and kissed at Angelica ear.

Releasing Steve from the lip lock, Angelica kicked their legs open and rammed her cock up inside their juicy spade all the way to her bulbous knot. Steph and Steve wrapped their legs around Angelica's hips as she braced them against the wall and began to thrust. In a mere two strokes gravity pulled them down over the knot.

The husky sisters howled as Angelica rutted them into the wall, using all the strength of her altered legs. Their canine spade clamped tighter and tighter around her so each thrust pulled them away from yellowing white surfacing. Cracks spread through the plaster from the repeated impact of husky ass. Angelica hissed and spat as the pressure built from the tip of her cock all the way back to her balls, demanding she thrust ever deeper. Still though, her pussy yearned for a touch of its own.

"Inside me!" She demanded. "Put them inside me!"

But the Husky sisters didn't respond, their only vocalizations down to needy whimpers that accompanied each thrust.

"I need you trrrrrrwwwwwwwl!" Angelica yowled as the pressure broke inside of her. Blissful relief swept through her as she spurted deep inside the canine cunt. A cascade of quivering traveled up into her still burning cavity. Then, as if that had been a fuse, the innards of her hips detonated all at once. Her knees gave out. Fortunately Steve and Steph managed to get a foot beneath so their tail wasn't smashed into the floor. Panting against each other they eased themselves onto the floor. Angelica smiled with pride from the top of the husky woman. They looked back at her with identical, sated expressions.

"Well, the card didn't say what had to be prey. Four points to the Punk Pantheress!" The three of them glanced up at the voice to find the Jackalope perched on the counter above. "That leaves the Husky Maid at her usual position on the bottom of the pile. Two points! Till next round gals!"

In a blink, the Jackalope disappeared, leaving a small pinhole of light where it had stood. That too quickly faded.

A yeen laugh sounded from the far end of the kitchen. "Now this we find, highly amusing. Both my pets appear to have tied themselves up without me having to do anything. What shall we do about this?"

"Fuck all of us?" Steph suggested.

Angelica quickly clapped her hand over Steve's mouth as it open to respond. "Don't you two start until we're unknotted. And then... I'm going to gag one of you."

Steve's forehead wrinkled in confusion but Steph's eyes lit with an insight. "Ooooh, your trigger!" Their tail started to wag.

"Hehehehe!" Tina's sinister laugh echoed as she walked toward





the pair. "Why in such a hurry Angelica? This wonderful opportunity to play with both pets at the same time. I don't think I can carry both of you to the bedroom so this will have to do."

Angelica tried to look behind her but her wings blocked her vision, so she couldn't prepare herself for the touch of all four hands. They swept up her legs, grasped her tail and gently teased all her sensitive bits.

"Oh you are so soft. It's as if you're warm plush toy." Tina laughed gently.

"She is very very soft." Steph agreed, nuzzling up into Angelica's breasts.

"Its kinda like being uhh, tethered to a very heavy fur blanket." Steve chuckled.

"Enjoy it while it lasts... mew!" A dull claw parted Angelica sensitive pussy lips. "Aah. You'll be my toys at the end of this."

"Bratty bottoms and cats always swear their impotent revenge." Tina's hands encircled Angelica's knees and spread them firmly.

"I'm not a bot-mmmmmrrrrrralllll!" The sensation of a warm rod parting her passage knocked the words from her lips. She'd imagined what it would feel like for a very long time. To feel someone IN her, way better than her backdoor experimentations. Clenching, she perceived Tina's entire length.

"Oooh gods. Tina, show me. Show me what it feels like." Angelica gasped.

"With pleasure my Loves." Tina whispered, carefully positioning onto Angelica back, careful not to crush a wing or her husband. Then began with gentle thrusts.

The three below her moaned their approval.

None of them got up from the kitchen floor for a long time after that.



CHAPTER 17

Steve woke on the most luxuriantly soft pillow she'd ever experienced. The pillow wobbled beneath her and she opened her eyes.

"Come on you two," came a whisper, Angelica's. "Time to get up."

Steve thought about it. She kinda needed to go pee, but it was hardly an emergency yet. With a sigh, she tried to nestle deeper into the pillow. It smelled good too, a musky mint.

"Urrrmph!" The entire mattress squirmed. "Up!" The command came with a tug on her ear.

Steve's grumbling echoed as she lifted her head and opened her eyes. The pillow proved to be Angelica's black furred breast. Hadn't dreamed that. Her ear brushed something and she turned to find mischievous blue eyes twinkling back.

"Morning sis!" Steph sing songed.

That had happened too. The blurry events of yesterday filtered back. So overwhelming, the combination of the sex change and the sudden appearance of another person in her body. Mostly the second part, Steve figured she should be used to crossing the gender line now. Thinking of, she peered down at herself and found a bunch of breasts. That part had stuck. More disorienting was the slightly off-center point of view that came from sharing shoulders with another head.

"Yep, they're still there!" Steph reached over and cupped one. "Not going anywhere now and neither am I!"

"Guess not." Steve concluded as they pushed themselves up off Angelica. Normal movements like that brought a small amount of disorientation. She could feel their entire body, but simultaneously felt Steph's intentions for it as well. Only the arm on Steph's side felt distant somehow. When they had the same goal, their body simply moved. When they wanted different things, then it got weird. Before Angelica pinned them to a wall, Steve found she could kinda muscle Steph off the body a bit, but things were reversed as soon as they became aroused. Steph had spent the majority of the afternoon firmly in the driver's seat. Not that they had many options for independent actions while knotted to Angelica. Tina had kept them tied for hours with strategic teasing.

Freed from Steve and Steph, Angelica sprang from the bed and



ran for the bathroom. Tina still slumbered on the edge of the bed, two arms hanging off the side, one massive mitt behind her head as a pillow and her last hand rested on her stomach among the belly nips. The very tip of her tongue poked out of her muzzle. The extra limbs and tail that extended well beyond the foot of the bed gave her an otherworldly, almost insectile look. Steve felt a flush of affection for her bulky beauty.

Steph walked them around and kissed the black nose. "Morning your highness." She whispered.

"Too early," Tina grumbled, "Go away. We are not decent." Although she made this order impossible to obey, trapping Steve and Steph in a two-armed hug. Not opening her eyes, Tina nuzzled their belly breasts.

Steve braced for a fresh wave of arousal but felt only the pleasant warmth of contact as Steph petted the head of their wife/monarch. The hug relaxed without escalation and Tina dropped back onto the bed. Steve found herself vaguely disappointed. She didn't feel tired at all and she had taken the brunt of the bruising yesterday.

"It's alright love. Like, not everyone can have our stamina," Steph commented as they stepped away toward their wardrobe. The moment produced a twinge of discomfort in their nethers. Steve asserted herself and directed them in the direction Angelica had gone.

Steph sighed, "We took a bath yesterday."

"We're all sticky." Steve said firmly.

"Sooo? It's like a natural state for sluts like us. How much more fur do you, like, think that poor drain can take?" Steph giggled.

"We are not sluts!" Steve snapped, halting them in the middle of the living room to glare at her newly gained sister.

Steph grinned, "Ooooh is that like, your new line in the sand? Given up on being male for obvious reasons, but heaven like forbid, we're SLUTS!"

"But we're not sluts! Sluts sleep with everybody. We sleep with two people." Steve protested.

"It can totally be like, aspirational!" Steph's blue shined.

Steve growled, "Stop saying like! We don't talk like that."

Challenged, Steph bore her own teeth, "What if I like, saying like? So, I'm like, gonna keep saying like, like every other, like, word."

Before Steve could marshal a tentacle to strangle Steph, the door to the bathroom flung open, a purple spotted leopard woman filled the doorway. Her cock was erect to the knot and her eyes wild with lust. She jabbed a finger at Steph and shouted, "No! Bad girl!"

"Sorry mistress!" Steph yelped and hung her head with a pout.





"It is only six AM," The Punky pantheress ranted. "I am not in the mood, nor do I want to be triggered into the mood. I am hungry, tired and sore. If you two need to argue, you do it out of my earshot, which includes this entire apartment and the next one over. If you cannot, you'll spend the entire day with a ball gag shoved between those lovely lips of yours." She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "Also, those who do terrible valley girl impressions annoy everyone, not just Steve. Got it?"

"Yes Mistress." Steph gazed down at the floor.

Steve raised her chin in vindication, while whispering, "See?" out of the corner of her mouth.

Angelica flashed her teeth before slamming the door closed. Both of them stood there listening to muffled grunting for several minutes. After a soft rowl of relief, a more relaxed but still annoyed Angelica reopened the door.

"Are you... okay?" Steve ventured as Angelica came out of the bathroom and collapsed into the recliner.

She waved at the bathroom as she clutched at her stomach with her other hand. "Go on. Use it. Just don't argue, please."

Steve and Steph shared a glance and a shrug before going into the bathroom. Once there, they showered and shampooed without much of a word to one another. After toweling off, Steve stared at the two headed woman in the mirror. Even damp and degrassled, she was entirely too attractive that she had any right to be. Paradoxically fit and thick. The ridiculous number of breasts fit somehow.

"Face it Sis," Steph placed one paw on their hip, posed their body and blew a kiss at the mirror. "We look great. This is so much better than the way we were."

Not wanting to arouse Angelica against her will further, Steve didn't respond. It had to be the magic mucking with their brains. Nobody outside this apartment would find a ten titted, two headed, dog woman attractive. Steve looked away from the mirror. Before, things were not fine. She admitted that, but this fix was so extreme. Was this really what Tina wanted?

"Angelica?" Steph called out after Steve didn't engage with her. "Could you help us with the brushing?"

"There will be no talking," Angelica appeared, two bright orange ball gags dangling from one finger. Seeing them, Steve and Steph's tail tucked between their legs.

"We'll be good." Steph promised, and Steve nodded.

"Come out to the living room." She beckoned, and the pair followed. A new clutch of eggs sat in the recliner. They sat in the dining room chair.

"We'll get you girls some thick handled brushes at the end of this, but till then I guess I'm your groomer." She chuckled, "These are





the rules if you want a groom. No talking. No touching me. No teasing me. Otherwise, we're going to undo all my work. You say one word, you get gagged and I know huskies hate being muzzled. Nod if you understand."

Both Steph and Steve nodded.

The brushing started with their long hair. Angelica brushed out a few tangles, quickly and efficiently. Then she combed through the fluffy fur that coated their forearms and paws. It wasn't until Angelica bid them to rise did the pantheress struggled with her concentration. Her tongue kept flicking out of her mouth to sweep across her lips and her thick tail lashed behind her. As she circled around to the pair's front, Steve could smell the thick scent of her arousal and felt her own pussy dampen as Angelica paused her brushing to stare at the fur that hid Steve and Steph's sex. Steve found herself more than a little tempted to grab Angelica's horns and push her nose a little closer to those sensitive folds.

"You could groom us with your tongue if you'd like mistress. We'd enjoy that." Steph offered, voice bright with hope.

Angelica snorted. Without speaking, she grabbed a gag from the coffee table, rose and fitted it to Steph's mouth. "Any other offers?" She asked Steve.

Steve just shook his head in response.

"Good girl." Angelica praised and patted her cheek. It didn't help the dampness between their legs, but Angelica purred with satisfaction as she returned to finish the brushing. Steve hoped that her willpower would collapse, but the pleasant strokes of the bristles ended without additional incidents.

"There. All brushed and freshened!" Angelica rewarded them with a hug and a lick on each cheek. "Now go get dressed. You two are going out to do some shopping."

"Mmmmp!" Steph asked.

"Yes. What?" Steve echoed the sentiment of her muffled sister.

"Not all of us have been blessed with magically altered wardrobes, I need some new clothes and we're going run out of omelet fixings soon. So don't worry your pretty heads about it and go get dressed while I get some breakfast going." Reaching out, she turned Steph and Steve towards the bedroom and got them moving with a light bum swat.

Tina still slumbered as Steve struggled into one of the rather complicated undergarments designed to support their many breasts. Fortunately, they were constructed with consideration for their lack of thumbs. They all hooked in the front rather than the back and the lace concealed loops that their claws could use to manipulate them into place. Steve picked out a conservative dress that only showcased their upper most set of breasts with a long skirt. Steph wanted the outfit that Tina had dressed them up in, but Steve pretended not to understand her muffled protests.





The smell of breakfast woke Tina and drew all of them back to the kitchen. Angelica undid Steph's gag and then served a breakfast of cheese omelets. They were a light pink in color, but they smelled so good that nobody had even a word of protest. They devoured the meal. Tina even licking the grease from the plate. Angelica went around the table, serving coffee into the largest mugs Steve and Tina possessed.

Steve and Steph clutched their mug between their paws, trading off sips. Tina carefully poured gulps of it down her gullet. Angelica made a face at her first sip, added a large amount of milk and took delicate laps at the top of the liquid. A light, careful conversation flowed. Everyone confessed to being both well rested and tired.

The cards were in the center of the table. Steve couldn't be sure if they had been there this entire time or had suddenly sprung into existence out of thin air. Either way, everyone focused on them. Oddly, none of their own decks were present. Only the inscrutable main deck sat dead center on the table.

Tina pulled her four-armed robe around herself, "Its too early for a turn. We are not prepared for the day yet."

"At least your clothing self-tailored." Angelica grumped.

"Ah, Mistress, with all your fluff you have no need of clothing. You're covered all your lovely spots!" Steph commented.

Steve laughed, "Not to mention you're at least thirty percent fur by volume. If you wear one of midriff outfits, it's going to look like you're wearing a furry inner tube."

"Where'd I put those gags?" Angelica gave both Steve and Steph a death glare.

"Heh!" Tina laughed with a bark force. "Focus ladies. The deck."

"I'm not a lady." Steve mumbled to herself as all eyes returned to the show boating pile of cards.

With the sound of a tinny trumpet, a card dealt itself to the center of the table. All stood to read it.

"New Round! New Rules." It declared in bold text. Steve leaned in to read the smaller font below it. "Turns now proceed once quests are completed. Each turn will have a separate quest. To unlock turn seven, collect five rods of moon silver and bring them to the Elfford Manor."

"Rods of moonsilver?!" Angelica's entire body puffed with her shock. "Where the hell are we supposed to get that? We're not made of money or illegal magical metals game!"

"At least it's not Orichalcum." Tina said. "The kingdom might withstand the purchase of an amount of moonsilver if we can find a supplier." Her gaze settled on Steve and Steph.





"Oooh!" Steph perked as their tail wagged. "Auntie Isabell! She knows where we could get some, or sell it to us."

"No!" Steve whimpered. "There has to be someone else! Anyone else. I haven't talked to her in years."

"She is the only witch we know." Tina said.

Steve shook her head. If aunt Isabell saw her like this, the entire family would hear about it within a week. She wasn't too clear on what sort of magic Aunt Isabell dealt, but within the family she traded gossip by the boatful. "Maybe we could go to that shop downtown. Marigold's right?"

"You can't even get in the door there without flashing a magic license." Tina scratched at her ear.

"Maybe..." Steve grasped at straws. "We could make a deal with one of their customers?"

"Woof!" Steph bounced their body up and down. "We could stand outside with a sign that we will do tricks for treats! Especially for moonsilver rods!"

"Absolutely not you dirty minded dog," Steve growled as their shared sex tingled with Steph's thoughts.

Steph smiled unrepentantly. "It was your suggestion."

"Enough." Tina declared with an airy chortle. "Steve, you shall text your aunt. I will take care of the cat. We've gotten her all riled up and wet."

"I'm not... riled." Angelica spoke between clenched teeth, her chest heaving with her heavy breathing.

Steph giggled, eased her foot out of the low heel they wore, reached out under the table and buried their toes in the thick fur of Angelica's leg. "Does the kitty want some heavy petting?"

"Damn... trigger." Angelica moaned, starting to grind against the top of the seat. Tina got up and simply extended one of her giant palms to Angelica's nose. The cat bird sniffed once her eyes rolled back slightly as she spoke in a murmur. "It was just a... conversation." Her protest uttered, she lapped at the offered pad. Grinning, Tina enfolded her in her arms and bore her off to the bedroom.

Steph watched them go with longing. "Hurry up and call your aunt so we can play too."

"Gotta figure out where the hell my cellphone went first. Let's clean up these dishes first." Steve lifted his own plate from the table and walked them towards the sink.



CHAPTER 18

“Call your fucking aunt Steve.” Tina demanded several hours later, laying her cell phone on the kitchen counter.

Steve forced a desperate smile. “Ah, we were looking everywhere for that.”

“We checked all the kitchen cupboards and reorganized them, too.” Steph added with an enthusiastic nod. While she had professed a level of exhibitionism well above what Steve was comfortable with, she’d been game for every distraction or excuse Steve had come up with to delay this call. The pair had done the dishes, mopped the kitchen, resorted all the cabinets and drawers. Their final gambit had been having a very contentious discussion as to where they could have left the phone while scrubbing the floor with their tail up as far as they could lift it. Tina, dressed in a sleek red gown and the tips of her red mane dyed orange had to physically restrain Angelica from knotting the pair into the wall again.

Growling with annoyance at her pets, Tina tied Angelica up with a green shibari rope, trapped a bullet vibe within her pussy, and covered her head with a hood. That seemed extreme, although fun to watch, as both Steve and Steph who were leashed to the radiator during this process. The Queen of the small apartment then told them to stay while she went out to the car. Being good girls, they stayed.

Now though, the fun was over. The phone sat before them, plugged in and powered on. Tina even supplied a stylus. Steve (and Steph) both knew from the way Tina crossed her arms and the narrowness of her eyes that any further delay would be not be regarded as either cute or fun. Steve had already scoured her brain for any alternative that had more of snowball’s chance of acquiring the magical metal and come up empty.

Taking the stylus, she unlocked the phone and scrolled to Aunt Isabell’s contact information. Slowly, under Tina’s watchful eyes, they typed in a message.

“Hi Aunt Isabell. Listen, I know this is an odd request out of the blue and stuff. But I need to get five rods of moon silver on short notice. Can you help?”

They hesitated as the point of the Stylus hovered over the send button. Tina tapped it and the message sent.

Immediately as three dancing dots appeared to indicate typing, dashing Steve’s hope that Auntie Isabell was busy. The dots continued dancing for over a minute until the phone binged in



reply.

"My Stars Stevie! Madam Butterscotch's horoscope is on the nose today. A request for a favor will come from an unexpected source, indeed! No small one either. Five rods of moonsilver! Dearie what on earth or beyond have you stuck your nose into?"

Tina laughed softly, "Are rods a specific measurement in the magic world?"

"I dunno." Steve shrugged as she typed out a reply.

"Maybe it depends on how big of a cunt the witch is." Steph giggled as she endured a withering look from both Steve and Tina.

Steve sent, "We'd rather not get into the details of the situation, but we would be in your debt if you could acquire the materials for us so we could buy them off you. Not that we have any idea what that amount of moonsilver is worth."

"I never do magic business via text, Stevie. Especially for family. You want 20 grand worth of moonsilver? You come to me. Get here and then we'll see about your supply."

"Auntie! I can't really hop on a plane at the moment. Please. It's important."

"If it's important; then you can drive, and if you can't drive, you can walk. Magic appreciates hardship. Let me know when you're en route."

"Road trip!" Steph crowed excitedly and wagged their tail as Steve hung her head. Aunt Isabell lived in the middle of the country, it be days to reach her by car. Longer with their oversized libidos. She'd barely made the eight-hour journey home from the coast. The prospect of attempting a longer trip filled her with dread.

Tina stared down at the phone with a solemn expression on her muzzle. "Twenty grand. That will nearly wipe us out."

"This..." Steve started, then paused to moisten her lips, "is going beyond a game Tina. Maybe we should call it quits?"

Steph gasped, and Tina's head snapped up, alarm in her eyes. "No! Absolutely not." Laughing nervously as she encircled Steve and Steph with her arms. "We need to get to the end. I don't want to go back to the way things were." She stared down at them both with wide, soft eyes before focusing her gaze on Steve.

"It wouldn't, it couldn't. Not after all this," Steve sputtered, the disappointment in Tina's eyes constricting her heart. "But, your bigger and stronger. I can't stay like this... forever. And its gonna get worse. Its..."





The muzzle smiled, and Tina's leathery finger pads caressed Steve's cheek. Her slick tongue crossed Steve's lips before following with a tender kiss. It stole Steve's breath and spread tingles across her skin. Tina held her within it, captured so completely that her toes curled. Beside Steve, Steph's expression grew distant and dreamy.

Tina released her from the kiss with a twist of her head and pulled the pair of them into a tight embrace, her head dipping between theirs. "I need to see this to the end. So, if it's up to me. I promise I won't make this permanent for you without your consent."

"Really?" Steve breathed into the thick fur of her neck.

"Aww." Steph added.

"Really. So you don't have to fear the game's end, my little pet maid." She whispered. "So long as you promise to never consider ending it early again. Deal?"

"Deal." She was offering Steve a safety net, and she grabbed at it.

"Good girl." Tina pressed the pair closer and licked between the their necks. Both grasped as Tina giggled. "Course I'm going to do my damnest to convince you to be my husky maid for life." A little push and Steve felt her butt press up against a wall. Tina's knee forced its way between her legs and pressed up into thier sex. The sudden turn from tender to sexual surprised Steve and Steph seized control to thrust themselves against the leg. The Yeen Queen's muzzle pulled back to display her grin. "Increasingly roughly too. You know what's fun about long skirts and four arms?"

"No?" Steve squeaked.

"You can to do this to sexy maids." Tina stepped back, bent down, grabbed the hem of the maid dress and, with a dramatic flourish, pulled it up and over their heads. Steph and Steve barked in alarm as their worlds went dark. Two huge hands pinned their paw arms against the wall.

"Tina we have to pack!" Steve gasped into the soft fabric that enveloped her head while Steph shrieked with delight.

"You're such a good girl. So responsible." Tina cooed, her lower hands grabbing hold of their knees and jerked them wide. "You will offer your Queen a tribute for your training."

A forceful lap sent a fountain of pleasure up into the sister's torso, far more than Steve had expected. "Oh!" she grasped, her voice a tiny squeak.

"Oh yes, your majesty," Steph echoed, "Take us!"

Tina delivered a long slow lick as seemed to lift them from the ground. The strength of it and the cloth over Steve's eyes prevented her from focusing on anything else. So different from Angelica's feral lust, this deliberate immobilization and forceful taking of her sex left





her adrift in it. Beside her, Steph egged Tina on, begged for more, but all Steve could manage was the same small feminine gasp that climbed higher in pitch with every lick, "Oh, oh, oh oh!"

Steph controlled their body, tilting their hips to give Tina as much access as she could. Their tentacles extended and Steph sent them questing down into Tina's dress to coil and squeeze her breasts. This didn't spur her to alter the slow, torturous pace of the laps across their swelling spade. That left Steve with the pleasure and listening to the sound of her own voice. The voice she'd have to use to explain things to her Aunt. Steve had liked her old voice, unlike the image in the mirror.

The orgasm came, not as a rush or an explosion but as a slowly spreading rippling through her. Her delicate little voice broke as Steph finally lost her words as well the pair fell into synch, "ooo- aaaah gggawwwdsss," As their body shivered, back arched as Tina took their thick pussy lips into her mouth and sucked hard, prolonging the sensation until their lungs had emptied.

"You two taste sooo sweet," Tina sighed with satisfaction as she stood. Pulling Steph and Steve from the wall and into an embrace, she kept them trapped within their skirt. "And make the cutest sounds. Will you thank your Queen for letting you come?"

"Yes your highness!" Steph pipped up eagerly.

"And the one we are still calling Steve? What do you say, girl?" Tina pressed.

"Aah." Steve still reeled with this latest emasculation, although rationally there was no difference. Now her voice reared in her head, one more pink ribbon threaded through her soul, pulling her down into the mold Tina had made for her. She just couldn't figure out why it felt so good to give into it. "Thank you." She managed to say.

"Good girls." Tina lilting giggle and released the pair, letting their skirt fall back down. "We all need a bit of a rest before we take our trip to see your aunt so we'll stay here tonight."

Steph nodded, "Okay!"

But Steve shook her head. "We need to get on the road as soon as possible. The faster we get to Aunt Isabell's, then the closer we get to the end." Then quietly to herself, "No matter which way it goes."

"Why rush? Our jobs are lost causes at this point. A few days, getting used to these skins will be nice." Tina drifted toward where Angelica still lay bound on the couch, her thighs and calves tied spread apart, displaying her dribbling cock and wet pussy. With her wrists bound to her chest and pink rope preventing her wings from opening, she had trapped Angelica in a position ripe for mounting. A quick tug on the pink wire that led to the bullet shoved deep within her and she'd be ready. "What do you think, Kitty? Happy with the status, Quo?" Tina asked as she stroked a handpaw down Angelica's spine and pulled it down the length of





her four foot long tail.

Angelica mewled in response to the touch and raised her rump higher.

"Hehehehe," Tina laughed, "All ready to go huh? Load you in the car like this? You can listen to Steph and Steve argue about where to stop to eat for hours and hours. This would amuse us all yes?"

"Y-y-you w-wouldn't!" Angelica panted.

"Sadly, as the only one of us with clever monkey hands, we will require your services along the road. Trying to use a motel card key is tough enough." Tina slipped a single finger into Angelica's slit and she let out a moaning note. "So, we'll have to sate you... Eventually. Steve and Steph, help me move her to the bedroom and you can demonstrate how flexible your tentacles are. I just put on this dress and I don't want to get it stained."

There was no debate between the two. They nearly skipped to the couch and hooked Angelica's arms with her paws. Together, Tina and the sisters moved the trussed-up catbird like a piece of furniture. Steph and Steve found that she was quite well lubricated afterwards.



CHAPTER 19

Angelica's ears felt as if they might turn molten and melt away from her head. It had been nearly an hour since Tina had untied her and she couldn't stop thinking about it. That god damn argument trigger had gotten her again, totally foiling her desire for a day of rest, just to salvage some sense of control. Regardless, that wasn't the part that really occupied her brain, rather, it was the moment Tina clapped her paw hand over her face and turned her into subby putty. This afternoon she'd been far more pet than punk and that was a dangerous thought when you're playing a game that clearly responded to unconscious desires. Yet she still couldn't stop thinking about that utter bliss of those husky tentacles thrashing around inside her while being bound and helpless. When she'd selected the Panther deck, she imagined something fierce and independent, not the voluptuous sex kitten who loved to get tangled up in kinky yarn she'd become.

Three turns remained, at least. Hopefully, her deck contained a few cards she could use to turn the tables on Tina. It would be days before she got that chance, though. At least she outranked somebody. In the driver's seat, the two-headed dog girl maid who'd once been a human man named Steve piloted the vehicle as if she'd been born with paws instead of hands. Angelica herself sprawled across the back seat on her side, one wing scrunched behind her while the other lay over her like a blanket. She'd experimented with hooking her wings over the back of the seat, but that produced painfully twisted pinfeathers and uncomfortable pressure on her tail. Tina had stayed in the apartment to research getting some modified seats for the trip, but Angelica held out zero hope for that. People who sported magical alterations to the extent of herself and Tina were beyond rare. They'd need custom work done. The cards had modified Tina and Steph's wardrobe, but modifying a car would be another order of magnitude of impressiveness. Modern wizards had the whole pumpkin to carriage thing figured out, but Angelica had never heard of a wizard who could turn a pumpkin into a Ferrari. There'd be a lot more orange sport cars on the road if that were the case.

Which was why Steve and Steph were chaffering her to an enchantment tailor and not a magical autoshop. They were on the very edge of town and pulling into the parking lot of a cinder brick building that had four half-hearted attempts at turrets thrusting out of its corners. They probably had glamors on them at some point that had never been refreshed. Angelica wondered what failed first, the glamor or the bulbs in the T of the sign, turning fairytale tailoring to fairytale ailing. The faded sign in the window advertised magically altered clothing while you wait.

Nothing about the shop made Angelica comfortable about the



owner's competence or quality, but she needed clothing. Otherwise spending three days in the car with Tina in nothing but a dog collar might pet mode her so hard she might never come out of it. The towels she had tied around her neck and waist didn't really do the trick to make her feel human. Steve and Steph set the parking brake.

"You want us to come in with you?" Steve asked, brown eyes full of anxiety as she turned to look over her shoulder.

"Course she does!" Steph answered, popping open the driver's side door.

"I can handle it myself, thanks!" Angelica said, "Please wait here." Her voice heightening to a plea. Even that little exchange sent a tingle through Angelica. The additional sexual organs had doubled the strength of her trigger. As the pair settled back into their seat, Angelica wriggled herself out of the SUV trying not to catch a wing on the door frame.

Once out, she adjusted her "top" so it actually draped over her perked nipples, then retied her skirt to conceal her sheath. The plush fur hid her more feminine sex completely. After fluffing her hair, she grabbed a suitcase full of clothing they had grabbed from her own apartment and rolled it into the building.

The interior comprised of a plain grey room with an unoccupied reception window. A pair of enormous golden scissors hung on one wall, their blades easily as long as Angelica's arm. She wonder if the tailor was an ogre or something. The air hummed with a chorus of washing machines as Angelica approached the counter and rang the small bell.

"Judie! Customer!" A gruff voice shouted from deeper in the building.

"You handled it! I've got my fuckin hands full!" The second voice spoke softer, but Angelica's cupped ear caught it no problem.

"I dunno who it is. You do it." The first voice argued back, and that's all it took. An unbidden warmth sprang up inside Angelica, outlined the lips of her pussy and wrapped around the length of her dog cock.

"I ain't budging until I get this fucking machine back together and washup."

The voices continued back and forth, Angelica's lust ramping with every angry syllable spoken. Her cock throbbed against her tented towel and she could smell her own leaking juices that puddled on the floor between her legs. She hung onto the counter top's edge for dear life because otherwise, both hands were going between her legs.

"C-could one of you please help me?!" Angelica cried out. "Please?"

"Go help the poor woman Rumpel!" Judie shouted.

"Don't call me that!"





Angelica lost her grip on the counter and they flew to her cock. The first pump undid the towel, and it fell from her wide hips, exposing her. No! Her mind lit with panic, but couldn't stop herself from clutching at her balls. It wasn't enough.

"I could use your real name." Judie said as Angelica crashed down onto spread knees. Two fingers drove themselves up her slit.

"Mrrrowwwl!" Angelica yowled as she reached optimal stimulation. One hand throttling her cock, the other making scissor fingers as deep as she could reach.

"The hell?!" Footsteps hurried toward the counter.

No no no no! Angelica screamed internally, but there was no way to stop herself. Frantically, she pumped faster, racing to finish before the gruff voice's owner reached her. Had to release the pressure.

A scrape of a chair. Angelica's internals clenched, hooking her fingers, she pressed against the most sensitive part of her inner wall. A bearded face poked over the counter, the small eyes bugged.

"Rrrrrnarrrg!" She came with a strangled roar, spurting out a rope of cum into the air.

"Pixie Eggs!" The face ducked back, avoiding an eyeful of jizz by a nanosecond.

Angelica sagged, falling into her hands, finally released from the magical need. No relief came for her though, instead the crawling icicles of abject mortification enveloped her body. "Oh gods! Mrrrowl! I'm so mmeewrrry." Her words blending with feline vocalizations.

"What in the Seven Under mountains are doing! Are you one of them Gnome Perverts!? Nearly shot my eye out!" The man thundered down at her from behind the counter. While only two feet tall, with a white beard that reached his ankles, he possessed a fearsome lung capacity.

The yelling triggered a spark in Angelica's loins but her utter humiliation snuffed it out as she struggled to explain. "I'm so sorry. I didn't m-mew, I mean mew, mean too. You argued a-and, and it set me."

"Mistress! Are you alright?" Steph's voice bounded into the small room as the two headed maid charged through the door.

"What did you do to her?!" Steve barked at the gnome as the pair quickly wrapped their arms around the shaking Angelica.

"Me?!" The Gnome bristled. "She's the one who just jizzed all over my shop. What are you? The pervert cavalry?"

The arms around Angelica squeezed her tight as Steph whispered to her folded back ear. "Go back to the car mistress."







We'll clean up the mess."

Angelica nuzzled her and chuffed her thanks before bolting out the door. In full retreat mode, she sailed to the SUV with a single flap of her wings, threw open the door, and dove into the seat.

Awash with guilt, she could only watch Steve and Steph as they stood their ground in the shop. With arms crossed, they endured what looked like a tirade from the Gnome. A skinny figure dressed in denim overalls appeared, Judie? She kicked a mop and bucket at Steph and Steve. They took it, mopped up Angelica's mess and the rest of the floor, tail softly wagging behind her. Angelica watched with a mixture of admiration and jealousy with how in control the pair appeared.

Steph and Steve finished cleaning and headed back toward the car sans Angelica's suitcase. They must have forgotten it, yet to her surprise they opened the rear door.

"Come on in, mistress." Steph said brightly.

"He needs to take some measurements." Steve added with a nod.

"I can't go back in there!" Angelica hissed.

"We explained your trigger and they've promised to hold back while you're in there." Steph said.

"And promised them double their usual price." Steve huffed. "That made Mr. Gnome change his tune."

"Thank you." Angelica said after an incredulous pause, then awkwardly followed them back inside, covering herself the best she could by pulling her tail around herself. The heavy warmth of embarrassment filled her ears as the leering grin of the Gnome greeted her.

"Step right into my parlor Miss Can't Keep It In Her Pants." He chuckled.

"Sorry." Angelica whispered,

The door opened, revealing an overall clad elf, machine grease stained her arms and face. She held the door handle with a gray rag. "Right this way."

Timidly Angelica followed her into a small fitting room with a large mirror and stood as directed on a podium. No longer in the haze of her trigger, Angelica registered how weird it was to see any members of the species that had been "evicted" from the country during the magic panic of the eighties.

The gnome came in and took a long inhalation through his coffee mug sized nose. "Haha! That don't smell like registered and licensed magic. Way too wild. Lucky you came to us. Nobody's gonna file a report in this shop."

"Rumple..." Judie warned.

"Heh heh. You heard the double-headed dog lady. No arguing





unless we want another mess."

Judie grunted as the gnome, still laughing to himself, wheeled a small set of stairs over to Angelica.

"Humans are already the horniest species on two legs and then they use magic to make it worse." He said as he climbed up the stairs, with drawing a measuring tape from his pocket. "Drop your tail and raise your arms please. No need to be shy now since you already gave me an eyeful."

"I said I was sorry." Angelica gave an irritated snort as she complied with the directive.

Judie, watching from the doorway, smirked. "Just be glad you didn't get any in his beard, else you'd be engaged and that's a royal pain to get out of."

"Don't tell her that!" The gnome snapped, triggering a flush.

"Then stop teasing the poor girl."

Angelica growled, countering the sudden heat in her nethers with anger. "I'm not a poor girl. Thank you very much!"

"Careful, you haven't seen my bill yet." The Gnome grinned.

The front desk bell rang and Judie left with a roll of her eyes. Without her, the measuring proceeded swiftly, the gnome prattling about the inelegant nature of human magick in between questions about how Angelica liked to wear her clothing. Eventually she asked him if he could alter the enchantments on her, maybe tone down her trigger.

"We'd have to turn you into an outfit first." He had replied with a wicked smile that implied numerous things that Angelica swiftly decided she didn't want to know. Once done, he went over to her suitcase and wheeled towards the door. "Your Friend, told me that the tailoring won't have to last more than a week but those enchantments you wear don't smell temporary to me. They'll last years on their own. If some hot shot Merlin said he's going to turn you back after a week he's snortin pixie dust."

"It's not that I'll be back to normal in a week. Its more that... it will probably get worse in a week." Angelica ventured.

"Ho ho ho." He sniffed the air. "Oh, is that what I'm smelling? A game. Its like a fey riddled bachelor party. Alrighty Miss Spots and Spunk, I'll comp something a bit more. You can pick three items in here I'll put a little extra oomph to so they'll self adapt and last."

"In exchange for what?" Angelica eyed the little man warily.

"Advertising, of course!" His eyes gleamed like twin gems, "In case you haven't noticed, business here ain't booming. I'm doing more laundry than I'm doing tailoring. Humans splattered with magic are like birds of the feather. You tell them your tailor is the Gnome at Fairy





Tale Tailoring when you wear my pieces. Or... You could be a coat for a month. I know an ogress who would love to wear you to the Winter's ball."

"I'm happy to recommend you to anyone who asks," Angelica said quickly.

The Gnome nodded, "Of course, but keep that second option in mind. Good coats can come back from a gig with their pockets filled with gold. Now. Which three garments do you want to last?"

Angelica's tail floofed at the idea of being... worn. Weirded out and trying not to be intrigued by the idea, she politely refused a further offer. She selected her black leather jacket, a sexy blue bra and the completely unworn wedding dress she'd brought the night she'd signed the paperwork for her divorce. She hadn't remembered packing that, but wasn't going to miss the opportunity to own a self-tailoring wedding dress. The thought of combining it with the jacket made the tip of her tail twitch. Now that's punky.

He folded those three away. "I'd say the pleasure was all mine but..." He trailed off with a wink. "I'll have an outfit for you in a few minutes. You can pick up the rest tomorrow."

Fifteen minutes later Angelica walked back to the SUV... Clothed. Her breasts didn't swing, corralled in a black bra, secured to her by straps routed around her wings. A pink high collar top tied with strings at her shoulders and waist while her stone washed jean shorts hugged her waist just enough that they stayed up while the legs flared wide enough that they melded with the curves her fluff advertised.

The way both Steph and Steve's eyes followed her pleased Angelica. She crawled into the back seat, feeling more in control of herself than she had since she glided into a car door.

"What's next?" She asked the maids.

Steve's ears drooped as Steph grinned as they answered in unison. "Grocery Shopping."



CHAPTER 20

The SUV reeked of Steve's anxiety by the time they found the parking spot at the supermarket. Angelica's attempts to reassure her just made the scent grow stronger. Angelica thought about offering to handle it alone but kept imagining herself masturbating helplessly while two old biddies argued over the last stick of pepperoni. Steph had an excited smile, but the sparkling mania in her blue eyes seemed brittle to Angelica.

"Steve, what's the matter? People are going to stare." Angelica asked after several minutes had passed and they had not moved from the driver's seat.

"They might do more than that." Steve swallowed. "Couple years ago. I saw a woman here, she... was a fox with three tails. People did a lot more than stare."

"She was absolutely gorgeous," Steph whispered. "Petite, ears maybe putting her over five feet. I was instantly jealous."

"You didn't exist!" Steve growled.

"I might have been born that day," Steph said, her tone serious.

"Don't be ridiculous. Tina and the game made you," Steve insisted.

"I didn't come from nowhere, sister." Steph popped open the door after a pause. They grabbed a small pile of bags off the passenger seat and stepped out.

Angelica followed, giving her wings a half flap to resettle her feathers and together they set off across the parking lot. Evening had set and the post work shopping rush was on. People stopped in their tracks, necks cracked with the speed of their double takes, and a car nearly plowed into an elderly woman on the crosswalk. Steph and Steve didn't stop under the force of the stares and held their heads up as they walked at a brisk pace, heels clapping on the pavement. Angelica had reeled from the sheer force of the stares and hurried to catch up with them. What the hell was with these people? They had to see magically altered people all the time on TV. Hell, she had a couple of clients who'd gotten canine ears and one who had a cat's tail. Then half a dozen with mobile tattoos. Far more minor than their enchantments, but magical augmentation wasn't completely unheard of around here.

And yet, as Steph and Steve grabbed a cart from the rack, Angelica remembered that those clients with altered ears had worn hats. She hadn't noticed the feline client tail and slitted eyes until the third



time she'd brought in their terrier. A glamor might have hidden them.

Inside, aisles quickly emptied once they entered them. People clustered at the ends, whispering in hushed voices. Angelica's ear caught every word.

"Wow. How much do you think that cost?"

"Two heads! Is that even legal?"

"Sickos! The two headed one doesn't even have hands."

"Did they escape from some billionaire's harem?"

"Maybe they got cursed?"

They gathered foodstuffs for the trip as swiftly as they could, but not before a cluster of men started to follow them. They were almost done when the cat calling began.

"Hey double dog! Which one of you gives better head?"

Another shook a box of pet treats. "Here kitty kitty! I got treats."

Steph and Steve ignored them and drew herself up to her full, if diminished, height and didn't look at them.

Angelica flicked them off. "Get lost."

"Oh yeah? What if I don't wanna get lost?" One of them sauntered forward ahead of the others. A skinny guy, probably barely out of high school. "I see collars, but no leash! Did you two escape a yard?"

"Maybe there's a reward for bringing them back!" One of them jeered.

"Quick, what's the number for animal control?"

They all laughed.

The lead guy took a step closer, stepping within the reach of Angelica's wings. She let out feral hiss, baring teeth.

He took a step back, "Ooo that's a hissy kitty! You got claws too?"

At the moment, she really wished she had played the paws card on herself, that would have cat claws at least. She continued to watch them, wary of responding in a way that might set off her trigger. Fortunately, she didn't feel the barest tingle of arousal. Maybe the magic had some sort of safety clause?

The men continued to jeer, following them to the front of the store. Angelica imagined leaping on top of them, ripping out throats. The only rebuke they drew from other people were when one started lobbing dog biscuits and cashier yelled at him to stop making a mess. Tears were streaming down Steve's face by the time they were second in line.

The cashier flashed a plastic smile. "Did you bitches find every





you needed today?"

"Yes ma'am." Steph answered with a sad smile. "Precisely the experience we wanted."

"You did this to yourself, honey. Reap what you sow." The cashier glared back while scanning the groceries. "That will be two forty-five and thirty-two cents."

"Nice to see that not everything c-c-changes." Steve sniffled and tapped the card reader with her paw. "Angelica, could you please?"

She considered demanding to see the manager but ultimately decided to just tap her card and help with the bagging.

"Sorry for putting you through that." Steve whispered as they exited the building. The pack the men didn't follow, but watched as they threw the groceries into the car.

Once inside, Steve mumbled, "What does a fox say?" Then slapped the dash with a paw so hard that something within it cracked. "I'm such a fucking idiot." Then broke down, sobbing into her paw. A tentacle snaked out from under her skirt and twisted the key, starting the engine.

Angelica could hold her tongue no longer. "Why in the hell did you put us through that if you knew that's what people are like around here? It's a damn good thing I was with you. Those men could have jumped you!"

"S-sorry." Steve blubbered.

"Steve, there are plenty of ways we could have avoided this. Gotten the food delivered, go to a store in the neighborhood with the magic shop in it, or even waited until it was less busy."

"The fox woman got her tails pulled and left without her food." Steph said, "We've felt guilty about it since."

"Had to feel it from this side." Steve wiped her eyes and blew her nose on her apron. "If this sticks, this is what we're signing up for."

"Oh, for the sake of the Gods Steve," Angelica growled, "Welcome to being different from mainstream. You don't go to places like that unless you absolutely have to. Not to see if you're tough enough to survive it or because you feel guilty because you were an asshole once."

"Yes, mistress." Steph whispered back.

Angelica sat up the best she could, enduring an uncomfortable pushing of her wing's 'elbows' against the ceiling to grab hold of Steve's shoulder. "Don't either of you yes mistress me! We can't let assholes like those in that store stop us from becoming what we are meant to be."

Steve lifted her watery eyes to the rear-view mirror, her black lower lip trembling, ears sagging. "And this is what I'm supposed





to be? A two-headed dog maid?"

"Yes! And Good girls to boot!" Steph said.

"Maybe." Angelica ignored Steph's outburst. "I don't know the old you well, but... well. You do make a sexy girl, don't you?"

Steve blushed.

"You handled my... accident very well. Rescued me. You deserve a treat for being such a good dog." Angelica purred and stroked the back of Steve's ear. The pair of them shivered. Curious, Angelica continued to praise them. "My best girl, a good sexy bitch, the cutest little maid..." She layered it all on, avoiding the precise wording of the trigger, yet still Steve's face grew more flushed with every phrase until her cheeks glowed bright red.

"Mistress please stop triggering me," Steve whined in a pause in the praise stream, "I'm driving..."

"But Steve," Angelica laughed to herself, "I didn't say you're a good girl.

"You don't need to Mistress," Steph responded as she changed lanes. "We're always a good girl now. And we love it."

"Nnnno," Steve quivered, hunching forward, moving her ear from Angelica's reach, "The trigger's broadened somehow."

"Or..." Angelica let herself fall back against the bench seat. "You've always loved being praised like a good dog."

From this angle she couldn't see Steve and Steph's expression, but their silence showed she'd struck a chord.

She filled the silence with her own voice after a moment. "This has been a day for exploring our triggers. Mine is still very active. You two seem to have... evolved past yours, but we should see how her Highness's has changed. What do you say we give her a real royal treatment when we get home?"

Steve and Steph thought for a moment.

"Won't that simply end up like it did yesterday morning?" Steve asked.

Angelica squeezed her breasts, imagining Tina's femcock between them. Tina still had that far too lovely brain muddling scent and powerful hands. Their apartment had no convenient hooks to quickly restrain the Yeen Queen with. A frontal assault on the royal persona would be unlikely to result in collaring the Queen. She sighed, the possibility of their rebellion failing did nothing to stop the warmth her imagination spread into her nethers. "Is that a bad thing?" She asked.

"Certainly not mistress!" Steph grinned.



CHAPTER 21

The “rebellion” failed spectacularly. Angelica found it very difficult to remember to hammer Tina with her trigger once she got her mouth around the tip of that black femcock. The Yeen Queen took charge very quickly. Angelica found herself riding the majestic staff while Steve and Steph practiced their double blowjob technique on the red rocket. The combination reduced Angelica to little more than a purring puddle of afterglow. Tina tied both of them up for “treason,” impaled them on silicon cocks and sentenced them to orgasm mining until the pizza got delivered.

Once fed and released, neither husky maids nor punky pantheress were much good for anything other than cuddling. The entire pack fell asleep watching a documentary on lifestyles of the rich and magical on Tina’s phone.

True to form, Tina woke in full task mistress mode, rallying everyone to prepare for the journey to Steve’s aunt’s. Preparations were temporarily derailed when Angelica pounced Steve and Steph while they argue over heels and fishnet stockings. Only a counter tackle from Tina prevented the bird cat from getting knot deep in the husky maids.

Still, they managed to feed, dress and pack before noon. Tina had spent the time the others were running errands, researching what the hell the Elfford manor was and hacks to make the SUV more drivable for those with large tails. The second bit had been far more successful. She’d managed to find someone selling a seat with the lower back support removed. They picked that up, Angelica’s suitcase of magically tailored clothing and were driving out of the city by mid afternoon.

The new seat allowed Tina to take turns driving with Steve and Steph, although her wide feet and huge hands made it awkward. She eventually found it most comfortable to hang her left hands out the window, clamp one right mitt over the steering wheel. That left her second right hand to pet or tease Steve and Steph who rode shotgun when they weren’t driving.

Angelica struggled to find a position to accommodate her wings. Unfortunately, the rear bench seat couldn’t be removed. So she either had to lie across the seat with one wing scrunched or kneel in the back with the seat folded down. On day one, Steph and Steve went into the back arguing like bugs bunny and daffy duck over what hunting season it was. It turned out that five hours of knotted rutting was Angelica’s limit. Everyone was sore that evening at the motel. Tina practiced all sorts of rope tying on day two. Day three they were on a more rural two-lane highway and Angelica had a brain storm. Making a detour to a water-skiing supply store, they



picked up a winch and line. Then experimented with Angelica, winging it behind the SUV. It slowed them down but was a glorious morning for the cat bird, despite an overpass forcing a crazy rapid landing in a tight forest pass.

Besides brief encounters with motel staff, gas station attendants, stares from other motorists, the outside world let them all be.

As the end of the journey grew close, Steve fantasized about not stopping at Auntie's Isabell place at all. Maybe they could just... keep driving. Never go to the next turn, never stop playing the Game of No Hands. They could do it, or at least attempt. Angelica and Tina napped in the back as they approached the edge of St. Louis, where their witchy aunt lived. Even Steph seemed lost in her own thoughts, staring out onto the road. Yet, the snacks were starting to dwindle. Steve's body was a mess of aches and their stomach craved meals beyond fast food.

How long would it take them all to notice? An hour? A day? Could they all simply pretend not to notice? She wondered. How long could Steve herself go before curiosity as to the contents of three cards left in the Husky Maid deck drove outgrew the dread of letting Auntie Isabell see her like this?

Apparently not very long, because she slid into the exit lane as soon as it appeared. Steph roused herself with a quiet giggle that Steve more felt than heard. She'd been surprisingly passive on the trip, eagerly agreeing to whatever ideas Tina and Angelica suggested but not suggesting anything of her own. Now as the exit ramp glided them off the highway and onto a narrow two lane road, she watched Steve with a soft smile before nudging with her with her cheek. "You're such a good girl, Steve." She whispered. "I've been thinking, maybe it's time you changed your name."

"Now?" Steve swallowed. "I can't do that. Its... who I am." She couldn't quite bring herself to say she liked her name, but it was too late now. Steph was Steph. Maybe if the game put them back together, she'd take Steph, but that was her name, not Steve's.

"You flinch the tiniest bit when someone calls you Steve." She continued to whisper. "Steph and Stella has a nice ring to it. Don't you think?" Steph said.

"I'm not a Stella!" Steve responded with a huff and stepped on the gas harder than necessary. A Stella conjured the image of one of those elegant control freak housewives from ancient sitcoms or horror movies. Steph and Stella sounded good together, but that was no reason to change her name. Right? It handed Tina more ammo to mold them into her perfect little servant. Probably because Steph was doing her work for her.

"Just think about it sister." Steph gave her a knowing peck on the cheek. "I know you will."

Steve growled, but it didn't stop the flood of name related thoughts from rising through her mind. From lists of possibilities like Stella, Star, Stacy to the implications of what it would mean if she let her old name go. Would that give the game more power over her? How





would Tina take it? Should she ask Tina for a name? Or maybe Angelica?

The possibilities distracted Steve to the point that Steph took the wheel of their body and the car without her noticing. It wasn't until the car came to a complete stop did Steve realize how hard she had been thinking.

"Might want to get some clothes on ladies!" Steph announced to groans. "We're here!"

Steve shook herself, trying to file away her thoughts and focus on the scene in front of her. A small black house with red trim greeted her, its four sides gathered under a squat circular roof that resembled a coolie hat. It couldn't be much bigger inside than her own apartment. It had a small shingle sign over the door that read "Willow's Apothecary."

There was a little parking lot with one other car, a cherry red honda civic. Did she live here as well as work?

"Where has our bikini bottoms marched off to now?" Tina laughed as the pair struggled to dress themselves. Steph and Steve left them to it, stepping out of the car. Their heart fluttered as approached the door, which had a "Come on in we're open!" sign in the window. It swung inward as they reached for it and a tall woman filled the doorway. She had Auntie Isabell's signature hairdo, a two white streaks through spiky raven black hair, but didn't recognize the fierceness in her purple eyes as they squinted behind square lensed glasses. "You're not who I expected tonight. Explain yourself."

Steve blinked as he found herself beneath the piercing gaze. "Aaah. A-auntie Isabell. Its me, well us. SsssSteve," She dragged the name out and it hung between them like a rotting rabbit. "About the moon silver."

Aunt Isabell did not recoil... precisely. Her broad forehead gathered its wrinkles into furrows and her lips parted, entire face scrunching up. "Stevie?! That's you?" She extended her head forward and took a tentative sniff.

"It is you!" The caution melted away to kindly smile as Steph and Steve were embraced. "My stars, you gave me such a fright! I thought the Morgana had sent one of her battle maids after me! I nearly blasted you off my front stoop!"

"There are battle maids?" Steph asked, ears perking with interest, their tail starting to wag.

"Oh, don't worry your pretty head about it dear." Auntie Isabell held herself out to arms length, beaming a smile at the both of them. "I'm going to have to have words with Madam Butterscotch. Your guest tonight will be unexpected. I'll say! I didn't know what you'd gotten yourself mix up with but this... Stars. I can feel the magic buzzing in my nostrils." She took a moment to study them before refocusing on Steve. "Now you are Steve but," her eyes shifted to Steph, "Who are you? You're not Tina, are you?"

"I'm Steph and this is," Steph's cheek nudged Steve, "Might be Stella."





"Just Steve, for now." Steve corrected, then wondered why she said, for now. Shaking away her name issues, she forced herself to continue. "We're both Steve."

"Ah! A split. Sorry for assuming dearies." Her eyebrows climbed higher on her forehead.

Behind them, the whirr of the SUV's rear gate raising sounded and Auntie Isabell's jaw dropped. "Oh my!"

Steve glanced back to see Tina in her four armed, four breasted, bikini bottom barely containing her femcock glory, helping Angelica out of the car. Once out, Angelica stretched, arms over her head, wings spread to their full span. The black feathers and leather jacket shined in the setting sun.

"My glorious stars. Who is that?" Auntie Isabell asked an awed whisper.

"That's Angelica. The four-armed Yeen is Tina." Steph said unforced perkiness as Auntie Isabell stared with naked admiration.

"She's named well." Auntie muttered.

Steve cut in, "Uh, Auntie could we come inside?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed with sudden animation. "Of course. So sorry. You've come such a long way and here I am, blocking the doorway and yammering on." She walked into the house. "Come in, all of you! I'll make tea."



CHAPTER 22

Steve and Steph followed Auntie Isabell into a small storefront, where elegant pedestals displayed small vials of artfully cut glass. The decor kept the square contained within a circle vibe of the house and its roof. Pure passion, declared a glowing sign below one potion lit with flame. Another shadowy display advertised, “A fragrance to be unseen.”

Perfumes, Steve realized, their aunt made magical scents. They stopped to admire the dozen varieties. Steph reached a paw toward a bottle that contained a pale rainbow, then let it fall with a sigh when her thumbless manipulator entered her vision.

“They’re so pretty.” She said.

“Do they work?” Steve asked, her vision falling on the bottle curiously titled, Book Lust.

“Within legal limits, of course.” Aunt Isabell opened a door behind a marble topped sales counter. “Come along. The store is hardly the place for entertaining guests.”

They moved deeper into the house and Steve found herself a little disappointed that the house wasn’t any bigger inside than it had appeared. The store front took up a third of the structure and behind it lay a living area akin to a studio apartment with a large kitchen. A queen-sized bed with a comforter adorned with dancing pink and black skunks dominated the living area. With a snap of Isabell’s fingers, it folded up into the wall. A round table rose from the floor in its wake. Four chairs unstacked themselves from the corner of the room and raced up to the table. Isabell frowned at the chairs, jabbed her finger at two of them and their backs folded down, making them into stools with nothing to impede wings or tails. Clearly, she dealt with guests that had alternate body plans with some regularity.

“Please have a seat.” She gestured at the table. As Steve claimed one of the still backed chairs, Isabell greeted Tina and grasped one of her hands. “Tina! It is so good to see you again. What’s it been? Five years since the wedding?”

“Yes, its been too long Auntie Isabell,” Tina laughed nervously.

“Call me Isabell please. Or even Izzy.” She brought the mega mitt to her nose and inhaled. “Ah my stars. Such a dominant scent. Poor Stevie doesn’t stand much of a chance, did he, uh she?”

“Not really.” Tina accented the response with a high-pitched



titter.

"Sorry." Isabell smiled without a hint of apology, dropped the hand and pointed to her nose. "Scent witch. I can't help it."

Tina nodded and Isabell nearly pounced on Angelica, snatching up the curvy cat bird's offered hand with two of hers.

"Welcome Angel! Unless I miss my guess, we haven't met before." The purple eyes shined with sheer admiration.

"I don't believe so. It's Angelica though." Angelica returned the gaze with a flirtatious smirk that caused a bolt of anxiety to launch down Steve and Steph's spine.

"My mistake." Isabell took a careful sniff at the black furred hand she held. "Oh Stars! What a scent! Wild and rough but with notes of cozy confictions. Please have a seat and I'll make us all a pot of tea."

"Sounds lovely," Angelica slinked to the table, swaying her hips and sank down onto the stool next to Steve and Steph.

"She's my Aunt!" Steve whispered at her.

"Cute must run in the family." Angelica reached over and squeezed their thigh. "Don't worry, you're way more pretty."

Steph giggled as Steve blushed hard.

Tina, sitting on Steve's opposite side, leaned over her back to whisper in Angelica's ear, "Careful, don't let her hear that. We still need that Moonsilver."

Everyone laughed besides Steve, who attempted to pull her head down into her body. Not being part turtle, it didn't get very far.

"For being cursed, you all seem to be in very high spirits." Isabell called from behind the small kitchen island.

"We are not cursed." Tina chuckled. "Merely enmeshed in a game that is more than we thought it was."

"A game? You three are carrying enough magic to power Disney world for a week. It must be run by a merlin level magus. And I don't see why a merlin would need you to fetch them moonsilver." She tapped a kettle, and it began to whistle with steam.

"No person, Auntie," Steve said as she poured hot water into large mugs. "Just cards."

"Cards," she laughed incredulously. "Now I'm too curious. If you want that moonsilver, you'll have to tell me what this is."

Steve looked at Tina, who nodded, and then Angelica, who





shrugged. Then, after Isabell had set a tray containing four mugs of steaming tea and a basket of shortbread cookies in the center of the table, Tina summarized the game they had been playing over the last week. The witch nodded along. Her eyes grew distant as she pondered the implications, but her far-away gaze went through Angelica's breasts. Noticing this, Angelica unzipped her jacket to showcase her the dark blue bra that supported her soft cleavage. Isabell didn't appear to notice and continued to stare as Steve shot ocular daggers at Angelica. She winked back and leaned forward.

"Elfford manor, by the stars," Isabell muttered as Tina finished. Then those purple eyes blinked and refocused directly on the soft downy fur of Angelica's cleavage. Isabell's eyes stole up to the cat's gentle leer and bounced back down to the breasts before her cheek blossomed into a rosy flush. "Young lady!" She exclaimed and averted her eyes.

"You were staring so hard," Angelica's purr rumbled through the room, "I just want to make sure your eyes landed on something soft."

"My stars..." Isabell pulled at the collar of her high neck blouse.

"Sorry Auntie," Steve squeaked, her own cheeks hot on Isabell's behalf, "The game's magic makes us... forward."

"You're the one who made sure I'm proud of these wonderful pillows." Angelica hefted a breast without shame. "Although I don't think I needed that particular push."

"I know!" Steve whimpered. "It was me or you!"

"Ladies Please!" Isabell pleaded.

Tina, who had been about to leap into the conversation, shut her muzzle and leaned back with a small, "heh."

After a moment of silence, Isabell met the gaze of everyone in the room. "I have good news and bad news. Good news, Elfford manor isn't far from here. It was the home of the first Merlin of the United States when magic reappeared in 1960's, Sigourney Tipper. This game is likely one of their creations. Viewed magic as the most wonderful of forces. Developed enchantments that gather magic and concentrate it. They loved games. Back in those days, very few people knew what magically active materials were. Tipper got a hold of orichalcum so pure that his creations have virtually no limit on the amount of magic they can hold. This game of yours has probably been gathering magic for decades and might have developed an intelligence far past its parameters."

"So, it's having us bring it home?" Steve asked.

Isabell laughed softly as she got up from her chair to stand in front of a long decorative mirror to smile at her reflection. "Here's the bad news. No one's found Elfford Manor in fifty years. Tipper protested the regulation of magic in the 80s and the government too exception to that. It raided the manor and killed Sigourney. Afterward





Elfford Manor disappeared. It's either gone or protected by a glamor so strong that nobody's been able to pierce it." She kissed her finger tips and pressed them to the lips of her reflection. The mirror's image shimmered, the reflection nodded, reached out of frame and retrieved a bundle of five silver rods, wrapped with bands of black fabric. Isabell took it from her mirror self with a mutter of thanks, then staggered a bit with their weight. It made a heavy clunk when she set it down on the floor. Each of the rods were at least three inches wide and nearly two feet long. "If your cards somehow change that, then this entire area's going to be crawling with regulators soon and it's probably best to get rid of five rods of unregistered moon silver. You brought cash, right?"

"That would have required going to a bank, which would have been difficult, Auntie." Steve said.

"Stars... You see." She scanned all of them and winked at Angelica. "That price was before I knew there were four unregistered magical beings who needed the moonsilver."

"We can't pay much more than that." Steve protested.

"Oh Stevie, not to worry. You can keep the money, leave it in the bank. You have so much more to offer than mundane resources. With such lovely, powerful scents. I could do so much with a distillation of them."

Tina let out a barking laugh. "You want to take our scents?"

"She can have yours," Angelica commented. "It's nothing but trouble."

"Oh dearies, I'm not looking to clip your very lovely scent glands. It's nothing so simple nor safe. As a scent witch, I need magical scents to work with, concentrated essences. Yes, you can get that from harvesting magical creatures, but if I were grinding up manticores for their anal glands, then both the dragons and SPMC would be offended. It's far more efficient to direct raw mana through a manticore borrowed from a zoo to get it to over produce it odor and harvest that. The paper work is murder and you need a full circle of witches but it works. I've never done it with the scent sources being part of the circle, but I'm sure it won't be that difficult." A snap of her fingers echoed and a rectangle of floor near the wall lowered down into a hidden staircase.

Angelica's folded her wings around her body protectively. "You want to run raw magic through our bodies? What could that do to us?"

Isabell picked up the moonsilver. "In theory nothing, besides increasing the potency of your scent by several magnitudes. It might increase the strength of your enchantments momentarily. The procedure is similar to how they extend the duration of magical augments, but those are specifically constructed to be refueled. Come now, it will only take an hour or so."

Steve, Tina and Angelica had a brief huddle, discussing options of which there were few. Steph said nothing, but her eyes gleamed with a certain mania. As they concluded they would go through with it, she whispered to Steve, "Don't worry, the old Stinker will get hers."



CHAPTER 23

The room below didn't resemble any basement Steve had ever seen before; soft recessed lighting glowed from earthen walls while the floor was comprised a seamless black slab. In the center a golden circle sat, surrounding a silver pentagram. Off to one side of the circle, a machine stood, a strange conglomeration of spiraling glass tubes and softly glowing crystals, topped with a collection of brass funnels that might have once belonged to a chorus of tubas.

Isabell laughed softly as all three of them eyed the circle warily. "Oh, don't be nervous. This is apprentice level stuff. I'll take care of all the details. Just do what I tell you." She unwrapped the bundle of rods and handed them out as she directed everyone to stand at the compass points surrounding the circle. Tina faced Steph and Steve at East and West while Angelica stood at the South point. Angelica's ears were half back and her thick tail lashed as Isabell wheeled the contraption behind her.

"Oh dearie, I just want to start with your pretty scent first." She cooed, twisting a lever on the machine. Bellows in the bottom part accordioned outwards, then pressed inward with a soft wheeze.

"You sure this thing won't turn me into a toad or anything?" Angelica licked her lips nervously.

Isabell scoffed lightly, "Oh my stars! While toads can pungent, I'm not a fan of cold and slimy. Mustilids are much nicer to cuddle with. My teacher had a pet skunk who sprayed a lovely lavender musk." She carefully ducked around a wing so she came hip to thigh with Angelica and petted her knee, "Although she wasn't nearly as soft as you. Sadly, I'm rubbish at transfiguration but I would love to have a skunk of my own." Her purple eyes were pure sly flirtation. "Maybe I could call in a few favors."

Angelica's tail puffed.

"Auntie please!" Steve pleaded. "You're making this very weird."

"Nak!" Tina bark laughed before growling, "She's ours, Isabell. Find your own pets." Her spiky mane raising all along her spine.

"My apologies." She gave a half shrug and eased herself away from Angelica a tad. "Can't blame a lonely witch for trying. You three are the most interesting thing that's showed up on my doorstep in half a decade and are far more pleasant to deal with than a dragon. Anyway, this is what we're going to do." She raised her silver rod. "The outer



circle is a protective barrier. By guarding the compass points with our wills, we'll make sure the unrefined mana doesn't get out. The pentagram is moonsilver and when I tell you Angelica, we're going to take our rods and touch a point. I'll direct the energy into your body. It will be intense, but just hang on. The rather expensive contraption behind you will collect the scent before it affects anyone in the room. Got it Angel?"

The feline muzzle dipped in a nod.

"Good girl!" Isabell patted her leg and then strode over to the wall, which opened like a maw. From the cavity she extracted an arm load of blue crystalline flowers. "I've had these sitting around forever now. I learned they were purloined from gorgon's garden after I took them as payment." Swiftly, she dumped them in the middle pentagram and took her position at the Northern compass point. Bouncing briefly on the balls of her feet, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "We're ready to begin. Follow my instructions."

Steve and Tina shared skeptical glances across the circle as Angelica mimicked Isabell's limbering up. Steph gave a nearly silent giggle that made Steve worry. Her other self clearly knew something she wasn't sharing; but how did she know anything Steve didn't? Steve planned for that interrogation later. No time now. Auntie Isabell pulled a small pile of herbs from the depths of a hip pouch. They burst into flame in her palm and she inhaled the silvery smoke they produced. Holding it for a moment, her purple eyes flared with light.

"We stand, united." The silver smoke leaked from the corners of her mouth as she intoned the spell. "Four points of the compass to set the circle. East and West lend it your strength to protect the world outside from the one we create within. Press your palms against it."

Steve and Steph reached out their paws and found a hardening of the air itself. It bowed against their pads at first, but as Tina joined her in the motion, it stiffened until they both strained against an invisible glass wall.

Isabell took up her rod. "I am the wind that blows from the north. Hot and harsh, I burn that which stands before me, releasing the potential trapped within the form." Drawing a vial that glowed with the red of magma, she pulled the stopper with her teeth and snorted the contents through one nostril. Her face twisted into a grimace as she raised the moonsilver rod over her head. Its edges glowed red and its blunt tip sharpened. With a cry, she swung it down in front of her. The air buckled as the tip pierced the outer circle and connected with the top most point of the golden pentagram. Red energy crackled along the golden lines, but it didn't race out to the points, instead coalescing in the pentagon at the star's center. The floor below the flowers took on a red glow.

"The East and West must hold!" Isabell called out the instant before the crystalline flowers exploded. The barrier bucked. Steve and Steph yelped as it felt like thier paws had been high fived by a double donkey kick. Still, they held. Inside the circle, a storm of energy





raged like a captured tempest.

Isabell remained kneeling, her rod held to the star's point, the red energy still flowing down the arm of the star into the central pentagon. "Angelica! When I complete the next line, you need to do as I did. Connect your rod to the point of the pentagram."

"Is that really a good idea?" Angelica asked, staring with wide eyes at the swirl tempest.

A girlish giggle came from Steph, "Awww is mistress afraid that a little mana storm is too thick for her to take?"

"Steph! This is not the time!" Steve growled.

"I'm just being encouraging, Sis!" She cheek nuzzled her sister as Angelica's tail curled upwards and she let out a barely audibles whine of arousal.

"If you want the Moonsilver, then take the mana." Isabell called. Ears flattening, Angelica's beasts heaved as she raised the rod over her head and nodded.

"The South is calm. What the north has harvested shall settle in the rivers of her veins. Carry through the temple of her body and be recast as her manifestation in the most subtle of the senses." Isabell twisted her rod and the two arms that extended in Angelica's direction luminesced, shining with golden light. The whirling clouds of the mana storm began to spiral down into the metal. "Now!" Isabell urged.

"Which point?" Angelica asked.

"Doesn't matter." Isabell shouted. "Pick one!"

Angelica stabbed her rod down onto the point to her right, closest to Tina. As the blue energy crackled up the length of the rod and into Angelica's hands, Steve and Steph's tail wagged as Steph's excitement flushed through their body.

"Oh gawds!" Angelica squeaked as her wings snapped open and blue energy shined from her eyes like twin spot lights. Her mouth opened to moan as her squat gave way to an open leg kneeling. Faint blue wisps of gas rose from the pads of her feet and her scent loaded cheeks.

"That's it! Hold it right like that Angel!" Isabell's voice sang with praise.

Behind Angelica, the contraption began to burble. The blue vapors bent toward it, drawn into its funnels and spiraled into its delicate pathways. The volume of its task increased as Angelica cock poked over the waist of her shorts. One hand fluttered down to her belly as it began plump outwards.

"They're coming," she moaned, already clawing at her button. "I-I need to take off my pants!"





"Don't let go of that rod!" Alarm lifted Isabell's voice.

Angelica stared down at the rod in her hand, pausing her panting to lick at her nose. The sharp circular edges softened, rounding off. She took it into her mouth and held it with her teeth. That freed her hands to shove her shorts down to her knees then with a bit of shimmying down to her ankles.

"Mmmmmph!" She cried around the rod as the first egg slipped free, its purple speckled shell steaming with the blue vapor. Wet spots spread out across her bra and juices dripped down between her legs before her lips stretched around another egg.

Sparks of pink flickered among the blue arcs of energy that crackled around the rod.

"Wait! What are you doing?" Isabell asked, looking up from the circle to squint through the teeming energies at Angelica, "Something's wrong."

A third egg fell and Angelica entire body shuddered. "MmmmmMMMPH!" Pulling the rod from her mouth with a wet sucking pop, she gasped, "Oh its so good." Turning her head side ways she curled her pink tongue around the shaft with desperate urgency while her free hand squeezed her own cock, thumb playing across the tip.

"Now this is fun!" Steph whispered as their own pussy prickled with fresh moisture as they watched Angelica lose herself in her lust. The pink energy had stolen down the length of the rod and now pressed along the line that connected Angelica to Isabell.

"Stop that! You're adding your mana to the circle!" Isabell scolded.

"Heh!" Tina snort laughed, "You said this would increase the strength of our enchantments. It's working as advertised!"

"It can't go through her if she's pushing mana into the pentagram! We're not even halfway through this batch." Isabell clutched at her rod, arms starting to tremble as the pink pushed past the halfway mark. Across the way, more eggs were piling up between Angelica's legs and her nipples had escaped her bra. Milk dribbled onto the floor while the rod she licked and suckled increasingly resembled a certain femcock. All the while, she pumped her own red rocket.

Her tail spasmed out straight as she threw back her head to yowl out her bliss and her cock spurted out into the circle. The cum exploded into pink energy that crackled down into the pentagram. The energy raced to toward Isabell, flowing up her moonsilver and arcing into her head. She let out a note of alarm as the two white streaks in her hair flared like white phosphorous. The blinding light raced down her back and an enormous tail exploded from her buttocks, the force of it spraying the remnants of her skirt like confetti behind her. A wide expanse of black fur with two parallel stripes along its length.

"Goodness! I haven't had that for decades!" She stared at her bushy appendage as it swished back and forth once. Then as it





suddenly raised up over her back, her head snapped forward and bent down. "Oh no." Her voice turned to a mortified whisper.

A thick, pink plume of gas shot from beneath the tail and into the air. It rolled off the nearby wall and flowed up over Isabell. "Oh fuck my stars." She gasped and gave a gagging cough. "Sooo musky."

The blue along with the pink energies were now streaming into Isabell. She shook her head. "Gotta reroute the metaphoric energies." She panted as her fingers, initially fumbling with her hip pouch, the hand drifted south, between her legs. Rubbing herself through the tatters of her skirt, she swiftly lost herself to pleasure. Eyes rolling back, lips rounded into an O and her voice fading to rapid monosyllabic, "Oh! Oh! Oh! OOOh! Mooore!" Seizing the front of her dress, she ripped the garment from her body. It tore like tissue paper exposing her matronly figure. Obstacle removed, she plunged her fingers into her thick black bush. Crying out, "My Stars!" Her tail quivered once, flapping upwards and releasing a fresh jet of pink fragrance. As she sighed with relief, her ears unfolded into cute cups, darkening along with her lips.

Blinking, her eyes partially refocused, "What... am I doing?"

"Being really hot," Steph cooed, taking a deep breath of the pink vapor creeping over them. "Were you your teacher's pet?" She asked.

Steve felt of warmth spread outward from their shared lungs, adding to the sopping arousal from watching Angelica succumb to the lusts of her body. Combined, they created a need that overpowered any forethought. She couldn't stop herself from extending a tentacle from its hiding place and threading it up into their moist spade. Steve promised herself to make it a quick one, take the edge off. Nobody would notice but Steph.

"No!" Isabell cried out as she sprayed a fresh plume, her tail extended longer, thicker as she quaked with the force of her own orgasm. "This is... Impossible!" Grimacing, she wrenched her hand from her sex and shoved her sopping fingers between her pendulous breasts. "I had this for about a year as a joke. I kept shutting it in doors and I couldn't stand my smell. There shouldn't be any trace of it for the magic to follow."

Steph gave a panting laugh. "Liar. You missed it terribly. Dreamed of it." Inside them Steve wiggled the tentacle deep inside their crevice, propelling them up towards their own quake. Yet, Steph forced their innards to clench, restraining the tentacle and slowing progress. Steve couldn't fathom why Steph fought her but pressed the tentacle even deeper into their shared pussy and felt their legs begin to twitch.

"Stevie please. You don't understand! I can't be..." Isabell pleaded. "The entire batch is getting corrupted with metamorphic energies. You have to take some of it into yourself... Let me regain control. Gah!" A fresh burst ripped out from her behind, spurring thick fur to spread up her back in the world's fluffiest recoil.





"I dunno." Steph said her head tipping up as she struggled to stay focused with their tentacle tickled the door to their womb. "What... oooh fuck us Stella... do you think Angelica?"

"Sooo good!" Angelica responded as she pulled on her cock rod from her mouth. Egg supply apparently exhausted, she had one hand fingering herself and the other pumping her cock. Blue vapor still streamed from her every pore. She leaned back and lowered the rod, aligning it with her still gaping pussy. The rod's tip remained attached to the pentagram point as if magnetic. She plunged herself onto it with a blissful yowl. Inside the circle, pink swirled along with blue. Beyond that, Tina stood in a cloud of pink maisma, no longer holding the barrier but humping it.

"Oh we'll help Auntie! Won't we Stella?" Steph said between her own pants.

Steve or Stella, she didn't care at the moment, she just wanted to cum. Why wouldn't her sister let them come? "Yes." She whined, "Help her cum."

Their other tentacle extended down beneath their skirt, wrapping around one of the two silver rods at their feet. With a flick it swung around, its tip passing through the circle and adhered to the second southern point of the pentagram. Instantly, power slammed up through their body, electrified pleased raced up their rows of tits and back down their spine. When it reached their lady parts, the held off orgasm ripped up through them. They howled with a single voice of ecstasy. Pink energy tore down their tentacle and through the rod. Once within the circle, it sucked a portion of the storm into itself, gathering as a wave as it traveled down the line toward Isabell.

She got hold of another glowing red vial between her fingers as the energies crashed through her. Still, she managed to keep her grip on it as yet another geyser of lust musk erupted from her. Nails blackening, extending as she bit down on the stopper and pulled it free with a practiced motion. It proved for naught though, pink sparks played between her fingers and they spasmed open. In the time it took that small vial to travel to the ground, her digits ballooned out into thick padded paws, with long claws and thick black fur spreading up her arms.

"My stars... This wasn't in the horoscope." She stared at the pads of her paw, still clinging to the moonsilver rod with her other one. Across the circle, Angelica thrust herself down on her rod and came with an earth rippling scream. Entranced by her shifting body, Isabell didn't even see the last wave gather all the remaining mana in the circle and crash through the barrer. It blew her onto her back, the force skidding her nearly into the wall. Pink energy shined out from her skin. No more gas escaped her body, but her tail grew further as she lay there, staring insensately. Its length and girth had eclipsed Isabell's entire body when a huge hand grabbed hold of its tip.

Absent of mana, the barrier Tina had been humping collapsed and the motion of Isabell expulsion from the circle drew her musk hazed eyes. She'd set off after the increasingly skunked witch at a lurch. Now, with that tail firmly in hand, she dragged Isabell toward the





still sparking circle.

"Wait. I..." Isabell roused from her stupor as her buttocks crossed over the circle's edge and rolled up to her knees. "Feel strange."

Tina laughed, and pivoted. The motion imparted a waggle to her femcock, which Isabell's eyes rooted upon.

"Stars..." she breathed, her eyes shined with the pink energy.

"First you. Clean mess. Heheh." Tina cupped the back of Isabell's head and used it to pilot her over to Angelica, who sprawled besides a sizable pile of eggs. A pink spark jumped across Isabell's nostril as her nose collided with Angelica's fuzzy balls. The nostrils blackened and flared as they drank in the scent. More sparks flared, spreading fur out across Isabell's face.

"A- -ah, Angel," Isabell grasped, the muscles in her face twitched uncoordinately, eyelids fluttering as the skull pressed out beneath it. Tina shoved that growing muzzle into Angelica's sex and the skunkifying woman set to work immediately, wrapping her arms around the spotted thighs for leverage.

Angelica shuddered, stirred from something like sleep to lift her head to stare down between her now enormous breasts to find the striped head pressed against her balls. Giving a soft rowl of approval, she thrust her hips into the air to give Isabell a better angle. Behind her, Tina knelt and grabbed hold of the base of the massive tail, then maneuvered the tip of her cock to press against the pink sex hidden within an ocean of black fur. With the tail as leverage, Tina sheathed herself in skunk with a powerful hip thrust. Isabell came up from Angelica's legs to scream through a broad nosed muzzle and didn't go back down again as Tina pistoned into her. Sparks spread down Isabell's legs. Fur followed in their wake, racing for her toes.

Panting heavily, Angelica tried to pull Isabell's head back down to focus on her tongue work. Isabell attempted but could only get a single lick in before the next deep thrust shattered her focus. Vexed, Angelica sat up and Isabell latched onto her bright red cock, engulfing it in her broad muzzle. Soon Angelica was thrusting down the skunk woman's throat, in time with Tina's pounding hips.

Steve and Steph pulled themselves from the blissful haze of their magically enhanced orgasm. Steve blinked in horror as she realized that the black striped woman getting doubled dick by her lovers was her Auntie. Steph, in contrast, giggled with delight. Nevertheless, they both watched in silence, Steph with an open grin and Steve through two digits of her paw.

They came in waves. Tina would let out a high-pitched yip of a laugh, slam herself forward and grind before releasing a torrent of femcum. Then Isabell's hips would spark, her tail flick and she'd spray a fresh load of pink musk into Tina's belly fur, shifting further. Spurred by the pleasure, she thrust her lips down to the top of Angelica's knot and the cat bird would come with a yowl. They'd slow, then after a few breaths of the





AH
AHH!







musky, they were back at full steam. Once fur had swallowed every inch of Isabell's skin, the changes kept coming. Long claws sprouted from the toes of spade like feet. Each wave of pink sparks added a pair of breasts, smaller than the pair above it. Her torso and neck lengthened as her arms and legs inched shorter. Stranger features sprouted as her entire body began to shrink, a small pair of wings reached from her back, short goat horns provided Angelica with a pair of handholds and her pelt thickened further as it flashed through pastel colors. When she had shrunk to maybe three feet tall, she stopped spraying and without that, the pace of Tina and Angelica's thrusts slowed and then finally stopped.

The three of them slipped apart. Too tired to even sigh, they collapsed directly into sleep.

"Oh, my poor Auntie. She's gonna be so mad," Steve whispered into her paw as she looked over the fuzzy creature Isabell had become. Her coloration had landed on bright purple with pink stripes, the precise shades of Angelica's spots. Eight sets of breasts were visible on her chest and belly before they were swallowed by the thick fur and her tail stretched out a good two feet longer than she could possibly stand tall.

"Don't be such a grumble puss." Steph snuggled her cheek against Steve's, "She'll love it. You see her bed? She sleeps with skunks every night. And now she's got a built-in source of magic scent."

"She is... really cute." Steve admitted, returning her sister's gesture of affection. "How'd you know our magic would interact like that?"

Steph grinned, "Because we have fun magic. Magic that likes to be shared. Besides, nobody gets to use us for anything without getting a taste of it."



CHAPTER 24

The next morning, Auntie or just Isabell to everyone who wasn't Steve, wasn't upset at all, at least not initially. In fact, it wasn't until she tried to make tea that she even remembered being human. From there she spiraled into a bit of an existential crisis of how she was going to explain this to her coven. Steph suggested not explaining it at all. Call it a happy accident. This struck Auntie Isabell as hilarious, ridiculous, and began to reel off reason after reason. Tina made a comment that she certainly smelled happy. That stopped her as everyone sniffed the air. Steve thought it smelled a bit like hot chocolate mixed with mulled wine in the small house. Tina cited pine and cinnamon notes, Angelica likened it to brownies baking and Steph compared it to the aftermath of fantastic bang.

The small purple skunk woman muttered something about scents don't lie and spent a minute or so staring down at her semi useless paws. Unlike Steve and Steph, she had thumbs. They were just as thick as the rest of her padded digits, but they were there. Then she giggled. "Happy accidents indeed, my stars. Oh, I cannot wait to see Madam Butterscotch's face." Clapping her paws together, a chair shot out of the corner to attend her. She hopped up onto it and set about making tea, not letting her clumsy digits do anything but delay the process a bit. From there, she brushed any offers of help and determinately cooked up a pile of flapjacks and several of Angelica's eggs. Although when her tail swept several glasses off the counter, she didn't object when Steve and Steph rushed in to sweep up the glass.

Once fed, she mentioned she had a very, very busy day ahead of her. They all took the hint and bustled back out to the SUV. Auntie Isabell loaded them down with the moonsilver, a basket of assorted perfumes, and wrapped shortbread cookies. As Steph and Steve gave her a hug goodbye, she whispered that Elfford manor once lay about an hour north of her shop. Tina got a hug and a kiss on her nose. Angelica, however, picked her up and kissed the little skunk woman so hard that her tail flipped up as if to spray. As Tina and the sisters backed away, their muzzles and tongue worked in a manner that Steve feared she'd was about to witness her aunt get fucked against the side of the car.

But instead, the Punk Panther demonstrated restraint and broke the kiss first, placing a dizzy Isabell on the ground with a nip to her ear.

"Oh, my Angel." Isabell's little wings flapped as she wobbled in place. "You'll come to visit, won't you?"

"You bet your lucky stars." Angelica booped Isabell's black



nose. "I'm sure we'll all see you soon, sweet Auntie."

At that, Isabell's tail wrapped itself around her legs and she hugged it. No blush made it through the fur, but the entire posture radiated bashfulness. "Good luck!"

They piled into the car, Steve and Steph taking the driver's seat and drove off with the bright purple and pink skunk waving in the rear view.

"She's. My. Aunt!" Steve exclaimed as soon as they turned onto the road.

"The family resemblance is adorable." Angelica grinned like a kitty who got cream.

Steve knew she would not win this, but felt duty bound to continue. "She's, like, close to twice your age."

Angelica sighed, "Please don't set me off over this, Stevie. I'm still really sore."

Tina gave a low chuckle, "We as well. Yet, perhaps it is time to pass a ruling among this... family we are. Are we to be exclusive to one another?"

"Yes. No!" Both Steve and Steph answered immediately and opposite to each other. They turned to glare at each other the best they could, cheek to cheek.

"I gonna fuck whomever I wanna fuck!" Steph growled.

"And what if I say otherwise?" Steve growled right back.

"You wanna fuck whomever I wanna fuck sister." Steph grabbed at the upper most tit on Steve's side and pinched the nipple hard. Steve yelped in surprised as Steph continued, "You're just too damn proper to admit it."

"Girrrrls!" Angelica protest with a breathy moan.

"Bad!" Tina added with a bark.

Instantly the pair flinched, "Sorry your highness!" They refocused on the road ahead.

For a long moment, the loudest sound in the car was Angelica's heavy breath.

Tina drew herself up in a regal manner. "While in the grip of the game's urges, asking for exclusivity is asking for heart break. We will revisit the issue after the game conclusion. To I hear objections?"

"Nope! Total agreement." Steph said.

Steve sighed and pressed her lips together. She knew she had no leg to stand on with this. Besides, if they tried to make any rules, then the cards might force them to break them on purpose.





"Very well, drive on. We will attend to our kitty's needs." Tina giggled a bit as Angelica's tail made a soft floomp against the ceiling.

"Be gentle." Angelica whispered.

Steve and Steph couldn't see how Tina attend Angelica precisely, but the soft rowls of pleasure that followed left them quite moist. Once Angelica yowled into Tina palm, the pair stilled, and the pair rested their heads on stolen motel pillows.

That left Steph and Steve's body tingling with their own unattended wants as they drove on. This had been a frequent occurrence on this trip, but this time, they really had no idea where they were going. No GPS to tick down the miles until it was Tina's turn to pilot the SUV. At Steph's suggestion, they were eyeing the road for a pull over spot for a quick stop at tentacle town when they heard the flutter of shuffling cards next to them.

There, in the shotgun seat, sat the golden jackalope. He held the deck of cards and bridged them back and forth between his small paws. "Almost there." He said with a wink. "The final round. I wonder how the cards will fall."

"What?" Steve blinked. The Jackalope, although semitransparent, remained there.

"I'm giving you directions." His small muzzle broadened to contain the width of his sly smile. "And maybe a chance for you pair to get back in the game and keep things a little spicy."

Steph leaned forward to peer around Steve. "How? We're so far behind."

"The Queen's got eight points, Punky's got seven, while you two are way back at three. Even if you two come out on top of the last challenge, grabbing nine points, whomever takes second still wins. But, I've always had a soft spot for the underdogs. What if I offered you a way to scrouge up three extra points?" He drew a card from the deck. "Have to up the stakes a wee bit though."

"We'll take it!" Steph said quickly.

"Wait!" Steve cheek shoved her eyes back onto the road. "What stakes?"

"Hehehe. Now, now. You're both a single player, so you need to agree." He hopped up onto the dashboard and carried the card where they could both see it.

"You read to me. I'll drive." Steph said, directing her eyes toward the road.

Swallowing, Steve focused on the card. "Points for Permanence." She read the bold text across the top of the card, above the icon of a shiny padlock. The roof of her mouth went dry.

"Ooooh." Steph's excitement wagged their tail.





"You activate this card when you play a card on yourself. You receive one point, the number of discards allowed at the end of the game reduces by one. Furthermore, all Husky Maid cards will be permanent regardless of the duration declaration of the winner." Steve's voice reached a new level of squeak at that last bit.

The tail gained speed as Steph panted with excitement. "I like this deal, sister. We don't need any discards."

"Yes we do! Do you want to be stuck with paws for the rest of our lives? Or—"

"A second head?" Steph cut Steve off. "Let me warn you sister, if we are forced to share a skull again, don't think I'm going to skulk in a dark corner of your forbidden desires. I'm here now and you're not getting rid of me. Don't think fleeing back to the body of a fat man is going to save you from my fashion sense." She gestured at their outfit, a pastel pink maid outfit with a deep V that displayed the cleavage of their top four breasts through a mesh of lace.

"That wasn't what I was going to say at all!" Steve whined, "I was.. More thinking of the compulsions. Do we really want to spend our entire life dressed as a maid? And the third round might have something we don't like."

"Ah-hem." The jackalope pointed at the card, where final line sat still unread.

Steph turned towards it, abandoning their arms to Steve, who mentally scramble to take over driving.

"Only the winner's boon can adjust these parameters." She finished. "Oh! I see. It's all or nothing. We just have to win, then we can get the exact body we want."

"Exactamungo!" the jackalope chirped.

"But if we have to use the Boon on ourself, we can't use it for other things, like creating a start up or something." Steve said.

"So? Without the card, we won't have a chance at the boon at all. And who knows what Angelica or Tina will wish for. I like being their pets but maybe we should determine the length of our leash?" Steph pressed her cheek against Steve's, "Whatta say sis?"

Steve took a deep breath. "Okay. We'll take the card."

"Wonderful!" The Jackalope tossed the card at their chest and it disappeared in a flash of gold. "Dealt and sealed. Now coming up here you wanna take a right INTO the cherry tree."

"What?" Steve looked ahead and saw the pink flowers of a Cherry Tree right beside the road and coming up fast, but there was no road. "There?"





But the jackalope had disappeared.

"He said into the tree!" Steph insisted.

"There's no road!" Steve shouted.

"Do it anyway!"

"Ah fuck." Desperately hoping the jackalope wasn't one of those spirits that lured strangers to crash their cars into study object Steve slammed on the brakes. A startled yip and meow came from the back as she turned the wheel hard. The tires squealed as the SUV fishtailed and dove off the road. Steph and Steve's shared heart lurched up into their throats as the gnarled trunk of the tree rushed toward them.

As the front bumper kissed the smooth bark, all the occupants heard the softest sound, like that of a bursting soap bubble, but with a bass thump that made itself known in every bone. The SUV rocked as if they had hit a speed bump at an unwise speed. Steve opened eyes she didn't remember closing to see a white gravel road traveling beneath the hood as the car settled onto its shocks.

"Ow. Did we hit something?" Tina asked, rubbing the underside of her jaw.

Angelica rubbed her chest. "Now I got other parts that are sore."

"Sorry!" Steve and Steph said in unison, then giggled. "Blame the bunny."

"What bunny?" Angelica asked.

"Tell you later," Steve said, waving a paw ahead of them, "Look!"

Elfford Manor declared the white marble gate that stretched over the road. Ivy choked its sides and covered the doors, that appeared to be a combination of wrought iron and pearly bone. One side swung open as their car approached and it was more than wide enough to admit them. Beyond it, a short driveway led up to a circle road around a fountain twice the size of the largest back yard swimming pool Steve had ever seen. Moss and lichen covered statues of mermaids and satyr aggressively frolicked with the tentacles of a giant woman with the lower body of an octopus.

Behind it, a vast mansion towered over the circle. A strange chimera of architecture, the columns of its central entrance harkened to the ancient Greek temples, the right wing shifted to cut stone of European castles, complete with a round tower extending from the roof and up several more stories. The left wing modeled itself as Victorian design, with a smattering of large windows and balconies beneath a sharply peaked roof.

The signs of neglect and abandonment were everywhere, the paint peeled, vines choked the windows and wildflower sprouted from the gutters. Yet there were no holes in the mossy roof that Steve could see, and every window still contained glass. While the sun shined gently upon them as they exited the SUV, no one could ignore the chill of





emptiness that lay on the property like a fog.

“Think the guy who did the visual design for the little mermaid got inspiration from this?” Angelica asked as they walked around the circle.

Tina chuckled uneasily. “Maybe?”

Steph, too busy staring up at the house, had left Steve to do the walking, and she gave the fountain a wide berth. The statues, even clothed in moss, vines and other signs of decades long stillness, were far too life like for her taste and she could easily imagine them reaching out. If this Tipper had made the game, who knew what other magical wonders could be sitting in this house.



CHAPTER 25

The gold gilded door that waited between the marble columns was huge, as if sized for someone fourteen feet tall. A brass knob nearly the width of a soccer ball sat at eye level, while a life-sized bull's face possessed a nose ring that served as a door knocker. Tina stepped into the lead, and no one objected when she reached up and swung the knocker three times.

Each strike made a thunderous boom. Yet the only answer came from the raucous caws from a flock of crows that fluttered down into the courtyard to land on the fountain's frozen. Everyone shifted uncomfortably beneath dozens of one eyed glares. After suffering beneath the crow's attention for several moments, Tina reach out and gripped the knob. She paused before turning, relishing the sensation of closing her fingers around something actually sized for her hand. Then, with a twist, she pushed the door.

It creaked like it was auditioning for a horror movie, a near squeal.

"Hello?" Tina called into the darkened interior. "Declare thyself! Heheh."

No one answered her perked ears, so she took a step inside, fingers bent to present her claws, and tail held high, not in the invitational manner of her pets but ready to whip around and strike a threat. A sniff brought her only a snoot full of dust. She sneezed. As she ventured deeper, her eyes adjusted, and she found herself in a grand foyer, a wide staircase stretching out before her up to the landing, flanking elegantly curved banisters. Her toes told her she stood on the carpet but there was no telling the color beneath the thick layer of dust that lay over every surface.

With a soft clack, a dazzling light flared from a crystal chandelier high overhead. Tina gave a "Nak!" of alarm and threw a hand up to protect her eyes.

"Sorry!" came the now familiar refrain from Steve and Steph. Turning to the voices, Tina found the pair fiddling with an entire panel of light switches beside the door, pawing at a round, dimmer switch. Tina gave an annoyed laugh before relaxing from her I will fuck you up stance. If any living soul resided in this place, they were not coming to greet them. Only ghosts would tolerate this much dust.

In the light, more details became clear. The foyer had quite a few windows, but they were all covered with heavy black or red curtains. The banister railing that was so elegantly curved up to the second floor



was supported by posts that resembled animal penises. It was somewhat subtle, but once she recognized the spines along some of their lengths and the knots at the base of others, it became impossible to unsee.

"Creepy and horny." Tina laughed to herself. "If this place has ghosts, they have tentacle cocks."

"I'm not okay with that." Angelica took her first tentative steps into the building, wings closed protectively around her body as her nose wrinkled. "Yuck, the dust has dust in here."

"Glad we brought servants. Steve and Steph will have this place spic and span in a few hours." Tina gave an airy laugh, reached out, pulled the pair close and kissed Steve's cheek. "Eager to start our good girls?"

Both shivered with the trigger word and quailed at the sheer magnitude of dirt before them. "Uuuh sexy fetishes aside, Tina," Steve said, "This place needs a lot more than feather duster can handle."

"Yeah," Steph agreed, "Unless this place has a whole house vacuum, we'll need a snowplow. We'll need help, regardless." She looked at Angelica, who frowned at the prints everyone left on the floor.

"Don't look at me!" Angelica hissed. "Ask someone who doesn't have an oral compulsion. Every mote of dust I get on me, I'll wind up licking off if I'm not careful. I hope the hot water works."

Tina snorted and rolled her eyes. "We have a grand mansion to explore and all you three can see is the dust!" In her mind, she had already claimed this place as the start of her realm. "The cards must be here somewhere. Perhaps we need to fetch the moonsilver from the car to complete the quest?"

A soft sizzle and a pop answered her question. The left side of mezzanine at the top of the stairway went dark, while the right brightened.

"That way then!" Tina declared and began to ascend the stairway, pushing aside troubling questions about the house's ancient electrical systems. Really, the house had disappeared from the earth for fifty years. The fact it had electricity at all raised dozens of questions. She hoped the answer was magic. The prospect of dealing with a half century of unpaid electrical bills did somewhat cool her eagerness to take control of the house.

Steph, Steve and Angelica followed with more careful steps. A hall of irregularly spaced doors stretched out down the length of the wing. Midway along its length, the wood panel decor gave way to stone brick work. Among the near two dozen doorways of possibilities, only the second door on the left lay open. It cast a shaft of light into the hallway and dust motes danced within it. An inviting beacon. Tina answered its call and found the deck waiting for them. It sat in the middle of an octagonal table covered in green felt in the center of a room clearly dedicated to games of chance and skill. The table sat beneath a skylight of stained glass, festoon with dice and cards. "Life is but a Gambit. Wager wisely." Advised two ribbons at the top and bottom of the design, born in the talons of crows. The





poker table was the only piece of furniture uncovered by a white sheet and not pushed to the edge of the room. The red rectangle of carpet had room for eight more of the poker tables. Tina smelled the ancient stink of tobacco and sweat, imagining a raucous chorus of suited men and gowned women gathered here. Other games lay beneath the sheets, longer forms of what had to be roulette tables and perhaps craps? Tina couldn't help but wonder what the stakes had been.

The dust had been pushed back, forming a ring around the table that Tina stepped over. Silently, they each took a seat at their respective player decks.

"I guess we made it," Angelica said, pulling her tail into her lap and stroking it as she eyed her cards.

"Finally!" Tina reached toward her deck.

"Wait." Steph held up a paw. "We have a card to play first." Their other paw reached into their cleavage and pulled a single card pinched between two digits. With a flick, it flipped down and settled next to their deck. A gold spark leaped from the card to the Husky Maid deck, and both sisters gave an involuntary shudder. "This card gives us a point every time we play a card on ourselves." Steph said with a sunny grin.

Steve frowned, her ears wilting. "But it makes every husky maid card permanent and we lose one of our three removals at the end of the game every point we get."

"Permanent?" Tina's muzzle split to show toothy eagerness. "Stevie! Are we getting comfortable in that dress?"

"N-no! Just this way, we might win." Steve looked down at the table. "If get we the boon, then we could undo it all if we wanted."

"Or become even kinkier! Regardless, we're back in the running!" Steph gave a brief howl of excitement and bounced their body in their seat.

Angelica cocked her head. "Where did you get that?"

"The Jackalope came back while we were driving," Steve explained. "He gave us the card and then gave us directions here."

"Told us to drive right into a tree trunk." Steph cheek nuzzled Steve, her voice swelling with pride. "And this crazy bitch did it!"

Tina gave a snort and gave an imperial toss of her head, "Stupid Mario Party catch up mechanics. We declare that to be lame."

"I'm cool with it!" Angelica hefted her breasts. "I'll keep my maidly pillows and as a bonus the sisters are an undefended. They'll take any change we don't want! If they want a point, that is."

A card flipped from the deck with a bit of distant laughter, then a small pile of about ten or so cards slid out from the middle of the





deck. The new cards were purple with a sparkly font that read “Modifier.” Tina, ears still flicking with her annoyance, leaned forward to read the card. “Round 3: The Modifier deck is unlocked! After the turn is played, the player who contributed most towards the completion of the turn’s quest may discard one change and draw three modifier cards. The player to their left decides which one will be played on the player. The player keeps the other two for the final contest. Modifier cards only last one turn but are very... impactful.”

“We can remove something?” Angelica lit up.

Tina giggled and bared her teeth in pure smugness. “There is no way you contributed the most to getting us here, kitty bird. Clearly it will go to the rightful ruler of this family.”

“It could be us,” Steph said, sitting up and wagging their tail.

“We did the majority of the driving, and it was our aunt who got us the moonsilver.” Steve started to extend one paw toward the new deck.

A wall of Tina’s fingers blocked the paw. “And who made you call your aunt after you both delayed nearly a day. Who found us a tail friendly seat? Shall we really count the hours driven?” She glared in challenge at both Steve and Steph.

Neither met her eyes. “No, your highness.” They answered in unison.

“Nak nak nak.” Tina laughed with feral delight as she slowly pulled the deck toward herself. “Good girls.”

Angelica chuffed and crossed her arms, “What do you even need to get rid of, anyway?”

“You shall see. Now,” she tapped her own Yeen Queen deck. “First turn of a round. We play this on ourselves, yes?”

Slowly the others nodded. After all, there were no pointer tokens present. With a single finger, she slid the top card from her deck and flipped it over with a claw. She grinned at the illustration of the Yeen Queen flexing her spotted biceps and read “The Mighty Monarch!” out loud. The change hit like a ton bricks. The surface of the table shot away from her and everything else surged outward. Thick cords of muscle knit around her shoulders and torso as her body grew to fit her massive limbs. Giggling madly, she stood on legs thicker than telephone poles as she gazed down on her pets from the height of over seven feet.

Next to her, Angelica mewed in distress. “Oh, come on, you’re even bigger! I got down with bipedalism! I- Aaaaarrrrrrowl!” Opening her mouth to release a roar, she grabbed hold of the table as she bent forward. Muffled cracks escaped her thickly furred back as her spine lengthened. Grinding her head against the table to push against the pain, she kicked her stool away.

Only once her torso had doubled its previous length did the change move her to her limbs, thighs folding up into feline haunches as her entire lower body lost its last trace of humanity. Panting, she







pushed away from the table. Shoulder blades slid down the sides of her ribcage, extending the reach of her arms. Her hands slipped toward paws, becoming padded and thicker as sharp claws extended from splitting tips. Yet the digits did not shorten and they remained dexterous. With a huff, she let herself fall to the floor, standing on all fours, moaning through clenched teeth. Her outstretched wings folded down against her sides, blending with her black spotted fur.

"Oh." Her tail swished back and forth as she purred with the strength of an engine. "That feels so much better! Don't have to hold my wings out anymore." Sighing, she sat back on her haunches and started to groom with a sated expression. Even sitting on the floor, her head still rose a good foot above the table.

Tina started to stroke her feline lover's soft fur. Angelica stopped grooming herself to lean into the touch. Both looked to Steve and Steph expectantly.

Steve winced in preparation while Steph's blue eyes shine with excitement. "We got-" Steve started,

"-Naughty doggy!" Steph finished. The pair clasped their stomach and rolled from their stool onto the ground. Landing on hands and knees, their curly tail flipped up the short skirt over their back. Exposing their small shiny and slick spade nestled within between their fluffy buttocks.

"Mistresses! Its hot!" They moaned as they raise their rump into the air. The leather of their chunky heels gave a warning creak before splitting along the seams. Their ankles swiftly adsorbed their heel as the white furred toes burst from the front of the shoes. Displaying her swelling black beans against the brightness of their white fur. The paws swelled within the leather tatters until they were even bigger than the ones on the ends of their arms. The fluff traveled upward, ripping through the white stocking as the bones shifted for a digitigrade stance. They got their new paws beneath them and thrust their sex higher into the air. Her tentacles slipped from their hiding places to writhe against the swelling pussy lips. The vivid redness of it pushed back the concealing layer of fur becoming a mound that advertised their readiness to mate.

"Your highness!" Steve called out.

"Mistress!" Steph begged. Their tentacles flailed but seemed unable to muster the coordination to penetrate their folds.

Tina watched them, swallowing back a sudden rush of saliva. Their heated scent was not nearly as potent as their Aunt's needy stink, but Tina was more than willing to answer its call. Her femcock had swelled with the rest of her and she was eager to demonstrate its new girth to her former husband. She attempted to take a step toward her maids but found herself restrained. A feline hand on her thigh squeezed gently and Tina followed it back to the sly smile of the purple spotted pantheress.





WHINE[♡]
WHINE
WHINE

WAG

WAG

WAG





"Forgetting something your royal Queenliness?" Angelica pointed her nose at the purple cards laying besides her own.

Oh yes! Tina wrestled aside her newly triggered arousal to focus on the cards. She could finally be free of this royally painful speech. Steph and Steve could wait for a brief moment. Impatiently she flicked three cards off the top of the purple deck. Helpfully, they flipped themselves over. Each bore a single word: Fairy, Programmable and demonic.

"Mrreeeow!" Angelica pointed at the middle card with feline excitement. "That one! I pick that one."



CHAPTER 26

Something tickled Tina's throat, and she shuddered with a sudden cough. A card labeled Speak Royally landed on the table and disappeared in a burst of golden light. The Fairy and Demonic cards zipped over to wait beside the Yeen Queen deck. The programmable card rose from table on a stream of sparks and adhered Tina's chest, right above her first set of breasts. Immediately Tina felt a strange static like buzzing in her head. The world around her flickered.

"I-I-I FEEEL F-F-FUNNY." The voice that exited her mouth didn't sound like hers at all, synthesized and distorted. Static hissed in her ears and TV snow edged into her vision. She found Angelica staring up at her, amber feline eyes wide with amazement. A green rectangle framed her face, the words lovable but bratty cat bird appearing alongside it. A progress bar flickered into the corner of her point of view, Conversion Progress- 38 Percent. Light played around her arms. A ring of geometric runes slid down each, replacing her shaggy fur with a smooth gleam of royal gold. She watched them claim her hands, converting the bestial weapons into deadly art. The claws and composed of mirrored chrome sharpness, her finely articulated joints capped with glittering rubies. Another ring progressed down her torso, rendering her muscles as interlocking cables.

Conversion progress- 56% read the indicator as a new ring encircled the tip of her femcock. Electric pleasure flooded her mind as the ring moved down the shaft, leaving a plastic shine, veined with golden circuitry glowing beneath its surface. Four metal hands clamped onto four supple silicon breasts, their ruby nipples extending with her arousal. She found no need to breathe but screamed like an old modem into a phone as the pleasure spiked to bliss and her data interface turned pink. The gem stone hard nipples conducted the pressure of her pinching and twisting fingers down into her lions, making them buzz and spark.

80% AROUSAL, CUM PUMP online. Her digital voice reported as an illuminant gold fluid bubbled from the tip of her cyber dick.

Conversion progress: 78%

She scanned for possible partner-targets. Angelica had backed off, watching with calculating sweeps of her tail. Pupil dilation metrics estimated her arousal only at thirty-three percent. Steph and Steve's continued vocalizations attracted her attention. They still displayed their swollen spade and outputed a high level of mating pheromones. Tina estimated their expected appreciation for copulation at near a





hundred percent. Haltingly, she made her way around the table on legs still midway between metal and flesh.

Conversion progress- 100% Programmable modification applied to Yeen Queen. Her status line read as she grabbed hold of the Husky maid's hips.

"Fuck us!" Steve pleaded,

"Take our needy cunt my Queen." Steph cried.

Tina aligned herself with the dripping spade as her vision flashed pink. They howled like a pair of dirty mutts as Tina pulled them down over her glowing shaft. Sparks leapt up through her as the pair squeezed. She lowered herself over their backside, bracing herself with her upper arms and tore their dress open with her lower hands. Cupping the perfectly formed breasts that Tina had given them. Whining with need, the pair lifted their heads to lap at the ruby nipples. Tina rewarded this with initially gentle thrusts, that grew with a precise increment of strength with every one delivered.

"HE-HE!" Tina laugh buzzed as Steph and Steve submitted to her iron strength, her own arousal climbed toward climax. Pressures on her internal reserves ticked upward, causing her body to shudder and spark.

Then, as she neared that red line, something landed on her back. Her body froze mid thrust as a cheery beep sliced through her consciousness.

PAUSE

The bright red letters glowed across her vision.

In smaller letters below it,

AWAITING USER INPUT, 5 minutes until timeout.

"Why'd you stop?" Steve panted.

"We're so close mistress!" Steph tried to thrust themselves upon the shaft, but Tina's lower arms held them too tightly.

"Be good girls and wait just a moment! The Queen isn't very user friendly." Angelica called from Tina back.

The robotic yeen queen tried to move, to speak, anything, but every servo and myomuscular fiber remained locked, gaze fixed on a patch of red carpet. She could only feel Steph and Steve's pussy clenching around her, the buzz of her loins, a whisper away from cumming. The pads of Angelica's feet on her buttocks as her fingers prodded at something IN Tina's back. Keys.

"What are you doing Angelica?" Steve whined. "Couldn't it have waited?"

"And why does the Queen taste like a dildo?" Steph asked.

"Patience. I'll make sure her fucks you good after this. I promise. Especially if I do this!" Angelica jabbed at a key and





Tina's vision shuddered.

Program #1 set. 24 hours till reset. The timer still had three minutes left.

"Oh I only get three? Well fine. I'll make it work. Keep it simple." Angelica muttered excitedly to herself.

"Let her go!" Steph growled.

"I-I think its rabbit season." Steve warned.

The strikes at Tina's keys, grew harder, a pounding on a couple of them as Angelica chuffed in frustration. "Gimmie a minute to figure this out, there are a lot of commands and I haven't programed since high school. Her keyboard's too small for my fingers."

"Duck season!" Steph barked.

Angelica mewed, down to one minute. "Fine, this is simple!"

Program #2 set. 24 hours till reset. Another jitter went through Tina as Angelica jumped off her back.

Resuming operation.

Tina slammed forward into Steph and Steve's shared sex, making them emit a lovely moan. The same gripping closeness drove her, to resume her rhythm and the promise of release. In and out, she pistoned with the mercilessness of an engine. The husky maids shuddered and flexed around Tina's shaft. She continued to thrust, drive ever fast, her internals threatening to burst. But yet as Steve and Step whimpered beneath her, Tina's own orgasm remained stubbornly close enough to taste.

The canine whines were climbing in pitch, approaching the line between distress and pleasure. She might have to stop soon. But she needed her own release. It had to be there. More stimulation? She raised her attention and cast about the room. Immediately she found Angelica watching them with a grin that was positively Cheshire while she sprawled just in inside the circle of dust. "Whaaat zzid Uuuu DooOOO?" Tina asked, her voice mangled by electronic sounds.

"Would you like permission to cum?" She asked and gave the back of her hand a long, slow lap.

"Vhatzzzz?" Tina's vision started to fuzz as a yellow warning display beep to life.

"Ask me for permission to cum."

"Oh ciiiirrr-c-c-uts!" Tina's eyes lit with green light as she finally understood that it meant to be... programmable. "Pppp—eeeeaaase let c-c-cum!"

"Permission granted."





As the next thrust bottomed out against the husky womb, Tina stayed there, her steel stiff cock vibrating as something inside her finally gave way. Pent up for so long, it quivered a moment before starting a slow roll of pleasure.

Steph and Steve collapsed, making nonsense sounds between heavy breaths.

The roll of pleasure grew into an avalanche. Tina screamed in hissing static as her femcock erupted. Steph howled anew as Steve bit the top of her paw as golden fluid flooded their internals and spurted out in streams between their pussy lips and Tina's cock.

Status: Sexually Sated. Engaging recharging systems. Flowed through Tina's systems as the whirr of fan started somewhere in her torso. Steve and Steph made mumbled noises as she pulled out but made zero effort to do anything else but lay there and breathe.

"Aww looks like you broke the puppies." Angelica said with a throaty purr as she performed a feline streeetch and fluttered her wings. Every black or purple hair she possessed seemed to be puffed out with pride. "And they say huskies have endless energy."

Tina climbed onto her feet and looked herself over. Most of her front consisted of black silicon with golden circuitry beneath it while the rest of her appeared a solid golden alloy, decorated with rubies around her joints. In her chrome claws, she could make out that her lips, nose and ears were made of the black silicon material, while the rest of her face, golden skin with a mane of silver.

"Don't worry, you're still pretty. In a very shiny way." Angelica purred, curling around Tina's legs, marking her thighs with a possessive scent. All in all, she'd grown to the size of a small tiger or a big jaguar.

"Not sure I trust a sphinx's opinion on that." Tina chuckled, only hand stealing down to scratch between Angelica's ear and curled horn with a blunt edge of a claw. She stopped and leaned into it and the volume of her purr increased. "So..." Tina intoned, "What's in the second program?"

"You'll find the answer to that riddle soon." Angelica turned her head away from the scratches and slinked out of range. "I couldn't do much, but I've got so many ideas for tomorrow's programs. You're going to beg for this collar when I'm through with you my Queenie. It will be an upgrade."

"We'll see about that." She laughed growled, a mix of play and threat. Probing the back of her neck, she found a button the size of a quarter right where her neck met her torso. If that was how Angelica disabled her, maybe she could protect it somehow? It seemed like a worthy thing to try.

"Unless one of us has some expertise in repairing wizard circles, I'm going to have plenty of time to play with my new toy while I figure it out."





Toy? That word set Tina's circuits sparking.

Before she could think of a comeback Angelica plucked a lone card off the table and flashed it at her. "Restore the magic to the Manor." She shook her head. "What's the next quest? Saving the world?"

"Don't give it any ideas." Tina chuckled and then huffed. She had hoped that getting rid of that card would free her of being so giggly as well as freeing her diction. No such luck.

Angelica paced up to the room's entrance and looked back expectantly. "Shall we have a bit of explore? Even if we don't find the magic, maybe there's a room that's a perfect place to show you your second program."

"We can't leave the girls alone!" Tina's voice buzzed as she looked down on the two headed husky girl with the shredded uniform. They'd curled up and used their fluffy arms as pillows, one paw sandwiched between their heads. Text popped up around each of their heads. Steve's read: Husband? Love. Goal-Convert to happy slut maid for own good, Goal progress: 60-80%. Steph's: "Steve's repressed desires? Harbor minor resentment towards. Tends to bully Steve without me. Tina giggled at the text. Maybe Steve would win the next mod card and get rid of Steph? Then all the bullying would be her job again.

"They're going to be out for hours now. What are you going to do? Carry them?" Angelica's jarred Tina from her internal processing.

In answer, Tina bent, scooping the pair up in her arms. With her four arms they were so light! Was she really this strong now? Or was this due to the robot thing? Either way, they murmured softly, kissed the underside of her jaw before nestling against her chest. The thrill traveled down Tina's spine and made her tail flick. After spending her life unable to reach the top shelf, she loved being large and in charge. Laughing softly to herself, she followed the spotted tail out into the rest of the mansion.



CHAPTER 27

Angelica led the exploration without seeing the details of the myriad of rooms she poked her head into. Instead, her mind flicked from topic to topic. Plans for Tina's next program jostled with concern about how effortlessly she padded between rooms. Her body felt so wonderful, the wings folded neatly against her long body banished their awkwardness, the weight of her breasts swaying on her chest felt soothing and right. In one bedroom, she spotted a comb and a bush. She stared at them for a long moment, fantasizing about being stroked from head to tail. Tina had brushed her a couple times while they were on the road and had nearly melted into a purring puddle. Now, with her even longer spine, she feared it would slip her into that thoughtless subspace. She didn't want to be a pet, at least not all the time, and she fretted about what the next card would bring. If she hadn't given Steve the paw card, she'd be a cat with a humanish head now. One of those last two cards must affect her head, giving her the bite of jaguar, but how much would that affect her mind? What if she slipped into subspace, and never came back? The thought terrified and warmed her nethers at the same time.

"Are you okay?" Tina's synthetic monotone jarred Angelica from her twisting worries. "I'm detecting agitation."

Shaking her head, Angelica realized she'd paused the exploration. The majority of the rooms in along this hallway were sparsely decorated bedrooms, but this one was different. Gold and white tiles checkered the floor of a communal bathroom. Individual shower stalls ringed a central pool, its edges marked with thick straight timbers to form a hexagonal shape. It hadn't met her expectation, so Angelica had paused while her brain caught up.

Not answering the question, Angelica peered up at Tina in all her golden metal glory. The game didn't seem interested in reducing her to a pet or servant. Every change made her stronger, powerful, and more difficult to resist. She carried Steph and Steve as if they weighed nothing. Plus, Tina's wonderful and frustrating ability to control the situation remained unshaken. It had been Tina who after months of flirting had started the relationship by booking a grooming for herself, yet it had been Angelica who wound up belly up on the grooming station.

Now, Angelica looked up into Tina's red LED backlit eyes and smiled. "Just pondering my spotted life."

Pink began to blink both in the depths of Tina's eyes and around her femcock as it's length swiftly withdrew into a long feminine slit. A whine like that of a charging capacitor sounded as the speed of the



pink flashing sped up.

"Ang-g-geelica!" Tina's voice vibrated. With the pop of a flash bulb her shiny sex lit with a blinding neon pink. Tina staggered against the door frame, the red lights of her eyes flickering. "Fuck, was... that."

"Very bright. Wonder if there's a setting for that." Angelica failed to contain her grin as she blinked, "I'm seeing spots."

"Aaaaaa... #*!\$*#&@@" Tina's scream broke into electronic noise as her sex lit the room with pink neon. She crashed down onto her knees with a heavy clunk and a spark crack of breaking tiles. Steve and Steph yipped belatedly, like over tired puppies.

"Hey don't drop the girls." Angelica mock scolded her as she surged over to nuzzle one of Tina's arms, then ducked down to lap at the golden fluid running down her inner thighs. Sweet like honey, but it made the tongue tingle. The taste made her want more. She moved deeper into the room to avoid the temptation to dive between those metal legs. She looked down into the empty pool to find a mosaic of a jackalope at the bottom as she pondered if she could revoke cumming permission after she triggered the orgasm sequence.

Tina set down her burden and glared at Angelica back, "First to make it so I can't come without permission and then you fucking do that to me?!"

"Oh its always about you. What if I want to talk about me and my lovely-"

"Angelica!" Tina screeched.

"-spots! Purple spots! Pink spots! Neon spots and black spots." The cat bird continued. The room flashed as if there were a pink lightning storm at the doorway and Angelica admired the towering leonine shadow she cast against the back wall. Once the light show subsided, she turned to find Tina laying still on her belly, a spreading pool of glowing fluid puddling between her legs, eyes flickering like a struggling hard drive. Beside her, Steve and Steph sat against the wall, rubbing blearily at their eyes.

Tina made a soft beep when Angelica sauntered over. Her eyes whirred audibly as they focused. A fan kicked on somewhere within her circuitry. "Annnnnn..." She ground out through an ajar muzzle.

Pinching the maw closed with one hand, Angelica whispered into the soft silicon ear, "The words you're looking for are, 'thank you mistress.' By the way, those are an eight out who knows how high."

The ear twitched and the eye glow steadied, they closed. Multicolored lights danced between her metallic eyelids. "Thank you... Temporarily designated Mistress."

Angelica chuffed with amusement. It would do for now. Taking off her collar, she affixed around Tina's neck. She had to widen it as far as it would go, but it fit. "Now, that's settled. Shall we





continue our exploration?"

"Rebooting, 20 minutes until locomotion restored to one hundred percent." Tina reported, voice ridged and robotic.

"So much for the tireless strength of steel and circuitry." Angelica stepped over to nose Steve's cheek. "You two up for a walkie?"

They responded by flopping against her, hugging her arm and burying their faces in her fur.

"So soft," One of them murmured.

"That's a no." Angelica sighed. She glared at the dusty floor a half moment before giving in to the urge to roll onto her back. None of them were going anywhere for a little bit. Might as well be comfortable. The husky maids executed a sleepy pounce, each head cuddling one of Angelica's fluff covered breasts.

"These were... supposed to be... yours you know." Angelica whispered, struggling against a sudden warmth that fell over her entire body. Stupid compulsion to like my boobs being used as pillows, she thought with zero actual anger and a purr rising in her throat. The world began slip into the halls of slumber, she vainly tried to keep her eyes open. She shouldn't be tired, she'd slept on the way here and she hadn't even gotten off yet.

"But you're a cat now." A little voice reminded her.

"Oh yeah, a cat nap works." She told it and slipped into dreamland.

None of them noticed the Jackalope watching them from the top of the shower stalls as they rested.

He disappeared when the robotic Yeen Queen suddenly sat up a snooze later. Tina looked at the napping cat and dogs, made the click-whirr of a camera shutter and settle back to wait, mostly motionless except for occasionally fingering her collar. Cat and dogs yawned out of their nap at about the same time.

While the pool had been drained, the showers worked. Angelica used one to dampen a towel and use that to remove some of the dust she'd been laying in. Unfortunately, she only thought to do this after experiencing her first hair ball. She hadn't even noticed that she'd groomed all four of her dust covered paws until after she'd finished. Mentally she slotted quadrupedal as the second card she'd remove, listing it under the damn argument trigger.

Still sore from their mechanical pounding, Steve and Steph lagged somewhat behind Angelica and Tina as they explored the rest of the manor. The castle wing alone consisted of nearly twenty bedrooms, varying in size from tight servant quarters, while several that had more square footage than Steve and Tina's entire apartment. A staircase led up through the turret to a circular room that held an observatory complete with an artillery sized telescope. The ground floor consisted of a complete





medieval kitchen, equipped with fireplaces and huge cauldrons was matched with themed banquet hall. While a blanket of dust covered everything, that was the only indication that time had passed. Everything had been put in its proper place and left in an organized fashion. Anything perishable had been removed. The kitchen held not a crumb of food, moldy or otherwise. The decor remained subtle horny, lewd satyrs lurked in the fancy carving of the furniture, the pillows that lined the long benches in the hall were vagina flowers and knights in the mural were jousting with their own oversized horse cocks instead of lances. Still, beneath the dust, it felt more as a display than a home.

The Victorian wing held more evidence of human habitation and far less careful preservation. On the ground floor scorch marks marred the intricate geometric patterns of the carpet and the deep burgundy walls bore puckered bullet holes. The damage cumulated in a semi-circle of shattered statues protecting a spiral staircase that led up to the second floor.

"This Tipper wizard person didn't go quietly." Angelica observed as she peered at the statues, satyrs and centaurs. Their broken weapons were bows and swords. They didn't appear to fair well against gun fire.

"A last stand?" Tina asked, peering up the stairway. Beyond the first steps they bore no signs of the battle.

"Buying time." The golden jackalope appeared, sitting on the stair railing. "Delayed the federal battle wizards so everyone could escape. Then the great maker, Sigourney Tipper surrendered to the kill joys. So sad." He mimed taking off a nonexistent hat and holding it over his heart.

"You're the game. Arn't you?" Angelica asked.

"Kinda. When the game needed something for you all to chase, it made me! I just stuck around afterwards." The Jackalope laughed. "Or maybe I just out ran it! Come on! You all takin forever to find the really good stuff." With that, he raced upstairs and out of view.

"Wait!" Tina shouted after him. "We have so many questions!"

"Fast as fast can be! You'll never catch me!" The Jackalope called back.

Angelica chuffed with annoyance, but leaped over the statues and gave chase. The second floor had no signs of a struggle. Stylistic art déco portraits of myths and gods perched between doors.

The Jackalope bounced up and down in front of a double ordinate double door. "Here's the library!" Then zipped across the hall. "This was the maker's bedroom!" Back across the dust covered carpet to a door that looked out of place in the Manor. Constructed of stout wooden planks and banded together with iron cross bars. It belonged in a dungeon, not among the artful elegance of the rest of the hallway. The Jackalope bounced with excitement. "And here! Here's the workshop where Maker Tipper made all of us games!"





Watching the Jackalope warily, Angelica went to the door, reaching it as Tina finished tromping up the stairs.

"Open it! Open it!" The Jackalope clapped with eagerness. "Come on!"

"You'll answer questions if I do?" Angelica asked, wrapping fingers around the handle.

"Sure! I'll answer one question but I warn ya, I was literally born a few days ago." The Jackalope nodded.

Good enough, Angelica thought and pulled the door open. Inside revealed a large room with nothing except a massive brick forge at the far end wall of it. Charred detritus littered the iron plated floor.

"Oh no!" The Jackalope zipped into the room. "This isn't right at all. There should be a mana anvil here." He pointed next to the forge. Zipping to the corner "A stack of runes here. Summoning circle here." Blitzing around the room, he pointed out a dizzying array of nonexistent equipment that Angelica had never heard of. Finally, he ended in the corner closet to the door, long ears drooping. "And this... this was a cabinet where all the unfinished games were stored, the prototypes."

Angelica padded up behind him and a scrap of charred paper with lettering on it caught her eye. Pinching it between finger and thumb, she held it up to her nose. No Hands, it read, same style of lettering as the side of the game box Tina had brought. Other titles legible fragments were nestled among the scattered among the ashes. Who's a Donkey now? Full Moon Running, Super Realistic Cat Costume, were a few she could cobble together.

"They burned them all." Angelica said, surveying the room. It was all scraps of paper and card board.

"Took the equipment?" Tina guessed from spoke the doorway.

"All the fun. Up in smoke?" The Jackalope stomped on the floor. "I'm hopping mad." His eared suddenly perked. "Well, that's gonna make completing your quest interesting if you got no equipment. Oh, breaking antlers! Did they get the library too? Nyoom!" Shouting his speedy catch phrase, he rocketed out of the room between Tina's legs.

Steve and Steph had just hobbled up to the top of the stairway. They barked as the golden blur zipped out of the workshop and disappeared through the double doors.

Tina hurried after it, only for Angelica to swerve around her legs, reach the doors first and throw one of them open. Immediately, the hallway filled with the musty scent of paper.

Angelica blinked as the sight of the library failed to meet her expectations. There were plenty of shelves, and in the center of it sat a comfy-looking recliner with royal red velvet upholstery, with a tall floor lamp next to it. That all added up. The contents of the shelves





made her pause. Instead of being crammed with ancient leather-bound books or even books at all, D-ring binders filled the space, interspersed with them were stacks of paper held together with the occasional binder clip. Right beyond the reading spot lurked an ancient copy machine.

"You horny animals are lucky!" The Jackalope called from somewhere within. "The maker must have hid this from the goons."

"What sort of magical library is this?" Angelica asked as she padded in, examining the shelves. All the binders, some plastic and some cloth bound, were all marked with an index cards stapled to their spine. Titles were marked in a barely readable scrawl. Experimentally, she took off the shelf and found it entirely full of photocopies of what appeared to be an illuminated manuscript. "Did this Tipper not have any real books?"

"There's a few!" Tina huge form pointed at an upper shelf that wasn't visible from the doorway. A row of ten or so of plain leather-bound books with blank spines. Very carefully, she eased one out and opened it. "It is a journal," she pronounced after paging through it. "Seventy-eight probability of being Tipper's personal journal."

"Well its hundred percent probable I have pretty spots." Angelica averted her eyes as Tina nethers started to flash pink.

"Angeliuuuuu-" Tina's voice froze up as the pink light filled the room and she staggered against the shelf. "-ca!"

"Oooh! Now I we're seeing-" The perky side of the husky maid began.

"Steph! Be good!" Tina warned and then added in a pleading tone, "Not here. I'll knock something over."

"But we're naughty doggies now." Steph said and cheek bumped her sister, "Right Stevie?"

But the sister who bore their original name was too busy examining the binders and paper piles to pay attention to the flirtation. "This is amazing. Remember, Tipper was one of the first wizards. Most of the books humans wrote about magic were lost and destroyed. Those that survived were probably held by either the fey or dragons. And... Tipper or someone they knew convinced a bunch of those eldritch beings to let them make copies?" Spotting a sort of hallway that extended beyond the reading area to more shelves, Steve whistled. "In the 80s when they clamped down on magic, this might have been one of the most complete libraries on magic in existence at the time."

Angelica and Tina stared at Steve as Steph blushed. "Way to totally show our nerd card, Sis." She said.

Steve laughed, manic shining in her brown eyes for once, and licked Steph cheek. "Just because we're compelled to wear a maid uniform and grew bewbs hasn't changed the fact we've listened to a lot history podcasts commuting."





"Hmpf." Steph pouted.

Tina laughed, affection softening her metal face, "Think of all the podcasts you can listen to when you're cleaning up this palace."

Fear united their facial expressions as the pair contemplated that.

"I think we'll need to clone them a few times first if they're going to do that. Or maybe I can reprogram you to help." Angelica rubbed up against the golden thigh. "Would you like that? If not I can make sure you do."

"Uhhh, no mistress." Tina's body gave a small vibration and the red of her eyes lightened to pink.

"Speaking of the game, the bunny thing mentioned we'd need the library to complete the quest to bring magic to the manor. I don't suppose there's a starter guide to magic in here?" Angelica mused, rising up on her hind legs to peer at the stacks.

To everyone's surprise, the jackalope's voice answered from somewhere in the stacks. "Finally, a question I can answer! Come check this out!"

The disheveled and bare breasted husky maid ducked back into the stacks and Steph let out a howl of delight. "Ooooooh!"

"That's... not what I'm talking about." The Jackalope said.

"You think it works?" Steph gushed, the pair came back wheeling a polished silver upright vacuum cleaner. "Its so pretty. Let's try it out."

"Steph..." Steve protested, but she was apparently not in control of the legs anymore. Still walking stiffly, they bustled out of the room. "But magic!" The overruled head whined to no effect.

Tina and Angelica shrugged at each other, walked past three shelves to find a confused Jackalope sitting on a shelf filled with stacks neatly piled paper, binder clipped into bundles two inches thick.

"Okay, I have your attention now? Good." The Jackalope puffed out his little chest. "May I present: The Change Master's guide to beginning wizardry! A comprehensive guide to harnessing magic, nature's most mysterious force for fun and profit!"

"Which one is it?" Tina asked, scanning up and down the shelves.

The jackalope beady gold eyes blinked. "Which is what? This is it. The entire shelf. Its a correspondence course. The Master was going to put ads in the back of comic books and teen magazines. Only a rough draft. They never finished it."

Tina took a pile from the top shelf and peered at the type written page.

Behind her, the corner of Angelica's mouth up turned in a sly





smirk as she said, "I revoke permission to cum."

The lights of Tina's body flickered, then steadied. "Angelica, I mean mistress. Why'd you do that?"

"Magic isn't for toys. They're for cats with spots." She purred.

Nether's flashing like pink strobe light Tina stumbled against the bookshelf and clung to it. "Ooooooooooh!" He moaned, voice hissing with static.

Angelica rubbed the length of her body beneath Tina's tail and buttocks. The volume of static increased as she did so. In front of the manuscript she arched her back and raised her fur.

"This is mine. If you wish to cum sometime in the next 20 hours, you're going to promise not to touch it without my permission." Angelica intoned with a throaty pure.

"I-I-I caaan h-h-help!" Tina stuttered, one hand clutched between her thighs as she vainly rubbed at her neon slit.

The tip of Angelica's tail twitched, arousal stirring in her own body as she watched her lover struggle. Outside, the roar of a vacuum cleaner sounded along with a giggle. "That not what I want to hear." She teased, "Shall we find out if this condition stacks?"

"Nooo m-m-mistress! I pro-pro-promise!" Tina slipped down to her knees, servos grinding.

"Good. Swear it on my Spotted tail." Angelica turned and offer her thick tail to the vibrating Queen Yeen as the static grew into tortured digital squealing.

Four arms hugged the tail and Tina buried her muzzle in the tip. Pink sparks escaped heart shaped irises. "I sWWeAAr oN UR taAAaIL D-N-T thE fIE!"

"Permission to come," Angelica paused, watching Tina's vibrations grow stronger. Steam started venting from slits along her hips before she took pity and finished the command. "Granted."

"Gah!" Tina's pussy flashed, but other than that, the orgasm had little drama. The vibration stopped. Her grip on the soft tail lessened somewhat and a bit of liquid gold dripped out between her legs.

Above them, the Jackalope laughed.

Easing her tail from Tina's grip, Angelica rose to kiss that shiny cheek and lick the interior of the rubbery ear. "I'm the one who's going to complete the next quest. Not you."

"Then Steve will pick your card." Tina spoke, her jaw syncing with the words only mid way through the sentence.





“Good point, I’ll have to make sure the dogs get some treats.” With a cheek rub, Angelica let herself fall down to all fours and peer up at the Jackalope. “Is there anything else we need to see?”

The bunny’s voyeuristic leer turned to a thoughtful expression. “Oh yeah! You gotta see the hole.”



CHAPTER 28

“How the hell are five rods of moon silver supposed to fix that?” Angelica peered over the lip of the seemingly bottomless hole in the middle of what had surely been an immaculate garden once. It had devolved into a thorny hedge jungle. Fortunately, the cards had helpfully provided the group with effective path clearing equipment in the form of Tina’s claws and strength. A single swipe of her chromed blades sliced through thick branches. Gnarled bushes that were too stubborn to yield to the Queen were sentenced to execution by uprooting, which she performed with gleeful cackles. Angelica, Steve and Steph followed in the wake of her destruction, making mental notes to not let those claws anywhere near their sensitive bits.

The perfectly circular, 30 foot wide hole had been bored down into a raised stone platform with large Greco-Roman columns sprouting from the corners. Enough angular rubble lay strewn through the garden to suggest that a peaked roof had once covered the platform and Angelica suspected it once resembled a small Parthenon.

“Wow,” Steph said as they knelt at the edge, “This must have been a lay line tap. A huge one.”

“What do you mean?” Angelica asked, wondering how much Steve knew about magic.

“Magicians usually harvest mana from magical objects that develop in places where ley lines, underground flows of magic, intersect. However, you can tap a ley line directly but it mucks with the magical ecology. I bet that’s what this was,” Steph said.

“Merlin level talent, a stockpile and a font of magical energy, all controlled by a single person who resisted the regulation of magic while hobnobbing with fey and dragons. During the height of the magic panic.” Steve nodded to herself. “No wonder the government raided them.”

Angelica picked up a stone shard and chucked it into the hole. It disappeared into the yawning blackness. After five seconds, she gave up listening for the sound of it striking the bottom. “If there’s a lay line down there, shouldn’t there be a blazing light or something down there? Ley lines are like magical rivers, right?”

Steph’s ears wilted, and they shrugged. “Dunno. We took a course on the foundations of modern magic when we were in college. It didn’t cover ley line geomancy. We didn’t take any more because



someone decided magic would be a useless way to make money." She glared at Steve.

"We tested near zero for magical talent. Knowing about magic without being able to use it is right up there with traditional burger flipping degrees like English and philosophy." Steve protested hotly.

"Girls!" Angelica growled warningly. "Tone it down unless you want to get knotted."

Steve winced and Steph cocked her head as if considering it before saying, "Not right now mistress, thank you for the offer but we're still feeling... tender." The pair gave Tina a significant look.

The currently domesticated Yeen Queen, buzzed guiltily but avoid commenting on where the blame lay on the sisters over stimulation. Instead, she cast her glowing gaze into the hole. "We are supposed to restore magic to the manor, but its certainty not devoid of magic. Its still hidden from visitors. And the Jackalope couldn't sense the interiors of the workshop or library."

They all paused, hoping the Jackalope might appear to explain. He'd disappeared or wandered off while they'd cleared the path to the hole.

Angelica took a breath. "We've done all we can today. Let's go get some food from the car and then focus on making one bedroom habitable for tonight." Tomorrow, she had some reading to do. Hopefully Sigourney Tipper's magic basic course included stuff on Ley lines.

Steve and Steph lost themselves in the sheer amount of cleaning involved in preparing a cavernous bedroom next to the one that had been Tipper's residence. Even after several hours of work it was only marginally fit for habitation. By the time they could see a reflection in the room's ogress sized mirror, both of their lovers had retired. Angelica slept on the super king-sized bed with her head tucked under one wing, while Tina stood still as a statue with a thin cord extending from the tip of her tail plugged into a wall outlet. Steve hoped she was okay in there before they crawled into bed to cuddle against Angelica's softness.

In the morning they were relieved to find the throbbing soreness of their pussy to be entirely absent. And even better! Their nether fluff brushed out perfectly using the head of broom so they didn't even have to go find where the cat had slinked off to for a grooming. Steph thought she was probably laying her eggs somewhere private. Tina had also stepped from the room buzzing something about trying to find some power tools. Steve couldn't spare a braincell for her lovers. Her mind got locked on a morning task that rarely took more than a few seconds, picking out what they would wear.

Last night they'd unloaded the contents of their suitcase into one of the four large freestanding perfect portal to Narnia





wardrobes. Now the wardrobe doors took effort to close, it was so full of maidish fashion. That part didn't surprise Steve, it had happened in all the motels they'd stayed in. Each time, Steve had simply located the most conservative, traditional dress and pulled it from the rack. The choice was easy, it antagonized Steph, told Tina she'd failed to transform her entirely into a slut and let her pretend they didn't have a ridiculous number of breasts. Today, even made sense to wear such a dress. They would probably need to do a bunch of actual cleaning. The kitchen needed a deep scouring to be useable, and a long skirt would help keep the grime out of their fur.

And yet... Steve couldn't bring herself lift that very sensible and still cute dress from the rack. Very much a Steve dress. Yet the question that kept circling her head as they stood there, staring into the clothing was: What would a Stella wear?

Stella sounded confident. A little old-fashioned maybe, but unafraid of showing off. Not sexy cute like Steph. Boldly sexy. Elegantly flirtatious.

Steve let go of the dress and snagged a pair of fishnet stockings. Steph made a note of interest and approval but said nothing more as Steve slipped them over their foot paws and pulled them up. Yes! The diamond pattern revealed the curves of her legs while the fluff poking through hinted at the softness contained. A Stella would definitely wear those. Garter belt to hold them up. The stockings even had loops that slid between the toes so they didn't rip around the claws. But a Stella wouldn't prance around in stockings, ah yes there were shoes at the bottom of the wardrobe. Steve grabbed a tall shiny black boot/sandal thing. Both of them oooh when they discovered the laces that Criss Cross the front were actually a series of short straps that attached to a hook across the boot. Foot wear sorted, on went the red double bra to support her upper breasts, walking around topless yesterday had been fun but had reminded her that the top two pairs, needed a bit of support.

A Stella wouldn't cover her shapely shapely legs, the black stockings and shoe leather contrasting with the snowy white fur. Steve grabbed a short skirted aproned dress from the rack and pulled it over their heads. Her cheeks heated with surprise when the high-waisted thing didn't come down nearly as far as she had estimated. It didn't even cover the straps holding up the stockings! At least two inches shorter than the pink skirt Steph had dressed them in yesterday. It had a tail slit at least so at least a wag wouldn't flip it up, but it barely covered her butt. If she bent over just even the tiniest bit, then anyone could see their cookie. Hell Angelica, with her new four footed posture would probably get an eyeful so long as they weren't sitting on their haunches.

The thought made a sensation of moisture slid along the lips of their pussy.

"Oh what are you thinking sister?" Steph asked, "I can tell its... Juicy."

"Uuuh umm, Stella? Wait no." Steve shook out her head. "I think the last card is making me do this."

"Stella!?" Steph whispered excitedly, "Are you ready to change





your name?"

"Not yet! I mean no." Steve sputtered and looked down to see their red bra on full display. "Ah shit, forgot the shirt." Trembling with her embarrassment, Steve set their body pawing for one of the many white blouses.

"You could just leave it. It's lacy." She kissed Steve's cheek. "It might induce our mistresses to play with our breasts more. We have so many."

Steve considered the suggestion and then dismissed it. A Stella wouldn't be so shameless she'd... paging through the tops, do that one! Swiftly she removed the dress, wriggled into the top and then pulled the dress down over it. There that was more proper Stella. Short puffy sleeves, a generous cleavage display, with the red bra peeking out along the bottom. Easy to dismiss as a mistake, but it would draw the eye. Steve finished the look, using their tentacles to pull back their hair through an elastic hair tie with a huge black bow. Steph opted for unbraided pigtails with smaller red bows. They topped the look with a pair of tiny lace caps.

Steeling herself for disappointment, Steve piloted them to the big mirror they'd polished last night and gasped, "Oh god! what's hot!" She'd convinced herself on the way over that she'd dressed them like a cheap sexy maid Halloween costume and while there were elements of that like the fetish short skirt, it all hung together. An outfit designed to show off their body without cloaking it in cute. Outrageous while still having that air of elegance, even as Steve bit her knuckle and stared. Stella not Steve stared back, blushing furiously.

Steph took control of the limbs as Steve reel from the same swarm of emotions that she felt when Tina had first declared her to be Steph. Steph had been Tina's creation but now she'd done it to herself! Her other half cycled their body through a half dozen poses. Stella, no Steve, couldn't take it. Overwhelmed, she looked away.

"Aww, sis, what's the matter?" Steph asked. "They're going to love this look."

"Can we just move on?" Steve whispered, "Maybe get some breakfast?"

"Sure..." Steph smiled. "But then we get to be naughty doggos."



CHAPTER 29

Barely thirty minutes in to her plan to win the quest, Angelica rediscovered her hatred of textbooks. It didn't help that Tipper clearly had no clue how to teach anything. After an intro that read like a breathless carnival barker's patter about the sheer wonders that the reader could perform after completing the course, the text skipped around like an excited chihuahua hopped up on meth and seasoned with LSD.

Still, Angelica struggled on through the pile of yellowing paper and its stark blocky typewritten text. If she wanted to have a shot at beating Tina at the last challenge, she needed to lose her argumentative kink beforehand. That meant she had to solve the puzzle of bringing magic back to the manor with as little help from the others as possible. That meant distracting the others while she studied. Fortunately, Tina was compelled to spend hours primping in the morning and then distractible by her programming. That left Steve and Steph, who Angelica hoped would simply get distracted by cleaning the manor.

The dull roar of that vintage vacuum cleaner out in the hallway got Angelica's hopes up that she'd be left alone. Unfortunately, it drew closer and until the doors to the library flew open as if kicked.

"Never fear! The dust busters are here!" Steph shouted with grinning mania. Steve blushed furiously as the pair wheeled the huge silver upright into the room. Without the thick walls it sounded like a small jet engine.

"That's very loud!," Angelica clapped her hands over her sensitive ears.

"Sorry! Can't hear you! Its very loud!" Steph shouted as they began to erase the path of paw prints in the dust covered carpet.

"Be done in a jiffy Mistress." Steve added.

Angelica sighed and grabbed the bundle of pages she'd been working through from the floor. While the recliner was quite large, Angelica's wings prevented her from curling up quite as tightly as a normal feline, instead she'd reclined the back as far as it went and sprawled across it lengthwise. By placing the text on the floor and peering over the top of the seat, she'd achieved a somewhat comfortable reading position. Now carefully transferring the manuscript fragment to the side table, she watched Steph and Steve do their dance with the vacuum cleaner. One paw on the thick handle, the other held the yellow power cord in the same manner a dilettante might hold a long cigarette. They drove down the depth of the



room with a feminine saunter that called attention to that very short skirt. The last time Angelica had seen them walk like that was when she and Tina had good girded Steve into Steph. Had Tina triggered the pair? The vacuum's fans propelled the scent of their arousal to Angelica's nose.

At the end of the room they gave the beast they piloted a shove that bent them slightly at the waist. That was enough to lift their skirt like a curtain to expose the glistening pink of their sex. So quick, it had to be an accident... Or they were trying to get themselves jumped again? Either way, Angelica pressed her nose to the aged leather of the recliner and willed herself not to look. Willpower lasted all of about thirty seconds as the husky maid crossed the length of the room again with that flirtatious walk and lifted tail. The cool air of the library kissed the tip of Angelica's canine cock as it peeked out of her sheath and she shifted to bury it against the leather as her knot began to ach.

I'll pounce them later, after I've decoded more of this book, when they's not expecting it. She promised herself as she watched Steph and Steve finished vacuuming the visible carpet. When they went into the stacks, Angelica deemed it safe enough to sprawl across the chair and stare at the manuscript.

Shortly thereafter, the roar of the silver monster stopped. The entire library seemed to heave with relief.

"Oh mistress!" Steph broke the new silence, "That doesn't look very comfortable."

"Its fine." Angelica ventured.

"We know just the thing. Be right back." Tipping the Vacuum back on its wheels they rushed from the room before Angelica could muster a response. With a shrug, she settled back to find her page.

Ten minutes later, just as Angelica tentatively gripped the fragile thread of Tipper's dreamy metaphors once again, the husky maids returned wheeling a cart with a massive pillow draped across it. Green with multicolored circles across its surface, it screamed the seventies. "We saw this downstairs in one of the rooms and found a cleanish pillow case with it." Steve said with helpful cheer as they tossed it down beside the recliner. Nearly the size of a twin-size mattress.

Angelica eyed it with suspicion but had to admit the pillow looked comfy and with most of the dirt removed from the floor, she wouldn't have to worry so much about licking her paws. Cradling the papers in one arm, she staggered a few step on two legs before settling down on the pillow.

Cushy! The pillow swiftly molded itself to Angelica's long body, and she gave a relieved mew.

"Better?" Steve asked.

"Much, thank you." Angelica's head instinctively turned toward the pair. Her gaze found the shiny paw boots and followed up the





shapely legs, then froze. From this low angle, the short skirt hid nothing and Angelica found herself staring up into their vivid pink spade. Its inner folds shined with wetness. It be so easy to push up and taste them.

The pair turned away toward the bookcases before Angelica could make up her mind about this... display. They went over to their cart, pulling out a duster and a white cloth. Without waiting, they attacked the bookshelves. Angelica snorted in a vain attempt to clear their sweet scent from her nose. She had to focus. Per Tina's compulsion, Tina would be busy for another hour or so, making this the perfect time to do this studying. A good mistress could resist the flirtations of her pets. She'd jump the husky duo when she was ready.

Steadying herself, she forced her eyes down onto the page and focused on Tipper's explanation of magical gyrations. She absorbed a sentence, maybe two, and her eyes lifted as she tried to puzzle out their meaning.

Steve and Steph worked in utter silence on a bookcase a few steps away. First reaching up on their toes to run the cloth over top shelf. Methodically, they dusted the surfaces of the binders and shelving, working their way downward. Their skirt barely covered their buttocks at first, but it lifted as a slow curtain as they bent further and further, exposing their needy sex. Angelica watched, entranced, and a bit confused at this performance. Neither head glanced back at her and both seemed focused on the dusting. Surely Steve wouldn't do that consciously? Steph would be more direct, wouldn't she?

Angelica resolved to deal with the pairs' distracting behavior, rising from her pillow and silently stepping up behind them. They yipped softly as Angelica tongue flicked out over that luscious spade. Oh, it tasted even better than it smelled! Angelica buried her muzzle, licking and sucking.

Steph and Steve moaned as they bent further, clinging to the shelf in front of them by their nails.

"Oh mistress! We were, oh!" Steph let out a canine whine as Angelica nibbled on their juicy nether lips.

"Aaaah, Working!" Steve finished.

Angelica attempted to pull back to retort on the subject of the pair's work 'ethic' but found her head held fast. Two shafts of pink bordered her vision. The tentacles held her by her curling horns. "Working to distract me." Angelica growled around her mouthful of sweet flesh before thrusting her long tongue deep into the sex. Each drop of their juice she swallowed down made her own need rise. The low angle made it difficult for her to reach her own sex so she settled for tugging on her own fat nipple.

"No!" Steph barked as their body bucked. "We weren't trying to-"

"-distract you!" Steve said as their tail wagged. "Only a bad dog would doooooo-"





Angelica shifted angles, alternating between gentle biting and laps of her tongue as Steve's words shifted to incoherent howls.

Steph lasted longer, "We're goooood girls Misstress! Good girls We- Aaaah ah ah!" The pair lost their grip on the bookcase as they greeted their orgasm warbling whines. The tentacles released Angelica's head, and she settled back onto her haunches with a satisfied smile.

She pondered the sexy maid laying in front of her, resting on spread knees. Clearly, these naughty dogs needed to be punished. Maybe the cart had some toys for the task.

Yet the moment she took her eyes off Steve and Steph they surged up to their feet, whirling around in a single movement. Angelica found herself staring up at two pairs of eyes, one blue, one brown, but both united in their bright mania.

"We're good girls!" Steve said.

"We'll show you how good we are misstress!" Steph added.

Angelica opened her mouth to object as they pounced. Steph's lips delivered a meteor strike of kiss, her tongue quickly subduing Angelica's. Their paws raking down her neck and circling around to lift her breasts. Want over powered any thought of punishment as Angelica's skin cried out for more touch and she pushed back against Steph's kiss.

"Can't have dust touching our mistress' pelt." Steve cooed as they squeezed Angelica's heavy breasts, sending a fresh spring of warm pleasure through her. Steve brought her lips to the corner of Angelica's muzzle. Smooth as silk, her lips and tongue replaced Steph's, transferring the kiss. Steve's kiss had less force, but her tongue slid even deeper, probing the ridges of Angelica's mouth. It caused her jaw to scissor open and her vision to blur.

"We love our mistress. Her breasts are so big! And soft!" Steph said, as they over bore Angelica. Her wings gave half flap of alarm as her back landed on the pillow. The kiss broke, and she stared up at the library's drop ceiling.

Wait, she thought to herself, why am I on my back? I'm the mistress! I should be on top...

Yet she couldn't muster the will to do anything about this situation as twin mouths found her plug like nipples and sucked hard. A blissful haze rose in her mind as the huskie girls lavished attention on the breasts, nosing, licking, kneading. Beneath them, Angelica mewled like an intoxicated kitten.

"Poor mistress." Steph paused her mouth work, "Didn't get off at all yesterday."

They slide down Angelica's body, their wet spade kissing the tip of her cock and paused, blocked by Angelica's haunches.

Steve relinquished her nipple with a pop. "We want your pent





up cock." She panted.

"And pussy." Steph added. A tendril slithered down, cool against the hot need of Angelica's feminine sex. An irresistible promise of double satisfaction.

With a thoughtless moan of need, Angelica stretched out her feline legs straight behind her. Barrier removed, the pair swiftly took her. Engulfing her entire length in their warmth as their tentacles surged up into her pussy. Already primed from the breast play, a spasm of pleasure rocked through Angelica's lower body, her cock giving a premature spurt into their depth.

"Aww, that was early." Steve whined as Angelica fell limp beneath them.

"She's got plenty more to give, she's all pent up. Don't you mistress?" Steph giggled as the pair levered themselves up and down the cock, still stiff as a rod of moonsilver.

"Uma aa mrrrrrew..." Angelica answered incoherently, her thoughts overwhelmed with the twin sensations of simultaneously surrounded and filled. The tentacles twisted, surging in thickness with each fall of the white furred hips. Angelica felt her balls throb and churn as they slowly gathered themselves for the next load. More than that though, the husky sister's wet lips rhythmically kissed the edge of sheath, coaxing her swelling knot to popped free.

"Ooooooh Yes!" Steve and Steph near howled with excitement as their powerful thighs shifted to grind against it's girth. "Give us your knot!"

Steph continued, "It fits us. Lock us to your cock!" Slowly, thrust by thrust they began to sink over it.

"Fill us! Please!" Steve pleaded.

Angelica opened her eyes and beheld the pair, their skimpy maid uniform somehow entirely unmussed as it strained to contain their bountiful breasts. Their heads pressed cheek to cheek, eyes rolled back slightly and their tongues protrude over their black lower lips. Through each pulse of their hips, they held their paws out in a classic begging pose. Seeing that, Angelica's last shred of resistance slipped away. They'd come to her, performed for her, dressed up for her and it was her cock they craved, not Tina's. With a victorious smile, she rewarded them with a thrust upward.

With that motion, the canine spade took every inch she had, clamping around the knot and squeezing with that incredible strength. Their tentacles surged, pulling up and pressing on a spot behind her balls. She came as if two hands had siezed her sacks and squeezed, forcing her to erupt. Again, Angelica's body fell slack beneath the conjoined huskie girls as they tittered without mercy.

"Gods..." She mumbled.

"Oops..." Steve said as the pair shifted forward and pressed their paws into Angelica's pillowy breasts. "Too much at once?"





“Or not enough!” Steph giggled, “We’re paying too much attention to her cock, lets make her femcum a few times now.”

Angelica moaned as she felt the volume within her wane.

“Cock ride.” Steve’s eyes shined with horny mischief.

Steph grinned with equal hunger. “Pussy fuck!”

“Cock Ride!” Steve barked.

“Pussy Fuck!” Steph growled back.

Beneath them Angelica mewled as renewed heat and need blossomed with in her.



CHAPTER 30

“Heheheheh, I don’t know what you were expecting... Mistress,” Tina’s electronic voice chuckled. “Huskies get rambunctious when they’re not exercised.”

Angelica squinted over her mug of coffee at Tina’s as she stood near one of the kitchen’s large windows that open out onto the garden. The now midafternoon sunlight glinted off her polished metal body, her ruby accents glowing along with the red sequined dress she wore. Other than the dress having lost a few sequins here and there, Tina stood nearly immaculate. In contrast, Angelica looked like she’d been through a partial wash cycle and flash dried. A blanket lay across her shoulders as she sat uncomfortably on a pack of frozen peas. The disheveled pantheress’ tail swung back and forth like an irate serpent.

After a long stare, Angelica huffed, “You didn’t need to join in! We were almost done.”

“Oh but Steph and Steve’s tentacles were all tuckered out and the noises you made when I slid in certainly sounded like an invitation.” Tina’s voice crackled and Angelica’s played out from between the Yeen’s jaws, “Oooooooh! So big! Mrrrewl! Yes!”

Angelica huddled down as her tail curled around her body. “You didn’t need to pound me for a solid hour.”

“I stopped when you told me to stop. Mistress.” Those four arms crossed, and Tina lifted her chin.

“M-maybe we should program a safely protocol in then?” Steve suggested with a meek squeak. They sat, pert and correct except for the splayed open legs. An extra large mug of coffee sat on table in front of them. After they’d woken from their fuckathon induced coma ten minutes ago Steve had been blushing nonstop. Steph’s small smile spoke of satisfaction but she kept her own council.

Angelica smiled with such force that even the colors of her spots seemed to brighten. “Oh that’s a wonderful idea. Toy, come here and turn around.”

The large mecha hyena woman swiveled on the huskie maids and barked, “Steven!”

They flinched and Steve whined guiltily, “You’ve bruised all of us with that piston you got.”



"Hey, don't you bite their heads off! Steve is a good girl." Angelica countered, "It's you who are due for adjustments. Now come here." She made a typing motion with her fingers.

Tina's eyes turned cool blue as she took a step backwards. "Perhaps Mistress should wait until after she's eaten? Steve always said its never good to program on an empty stomach. How about I come back after you biologicals have refueled." With that she gathered her skirt and fled out the door, giving them all a view of the flashing red button on the back of her neck.

"Orgasm permission denied!" Angelica shouted as the door slammed shut. Then she laughed to herself, "Oh dear, playing hard to get my big runaway robot?" Grinning, she looked at Steph and Steve. "Nothing like a little hunt before food?"

Steph's head snapped up. "Did the Pizza order go through? You mentioned ordering earlier but then..."

"Always hungry for something arn't you Steph." Angelica sighed and swiped at the surface of her phone, that sat on the table and peered down at the screen. "It did go through. I can't imagine them getting through the glamor. Kinda forgot about that part. Here." She slid the white sparkle Sphone across the table at the husky twins. "Code's 3720. If my little hunt lasts a while, you can complete the order once they drop it on the door step. And don't worry Steve, I will not be any meaner than she is to you." She rose off her ice pack with a wince, then slowly sauntered out the door after her prey.

"Oooh, Tina's gonna get it now." Steph giggled softly once the thick purple-pink spotted tail had disappeared from view.

"Guess so," Steve mumbled, leaning them down to lap at the coffee. Her thoughts kept replaying their seduction of Angelica this morning. It had been Steph idea, of course, but it had been her, Steve, driving their body. Her idea to grab the pillow bed in order to lower Angelica's vantage point and do the slow clean that had snapped Angelica's restraint. Then they'd claimed the knot together, knowing it would thwart Angelica's plans for the day. Not that Steve had any objection to Angelica being the one to figure out the puzzle of restoring magic to the manor. It just felt so good to be... irresistibly naughty. But it wasn't that realization that kept her cheeks on high heat. Guilt drove her flush, guilt from watching Angelica blame Tina most for the episode. Amusement at Angelica's getting a taste of her own bruising medicine. Which then fed into the guilt.

Steph snuggled up to Steve's cheek. "And what are you thinking about that's getting us so wet?"

"N-nnothing.." Steve demurred.

"Sister," Steph pressed the pads of her paw against the red lips of their shared spade, squeezing fem juice from the swollen slit. The naughty doggo card had enlarged it to the point that even their





clumsy paw could manipulate it easily. Rubbing it with vigor the pair whined and pressed their heads together. Steph gasped, "This isn't- nnnnothing Steve! T-Tell me!"

"N-no! Its n-naughty. Its just the cards making me want it!" Steve whined. Her own paw reached inside their blouse to run their soft pads over their nipples, which had received zero attention all day.

"I'll show you naughty!" Steph extended their tentacles down to their loins and drove them deep with expert precision. The pair shared an orgasm that made them howl to the ceiling. That freed her paw to grab Steve's cheek and pull it inwards. Their necks weren't designed for the motion and both felt the strain of over extension as their black lips met each other's and locked in a kiss.

Steve's eyes flew open in surprised as she tasted a hint of cherry on her sister's tongue. Yet pleasure swiftly overwhelmed her shock. Each controlled their own tongues and a tentacle within their shared pussy. They jousting, twisting around and within their body. Ecstasy rolled between them until their lungs burned for breath. They broke the kiss with a shared gasp for breath. Pain blossomed in their necks.

"Ow." They exclaimed and reached up to rub at the hurt with identical motions.

"Why do you taste like cherry?" Steve asked.

"Why do you taste like lime?" Steph echoed with a giggle. "So I should wear red lipstick and you wear green?"

"Maybe! Do you think it would look cute?" Steve giggled as well.

"I think Stella would rock the look." Steph leaned close for a sassy cheek rub.

Steve wilted at the name and pulled back. "No. Not yet. I'm not her."

"Fine, be a Steve who just fucked her sister. It don't get much naughtier." Steph grinned.

Steve yipped in protest before slinking down, her cheeks and ears burning all over again. "The cards..." She whined.

"Fuck the cards. Tell me what you were thinking about." Steph demanded.

Taking a deep breath, Steve bit her lip for a moment before speaking, "You pounced Angelica too early! I had so many other things I wanted to try. We could have served her a drink and done that look down my cleavage bend or maybe act like we went all dog brain and hump her leg." Steve buried her face in a paw. "Why am I suddenly the world's biggest slut?!" Yet their tail wagged hard.

The phone in front of them binged before Steph could





comment.

"Pizza!" Both of them near shouted and fumbled for the phone. They didn't unlock it but managed to view the alert screen, which declare that their pizza pies were on its way! Neither had eaten much all day and the thought of cheese, bacon and pepperoni swiftly had them salivating. Clutching the phone, they hurried out into the hallway and towards the front door. They passed dozens of portraits that formed the primary decor of the wing they had taken up residence in. All of them of greek gods, goddesses and other greek monsters. Yet they all had a familiarity that revealed itself in the small plaques at the bottom of each painting. All read, S. Tipper as _____ where the blank was the subject. As Steve and Steph walked by the leering painting of S. Tipper as a leering Zeus, they realize that top pair of breasts had escaped their top and paused in front of a mirror in the foyer to put them back.

"Hey not bad!" Steph declared as she smoothed out their skirt. Despite being knotted to Angelica for several hours and then spending several more passed out on the floor of the library, their outfit had held up. Their stockings had a few runs in them, the fur between their thighs needed a brushing and their hair bows had gone missing, but otherwise they remained a cute double headed dog girl in a way too short maid uniform. "Good enough for the pizza boy right?"

"Sure." Steve said, again finding it difficult to look at their reflection. "Its probably not a boy, you know. Its probably some middle-aged person who hates magic. We should probably just watch for the pizza through the window and not let them even see us."

"Nonsense." Steph said as she directed their feet towards the door. "This is our house now. Anyone coming close is getting at least an eyeful of the beautiful maid who vacuums these stupidly wide halls."

"Our House?" Steve yelped. "We can't live here!"

"Why not? This Tipper wizard person is dead, and even if they somehow came back, this place needs some maids on staff. Cleaners keepers, I say." Steph said, as they pushed open the giant front door and stepped out between the columns of the great porch. Birdsong greeted them as the fornicating fountain statuary shined in the sunlight.

"I doubt the government will see it that way," Steve grumbled. "And we'd make a lot more money if we went back to programming."

"Hmm, I dunno sis. I bet the salary for maids that clean cocks as fast as we can is higher than you think." Steph laughed and licked Steve's cheek. "All the husky maid card are permanent now. Remember?"

Steve shook herself and huffed. "We just have to win the final contest." Crossing their arms, they leaned against on the pillars and looked out at the gate beyond the fountain. One side of it remained open.

"That will be difficult without my help. So maybe we should decide just how we'll use that boon." Steph said.





"For starters, we'll get our hands back." Steve ventured.

"Uh huh, oh hey! Think those are edible?" Steph pointed off the side of the porch where a large tree grew. Purplish blue fruits hung in clusters among the small green leaves.

Steve smiled, saved by Steph's doggy attention span, and focused on the fruits. "I dunno? Are those... plums?"

Investigating further, stepping off the porch and staring up into the branches, they found the fruits were the color of plums, but not the shape. Rather, they weren't any consistent shape at all. Perfect cubes hung in one cluster, another were long, twisted into spirals and the third cluster looked round. They sported two points each, like the ears of a fox or cat.

"Weird." Steve cooed.

"Cool." Steph echoed, using a tentacle to pull off some of the pointy ears ones that were among the lower hanging fruit. Somewhat compulsively, they started to gather the fruit, using their tiny apron to hold them. They had a small pile built up when the sound of gravel crunching beneath tires entered their ears.

"Pizza!" they barked and abandoned their fruit to rush back onto the driveway.



CHAPTER 31

Steve and Steph's tail wagged so hard it gave their entire body a wiggle as they watched a small blue car creep through the gate and drive around the perimeter of the fountain with identical doggy eagerness.

It stopped in front of the porch. The driver's side door opened and a blond man with a short, well-trimmed beard climbed out. He clung to the top of the car door as he stared up at the house with a loose jaw.

Steve and Steph were unnoticed in the tree's shadow amid the splendor of the manor. Words bubbled up to describe the man in Steve's brain. Rugged, lanky, tall. Those didn't seem to fit the sensation of how watching him quickened their pulse and warmed their loins. She didn't put it together until Steph whispered, "Now there's a Hot Pizza MAN."

"Oh Fuck." Steve exclaimed far louder than she intended and his head snapped in their direction.

"Hi There!" Steph barked out and waved.

"Hi!" Steve echoed, as her thoughts ran around in tight, overly excited circles. Oh fuck he's hot. I like guys now? Can I fuck him?

He didn't flinch, but he blinked really hard. "Uh, Hi there. Did you order two meatlovers pizzas?"

"Yes!" Steph bounced their body out of the shadow and charged. "We're very hungry! Thank you for coming! Can we hug you?! We weren't sure you could get past the enchantments! We're so happy you made it!"

The man raised arms over their heads as the huskie girls forcefully embraced him, pressing their cheeks against his chest. "Ummm It was a little weird with the jackalope and the tree and everything." He said with a deep voice.

"Uh, sorry!" Steve found her own words. "My sister's a little forward. You could, uh, scratch our ears if you like."

"Umm, okay?" The hovering hands lowered to find an ear for each. Gently he gave them both a thorough ear scratching.

"Aooooo," the husky girls moaned beneath his fingers, finally stepping away when one of their legs gave an involuntary tremble. His nicely spiced scent had more than a trace of arousal in it as they



recentered themselves.

"I'll get your pizzas." He said, walking around them and opening the trunk. Unzipping a large insulated bag, he pulled two pizza boxes that filled the air with the scent of mouth watering bacon and sausage. He made to offer them to Steve and Steph but pulled back when he saw their thumbless paws. "Where would you like them?"

"Uh..." Steph thought for a moment, "We can carry them, we just can't open the door at the same time."

"Do you want me to carry them inside?" He asked.

"Oh no! We haven't cleaned the foyer yet!" Both Steph and Steve answered in a scandalized pitch. Then giggled. "Jinx."

The pizza man's expression became an adorable blend of confusion and amusement.

"Just put it on the porch, please." Steph said finally.

Steve pushed the need to process why she now felt ownership of the state of the foyer away. There were more important things to do now. "Actually," she ventured as they followed the handsome pizza man to the porch. "The paws do make one thing more difficult."

"Oh? What's that?" He asked with good humor as he set the pizza down.

"Tipping you. In the traditional manner, cash is hard and phones are harder. So uh maybe you would like a nontraditional tip. Ever uh," Steve swallowed and ploughed on through her proposal, "gotten your tip, as a double header?"

The pizza man froze, eyebrows nearly leaping off his forehead. Steph's own shock vibrated through their body.

He laughed nervously, cheeks coloring. "Can't say that I have. If you're both into that. I uh."

"Oh yes sir!" Steph recovered with forceful enthusiasm. "Just unzip your trousers and we will do the rest."

"Uh, right here?" His eyes glanced up at the manor and its many windows.

"Course not sir." Steve said, fluttering her lashes as they took his hand and confidently guided him towards the tree. "This will be our little secret." Internally she screamed, her thought roiling in disbelief at her own actions. The scream contained not a solitary note of condemnation but a high pitched shriek of her own excitement at the prospect of sucking this stranger's cock. Old Steve couldn't imagine doing this. He'd recoil in horror at the thought of being cute and sexy enough to pull this off. But this Steve was all those things and together with her sister, they were going to have so much fun blowing this good smelling man's mind clear to orbit.





Next to her, Steph panted excitedly and whispered, "Guess we caught a fox."

Steve nodded as the three of them passed into the shade of the tree's foliage. Neither of them saw the man accidentally step on several pointy eared fruits, nor the pink sparks that raced up his leg. He stumbled a little, but the pair read it as the small spasms of cold feet. They wheeled around, gripped his hips, pressed their breasts against his chest and stared up at him with broad, eager smiles.

That same expression of awe struck disbelief that had been directed at the manor now fell on them. That look, Steve knew she'd never tire of bringing that expression to people, more than the physical arousal it seemed to vibrate at her inner core of her being. To watch his gaze flick between her face and Steph's, then drift down to settle on their breasts with a breathless wow.

They slowly sank down to their knees, dragging their breasts across the tent in his khaki cargo pants. Steve nuzzled that still trapped member. "Please sir. Allow us to give you your well-deserved tip."

"And let us take our treat." Steph took the fabric in her teeth and gave it a tug.

The man gulped audibly before undoing the button and barely got the zipper half way open before an impatient swipe of a paw sent his pants down to his ankles. The girls seized the waistband of his boxer briefs and swiftly pulled them to his knees, freeing his dick from the cotton cloth. Small compared to the phalluses of the mistresses but it smelled spicy male. The husky maids attacked it like a pair of dogs presented with a popsicle. Licking tentatively at first, each sub lick gained speed and aggression. Their long tongues curled around along his cock and balls with zero coordination between them, but their sheer enthusiasm proved enough. The man gasp and grunted.

Paws clapped on his hips to hold him steady and their tentacles thrashing in the depths of their own sex to service their own satisfaction. They didn't perceive the pink sparks leaping between their tongues and the cock. As the pizza man's knees began to shake, the sisters attributed the tingly taste of the cock to his nearing orgasm. Steve greedily took the entire cock into her mouth and sucked hard.

"Hey!" Steph protested, cut off from the treat. "Share!"

"Gods! Ah! Grrrk!" the pizza man gasped as Steve's throat engulfed the tip of his cock and her tongue squeezed him hard. Hot cum sprayed down into her throat, Steve stifled her gag urge and swallowed it all down like a good girl should.

Steph, who'd been about to bark out another protest, eyes widened as sparks flooded out from Steve's lips and spread down across his crotch, the man's pubic hair softening to white fuzz. Her own pointy ears caught the crackle of rapidly expanding bone as a tail





swished into existence behind him, fur as red as a fire engine with a black tip. Glancing up, the man had grabbed a branch for support and black claws had already replaced his finger nails.

Her eyes ping ponged around the scene, registering the smashed fruits among the soil. With a grin she used her paw to shepard more fruits behind his boot, another pointy eared one and conjoined pair that resembled a pair of breasts.

As the pizza man sagged and Steve released a canine cock from her mouth, Steph rushed wrapping her tongue around the tapered tip. "Greedy sister!" She growled out of the side of her mouth, "My turn. You lick his balls."

Steve nodded dazedly and moved to comply. They had to shift a bit to make the angles work, but they did it.

"Hey I don't ah! Think. Second. ahh! Tiiiiime g-g-gonna wuh-wuh Yeee Yip!!" The Pizza Man attempted to protest this second go, but his cock showed zero signs of flagging. Steph gave his left a hip a tiny nudge and he stepped back directly on to a fruit, releasing a swarm of sparks up his leg. His grunts turned entirely to little yips and canine whines. With every lick Steph delivered, she felt his girth dwindle a bit more. Steve noticed a feminine sweetness creeping into the flavoring of his balls. Opening her eyes she found them gone, her tongue lapping at puffy flesh hanging between his legs.







"Sis?" Steve whispered as Steph worked at the rapidly diminishing cock, barely three inches long. Then she saw the white fur spreading up his stomach and two foot long fox tails dancing behind him. She glanced to see his shirt, now several sizes too large but the chest area starting to fill with a pair of new breasts. Black fur gloved his hands and his ears were growing into large fuzzy points. "Sis!" Steve shoved herself Steph's cheek, causing the next lap of her tongue to catch only empty air.

Steph shoved back with a possessive growl and sealed her lips around the small cock with defiant flare.

"Yi-yi-yi-yi!" The pizza man's voice broke through several octaves as his back arched. Sparks danced around his body and to Steve it appeared as if Steph were sucking away both the man's... manliness and humanity. His waist narrowed, red fur shot down his legs and with the buck of his hips, a cascade of hair burst from his scalp, lengthening until it reached the base of his tail. Steph released her captured cock, now no more than two inches, more a huge clit than a penis and licked her lips.

"Should we keep going?" Steph mouthed in a silent whisper.

"No!" Steve responded in a far less silent tone of panic.

Steph rolled her eyes, "Fine, let me handle it."

The pizza man still hung onto the overhead branch, although now stood on tip toe to reach it. His face had softened some, his beard looking smooth and silky, but he remained recognizable, fox ears notwithstanding. Half lidded, amber-colored eyes watch Steve and Steph pull up his underwear and then his pants.

"You'll have to hold these up," Steph explained. "They got stretched out."

The newly foxy delivery person, nodded dazedly, let go of the branch and settled down on their heels. They blinked a few times. They were still taller, but only by a few inches. Steph quickly squatted, until their heads were in line with the pizza man's chest. Status quo apparently restored, he nodded to himself.

"Thanks for the tip." He said with a dreamy cadence. "You're good girls."

"If you want more tips like that. You come on back." Steph popped up and licked his lips.

"Mmmph!" The pizza foxy wiped his lips on the back of his black furred hand and ran claws through the long locks of red hair as a grin slowly spread across his face. "I might do that. Take care now. Enjoy your pizza."

The pair watch him waddle back to the car, one hand holding up his pants that the fluffy tail prevented him from pulling up over his waist. He got in, spent a few moments fiddling with the seat and drove away.

Steve spent a few more moments in stunned silence before,





"What the fuck was that?"

"Magical shock!" Steph giggled. "If a human's not expecting magic, especially transformation magic, then they tend not to notice it until it becomes impossible to do so. At least in the moment. He'll notice either when somebody points it out to him or maybe when he wakes up tomorrow."

"I know that!" Steve growled. "I remember that much from class. Why'd he change like that?" She deflated, ears wilting. "Is going to happen every time I wanna suck a dick?"

Steph tilted her head to clonk her sister's noggin. "It was the fruit, you dummy. It was kinda the same thing that happened to our stinky aunt. I hope he comes back for an even bigger tip. This house is way too big for one maid to handle."

Steve whimpered. "How long do you think that's gonna last?"

"I dunno. Auntie said she'd be stuck as skunk for a half a decade at least with all the magic that got fucked through her. He squished maybe five magic fruits tops while she dumped an enormous pile of those crystal flowers in that circle. Sooo way less than what happened here." Steph said. "Don't worry about it. It probably won't last longer than a day even."

Steve gave a heavy sigh. Then their stomach grumbled.

"Maybe if we order pizza again tomorrow we can find out!" Steph cheek snuggled and then barked, "Come on! Lets go eat."



CHAPTER 32

When Steph and Steve dutifully delivered the pizza, minus a slice each for as a fee, they found the hunt had concluded. A very pleased Angelica lounged in Tina's lap, resting her head on the silicon pads of one of the Yeen Queen's massive paw hands. Angelica smiled at Steph and Steve as they entered the room.

"Oh, yes finally! I have worked up such an appetite, you have no idea." Her purr resonated around the room.

Tina didn't budge. She remained still as a statue as Steph and Steve slid a pizza in front of the mistresses. Her eyes flickered when Angelica shifted on her lap, but otherwise had zero response. The massive yeenroid held herself in a sitting position, supporting her weight with her thick tail. Her lower arms were held out as arm rests for Angelica while the upper hands served as floating pillows.

"Sorry, it's a little cold." Steve gulped, glancing up at Tina's frozen face with open worry.

"I'm so hungry, I really don't care." Angelica opened the box and snagged two pieces. Draped one over Tina's muzzle and tore into the other feral intensity. Tina's eyes flickered like strobes.

Inhaling the pizza slice Angelica sighed with satisfaction and gave her wings a little flap. Steve and Steph waited their paws crossed, anxiously staring at the pair of them.

Angelica chuckled, "Oh you both look like you're afraid I'm going to bite you. Don't worry about my Toy. She's just learning why you shouldn't run from reprogramming sessions; I've revoked her ability to move without permission. She's having fun, though. I also made my touch pleasurable. Practically these." She displayed the pads of her black furred finger tips then reached back to and squeeze one of Tina's four breasts. The eyes lit with such intensity that Steph and Steve raised paws to shield their eyes. Then she started to tremble and shake, steam hissed through vents. Just before it seemed she might start shaking apart Angelica released her hold. The lights of Tina's eyes went out and she stilled.

Angelica took down the piece of pizza she'd placed on Tina's nose and took a bite. "Mmmm, that's a bit warmer." She grinned, "That gives me an idea. Stevie and Steph, stick one of pizza in the oven while I get the toy setup."



"Yes mistress!" Both husky girls yipped, their tail solidly between their legs as they hurried to obey.

Angelica slid from her perch on Tina's lap. A puddle of that golden mechanical cum oil spread beneath the throne Yeen. Tina's eyes flickered back on.

"Awww, did the toy get a overloaded and take a little nap? Maybe I'll have to turn those setting down tomorrow. Having you black out from cuddling is a little much. You may talk."

"Thank. You. Mistress." The words came a flat monotone with a harsh buzz.

"Are you enjoying being my chair?" Angelica asked, her tail tip twitching with lazy amusement.

"Yyyyes mistress..." Tina's voice gained a bit more humanity. "I... enjoyed that?"

"Wonderful. You're going to have even more fun as our table. You may move as you assume the position." Angelica said, pushing the small card table they'd been using out of the way.

Animation returned to Tina's body with a shudder. Her four shoulders shouldered rotated experimentally before she got down on hands and knees.

"Nuh uh!" Angelica tsked. "Belly up. I want those tits where I can tweak them."

Tina hesitated, then continued her motion, laying down on her back before pushing up into a bridge position. "Like this mistress?" She asked.

Angelica strode up to Tina's side and sat on her haunches, the golden belly reached chest height on her. "Flatter, can't have our meal sliding off."

With a whirr of effort, Tina lessened the curve of her spine, smoothing out the plane of her belly but her curvy breasts remained a mountain range. Angelica ran her knuckles across the segmented plates of her stomach and lowered her head to deliver a single lap across one of the ruby nipples. Tina's eyes flashed pink under the touch and her black pussy lips lit with a golden shine.

"Good." Angelica purred, "Look at you being all useful. Pizza's messy though lets have a place we can stick the paper towel roll. Dick mode."

With a quiver, Tina's mound extended out into a monster sized femcock, golden circuitry pulsing beneath its shiny black skin. On seeing it, Steve and Steph pressed their thighs together, the memory of the pleasure that relentless phallus could dispense over powering the bruised aftermath. Also, there was zero chance that a paper towel roll would fit over that. It would have been a tight squeeze before Tina got super-sized. Steve held her tongue though as Angelica compiled the phallus.





"Steve and Steph, please set the table for dinner." Angelica smiled at the pair and licked her chops.

"Yes mistresses." The pair echoed immediately but Steve reached for the oven and Steph placed a paw on top of the still room temperature pizza box.

"Uh..." Steve made an uncertain sound.

Steph recovered first, "Which pizza do you want mistress, the one in the oven won't be warm yet."

"But it might be warmer than the one still in the box." Steve suggested.

"Girls, bring me the one still in the box." Angelica said as if she were talking to a mouse. Sure, this was the same woman they'd reduced to a mewling wreck this morning but with Tina under her full control she exuded an authority that drove every command to the sister's core. Carefully they picked up the box but before they could balance it on Tina's stomach Angelica raised a hand.

"No. You don't reheat pizza through the cardboard do you? Put the pizza directly on her skin." Angelica said.

"Ah I see mistress." Steph said with bright cheer. "Right away."

Steve allowed her to pilot their body as she stewed in confusion. Placing the box on Tina's splayed open knees, Steph arranged the pie the best she could with the limited space, using their paws as thick spatulas to serve. About half of the pizza fit on Tina's stomach and then a single slice over each breast. If Angelica noticed they were already two slices missing, she didn't comment as she watched with a feline air of satisfaction. There was even enough room to place a small plate in front of Angelica.

"Good girls." Angelica praised, "Now take your top off. Bra too."

Even more than the trigger, the prospect of getting their breasts played with had Steve eagerly casting off their clothes. They stood before Angelica's appreciative gaze in nothing but their ripped stockings and high paw boots. Rising, Angelica slinked around Tina and rubbed her cheek against Steph and Steve's largest breasts before squeezing each one as if they were produce. The touch made their chest heave.

"I suppose these top ones are big enough to get us started." Angelica teased.

Steve mentally recoiled. Small? How dare...

Any protest was lost as Angelica's mouth latched on to a nipple and rolled it along her sharp teeth. Their paws reached out for her but were captured by her hands and forced to their sides. The pair whined as Angelica continued to savage their breast for several more moments before pulled she head away with a jerk.





"You two are distractingly pretty." Angelica growled then shook herself. "Where was I?"

"S-something about our b-breasts?" Steve suggested from under the force of a sudden blush.

"Yes. Your breasts are almost as nice as mine. Use them to heat our pizza. Titty fuck my toy until she's sizzling." Angelica said, her grin growing to a cheshire width.

"Oooh our pleasure mistress," Steph said, sending their tail into an eager wag. Meanwhile Steve pondered the logistics of such a task that she hadn't seen outside a few illustrations. What would be optimal? One set of breasts or two?

Course, by the time Steve had formulated these questions, Steph had their body straddling Tina's tail and that massive femcock sandwiched between her top set of breasts. Tina's immobile eyes brightened as they used their paws squeeze the cock within their cleavage, slid down her length and Steph kissed the rubbery head.

With Steph firmly in the control of the situation, Steve shoved her questions away and got to work, kissing, licking at Tina's cock whenever it came in reach.

"Nnnnnrrrrr..." Tina groaned as the pair found a rhythm on her immobile body, grinding their own pussy over the ridge segments of Tina's tail.

"that's right Toy." Angelica cooed in Tina's ear. "Not only are you getting used as furniture you have the honor of being an appliance. Our great big hot plate. Aren't you the lucky toy." She punctuated her sentence with a lap along the outside rim of Tina's ear.

With a shiver a small geyser of gold to erupted from Tina's cock. Steve and Steph lapped at the sweet fluid, but most it spilled over to coat their breasts. What little friction between the skin of their breasts and the rubber cock disappeared, becoming a smooth, warm glide up and down.

"That's it, you're getting hotter," Angelica curled her body around so she could stroke her own slit as she watched little trembles in Tina's face and fingers. "That it, look at your wife sucking your cock like the good bitch they are. Don't you want to touch them? Shove your dick down one of their throats? Impale that juicy cookie between their legs and fondle all those breasts you gave them?"

The trembling increased to quaking, those chrome claws bit into the floor, cracking the old yellow and white tiles. A series of digital squawks among static from android's frozen jaw.

"You can't do any of that. You can't even move because you're my toy, a thing. The programmable card's temporary but I wonder..." She stroked the plastic lips with her claw, and Tina's eyes lit with bright pink, her pupils changing to hearts. "If I push hard enough,





I think you'll realize why sub space is the perfect place for beast like you."

Steve and Steph heard Tina's increasingly broken screams as the constant stream of praise and the taste of golden cum drove their frenzied pace. The cock grew to an uncomfortable temperature between their breasts but fluid that now constantly bubbled from the cock cooled as it steamed from their skin. The growing scent of the pizza reminded them that once they finished there would be treats! Oils were leeching from the cheese and run across Tina's tummy and breasts. As steam hissed through hidden vents Steph and Steve felt the tremor grow at the base of Tina's cock and went to engulf the flared tip with their mouths, tongues working over the slit. Tina's entire body began to shake and rattle

Angelica licked the pad of one finger and pressed it against Tina's cheek.

Sparks flew from her eyes as her cock erupts, with neither sister's mouth sealed over the tip the golden cum sprayws out from their mouths across Tina's body. Angelica flinched as the fluid splashes across her face and shoulder. She opened an eye and chuckled to herself. Steph and Steve's face's were both absolutely dripping with the honeyed cum.

They giggled as they licked the substance from their own lips.

"This is a, messy way to reheat a pizza mistress." Steve said, panting like a sated dog after a long game of fetch.

"Can't beat the treats though!" Steph added leaning over to snatched a slice in their teeth, tore off a chunk and swallowed it down in a few gulps. "That cum gives it a sweet tang, like that honey pear pizza that one place does."

"Don't eat it like that!" Steve barked, claiming a slice for herself using an awkward combination of paw and tentacle.

"My way doesn't get fur in it. Besides, my way we get to lick all the escaped grease and sauce off Tina!"

"Girls..." Angelica growled in warning.

Steph and Steve's eyes flick to each other. Both asked, are we feeling like reducing the mistress to a puddle of fur and need? They both gave an imperceptible shake of their heads. Between the knotting this morning, the foxy delivery boy and adding a sweet topping to everything in the room they were feeling sated. They returned Angelica's narrow eyed look with twin sunny smiles. "Sorry mistress."

Then they dug into the pizza. Although they shared a stomach, they easily ate enough for two and then some. Angelica made sure to have them clean Tina thoroughly with their tongues afterwards, especially in the ticklish spots around her thighs and those lovely ruby nipples.





Click. Click.

Steve cracked open one eye and found a large golden blur looming over her.

"Wake." Tina's electronic voice boomed.

Steve groaned and heard Steph's similar reply. Cleaning up the mess in the kitchen had taken quite a while, then Angelica had decided her pet maid needed a "bath." They hadn't even been trying to get knotted. They'd dropped the soap by complete accident.

"I must dress. You must accompany me."

A harsh tug pulled Steve and Steph up right. Steve blinked to find that Tina's hand held two leather leashes, one red, Steph's and one blue, Steve's.

"What the hell's gotten into you? We're sleeping here." Steph yawned.

"Executing program: Keep Dogs busy. I cannot allow you out of my immediate sight. Come along." Tina announced in her uncompromising monotone.

Steve cast her gaze across the bed, where Angelica watched through barely open eyes. "Angelica?"

"Mistress?" Steph pleaded for an intercession.

But Angelica gave them a lazy wave, "Have fun girls, I'll see you in the afternoon."

Reluctantly, Steve and Steph allowed Tina to lead them from the room, pleas for Tina to allow them to get dressed falling on deaf silicon ears.

"Tina?" Steve asked, "Are you pissed at us from yesterday? Did we push things too far?"

"Negative. I love serving the mistress in any capacity." There was a buzz that could have been laughter. "I must complete my daily preparations. You will not distract me."

"It's her primping compulsion." Steph whispered. "The program's forcing her to deal with us instead of it. Conflict between them is making her grumpy."

"It is a minor inconvenience so long as you are good girls." Tina said without turning her head or slowing her pace. She carried a duffel bag over one hulking shoulder as she brought Steve and Steph down to the ground floor. They entered a room that smelled of oil and metal. A dusty workshop crammed with bulky machines and rusty power tools. Along the wall, one workbench had been cleared off except for a couple of rotary sanders and a bedroom mirror.

"Sit." She pointed at a stool close to a wall.





"Sure, we get it. We can watch." Steve said as they popped up onto the stool, already looking around for the best tool to cut through the collar or leash.

"You will go no where." Tina said and this time the buzzing was definitely a laugh as she dropped the duffle bag onto the table. "I know you are naughty dogs." Carefully, she hooked the zipper with a claw and withdrew a pair of leather restraints.

"What the leash isn't enough for ya your magistracy?" Steph giggled as Tina's nethers pulsed with light.

Steve cheek nudged her sister. "Quiet, you wanna be hogtied? She'll do it."

Tina had not stopped moving and silently removed two ball gags from the duffle and smiled with her many teeth.

The pair whined at the sight of the gags, popping up off the stool. "We'll be good!" Steve insisted as they pulled against the leashes.

"We'll be extra good your one true highness!" Steph added as Tina slowly reeled them in towards her. "There's no need for- Mmmph!" Tina cut her off by smothering her face with a paw pad.

"Hee hee," Tina chuckled as she pulled them close. "Don't worry, I know precisely what toy will keep you two entertained for hours and hours."

Steve's vision filled with the glimmering ruby red of her nipple as her lower arms bound their paws behind them. Then one of those massive hands offered the ball of the gag.

"Pretty Little wife of mine, bite." She commanded with smirk on her shiny lips.

Pretty little wife? Steve hesitated, although not out of any conscious disobedience, rather her brain ground to a halt trying to process those three words together. Little flashes of memory of herself, no himself, in a tux at the altar. Yet...

"Take the ball in your mouth like a good girl." Tina coaxed softly.

"I am a good girl." Steve mind united on that and dropped the confusing question of whether she was a wife or husband to obey, biting on the ball. She wagged their tail as Tina expertly affixed the straps of the gag and rewarded Steve with an ear scratch.

"Now for your naughty sister." Tina gave a buzzing laugh.

Steph on the other hand, growled when paw pad was removed from her face. "Naughty! I'm not the naughty one! I didn't- Mmmph!"

Tina roughly shoved the gag into Steph mouth, cutting her off again. The bright blue eyes lit with anger as Tina captured her jaw.





"My precious Steve wouldn't be so crass to display herself and distract our fair mistress from her studies. She's the good girl, and you're the naughty doggo."

"Mmmm, Mmmph!" Steph protested for naught as Tina turned them around with her unyielding mechanical strength.

Steve felt as potent as a doll in Tina's grip and relaxed their body. Tina would never hurt them, she trusted her that far. Though, Steph continued to make indignant noises as Tina piloted them to face the open duffel bag. Inside lay something very red.

"Recognize this bone?" Tina laughed with more than a little evil in her tone as she reached into the bag. She withdrew a great canine cock, the Cerberus vibrator that Steve had last seen during her first grooming session. A full foot long with that delicious looking knot at its base. Their internal organs quivered at the memory. "You're such a good girl, I bet you can take it all now. Shall we find out?"

Both Steph and Steve nodded eagerly, lifting one leg to allow access.

"Hehe, good girls." Tina's lower hands caressed their breasts. "Once I reclaim my throne, I'm going to enjoy training you into the perfect little servants for my rule."

Steve wasn't quite sure what to make of that statement, but watching her pluck the Cerberus from the bag captured all her attention. Both Steve and Steph moaned eagerly as Tina drove the huge dildo up into them. It reached halfway before the stretch edged up to the border between pleasure and pain. At their whine, Tina stopped pushing.

"Aww. Is that all you can take?" Tina huffed, "Why don't you sit instead?"

Obedying immediately, Steve and Steph squatted, pressing the base of the dildo against the concrete floor of the workshop. They howled behind their gags as they worked it back and forth until a fresh cascade of wetness coated their inner walls. Then they fell down the shaft and their world wobbled against their sheer fullness. Yet they weren't done.

"Good girls. A little bit more. You want the knot, don't you?" A voice buzzed somewhere beyond the dark of their eyelids.

They did! But they were so full already! Could they even take anymore? Had to try, had to conquer this cock! Leaning back against Tina's legs, they ground their pussy lips against the knot, extending their tentacles to wrap around the base and supply even more force. Their strong muscles squeezed down on the silicon dick. They felt every contour and curve of it as they thrust against it, every movement filling the growing well of pleasure inside them. Finally, as they overflowed into orgasm, while their inner walls fluttered and the knot slipped in.

FULL! They had never been this filled. They could feel the entirety of their inner surface as it struggled to contain the massive





cock within her. Pleasure competed with pride as Steve smiled around the gag as the pair cheek rubbed. They'd done it, taken the whole thing!

"Good girls!" Tina praised them and tugged on the Cerberus's handle, drawing muffled yips from both of them. "that's in there pretty good. Now let's turn it on."

"Mmmph Mmmmph!" Both made near identical sounds, Steve's fearful, while Steph's had an eager tone to it.

It didn't matter. With a resounding click, the thing inside them came alive with a buzz that spread out into the tips of their ears and down to the pads of their toes. Pleasant stimulation blurred out their awareness. That was familiar. Tina had subjected them to several long vibrator sessions on the road trip up. Steve vaguely remembered hours spent in hazy bliss. But this, the Cerberus was so much more. Her sex so stretched and sensitive, that buzz instead of lifting her to bliss, it sat like a sparking bonfire in her lions. Sparks leapt out and ignited shivering conflagrations that left Steve screaming into the rubber blocking her mouth, sending spittle spraying out the corners of her mouth.

"Ooh, I so want to play with you two now, but I have to make myself presentable." Tina said from high above the floor Steve and Steph writhed on. "And you're wriggling way too much. Let's see if turning it up helps."

Up? It went up? The thoughts shot across the tangled shred of Steve's mind and screamed, as the vibrations inside of them went grew into the shifting of tectonic plates. Too much! Too much! The sparks turned into the constant rush of pleasure, a river of it. It rushed over thoughts, limbs and loves, overwhelming all. It filled all the spaces that was Steve, pushing her under the torrent of bliss.

Beneath the waters, time lost meaning. Yet before an eternity had passed, the rush ended and her awareness slowly rose from the depths it had been pressed. Slowly, warily, she began to gather the lost pieces of herself. Touch came first, gentle pulling sensations down the... spine... pulling along her tail before coming back around. Petting. It felt so nice. One cheek pressed on something soft at first but hard beneath the other felt the warm weight of another cheek. Sister.

"Oh are we starting we wake up? Good girls." A voice floated in from somewhere. "No rush though. Take your time."

Two of those words set something twitching. Muscles that had long gone slack moved as the first semi coherent thought rose through her awareness. Am I a good girl?

A gentle laugh rolled down from on high. "Your cute little tail!" Scratching followed, a deep heavenly scratching starting at the base of her tail and working upward, massaging tired muscles back to life. Steve remembered her legs as they began to kick of their own accord.

"Who's a good girls? My pretty girls."





Steve snuggled against the softness breathed and then inhaled through her nose. Smelling of the strange mix of machine oil and spicy hyena musk. A sluggish thought finally connected words to the voice. Tina, wife, queen, mistress, love.

“Shall we take that out of you now? Open your legs.”

Steve didn't bid her body to move, but it did anyway. Sister, Steph opened their thighs and rolled onto their back.

A yip escaped Steve as something pulled at almost her entire lower torso.

“Easy.” Tina soothed as the pulling sensation increased, as if the Mistress tugged at something rooted within her. Then, with the sound somewhere between a suction cup giving way and peeling skin from a vinyl seat, it pulled free. Air rushed in to fill the sudden void inside them. Steve gasped as she suddenly comprehended the full depth of her cleft. That gasp turned into a long drawn-out moan as the tired flesh slowly contracted, pushing out both the air and a pool of liquid. It made for some very unlady like noise. Together, Steve and Steph cringed at the sensation.

“Your very first queef!” The mistress giggled. “I’m so proud. You’re a real woman now.”

Steve growled halfheartedly as Steph gave a little woof. Mistress continued the petting though, and Steve slipped back into lazy contentment, basking in the touch. Eyes slowly opened to find the surroundings of their claimed bedroom. Thoughts turned in lazy circles, real woman? Would that mean they'd get periods or go into heat like dogs? Steve couldn't imagine being hornier than she'd been over the last few days.

Eventually, a restlessness built up in their limbs and they rolled over to stare up at Tina, wearing a white fur trimmed dress complete with a cap. She looked like a Russian queen prepared for a ride through a blizzard. Steve and Steph both shared one of her massive thighs as a pillow. Tina dedicated her lower hands to administering ear scratches while she stroked the fuzzy stripe between their belly breasts with a single finger. All while murmuring soft praises and Steve was too tired to even blush, just basked in the sensation. She tilted her head to lap lazily at the cool metal fingers.

“Ready to get up?” Tina asked.

Steph gave an affirmative bark and then looked at Steve expectantly, a twinkle of mischief in her eyes. Steve could have lain there for longer, but gave a huff of accent.

Tina's hands fumbled around their necks and a small weight lifted from their collars before telling them, “Go get dressed.”

They'd still been leashed? Annoyance burbled in Steve's mind. Slowly they rose from the bed, their innards aching in a pleasant, sated way. They were good girls, they didn't need to be leashed all the time.





Steph brought them to their wardrobe and pulled a pink uniform from its depth. Gradations of pink shades marked the different components, the dress a near neon pink, the apron a creamy light pink, the stockings a cherry blossom pink. Sooo excessively girly. Still, Steve didn't object. It was Steph's turn for outfits and the words themselves felt like far too much effort, as if they were floating out of reach. Instead, Steve simply avoided looking in the mirror, at least until Steph forced her to with their paw in order to apply lime green lipstick. Steph grinned and winked, her own lips a light cherry. Under the black of their hair, their lips contrasted starkly and pulled the eye toward them. Particular to the bright green ones. The color became ever more vibrant as Steve's cheeks turned their own pink shade.

Steph laughed as Steve tore her eyes from herself and the lime lips.

"Adorable! Both of you. Are you hungry?" Tina asked.

Food?! The concept immediately stirred their stomach. Whirling, they barked and wagged their tail hopefully.

Tina grinned, "That sounds like a yes. I calculate a high chance that I turned that vibe up too high. What would you like?"

Steph and Steve eyed each other, waiting for the other to speak first.

After a few moments of stubborn silence, Tina chuckled, "We can wait on the words." Then held up the leashes. "Lets go for a walkie down to the kitchen."



CHAPTER 34

Steve and Steph pulled at their leashes when the scent of sizzling butter entered their noses. Someone was cooking! Cooking food!

"Heel you two." Tina pulled them back with a gentle tug short of the door to the kitchen.

Whining, they pawed at the door handle, but it remained frustratingly out of reach.

"Patience. I can't allow you two out of my sight for even a nanosecond." Tina lowered her voice to a calibrated whisper, "I know it's overkill, but that's my program. If you want it changed, bring it up with the mistress." Still holding them in place, she slid up behind them and nosed between their heads. "Or do it yourselves. My button starts blinking in three hours, forty minutes and thirty seconds. I know you've always been good at pushing my buttons."

The pair jolted at the suggestion. Program her? How? They hadn't even seen her interface. Wouldn't that make Angelica mad? Steve didn't have long to ponder the implications, because Tina reached beyond them to open the door.

Angelica stood on her hind legs, bent awkwardly over the gas range, one hand braced on the counter beside the stove. With her other hand gripping a spatula, she prodded at something in a frying pan. On the counter nearby sat a large basket piled with pink and purple speckled eggs. She turned with a smile and in it, Steve saw a flash of the woman she'd seen before the game began. The smile that hinted at the panther.

"Oh! I guess those cute noses aren't simply for show. I'll put more eggs on. I'm afraid they're coming out a bit scrambled." She said. "This counter is just a little high for four foots."

"Do want me to take over Mistress?" Tina asked as she shepherded Steve and Steph into the room and shut the door. "I am ninety-nine percent certain I can fry the eggs correctly. Probability raise to ninety nine point nine if you crack the eggs for me."

"I could use your assistance, but," Angelica nodded, her smile turning sly as her eyes shifted to Steve and Steph. "Have those two been well exercised?"

 Steve let out a sharp bark and panted hungrily. Steph whined and pawed at the leash. 



"Thoroughly exercised, Mistress, although they did just wake up from a nap. Cerberus's batteries don't last forever." Tina said.

"Very well. Let them go and come here. Trainer mode off." Angelica said.

Tina swiftly unclipped the leashes.

United in thought and action, Steve and Steph hurried across the huge kitchen. They retrieve a plate from a large stack and held it out between their oversize paws, to presented it to Angelica. Their thick fluffy tail wagging behind them as they whined and pouted.

Angelica gave a tiny gasp, then shook herself and forcing her face into a stern expression. "Since when do you think pets should eat before their mistress?"

But hungry! Steve and Steph both widened their eyes and whimpered, looking between their spotted mistress and their very empty plate.

"Oh those puppy eyes!" Angelina touched her heart as if it hurt before jabbing her spatula into the frying pan and lifting out a scramble lump of buttery egg. Its greasy surface shined like a glob of heaven itself as it was deposited on the pristine white plate. "Now you share like good girls." Angelica chided.

The pair nodded once and then fell on the egg like a pair of rabid weasels, gobbling it up in seconds and the licking the remains of each other's faces. Angelica watched with raise brows as Tina came up behind her.

"They haven't spoken since they woke up. Maybe we shouldn't trigger them for a bit. Let them come back." Tina suggested.

"Oooh," Angelica gave a thoughtful purr, "Is that so? Maybe it's simply that Good Girls only speak when they are told to."

Steve felt that familiar shiver of excitement and looked up at Angelica expectantly. They offered up their licked clean plate as the meaning of the conversation wound through their mind. It wasn't so much they couldn't speak, but words were simply too much effort at the moment.

"AngelicaaaaAaaA..." Tina's voice started stern but glitched apart as Angelica reached up to stroke the underside of the golden jaw.

"I think you're out of line... toy." Angelina said, tracing the back of her fingers down Tina's throat, as her mouth fell open. "I'll play with both my toy and my pets the way I see fit. Understand?"

"Yeeeezzzzzz Mizzztrezzz." Tina buzzed, her eyes flickering.

"Good toy." Angelica tapped the golden skin with two finger pads twice.

Tina shivered as the front of her furry dress tented. Angelina reached out to pet the fabric over the straining dick.





"So nice of you to wear something so soft. You'll be a great floor mat. Furniture mode on. Down on ground, tits and dick up." Angelica purred as Tina sunk to the ground to obey, laying down in front of the stove. Licking her chops, Angelica bent to rub first one cheek and then other against Tina's tent pole. "Congratulations toy, this breakfast is going to have desert and its you. But first," She looked over to Steve and Steph, who still held out their plate hopefully. "Other needs must be met."

She stepped up onto Tina's belly and sat. That brought her shoulders above the countertops but only barely. By moving northward and resting all her weight on Tina's silicon tits that brought her high enough to use both arms with no need for stabilization. After a moment of eyeing the eggs and the rapt huskie girls, she cracked three eggs into the pan. "Good thing Tina's not eating right now." She said conversationally as she fried up the eggs. "Counting the eggs, we've only got a few more days of food for the three of us."

"Wuff!" Steve commented.

"Piz-za!" Steph added, then smiled proudly.

Angelica looked over at Steph sharply. "Aww, I'm sorry, but I don't think ordering anymore pizza is a good idea. The fewer people who know we're here, the safer we are."

Steph whined sadly.

Steve thought back to the partially vixenified pizza guy. Would he even take another order here? And if he did, would he prefer his tip with or without the magic plums?

"Don't be sad, you're good girls. Your mistress will take care of her good girls." She stabbed the spatula down through the eggs to cut the contents of the pan in half. "Now bring me your plate like good girls."

Steve and Steph wobbled a bit under the weight of all the rapid praise but managed to present their plate without stumbling.

"What do you say?" Angelica asked as she lifted a huge egg from the pan.

Steve reached for the word but found them even further away and gave a sharp bark instead. Steph echoed her sister after a moment of pressed lips.

"Good girls!" Angelica cooed and dished out the prize. Either of them noticed her rear paw resting on Tina's throat every time she spoke. Once the huskie pair had consumed their second egg, Angelica served herself and took her plate to the table, commanding Tina to serve as her chair. While she ate and made loud commentary about how much she enjoyed the new upholstery, the huskie girls started cleaning up. Slowly, though, they stared at the handles on the faucet a long time before remembering how to turn it on. It was all there, but distant somehow. Yet, they had plenty of time. While the mistress ate her meal only slightly slower than they did, she took her time on her dessert. Filling the kitchen with caterwauls as she





impaled herself again and again on her chair's massive femcock.

Steph and Steve eyed their mistress's juicy, red cock as their own sex tingled in sympathy. While their spade still ached with satiation, their tongues were eager for a bit more cream. Yet the mistress told them "No. Good girls stay." Sulking, they returned to cleaning. Surely afterward the Mistress would let them get a few licks in? Especially if she passed out.

Yet, Mistress did not pass out in a puddle of Tina's golden cum, although there certainly was a puddle of it. Instead, the chair collapsed first, falling into a sparking, hissing mess. Tina's open eyes displayed static. Angelica dragged herself off Tina's cock and looked at the huskie girls with hooded eyes. Steph and Steve perked up from where they'd been watching besides a forgotten mop and bucket.

"wuff. Misstress?" Steve sputtered. Words were in reach again. They felt odd on her tongue.

"Need... Tongue help?" Steph asked, her eyes rooted on Angelica's still half-mast cock as she stood and breathed, the softly glowing spunk still dripping from her slit.

"Oh my good girls," Angelica said with a slow smile. "Lets try a different game.

"REBOOTING IN PROGRESS." Tina announced.

Angelica threw back her head and laughed. "You do that, Queenie. Take your time at it. I wanna see how good girl our good girls can get."

Steve barked in confusion. They were good girls. They just were.

That made Angelica laugh even more, a deep snicker that had a stripe of meanness to it as she pulled something from a bin that had held some of the food during the road trip. She threw it against the floor and it popped back up into the air. A word leapt across the distance that its fellows dwelled in.

"Ball!" Steph and Steve shouted as one. Their body suddenly danced with boundless energy.

A small blue racket ball to be specific. Tina preferred them to tennis balls because they were easy to clean. They watched their sphinx-like mistress bounced it rhythmically against the floor, eyes rooted upon it.

Bounce. Bounce.

"Do my good girls wanna play?"

Yeah. Steve and Steph nodded.

Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

"Only good girls get to play with the Ball. Are you the best good girls?"





They barked in answer. They were good girls. Of course they were. As their world narrowed, they sank down into a squat, their thighs lifting the front of their dress and thoughtlessly revealing their sex. All the while, holding their front paws in front of them in a begging pose.

Angelica caught the ball and licked her lips as she looked the panting pair over. "Well, that's a pretty picture."

Steve and Steph simply barked, their excitement driving their tail into a blur of motion. Their thoughts united in a single cheer. Throw ball! Throw ball!

The hand holding the ball raised into the air. Steph and Steve tensed, tail stilling.

"Fetch!" the mistress cried as she threw the ball!

Steph and Steve jumped up and swung a paw, attempting to swat the ball from the air. Missed. They rose, turned, ran after it with paws outstretched. The ball hit the wall and bounced back at them. Diving, they clapped both paws down on it, but it sprang free, bouncing back towards the wall. Their knees made the floor shake as they impacted with a solid thud. The pair felt no pain as they scrambled after their quarry, chasing it until they finally trapped it against the wall.

"Good girls!" The mistress sang and happiness flooded through them.

They done it! They gotten the ball! Howling with triumph, they sandwiched the ball between their paws and stood.

"Okay! Bring it back. Good girls, bring the ball back so I can throw it again." Mistress said, extending her hand.

They hesitated, pondering if they wanted to share the ball they had just gotten, but they were good girls and good girls brought balls to the mistress. With a proud prance, they walked over to the mistress and dropped the ball into her waiting hand.

The Mistress exploded in praise. "Good girls! Such good girls!" Adding in cheek rubs and kisses with her rough tongue. The pair basked happily within it, not the hearing the pop of their hips as they squatted down, this time deep enough for the pads of their paws to rest on the floor.

"I think we need a more room." The mistress said, "Lets go out into the hallway."

Whatever, Steve gave a sharp bark.

"Awowowo!" Steph added, just throw.

Despite these entreaties, the pantheress popped the ball into her own mouth and carried it out of the kitchen. Steph and Steve followed her sinuous four-legged gait bipedally, although their





posture now hunched forward. Outside, Angelica centered herself in the hallway and turned in the direction away from the foyer. The manor stretched on an absurdly long way before ending in a pair of double doors they had yet to explore past. Midway down it lay the stairway where Tipper had surrendered, if you trusted the word of a jackalope.

Angelica stood up on her hind legs, keeping her paws and ankles flat against the floor for stability as she wound up her throw as if she were pitching a baseball. "Go long Good girls." She grinned, despite a slight tremble as she maintained the pose.

Bouncing with excitement, Steve and Steph stepped further back from their mistress.

"Fetch!" Angelica shouted and launched the ball over their heads. They turned immediately to run after it, missing Angelica's over balancing immediately after the pitch, narrowly catching herself to avoid a total face plant. The ball itself hit the ground ten feet behind Steph and Steve but they weren't quibbling, rushing toward with their happy barks echoing down the hallway. The plush carpet swiftly robbed the ball of its momentum, barely making it halfway to the ruined statues before the pair captured it between their paws and carrying it back to the mistress.

"Good girls! Such good girls! Go fetch!" Mistress took the ball and immediately threw it again. This time lobbing it nearly to the point where they'd captured it the first time.

Steph and Steve made it one, two and three strides before a trip pitched them forward, falling onto their front paws, yet they didn't stop moving. Rather, their dull claws dug into the carpet and launched them faster down the hallway. Wind rushed over their ears and fur as they shot after the ball with exhilarating speed. They swiftly over ran it, snapping flutily at it as passed beneath them. Over balancing, they tumbled heads over tail and slammed into the stone legs of a headless satyr with twin yelps.

"Meuuw! Careful!" Angelica called out to them as they got back up onto all fours and shook out their body. Ignoring their mistress's cries of concern, they searched for the most important thing, the ball!

There it was, rolling back from the base of a statue. How dare it try to escape. The pair pounced, Steph shoved Steve to the aside and claimed it for herself. Turning so Steve couldn't even lick it. Steve could only whine with the unfairness of it all as they carried it back to the mistress.

On each throw they ran even faster, the walls blurring as did the Mistress's words, except for the important ones. Ball, fetch and good girls. Everything else didn't matter. The mistress was happy. They were happy as their noses pushed up into the bottom of their vision and their jaws got better at grabbing the ball. Sometime they could even both hold the ball at the same time! They were such good girls, good sisters, the mistress said so. And they had such cute muzzles, whatever those were.





FETCH!



GOOD!
GIRLS!

PAT
PAT

PAT
PAT





Best life, best run, best ball. Steve and Steph played as hard as they could. Until, panting, breath heaving, they laid down and ignored the mistress's pleas to bring back the ball. Their ball now. Misstress couldn't have it. Carefully they placed it between their paws and took turns gnawing on it.

Mistress approached, purring and smelling of sexy. They hide ball under breasts. The mistress happy laughed, praised and pet. Feel good. The sisters let their heads rest on their paws and let sleep come.



CHAPTER 35

Steve's eyes cracked open. A plush expanse of carpet greeted her, its interlocking patterns stretching out like an impossible maze. Sleepily, she imagined the four of them wandering the pattern, lost in its cyclical knots. Thoughts tickled and recognition dawned. Then came the question: Why are we in the hallway?

Memories rose to answer it, the game, the mistress, the ball! Steve jerked her head up from the paw she'd been using as a pillow and pressed its pads against her face.

It met no muzzle, just a human face with a cold nose. Steve paused as the memory clashed with the present. Remembering how the ball sat on her tongue trapped behind long canines that she no longer possessed.

A whirr click sounded and Steve's ear flicked toward it as beside her Steph rose with a yawn.

"Oh, are the good girls finally done with their nap?" The buzzing voice of the metal mistress called. "Would my good girls like some dinner?"

Food? Yes, I want Food! Excitement flushed through Steve and Steph. Peering over their shoulders and past their wagging tail, they spotted Tina standing near the open door to the kitchen. She'd discarded her Russian fur dress, and her golden skin glinted in the soft light cast by the chandeliers that studded the ceiling. The pair of leather leashes that she'd used to corral them down here were wrapped around one of her massive hands.

"What's for..." Steve paused, mentally reaching for the word before saying it, "dinner?"

"The mistress says good girls get pizza tonight." Tina said, pointing at the floor in front. "Now come."

"We're good girls," Steve repeated dreamily.

"Pizza good." Steph said in the same dazed tone as they push up onto two feet. The pair paused, staring down at their front paws, momentarily unsure why they were so high off the ground.

"Good girls! Come!" Tina gently repeated the command and tapped her thigh.

The pair slowly walked toward her as a flash of annoyance bit



through bliss of the praise. "Tina could you uh," Steve trailed off. "Uh," she tried again, but the thought had evaporated somehow. Something about laying down? Laid off? Composing the words was like reaching into a bucket and feeling around for the shape of the one you needed. Lay off! That was it. As Steve opened her mouth to try again just as they stepped in range of Tina's long arms.

"Good girls! You came. Such very good dogs!" Tina praised, drawing them into a hug and petting their heads. A wonderful embrace that made Steve forget all about her annoyance. Tina led them into the kitchen, plying them with a constant stream of good girls. The pizza tasted fantastic, served in two metal bowls that they fell on with gusto.

"Good girls! Good girls!" Tina sang out every couple minutes and by the time they'd manage to eat the slices, their faces had once again pushed out into the muzzles. Their second slices disappeared in a comparative eye blink.

"See? Look at how adorable they are." Angelica had been watching Steve and Steph eat while gnawing on her own slice of pizza. A D-ring binder lay open on the table in front of her.

"Of course they're adorable! They're my good girls." Tina cooed as the pair looked up at her expectantly with brainless adoration. "But I don't think this is a good idea, mistress."

"They're naughty doggos toy. If they're unsupervised, they're going to disrupt my studies. I'd think you'd welcome anything that gets us back on equal footing faster." Angelica chuckled, "Or are you upset that taking care of them is going to cut your time in furniture mode?"

Tina's pupils briefly took the shape of hearts before she bowed her head and looked away from Angelica's grin. "You programmed me to enjoy that."

"Not this time. I put all my effort into making you a dog trainer. I barely recoded the pleasurable touch within the time limit." Angelica said. "Now go take the good girls for a nice walk outside. If they're tired enough to lie at my feet while I watch a movie, you can be my couch."

"Yes mistress!" Tina replied in an excited buzz, the edge of her slit glowing pink as she unwrapped the leashes from her hand. "Ready for a nice walk, Good Girls?!"

Steve and Steph had both listened to the conversation without comprehending it at all, understood walk and eagerly presented their collars. Tina clipped the leashes to their necks and led them into a wonderful world with so many new scents.

Time passed in doggy bliss. Steve and Steph would awake groggily every morning, trying to piece together the happenings of yesterday. Only for Tina to wash it away with a flood of good girls. The words became their name, the good girls. Steve managed to maintain some internal lucidity but she couldn't resist eagerly presenting herself for morning a session with the Cerberus. It felt so good to have it





trapped inside their pussy, to feel entirely filled to the brink. After that daily session, the good girls sank even further in and they continued the day on four legs. Then the days became a cycle of nap, eat, play with the mistresses until finally they all settled in for a deep sleep.

Being a dog is fun. They got the lion's share of Tina's attention and snuggled into the Mistress's gloriously soft fur at night. Still, after a few repetitions, Steve woke with the desire for something else. A desire that didn't melt away beneath the morning torrent of Good Girls.

After all, she knew to her core that she was a good girl. She was simply tired of being good.

She started her rebellion small. Barking at imaginary squirrels and pulling at the leash when Tina led them down to the machine shop for her primping session. Tina's "good girls" gained an edge of exasperation but still followed the routine. Steph's side eyes also had a mischievous glint in them. The sisters needed none of the distant human words to let each other know that they desired chaos. Tina had constructed a bondage nest for them on the wall of the machine shop. As soon as they saw it, their spade began to ache and drool as in anticipation of their daily dose of the giant canine dildo. They didn't fight the restraints, but wiggled happily, especially as Tina secured the wide belt she'd been using to trap their tentacles in their pockets. Between that and inflating their belly, the belt had a good inch of slack in it when Tina slid Cerberus up into their dripping spade. Steve and Steph howled as it buzzed to life inside them, but clenched around it tightly and clung to consciousness even as the waves of orgasmic pleasure broke across their minds.

They waited until Tina start with the rotatory buffer to snake out a tentacle and squirm around the vibe's handle. The vibrations lessened from brain shaking to a pleasant rumble. Every few minutes Tina would turn towards them, praise them as a good girls, then return to her own grooming. Steve would hide the tentacles from her view, a game that occupied her for a bit before their pussy started to feel the now familiar ache of overstretch. Without the bliss haze, the sensation edged into discomfort. It took both tentacles to pull the knot from their sex. Both Steph and Steve tipped their heads back, letting out puppy like howls of relief.

Tina finally seeing their tentacles wrapped around their toy, scolded them as good girls, the rest of words we a meaningless babble. Her lower hands went to rest on her hips as her upper ones held power tools aloft and babbled sternly.

Retracting the tentacles, Steve and Steph squeezed Cerberus the rest of the way out and let it fall to the floor. Whining piteously, they wagged their tail. The harness held them spread eagle against the wall, so it swung behind them like a pendulum.

Tina shook a finger, said something something "out." Something something "in." Then more silly human sounds before ending with a laugh.





Steve directed her eyes down at Tina's hanging black rubber cock that dispensed a sweet treat when it came. Treats! They were good girls, they deserved treats for their empty belly. She mimed licking it, Steph joined in, whining with hunger and need. Together they shook their bosoms, swinging their heavy breasts side to side.

"No." Tina said with a laugh, despite her cock starting to rise. "Good girl something something bad."

Bad? The word sent a small shock through Steve's mind. They couldn't be bad, they were good girls. Her whining increased to a hurt pinch. She just wanted a treat. How could that be bad? They deserved a treat for being so good.

Those digital eyes rolled in Tina's golden head as she turned back to her tools and rudely ignoring their whines.

Steph upped the ante, starting with a full throated howl that reverberated around the room. "Awwwwwwwoooooooo!"

Surely this would get them treats! Steve thought as she joined in, howling as loud as she could. With a shared set of lungs they couldn't howl very long together, but their twin voices echoed around the workshop.

Tina attempted to ignore them, focusing on making every inch of her golden skin shine, but slowly the cold blue of her eyes shifted to red. Whirling with a snarl, "Good Girls! Stop it!"

Steve spent a half second looking cutely chastened before she and Steph started to struggle against their bonds.

"Fine!" Tina sighed, "I'll" blah blah "in you." Something something. Then began to stalk towards them.

Why was she angry? They were good girls. Steve and Steph fixed her with their now well perfected innocent big eyed puppy stare and after batting their lashes, Tina's snarl melted into a smile.

The big metal yeen laughed affectionately as she came close, big hands cradled the huskie sisters heads and rubbed their ears. They basked in the attention, huffing with pleasure as Tina called them naughty dogs and other sweet things. Steve and Steph licked at her nose before whipping their tentacles out to encircle her cock. Tina's eyes flashed with alarm, then turned pink as they pushed a slick tentacle down into that slit at the top of pseudo cock. Once it had pushed through the mid way point they began to rhythmically squeezed her with the other tentacle coil, milking the cock.

Tina protested with words that broke up into screechy noises and braced herself against the wall. Steve and Steph kissed and nibbled along the side of her muzzle, tasting the softness of her plastic lips and the metallic tang of her teeth. Their heart thundered with joy, they had her! Had her in their naughty grip. Gold squirted up around the tentacle and they used the lubrication to drive it deeper until its tip coiled in a





chamber beyond the base of the fem cock. Steve and Steph's eyes shined with excitement as they directed the tip to thrash around. Tina's words transmuted into screaming electronic noises as her body froze statue still. Grinning like the devils they were, Steve and Steph pushed more of their tentacle down into her, filling all the space it could find. Tina's eyes flickered between pink and blue as her body began to shake, sounding like a stack of tin cans in an earth quake. A whistle of steam prelude a sudden rise of crushing pressure and heat around the sister's deeply embedded tentacle. Instinctively they withdrew, pulling it from the pseudo cock like a string of pearls. The cock erupted, spewing gold illuminance onto Steph and Steve's stomach. Then surging forward, Tina pinned the pair to the wall, her cock rubbing up and down between their three lowest sets of tits.

"Bad dogs! Get it!" Tina hissed through static as she both lifted them and squatted lower. When she came back up, her thick femcock penetrated the huskie spade between the sisters's furry legs.

Steph and Steve moaned as they were filled. They howled as they came for their metal mistress after less than five thrusts.

Tina spoke a word in augiush, but the meanings were too distant for them to reach. They were aware of Tina's ripping away of their restraints and pulling them off the wall. Still impaled on their cock, Steve and Steph wrapped their arms and legs around her. They used every muscle they possessed to work themselves along its length, even as Tina staggered back to the work bench. There, she picked up a buffer. It spun up with an electric whine and she placed on the underside of her opposite upper arm, far over the head of the husky sisters. Her lower hands cupped their round buttocks as ground themselves down on her cock.

Steve and Steph howled as they felt Tina quiver inside them. Their tentacles shot down, wrapped around Tina's shiny plastic ball sack and squeezed. As Tina lurched to the side, barely catching herself on the workbench, Steph and Steve finally felt their insides flood with warmth. Their inner walls coated with the thick synth cum as they clamped down on the femcock. So much better than that lifeless bone they'd been sated with the last few days.

"Happy blah, Good girls?" Tina buzzed tiredly as she eased the pair to the floor.

Steve gave a lazy bark in reply as they sank to their knees before Tina. Not yet. Almost. Their treat was right in front of them now. Steph flashed a glee filled grin as the pair of them start to lap at the glowing cum running down the insides of Tina's legs. Sweet like honey with a savory note. Tina made no effort to push them away, resuming the motions of her primping program the best she could with the pair of tongues curling around her synthetic ball sack and cock.

Steve shared Steph's smile, but while her sister seem content with this victory, Steve wanted more. The soft snuggly mistress needed a good knotting too.





Once they had their fill of honey cum and were nearly covered in the stuff, they curled up around Tina's feet to rest. Her constant, automatic talk of them as good girls kept the human words away and rendered them four legged by the time she finished her own grooming and dumped them in a bathtub. Steve and Steph sang out their indignant protests as they were thoroughly lathered and rinsed. Sadly, Tina appeared to be totally water proof, no matter how much water that splashed at her. Directly after the bath was when Steve saw their chance. Tina had taken off their collars to bathe them so there was nothing for her to grab onto when they opened the bathroom door with her teeth and charged out to freedom.

Tina gave chase, but she was no match for the pair's ears-back, paw-pounding zoom! They charged through the foyer and all the way down to the end of the medieval themed wing of the manor before she even made it into the wing.

"Good girls Come! Come here!" Tina called with a nervous electronic laughter.

Steve and Steph sat down and didn't move. They panted with broad smiles and watched their mistress call. Instead, they laid down, wagged their tail playfully, and refused to budge.

Tina gave a torrent of words that contained sadness and frustration. Steve had an urge to comfort her and make her happy again. Steph tried to make them get up, but Steve cheek nudged her to stop. They were finally playing chase on their terms. This is fun, she assured her. Steph frowned uncertainly as they watched Tina trudge down the hallway.

Once she reached halfway, Steve and Steph stood and stretched. Tina's electronic eyes lit with hope.

"Come! Be good girls and come here!" Tina called out.

They took one hesitant step towards her.

More words they didn't understand flowed out of Tina, followed by a pat of her metal thighs.

They walked toward her a few steps, then ran. Watched a grin spread across Tina's muzzle as she spread her arms wide to embrace them. Barking happily, Steph and Steve ran directly for her. Those eyes brightened further.

And they jiggled, ducking under her arms at the very last moment.

"Girls!" Tina turned, her eyes white with surprise.

Steve and Steph bowed, their elbows touching the carpet, and wagged their tail before booking it back to the foyer. An unmistakable doggy catch us if you can!





Up the stairs, they ran. Zoom! Down the medieval wing. The air whistled over their wet hair. Too fast as they approached the end of the hallway. Claws scrabbling over the hard wood floor as they attempted to turn. They hit the radiator with a thunderous bang, but bounced off to run the other way without even a yelp. They raced by a so slow Tina, not even midway up the stairs, still too close. Up ahead, a black head decorated with purple spots poked out into the hallway. The soft mistress!

Laughing, the soft mistress stepped out further. Calling out, "Aww blah blah blah zoomies?" in a sweet tone.

That door she stepped out of. Metal Mistress had been keeping them out of there for days. Now with it standing open, and no leash around their necks, they were going in there! Right now. They waited until the very last second to make the turn, but with carpet beneath their paws, they pivoted almost on a dime. Charging past her, the soft mistress mewed with surprise as Steve and Steph exploded into the library. The large dog bed sat amid piles of loose papers and open binders. Barking with manic glee Steph and Steve ran over them, scattering the papers in their wake.

"Noooo!" The soft mistress screamed, "Bad girls! Stop!"

But they were good girls, the best girls. The mistresses had been saying it for days now, over and over and over again. Steve found that black distant thing that had been hovering in the back of their mind since she'd woken up. It brought a growl to her throat as the pair rebounded off the ancient xerox machine. Anger welled up in her, a directionless frustration. Useless words were at its core, but scent memories were wrapped around it. Scents of paper, dust and spicy tang of the soft mistress's arousal. The fragrant signature of this room. Steve pounced on the nearest binder, grabbed a mouthful of pages and shook them until they tore free. Besides her, Steph whimpered in confusion as the soft mistress shouted at them, alternating between commands of No! And pleading Stop! As Steve tore into a second binder.

"Steve no! Drop it!" The soft mistress lunged forward, grabbing the binder and trying to wrench it away. Steve braced against it, growling furiously. Soft mistress Angelica had far more bulk in her feline body but could only use her rear legs, her front ones occupied clutching the binder. As they tugged back and forth, the black cloud grew with every passing moment, its interior clarifying. At its center stood the soft mistress! She was bad. Steve was the good girl and she was the bad kitty! What she had done? Steve couldn't reach, it remained large and nebulous in her mind as the pages ripped free. Spitting them out, Steve turned back to Angelica and growled out her anger. A long low sound, teeth bared, ears back.

"Steve?" Angelica reeled, shock opening her amber eyes and jaw. "I..." she began, voice trembling with fear and guilt. An admission of her badness was plain in her tone.

"Good girls?" Tina's hulking appeared in the doorway, and on that utterance the black cloud in Steve's mind darkened.





No! No more good girls! Steve sprang forward and clamped her jaws around Angelica's wrist.

She yowled in protest and pain as Steve over bore her, flipping her onto her back. "Ow ow ow ow!"

Ignoring her pain and the fingers that attempt to pry her jaw loose, Steve dragged Angelica across the room. Tina merely watched, shoulders slowly slumping, as Steve placed the pads of Angelica's hand against her metal shin.

"Good... Girls." Tina moaned as her eyes and nethers began to flash in response to the pad's touch. Steve kept it there even after the shaking of her orgasm pleasure caused her to fall backwards, only once the light in her eyes had blinked out entirely did she release Angelica's wrist.

Those purple eyes wavered with tears, pulled back her limb and began to lap at the blood oozing up from Steve's teeth.

Silence reigned as Steve reached and reached for the simplest of words she needed. She dragged them back and forced them through a muzzle ill equipped to say them. "Nuuuu Murr gud grrrl."

Angelica bowed her head, misery bending every line of her face as she cradled her arm against her chest. "I'm... sorry. I went too far. You seemed to be having fun so..."

Steph threw back her head and let out a wailing howl of that weighed down the surrounding air with her sadness. Afterward, she sniffled and turn as far away from Steve as their conjoined necks allowed. "Sisser, hurt mizzres. Vy? Mizzres gud."

Steve knew she would need so many distant word to explain, whined apologetically and licked at her sister's ear. Stephblocked the tongue with one of their paws.

Together they sat, waiting in silence, Steve gathering words and memories. Every time Tina announced she was rebooting, Angelica reached over and placed her hand on golden skin until her eyes once again went dark. "Sorry love, not yet." She whispered.

Once Steve felt she had enough words, long after their muzzle had pulled back into their round feminine faces and their hips had widened to bipedal stance, she broke the silence with tight, angry words. "Days! You dog brained us for days Angelica. Why the fuck did you do that?"

Angelica wiped her broad runny nose with the back of her uninjured hand and sniffed hard. "I... want to get rid my argumentative trigger. Especially before the finale. I hate it, its stupid to get so horny when people argue. I have to win the quest, but this magic stuff is hard! You're very distracting and smarter than me. I was afraid if I let you think about it at all, you'd figure out what we needed to do immediately."

"You could have asked us to let you solve it." Steve growled.





"And would that have worked?" Angelica briefly flashed her own teeth before looking back down at the floor. "What does the naughty doggos card even mean?"

"Could have started by asking us first." Steve huffed, although she suddenly wasn't all together sure if Angelica was entirely wrong. Not without some sort of demonstration about how serious she'd been about it. "We would have at least... I mean you didn't need to dog brain us for days! Without a break. Its... like shoving our heads underwater every morning!"

"I didn't mind," Steph said quietly. "I like playing fetch, getting petted and praised. Getting tied up every morning and stuffed is fun."

"Well, I still like thinking and talking. I don't want to be just a dog." Steve looked down at their paws. "We're more than that."

"I know you are," Angelica reached out a shaking hand and placed it on their shoulder. "I missed you both, but I just kept telling myself I needed one more day. I'm sorry."

"You don't get to G.G. us anymore." Steve took a deep breath. The anger had congealed into a lump in her throat. Half of her wanted to just lean into Angelica's offered touch and forget about it. Yet the other part still bristled, replaying memories of groggily waking up dazed and confused before her concepts of self were washed away under a stream of good girls. Not to mention they were keeping Tina unconscious because Angelica programed her to do the brain washing. It be hours before that button would start flashing and they could clear the programs. Angelica needed to answer for that. "Do it again and we'll stop the game."

Steph yelped loud enough to make everyone jump, "What?! No! We can't stop the game! Not for any reason." Her panic quickened their shared heart.

"Relax sis." Steve attempted to mollify her with a cheek rub. "All our cards are permeant. Remember?"

She shook her head, "Only the husky maid cards. Difference in opinion isn't a maid card, its from the wild deck. I'm not going back inside. I'll fight you sister." Steph bared her teeth and lifted her head proudly. "I might like being a dog, but I'm a person too."

Steve whimpered at the sudden thought of waking up without Steph and kissed her cheek. "I'm sorry. I love you. I don't want you to go anywhere. Have to think of a new threat then."

They relaxed, their heads resting together, their temples touching. Steve, pondering the words she had just spoken and tried to figure out when waking up with Steph had flipped from strange to something she never wanted to do ever again.

"I don't really understand why you're so upset sister but," Steph raised her face to look at Angelica, "we are a pair. Until you earn my sister's trust, you cannot be our mistress. If you wish for our





services, you may ask but not command.”

Steve flushed with a comforting warmth at her sister’s ultimatum.

Angelica bowed her head. “That’s fair. I am sorry I overstepped. We haven’t really established no-go zones, maybe we all need to discuss those.”

Steph leaned forward and kissed Angelica’s black lips. Steve didn’t object as she directed their body to cuddle into Angelica’s fur. “Don’t worry, I still love you. Plush pantheress.” Steph murmured, “And I’m sure my sister will forgive you too, especially if you pet her and tell her how pretty she is. Also, she wants you to play with her breasts.”

“Steph!” Steve barked even as they leaned against the pantheress’ side.

Angelica placed her nose on the crown of Steve’s head and inhaled deeply. “May I hug, kiss, and tell you how cute you are? At least until it’s safe to let Tina wake up? She’s not going to be happy with me, either.”

“You may.” Steve whispered and Angelica started her apology by grooming the pair with her rough tongue, starting with their husky ears and working downwards. It didn’t take long for the angry lump in Steve’s throat to uncoil and melt away. Each lap seemed to contain both affection and apology in equal measure.



CHAPTER 36

Steph and Steve nailed the red button on the back of Tina's neck as soon as it began to flash. A compartment on her back fanned open, revealing a small keyboard. Steve made a mental note to complain to the game's accessibility department as they used their tentacles to delete all the code in Tina's three programs.

Tina had been off line for nearly three hours and when she finally rebooted, she was very disoriented. She displayed near zero emotion as the three of them caught her up to speed and asked questions in a robotic monotone. The only real exception was during Angelica's mea culpa for her overzealous domination. Tina's eyes flashed red and her voice buzzed, "IF YOU GAG YOUR SUBS IT IS CRITICAL YOU LISTEN EVEN HARDER."

Angelica hung her head and promised to do better. Interestedly to Steve, Tina did not revoke Angelical mistress privileges as they had, nor offered up any lines in the sand she didn't want Angelica to cross.

"It is time for this turn to end." Tina said after taking it all in, then looked at Angelica. "Have you determined the proper procedure?"

Angelica's tail flicked with uncertainty. "Broadly I do. According to what I've been reading, the ley nexus that originally powered the house should have regenerated after a few decades. Just not in the precise spot as before. We need to find it, reshape a few of the rods into a pentagram, attract the power up to the surface and then channel it into the manor." She sighed and looked over the wreckage of Steve's rampage. "Trouble is, while we all have more than enough magic in us to perform the ritual, none of us have magical sight. So I was attempting to try to calculate where the ley nexus reformed, or at least give us a direction to go hiking through the forest looking for it."

Both Steve and Steph smirked, creating a strange smile spread across the two faces.

"Would evidence of the nexus be strange fruits that might produce transformations when smashed?" Steve asked.

"That might be enhanced through lewd activities?" Steph giggled.

Angelica's brows raised. "Uh yes. Well, maybe yes, maybe no on the lewd activities, that's more of a user thing, but the nexus Tipper used was obviously transfiguration flavored. Wait... Do you know where it is?"

 "It's out front!" Steph near shouted as their tail wagged. 



"Right next to the porch." Steve hid her blush behind a paw as she remembered precisely what happened when they tipped the Pizza guy.

"For fucks sake!" Angelica slapped her forehead. "I've been working on this for a day and a half and the damn thing is right outside? Practically under the manor?!"

"Yep! Come on! We'll show you." Steph said, as the pair sprang up to their feet. "Race you all there!"

Once they were out in the hallway and it became clear that neither Tina nor Angelica were following quickly, they slowed to a leisurely skip. Steph giggled and called back, "Come on, you two! No time for sulking. We got magic to dooo!"

"Tina and Angelica might have some other things to talk out." Steve said, recalling sharp tones being exchanged occasionally between the two, but the content of those conversations remained sealed.

"They can hash it out later. No more sads. We're all going to play together under the plum tree now. One last ride on the pneumatic piston!" Steph licked her lips and made a Mmmm sound.

"Don't get us too excited," Steve chuckled, feeling their shared sex warm with Steph imagining. "Mis- I mean Angelica knows the proper way to do this now. Maybe all we gotta do is chant magic words."

"With those silver rods shoved up our who-ha! I bet we could fit two up there now. One for me and one for you. That be fun!" Steph grinned. The pair continued to speculate on the lewdest way to perform the ritual as they made their way outside. They were sitting on the front steps discussing if drawing on the ley line nexus would be equivalent to making the earth cum or not when the front door finally opened. Turning, they found Tina and Angelica peering into the breezy afternoon. Tina carried the five moonsilver rods under the crook of one of her larger arms.

Angelica followed the pair over to the tree and its bunches of oddly shaped fruit. She plucked one of the double plums that resembled a pair of breasts and took a bite. A tiny white spark arced between the flesh of the fruit and her teeth. She then looked down at her breasts expectantly, but nothing happened.

"Right," she sighed after a minute. "Was afraid of that."

"What's wrong?" Steve asked. "Is this not the nexus?"

"Oh it is. At least a nexus of transfiguration, but there's not a lot of oomph in each fruit. To tap the nexus you either need to drill down to it or call it up to you. According to Tipper: like attracts like. Cast a fireball spell near an active volcano and its going to be far more powerful than usual because it will attract nearby fire mana. The bigger the spell, the more it will draw." Angelica looked up into the branches of the tree.

"Enchantments are kinda... territorial. They resist outside magic





unless its tuned to enhance the enchantment's effect."

Steph giggled, "So it be easier if we had a fresh subject. Gotcha."

"Well yeah!" Angelica laughed uneasily. "But it will still work. I'll just have to direct the spell down the existing enchantments. Since I'm a little afraid what that will do to Tina, that leaves you two. You'll probably spend a few more days dog brained."

"Unacceptable." Tina commented. "We must find a different subject for the spell. I suggest one of the statues."

Angelica looked up thoughtfully at the fruit. "Maybe. Our enchantments are flesh and mind shaping, we can't do any other magic without additional help. We'd need something that turned stone to flesh." Standing up on her hind legs she grabbed at bundles of fruit. "These square ones might do the opposite."

"We could capture one of those crows." Tina suggested, pointing at the murder of birds watching us from the heads and arms of the statues in the fountain.

Steve felt her ears start to burn and Steph cheek nudged her.

"I think my sister has an idea." She announced.

Both Angelica and Tina swiveled to look at the pair.

Steve bit her lip as the pizza guy danced in her mind with his fluffy tail. "We... could just order a pizza and tip really, really, well."

With a laugh that resembled a hyena's Steph hurried to explain precisely and in graphical detail what had transpired when the pizza had been delivered.

"Stephen! You naughty girls!" Tina exclaimed at the end of it. Her tone had equal parts scold and admiration. Steph grinned while Steve peeked out at the others between two digits of their paw.

Angelica merely groomed a paw as she thought it over. "We'll be handling magnitudes more magic than a few crushed plums. They could get as stuck as hard as auntie Isabell if we're not careful, but if I redirect the energy in time, then he'd be normal again in a couple weeks... tops."

"And," Steph added, "If it's the same pizza guy, it will be his own fault for taking us up our offer of a special tip again."

"T-that's not very likely though." Steve stammered.

"Beats running around the yard with a net trying to catch a crow or a squirrel. Steve and Steph, why don't you get dressed." Angelica's tail tip began to twitch as she took out her cell phone from the pocket of her leather jacket. "I'll order the pizza. Then Tina and I will get to work bending this moon silver into the right shapes."





"Yes mistress!" Steve and Steph answered excitedly, tail wagging they ran into the house.

The pair dressed in the same outfit they had met the pizza guy in during the previous encounter. Ludicrously short skirt, but this time their fishnet stocking would be intact. Steve still found the outfit to be too searingly hot to look at, but Steph was too focused on making their hair and makeup perfect to tease her much.

"Wait! One more thing!" Steph cried as they were about to leave the bedroom. Steve yielded their body to her. She started searching through the pile of luggage in the corner. In a plastic bin they uncovered the care basket that Auntie Isabell had given them before they left her cottage. Among all the fancy perfume bottles was a plain glass canister, labeled "sexy stink," with black sharpie marker. A distillate of Isabell's pheromone laden skunk spray.

"We can't use that!" Steve protested. "Its cheating."

"Its just a little insurance, in case we get a different pizza guy. Besides, all of Aunties scents are in legal limits. She said so." Steph clasped the bottle between two paws and used a tentacle to squeeze the bulb. The liquid sprayed out over their exposed breasts in a fine mist.

"Stephie!" Steve whined as the pungent, eye watering stink filled her nostrils. "We're not immune to it!"

But it was too late. The second breath kindled an aching warmth within them and the pair moaned as it spread down into their loins. Moisture flushed through their depths as the inner walls began to itch for stimulation. Dropping the bottle, it took both their combine willpower to stop themselves from sliding a tentacle up into their spade right then and there. With a paw they fanned the sprayed area as they blinked back stinging tears. No, the perfume wasn't nearly as overwhelming as Auntie Isabell's actual spray, but it was plenty potent.

"Well, I hope our pizza comes soon, otherwise there's going to be a wet and wild appetizer." Steph said, coughing a bit.

"No distracting Angelica and Tina." Steve chided. "We don't want to mess this up."

"Says the girl who'd scheme to jump the postman if we had one." Steph laughed and head bumped the blinking Steve, who instantly picture the pair of them sitting beside a mail eagerly waiting a chance to "chase" the mailman. The fantasy unspooled from there in multiple directions, ending with tumbles in the bushes or getting pounded over a fat mail bag in the back of the mail truck.

"Earth to Stella,"

A gentle whisper pushed Steve from her cascading day dreams and suddenly found herself outside facing the fountain, panting hard.



CHAPTER 37

“Did you have a wonderful time in slutty imagination land?” Steph cooed, “Hate to interrupt, but it’s time for slutty reality. Do you hear that?”

Steve’s cheeks flushed with warmth, joining with the heat that filled their torso and the needy itch that made it difficult to stand still. “That d-d-damn perfume.” She stuttered before cocking her head to focus on the distance crunch of wheels over gravel.

It certainly sounded like the same car. Similar size, at least.

Would the same handsome guy brave the house a second time? Their tail gave hopeful wags.

When the same compact car nosed through the gate, Steve let out a joyful bark. It was him! He came back! Their tail lent a happy wiggle to their body as the car circled the fountain a bit more hesitantly than last time. Steve and Steph remained on the porch until it came to a complete stop. Steph and Steve bounced down the steps as the passenger side window rolled down. They put their elbows on the windowsill and leaned in, giving him a good view down their top as their tail waved behind them.

“Hiiiiiya!” Steph sang.

“Hey there pizza man.” Steve greeted the man inside the car in a lower, more intimate tone. The man stared back, gulping as if here attempting to swallow his tongue. He bore the same handsome features, although the blond beard had gone a little scraggily. The interior of the car smelled strongly of him, pizza of all flavors, and just a tiny hint of the musk he’d acquired during his last visit.

“Y-your real then?” He asked with a slight tremble in his voice.

Steph winked, “If we’re dreams, then we’re a real nice one.”

He gave a little nervous laugh, before glancing back over his shoulder as if to make sure they were alone. “That is very true. You two are...” His eyes got stuck on their cleavage. “... really nice. I, uh, didn’t catch your names last time.”

“I’m Steph!” Steph nearly barked and cheek nudged her sister. “And this is-”

“Stella!” Steve cut her off with a sharp smile.



Steph's eyes widened in surprise before her face developed a serious case of smug.

"Just with him." Steve, now Stella, whispered out of the corner of her mouth.

"I'm Tony." The pizza man admitted.

"What a wonderful name." Steph cooed, "See... Stella, it's like a proper date. Now all we need is a little entertainment."

"Oh, let me get your pizza." Tony popped open his door and climbed out of the car.

Stella giggled as they followed toward the rear of the car. "What do you have in mind?" The pair let him open the trunk unmolested, but as he ducked inside to open the insulated bag they moved close, pressing their hips to his thigh. He paused.

"I dunno," Steph drawled, "Maybe fox boi II, the sequel. I am sure that's even better than the first time."

Tony made a little gulping noise and his hands shook a little as he withdrew the pizza. "That was real too? Wasn't it?"

His untucked shirt had slid up his back a little and exposed a sliver of tanned skin. Stella placed a pad against his spine and gave it a rub. "Did someone enjoy having a tail?"

"Grrrk!" His back went ridged.

"It was a such a nice tail too. Soft and fluffy." Stella said as they continued to stroke their soft pad up and down his spine.

Steph one upped her by reaching between his legs and pressing on the stiff rod they found within his pants. A little shiver went through him.

"But he does have your favorite part, sister, a nice, hard bone." Steph giggled as the pair stepped back.

Tony stood, a sheen of sweat coated his rosy cheeks and his nostrils flared he fought to control his breathing. His large hands were crushing the sides of the pizza box. Stella wondered if they were laying it on too thick, but watching him get all flustered added a thrill on top of their needy body.

"Y-your pizza. Miss." He stuttered.

Did that mean he'd didn't want to play? Or were they just being too aggressive? Steve gave a little pout as they took the box from him. Turning, Stella intended to walk to the pizza to porch with maximum hip swing, but Steph impelled them backwards, pressing them up against him.

"We understand if you don't want to play right now," Steph said while wiggling their bottom against him.





"But let us show you where you can bury your bone." Stella laughed at her terrible innuendo and they stepped away. Trotting quickly to the porch, they set the pizza down, bending over far more than necessary, their short skirt hiding nothing of their swollen spade. Glancing over their shoulders, they saw Tony hadn't budged from the spot, still locked between want and doing the wise thing. Stella understood, a cute two-headed dog girl offering herself up would have been outside the range of Steve's imagination too. Not only that, playing with them had consequences that would follow him out of here. He needed a little help to get over the hump.

With a final wiggle, they turned, pouncing him with a playful bark. Hugging him tightly, they looked up at him with identical mischievous mania glowing in their eyes.

"What do you think of our bone hole, Tony?" Steph asked.

"Its... uh not human." Tony swallowed.

"Do you wanna touch it?" Stella asked.

"Y-yeah. I do." Tony nodded.

"We're so glad you came back to play with us." Steph said as they press upward to kiss at his neckline. "We were afraid you wouldn't come."

"Its so hazy, I-I convinced myself you couldn't be real." He panted, then moaned as the pair of them bent him down and nibbled up either side of his neck. Steph found his lips first, then traded off to Stella without giving him a chance to breathe.

"This time you know what we're going to do to you. You'll remember everything. It will last longer, go farther. You gonna love it our little foxy boi." Steph whispered.

"Foxy boi?" He gasped as Stella released him, only for the pair of them to plant his nose between their breasts. They held him there as he struggled, but he quickly subsided, his hands falling on their hips. One slipping down their thigh, fingers threading through the fur, mumbling as he went. "Soft, you're soft." Then they reversed, threading upwards until they grasped the folds of their spade.

Whining with approval as his fingers gently explored their sex and strayed up inside them, the sisters release their quarry. His blue eyes were half lidded with the haze of lust.

"Ready to play with us?" Stella asked.

An eager nod answered her.

"Undo your pants, Foxy." Steph instructed.

His fingers left their sex to unbutton his pants and as soon as the tight waistband of his jeans fell away, their tentacles extend





from beneath their skirt. They peeled back the underwear and one swiftly coiled around his cock. Stella cut off his grunts and moans with a kiss, adoring the way his beard ticked her chin and lips. Led by his lips and cock, they pulled him toward the shade of the plum tree. His pants fell further down his legs with every step. Tina and Angelica waited on either side of a silver circle. At each compass point, a rounded rod protruded from the ground. Although only two were visible. Angelica ground her hips over the west and Tina sat cross legged over the east pole, her femcock proud and dribbling. At the circle's center, piles of plums sat sorted by shape, ears, feminine symbols and long ones that looked like tails if you squint.

"Start in the center, then move him to north and you to south when I tell you." Angelica said, then her tongue resume hanging just over her bottom lip.

Steph nodded, they steered Tony into the edge of the circle and after breaking the lips lock, flung themselves down onto all fours. Their tail waved invitingly as they presented their readiness to Tony.

"Come and bury your bone!" Stella sang.

The pizza guy needed to further encouragement. He staggered into the circle, tripped over his pants, and fell down to his knees. Grabbing hold of the fluffy tail prevented him from falling. Then he used it as a lever to drive his cock into the center of their spade. Stella and Steph lips made twin O shapes as he penetrated them. Choking up on their tail so his fingers were interlocked around its base, he thrust in earnest, the impacts rippling out over Stella and Steph's body.

"Harder Foxy!" Steph cried.

"Faster Foxy!" Stella echoed as they reach out toward a pile of the pointy-eared plums, scooped out several and crushed them beneath their pads. Sparking arcs of energy travel up their arm, danced across their back and leaped into Tony's hands. Black fur blossomed across the skin of his fingers. Veins shined pink beneath the skin of his arms and neck. His thrusts slowed as his ears unfolded into large pointed cups and moaned with relief.

"Faster!" Stella and Steph chorused as they slammed their paw down into the entire pile of long thin plums, crushing nearly half. This energy flashed beneath the pair, zipping among their nipples before leaping into Tony's swinging balls.

Crying out, he bent over Stella and Steph's fuzzy rump as the energy made his spine glow through the surface of his skin. Letting go of the tail, he seized handfuls of fur at their hips and redoubled his speed. The pair of them sang doggy yoodles of bliss. While he didn't penetrate nearly as far as either Tina or Angelica, the sheer impact provided more than enough sensation. They loved the way his fingers gripped them tighter and tighter. When his ragged breath began to hitch, they clamped down, forcing him to slow, push harder with longer strokes. Inside, they felt him taper and rhythmic pulling at their outer most walls as a small knot bulged out from the base of his cock. Would he get big enough to knot them properly? Stella





wondered as she clenched around him even more.

He yipped. Then, straining, he thrust in deeply. Quivered once and with a soft cry shot a stream of cum into their depth. At the same instant, a shockingly loud Foosh! Rushed through the air.

Stella glanced over her shoulder to see Tony panting with a long tongue protruding between sharpened canines. Gloves of black fur coated his hands before fading to orange-red as it traveled up his arms and disappear beneath the sleeves of his t-shirt. Large fuzzy ears protruded from the sides of his head and reddish fuzz cover all the skin his beard hadn't covered. Yet, most gloriously, were the tails. Twin fox tails, each thicker than the man's waist, swished from side to side behind Tony.

"Keep it going." Angelica whispered from outside the circle, hugging her own thick tail and grinding on her rod. "Its coming." Across the way, Tina pumped her own shaft by squeezing it between two enormous fingers. The moonsilver circle around them pulsed with a soft pink glow.

"My tail. My tails?" Tony gasped as he slipped out Stella and Steph grip.

"Not done huh?" Steph whispered, reaching out toward the still untouched pile of femmy plums and spread the digits of their paw. On the pads, they felt not warmth precisely but a radiance of sorts. Then Steph did something, a pull or a push, but not with a muscle, something else that Stella had never noticed before. Every single plum in the pile burst, spraying not juice but energy. It lashed out into them, raced up their arm and stopped there, crackling next to their lungs. No not stopped, held.

Stella looked to Steph, she wore a smile shining with awe and pride. Their eyes locked. With the tiniest of nods, Steph told her sister, Your turn.

Doing as Steph had, Stella reached out toward the animal plums and flexed that same not muscle that she had. As before, they burst, releasing their magic to them. Stella held on to it in their chest. Two separate and distinct pools of magic floated within them, but that wasn't all. The magic's radiance illuminated the cards that gathered around their heart. Steph could almost touch them.

No time to waste, though. The magic pulsed with an urgent need and squirmed in their grip. They turned to find Tony sitting on the ground, dazedly petting one of their fluffy tails.

"I knew it!" Stella exclaimed as they hopped around behind Tony and embraced him. "You missed your tail."

"Its soft." The tail flicked back behind her where it coiled around its twin. Tony's fox ears flick anxiously. "I wanna be soft."

Stella and Steph hooked a claws onto the shoulder straps of their dress and pulled it off over their heads, exposing the rose red multi bra that cupped each of their royally perky breasts.





"So many." Tony stared at them with dreamy wonder.

They shook their torso, jiggling the breasts. "Come and play with us more." Steph said.

Tony yipped at the invitation. Springing forward, he kissed first Steph and then Stella. The magic flowing along their tongues. Stella savored the sharpening of his teeth and pulled at his lengthening tongue. His muzzle was halfway formed when he broke from her lips to kiss his way down to their breasts. Nosing their left top most breast, he took the fabric in his teeth. First, gently freeing the thick pink nipple with a gentle pull, he lapped at it a few times before suckling delicately upon it. Sparks arced on his lips as magic out of the huskie girls and into him. The short hair poured forth from his scalp into long, wavy locks that shined in the stray sunbeams that pierced the tree's foliage.

Steph and Stella gave a whining sigh of appreciation as Tony moved on to lavish the same attention on each of their nipples, drawing a new gift from each. His muzzle grew long and narrow, the broadness of his build waned to a lithe athleticism, and the thick fingers that stroked their sex thinned. By the time Tony reached the lowest of the pair's breast, orange red fur covered new curves and a pair of breasts had swelled out from his chest.

"Smell so good," Tony breathed as finished suckling from the tenth tit before shifting to lick at Steph and Stella's spade. Each lick and suckle had built the need between their loins and now that the fox had finally reached it, they cried out with relief.

"Please!" Opening their thigh wide, they begged, "Come on Foxy! Take us please."

Tony lapped aggressively along the spade swollen lips, but Steph and Stella felt the thin tongue as feather light teasing. They whined.

"More!" Stella begged, "Please!"

"Inside! Our clit's inside the lips." Steph panted. "Please play with it, Foxy!"

Fingers fluttered around their opening, probing, searching for the little nub of flesh that once been Steve's cock. The ground trembled beneath their paws and in the dark of Stella's eyelids, she saw a burning light. It grew larger by the second, like an on-coming train in a dark tunnel. The nexus was coming!

"Hurry!" Stella called out. Tentacles sprang out from their hiding spots, wrapped around Tony's head, and pulled.

Tony yipped as their muzzle plunged into the spade and let out a muffled note of protest. "Mmmph!"

"Lick now!" Steph instructed.





Hesitantly, a thin tongue threaded up through their crevices. The girls' entire body bucked as need blossomed into pleasure. They howl out encouragement to Tony.

Taking that positive feedback, Tony gripping their knees and drove his muzzle deeper. His tongue flicking in and out like a humming bird drinking nectar, its tip tickling the pair's cervix as the nose pressed against their buried clit. Totally different from the stretch of a cock the fox's tongue pleased without stretching, its light touch pushing them towards organism on a bed of feathers. Yet the fall afterwards was no less steep. They came with a gush of juices and sparks as the last bit of the magic they held passed to the fox.

Tony tried to swallow it down, but the flood drove him out, snorting and shaking the wet from his face. Blinking clarity enter his eyes as they crossed slightly, looking at the black nose at the end of his muzzle.

"Oh my!" He exclaimed in a breathy high voice as gaze fell on her now delicate black furred hands. "I'm-Aaaaaiiii!" He screamed as cock his suddenly erupted. The last bit of magic arching along its length. Tony's back arched and as he clutched at his small breasts. A thin stream of cum fountained six inches up before bowing to gravity. It lasted a few seconds before faltering. Tony sagged, sucking in a breath with a soft gasp.

"Steve and Steph! Get her to the north point." Angelica spoke with urgency.



CHAPTER 38

The huskies could feel the brightness of the nexus almost upon them without needing to close their eyes anymore. Rousing themselves from their own after glow, they pushed themselves up to their feet. Stepping toward the panting Tony, they hooked his upper arm.

"Come on Foxy, almost done." Steph soothed.

Tony rose to his feet in response to their gentle pull, but then staggered against them as his hips suddenly bucked. "Yiiiiiii!" He screamed as his bright red cock spurted out another load of cum rope. The cock itself dwindled as if the spunk were drawing from its own mass, shrinking down a full inch before the stream subsided.

"I-I-I feel it!" Tony leaned heavily on Steph and Stella. The pair struggled to keep the feminized pizza guy upright. Together, they made two shaky steps toward the northern point of the circle before Tony's cock burst again. He held his muzzle closed with one hand and released a muffled scream. Steph and Stella kept him upright by holding onto the base of his tails. Then together they stumbled the remaining steps to the rod that marked the north. The pink glow colored everything now, overpowering the green of the foliage with its near neon intensity. The moonsilver rod jutting from the ground.

"Its... done." Tony sighed, then laughed as he peered down at himself and his half size cock. "I'm bigger than last time."

"One last thing." Steph told her with a grin while Stella swallowed down some misgivings as they positioned Tony over the rod. One of their tentacles extended to wrap around the little cock. The touch caused the fox's to floof from head to tail.

"S-sensitive!" Tony said as his body practically vibrated with tension.

"You're so pretty." Steph kissed Tony's nose. "Now sit down, very slowly." Stella let her handle it, her attention drawn to that little cock which had come all those times without assistance. It would probably dwindle away to nothing now.

With a nod, Tony obeyed Steph and began to squat down. Steph used the tentacle to steer the tip of the rod, touched him right behind the marble sized balls. Tony immediately shuddered with a fresh orgasm, releasing a small spurt of cum that quickly dwindled to a dribble. Releasing high pitched canine whine, Tony began to grind on against the end of the rod and slowly sank down over it, long muzzle opening to pant.



"Why? I- ooooh! -want it all.

"Steph and Steve, get to the south." Angelica called out. "I need all points filled to make the conduit."

Steph hesitated, so Stella took control, dropping them down to the ground. She quickly slid her lips over the cock and flicked her tongue across the tip.

"Yiiiiip!" Tony cried out and Steph sucked hard, savoring the slightly bitter taste of his cum. The tingle of magic came with it. It traveled down to her chest and again she felt the cards that surround their heart. This time, she directed the magic through a card. Right Clothes for the Job flashed in Stella's mind eye as she directed the magic back to Tony through his or her knee.

"Girls!" Tina scolded from beyond the circle.

Stella released the now barely inch long cock and caught a sly glance from Steph as they scrambled across the circle to the southern point. They impaled themselves on the waiting moonsilver rod without hesitation. Its warm and smooth surface felt pleasantly fizzy inside them.

Across the way, Tony's masculinity had disappeared entirely, except for the adorable little dick that bobbed as she plunged herself down on the moonsilver rod. Still tall but lithe, her wild red hair cascaded over one eye. The other rolled partially rolled back as she wrung pleasure out of her deepening pussy and tugged on her swelling breasts.

On either side, Angelica and Tina still worked themselves against their respective rods. Angelica held a disk of moon silver in her hands, extended it toward the circle and let it go. It floated, its surface rippled as a liquid might as it lazily traveled toward the center of the circle.

"Now East and West." She said, glancing across at Tina. The pace of Angelica's hips and Tina's hand increased. Pink crackles of power leaped between their limbs and ears. Stella gasped as she felt the sensations of their movements, ripples of their bliss, rise into them through the moonsilver rod.

Angelica bit her lip as both of them extend hands to toward the hovering disk. Stella felt the both of them come in a rush. Pink lightning leapt from Angelica's hand, while from Tina it traveled along the stream of golden cum launched from her cock. It impacted the silver disk, which quivered for a moment, surface undulating before extending a narrow spike of liquid silver into the ground. The disk shrank away as the silver continued to plunge into the earth, dwindling down a quarter sized bulb. Then it lit with white energy that both hurt the eyes and was impossible to look away from. It pulsed once, then lashed out with several hazy tendrils, they hit the circle's edge and were drawn down into it.

Steve felt the rod within her first vibrate, then shift, whirling inside them through dozens of shapes. It felt like a tentacle but with thousands of harder nubs that targeted their most sensitive spots. Accompanying it was a torrent of magic up into their body. It reached up through them only to meet a phalanx of cards en route to their heart.





Instinctively, Steph and Stella pushed the power back down into the circle. They opened their eyes. From the looks of concentration on Tina's and Angelica's faces, they were doing the same.

"Yiiiiiiikikiki!" Tony screamed, having no jealous enchantments to guard her. The energy of the nexus enveloped her body, empowering the vague spells Stella and Steph had placed. Four new breasts swelled beneath her original pair, as the fingers that gripped them shortened and thickened. Her legs too, shifted towards the animal she resembled, toes swelling into paws as the heels shrank away.

"Hang on! Gotta siphon it into the house!" Angelica shouted. Then, stood partially, exposing her moonsilver dildo, barbed like a cat's cock, and seized her plug like nipples. Pulling her huge breasts taunt, she slammed herself down over the rod. Pink light burst out around her pussy as she released a feral yowl. The pink energy raced around the circle towards Tony, but turned at the last moment, leaping out of the circle. It carried a small strand of moonsilver with it, arching over the roots of the plum tree.

"Its connected!" Angelica called out as the wire lit with a white fire and Steve felt the movement of the rod inside them wane away. The magic flowed out to a small half circle set against the wall of the house. Sparks leap between the edge of the circle with an electric sizzle and ground rumbled slightly. Then the magic settled, the flames dying away to a pulsing glow. Slowly, a stain of whiteness began to spread out from the half circle along the yellowed wall of the manor. The chipped and peeling paint repairing itself to a pristine white wash.

The three players watched this in silenced, Angelica, Steph and Stella chest's heaving with heavy breaths. Tony however, bounced up and down the full length of her rod, hugging her breasts to her chest with one arm while her free hand gripped her tiny little cock. "Yi, yi, yi!" She breathed a half yip on each downward plunge until her digitigrade legs gave out and she crashed down. Her body vibrated for a moment before she threw her head back to release feral warcry, "YiiiiAaaaaaWWwwooo!"

Steph and Stella pulled themselves off their rod, and released twin sighs. They wobbled as each sister tried to direct their body around the circle in the opposite direction. Both laughed and Stella cheek bumped Steph, ceding her control. They walked around Angelica's side of the circle, petting between her curled horns as they passed.

Tony had begun to explore her body as they approached, holding their pawlike hands in front of their nose while wiggling her fingers. She'd grown another two tails just as bushy as the other two. They took up more volume than the rest of her. None of six her breasts were particularly large but with an additional six nipples visible through the white fur of her stomach her body screamed a certain fertility.

"Do you like it?" Steph asked.

"Oh!" Her head snapped up, the amber eyes shining. "I..." She





went silent as she struggled to lift herself off the rod.

Steve offered an arm, and she grabbed hold with a tiny yip as the tip came free. Tony half jumped, half stumbled into the pair's chest. They embraced her. The crest of her head reached their chins now, and her big fuzzy ear tickled their cheeks. Stella experienced a moment of awe at how small she'd gotten.

"Pet me!" She demanded with breathless excitement. "Pet me please."

Smiling to each other, they slid a paw over her hand and down her back, smoothing the red hair.

"No, not my hair! My fur! Pet my fur please." Tony asked, squeezing them tightly.

"Picky picky." Steph giggled as they pulled the hair aside to stroke the soft fur of Tony's back.

"Oh, it does feel good." She gave a little churr and snuggled closer, tails giving slow happy swishes back and forth.

"You're not angry at all?" Stella blurted out the question.

"Ah," Tony pulled back a smidge to look up at them. "I guess I should be? But haven't felt this good in a long time. Its like every part of me is sparkling. My girlfriend's gonna freak! I guess I'll find out if she's Bi or not." She laughed, her voice cracking so high she squeaked.

"Magical high. The euphoria will fade after bit," Angelica said as she approached with a proud smile, "But wild magic like this works on desires. Generally, it won't do anything you don't want deep down."

Tony blinked as she scanned Angelica's feline body up and down.

"This is Angelica, our m-lover," Stella corrected herself and then introduced Tina as her mistress.

"Hi," the fox woman shyly stepped behind Steph and Stella. "I'm Tony," she laughed. "So you're saying I really wanted to be a small fox woman with a tiny little dick?"

"Why else would you have come back after last time?" Steph giggled and swatted Toni's hip with their tail.

Toni yipped, then looked away. "I mean I do maybe have a thing for kitsunes? But I was trying to deliver a pizza?" Her eyes suddenly shot wide and her tails went bolt straight. "Oh crap! I still have deliveries to make!"

"Tony, its complicated but you've helped us out." Angelica smiled, "Would you like to stay here while the spell runs its course? It shouldn't be more than a week or two."

"Ah well, maybe. But I have a few cats at home." Toni smiled





easily. "And as long as I can drive, I have my job. Besides, if I've only got a week or two like this, I don't want to hide! Gotta hit the clubs!"

"But that's dangerous." Stella objected, their heart thundered at the memory of the grocery store. A club could be worse.

"Hee hee." Toni giggled, "In places other than St. Louis sure, but we have lots of magical people around here. I'll get pestered about who did my augs for sure. They'll be so confused when I tell them Stella and Steph."

"That's wonderful!" Stella nearly barked and blustered onward, ignoring Angelica's furrowed brow and Tina's questioning head cock. "We're from the west coast and it's so much less friendly. You have to show me and my sister around soon. Shall we get you a little less naked?"

Steph covered her mouth and giggled silently as Steve used their body to guide Toni back to their discarded clothes.

"I think I'll need to borrow a belt." Toni bent to retrieve her pants, but as she touched it, the fabric rippled, shifting in hue and shape. "The hell?" She whispered, lifting up a black and white maid's dress, clearly sized for her.

"Ah," Stella nervously wagged their tail, "I might have added a little bit to the enchantment, so you didn't have to buy an entirely new wardrobe."

"Annnd," Steph chimed in, "We kinda thought you might be into the maid look."

Toni held the dress up to herself and smoothed the fabric. "Oh, I am going to make so many tips. Although I might borrow my girlfriend's taser for the sketchy houses."

Stella gushed, "You like it? It was really spur of the moment. You might not be able to wear anything else but there alot of different styles it can do. At least mine can. I'm not sure how much transferred. I think you'd make a pretty maid. Even as a guy you were smoking hot. I bet you could rock a dress even without foxy magic and- ooph!"

Tony silence her with a kiss. Her lips were thick enough at the end of her muzzle enough so they formed a tight seal over Stella's. It lasted a few beautiful seconds, then Tony pulled back.

"Thank you Stella. My life was really in a rut until a week ago and you're giving me a real adventure." She said with a sparkling smile. "And who knows, if your mistresses do need another maid, let me know. I'll give you a call this weekend."

"And what am I? A hanger on?" Steph mock whined.

"Your beautiful!" Tony planted a long lick on her cheek.

Steph giggled.

Tony put on the dress and, after a few more good byes, got into





her car. There were a few awkward minutes as she figured out how to sit in the car with her tails, their fluff practically filling the entire passenger seat. Then, as she drove off, a large metal hand settled on Stella and Steph's shoulders.

"Stella huh?" Tina chuckled.

"It was just for him, err her." Stella said. "So she didn't think we were weird. I'm still Steve."

Steph snickered, but held her commentary.

"So she wouldn't think the two-headed dog girl maid was weird." Tina echoed, "Sure Steve."

Stella, Steve, cringed a little at the sound of her real name. It felt like a wrong way petting, unsettling somehow. It that made no sense. Steve was her name! She began to formulate her reasons, but before she could forge them into sentences, a familiar voice came from the direction of the manor.

"Well, that took you three long enough! Any longer and I'd be shedding my antlers here."

Turning, Steve found the Jackalope standing arms crossed in the open doorway to the manor.



CHAPTER 39

"Where the hell have you been?" Angelica had just walked out from under the plum tree carrying two rods of leftover moonsilver on her back. "You ghosted us! Literally."

"I've been around. Watching, waiting." The jackalope grinned, "Not my fault you three are blind mice when it comes to seeing the unseen. Come on now. It's turn eight and I know some of you are more than ready for a new change." His eyes gleamed directly at Tina, who nodded.

"Yeah," Angelica whispered, grimacing slightly.

"Hop to it then! Up to the game parlor. Before the manor really wakes up!" With a wide throw of his paw in a come along gesture, he bounded inside.

"What do you mean by that?" Steve asked, but the Jackalope had disappeared.

Angelica shrugged with her wings. "Remember what your aunt said? Tipper had access to really high-quality materials. Enchantments made with those won't decay. Without magic, they'll just go dormant." She cast an anxious glance at the Ursula look alike in the fountain. "I just hope they all regard us as invited guests."

"Tipper is gone." Tina said with an electronic growl. "This is our place now. Let's go. As the horned rabbit hinted, I am eager to delete my protocols."

"Me too!" Steph pipped up as the pair broke into a run. "Soft mistresses all around!"

Steve laughed as they jogged up the stairs. "I don't think she'll be all that soft with all those muscles."

"I'm sure we can find the softest spots!" Steph cheek shoved her sister and stuck out her tongue as they entered the game parlor. The same table sat in the middle of the room, although instead of the folding chairs, individualized seats awaited them. Steph and Steve placed themselves on a padded stool, draped with a lace doily. Angelica stepped up onto a thick cushion. Finally, Tina eased herself down onto a large metal stool that had been reinforced with steel cross beams. Where a fourth player would sit, the golden jackalope lounged on the edge of the table.

"New turn. Same rules. First though, the modifier card expires!" Despite his total lack of thumb the Jackalope somehow snapped



his paw.

Tina gasps, one of her hand clangs against her chest as glowing fissures rapidly spread out along her skin. As the cracks spiderwebbed over her face, pieces flaked away, revealing brown fur beneath. She gave a deep throaty laugh, and shook her head, shaking the metal and plastic shards off like detritus. Then swept claws free of chrome accents through her dark spikey mane before tossing her head like a shampoo model. Snickering happily, she dusted the crumbling metal off the rest of her body until nothing remained of the bejeweled skin but glittering dust piled on the carpet.

Steve tried to remember where they left the vacuum.

Tina hugged herself and grinned happily, her tail swinging dangerously behind her.

"No more urges to destroy all organic life." The Jackalope said. "That was totally worth getting rid of a tiny speech compulsion, right?"

"Heheeheee," Tina cackled before subsiding to a tight lip smile. "Well, it wasn't all bad," Her tail swung around to curl around Angelica. "We just needed a bit more variety, mistress."

Angelica's ears flicked, and she quickly started to groom a snarl on her wrist. "Yes... Your feedback is noted." Her other hand reached for her two card deck. "Shall we see how the tables turn?"

"Yeah!" Steph rubbed up against Steve. "Come on, turn it over."

Nervousness flooded Steve, what more could the cards do to them now? They were already maids who liked cleaning. Probably just give them huskie heads now. That wouldn't be too bad. Be cute and fierce. Smiling to herself, she slid the top card off its sole remaining fellow and flipped it over.

Cold prickles of dread traveled up along her scalp as she read the card. Or it could do that to them. Steve took a deep breath and read it out loud.

"Yours to command, while on the clock." The second part was in parentheses, but that didn't read well. The art depicted the husky maid in a deep curtsy.

"Ooooh even more than usual? That could be fun." Tina giggled, the animal laugh still as high pitched as ever. "I've got, the kingdom must feast. The art suggests we're going to need another grocery run very soon."

"So your playing that on yourself?" Angelica asked a little too innocently.

Tina's eyes narrowed, "What do you have that you don't like?"

"Well not on you, girlfriend. You have plenty of bite already but maybe the maid could use a bit more chomp." Angelica grinning.

Steve and Steph whined. "What do you mean? What's the card say?"





"Plenty of bite and taste for meat." Angelica said, "Its that last part that worries me. Cats can't taste sweets. If I can't enjoy chocolate, then its automatically one of my three removals. I'd rather take my chances with the wild cards."

"We can't defend ourselves!" Steph growled.

Tina giggled, "hehe-nak nak. Sure you can, you just can't take a point for this turn. Then you have no chance in winning the game if I come in second in the finale. Then, provided you take the point next turn, you could win so long as Angelica places second. But you really want to bet on that Steve?"

Steve flinched. Why did the name hurt now? But she pushed that aside and growled, "I want to win." Padding the directional token, she turned the pointer towards Steph and herself.

The Jackalope chuckled, "Watch ya gonna do with that boon, eh puppy dawgs?"

Steve's ears sagged. "I-I dunno yet."

"Eeeh we're at turn eight, I suppose I can tell ya how the boon works. If you win, I'm gunna hand you a card. It will be blank. You can either use it to discard as many changes as you want or write your own changes. Which you may play on yourself or any of your fellow players. As fundamental as a modifier card."

"What if we want money?" Angelica asked.

"Lay golden eggs?" The Jackalope grinned.

"What if I want this house?" Tina leaned in over the table, dark eyes intent on the little rabbit thing.

"Why wish for what you already have?" The Jackalope grinned back. "Provided you make a little side deal with me."

"What deal?" Tina asked.

"Nuh uh!" He waggled one tiny digit of his paw. "That's for the winner to hear and decide. I'll give ya alls a hint, I'm not keen to spend the next three decades sitting in some no fun bimby's closet. All you ladies will be free to reside at the estate for as long as you like, but if you want to be more than guests, you'll need my help."

"What do you mean, guests?" Angelica said.

"Heehee," The Jackalope hopped up to his feet. "You just have to wait and see." He held the back of his paw up to his mouth to whisper, "Although between you and me, don't try to knock down any walls." Then he straightened and bowed to them all. "See ya all at the show at the end of the rainbow." With that, he turned and hopped off the edge of the table.





"Wait." Angelica grabbed at him, but her hand closed around empty air. The Jackalope had disappeared once again.

"Can't grab a spirit by the scruff of its neck." Tina chuffed.

Angelica tossed her hair and snorted. "Yet. I can't do it yet. Gimmie time, I focused on moon silver and ley line manipulation, but there's plenty in that library about spirits too." Her ears perked, then went back as her lips pulled up into a snarl.

Tina booped her nose with a large finger pad, causing Angelica to flinch, biting off whatever she had been about to say.

"Probably threatening the avatar of the game we're playing isn't the greatest of ideas?" Tina laughed quietly.

"Fine. I'll make sure you all have the most lovely of collars before I take up Jackalope hunting. So let's get on with it." She pointed her token at Steph and Steve, then covered.

"You sure you want to do that?" Steph asked sweetly. "A random card at this level could—"

"Ssssh!" She shushed them, then smiled, "No speculating, I'm just looking forward to both of your toothy smiles."

"Reveal." Tina lifted her hand and everyone else did like wise.

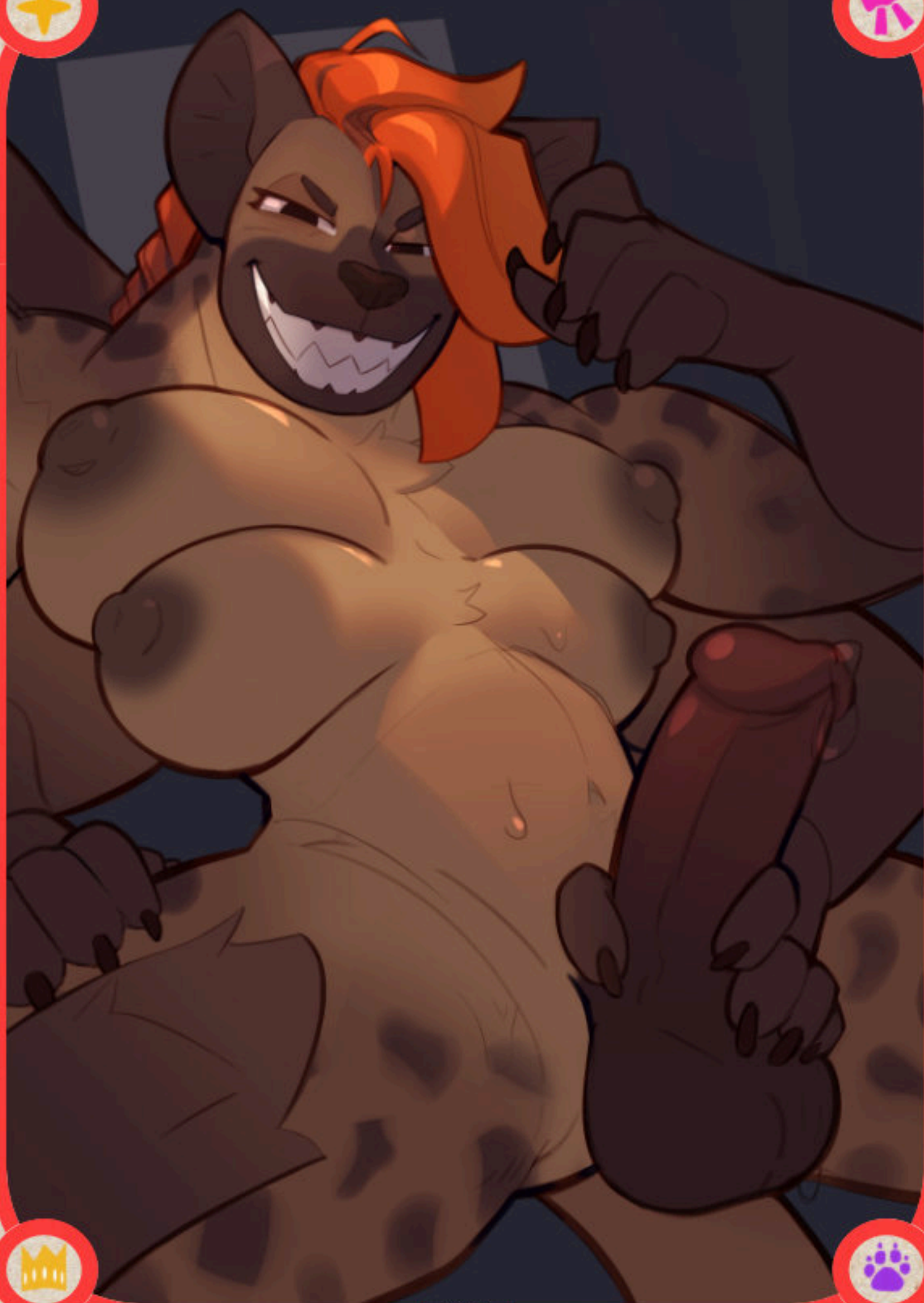
Angelica's arrow pointed at Steph and Steve, while all the others pointed at their owners.

Steve and Tina winced in unison, bowing their heads as their skulls crackled and popped. A broad muzzle pushed out of Steve's cute face, her black nose stretching wider, triangular in shape. Stiff whiskers grew long from her spilt upper lip as teeth sharpened into flesh ripping fangs. The white fuzz of her cheeks thickened and swept over the remaining skin of her feline face. The fur darkened to silver on the bridge of the muzzle and up to her hairline.

Meanwhile, Tina cradled her blunt muzzle with two hands as it surged outward. Her face surged in every direction that existed, her jaw length and girth doubling, becoming a slaving maw with teeth the size of fingers. A deep growl of pain rolled from her throat as spittle dripped out over her lips. Her neck bent forward as the already muscles surrounding thickened until they resembled steel cables. Panting hard, she rubbed at her straining neck muscles as they lost their definition beneath thickening fur and skin.

"Heh, heh, heh." The gravel low laugh bubbled up through Tina's bestial visage as she spotted Angelica's terrified expression. The change had left her hunched, her long, thick neck thrusting her head out over the table. Tina wiped the drool onto the fur of an arm then only had to lean a tiny bit to bring her teeth with inches of Angelica's nose. "What's the matter, kitty? Do I have something in my teeth?"







Angelica, whose entire head, along with a good chunk of her upper torso, would fit comfortably in Tina's jaws, trembled. "Nuh-no, you have a lovely and not at all terrifying smile now."

Steve and Steph didn't notice this exchange. They clutched at their stomach, feeling the card rearrange their internal organs before the tingle of the magic raced down Steve's arm.

"Hey! that's not- mrrrewl!" The feline cry of pain tumbled past her lips as the magic sank into the bones of her paw as clenching muscles spread the digits. A glow enveloped the claws as they curved into wicked sickles. Then the entire paw broadened, making room for the beans to slide closer together. As the magic waned, the muscles relaxed, and the claws folded into the digits of the feline paw.

"But but," Steve sputtered as they pressed their now mismatched paws together and felt the new roughness of her broader tongue. "I'm a dog, not a cat."

"Its okay!" Steph soothed and kissed Steve's cheek. "You still have our huskie ears!"

Steve blinked and found herself disturbed, their eye lines no longer matched, her half of the neck had lengthened, lifting her head a couple inches higher than Steph's still humanish face. Why hadn't the card affected them both? Panick fluttered their heart. Tina loved dogs! Not cats! She looked up across the table where Tina continued to tease Angelica and let out a plaintive sound, a jumbled thing halfway between a meow and a bark, "Merruf! I am still cute? Am I pretty?"

Tina's tooth filled grin swung towards them, expression softening as she took in Steve's expression. While her upper lips had thinned, her bottom lip remain full and thick, giving her a resting pout that combined with soulful dark eyes to adorable vulnerability that drew audible, "Awww." From the Hyenaess, "Look at you! You're adorable. Pretty girl. Good uh kittydog. I could eat you up."

Steve's heart lifted with relief at Tina's praise and was unprepared for her large wet tongue to smack against her face. "Mrruf!" She cried and flinched back. The pair of them nearly fell off their stool.

"Now there's taste of your own doggie medicine, but super sized." Angelica laughed as Steve sputtered and wiped at her mouth.

The soft flip of a card off the top of the main deck stopped everyone from further conversation, all eyes went to the card sliding toward Angelica. She released a nervous titter, ears folding back. "Heheh, it says I'm an Udder Delight. Oh!" Her eyes squeezed shut as one hand flew to a breast. All the keen ears in the room caught a gurgling emanate from the mammaries as it swelled against her hand. Drops of white fluid appear at her plug like nipples even as they stretched out into tapered teats. "No! I'm gonna get milk in my fur!" Angelica cried as her breasts gurgled





again, their girth surging against her hand and sending a stream of milk over the table.

Steve and Steph ducked to avoid it, then giggled.

"It's not funny!" Angelica growled before shoving the squirting breast upward and clamping her mouth over the teat. "Mmmmph!" Her cheeks blushed before she gulp the milk down.

"I hope she doesn't hog it all." Steph grinned.

"Don't get your hopes up." Steve said, "That card she played probably made us lactose intolerant."

"More for me then." Tina captured Angelica's other breast, pointed its dribbling teat at her mouth and squeezed.

A stream of milk squirted into the back of Tina's open jaws as Angelica released her grip on the other teat to yowl out loud. Tina released the breast and swallowed.

"Mmmm. Creamy." She chuckled.

Angelica sagged down to all fours, panting heavily. "Oh! Mreeewl, it's not done! Nrrrrrr..." Raising her hindquarters, she kneaded the carpet with her hands as she lifted her tail to display her shining sex. Below it, two tapered teats had emerged from her thick black fur on either side of her cock's sheath. The flesh above them swelled like two filling water balloons and drooped downward. Angelica moaned when they touched, their flesh fusing together into a single udder. Their growth stopped with the teats halfway to the ground. Angelica one leg as she craned around peer at it. "I-I have a goat's udder! Oh gods!" She over balanced and stumbled, setting the udder swinging when she caught herself. "Meeeeeew! Its sooo full!"

"Hold on. You're not done." Tina said with a delighted laugh. "You won the quest remember? We need to pick your modifier card." She gestured at the table were three new cards awaited Angelica. "Wasn't there something you wanted to get rid of?"

Angelica grimaced and with effort, slowed her desperate panting enough to focus on the cards. "Can I get rid of the card I just got?"

Tina shrugged. "I don't know. Can you?"

The purple eyes flicked over to Steph and Steve. The udder ached urgently between her legs and her breast felt so heavy on her chest, but they didn't compare to the haze that descended if she listened to an argument. If she needed to keep some amount of wits about her during the finale there was only one choice. Closing her eyes, she reached through her hanging cleavage and into her chest, withdrawing a single card. The heated discussion card lit with a white glow and dissolved.

The three cards in front of her flipped themselves over. They





read, Dragon, Hen and Pet.

Steph barked and Steve chuffed with delight at the options. Angelica swallowed hard as she remembered who got to choose her modifier card.

"Oooh what should we chose sister?" Steph asked. "Dragon might let her match mistress Tina, that could be fun to watch."

"But we'd be in the middle of that." Steve chewed on a claw thoughtfully.

"I'll be a gentle mistress this time, I swear." Angelica smiled without much hope.

"A milky dragon would be a real mess clean up after." Steph nodded sadly. "Hen would be a little redundant, she already lays tasty eggs."

"That leaves mew one choice." Steve composure broke into a tittering giggle and she covered her predatory grin with a paw. "We're not doing this out of any desire for revenge."

"We're tots above that," Steph nodded in agreement, their tail a blur behind them. "Just saving ourselves some work."

Angelica bowed her head and smiled, "Its fair. I promise to be a good pet." Then lifted her chin, offering her throat for a collar as Steve and Steph reached across the table to tap the pet card.

A wide leather collar appeared around Angelica's outstretched neck, with a pair of heart tags dangling from its D-loop. On the table, two additional items materialized: a canvas draw string bag and an oversized fob with a large button. Angelica lowered her nose to look curiously at the items but when she reached toward them, her hand started tremble, then twist. Her thumb shrank away and her fingers thickened until her claws folded into the digits, leaving her with paws. "Mewmmit," she whispered, her ears wilting as she dropped her paw to the ground, tail lashing with annoyance.

"Hee hee!" Tina laughed with delight. "Can't have a pet with thumbs! It be a disaster. And I bet I know what this is." She plucked the button fob from the table and held it between finger and thumb. When she pressed the button, the device made a loud Ka-Click! Sound.

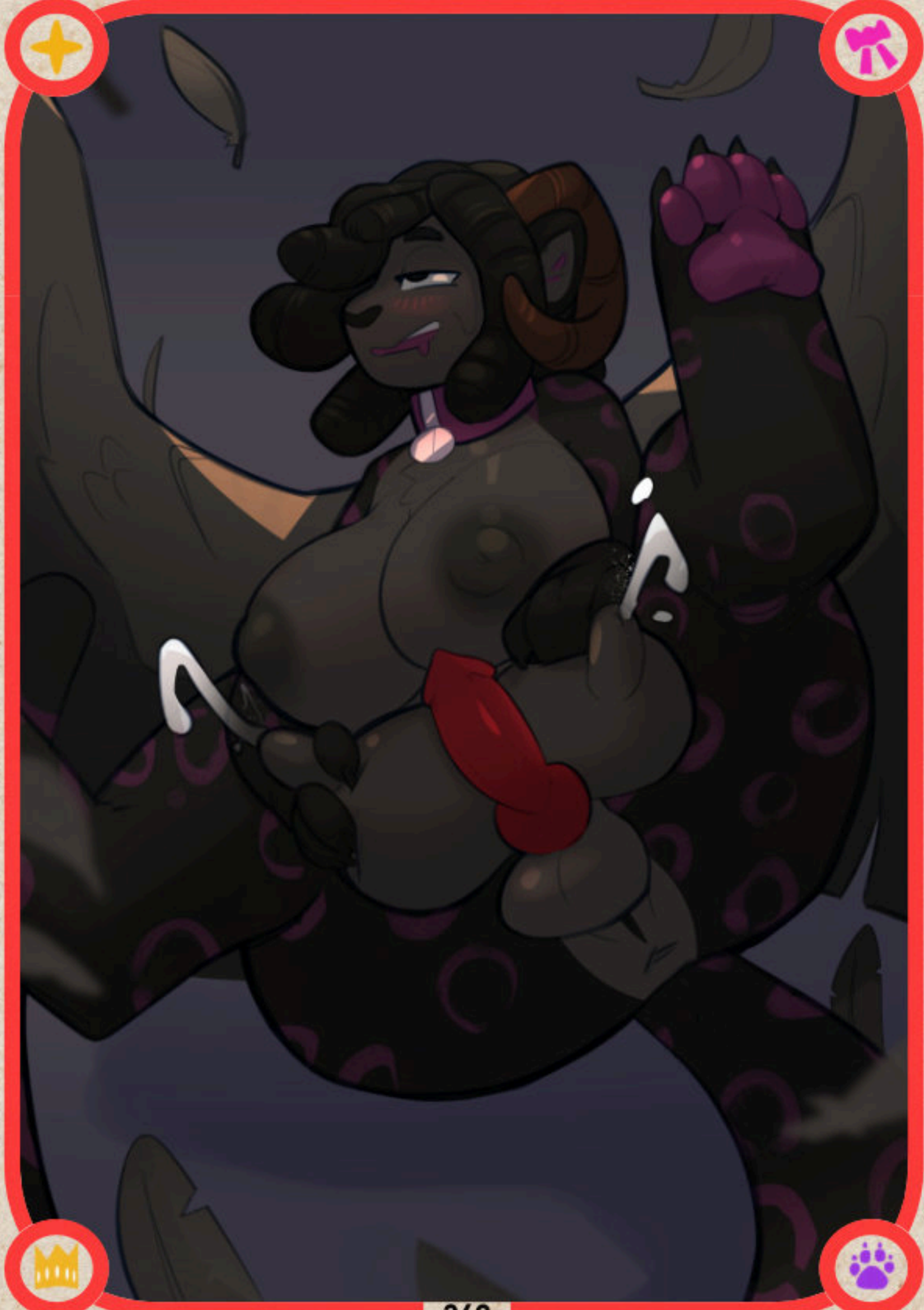
Angelica, who had started sniffing at the bag, immediately looked up at Tina, ears perked.

The corner of Tina's muzzle quirked upwards in an evil smirk. "Angelica, sit."

Angelica's sat, directly on her udder. Two streams of milk shot out to either side of her, spattering milk across the carpet and the underside of the table.

"Oh fuck," The sphinx blinked in shock. "I'meew click trained?!"







In answer, Tina clicked the fob again, "Roll over."

Angelica obeyed, sighing in relief as she took the weight off her udder and rested on her back, wings opening slightly.

"Your much better at this than Steph and Steve ever were," Tina said.

"Hey!" Steph protested. "We're good girls!"

"Of course you are. Just not obedient girls. Although maybe that's changed too with your new toy." Tina said, "I'll play with you two in a moment."

Steph whined, but Steve had been content to watch Tina experiment with Angelica, her mind pondering what they could make Angelica do once they got a hold of the fob. With Tina's comment though, she realized that she'd entirely missed the appearance of a toaster sized device on their side of the table. While Tina ran Angelica through a whirl of dog tricks, they looked it over. An old style analog clock dominated one side. If the hands were accurate, it was nearly half-past five. It displayed the date on a predigital white text on black scrolling display. Above it, block lettering read: Husky Maid OFF duty, with the OFF in a plastic window, white on a red background. Below the clock, a bunch of parameters were listed below it, with knobs on the side of the machine to adjust them. Start time: 10 Am, shift duration: 8 Hours and Mistress/master: Yeen Queen. On the top of it sat a gray plastic bar shaped button.

"Neat! Our own time clock." Steph said, reaching for the button.

"Wait." Steve said, but her sister pressed down on the button. The clock dinged, as the OFF flipped to a green backed ON Duty and a third hand, painted bright red on the clock swung to point at the 12.

A bolt of utter mortification struck Steve. They were naked, but even worse! They were out of uniform! They stood so fast that their stool fell over.

"Many apologies, mistress." Steve and Steph said out while looking demurely down at the floor. "We will get dressed for work immediately."

Tina looked up from an out of breath Angelica as the pair gave a deep curtsy and cocked her head.

Not waiting for a response, Steve and Steph began walking towards the door at the fastest pace they could manage.

"Uuuh, bring back a bucket afterward." Tina called after.

"Certainly mistress!" Steve flashed a smile at her.

"Give us two wags." Steph added. Once they were out of Tina's sight, they sprinted to the bedroom, falling onto all fours for extra speed. They couldn't reach air whistling over their ears speed they had while dog brained, but they tore down the hall and up the stairs at an impressive clip.





Bursting into the bedroom, Steve and Steph threw open their wardrobe, and then froze. So many choices, but the mistress had never defined what she expected of their dress. A small part of her shouted about they had never asked, but a good maid should be able to intuit her mistress's needs. Still, when you don't know basic is best. Steve reached for a conservative black-and-white uniform.

Steph, however, withdrew a pink, ribbony getup.

Steve hissed, while Steph growled.

"The mistress dressed us in this one. Remember?" Steph held up the outfit, and Steve remembered standing in front of the mirror, seeing Steph within it, and how pretty she was.

"Your right, but that has too many ribbons and ties. We need to be quick." Steve put her selection back and pawed through the rest of the outfits. Selecting a candy pink dress with a knee length skirt and puffy shoulders. "How's this?"

"Works for me!" Steph nodded, and the pair threw it on, then stood in front of the mirror to adjust their disheveled hair. Steve gasped at seeing her new feline face. The lips, angle of her eyes and long lashes rendered it as feminine as Steph's yet very different. The feline jaws added notes of elegance and power, while the husky ears protruding through her hair weren't as goofy as she had feared. Steve wasn't in the mirror at all, not even a hint. But they were on the clock so she focused on taming her silver black hair before placing the white lace headband Steph gave her.

"Good enough." Steph declared. "Lets get a bucket."

Steve mumbled about stockings but allowed Steph to steer them out of the bedroom to the closet, where they had found the cleaning cart nearly a week ago.

"Now there's a milk pail." Steph declared as they lifted a metal bucket from a shelf.

"Is it food safe?" Steve asked.

Steph rolled her eyes. "We'll rinse it out."

Bucket hanging over one arm, they hurried back to the game room. Took a moment to smooth their dress and straighten their headwear before slipping inside.

The mistress still sat on her stool. Angelica rested her head on her thigh, eyes close as she received scratches. The timeclock sat in the palm of one of the Mistress's larger hands. Neither mistress nor pet appeared to notice Steve and Steph until they placed the bucket on the table.

"As requested Mistress." Steve and Steph spoke in absolute unison as they curtsied. "We apologize for our earlier impropriety."





We hope you find our uniform acceptable." They stared at the ground for a second before daring to glance up at their beautiful and powerful mistress.

"Impropriety? In his house?" Tina's laugh struck a note of incredulity.

Angelica's eyes popped open and fixed on the bucket. "Mewstress!" She pawed at Tina's knee, "Please mew. They're so meowy heavy."

"Of course pet." Tina cooed and pet her. "Steph and Steve would you please relieve Angelica of her burdens? Be sure to empty her out entirely."

"Certainly mistress." They answered happily. Grabbing the pail and their stool they went to the edge of the game room where the plush carpet gave way to hardwood flooring.

Too eager to wait for an invitation, Angelica followed them over and positioned her swollen udder over the pail.

Steve and Stella looked down at their mismatch paws for a moment, then extended their tentacles from beneath their skirt. Those might work better.

"Try your paws first." Tina suggested, lifting her stool and bringing it closer. Her erect pseudo penis wobbled as she sat down.

"Yes mistress." They answered in distinct tones, Steph eyes shining with eagerness as Steve swallowed, ears heating as if they were under a spotlight.

Reeling in their tentacles, they knelt behind Angelica, but the stool was simply too high. Experimentally they grasped a teat between two digits and tugged them downwards. Angelica mewled as weak stream of milk fell into the bucket. After few more tries the stream didn't improve, the milk barely covered the bottom of the bucket. It was working but they'd be here all night at this rate.

"May we please use our tentacles?" Steve looked at the mistress.

"No." Tina said in a deep sultry tone that sent a shiver along their spine. The huge hyena woman watched back with smoldering eyes and ran her tongue along the length of her muzzle. All the while one finger circled around the tip of her cock as if it were a wine glass. The sight of caused a flush of warmth to rise through their core and tingling craving for her touch. Angelica had gotten pets, where were their pets?

Shaking paws ruined the next pulls and Steph gently took the reins. She changed tactics, squeezing the teat between two paws. It produced a forceful stream of milk that rang against the metal pail.

"Mroow! Like that." Angelica panted, "Again."

Nodding to themselves, Steph and Steve performed the same grip on the other teat, to the same results. Smiling, they dropped into the rhythm, grab, squirt, grab, squirt. Angelica bowed her head, occasionally mewling between breaths. The scent of her arousal thickened with





every squeeze, both Steve and Steph eyes were drawn to her swelling slit.

"See?" Tina broke her silence after a few inches of milk risen in the bucket. "I knew you could do it. You've always been smart, but its always so lovely to watch you work so hard."

"Its our pleasure to serve you mistress." Steve and Steph said, their tail wagging. Although Steve felt a slight confusion, they were good maids, not working hard was hard to phantom.

"I think its Angelica who's getting the most pleasure out of this." Standing, Tina chuckled and then walked in front of Angelica. Tina's long tail snaked around beneath Angelica's head and raised it so she could see the canvas bag dangling from Tina's finger.

Angelica's breath caught.

"You enjoying being milked like a cow? Love being an udder delight?" Tina asked with a light snicker.

"It mroooowls good, mewtress." Angelica said.

"You want your breasts emptied too?" Tina asked.

"Mow!" Angelica said.

"What that mean pet?" Tina grinned. "Use proper words."

"Mow! I mean Meow, grk! Yes my mewstress!" Angelica gasped in relief once she finally got the right sound out.

"Hehehe. You haven't even been a pet for an hour and you're already losing words. What's going to happen to you after a few days?" Tina squatted until the tip of her cock leveled with Angelica's nose, although still a foot away. Behind her Steve and Steph noticed her pussy start to glisten.

Angelica didn't respond, just stared at that cock with ever quickening breaths.

"How bout a game?" Tina whispered, scratching beneath her chin, raising it as two other hands fished out a vaguely fish shaped nugget from the canvas bag. As soon as Angelica saw it, her lips began to quiver. "You're going to stay absolutely still, as if you're a piece of furniture while I take my fill. Stay standing and you get a treat. But! If you fall or tip over the maid's bucket no treat. Understand?"

Angelica nodded rapidly, trying to swallow back the drool leaking out of the corner of her mouth.

"Good kittycow." Tina dropped the treat back in the bag, closed it and placed it down three feet in front of Angelica. Then Tina took her head and licked her across the top of her head, her wide tongue filling the space between Angelica's horns. With great care Tina groomed her with long strokes of her tongue, leaved the fur wet and spikey





in it wake. Angelica start to purr in short bursts as Tina worked down her neck and across her shoulder. Tina lowered herself to the ground as she curved around Angelica's ribs then finally began to pull her tongue across the leaking teat of Angelica's breast.

This caused her to release a strangled call halfway between a yowl and a squawk. The purple spotted fur rippled as a shudder spread across her body. Tina's laps transitioned to greedy pulls from the teat, her lips engulfing half of the melon sized breast. Angelica's legs started to tremble as she screamed a high whine through her teeth.

Steve noticed a rivulet of juice had escaped the wonderful smelling flower of Angelica's pussy and rolled down the thinly furred skin from which a pair of small testicles hung. Thanks to Steph, the bucket was half full now and the tautness of the udder's skin had lessened considerably. Couldn't have the Mistress's milk sullied by a different fluid. With Steve's longer neck, licking the drop away required no effort. Steph, totally focused on her milking task didn't even notice. It tasted good, savory and salty. That pussy dripped once, it would again. Steve took it as her solemn duty to clean it.

"Meerruuuw!" Angelica howled as the maid's rough tongue crossed her wet folds, her wings snapped open, scattering a nearby shelf of dusty poker ships.

"Hey no fair!" Steph whined.

"Can't have any of this get in the milk." Steve said, flashing her sister a grin before thrusting her tongue deeper into Angelica's pussy. Steph growled her protest and nibbled on the dangling balls, the milking required too much attention to do much else.

Angelica quivered as Steve lost herself in her taste and scent. The flavors shifted subtly as Angelica neared a climax, allowing Steve to drive her right up to the edge, then pause. The rough tongue rested as Steve kissed the scrumptious pussy lips while the constant pull on her teats slowly pulled Angelica into a yowling orgasm. Every time it happened she sank a little lower, until the a teat brushed the cold edge of the bucket.

"Mew want Trrreat!" Angelica gasped, then groaned with an effort to straighten her shaky legs.

Below her, Tina released her hold on the now completely drained breast and chuckled when it sprang back to its usual shape and size. Petting the soft fur of Angelica's belly as she slid herself closer to the still untapped she whispered, "Good kitty, halfway there."

"Only meway!?" Angelica whimpered. "Mewease murray mewstress!"

"As you wish pet." Tina growled as she closed her lips over the teat and suckled as fast as she could, gulping down the milk as fast it could jet.

"Finally!" Steph exclaimed from Angelica's rear as she squeezed out the last droplets from the udder. It had contracted to a quarter





of its size and now appeared as set of modestly sized conjoined breasts with massive conical nipples situated between Angelica's legs. The huskie sisters slapped their paws on either side of the nearly full bucket and moved it to the side. The motion pulled Steve's lips from Angelica's pussy and she chirped in surprise. Dazedly she licked at her sopping wet muzzle as she tried to get her bearings.

"My turn now. I get the tip, you get the base." Steph said, and before Steve could ask why, she threw them down onto their back between Angelica's rear legs.

There, protruding from the top of Angelica's udder, shined her canine cock. The mistress's words echoed back to Steve, Drain her entirely.

They thrust themselves up from the floor, twisting sideways so Steph's lips closed on the tip. Steve, wary of her rough tongue rubbed the sides of her fangs up and down it before carefully slipping one inside the sheath.

"Mew grrrawd!" Angelica's lower half recoil like a cannon, pulling out of Steph's mouth and spraying her chin with cum.

"Mrrowl!" Steve mewed excitedly as their tail began to thump against the floor. "I found a sensitive spot."

"Hold her steady!" Steph giggled as they wrapped their paws around Angelica's hips and resumed their positions.

"How do you tell if someone's balls are drained?" Steve asked before nibbling around the thick knot.

"When they cum dry? We'll find out." Steph grinned before wrapping her tongue around the red shaft.

"Mewstress! Meese! Mrrrrrrrrwwwl" Angelica's voice transmuted into pure feline catawails as the sisters set to their task.

Tina released her now dry teat and released a deep throated sound of satisfaction. "Good kitty, you've earned your treat and another reward."

Angelica front legs buckled immediately but Tina caught her with one hand and pushed her back up.

"Noooo, not quite done yet. Stand. I know you can. You're a big strong kitty, can't let two little doggies get the best of you." Tina whispered.

"RRRrrrrnnnggggraaRrrnnggggra," Angelica answered halfway between a growl and a scream but her legs held.

"Girls, slow down a little." Tina said as she scooted out from under Angelica.

"Yes mistress," They answered dutifully. Steve who'd been about to try the fang in sheath trick again frowned in disappointment but quickly found entertainment applying her





tongue to the underside of Angelica's knot, where a little extra slickness had collected.

Angelica's near feral noises collapsed into wheezing whistles.

"Aww, I know precisely where you're at kitty mine." Tina rumbled as she got to her feet. "About to black out from the stimulation, at the line where you're not sure its pleasure or pain. You put me there so many times last week, its only fair I return the favor." She pushed Angelica's shaking wing down out of the way to rake claws through the spotted fur and grip the thick tail. "I don't have magic orgasm fingers, so it takes us a bit more effort to get you here." Kneeling, she straddle Steph and Steve's lower bodies, placing the tip of her cock against Angelica's slit. "But you're worth it to me."

Angelica's body stiffened, then her jaws fell open in a silent scream as Tina drove into her with merciless thrust. Huge hands wrapped around the feline hips and forced Tina's shaft deep as it could go, grinding her over it. Then ever so slowly, Tina eased herself back, just few inches before slamming forward. After merely three thrusts Angelica's body was as rigid as a metal frame. On the fourth stroke, she came, her cum spurting feebly into Steph's waiting mouth, didn't scream, didn't moan. Instead she only took a breath, then collapsed.

Both Steph and Steve yipped as Angelica's plush body fell on top of them.

Their mistress laughed loud enough to be heard through the fur they struggled beneath. They yipped again when hands seized their ankles and yanked.

The next thing they knew they were pinned down, staring up into Tina predatory eyes, brimming with equal part affection and lust. "Don't worry, I haven't forgotten about my gorgeous girls. You both did a wonderful job."

The praise made their heart flutter as Tina kissed first Steve, then Steph, although it manifest more as a tender bite across their faces. As she did so, she pressed the pad of a finger against their aching spade and stroked it.

"Tina! Mistress!" They shivered and whined, presenting their throats in total submission.

"Can't have you two dripping all over the place can we?" Tina smiled, spreading their legs. "Not to worry, that last card gave me plenty to go around. Besides, after that, you need a treat of your own."

"Yes mistress." Both whisper in meek tones as her thick cock parted their slick walls.

"Mine." She growled and they didn't argue, letting her forceful thrusts guide them to pleasure. It didn't take long.

Steve gave a small mew and Steph a soft, "wuff," as Tina pulled out. They made slightly louder noises when Tina scooped them up off the floor and into a full body embrace, burying her nose in the





V of their necks.

"Mistress!" They squealed.

"That tickles!" Steph giggled as Steve rubbed their cheek scent along Tina's face fur.

Tina set them down, their tail wagging so hard that she took a moment to steady them.

"Excuse me," She said, caressing their cheeks with the rough pad of an thumb. "I have to reboot the cat."

"Certainly mistress," The curtesy as spoke in unison. "We will resume our duties."

"You'll have to tell me what precisely those are, but later." Tina turned her attention to Angelica who still sprawled out on the floor, with her wings fully extended. Retrieving the canvas bag, Tina plucked out a single treat and held it an inch from Angelica's nose.

Her muzzle wrinkled as she sniffed at the treat.

"Come on, pull in those wings." Tina coaxed.

A pink tongue lapped out and stole the treat off the finger tip. Angelica crunched once, swallowed and start purring. Her wings folded to her sides. Tina picked her up with a heavy grunt of effort, and it took all four of her arms to flip the languid feline body belly up and cradle her.

"Getting milked not so bad?" Tina asked.

Angelica rumbled and gave a sleepy nod before letting her head fall on Tina's shoulder.

"Do you want to lay on my lap and be pet?" Tina started heading for the doorway.

"Mrrref." Angelica's tail curled around Tina's backside.

"We'll be in the bedroom." Tina called to the maids, turning sideways to get out the door.

"Yes mistress!" The pair chimed together, standing at attention until Tina's long tail snaked out of view. Their tail slowed and they let out a long breath. Putting their paws together they shook their shoulders in time with the wags, a little happy dance. Steve couldn't remember feeling this good.

"Lets see, we should carry the milk pail to the kitchen." Steph said, casting a critical eye over the room. "Need a mop, bucket and carpet cleaner. Did they have rug shampooers in the seventies?"

Steve drifted down from cloud nine, her sister was right, they still had a job to do. "I haven't seen one but we've hardly poked our





noses in all the closets in the manor.”

“Sounds like some exploratory vacuuming is in order.” Steph grinned.

“That will be fun. I love vacuuming!” Steve said without a trace of sarcasm. Although a small portion of her brain screamed. Before they set off to gather supplies, they repositioned the scattered stools back at the poker table. The deck still sat there, one card laying face up beside it. The quest card.

Steve felt her ears fold back as read it, “Prep and decorate the grand ballroom for a party. All your friends will be invited.”

“Wonderful!” Steph gushed. “A party to celebrate the new us!”

“Y-yeah.” Steve mind whirled with who they were close enough that might be considered friends. Work friends? Online friends? Old friends from college?

“Stop panicking.” Steph nudged Steve. “We’re on duty.”

Steve shook herself, then pushed the whirl of anxiety away. “Let’s go get the cleaning cart.”





CHAPTER 41

En route to the kitchen to stow the milk, Steve and Steph caught a whiff of pepperoni. Suddenly reminded about the pizza that they'd forgotten all about, they rushed outside. Bold squawks greeted them. Unfortunately, the crows had not forgotten about the pizza at all. About six of the little bastards perched around the open box, staring at Steph and Steve as if they were uninvited party crashers. The crows only took wing when Steph barked at the lot of them. They flew overhead, circling the fountain and cawing disdainfully. The pizza was an entirely lost cause. The murder had pecked out all the toppings and most of the cheese.

Steph and Steve growl impotently at the birds. They were about to turn on their heel and march back inside when they noticed a deeper sound among the flock's cawings, a rich laugh. The shoulders of the octopus woman in the fountain shook.

"You best let them have that. It's far better to be on the good side of sizeable murder." The statue's head turned as it spoke, rock flaking away from her neck, exposing ink black skin beneath. With a sigh, she stretched, shattering the stone encasing her torso. Tentacles flexed free of the rock, as dark as her human upper body but bearing a pattern of golden rings. That left only her head to break free. She grabbed her chin with a webbed six fingered hand and with a sharp crack, the sculpted face with mid orgasm expression came free as a single piece. The stone had softened her features, her eyes and lips were gold. The same rings that patterned her tentacles decorated her cheeks. She brushed the remaining stone from her hair, then turned the cast of her face over in her hands and smiled with a mouth full of shark teeth. "Now there's a handsome face," Twisting her wrist, she pivoted the mask to look at Steph and Steve who stood frozen on the porch. "Think I should save this for a masquerade?"

They dropped the pizza box and lifted their somewhat rumpled skirt in a deep curtsy. "Sorry madam, we are not equipped to advise you on such matters."

"Oh of course not. Fetch Tipper for me, will you? We must talk." She gave a dismissive wave. The statue satyrs had also begun to move, but without cracking, rather they were slowly picking themselves up.

"Uh..." Steve started and attracting a golden eyed glare.

"P-pardon madam, but master Tipper is no longer in residence in the manor." Steph stammered under the gaze.



"Typical." She examined her long-clawed nails, which glittered in the late afternoon sunlight. "When will they return?"

"They won't, so far as we know. Sigourney Tipper died over three decades ago." Steve said.

"Madam." Steph added respectfully.

"WHAT!" the woman roared, rolling her entire body around to face the pair and her torso rising above the lip of the fountain. A fearsome sight, her huge breasts sporting grins of their own with golden needle-like teeth. Lightening played among her eyes and hair as the scents of the sea flood the air. If she was the inspiration for Ursula of little mermaid fame they had left out a few key details.

"Many pardons Madam!" Steph and Steve yipped, stepping to the side to cower behind a column on the porch. "We came to the estate a week ago! It was abandoned and my mistresses just restored the connection to the ley line a few hours ago."

"I'll have their head for this!" Her voice conjured rolling thunder from the sky above. "We exchanged blood in an oath of trust!" Every golden ring on her body opened into a perfectly circular eye, each glowing red with the force of her anger. She spat a blob of inky black mucus on to the grey pavement of the driveway. It spread into a circle of flowing runs that pulsed with power. She thrust her hand up to the sky, "In the name of my father, emperor of the ocean, in name of my mother, Queen of the Depths! I command you Sigourney Gottfried Tipper to stand forth! Where ever you dwell. Whatever you've got your dick buried in this time. I summon thee to answer this insult!"

Lightning struck the circle in a blinding column of light. Steve and Steph flinched, expecting a blast of sound or a concussive wave or something, but no sound accompanied the light. Poking their noses around the pillar, the pavement within the circle smoked slightly, but no one stood within it.

The octopus woman seethed, baring her shark pointed teeth at the circle. Then all those eyes blinked and her face fell. "Did I... do it wrong? I didn't feel a ward. I... oh no... Tippy... My Tippy." She trailed off, her eyes closing as her black skin paled all the way to bright white, the rings turning a crimson red. Her body deflated some as she sank down into the fountain, turning away as she slumped back down into her seat.

She bowed her head and remained still, her skin slowly darkening, but it did not reach back to black but settled on a slick stony gray.

Steve swallowed and spoke up, "Madam, are you alright?"

"Oh, you're still there, little servant? Be a dear and turn on the fountain for me. It's rather dry." She said, moving nothing but her lips.

"We would be happy to, madam, if you could tell us how?" Steph asked.





"Should be three of those turny things to your right, behind the bushes. The middle one is the salt water." She said.

Steve and Steph swiftly found the valves, big honking two inch wide pipes jutting from the house into them before diving in the ground. The wheels shined as if they were brand new, but they smelled of rust. Fortunately, they were big enough to grip even with the paws. Water jetted up from the center of the fountain five feet in the air before splitting into a spray that fell over the width of the fountain. The Satyr statues had taken up positions around the fountain's edges and jets of water streamed from their erect penises. The octopus woman sat almost as still as the statues, only the tip of one tentacle flicking back and forth hinted at her animation.

While the woman clearly wanted to be left alone, a question burned at Steve, nibbled at Steph too. They straighten their back and consciously pulled their tail from between their legs. Stepping off the porch they stepped gingerly towards the fountain.

"Ah Madam, we are sorry to disturb you but-" Steve started.

"We worry about the other statues." Steph finished.

The octopus woman made a deep hrrrm sound. "Yes, I see your concern. Most are simple constructs, but there are a few others like me who sought the... prolongation of moments within stone. Yet the others were mortal, and mortal souls don't adhere to stone without supportive enchantments. I doubt they will trouble your duties. Now I must ponder this... state I find myself in. Have your mistress call upon me on the morrow."

"Certainly madam." With one last curtsy, Steve and Steph withdrew, abandoning the pizza's remains to the birds.

Once they retrieved the pail of milk and brought it to the kitchen, they pondered the contents of the fridge. Angelica had clearly been out at the grocery store at least once while she'd been in charge, but supplies were low. A half pack of chicken breasts, a couple pounds of ground beef and a three of Angelica's eggs were all they had for protein. The cabinet revealed some pasta, several cans of dog food and a bag of catnip flavored treats.

"Oooh! The good stuff!" Steph grabbed at the dog food and clutched it to their chest. Their stomach gurgled. "Where's the can opener?" Steph cast around until she spotted an electric one in the counter's corner, the can-o-matic.

"But... that's dog food." Steve finally found her own voice.

"And we're dogs!" Steph said, slapping the can into the opener, which buzzed to life. As soon as the machine pierced the top. "We've been eating this for days now."

A thick meaty smell flooded the air at the machine turned the can and its lid flipped up. Steph salivated as they grabbed the can and up turned it over a plate but sniffed at the air, there was





something beneath the meatiness that Steve found off putting. As Steph made to nose into the brown mess Steve turned their body suddenly, causing her to miss the counter entirely.

She barked in surprise.

"We can't eat that. It smells bad." Steve said.

"It smells scrumptious! Its good stuff. It says premium on the can!" Steph whine in her confusion, reaching for the plate.

"Steph..." Steve licked her cheek with her sandpaper tongue. "I'm not a dog anymore. That last card specified a taste for meat, remember?"

"But it smells so good," she whined and pouted. "And... I'm not sure there's enough food to serve the mistress and her pet. The mistress could down all that in two bites, three tops. Not to mention Angelica's not small either, she's gotta be almost three hundred pounds."

"Not our problem, we're maids, not cooks." Steve said firmly, returning to the refrigerator and retrieving the hamburger meat. Dumping it out of the bag, they tried to draw knife from the block but the handle proved to be too thin for them to grip single pawed and it clattered onto the counter top.

"Some maids cook. There's come cookbooks over there. Who else is gonna do it?" Steph said as they carefully sandwiched the knife between too paws and used it to slice off a quarter of the meat.

"The mistress can cook." Steve said.

Steph gasped, "She must not! She's the mistress!"

"Angelica cooked when she was mistress." Steve speared a chunk of meat on a claw and popped it into her mouth. The cold meat practically melted on her tongue and their stomach howled for it. Steph said something, but Steve was too busy gobbling the meat from the cutting board to hear her. Her feline muzzle made sort work of it. Steph managed to snatch a mere swallow.

"Greedy!" Steph growled, "Share next time."

"It all goes to the same place," Steve patted their belly as she used her to tongue to clean the remain meat juice from her whiskers.

"You're even naughtier as a cat." Steph snorted.

"If the mistress orders us to cook, we'll cook. Right now, I want to clean." Steve said. "Its a huge house and we gotta clean the whole thing if we're having a party."

Steph nodded reluctantly, then smiled, "Cleaning is fun. Lets go."

Argument settled, the pair got to work. They discovered that the statues that were whole on the ground floor had moved themselves from that semi circle that guarded the stairway. Sadly, the broken





ones remained where they lay. Steve made a mental note to ask the mistress for assistance with those. The statues weren't the only things that had animated either, the paintings of Tipper in all their myriad forms watched them with open curiosity where before only their eyes moved. Most of them were polite about it, but Tipper as Zeus openly leered. Maybe they'd cover him with a bedsheet or put him in storage to teach him a lesson. They attempted to strike up a conversation with Tipper as Athena, but she only smiled and shook her head. Afterward, they cleaned up the game room the best they could, but the vintage carpet cleaner had little potency.

"If we win the finale, can we ask for magic cleaning powers?" Steph pondered as she wiped her sweaty brow, as they rested from futile rubbing at the carpet with their wet rag. It still smelled like milk.

"Wouldn't that take the fun out of it?" Steph replied between her heavy pants.

"Maybe just unlimited supplies or like a transdimensional kangaroo pouch, that way we could keep a big hammer in there to ward off gross people we don't wanna fuck." Steph giggled and Steve swiftly joined in.

"You watch too much anime." Steve chided her with a kiss.

A loud call interrupted the conversation.

"Steph! Stephen! Come to dinner!"

"Yes Mistress!" Steph barked back as Steve winced at the use of her extended name. Regardless, they sprang to their feet and hurried to the kitchen.



CHAPTER 42

"You called Mistress?" Steph and Steve entered the kitchen with a bouncing step, their tail a wag.

Mistress Tina stirred something in a pot that had probably been intended for cooking quantities of food that would serve ten to twenty people. From the way she had her teeth clenched, Steve guessed she was using a significant amount of willpower to not plunged her head directly into it.

Angelica sprawled belly up on a cushion set beside the table, eyeing the pot. While she appeared relaxed, the curling and uncurling of her tail hinted at some anxiety. Probably worried that Tina might not share much of the stew.

"Where have you two been?" Tina asked, her voice a cross growl.

"Cleaning up the game room, mistress." They said, "The best we can at least."

"It still smells a little milky tho." Steph added sadly. Steve stole a glance at Angelica's udders. They had swelled a little but were far from full. Milking the sphinx, like her egg laying, might only be a daily activity.

Tina dismissed that with a wave of her hand. "Can't me helped, the important thing is... Did you eat the entire pizza without sharing a single slice with your Queen?" Her upper lip trembled before peeling back to bare her sharp teeth.

The pair squeaked and dropped into a deep curtsy. Steve babbled, "No Mistress! The birds got it. Those crows out front and then the octopus woman came alive and told us we might as well give them the rest of it."

"We ate all the hamburger meat though!" Steph said, "Steve gobbled it all!"

"You tattle tail!" Steve growled.

"Well, maybe you should share next time!" Steph hmphed, tossing her head back.

"Girls!" Tina snapped.

They bolted to attention. "Sorry mistress."

 "I am too hungry to sort this out now. Clearly, one or both of you needs to be punished." Tina put her dagger sized teeth away 



but remained stern.

"But we're good girls," Steve whined.

"Enough, you eat last." Tina said. "Serve the food and don't you dare spill a drop."

"Yes mistress," Steve and Steph said in a suitably chastened tone, although they felt a tingle in their nethers at the thought of being punished.

Angelica sat up and radiated smug as she watched them hurry over to the stove. Peering into the pot, they found a chicken stew of sorts, heavy on the pasta. A broiled chicken thigh had been set aside on a separate plate. This Tina popped into her mouth on her way to the table, she crunched it once before swallowing the whole thing. Steve and Steph swiftly found a serving bowl to serve Tina's portion, but transferring the stew proved difficult. The handles of the pot were thin and too small for their paws, the entire pot might be too heavy anyway, so they were forced to ladle out the stew. The ladle's handle at least hooked at the end, allowing them to hold it in a precarious grip between their digits. It still slipped and fell into the pot when they only had Tina's bowl half full, requiring them to fish it out with a wooden spoon. Swiping the stem of the gravy laden ladle handle with they got some smeared on the pad of their paw and instinctively moved to lick it away.

"No Eating." Tina said sternly, then chuckled playfully. "You eat last. If there's anything left."

Steve looked in her direction to find Tina watching them with a different sort of hunger. The sort that caused the tip of her pseudo penis to drip. One hand idly massaging one of her breasts. Apparently, the card hadn't just boosted her appetite for food. Angelica's purple eyes glittered with amusement.

"You mew Mewtress, she isn't mewy enthusiastic about serving you." Angelica said after Steve had wiped off the gravy and finally had the bowl nearly full.

"Hehehe, that's true pet." Tina laughed, "You remember that maid cafe you took me to once? The one with the singing and dancing maids? Serve it to us like that."

"Certainly mistress!" They answered and immediately banished the worry and concentration from their faces with a twin smiles. Then lifted both the bowl and their voices in a halting song.

Bow! Meow!

We are cat and dog all in one.

Two heads are better than one,

Its double the pleasure and,





Triple the fun!

Bow! Meow!

We serve to our glorious queen

Food made by her many hands

Chicken, noodles, butter galore

What more can one ask for!

With that, they placed the massive bowl of steaming stew in front of Tina, although she didn't see it. Too busy staring at Steph and Steve with her jaw hanging in amazement.

The pair of them let out a titter, their tail wagging in earnest. How fun!

Bouncing up and down to the beat running through their heads, they trace the shape of a heart.

Bow! Meow!

Cute, adorable,

We luv with

All that we are!

They leaned forward, planting a double kiss on either side of Tina's muzzle. Then laughing, they skipped back towards the pot. There they continued their song as they scooped out the remainder of the stew into a large but not huge bowl.

Bow! Meow!

Next we serve the kitty

With the great big titties

She's so soft and warm

That snugglings the norm.

Bow! Meow!

She gave us paws





Without any cause

But that's okay

We'll take her knot anyday

Bringing the bowl over to Angelica, a tentacle stray down from their skirt to caress between the cat chimera's legs. Angelica nipped at it playfully before Steph and Steve launched into their little heart shimmy.

Bow! Meow!

Cute, adorable,

We luv with

All that we are!

They landed licks directly on Angelica's broad triangular nose, then retreated while she sneezed.

"Good girls!" Tina clapped her massive hand paws together, generating a muffled applause. "Very good!"

Taking that as permission to stop, Steve and Steph sagged, dropping into a deep curtsy.

"Mew needs to obtain a karaoki mewchine." Angelica said as she levered herself upright to put her paws together. "Then we can get nightly entertainment."

"Ooooh can we?!" Steph's ears perked while Steve's blushed until her ears were visibly red. That... could be fun. At least they wouldn't have to pull the lyrics out of their coochie.

"Definitely need one of those for the finale party." Tina said. "Now girls, stay there." With that, she literally dived into her stew, submerging her nose and coming up with chunks of noodles and meat, which were hastily swallowed down. Angelica followed suit at a more sedate pace, lapping delicately at her bowl.

"So much for us having the worst table manners in the family," Steph whispered, and they both giggled as Tina slurped loudly, giving no hint that she had heard the comment.

Not more than a minute from when she started, Tina licked the bowl clean and shoved it away. Then she looked at Steph and Steve with a devilish grin. "Now, I believe I promised a punishment, but





that performance was so cute, you deserve a treat. Let's combine the two." She pointed to the floor next to her. "Kneel."

Answering with their usual chorus, the pair rushed over to the spot and falling to their knees with a thump.

"Lower," Tina placed a hand on each of their heads and pushed them down until their buttocks rested on their ankles. Then she pivoted on to stool bringing her crouch and her currently flaccid cock in line with their heads. "Now apolog- no wait. A commanded apology is worthless. Is there something you want to apologize to your Queen for?"

"We're very, so very sorry for eating the hamburger your glorious highness!" Steph said with eagerness as Steve's lips remained sullenly sealed.

Tina's attention fell on Steve, raising her eyebrow in silent question. Steve looked away, her ears flicking back.

"Oh come on sis! Play along." Steph whispered.

"We were hungry, so we ate." Steve sniffed. The heat of her anger surprised her, it made her upper lip tremble. It hadn't flickered when they been told to eat last. Or watch the others eat. Serving them had been fun, and they weren't really hungry at the moment anyway. The prospect of punishment hadn't phased her, only when asked to apologies for it had her indigence flared.

"I recognize the set of that jaw despite it being on a muzzle." Tina gave a single snort of a laugh. "Did we find another red X?"

Angelica pulled her head up from her bowl, "Mew oh! Her mewness isn't the only one who gets grumpy about their food. No dog braining and mew critiquing her mew-ating habits."

"Steve's always been sensitive about those." Tina laughed softly.

"Not funny." Steve gave a feline hiss. Steph rolled her eyes.

"I'm sorry, I ditched the royal speak hoping that would help with the giggling tick, but that seems to be part of the hyena package." Tina opened her arms and patted her lap in invitation.

"Aww I wanted cock, not hugs." Steph said as they crawled onto Tina's lap and she closed her arms around them.

"I'll give you plenty of that, but I think your sister's done for the evening." Tina rumbled.

Steve pressed her nose into Tina's fur and inhaled her rich, comforting scent. Anger faded in the embrace's warmth. Still, there was a tug at her heart. "We should... get back to work mistress."

"Have to prep for the party." Steph yawned as she leaned into the gentle scratching of her ears.





"You're on break." Tina said firmly, "Angelica, could you fetch their clock from the game room?"

"Mew could." The sphinx said as she lapped at the dregs of her bowl.

"Now you're giving me lip too? Naknaknak." Tina made that animal laugh and rephrased. "Please fetch Steve and Steph's clock for me."

"Certainly my mewstress." Angelica grabbed a last mouthful of noodles and left the room at an unhurried pace.

Tina stroked along Steve's muzzle and face with a single finger and her throat began to vibrate in a loud purr. Steph remained antsy and by the time Angelica returned, she play bit at fingers that were petting her.

Angelica carried the clock on her back, using her wings to prevent it from falling off. Tina plucked it up and held it out to Steph and Steve. "Here, clock yourselves out."

They reached out and drew back. "We cannot, our shift doesn't end till midnight."

Tina pressed the top button with a thumb. A sharp ding sounded and the maids shivered.

Steve let out a deep sigh as the pull of duty vanished and the word no reentered her vocabulary.

"That was fun." Steph said, then let her head flop against Tina's shoulder. "Kinda tired now."

"It was something." Steve replied as she pawed through the memories. It had been a blast, right up until the end bit and even that had gone okay. "We can try it again tomorrow."

"Heh, I don't think you have a choice about that." Tina fiddled at the clock and squinted at something on the back. "Says here you work weekdays, with weekends and holidays optional. Today's Sunday. I can adjust when your shift is but none of the other knobs are turning." She held it out to the maids.

The other knobs turned for them. Other possible mistresses included Angelica and Kymopoleia. The octopus woman in the fountain? Shift duration wouldn't dial down below eight hours but went all the way up to twenty four. Steve quickly set it back to eight and set it on the table.

Permanent, the word rang through her mind. As a maid card, completing the quest wouldn't remove it. That meant for at least forty hours a week, they'd exist as a biddable maid. The thought didn't inspire the dread it would have days ago, but conjured uncertainties.

"Its been an eventful day." Tina spoke, pulling Steve from her thoughts. "Why don't we settle in with a movie or something? Tomorrow we'll hit the All-mart and stock up." She reached over,





setting the start time of the maid clock to 9 AM. "I've got something that is going to make your first full day as my maid extra special."

"Oooh! What is it?" Steph asked.

"It's a surprise." Tina laughed.



CHAPTER 43

With the manor being entirely devoid of TVs, their phones were the only screens the four of them possessed. Steve imagined they all looked pretty comical, a giant hyena woman laying on her side, a purple spotted sphinx stretched out across her like house on the back of a couch. Secured within the yeen's four arms rested a two headed maid. All of their eyes are rooted on the tiny screen of a cell phone. Steve didn't even remember what they watched. A harem anime maybe?

Steph and Steve woke up to an urgent pawing at their faces and breasts. Groaning, Steve found a panting Angelica looming over them, one arm holding a wet towel across her bulging breasts.

"We're not on duty yet?" Steph said in the midst of a yawn.

"Mew-lease! Mewlk mew! Feels like mew's bursting." She pleaded, "Mewtress won't wake up! Mew tried."

"Okay okay." Steve said, intending to get up but Steph had a different idea. Hooking Angelica's arm with a paw, she gently pulled it away and captured one of the long teats with her mouth. "One track mind, sister." Steve grumbled before latching onto the other nipple, praying they were more lactose tolerant than house cats. Still, it tasted better than any milk from the store.

Angelica mowed gratefully as they drank gulp after gulp from her. Her breasts had visibly lightened their load once the pair had drank their fill but remained laden.

"There. Good for another hour or two?" Steph asked, eying the light that leaked around the window curtains, couldn't be past six AM.

Angelica shook her head. "Mew udder. Mew waited as long as mew could." She gestured at her rear end, where a wastebasket sat, positioned beneath the dribbling teats of her udder.

"Guess we have to milk you before bed." Steve chuckled as they got up and felt the milk slosh around in their own laden tummy.

"I bet Tipper has a milker somewhere around here." Steph said, rubbing at her blue eyes.

 "We'll look for it later, lets go down the kitchen, get it done so we can go back to bed." Steve looked back to Tina, who sprawled 



across the length of the bed, nearly spread eagle with her feet and most of her muzzle dangling over the edge. She breathed slowly, occasionally issuing a deep snore. Totally dead to the world.

Shaking their heads at their mistress, the pair followed Angelica downstairs, stooping to hold the position of the wastebasket in position. Angelica complained about her udders the entire way, in her pet garbled speech, "Worst card mower!"

That lasted until they got to the milking. Then she was all purrs and moans. Not that Steve and Steph could resist teasing her a little with their tongues and tentacles. Once emptied, she insisted on thanking them. They got another hour of sleep, but it was on the floor of the kitchen and their spade clenched around Angelica's knot.

Overall, a good morning.

Tina, despite missing out on the fun, was all smiles when she got up. Possibly because they intended to go out, all she the primping she had to do was run a comb through her fur and slap on a bikini. Its bottom strained to contain her. She watched Steve and Steph run through their routine with predatory interest. Under her gaze and the knowledge they were going out, Steve selected a much longer skirt, as in it nearly reached their knees. Couldn't bring herself to ditch the fishnets though, which combined with the cleavage still landed them in the realm of fetish anime cosplay maid. Yet next to Tina, Steve doubted she'd even be noticed. They were almost done, and it was minutes until the start of the shift when Tina interrupted them.

"I have a small addition to your uniform today." A held up a sliver capsule two inches long that dangled from a thin wire. "I was thinking it's not very dignified of me to be roaring through the walls when I need you. Being that I'm fresh out of silver bells, I think a wireless vibe is the next best thing."

Steph's eyes lit up with bright manic energy. "Ooooo certainly mistress."

"I-if you wish," Steve stammered, "Just for in the manor, right?" A silver bullet. She'd bought one for Tina and she wore it a few times out to dinner dates. This one looked to be three times the size.

"Heehee." She snickered, "Oh no, I have something else for when we get home from shopping. Something that might push your comfort zone, but I promise you'll like it. Now, let me help you put this in."

Although the clock was in a different room, they heard its sharp ding inside their skull as the mistress slid the cold metal vibe up into their already damp trifolded pussy.

"Thank you mistress!" They cried as Tina's thick finger followed in after it, pushing the vibe higher.

"Oh, you're very slippery already. Now don't let that fall out and try not to drip," Tina said, wiggling her finger until Steph whined, then withdrew. "None of that in the store. You are to remain





proper and prim. Let no hint of our pleasure show. Understand?"

"Yes mistress." They both said the words in distinct tones, Steph eagerly, Steve with a nervous flutter. Either way, their tail wagged with excitement.

"Now lets practice." Tina said and the vibe sprang to life inside them, a soft buzz of pleasure.

Steve smiled in relief; they could totally handle that. No one would have any idea.

"That's low." Tina said, then the vibration kicked up suddenly with an initial buck that caused every muscle in their body to tighten. The pleasure slowly radiated outward, fostering aching longings for touch all over. Their nipples burned with an envious fire. Their paws trembled with the effort it took to keep them at their sides as they breathed through clenched teeth.

"Medium," Tina said, "Now tell me what we need to pick up at the store.

Steve started, "Carpet c-cleaner, hardwood w-wax, d-d-dish-," Oh! We didn't do the dishes! The panicked though her mind and triggered a flush of embarrassment, that warmth spilled the pleasure of the vibe over into the ripple of orgasm. "-Soap!" Steve squeaked as their knees tried to buckle.

Steph continue her voice high and breathy, "A rug shampooer, soaps for the b-bathroom, silicon oooven mitts. Yipe!" The vibe delivered what felt like a donkey kick as it transformed into a whirling tornado within them. They barely caught themselves from doubling over.

"M-m-Mistress!" they cried out as their innards flushed with their own warm juices and instinctually clamped around on the vibe. It set off a firework display within their hips as muscles spasmed uncontrollably.

"Continue. What else do we need." Tina said as the scent of her fem juices tickled at Steve's nose.

They martialled the strength to stand up on shaking knees and held their paws in up in a beggar's pose, mouths working as they fought to urge to voice the pleasure.

"F-f-foood." Steve managed to gasp.

"Sausaaaaawwwwoooo!" Steph howled as a fresh orgasm ripped through them. Their legs buckled, and they fell forward into the open wardrobe in front of them, their paws scrabbled for purchase on its bottom, knocking aside its collection of shoes. Their bottom kissed the floor, and they expelled the sliver bullet vibe in a gush of fluid. They slumped against the wardrobe's bottom part, comprising two large drawers, panting. Panicked thoughts racing around their heads. They had to get up, they had to be prim and proper. This wasn't prim and proper! Yet, their body continued to simply breathe. A shadow fell over them and something brushed their cheeks. The tip of Tina's pseudo dribbling pseudo cock and it smelled O' so good.





"Silly maids," Tina laughed as both turned to suck on its edges, "We have plenty of sausage but for this is for later."

She pulled it back to their whining protests. "No, that's all you get until after your shift. I want to pound you both until it widens into a slit that I can shove your pretty faces into." Reaching down, she palmed both Steph and Steve's faces, trapping them within her musk. "But we're going to make it very special."

"yyyYes." Steve and Steve mumbled, every else melting away beneath her royal scent. Their tentacles slid down around and lifted their skirt in a vain attempt to reach Tina's cock. She captured them and gave the noodly appendages a gentle squeeze.

"It will be almost as hard for me to wait that long as it will be for you." She said, "Now put that back in and stand up." With a tiny shove of her palms, she released them. "Oh Angelica! Since I'm refraining from molesting the help today, you get cum dump duty."

Steve and Steph's hadn't even been aware of the sphinx, but the addition an udder hadn't made her any less sneaky once milked. Her head peaked over the edge of the bed, watching Tina with wide eyes.

Tina lifted the clicker and pressed the button. Ka-click! "Present."

Angelica jumped on the bed, padded to the edge closest to Tina before turning around and lifting her tail. Her pussy was wet and shining. Without another word, Tina grabbed her hips, aligned her cock and thrust in. Angelic cried out, her wings snapping open as the mistress picked her rear off the ground and rutted hard. In the less than ten strokes Tina came with powerful, "HA!" femcum squirting out around the edges of Angelica's sex.

"Mewore, mease mewtress." Angelica begged as Tina pulled out.

"No. That's all you get for now. If you're a good kitty at the store, I'll let you suck it next time." Tina said, taking the fluffy tail and bending it down over the feline rear. "Now get dressed, can't have your udder hanging like that in public."

Angelica made a sound somewhere between a hiss and a yowl as she turned around, ears back. "Mew not going out like this!"

"Yes you are." Tina repositioned her speedo like bikini bottom over her cock. "I need someone to fuck if my mega clit here gets any ideas. Not like I can wear a dress or pants to cover this up, thanks to you."

The big tail curled up around Angelica's front legs as she lowered her head, and looked aside with guilty eyes. "This wasn't what I had in mind."

"Will you do it for a treat?" Tina's voice deepened to a sugary growl as she opened a lower hand to reveal the canvas bag. Angelica mewed when she saw it, rising from her sitting position to taunt attention.







"That's not mew-air."

"Nope!" Tina cackled, "Nak nak naaaak!" Then took out a treat from the bag. "I'll give you two treats. One fore getting dressed and one for coming with us."

"Mrowl! T-three! Mew. Mew. Mew. And mew can mrowl me in the mewing produce aisle!" Angelica kneaded the bed and her tail lashed with sudden eagerness.

"Three it is. Although I'm hoping to be discreet, do this without mental scarring anyone." The Yeen Queen cackled.



CHAPTER 44

“Mew should have asked that gnome to mewchant a pair of panties.” Angelica whispered when she slunk out of the front door of the manor wearing a leather jacket over a wedding dress. Both fit her shape perfectly, the dress concealing her rear and udder while the jacket tamped down the formality of the dress. Still, despite the tailoring, the dress looked like something designed for an upright person, giving Angelica the appears of a pet in a Halloween costume. The thick dark fur hid any hint of blush, but Steve could practically feel the heat radiating from her nose and ears.

“You look adorable.” Steve said with a smile and a wag. Steph nodded.

“Mew know. Mew prefer mexy, melegant and svelte.” Angelica said, then mimed biting her tongue, “Mew knows what mew means.”

“Those last two are hard to pull off with breasts the size of basketballs.” Steve giggled softly.

She growled, “They’re not that big.” After a pause she huffed, “Not right now at least, I just emptied them out the best I could.” Looking out into the front of the house, she cocked her head as she finally noticed the scene in front of her. Tina talking up at the huge statue of an octopus woman, except she wasn’t a statue anymore. Still, she moved minimally, only turning her head to face Tina. “Mewt is mewing on?”

Steve opened her mouth to explain, but two quick buzzes forced her to swallow down a startled yip. Steph still squeaked and her cheeks were brightening as they hurried off the porch toward Tina.

“Mistress? You...” Steve and Steph both glance at each other. “Rang?”

“Yes, heh.” Tina failed to suppress her own snicker. “I’ve invited Madam Kymopoleia to tea this afternoon. See that it’s taken care of.”

“It will be done.” Steph and Steve answered with a curtsy.

The octopus woman nodded and said nothing. Tina bid her goodbye and together with the maids to their SUV parked near the entrance to the circle. Angelica followed, giving the fountain as wide of a berth as possible. Tina climbed in the back, her weight significantly narrowing the clearance of the rear wheels. Angelica hopped in after her, while Steve and Steph clambered into the driver’s seat. After a few fumbles with the seat and experimenting with their pawed feet so they didn’t hit both pedals at once, they slipped the car into drive.



Thanks to the remoteness of the manor and the twisting of the country roads, it took nearly thirty minutes to reach the store. Tina had been fiddling with the remote almost the entire way, mostly at the lightest setting but making it impossible to forget the vibe sitting inside them. The vibe that Tina would almost certainly be turning up while they were walking among a crowd of strangers. Surely she wouldn't turn it up all the way and reduce them to a whimpering mess but the possibility that she could have them both breathing through their teeth as they parked. They weren't the only ones making a puddle on the seat, either. The mistress displayed her cock to the review mirror, and it took Angelica a fair bit of work before it would fit back in the speedo.

The pantheress hesitated getting out of the car until Tina took the clicker out of the absurdly small clutch she carried.

Ka-click

"Out."

Ka-click

"Heel."

Angelica obeyed, snagging a treat pinched between two clawed fingers.

Together, they walked toward the store with Angelica between them. They hadn't even gotten inside before they'd turned heads and stirred whispers.

"Two heads?!"

"Is that a sphinx? What on earth is she wearing?"

"Who the hell did that to them?"

Yet, most whispers and stares weren't directed at either the maids or Angelica. It was Tina who drew the eyes as she sauntered into the cart corral. Perhaps they didn't see the bikini or the clutch. The greeter, a scrawny and pale elderly man, gaped as he skittered out the way. It wasn't until she had pulled a cart from the row and pointed it at the entrance did people relax. Such behavior is generally reserved for people, not monsters. Although if she showed her teeth, all bets were off.

Her tail swung and bumped Steph and Steve's rump.

"Fetch a cart, will you dears." She asked in a soft rumble.

"Yes mistress." Steph and Steve hurried over to claim their own cart. Steve wondered if Tina had decided they needed to get more food, but the true purpose became clear as soon as they grasped the handle. The vibe kicked on, catching them totally off guard. They managed to strangle their cry down to a high, "Mmph!" Prim and proper, Steve reminded herself as the waves of pleasure radiated up their torso. The sensations quickly amped them up to the point they had been before they got out of the car.





With combined effort, they straightened up and smiled. If anyone found their expressions strained, no one would blame them.

"Coming?" Tina asked with just a tiny bit of mischief in her voice.

"Soon mistress." Steph said, as they pushed the cart towards her.

"Grrk," Tina's jaw trembled a moment before she exploded into loud hyena laughter, "Nak nak nak nnak!" It drew every eyeball in the vicinity right back to her. Using a pawhand she forced her jaws closed, muffling the laugh to a chuckle. "Good one." She whispered to her maids before rounding on the greeter and loudly wishing him a wonderful day.

Steve and Steph followed her into the store, focusing on her long, swaying tail. That was the extent of their perceptions because walking with the vibe on proved to be a far greater challenge than standing with it. Every step shifted it around, exposing new spots to its smooth surface. They made it about halfway down the entry aisle before the orgasm came crashing down onto them.

Despite steeling themselves for it, both sisters made small sounds, Steph a tiny woof and Steve a high-pitched chirp. Their back hunched but otherwise they remained standing, although they stopped walking. The vibe switched to low, but that was still enough to set off aftershocks. Fortunately, the mistress halted to grab a stack of chocolate cupcakes while Steph and Steve recovered. Tina gave them a quick glance and a smirk that set their already racing heart up into their ears. Steve desperately tried to stop their tail from wagging, but it only sped up to the point their hips wiggled.

"Stop it." Steve whispered to Steph.

"I'm not doing it. You are."

"You're blushing."

"So are you."

"Well nobody can see my blush."

"The inside of your ears are bright red."

They argued back and forth out of the corners of their smiling mouths, but they were totally helpless to stop broadcasting their delight. Mistress would surely punish them for this breach in her prim and proper. Steve began imagining what sort of punishments they'd be subjected to. Tied up and impaled on Cerberus? Bent over the knee and spanked? That seemed unlikely. Mistress seemed focused on not causing a scene, but maybe she'd take them back to the car and...

Steph bit her. Nipped the underside of her jaw. Steve mewed and flinched away, causing a few eyes to shift from Tina to them.

"Stop thinking naughty thoughts!" Steph scolded once the attention waned, "You're gonna make us drip through our





panties.”

Steve giggled, “Wait, you’re telling me not to be naughty? I thought you were my hedonistic id.”

A soft growl. “Mistress told us to be prim and proper. We should be good girls for mistress.”

“I’m trying!” Steve protested and attempted focused her attention on their surroundings. They made it through an initial entry aisle that were lined with heavily discounted products before opening up into a large produce section. The fruits and vegetables didn’t interest her much at all, but the people drew her eye. Among the two dozen, she counted three with minor magical augmentations, one tall man with purple skin and hair, a petite woman with cat ears and a full on MILF sporting fox ears and tail who was absolutely poured into her jeans. Steph had to nudge her to stop staring.

“I can’t help it.” Steve whined. “I’m a foxsexual.”

That cracked Steph up so badly that she buried her giggle in a paw. Steve smiled as she pondered her unexpected twin. The game seemed to treat them differently now, with changes applying more to Steve’s own head than Steph’s. Their mismatched faces were the most obvious one, but the losing of inhibitions from the naughty doggo card seemed to only affect Steve but perhaps Steph had no inhibitions to lower in the first place? Steph remained more eager to please than the two of them. Steve would chalk that up to her gaining a bit of feline stubbornness, but breaking out the dog braining had been all her. Steph hadn’t minded it one bit.

Thinking of Angelica, Steve regarded the brightly spotted sphinx. She stuck to Tina as a shadow and avoided most attention. Still, she seemed to be enjoying herself. Whenever Tina stopped to sniff at the produce one hand would fall on Angelica’s head to scratch at her ears or the base of her horns. With an ear pointed in her direction, Steve could hear her purr. Angelica nearly died of embarrassment when Tina invited a brave child who had broken away from his mother to pet her. Steve wasn’t sure she’d ever trust Angelica enough to list her on their clock as mistress, but as an equal, she was easy to love.

“Excuse me, uh, misses?” A voice stirred Steve out of her thoughts, and they found themselves with the purple man. “Those are incredible augs you have. Can I ask who did them?” Broad and handsome with straight bangs that almost but not quite covered one eye. Not handsome is the same way as Tony had been. Steve didn’t want to jump his bones immediately. Although she could be convinced.

“Ah hello sir.” Steph answered brightly while Steve eyed him up and down.

“I’m sorry, but we’re not at liberty to say much about our origins,” Steve said, squashing an urge to tell him all about their magic card game.

“Well you’re very pretty and your friends are amazing looking. Do you live in the area or are you visiting?” He asked with a





practiced, easy smile.

Holy crap, we're getting hit on in a grocery store. Steve's ears heated to the point they'd fry eggs.

"Thank you so much sir," Steph said, "We are in a... transition at the moment, but we hope to stay in the area. Perhaps you'd like to show us around sometime?"

The man blinked in surprise, then laughed, his cheeks darkening. "Ha. I was leading up to that. Planned a few more witty lines before dropping the ask."

Steve laughed. "That's my sister. She doesn't beat around the bush." She managed to shut her mouth before the rest of the thought came out. She prefers you beat the inside of our bush.

"Well, I'd be honored to show you ladies around, in either a professional or casual capacity." He pulled a card from a pocket.

A shadow fell over them as they pinched the card between two digits. The man, a Ryan according to his card, looked above their heads and swallowed hard.

"Girls," Tina said as she placed hand on the pair's shoulder, "We are shopping, not flirting."

Steve and Steph flinched, although not due to the possessive hand placement, but the vibe bursting into a full force whirlwind for a second before stopping entirely. Tina continued.

"Since your cart is still empty, go to the meat section and fill it to the brim. Make sure you pick the freshest stuff. Depending on how this week goes, we might even serve some of it at the party."

"Yes mistress." They both answered and somehow Steph had kept their grip on the card. They glanced at it before dropping it into an apron pocket. Real estate agent. They dropped into a curtsy to the purple man.

"Excuse us Sir Ryan," Steph said.

"Duty calls." Steve echoed as they took the cart and wheeled it around.

"A pleasure," He said, recovering well from Tina's intimidating appearance. As they strolled off toward the back of the store, they heard him ask Tina, "So you're having a party?"

"So if we pull him under the plume tree, do you think he'd be a bear?" Steph whispered.

"He's in real estate, so I'm thinking rat or snake." Steve quipped, although she hadn't gotten those vibes at all. The way he'd swooped on them called to mind more of an eagle or hawk.





“that’s not fair, besides real estate means money.” Steph said, “We could use some jewelry to accent our dresses.”

“Stop.” Steve shook her head. The last thing she wanted to think about was finances. Those were Tina’s problem now, and she was more than happy to leave that all to her.

They roamed back and forth among the open refrigerated bins that displayed plastic wrapped packages of meat. A scene of utter mundanity, but the scent of it all changed it into a novel experience. Holding a package to her nose brought a medley of notes or flavors in the scent of the meat. The balance of fat to lean? The freshness? Steve couldn’t precisely put word to the notes in the scent, but combined, some packages smelled better than others. So they pawed through the bins, sniffing at each package before deciding which ones were worthy of the cart. Apart from Tina, the pair of them gathered a small crowd of onlookers. Steph made small talk with a few of them, answered a few questions to the curious while letting Steve fill the cart. As it approached capacity, a flash of burnt orange caught her eye. The hippy fox tailed woman waited in line at the deli and fish counter.

“We should get some fish.” Steve told her sister, piloting the cart towards the counter.

Steph giggled, “I don’t think the tail you’re really after has scales.” Steve merely huffed and pushed up beside the woman.

“Your tail is lovely.” Steve told the woman when she glanced in their direction.

“Aww thank you. You look fabulous hon, uh hons. Way too extreme for me, though.” She said with a little shiver. The worker behind the counter called on her and she went to place her order.

Their tail, which had settled into a slow wag while they shopped, stilled for the first time since entering the store. Steve had no time to stew in her disappointment because the vibe woke up, feather light within them. They didn’t turn around to find Tina, but steeled their spine and spread their toes. Sure enough, as soon the as deli worker called on them the vibe kicked up a notch. They weathered its initial pulse with barely a shiver but couldn’t do anything against the concentration shattering pleasure the rippled through them. Carefully, they wheeled their cart closer to the counter. The worker, a graying woman, regarded them with a jaded expression.

“Hi, could I-uh, sniff your salmon?” Steve said, trying to float above the buzzing within them.

“You wanna do what?” The woman asked with narrowing eyes.

“I need to smell it for freshness. To,” Steve paused as their insides started to quiver, taking a deep breath. “Assure its suitable for my employer.”

“One moment.” The worker rolled her eyes and the moment she turned away, the first orgasm cascaded through them. They





weathered it with the barest squeak and forced their pants through their flaring nostrils. The worker returned with a fillet of salmon on a sheet of wax paper. "How's this?"

Dutifully, they leaned in and inhaled the fishes scent in great huffing breath trying to focus on it and not the scent of their own wetness. They placed one paw on the glass and curled their toes as bliss shiver through them.

"Thaaaat will do." Steph managed to say.

"We'll t-take the whole filet please mew, ma'aam," Steve struggled to school her tongue but could do nothing against the rising purr in her throat.

"Furries." The worker chuckled ruefully under her breath as she wrapped the fish.

Then something brushed their leg and the unexpected sensation broke their brittle concentration. Steph barked while Steve slammed a paw over her mouth to muffle a yowl as their innards clenched on the vibrating bar. Yet they held it together.

"Angelica! You sstartled us." Steph said as Steve tried play off the yowl as a yawn. The Sphinx sat beside them pawing at their knee, a sly smile on her face. "We're ha-haaa-happy to sssee you."

"Mewtress wants fried ch'cken for the mewrive home." She said. "Then she mewant your mewpinion on mutter. Mew mean butter."

Butter? Steve glance down the back wall of the grocery store and sighted Tina's hunched shoulders in the dairy section at the opposite end of the store. Surely, she'd tone down the vibe before she made them walk that far. Surely...

The worker handed them the wrapped fish, and they clasped it between two paws with only a slight wobble to their legs. If it weren't for the mistress's command, they'd both be screaming at this point, but they fought the temptation to give into the pleasure with every scrap of willpower they could muster. Requesting four buckets of fried with only slight breathlessness to their voices to betray them. Once they secured the chicken and the worker's eyes were off them, they brace against the cart and let the orgasm, they'd been holding back rip. They choked back their yowl and howl to muffled whimpers and bit their lips. The wet of their juices overflowed their panties and soaked into the fur coating their inner thighs.

"Chicken smells good." Steve ground out, trying to pass their hunching over the handle of their cart.

"Mew smells somew-thing hot and juicy." Angelica licked her chops. Nobody else's comments filtered through her pointed ears. They were really getting away with this?!

Steve didn't dare look at the fellow shoppers. She kept her eyes on the cart as they wheeled it around. Their cheeks touched as they





noded against each other. Together they took a careful step forward, then another, but on the third the vibe shifted a tiny bit, touching a fresh bit of sensitive inner wall.

A mew escaped Steve's mouth. They didn't stop, but the pleasure chipped away at their composure with every step. Steph lifted a paw to conceal the way her tongue stretched further and further over her bottom lip. Steve made little gasping meows and purred with every inhalation. Steering the cart with one arm, they slowly bent over it, putting so much weight on it the cart threatened to pop a wheelie. Their tail wagged so hard it added to the jostling.

The little quivers of orgasms stopped all together as they crossed into the dairy section, building towards a screaming release that neither of them would be able to stop. Thoughts narrowed. The mistress, they had to reach the mistress. Had to hold it back till then. The mistress meant relief. They needed their mistress, now. Right now.

"Mistress? Mistress?" They chanted, panted as they steered through the aisle.

And there she was. The pleased look on Tina's face turned to surprise as they abandoned their cart and broke into a run. They only saw the sanctuary of her arms.

"Mistress! They shouted. Covering the last twenty feet at a dead run, their front paws slapped against the tile flooring once before they leapt onto Tina, wrapped their arms around her thick neck and buried their faces in her chest. As arms lifted them from the floor, the bomb of pleasure exploded within them and the pair screamed in the Yeen's thick fur.

"Aww, what's the matter girls? Was someone mean to you?" Tina said as if she were comforting children as she pivoted her body, placing them between her and a wall. "I'm sure they didn't mean it."

"Mrrrrrowwstress!?" Steve grasped as one Tina's arms pressed their faces to her breasts.

The vibe exploded into writhing movement within them. Delivering four pulses of buzzing bliss that cause stars to explode in the dark of Steve's eyelids. They quivered as they cycled between new strains and shuddering orgasms.

Finally, the vibe went still. Steve and Steph went limp, falling into a thoughtless haze as Tina cradled them against her.

"Yes." Tina laughed into a cell phone she held against the corner of her jaw. "We're nearly done. Oh! Girls had a little bit of a melt down... Don't worry! They're okay. They're the most delicate of flowers, crying if someone looks at them the wrong way. Hehehe. Right talk later."

Tina lowered the phone and carefully dropped it into her tiny clutch purse. Then those smaller hands started petting Steve and Steph, stroking their soft ears until they twitched beneath her





touch. "Nak nak nak," she laughed before whispering, "What happen to prime and proper?"

The conjoined sisters blinked, the question stirring their blanked out minds and they whimpered apologetically.

She laughed harder. "Good girls. I'm going to put you down now."

Steve and Steph's legs wobbled but held. Only problem was that the front of their skirt had fallen between their soggy legs, creating a wet spot on their apron. Tina had a similar problem, her cock escaping out the top of her speedo. She shoved it back in, but it looked like she was smuggling out a Pringles can.

The first words that returned to Steve's sex stunned brain as they were moving toward the checkout were Tina calling them the most delicate of flowers. Her ears burned all the way to the car.

They exploded from her mouth as soon as all the doors safely shut out the rest of the world. "Delicate Flowers? Really, Mistress?!"

Tina only laughed. "I had to come up with something, and you did have a bit of a meltdown. Besides..." She locked eyes with Steve in the rear view mirror. "Call you a bad girl once and you whimper. If I did it three times, I bet you'd cry but not to worry. You both were very very good girls in the store. Although," She reached up between the seats, slipped her hand beneath their skirt to stroke the damp fur. "You are kinda a wet and soggy excuse for maids."

"Mistress..." The high of the praise crashed into embarrassment that had Steve mewling.

Steph merely smiled, "Shall we take you home your highness?"

"Please," Tina said, settling back into the car. "I want to go home and practice my knots before tea time. The cat needs some attention."

"Mewp?" Angelica gulped.



CHAPTER 45

"Nipple clamps are going to be part of our uniform now?!" Steve squeaked as Steph's eyes lit with an excited shine.

"Only on Mondays. I think they'll add a bit of perk to the start of your work week." Tina held the small silver clamp in her massive mitts with the aid of a large pair of tweezers, opening and closing its silicon coated jaws. A webwork of chains connected it to nine other clamps, one for every nipple Steve and Steph possessed.

"Strip." The mistress ordered.

Steve and Steph hurried to do so. They'd all been home from the store for maybe a half hour. Tina had watched her maids put away the groceries while munching on various snacks. Angelica had shucked off her clothes and fallen asleep on the bed like so many pets after an outing. Tina had made no effort to wake her, focusing the entirety of her attention on Steve and Steph.

Tina stopped them once they removed their dress and bra. She removed their sodden panties herself and put them to her nose, snuffling heavily at the pink fabric as she played with her own cock. Steph and Steve moved to assist, but were told in no uncertain terms to stay put. They watched their mistress bring herself to orgasm, their own body aching with the urge to throw themselves upon her. Yet, her command to stay held them as surely as an iron chain. Leaving them licking their lips when their mistress's femcum landed well short of their paws.

"Hehehe. Told you, you don't get this until after your shift. Then you can get all you want." The mistress chuckled as she used the panties to wipe her cock and placed them in front of Angelica's nose.

"Mistress, you're such a teeeeease." Steph voice climbed into childlike whine. Steve used her eyes to silently plead with her sister to stop encouraging the mistress.

"You both had a screaming orgasm not too long ago." Tina cackled as she came around behind them. "In public, like a pair of sex starved animals. Are you not sated?" She punctuated her word by clipping the first clamp to one of their top most nipples.

"Mrrrewl Mistress." Steve answered as hot embarrassment flooded her with arousal, as strong as the pinching jaws on their nipple.

"What was that?" She added another clamp, this one to Steph's



side, causing her to yip.

"We want more, mistress." Steve tried again.

"Only sluts would want more. Look at Angelica, all tired out, and I only fucked her once the entire time we were there." Tina said, giving each of their breasts into a firm squeeze before snapping a clamp onto their erect nipples. Each one amping them up further and they rubbing their thighs together.

"No..." Mistress pulled their legs apart after attaching the last clamp. "None of that. No touching yourselves either. This is mine." She tapped the swollen red mound between Steph and Steve's shaking legs. The touch set off a fierce itching need that climbed their inner walls. They barked and meowed in protest. All the while, their tail wagged eagerly.

"Silence." The mistress cut off their animal pleading, attaching the pair of chains hanging from clamps to either side of their garter belt. Running claws through the mussed and sodden fur between their legs, she tittered, "Such messy maids! Good thing you're both adorable or I wouldn't tolerate such slutty behavior. I mean, who wags their tail like that when they're called desperate bitches in heat." She continued to alternate praise and dirty names as she wrapped them in a long black skirt. After a brief struggle to pull their tail through the hole for it she tied on a white apron with a massive bow.

Steve felt like her entire head might explode from the combined arousal and humiliation. Her nose felt like it glowed like a certain outcast reindeer's. Both sisters were panting messes that were putty in their mistress's hands as she turned them around and cupped their chins to look up at her.

"I'm having high tea with our guest in the fountain at one this afternoon. You are in charge of that. I bought everything you need, prepackaged. You may work on cleaning the manor as you see fit." The mistress said, then gave one of the nipple clamps a flick, making Steph and Steve give a small needy squeak. "If one of these falls off, you will put it back on." She held up the tweezers and slid them into the pocket of their apron. "Now, if I need you, I will buzz for you. Otherwise you are remain out of my sight. Tell me you understand."

Mew... wuff... huff... It took them several moments to marshal their focus before the sisters answered, "We understand mistress."

"Good. Go." Tina stood up and crossed her arms, the eager grin ruining her stern posture.

Steph and Steve turned too fast and the chains jerked painfully on their lowest nipple, making them yip. They moderated their pace, walking from the room with careful steps. The clamps and the chains were heavy enough that gravity itself tugged on their breasts with every step, invoking a deep ache in each. Out Tina's sight they allowed themselves to pant openly as they moved down the hallway, paws pressed on their hips to fight the temptation to massage their breasts. They reached the stairway when their nearly forgotten vibe came alive with an electric buzz. Crying out





in surprise at the sudden pleasure that ended just a second too soon. It left them wanting even more. Slowly, carefully, they did an about face and walked back to the bedroom with short dainty steps.

Opening the door revealed Tina measuring a length of red rope against the still sleeping Angelica's body length. "Girls," she said without looking up. "I have decided that I wish to be served a ham for lunch at noon."

"Yes mistress." Steph and Steve answered and carefully curtsied before leaving once again.

She buzzed them back three more times, letting them get a little closer to the kitchen, each time adding an item to her lunch order. Except for the last time when they opened the door to find her thrusting deeply into Angelica, her wrists and wings bound. Steph and Steve could only watch with burning envy as the feline yowled for more. Afterward, the Mistress informed them she had hit the buzzer by 'mistake.'

When they finally reached the kitchen, dark spots on the marked their path. They clawed at the wall, tearing at the yellow paint in a vain effort to relieve their frustration. It helped a little, enough for them to at least conceptualize their tasks. Setting about preparing the tray helped more, their arousal waned some but pressure and weight of the clamps never let it fade. Steve imagined the taste of Tina's cock, devising ways she could use her rough tongue to please their mistress. Steph didn't talk either, both lost in their own individual fantasies.

So thick that fog that when they served lunch to Tina, they missed Angelica entirely until the mistress lifted her muzzle to suck at something over her head. She'd suspended Angelica from the ceiling, with red shibari rope that matched the color of Angelica's canine cock. Her udders and breasts hanging free and available.

Would the mistress be doing that to us after their shift? Steve thought, hoped desperately as they left the room. Afterward, they hustled as fast as the chains would allow them to prep for the afternoon tea. Hauling a small card table outside popped off several clamps when the chains caught the corner. The pinched nipples smarted terribly and had them whining for several minutes. That finally cleared their head. Reattaching them was a true trial, but the tweezers made it possible. First, Steve bent her long neck down over their breasts to holding clamp in her mouth. Then Steph used both paws, the hinge set in the webbing of the left one and the other pinching it near the tip. Using that, they could hold and pinch the clamp Steve held open. Placing the clamps on their sore nipples was a lot less pleasant than the first time, but the initial pain subsided quickly.

Finally resettled, they had to prepare for the table. They found a set of gold-rimmed china in the kitchen that looked perfect for the occasion but was so fragile looking. Concern and anxiety of failing the mistress combined to suppress their arousal as they focused on the task at hand. Stacks of plates and saucers were easy enough to transfer to the cart, the dainty tea cups they lifted one at a time. They set the kettle to boil





and sighed with relief when they found the box of bagged green tea. The merciful mistress had not expected them to brew loose leaf! It was the packaging of the little tea cakes and sandwiches that had them blinking away tears of frustration. Blister packs and individual sealed foiled wrappers were not made for servants with big clumsy paws. After crushing several sandwiches, Steph whined in despair. Steve grabbed the handle of one of the long kitchen knives in her teeth and stabbed the packaging blindly. That at least opened a slit they could hook their claws into and rip the packages open. Aim needed work tho many of the cakes and a few sandwiches were skewered. They didn't have time left for quality control and used a spatula to transfer the food onto the three-tiered platter.

"Shouldn't we arrange it prettily?" Steph asked, as Steve piloted their body to push the cart.

"Yes, but there's no time." Steve looked at the jumbled food and wanted to scream. They were the opposite of elegant, piled there and unsorted like children's toys. Worse, some cakes were oozing out their cream fillings. The urge to arrange and sort them warred with a lifelong grappling with deadlines. "Good enough." Steve said, "It's good enough for a maid without thumbs."

"But. But." Steph's voice collapsed into a canine whimper.

"We'll do better next time." Steve lifted a paw to pat her sister's head, who pouted as they push the cart outside onto the front porch. Then the pair of them frowned as they pondered the three stairs that prevented them from rolling the cart down to the pavement where they'd setup the table. Steve wanted to scream. They only had minutes to go until one and there was no way there be able to do this right. Worse, Madam Kymopoleia stirred, opening her golden eyes to watch them.

Their spine snapped rigid, and they thrust out their chest. The sudden movement pulled sharply on chains between their nipple clamps and poured needy warmth into their mix of anxious emotions. Yet Steph smiled broadly at the old sea witch while Steve blocky pantherine muzzle projected neutral professionalism. After all guest should never know the stresses of the staff.

"Just setting up for the Tea madam," Steph said.

"Course, carry on." The octopus woman nodded to herself and settled back into her seat watching the pair out of the corner of her eye.

Steve pondered asking her to lift the cart down to the driveway for them but felt a flood of mortification chase the thought. That would be completely improper! Rude and unprofessional! Seeing no other option, they started ferrying the contents of the cart to the table. They tried to maintain their focus, prim and proper as mistress had said, but the stairs... oh, the stairs were absolute torture. Traveling up or down, they made their breasts heave, the clamps pull and more than the sensations of their pinched nipples, triggered memories of Tina's cock and her promises to use it. Steve's focus swam in lusty imaginings.



CHAPTER 46

As the husky sisters returned for the platters and their disorganized snacks, Steve envisioned hulking Tina in her quadruple breasted bikini, fem cock escaping out the side of her thong and leaking her clear fem juice from its tip. One of her lower hands toyed with her cock in an almost unconscious motion.

"What's with those tongues hanging out of your mouths?" The vision of Tina asked with a deep giggle. "Is that prim and proper for our guest to see?"

The softest of clicks sounded and the vibe whirred to life inside them. The realization struck that Tina actually stood before them, hammered their sensitivity into over drive. Mewling, whining, they stretch up as tall as their legs allowed, tail blurring into motion. Every muscle tensing in preparation for a massive orgasm.

The buzz of the vibe stopped leaving the maid sisters hanging there.

Tina's grin contained both equal parts amusement and mischievousness. Steve would beg, promise, anything, in return for one lick of her massive tongue across their swollen spade. That's all they needed, all they'd ever want. But the grin only whispered, "Not yet. Good girls don't come until their told. And you're my good girls, aren't you?"

"Yes mistress." The pair of them squeaked, the speaking of their trigger brought them close... so achingly close, but refused to push them over.

Tina plucked the platter of food off the cart. "Here, I'll help you with this. Why don't you pour the tea?"

"We can do it Mistress." The inside of Steph and Steve's ears flushed red as they stretched out their paws toward the platter.

The platter, its golden knob pitched between two of Tina's massive fingers, floated out of reach. "Steven, Stephonie," She growled, "Heel and fetch the tea."

The pair emitted a high-pitched whine as they cringed under the weight of the rebuke. Somehow, it only increased the need between their legs. Quivering, they managed a stiff curtsy, lifting their skirt to display their dribbling spade ever so briefly before fleeing down the stairs.

"I see the quality of the help has declined during my long... slumber." Madam Kymopoleia drawled as she and Tina watched



the maids lift the tea pot with trembling hands.

Tina casually sauntered down the stairs, "I'd appreciated it if you didn't speak ill of my husband. She's still learning her role."

Steve shivered hard as they tried to pour the tea, spilling quite a bit on the saucer and a drop on the table. Steph took control of their body, fighting off Steve's effort to bury her face in her paws. Instead, they poured Madam Kymopoleia's cup without spilling.

The platter clinked onto the table and two massive hand paws enveloped their heads, thumbs rubbing their ears.

"Good girls, my very good girls. Good job." Tina Cooed.

The praise, the softness of Tina's pads, her overwhelming scent combined with their sheer arousal to gently lift Steve's words away. Tina piloted them to a spot ten feet away from the table.

"Stay." Tina commanded

The maids did as they were told, adoring eyes on their Mistress as she went back to the table and invited the octopus woman to join her. As the Madam heaved herself out of the fountain, Tina took one of the entire platter levels off the rack and tossed all the treats on it into her maw, then licked it clean. The madam huffed before the pair launched into a conversational sparring match. Only snatches of it penetrated the thick haze of Steve's arousal and pining want.

"They're whining again..."

"I do love the scent of bitches in heat."

"Dripping..."

Steve vaguely recalled filling tea cup and pushing the cart, laden with dirty dished back to the kitchen but didn't have the focus to wash the dishes. Yet they were driven to serve, to be useful. In their haze, they found the ballroom at the end of the ground floor hallway. Stacked up tables and chairs awaited under a thick coating of dust. The floor, white tiles interlaced with smaller diamond gold, was a mess of scuff marks. As if the attendants of the last dance had all worn army boots. The mop wouldn't touch the marks, so Steve and Steph got a coarse brush and scrubbed it on their hands and knees. That motion thrust the brush forward and pulling it back produced a lovely swing to their breasts. The weight of the chains on their nipples swung them like pendulums. It was easy to imagine the mistress or Angelica thrusting to the same rhythm of their scrubbing.

"Yes mistress. Yes please!" They murmured to themselves when they backed into a table leg. Grinding against it only strengthened their want. They clenched around the still form of the vibe and begged for the mistress to call on them.





"I want a cock inside!" Steve moaned out her frustration.

"Me too! Or a tongue or tentacle or anything!" Steph near howled.

"Wanna lick mistress's cock until it shrinks down into a pussy and then grind our spade against it until she spews."

"What if she knots us to Angelica and ties us together, like that time in the car."

"Yes!" Steve mewed eagerly.

Together, they traded sexual wishes back and forth, working themselves back up to the point they could feel their sex throb. They continue their scrubbing, losing themselves in the repetitive motions of their brush and the vague impression of progress as they inched their way across the floor. Upon reaching a wall or obstical, they'd grind against it briefly before choosing a new line to scrub.

Later, after countless turns, the end of their shift approached. They could hear the harsh mechanical ticks of the time clock reverberate through their skull. With minutes to go, the vibe gave a brief pulse.

"Mistress!" they cried, as that small bit of stimulation finally gave them the orgasm they had been seeking for hours. The vibe clattered on the floor between their skirted knees as they moaned with relief. They had no time to luxuriate in the afterglow and lurched to their feet. The Mistress had called for them! Staggering forward on unsteady legs, they crashed into the inward opening ballroom doors with a thud. Scrabbling at the handles, they managed to pull the door open and nearly fell through them.

"Mistress?!" they called out with desperate tone.

Steph sniffed the air. "She's on the ground floor!"

Steve grimaced, tasting traces of the mistress's musk. She'd been here! Had she'd seen them? Had she heard them swapping fantasies? It didn't matter. They just needed to find her.

Led by Steph's nose they zig zagged their way down the hallway, sniffing at the cracks at door's edge for the mistress's scent. No. No. No. No. No. YES!

They licked at the door's white painted surface as they fumbled with the handle. Finally, it open and revealed the gorgeous hyena chimera.

"Mistress!" Steve and Steph howled like a pair of lost children, tail wagging. A ringing chime sounded in their heads and all compulsion of restraint fell away. They charged, their voices rising into chorus to barks and excited chirps.

"Girls? Oof." The mistress caught them beneath their armpits, stopping them at half her arms length. Regardless, Steph and Steve's tongues flew, kissing excitedly at the underside of Tina's





muzzle.

"Fuck us! Fuck us please!" Steph begged.

"We've been waiting all day!" Steve mewed piteously. "Please mistress."

"Promised us cock! Cock cock cock!" Steph chanted.

"Nak nak nak!" The mistress laughed happily. "Hold on, let's get those clamps off first."

"Cock first!" They shouted, their tentacles futilely attempt to reach their desire, but the ankle-length skirt blocked their path.

"Then hold still." Tina laughed as she lifted them from the floor and carried them a short distance. Then, sitting down, she turned Steph and Steve so they were facing away and put them on her lap. Steve saw themselves staring back from the wall they now faced, a mirror and immediately closed her eyes. Focusing instead on the stiff rod pressing against their buttocks and the base of their tail.

Whining with need, hitched up their skirt up to their waist and impaled themselves upon it. The warm femcock parted their hungry pussy and finally, after so long, reached that unanswered need deep inside. When they attempted to ride it, the mistress firmly pushed them down, forcing it deeper, not allowing them to do more than grind against its base. The wonderful stretch cascaded out into sparks of pleasure that shook their body. Yet, it provided only brief release. They could feel the edges of a mind breaking ocean of bliss lurking near, like the one in the grocery store but even bigger.

"Let us go!" They pleaded, grinding against the mistress with quick thrusts of their hips.

"Patience girls. We have to take these off first." The Mistress reached into their apron, retrieving the forceps. "Steve, open your eyes."

"Mrrf." Steve winced as her name entered her ears. It felt sharp and unpleasant. Avoiding looking at the too pretty slut in the mirror, she directed her gaze down their front. Watching as the mistress carefully removed the top left clamp. It hurt as the silicone peeled out of the red lines where it had bitten. With another hand, she applied a cool cream, massaging the tortured nipple as it swelled between the pads of her fingers. Aching slowly, she repeated the procedure on each of their breasts while a third hand gently played with the liberated nipples. It felt wonderful, entirely different than the cock inside them. The care evident in the way the mistress applied the motion warmed their chest.

"I'm going to fuck you now, but..." The mistress cupped Steve's jaw and raised her face toward the mirror. "You have to watch."

Steve's eyes immediately went to the side. Looking at the room for the first time. They were in a dance studio. The long wall one continuous mirror with a banister at hip height. Hardwood floors





had been swept, but needed a good mop and polish. Over the door hung a painting of a satyr in a white tutu and his arms arched gracefully over his head.

She nipped her ear with a laugh and chided, "That's not watching yourself Steve. Be a good girl and look at yourself."

With a blend of a meow and a whine, she looked. Looked at that disheveled two headed, ten breasted woman in the mirror. The rumpled skirt hunched up around their waist, almost covering the mussed fur of their thighs. Lust boiled out from her shining eyes as they sat, impaled on the pseudocock of their mistress, excitement painted on their mismatched faces. Their bestial mistress slid hands beneath their legs and lifted them up. Just far enough to free her hips to thrust up into them, bouncing the maid along the length of her cock.

Steve watched the way their breasts swung with every well-timed impact of the mistress's hips, two rows of swollen nipples. How their own back arched against her. Steve used their arms to cling to Tina's neck, giving them leverage to drive themselves down onto the shaft. Saw the feline's face's tongue curl within her open mouth with the pleasure her mistress's cock brought to her body, and her mistress to her life.

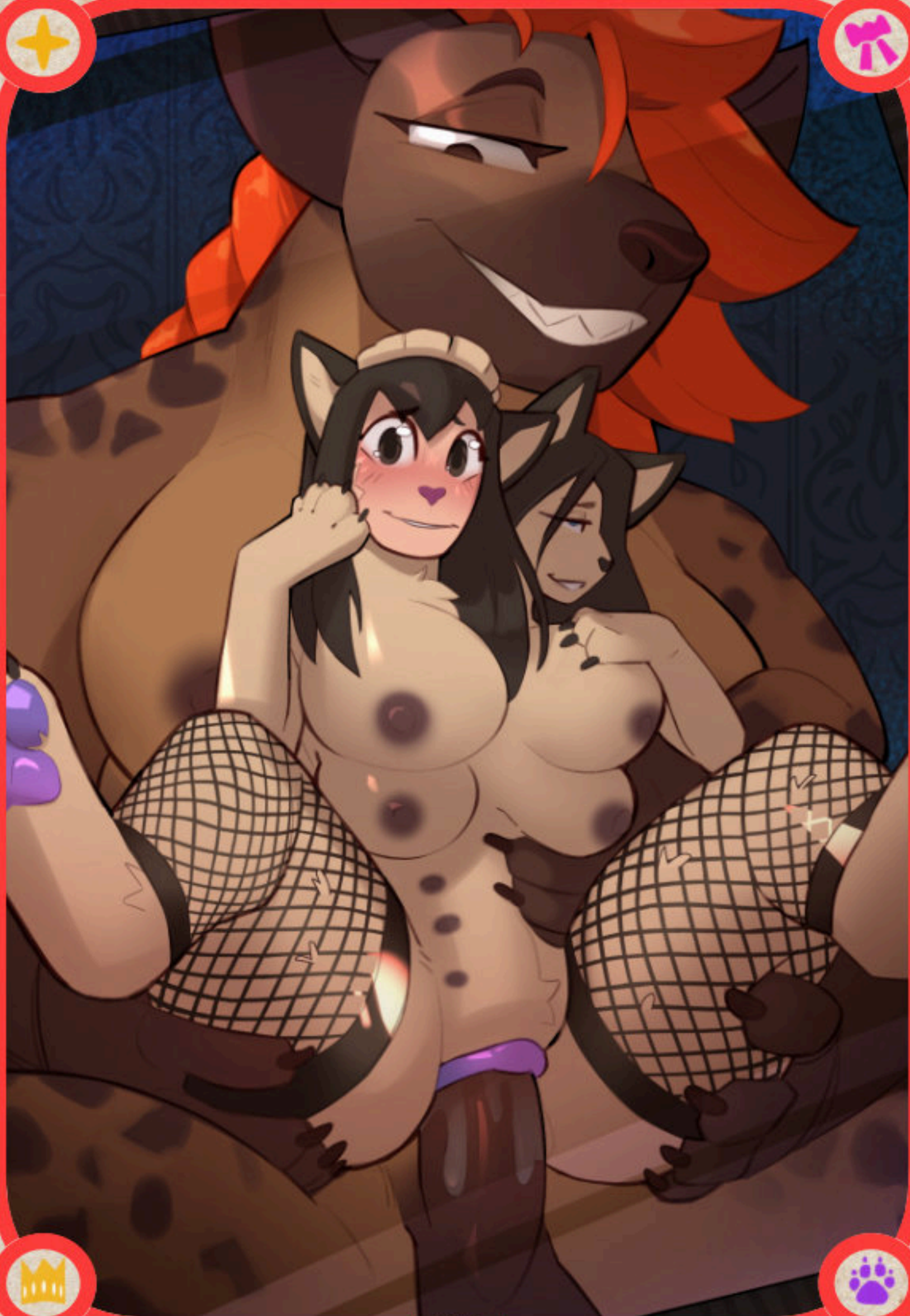
The mistress ripped away the maid's skirt, leaving only their tattered fishnet stockings and their lacey headbands as the remains of their clothing. Exposing the thick black cock driving up into their engorged pussy, lewd fluids squeezing out between it and the thick, trifold lips. She heard herself, this lust crazed, no, lust driven creature in the mirror beg for more as the mistress growled, strained, and stuttered. The feline whipped around to kiss her sister and body mate as their mistress erupted within them. Steve watched her reflection out of the corner of her eye as her rough tongue entangled Steph's smooth one, corkscrewing together as they rode through a cataclysmic wave of pleasure together. Her vision wavered and sparkled, but held. Her sister's cute husky eared head fell away from the kiss, slack, eyes rolled back into her head.

Yet, the feline muzzle on grinned at her reflection, beaming not mere pleasure but happiness. In their arms their mistress panted, her hips stilled, but no matter. The sisters levered themselves up and down her cock with her help, using their knot trapping muscles to squeeze around it.

"I..." The black lips tremble as they formed the words, "Love this!" Joy shined in her deep brown eyes as she felt her mistress thicken inside of them. "My name is Stella." It wasn't a switch, or a buried identity, just a simple realization. There was no point in clinging to who she had been. Steve no longer fit this happy, part dog, part cat, all sexy creature in the mirror. "I jumped a pizza delivery guy because he was a handsome foxy man. I seduced Angelica away from her books for fun. And I came so fucking hard in the middle of a grocery store!" A roar poured forth from her throat. The mirror shook and Stella laughed.

"Bout time." Steph grinned around her hanging tongue.







"Stella huh?" The mistress managed a breathy laugh of her own. "I-yeeeeee!"

The pair had lifted themselves from her thickening cock, only for a tentacle to whip around it and dive into the widening slit. They spun around, slammed back down not onto the cock but Tina's sack and her false spongy balls.

"My queen! We're going to make you cum like an atomic bomb." The newly rechristened Stella proclaimed before savaging her mistress's nipples with her rough tongue.

"Yee! Yee!" Mistress clamped down the armrests of her chair and the wood groaned in warning as they drove their tentacle in deeper as the cock opened into a dripping vagina. Shifting sideways, they kissed it with their own sex, grinding the tentacle between them.

The mistress barked and bucked as her crevasse fountained like an awakening volcano. Stella, and belatedly Steph, howled in victory before two very strong arms crushed them to the mistress's chest.

"Thats enough... Stella." The mistress laughed. "Down girls."

"Aww but I..." Stella protested, but now held still, with the adrenaline draining, a well of exhaustion opened within her. She fought the yawn, but it came anyway. Besides, the mistress's breasts made for good pillows.

The grip on them relaxed. Tina stroked their furred backside. "I didn't realize want I really want until years after we were married. For all the other things I did, I couldn't quite ask you to be a woman for me. Although I dreamed of it. Dressing you up. Making you titter. Then I saw the deck you drew, and I knew. Knew deep down you wanted it too. A bit ago, I promised I wouldn't make this permanent. Still want me to keep that promise?"

"No." Stella said simply. "I don't think we can handle every day like today, but... I never want to go back to before. I dunno how much of this is the cards, and it doesn't matter. I love this me. I never had that before."

"Duh!" Steph giggled sleepily, nestling deeper into a shaggy bosom.

"Hush you," Stella licked her sister.

"Ow. Mistress, Stella is murdering me with her tongue." Steph whined.

"Bad." Tina gave them a light pat on the bottom. Stella protested but sleep took her mid mumble, turning it to quiet mew.



CHAPTER 47

While Stella confronted her reflection, Angelica lay on the bed, failing to enjoy her moment of solitude. What was the Mistress or Mewstress as her cursed mouth insisted, doing now? She wondered, staring at the open door to the bedroom. The answer was obvious: Tina would be giving the girls their long awaited cock. Not that Angelica harbored jealousy, no, the mistress had sated her entirely. Her pussy ached while her dick hid deep in its sheath. Rather, she felt a vague unease when the mistress left her presence. Angelica suspected the pet modifier card was responsible for this, giving her a mild case of separation anxiety. She hadn't wanted to wear clothing to go out, but she sure as hell didn't want to be left behind. She didn't care that the mistress played with the maids without her, but wanted to be in that room.

Growling at herself, Angelica rolled on her back and stretched, displaying fearsome claws to the ceiling and extending her wings beyond the edges of the bed. She kept her front paws extended, examining them. Large cat's paws, but not oversized for her body like the girls. The pet card had even pushed her shoulder blades to the sides of her ribcage, making them true legs. That left her teeth as the sole means of picking things up. That was less than ideal. Her small mouth and thin humanish neck limited even that. She'd experimented fetching items off the store shelves for Tina, a two-pound bag of flour had been a strain.

"Mew's a pet. Mew don't need to do mewthing." She told herself and smiled as she groomed a useless paw. So far, being Tina's pet had been good. Being helpless to the resist her huge hands thrilled her. Still, Angelica remembered her declaration in the diner as they'd all retreated from the weekend rental. To become a beautiful feline angel with a subby dog maid and a bestial, barely controlled pet girlfriend. If that didn't suit them? Tough, she'd make them love it.

That... hadn't gone well. She still remembered the moment that Steve's teeth had sunk into her wrist and she realized she'd fucked up big time. Until that point she'd been in that panicked state where you know you've screwed up, but maybe if you keep digging you'd unearth a solution.

She'd wanted to win so badly. Be the dom, be in charge, show Tina how powerful she could be.

And because of that, she'd lost. Steve revoked her right to be her mistress and Tina... she'd been demonstrating how proper doms behave this entire time. Sure, she'd hung Angelica from the ceiling most of the afternoon, rendering her nearly insensate with scent and sex, but



then she'd spent a full hour brushing out her fur and feeding her those impossibly scrumptious treats from that little bag. Not only that, but she asked Angelica if there had been anything she didn't want to do again.

In short, being an excellent mistress, while subtly showing Angelica everything she'd done wrong. It helped that being the Mistress's pet, even as her cum dump, felt wonderful.

Yet, in this state of unease, she could help but ponder about what happened next. Planning for the future wasn't very petlike but still, Angelica couldn't help it. The pet card would fade right before the final turn, she'd get her hands back and some other card. The finale would happen and no matter who won, decisions would have to be made.

She put aside that image of a glorious feline angel holding the leashes of a beast woman and a cute maid. Now she needed to figure out a new goal. What did she want out of this tryst, this game? Assuming permeancy, what parts did she want? Looking down over her body, she saw her nearly empty udder sitting between her legs. That was the first on her list of things to go. Then let her head fall to the side and stare down the length of her wing. Glossy black expanse broken by a few pink or purple flight feathers. She'd been so outrageously excited when they'd sprouted from her back.

Laughing, she folded the wings in and stood up. While she had no insights into what she wanted out of the game, she certainly knew what she wanted to do now.

Five minutes later, she sat on the roof of the manor. The climb had been a little scary. Several planks of siding tore like wet paper beneath her claws. The manor's apparent self-repair was a glamor, not an actual remedy for decades of neglect. Which made sense from what she knew of Tipper, who even in their "basic magic" text spent large swaths of word discussing the importance of appearances.

Angelica decided to show the dead, gender neutral, magus some flare. Looking down over the untame jungle of a garden, she spotted a field of long grass beyond it. That would serve as a suitable landing area. The trees that surrounded it were taller than the manor itself. They'd serve as launching sites for her return flight. The only crucial thing she had to avoid was the yawning hole in the middle of the garden. So long as she steered clear of that, she'd be fine. Hopefully.

Dismissing the thought of climbing down and searching the manor for a helmet as last-minute nerves, she climbed to the peak of the roof and spread her wings. Lowering herself down into a crouch as if she were about to pounce prey, or more likely, a ball. She took several long breaths, then sprinted down the slope of the roof and launched herself into the air. Her wings grabbed hold of the air itself as she gave a powerful flap before stretching out to glide.

It was working! There was no plummeting! She sailed from the house, over the garden, and quickly discovered herself more in a slow fall than an even glide. The greenery of the jungle garden





approached with a disconcerting speed. Some of those vines sported thorns larger than Tina's teeth. At this rate, she'd only make it three quarters of the way over the garden, way short of the field. The only alternate landing site was the stone platform that surround the hole. Twisting her wings, she banked left, losing precious feet of altitude in exchange for speed. The greenery zipped beneath her. Too fast, the nearest corner of the platform rapidly approached. She considered diving for it, but what if she came in too fast and rolled into the gaping hole anyway? Too late now! She aimed for the opposite side and prayed she had enough speed to reach it.

She passed over the lip of the hole and Whumpf! Warm air buffeted her fur and feathers, pushing her sky ward. An updraft! She banked into it, turning sharply, slowing down and yes! She mewed with triumph as she pulled into a tight spiral. The hole, while seeming huge to her on the ground, was just wide enough to accommodate her great wingspan. Were there another sphinx circling around with her, there would be barely half a wing between them. Up and up she spiraled until her motion flattened into a circle. The air geyser she rode lifted her about three times the height of the house.

With a joyous whoop she expanded the width of her circling, feeling out the edges of the stream of air with her wings. She contented herself with that barrier for a minute or so before plunging beyond them into the cooler air. First quick swings out into the space where she fell instead of flew and back to the safety of the rising air. She grew bolder with every venture, straying farther, diving, swooping over the garden before returning to the updraft to spiral upward again. Each flight was like the trip down a water slide that she designed on the fly and accompanied by a near effortless climb to the top.

Harsh caws attracted her attention. A group of three crows fluttered around her updraft. Angelica growled a warning, but they took it as an invitation. The black birds swooped below her. Banking out of the updraft, Angelica dived after them. As soon as the little bird entered the column of air, they shot upward, leaving Angelica to spiral up after them, their rapid caws taking on mocking notes. They surfed the air like three kites ten feet above Angelica's maximum altitude, their wings only three quarters extended. Angelica's jaws chattered like a house cat at the insolence of a bird sitting on the window sill.

The little bastards snapped their wings to their sides and dove past her, one the largest of the three tagging her tail as he zipped past. Hissing her declaration of war, Angelica dived after them, over shot and nearly put herself within the depths of the hole. The crows circled the updraft as she rose again, their leader proudly taunting her with a beak full of purple fluff. Growling even louder, somewhere in her brain a reasonable voice declared that she'd never be able to catch any of them. She told that voice to shut up as she made attempt after attempt at batting the birds out of the sky. All three had claimed tail fluff when she heard a clear:

Ka-Click!

"Angelica come!"





Her body answered the command before Angelica could consciously object, winging out from the up draft. A lone two headed figure stood on the stone patio that spread out from the center of the manor. Steve and Steph waved one paw.

The mewstress had given them her clicker? Why would she do that? Where was the mewstress? With growing wariness, she flapped once and tilted her wings back to slow her speed to land almost gracefully. She hadn't bled off quite enough momentum and stumbled forward several steps.

Ka-Click! "Good kitty! Were you having fun playing chase with the crows?" Steph asked, as they both cast beaming smiles that Angelica couldn't help but be warmed by.

"Mow." Angelica answered indignantly. She hadn't been playing with black feathered devils. That had been a hunt! Not a game of chase like a dog played. It wasn't her fault that she was big and slow in the air. She huffed and grumbled. "Stupid crows. Mewy stole mew fur."

"Awww poor Princess kitty, getting bullied by her snacks." Steve cooed.

Angelica's head snapped up, "Mew Princess?!"

"Oh! Do you like that name?" The pair placed a paw on Angelica head and rubbed between her horns. Her attempts to protest drowned beneath a rising purr. It been hours since she'd been touched and her skinned craved the contact. She lifted her head to nose at the fuzzy wrist, hoping for more pets.

"Seems to be a day for changing names. I'm Stella now." The head formerly known as Steve said.

"Mewalla?" Angelica murred distractedly, pushing her head up into that wonderful paw.

"That's not quite it." The girls giggled, "Try again. What's our names?"

"Mewph and Mella." She attempted. Surely that was close enough. The petting stopped through and she mourned it absence.

A Ka-Click! Stopped her from following the paw back to their side and she looked up into their faces. They held the clicker between two toe of their paw. "One more time. Speak!"

"Meow mew Meeeew." Angelica said with a frustrated chatter. The more she attempted to speak normally, the worse it got.

"I don't think she can do it sis." Steph said.

"Just like a Princess to be unwilling to pronounce things correctly." Stella grinned as the pair's tail wagged behind them.

Angelica stamped a paw. Her card induced speech impediment wasn't her fault. If they were going to stand there and bully her, then at least they could pet her while they did it. She stepped





forward and lifted their free paw with her nose.

They chuckled as petting resumed and everything became right in the world.

"We should bring her in for dinner like the Mistress asked." Steph said.

Stella humped, "We're not on the clock, we can do what we want."

"The Mistress still needs to prepare herself in the morning. We can show her the room we found then." A tentacle snaked out from beneath their skirt and squeezed around one of Angelica's breasts.

"Mroww?" Angelica could only muster the mildest curiosity as the pair scratched the sore nest of muscles and tendons around her wings. The grope barely registered.

"Besides, she's not full enough. The morning will be best." Steph said.

"True." Stella sighed. The scratches stopped, and they patted Angelica's head. "Come on Princess. Mistress has been cooking up a feast. You must be hungry after all that flying."

At the word, Angelica broke out of her petting fugue with a full body shake. "Mew mungry! After mewwer can mew fly more?"

"Its pretty late already." Stella answered, "Probably not a good idea in the dark."

Angelica looked back over the garden and was surprised to see the sky had taken the deeper blue of evening, the sun hovering just about the treetops. The fact didn't diminish the yearning to take wing again. She had to practice if she was ever going to catch those crows. No, more than that, she'd need magic, either to shift her body further towards a bird or grant her control of the air itself. Perhaps both. A winged witch. That thought made the tip of her tail twitch.

"Angelica?" Steph called her from her thoughts

Ka-Click! "Princess come." Stella said.

The Sphinx obeyed, amending her thought. A pet winged witch? That could work too. Especially when listening to commands became optional again.



CHAPTER 48

Stella woke with the first hint of sunlight to creeping around the heavy curtains. Excitement buzzed in her brain. A new day! Steph still yawned as they wriggled out from beneath the Mistress's arm and planted a kiss Angelica's nose. Then giggled when her whiskers twitched and she covered her nose with a paw. The sphinx lay on her side, putting as little pressure as possible on her swollen breasts and udder. They weren't completely taunt with fullness yet, but Stella reckoned in another few hours they'd be dripping.

"Hi Stella," she greeted herself in the mirror then licked her still groggy sister, "Morning Steph."

"Someone's feeling extra this morning." Steph patted her own cheek and yawned again.

Stella giggled into their other paw, ears blushing. "I feel great."

"Maybe you should have changed your name when I first suggested it." Steph said with more than a hint of smugness.

"I wasn't ready. Now I'm," They put their paws on their hips and struck a sultry pose, "Ready to be this. I'm not entirely sure what this is yet, but my old dreams are done. We need new ones. So far I've only got short term dreams and Mistress allowing. We fill that bucket today."

"In that case maybe we opt for an outfit that's a little... fluid resistant?" Steph suggested, as they went over to the wardrobe. Pawing through the dresses, they pulled one that was far shinier than the others, entirely made from a supple plastic material.

"Won't this tip her off?" Stella asked as they threw it over their heads, hooked the two straps at the waist and cinched it tight.

"We warned her yesterday, because you can't keep your big mouth shut." Steph giggled.

"I might not be good as this revenge stuff." Stella whispered. Steph nodded her agreement, and the pair finished dressing in silence, adding a similar plasticized apron and shiny paw galoshes to their feet. Done dressing, they hurried out to the front of the manor and peered into the branches of the plum tree. The magical gizmo they had set up still hummed away beneath it, transferring the crackling energy into the house. They'd been afraid that with the ley nexus tapped, the plums would lose their power but the opposite had happened. More plum clusters weighed down



the branches than ever before. Even the leaves were getting in on the funny shapes act, some of them resembling long feathers or hooked claws.

"Well, either the enchantment that Angelica put together is leaky, or the tree's getting first crack at the magic coming up from the nexus." Steph said, after they'd stared at it for a minute.

"Or both." Stella nodded. "I bet this is the reason Tipper built that big stone platform out back. Prevented his garden from siphoning off the mana."

"They missed a trick then! Oooh there's one." Steph reached up and slid two digits behind a plum that had four nubs grown out of its bottom, like a cow's udder. It popped off the vine and they tried to catch it but smashed it against their stomach instead. It exploded in a burst of pink energy. They felt their breasts tingle as the energy gathered in their chest.

"Careful!" they scolded each other, baring their teeth before giggling. That one plum contained the energy of at least three when they foxified Tony.

"Too many of those, and the Sphinx isn't going to be the only one who's sloshing around when she walks." Steph said, as they set about gathering more of the udder plums. In sort order they'd gathered a skirtful of the magical fruit, although a few more had burst in their paws. With no one to channel it into, their bra felt very tight.

"These are going to be great party favors." Stella said as the idea suddenly came to her. "We could put a bowl of them on each table. The magicians can use them for mana if they get them home, but otherwise..."

"If they weren't party animals when they came in, they will be when they leave." Steph laughed as the pair took their spoils inside to make their final preparations.

Once those were complete, they returned to the bedroom, finding a groggy Queen taking a pull from one of Angelica's swollen breasts.

"Oh Mistress! We're happy to take care of her." They curtsied and their dress made soft squirking sounds.

"Y-you're dressed already?!" Tina gave a nervous Naknaknak and turned away. Trying to hide her bed head mane behind a hand. "You're not on the clock yet, are you?"

"Not yet, we have about thirty minutes before we start our nine to five," Steph said. "Is this dress a suitable uniform for the day?"

"You're wearing that? Without me commanding you to?" Tina eyes went from sleepy slits to wide with surprise.

"Do you like it mistress?" Stella asked with zero innocence, and the pair spun around to display their dress. "Steph thought you might."

"Yes. It will do." Tina said, but her gaze had shifted to her own





gilded wardrobe. "I have to... prepare." Driven by her own compulsion, she rose off the bed and rushed over to the vanity, grabbing up the brush and running it through her bristly mane.

"Mewlk mew mow?" Angelica asked, carefully sliding herself off the edge of the bed, trying not to jostle her milk laden mammaries.

"Of course, Princess." The pair grinned, helping themselves to the unguarded clicker and treat bag before opening the door.

Angelica hurried the best she could out into the hallway and toward the stairway, a rapid four-legged waddle.

Ka-click! Stella pressed the button just as Angelica placed a paw on the first step down. She froze and craned her head around to peer back at the girls and their wagging tail.

"Come." Steph said and they patted their thigh.

"Meeelk Meeeeew!" Angelica protested even as she moved to obey, slowly padding back towards Steph and Stella.

"We will. But first we have a Treat for you." Stella grinned.

At the utterance of the T-word, all hesitation in Angelica's body vanished and she accelerated to a run, heedless of the swing of her breasts before skidding to a stop in front of them. "Mew-reat?" Her purple eyes shined with excited innocence.

"Open your mouth and close your eyes." Steph said with saccharine sweetness.

"Aaaah." Angelica obeyed, opening wide.

Ka-click!

"Stay. Freeze right like that. No moving a muscle." Steph said.

Stella felt a flash of guilt as the pair carefully eased one of the udder plums from the pocket of their apron and placed it on Angelica's tongue. The fruit sparked and a shiver raised the fur along her spine.

"Oh, do you know what that is?" Stella asked, extending one of their feline claws, hooked it behind one of Angelica's fangs and pulled lightly. Her nostrils flared and the tip of the fluffy tail began to twitch. Stella angled their paw to stroke their pinkie pad against the roof of her mouth. Angelica jaw trembled and the scent of Angelica arousal came to dominate her milky scent as Stella continued to run their paw pads along the sphinx's teeth.

"Its shaped like an udder by the way." Stella said as they cupped their paws around her muzzle and forced it closed.

The plum burst with a sizzle of electricity, pink lines of power zig zagged out of the sides of Angelica's mouth and down into the





chest.

“Mmmk!” Angelica flinched.

They tilted her head back and rubbed her throat as if they were forcing her to swallow a pill. “Take your medicine like a good kitty princess. Let yourself get nice and productive for our mistress. We have lots more where that came from. How many do you think you can hold back?”

“Mrrrow?!” Angelica groaned as pink light suffused the nipples. With the sound of a wet, liquid, glup, her breasts doubled in size, their combined girth wider than her torso. The long teats divided into two and dribbled a rich cream.

“Good princess.” Steph cooed as they batted lightly at the new nipples.

“I dunno sis.” Stella said, “She kept it out of her udder, maybe she needs another plum?”

“Meww!” Angelica cried, although neither maid could determine if she were protesting or begging for another plum as she pawed at her breasts.

“We do need her to walk.” Steph cheeked bumped her sister. “Its hardly revenge if we have to spend all day cleaning the carpet.”

“Not care. Mmmelk meeee! Meeease!” Angelica pleaded, her eyes tearing up with desperation.

The girl chuckled and patted her head. “Patience Kitty.”

Ka-click!

“Heel and follow us.” They told her, then led her back to the staircase. Angelica’s nipples now brushed the carpet as she walked. Going up the stairs proved to be worse, having to heft her breasts up and over every step. Each step had small puddle of milk on it once she passed. When she paused for breath at the landing, Steph and Stella pulled a single treat from the leather pouch and held it out to her from the top of the stairs.

Stella felt a bit guilty as Angelica eye’s fixed on treat and dragged her body the rest of the way, heedless of the way her breasts rippled and swung in her haste. Her cock gave a squirt of orgasm as she crunched down on the treat. She wondered if the plan was going too far? Then again, Angelica had dogged them for a week. This would be a mere taste of her own medicine.

Steeling her resolve, Stella squeezed the clicker. Ka-click!

“Come princess.” She sang, and they started walking down the hallway. Angelica struggled after them, trailing milk on the hard floor and panting with the force of her arousal.

“Checkout the paintings, princess.” Steph waved at the painting on the wall, it depicted a Holstein cow with every human smile and an udder so large it bowed their legs out around it. “That one’s of





Diana Ross. And that hairy coo is supposedly Jack Nicholson. Oooh wow, check out the udders on Barbara Streisand."

"Meow?!" Angelica's eyes cleared a little as she took in the celebrity's portrait, human from the chest up but hooved legs splayed out around an udder three times the size of the rest of her body with teats as thick as an arm.

"Oh don't worry." Steph said as they flung open the door with the words, "Milking Room" in big block letters carved into the door frame. "We're just using the milking the machine in here."

"Yeah, it won't turn you into a cow unless we hit the wrong button with our big, clumsy paws." Stella giggled.

Angelica stared back at them, nearly hyperventilating.

Ka-click! "Come princess." They grinned and stepped into the milking room.



CHAPTER 49

The sheer aching weight of the milk hanging in Angelica's breasts and udder overrode any reservations she had about entering that room. It smelled of fresh hay and contained a number of stalls constructed of rough-cut timber flanked the entryway, forming a corridor. Beyond that, it opened up to a larger room. In the center, two large metal pens waited. Above each, a metal disk hung down from the rafters, each dangling a dozen black lipped metal cylinders. In that object Angelica saw her salvation from the painful ache of her milk laden breasts.

She moved into the stall with an eager mew. The maids called her a good kitty as they leaned against the railing. Angelica knew from their toothy grins they were up to no good. They were being naughty doggos, but she needed to be milked. Anything to be milked. That... plum had made everything so much worse. Stella and Steph came into the pen behind Angelica. They bent down and Angelica heard metallic clicks as cold metal encircled her ankles.

"Let's raise those teats off the ground, shall we?" Steph asked, and they patted the second bar to the top of the pen where a pair of steel bars jutted out. "Put your paws here."

Angelica obeyed without the need of a click or treat, anything that would get those milking tubes on her teats faster. Manacles encircled her wrists, securing her in place.

"Such a good Princess. You look tasty. All trussed up like that and needy." Stella's voiced rolled into a purr as they teased a teat with the soft fur of their footpaw.

"Melk Mew! Melk mew! Meeeeease Mewlla! Meeeeeeesa Mewteph!" Angelica begged, the chains around her legs clinking as she shifted from side to side.

"We getting to it. Don't have a cow princess." Steph said as the both of them released a high girlish giggle.

"Mooooooooow." Angelica moaned.

Still tittering, the pair reached up to clasp one of the cylinders and pulled it down below Angelica. With a dull slorp, the cold metal encased one of her teats. Immediately a light suction pulled at the encased teat. It wasn't much, but it was something and the breast immediately stopped aching as the tautness eased off from the bursting point. Angelica mewed with relief.



Slorp. Slorp. Slorp. Went the machine as Steph and Stella hooked up every available teat. Each taking the lightest of sips from her.

"Thhhhhank mew." Angelica sighed as the painful edge of being too full eased. Pleasure climbed her nipples and radiating up into her body.

Steph and Stella patted her rear as they exited the pen and circled round to a raised platform in front of it. With the haze of need lifting from her mind, Angelica looked beyond the fence of her enclosure for the first time. Each pen had its own gray metal industrial control panel, festooned with big buttons of various colors and a dial. A glass tank, approximately the height and width of the maids, stood between the panels. White rivulets of milk traversed its interior from its top, where the hose from the milker connected. Gallons were marked in intervals of ten, all the way up to two hundred. Names and lines were drawn on the tank, Tipper, Bard and Birdie were near the top. Above that, a glass globe hung from the ceiling, black hoses snaking out of its bottom. Within it, a pink fluid bubbled and fizzed. Faded white lettering declared it Moo Juice.

"Now lets get that milk out of you!" Steph and Stella clapped their paws together and did a happy wiggle before turning their attention to the control panel. Pressing their paw against the dial, they rotated it clockwise.

Angelica rowled as the light sips from her teats swiftly grew to strong pulls, as if Tina drank from every teat. Their weight easing noticeably with every draw, sending waves of bliss that flooded her feminine sex, and she felt it ooze with a different sort of fluid. She squatted as things moved inside of her and muscles pushed.

"Mew eggies!" She cried as she felt herself stretch around the first one. Laying always gave her a shivery pleasure, but as she squeezed out the first egg, she roared with the force of explosive orgasm.

Steph and Stella barely got their paws beneath the egg before it hit the metal floor of the pen. "Oh what a good barn animal you are Princess!" Stella said as they set the egg aside and prepared to catch the next one.

"Milk and eggs. Maybe we should just keep you in here." Steph cooed.

"Mew... No... I, mewanna mrrrrroooooowl!" Angelica tried to protest, tried to say how she wanted to fly, but the second egg catapulted her into another thought shattering orgasm.

"Sounds like she likes the idea." Stella said as they stroked Angelica's dripping folds and pushed two thick digits into her.

"Mmmewore! Mmmmore!" The sphinx wailed as she clenched around the digits, her insides crying out for touch after the passage of the eggs.

"More suction?" Steph asked, twisting the fingers. "We can do that!" They returned to the control and smashed their paw onto the dial, hitting several button beside it. Warning buzz came from the rafters, followed by a mechanical whirr.







Angelica barely heard it as the pulsatile suction on her tits increased in both strength and frequency. Like a pack of starving hyenas were ravishing her nipples. It felt so good. The milk poured down into the tank in a solid stream. The weight of her udder and breasts lightened rapidly. She bent her head to the metal in front of her, resting her horns against the rail. Entirely unaware of the monstrously large bull's cock being lowered from the ceiling.

"Ooooooh!" the maid girls chorused as they studied it. Sculpted from shiny black glass, the cock, mounted on a mechanical boom, dripped a thick pink fluid from its tip. Two hoses snaked from the Moo Juice nozzles to two perfectly spherical balls mounted beneath the shiny cow fucker. Whether guided by magics or mechanics, it lowered until the tip aligned with Angelica's pussy. Then, slowly, it inched toward those wet lips.

Angelica, awaiting the blissful moment when the last drop of milk to be pulled from her body greeted her slow penetration with a moan. Lifting her head, she pressed back against it, engulfing the smooth contours of the cock as deeply as her bonds allowed. As it pressed up against her cervix with strength of stone, Angelica's awareness flared as she recognized the tendrils of a spell unfurling from the tip and anchored in her mammarys.

"Mewhat?" She opened her eyes and glanced back at the contraption that had impaled her. Her wings blocked the majority of the view, but her eyes followed the black hose to the Moo Juice tank. Her wide eyes flicked to Stella and Steph who were squinting at the control panel. "Mewrls! Staaaaph Mrrrreewww!"

The massive cock began to withdraw and filled the space it left with gush of hot fluid. On contact with her inner walls it effervesced into a fury of magical energy. Angelica felt it shoot through the spell, flooding into her breasts and udder. A strange tingling gripped all of them as each nearly empty reservoir of milk began to rapidly fill. She tried to use the techniques she'd learned from the Tipper's book, but without a circle or another body it she had no place to redirect the magic. The card enchantment was no defense, the spell had linked directly to her udder delight card as if they were made for interaction. Then the cock plowed back inside her, shattering her concentration.

"Oops." Steph and Stella shrugged as they stood up.

"We're sooo sorry Princess." Steph displayed the most insincere puppy eyes ever to grace a dog person. "Our clumsy paws hit the wrong button."

"The fill to capacity button is soooo close to the dial." Stella's muzzle wore a smirk as she gestured to the milk tank. The stream of milk hadn't even reached a tenth of it's capacity. "Good thing we refilled the Moo Juice tank with udder plums. Don't worry, it will let you go as soon as you fill the tank. Shouldn't take you more than a couple days..." She hid her evil giggle behind a fluffy paw.

"You're gonna be such a pretty cow." Steph beamed as their tail blurred behind them.





"A moooooow?" Angelica protested, made few futile tugs at the restraints that held her forelimbs before letting her head fall against the railing. The mechanical cock pistoned slowly within her. Its strokes building up the pleasure and giving her now laden udder a pendulum swing between her legs. That pull, that weight, had a wonderful quality to it.

Its your gift to the world. The magic whispered.

"Mew's gift..." she echoed, then shook her head. Trying to clear her head, but the weight... The wonderful weight dragged her mind back under. Green pastures... full of tender grass. The crunch of straw. She could feel it happening. The taunt skin of her udders stretching, her guts shifting. A bull straddling her back, filling her with fizzy seed.

"Noooo." She managed a tiny head shake, but it felt so heavy. The bull's cock pushed in and out of her. Each thrust closer to a cliff, a waterfall of promised pleasure. "Mew, Mow... mow. Muh-muh-muh..." She held it off for as long as she could before bellowing out a low, "Moooooooooo!" he went over the cliff and the magic flowed into her bones. She opened her eyes to her forelegs growing slender, the digit of her paws shrinking away while two of her claws thickened into heavy hooves.

"Mew moooooeautiful paws!" She whimpered, struggling anew.

"Stop mewling." A thick white furred paw covered one black hoof. Steph looked down on her with bemusement but Stella showed bore her teeth in a decidedly unsmiling like manner. Yet that contrasted with the watery eyes. "Be a good girl. Take your punishment. You deserve this. I want you to feel a change you don't want over take you. That's what you put us through. But I... I'm not a dom. Every time you whine, its like a kick in the stomach. I don't wanna be on this side of the railing. We wanna be in that pen next to you, or... knotted beneath you. I want to call you my kitty mistress, but first, you have to go through what you put us through."

Angelica stared up at Stella, guilt and desires bubbling up through the haze of the pleasure roiling through her body.

Stella's paw pulled down the top of her dress, causing their uppermost set of breasts to flop out. Their nipples had extended into two inch long teats and jiggled like two liquid laden balloons. They leaned over the railing until the teats dangled on either side of Angelica's nose.

"So what's it going to be? Are you going to take your medicine? Or are we going to unplug this machine?" Stella whispered.

The weight, the suction, the pumping piston within her, all both buoyed Angelica up on their pleasures and slowed her thinking bits. Still, she didn't want to be a cow. Even with green pastures rolling through her imagination, she wanted to fly over them, or slink through the tall grass, not be weighed down with heavy udders. Yet, she also remembered the feeling of Stella's lips on hers. They'd cuddled, they'd fucked under Tina's direction, but they hadn't really kissed since her overreach. More





than even flying, Angelica wanted this, the three of them to work. If this had even a slight chance at repairing the rift. Then there was only one choice.

"Mew will be a good cow." Angelica murmured as she took one of the offered teats and pressed her tongue along its length. Rich milk filled her mouth along with the tingle of magic and she swallowed it down.

"Oh that feels sooooo grrrrreat." Stella rowled softly while Steph whined. They wrapped their paws around Angelica curled horns and pressed her nose against their breast.

Angelica let the magic have its way, letting out a low moo as her entire face barreled outward, her tongue swelling within her suddenly cavernous mouth. By the time the teat went dry, her skull had gained a thick bovine muzzle. Steph and Steve steer her mouth over to the other waiting nipple. The constant infusion of moo juice kept her production outpacing the capacity of the milker, stretching her breasts and udder further and further. Even in her raised position, she felt the kiss of cold metal floor, the space between the teats of her udder and knew her enormous breasts would follow suit soon. The cock's movement touching off a series of slow rolling orgasms that piled up in her mind like drifts of warm snow.

"Mooooooo!" She called out as the maids pulled their nipple from her mouth. It had long gone dry but having it in her mouth comforted her immensely.

"Don't worry princess, we've got another treat for you soon," Steph whispered and the pair cradled her muzzle and lifted it to look up at them, although her vision was partially veiled. Both sisters smiled as they lifted a lock of fur out of Angelica's eyes.

"Still with us?" Stella asked, "Anything you need us to do?"

The questions slogged around in her brain, lost in the pleasure blizzard. "Meeew Mmuh-mooooo." She answered without a thought.

Stella giggled, "Feels weird, right? Words so being so distant?" They put their paws on the top of the railing and looked about to jump into the pen with Angelica when their body shivered suddenly.

"Mistress!" They gasped and settled back on their feet. They scruffed Angelica's thick head fur. "Sorry the Mistress needs us."

"We'll be back soon." Steph added. The pair bent and kissed either side of Angelica's broad nose with their contrasting tongues.

"Moooo?" Angelica lowed sadly and belatedly attempted to lick them back but they were already moving off the platform.

Only once they shut the door to the milking room behind them did Stella's questions finally find their way through the warm blizzard in Angelica's mind.





“Moooh-wait.” She called out to the now empty room. “Meeewmooo! Turn up mew mump- pump. Moooease! Moo be good mow. Mew gud mow. Mew moooooooooow.”

Only the steady squirt of the milk falling into the tank and mechanical whirr of the cock’s motor answered her. Slowly she lifted her eyes to the moo juice globe. Still two thirds of it remained to be pumped into her. One squirt at a time. Beneath the heavy snow of the pleasure, her thought drifted to green pastures beneath clear blue skies. Still, her perceptions didn’t fade out. Her awareness persisted sluggishly, feeling the magic continue to mold her body. Her long, heavy tail became lighter with every swish. Gurgles and churning came from her torso as it barreled, making room for the heavy duty guts required for processing the lush grass she imagined smelling through her large nostrils.

Most of all, her breasts and udder continued to swell. First dropping down onto the floor. Then slowly, her udder bulged out around her still feline rear legs, until Angelica’s weight rested on it, instead of her appendages. She mooed as her hooves left contact with the ground. She found herself floating on her breasts and udder. Like the world’s strangest water bed.

“Mooooo... This is mewy nice.” She told the room and let her head rest down into the warm surface of her breasts.



CHAPTER 50

Stella and Steph bounded up the stairway to the third floor, bounding up the steps three at a time. They'd meant to come right back, but the Mistress had wanted help with her gown and then commanded them to clean the bedroom while they made lunch. Further, the Mistress had trapped them within the folds of her gown and told them to clean her cock while they were at it. They couldn't refuse that, not when it smells so good. Then there had been a few more orders for them to complete. Angelica and the milking room had only reentered their minds once they completed their Mistress given tasks. Neither Stella nor Steph were really aware of how long it been other than that it been way too long.

A white creamy fluid leaked beneath the door of the Milking Room.

"Oh no! Did she pop?" Stella squeaked as they pawed frantically at the door.

"Angelica! Are you okay?" Steph called out.

"MmmmmMMMOooooooo." answered through the door.

They steadied themselves enough to grasp the door handle and flung it open. A small river of milk rushed over their foot paws. Internally Stella winced at the prospect of cleaning this up but barreled into the room anyway, milk splashing beneath their paws.

"Angelica!" Their voices climbed to a pearl clutching pitch as they laid eyes on their punished lover before laughing with both relief and, well, Angelica's situation.

"Moooooo?" Angelica lifted her bovine head and flicked her still feline ear. Her fur, while still maintaining the purple spots on black, had turned from plush to shaggy, with a great mop of it falling in her eyes like a Scottish coo. A huge purple tuft on the end of a long whiplike tail swatted at non existent flies. She had front hooves but rear paws at the end of legs that were a spindly combination of feline and ungulate. Manacles with snapped chains decorated the ankles as they splayed wide over an udder so titanic that two pairs of Steph and Stella would fit comfortably within it. Two teats as thick as the maids' arms fountained finger thick streams of milk out either side and onto the floor. Her breasts were nearly as large, each with four slightly smaller teats of their own. The pen's side walls were bent over by the massive weight of all that milk. On those massive mammaries Angelica floated, her forelimbs still secured to the front rail. That and her splayed out



wings had probably saved her from rolling over.

"Moo wow." Stella shook her head and looked up at the milking machine. All of its little cylinders had retracted back into the chandelier. "You must have blown all those suckers off your teats."

"Not sure how we're going to get them back on now. And even if we can, I think she's got more than enough milk to fill it at least twice." Steph giggled as they splashed toward her.

Angelica mooed sleepily as the pair approached and stepped up onto the landing.

"See?" Stella cooed as they pet the length of her muzzle, "You make for a very good pet cow. A very very productive cow. Arn't you proud?"

"Moooooooooooo!" Angelica bellowed happily.

A booming cackle came from the doorway, "Nak-nak-nak! So this is why you wore that rain slicker of dress today!"

"Mistress!" Steph and Stella yipped, their tail curling between their legs. "We can explain."

"What have you done to our poor putty kat?" Tina held up the hem of her sparkly black gown and held her tail high as she strode between the stalls, still chuckling.

"We found her like this." Steph said while Stella declared, "We punished her!"

They glared at each other.

"So which is it? Tell your queen the truth." Tina's expression darkened as she took in the scene, crossing the arms that weren't holding up the hem of her dress.

"We punished her for dog braining us." Steph pouted. "Stella's still sore about that."

"Mistress she deserved it!" Stella insisted, her ears crawling hot spider feet. "She has to feel what she put us through! At least a little bit." Her voice trembled. "Every time we surfaced, we'd be pushed under again. It was scary. Aren't you mad at her for all the things she made you do?"

Tina shook her head. "A little, but only on your behalf. You made her take the pet card. Isn't that enough revenge?"

"No." Stella's eyes glanced over the wreckage of the room and guilt nibbled at her righteous indignance. "I-I... want to trust her again. I thought if we put her through what she did or gave her a change she really doesn't like then... I could forgive her because then she'd know how it felt."

Tina loomed over them, her jaw set and eyes stern. "And do you





forgive her now? Now that you've used magic outside the game that you don't understand and didn't even stay to monitor." A rumble of a growl slipped into Tina's voice as she spoke.

"I told her I would so... yes?" Stella said as they trembled before their mistress.

"We read the instructions!" Steph whined. "We hadn't planned to be gone very long. You gave just alot of things to do and, and..."

"So are you telling me this is my fault?" Tina asked with a single heavy snort and a tiny smirk.

"Oh no mistress." Both protested. "We're-"

Tina cut them off with a heavy hand being placed on both of their heads.

"Bad. Bad Girls. Very very bad girls."

Each word stung like a slap. Both Stella and Steph whined like a pair of kicked puppies. Tears welled up in their eyes as they sniffled. Stella fought against the guilt that strained against all the barriers she'd constructed as she'd planned this. All the doubts she'd filed away, the way Angelica's struggles had twisted her stomach. It hadn't been nice, it been mean. Wasn't that the point? It was supposed to be mean.

"You should have at least told me. That wasn't safe, especially while you're on shift." Tina scolded in that low rumble, "I'm very disappointed in both of you."

The big D word broke the dam, and they let out wails of sadness as they crumpled down to their knees. "We're sorry Mistress!" Their tears wet their faces as the milk soaked into their leg fur. "Please don't dismiss us! We'll be good. We'll be good girls." They sobbed. The possibility of being cast out of the presence of their mistress made their shared heart quaver. Part of Stella knew that last bit was the work of the compulsion, but it didn't make the terror of finding a new mistress or master any less vivid. Who else could they trust to hold their leashes? Who would cuddle them in the night? Or toy with them in a supermarket?

The mistress gave a gentle laugh. "Angelica refused to read our comfort levels, but you were never in any physical danger. Hooking her up to this thing could have gone very wrong. We're all playing this game roughly, but that comes with bumps and scrapes. We understand that. You're both going to forgive her now. If you are going to initiate any more punishments, you are going to tell me."

"Yes mistress." Stella sniffled, then meowed.

"We'll never do it again." Steph swore.

"Good girls." A broad wet tongue licked both of their inner cheeks at once. Then she plucked them up from the ground and





cradle them like a pair of conjoined children. Stella, bawling, buried her face in the fabric of her dress while Steph licked apologetically at Tina's neck. As a man, Steve had cried very rarely, but once the dam had broken, it was difficult to stop. Now she found it no easier.

The mistress patted their back and giggled that animal laugh. "Told you that you'd cry if I called you a BG."

"Because I was a bad girl!" The admission made both her and Stella gasp before their sobs redoubled.

"We're bad maids too!" Steph howled. "We made a mess!"

"Heheheeeh." The sheer mischief in their mistress' laugh made them both pause in the misery. "Fortunately, you both get to enjoy cleaning it up. Now stop that crying and attend to our poor pet."

Given the direct order, both Steph and Stella took a breath, swallowed down their sobs. Although their eyes continued to water as Tina set them down. They went immediately to the platform in front of Angelica and stroked her massive muzzle. The large eyelids fluttered before partially opening.

"Sorry Angelica." Stella whispered.

"We got carried away." Steph said, their eyes flicked to each other, and they nodded with unspoken agreement.

"We forgive you, we hope you're not angry. We love you." They said, bending so Stella could groom the fur of Angelica's muzzle.

After a few laps, Angelica let out a happy, "Mooooooooo!" Then asking, "Moooo! Mooeeat. Moomprised Mew mow mmrreeeat." The blend of cow, feline and human sounds made her words incomprehensible.

"You promised her a treat?" The Mistress asked.

"Hours ago." Steph said.

"Give it to her." Mistress said, pulling the canvas treat bag from her dress and making as if she were about to toss it.

Yet Steph and Stella had something else in mind when the call buzzer had interrupted them and the order snapped them back into that mindset. They hopped up onto the railing, swung their legs over it and scissored open their thighs.

Angelica's dull eyes starred at their sex, big nostrils flaring. Stella couldn't blame Angelica if she wasn't interested. After that heart to heart with Tina they didn't feel aroused at all, merely drained. Angelica's muzzle surged beneath their plastic skirt. They cried like a surprised pair of cats and dogs as that thick rubbery tongue ran across their trifolded sex with a strength that nearly pushed them from the railing.

"Moooo!" Angelica bellowed as she pulled back, smacking her





heavy lips, savoring the flavor before diving back in. Bracing themselves this time, they experienced the savage strength of that tongue as it swept across their folds. On the third lick, Stella and Steph were back in the mood, grabbing hold of Angelica's horns and grinding their spade against her leathery nose. With a toss of her head, Angelica lifted the pair clear off the railing and dropped them onto curve of her inflated breasts.

Steph and Stella's weight caused the milk to erupt from the nipples of each breast, causing Angelica to moan and moo with pleasure before dipping back between their legs. Hooking their arms across the railing and wrapping their legs around Angelica's broad neck, they avoided slipping down into the cavernous cleavage. They both howled as Angelica smashed their sex with her broad tongue, penetrating their folds.

Stella cried out, "Oh Mrowl! Its soooo-"

"Thick!" Steph finished as the warm muscle twisted inside of them, whether by accident or design, applying vigorous pressure to their deep clit as it waggled back and forth inside them. Meanwhile, the dexterous lips worked their pussy's outer edges. And something tingled beyond the reach of the tongue, the sensation traveling up to curl around their breasts just inside the skin.

"Wait that's-"

"Maaaagic!"

An orgasm ripped up through them, they opened their mouths in breathless screams as their dress stretched tight to accommodate the rapid growth of their ten tits. The plastic strained audibly around their body.

"Oooh is our cow not quite as far gone as someone thought she was?" Tina laughed as she busied herself squeezing the milking tubes over Angelica's breast nipples. "Are we going to count this as a pair of cows or a herd of three?"

Steph and Stella were too busy riding the tongue to hear the taunts. Like their tentacles, but thicker, stronger. They both were trying to grapple with the magic but were undone as Angelica switched tactics. The tongue thrust in, curled up around their pelvis and pulled out, raking its pebbled surface across their clit. Sending the pair soaring with every stroke.

"Muh-muh-muh!" Steph bit her lip as incredible pressure built up in their breasts. Desperately she fought to hold off the orgasm which would trigger the magic. It was like trying to stop a breaking dam with a single finger.

"Mrreeeoow." Stella moaned, as the seams of their dress started giving way. "Mmmmm-"

"Mmmmmooooo!" they bellowed as their dress exploded, releasing the ten basketball sized tits to jiggle out everywhere as scraps of plastic fluttered through hair. Each nipple sprayed out droplets of milk. In addition, each of the sisters had grown tiny horns from their





temples.

They sagged back, releasing Angelica's neck, their wide hips immediately sunk into the cleavage between the two titanic breasts and out of reach of that wonderful tongue. As they moaned insensately, Angelica mooed proudly through her wet muzzle.

"Good cow." Tina rubbed Angelica's head before giggle-sighing. "Although you just made even more work for your mistress."

"Mmmmmooooooo." Angelica responded, laid her head on her left breast and closed her eyes.

"Unrepentant." Tina smiled to herself as she turned her attention back to Steph and Stella, who looked like a set of ten giant tits with a set of pawed arms with them sunk hip deep into Angelica's cleavage. With all those titties pressed up like that, Tina could only see the tips of their ears. Tina reached down beneath those arms and pulled the pair of them free. Kicking the fallen pen wall away, she set them down on the raised metal floor of the second pen.

Stella and Steph immediately fell down onto their knees, only Tina's hands prevented them from toppling forward beneath the weight of their milk heavy breasts. Leaning them back, Tina connected each of their nipples to the second overhead milker. Steph and Stella mewed, barked and mooed all at once as the milker drained away their suddenly acquired load.

"Stay upright." Tina commanded.

Nodding, the pair leaned back to brace their paws against the floor. Their arms shook but held as Tina let them go. She studied the scene before her as her own hands drifted toward her own pseudo cock as pressed against the fabric of her dress. The scent of the milk and arousal, the soft moans of the others and the steady pulsing quirts of liquid filling the chamber were all making it difficult to focus on the problem.

And Tina knew she had to focus. She was the only one left after all. She had to fix this. Angelica's massive udder teats remained uncapped and were fueling the growing river of milk leaving the room. I could just... stick both of those teats in my mouth, she thought to herself, then forced a laugh to dismiss the idea.

"Steph, Stella." She grunted.

"Yes moooostress." They answered. Already their breasts had visibly shrunk and the pair no longer looked like they'd collapse under the weight of their breasts.

"Be a sweet pair of good girls and plug up Angelica's big teats." Tina said, licking her chops.

With twin nods, the pair pushed back up to two feet and let out deep moos as their overlarge breasts swung from the movement. Slowly, they edged their way behind Angelica, the hoses of the





milking machine pulled taunt as they spooled out to accommodate the movement. The teat cups stretched each breast cone shape but remained stubbornly attached as Steph and Stella pulled against them.

Watching them struggle to obey made Tina ache in her deepest parts. She placed two of her hands in her maw and bit down on them to suppress the urge to seize the pair's wagging tail and rail them up against Angelica's bovine bottom.

One by one, Stella and Steph pulled at each milk line to give themselves a bit of slack to work with. Then they knelt and gathered one of Angelica's arm thick teats up under one arm.

"Muh-muh-Moooooooooooo!" Angelica moaned as they dragged the still fountaining nipple with them until the second was within reach. Once they captured both, they stopped, vainly pawing at the nipples.

With a frustrated whine, they let go of the right nipple. It sprang away, spray milking out everywhere. That freed them to clasp the remaining teat with both paws and plunge it into Steph mouth. She could barely stretch her mouth around the fat tip, yet as soon as her lips sealed around it, she swallowed down the milk with audible gulps. Their tits began to gurgle and swell as Stella focused on the nipple that had gotten away. The pair sidled toward it on their knees, straining to reach it with their out stretched paw. Steph stopped suckling to bite down on her teat, milk streaming spurting from the corners of her mouth. Stella gave a proud meow as she hooked their paw around the escaped teat and pulled it towards them. Careful of the near dozen hoses attached to them, they carefully guided the nipple's tip up to Stella's mouth. Her eyes flicked to her mistress as she let the creamy white fluid play out over her tongue before she took the nipple into her feline muzzle. Milk leaked from the corners as she swallowed the endless tide, pausing every so often to breathe for the both of them.

The sight of all her lovers lost in this blissful magic had Tina panting. There were four unused cups on Angelica's milking machine. She could straddle Steph and Stella, then plunge her femcock into the cat cow and lose herself as well, but she imagined the tank over flowing, bursting and drowning the mansion. Couldn't have that. This was her territory, her kingdom. The responsibly for it and her subs, subjects were hers to bear. Taking a step closer, she peered at the tank. How to empty it? There, at the bottom, a spigot with you'd find on a garden hose.

Angelica turned her head, gave a lust laden moo and swished her tail, drawing attention to her wetness of her swollen sex. Tina found her own hand catching the tail, feeling its soft tip as she stepped closer. It all smelled so good.

Splash! Milk splattered Tina's lower body and fancy dress, startling her. She stepped backwards with a nervous snicker. Steph and Stella had fallen forward, overwhelmed by the milky weight of their breasts, still they'd kept hold of the teats.





"Be right back." Tina said as she back pedaled from the room. Once outside, she flung off her dress, throttled her cock and masturbated until she'd painted the opposite wall with her femcum. Laughing softly to herself, she stumbled down the hallway.

"Gardenhose. Gotta find a garden hose for my pets..."



CHAPTER 51

Angelica's mind stirred beneath the blissful thick fluff that weighed her down as she felt a change in the flow of milk from her teats. The green pasture she stood in wavered as the dream calves that suckled on each of her many teats suddenly grew even more ravenous, pulling with even more force than before. The magic flickered, flaring up to try to answer this new challenge, opening fresh flows of warm milk within her breasts, but it wasn't enough. It couldn't keep up and the weight of pleasure that buried her began to ease. Taunt, stretched out skin suddenly had the tiniest bit of slack and twitched, causing ripples that rolled into waves of rising a falling pleasure. Then... her bull returned, filling her profoundly empty sex. No, not the cool contours of her bull but warm squarish tip of her mistress probed her aching folds with a dominant thrust.

She made a moo of joy as her Mistress's iron grip squeezed her hips as the events leading up to this filtered through her awareness. Hearing the mistress's animal laugh as she had entered the room and appearing in her wide field of vision unspooling a coil of green garden hose. How the maids had barked out their greeting.

"Soon pets. Soon pets." She had urged them as she attached the hose to the rapidly filling tank, then fiddled with the control panels. That had been when the calves became truly ravenous. The mistress stepped down from the platform and stepped as if to go towards the room's exit but paused, to take a heavy draw of air through her nose.

"Fuck it." She exclaimed with a laugh. "You all smell so good." With that she stepped over to where Steph and Stella lay, aligned her cock and slipped into Angelica's waiting sex.

The mistress pounded her with far more speed than faster than glass bull cock, strong arms lifting her weight from her udder to slap more fully against her, one smaller hand grabbing hold of the base of her tail for added guidance.

The calm pasture that the magic whispered off dissolved as her body shuddered under the force of the impacts of the mistress's muscular hips. Angelica bellowed as her the fluff in her head, melted into an ocean, its swelling waves tossing her from orgasm to orgasm. The room echoed with the steady slapping of the black sack against the pink wall of Angelica's udder.

One by one Tina's black nipples sprung a creamy leak and as she covered it with a milking cup, joining herself to the tank. Yet, her



filling breasts did not swell over much, instead her breaths came in heavy snorts to through a broadening nose.

"You want a bull?" The Mistress grinned as her cock swelled, reaching deeper before stretching out Angelica's pussy's much as the milk had her breasts. Angelica bellowed out her ecstasy as she came with the force of a stampede, her entire being shaking, quavering.

Tina did not let up, heavy horns extended from her skull as her entire frame thickened, her long tail slamming into the stalls behind her as it swatted back and forth.

"I'll be. Hehehe. Your. Bull." She grunted, driving herself deeper and deeper, the slap of her sack growing louder as heavy balls swelled within it, pounding on Angelica's udder like a pair of mallets, the impacts rippling across its skin.

Two mismatched paws rose, capturing the swinging balls and squeezed them against the vibrating udder.

With a bellowing roar, Tina unleashed a torrent of cum inside Angelica, the hot seed whipping the waves into a whirlpool of bliss. Angelica screamed with all her strength, but it only came out as the tiniest of moos. The sea of bliss slowly calmed.

Tina only breathed two ragged breaths before moving again. With a possessive snort, she leaned over Angelica, clapped her hands around her wide neck and drove her cock straight to Angelica's womb.

"MmmMmoooo." Angelica cried as she found herself tossed suddenly back into the milky sea of bliss. She floated upon it at first but as her mistress bred her, over and over again, she began to dip beneath its surface in to a dark ecstasy, losing herself until the next flush of seed ran through her. Eventually even that fail to rouse her and she drifted.

Drifted seemingly forever.

A girlish giggle is the first thing that penetrates the darkness.

Then a voice. "Ooooh doesn't look comfortable."

"We better get some lotion for that."

"Be right back."

The darkness rippled with an unpleasant thing... pain. A pulsing soreness.

Sharp cold pierced the darkness from the soreness and the entire world, the pleasant dark wobbled.

"Easy! Easy!" The voices cooed, "It will feel better. We promise."





A gentle tug, the cold soothed. She relaxed.

Then it happened again and again. Each time the voices laughed and promised.

“Ooof I didn’t think black skin could turn red like that. Poor Princess.”

“I don’t think Princess is going to stick like you want it to, Sister. Not unless the Mistress is in on it and she’s grumpy.”

“The mistress is always grumpy when she’s sick. That hasn’t changed one bit.” The voice giggled.

The mistress is sick? Worry bubbled in the darkness before stilling again.

“Oh oh! Look at her eyes!” The second voice whispered excitedly. “Are you coming back, Angelica?”

“Mooooo.” The dull sound rolled through the endless blackness of subspace. Subspace, what was that?

“Guess not.” The first voice said. “She’s starting to look a little cat like again. See, the nose is a little more triangular today.”

“Come on lets get the brush. She definitely likes that.”

Brush? The question hung there, a tremble of anticipation swept over her. And then a soft sweep across her skin. Hard bristles penetrating her fur and creating a wonderful... breeze? Slowly, as the stroking continued, a rumble rose.

“Ooooh she’s purring! That’s a good sign!”

A happy bark made the dark flinch. “Yes, Mistress won’t be so worried now.”

“I’m gonna try something.”

“Don’t get her riled up,” The second voice warned. “Mistress said...”

“And right after she had us double team her cock.” The first voice giggled.

“But that was cleaning.” The second voice joined in on the tittering.

Stella and Steph. The names bubbled up as points of light in the dark.

Then, kisses. A sandpapery wetness stroked across a tender sport, triggering a rush of air, a snort. It continued grooming across... a face, her face. Tender and careful with the strokes, felt good. Each lap held affection.

“Mmmmmoooooeew?” Angelica groaned as the darkness drained away and the rumbling grew.

“Good kitty.”





Kitty? Not cow? Confusing flashed, and she felt herself rising, reaching for comprehension. Needed help, “Muh-muh Mooostress?”

“We’ll get her. Hang on.” The touching stopped.

No! She forced the thought upwards and went with it. “Mmmnooow, mew pets!”

Colors, a blur of white and dark loomed over her. She inhaled their mixed scent and thrust herself at them.

“Oof!” They exclaimed, but their soft arms clapped around her while their lips and tongues showered her with kisses. “You’re back! That was fast.”

It wasn’t true though, it took a long time clasped in those arms for Angelica to slow pull herself out of the dark. They didn’t let go, they remained in touch, whispering to her or to themselves as Angelica put herself back together. They gave her time and didn’t rush her or chide as she reacquaint herself with her memories.

Aftercare. The word clicked into place as she snuggled. Steph and Stella were providing what she hadn’t in spades. It felt so wonderful to come back to herself like this. She couldn’t muster the slightest shred of anger against them despite her body being more cow than cat. Still possessing hooves and her multitude of teats were all red and painful to the touch. They lay within the Milking pen, although the flooding had been cleaned up. Steph and Stella uniform struggled to contain their still swollen breasts and small cow horns curved up from their temples.

“Girls?” Tina’s pained voice called from the door. “You alright? You’re not responding to my buzzes.”

“Sorry mistress.” Steph said.

“We took it out.” Stella added. “Angelica’s waking up.”

“Really?” Tina snort laughed, then lurched into the room. Her bovine muzzle gritted in pain as she leaned heavily against the stalls for support. The bent horns that nearly reached as wide as her shoulders and she had to tilt her head to avoid hooking the timbers. Over her body she wore a bright blue dress, flowers had been woven into her mane and circled her neck.

“Mow?!” Angelica exclaimed when she saw the huge mistress in clear pain. “What happened to mew Moostress?”

“Hehehe-Nak!” She chuckled as she reached the end of the corridor. “Your royal highness is fine, just sore. Next time you can pound me for hours and hours on end.” Groaning like a very old cow she levered herself down onto the floor and crossed her legs.

Angelica released a pained moo as she found her own hips to be tender as she stepped toward her mistress. Never the less, it did not stop her from dropping into Tina’s lap.





"Wait." The maids warned to absolutely no avail.

Tina's teeth ground together audibly as Angelica settled against her. While Tina had lost most of the bull's additional bulk, Angelica's bovine girth had yet to fade, making her almost Tina's equal in sheer mass. Tina half hugged, half wrestled Angelica, so she sat between her legs and not on them.

"Girls, please fetch me the clicker." Tina grunted.

The maids exchange sly glances before both giggled into a single paw, "Maybe later. We're not done grooming her."

Tina's muzzle raised up in surprise, her heavy brow furrowing "Did you just tell me no?! I thought you're on the clock."

"Oh we are Mistress!" Steph grinned, "We just changed who actually holds our leash today."

"We're the servants of the Princess today." Stella smiled at Angelica, their tail wagging hopefully.

"Muuuoooo?" Angelica's voice was raised in pure confusion. "You made me your mooostress? But..."

"We're keeping our promise," Stella said with a firm nod.

"Well that and you weren't in any condition to give us orders made it easy." Steph added with a happy yip.

The pair dropped into a deep curtsy, "Regardless, for the next three hours we are at your service Princess/Angelica," They said in unison, separating on the name. "We trust you to use us well."

Blinking, Angelica looked to Tina, eyes asking permission.

Tina rumbled with her own laughter, "It's not up to me. They're yours for the moment."

She turned back to Steph and Stella who had not risen from their curtsy. "Mow have to mewser mew truthfully?"

"In the manner of servants must answer their mistress truthfully." They said with smirks appearing on their lips.

So that's a no, Angelica thought to herself. "How long has it been?"

They rose to stand at attention, their paws held adorably up in front of their chest. "We believe the Moo Juice magic lasted one or two days. We were the first to climb out of it yesterday morning. By that time your udder nipples had shrunk enough we could cram their tips into a milking cup. By noon we'd been drained enough to move around a bit."

"We had to pee soooo bad." Steph said.





After sharing a giggle, Stella continued, “Her Royal Highness collapsed in the afternoon. By that time you were still riding on your udders and breasts. This morning, you were standing on paws and hooves. Its now transitioning towards late afternoon.”

“So their stunt cost us three or four days.” Tina snorted and flicked her ears. “We didn’t get any party prep done.”

Angelica nosed one of her hands and purred when it stroked her back. After a couple spine length pets she sighed, “Meounds like the meeen needs mowcare. Moooiads, brush the Moostress until she is a snickering moooddle. Mew mean puddle.”

“Yes Princess!” Steph and Stella answered, snatched up the big bristle brush they’d been using on Angelica and sprinted behind Tina. They attacked her mane first, running it down the length of her massive neck. Tina made light protests at first but quickly fell under the spell of the brush, her many limbs curling around Angelica and warming her. Tina moved only in response to the maids gentle instructions, slowly easing her out of her dress to reach more fur to brush. Once they had groomed Tina from head to tail tip, they wriggled into her embrace, placing themselves between her chest and Angelica. They shared a tender kiss with their current mistress.

Angelica couldn’t think of another order for them and simply enjoyed their hug with Tina’s. Before their had been bliss but this... this was pure happiness.

“Mew loves mew all.” Angelica murmured and closed her eyes. Not sleeping, no yielding of awareness, simply enjoying the moment for as long as it lasted.



CHAPTER 52

Angelica emerged from her haze to witness a Kymopoleia squeezing herself into a tanker truck. With a wave she invited all of them to stop by for tea sometime, then departed for her home in the ocean.

Three days passed and the trio's bovine features receded. Tina's once empty sac still contain two throbbing balls and cum turned milky white. Steph and Stella each kept a pair of tiny horns that poked through their long hair. Angelica's breasts retained their four teats and a pair of hooves on her front legs.

Steph and Stella spent those days in a combination of lusty play and battling back the decades of neglect in the ballroom. Stella had never before experienced such a thrill of accomplishment when she first saw their ghost like reflection on the tile floor. The others were a little perplexed when Stella and Steph herded to the ballroom to look at the newly waxed floor. Once the pair of them calmed down enough to explain, the mistress called them very good girls until words became difficult and let Angelica knot them while they watched their own expressions in that polished tile. Then, when they didn't think it could get any better, the Mistress commanded them to polish her cock. Still knotted, they took turns deep throating her pseudo penis until it collapsed into a slit and together they made the hyena yowl like a barncat.

Stella couldn't remember a more forefilling day as Steve or her new self. A bitter part of her quibbled that polishing a floor didn't hold a candle to her old ambitions as a software engineer but she tried not to give it space in her brain. He had been then, she was now.

The space prepared, Tina, recovered from the epic Moo session, threw herself into the heavy lifting of rearranging furniture. The undamaged statues moved themselves if you asked nicely, but they had to haul out the ones ruined by Tipper's last stand by hand.

Angelica's front hooves were even more useless than paws and couldn't help much more than fetch small objects in her mouth. She made several sojourns into the library intending to teach herself telekinesis, but manipulating the pages proved to be too frustrating make much progress. She settled further into her pet role. While Tina primped, she got a morning milking, followed by a flight in the garden before she produced too much milk to fly. The rest of the day alternated between naps and trying to get either Tina or the sister's attention. She got quite good at sneaking up behind Steph and Stella, then startling them with a well-placed tongue. Sometimes she got chased, sometimes she got put to "work." On





the occasions they were laboring on a direct order from Tina and couldn't deviate, Angelica really had fun, teasing them to utter and occasionally udder distraction.

Tina's latest card made her basically capable of doing one of three things once the primping compulsion was satisfied, eating, fucking or sleeping. To avoid wearing her subs out completely, she ate nearly constantly. Crunching on bones was her favorite thing while she multitasked. Still, the longer she went before a servicing the easier she became to distract. When Angelica drew out a flirty chase session too long, Tina literary fucked a hole in the wall.

Despite their play, they decorated the ballroom together with various faded ribbons they found in closets. They brightened as soon as the trio put them on the wall. They set tables with up turned top hats in the middle for groups of six people, chairs or stool only on one side so no one needed to turn around to see the small raised stage. A vague feeling guided the decorating. Feeling a little rebellious at the game and the Jackalope's unseen guiding paw, Stella and Steph set a bowl of magic plums on each table. A silver buffet was wheeled out of the separate kitchen attached to the ballroom, but nobody had an inkling what to cook, if anything.

Still, they weren't quite done. Something was missing. All of them stood in the ballroom, decorated with colorful streamers radiating out from huge bows on walls, while the tables were formal, white, gold and a bit of black from the up turned top hats. Stella thought it appeared to be some sort of upscale magic themed birthday party.

"We setup for the party." Stella voiced her thoughts. "Shouldn't the cards be here?"

"Oh! Mew know. Mew be back." Angelica perked up and ran from the room. Within a minute, she returned with a stack of stationary carefully held in her mouth. She set it on the nearest table. "Mewvites!"

Immediately, Stella blushed hard. The prospect of showing people what she'd become caused their heart to stutter.

"Its gotta happen sometime." Steph whispered.

"Heeeheehehe." Tina's laugh climbed high as she eyed the paper. "Makes sense. Have to show the world in grand fashion what we are now. We have to send the invites to finish the quest. The game will be over by the time they get here."

Stella nodded. "We're still not inviting our parents."

"The quest didn't say who we had to invite. Simply, we had to invite guests." Tina picked up a pen from the guest book by the entryway and, with it pinched between two fingers knelt in front of the stationary. "Although we maybe should start with your aunt."

"Meow! Yes!" Angelica's tail rose with her excitement.





"Auntie Isabell would be a lovely guest." Steph seconded.

Stella whimpered softly, but nodded. Then asked, "Could we invite Tony and her girlfriend? I'd like to see how she's doing."

"Sure, let me make one for your Aunt first." Tina grimace with the force of her concentration and set pen to paper, writing in jagged scratches: Dear Isabell, You are cordially invited to witness the grand finale of our Game of No Hands at Elfford Manor. The show begins at 9PM tonight. You may bring a guest or two."

"Mewnight?!" Angelica exclaimed.

"Watch the finale?!" Stella squeaked as Steph giggled.

"Nak! It just came out like that!" Tina huffed, then squinted at the pen tip as if it contained a hidden wire or something.

The paper fluttered, removing itself from the pad before folding itself into neat thirds. In a flash of golden light, a silver seal appeared. From it an embossed jackalope head winked.

"You! That's not funny." Tina growled at it.

"Its been so long since this house has hosted proper entertainment, you should start your formal residence here with a bang. Don't you think?" The seal said.

"Haven't we been doing enough of that?" Stella asked.

The jackalope laughed. "Ah no getting cold paws now. You loved playing in public. No hands is game that's meant to be shared."

"That was different, nobody knew!" Stella's voice climbed, but she could already feel the tingling warmth of their arousal as the memories of the supermarket replayed through her head. Then her thoughts skipped to serving drinks, maybe inviting guests into darkened corners for additional servicing.

"Think how many people we could drag beneath the plum tree." Steph whispered with lusty eagerness.

Stella shivered, "Not if we're on stage!"

"Then we can sign autographs after the show with our tongues." Steph licked Stella's cheek.

"This isn't part of the game." Tina protested, her mane bristling.

"Its part of the finale! Its part of the restoration of Elfford manor. You're right, that's not part of the game as Tipper designed, but neither was I. As one of their few sentient creations, finding stewards for their legacy falls to me. It is one thing to embrace change and hedonism in the dark. It's another to live it. To show others their born shape need not





trap them." The Jackalope chuckled, eyes flicking to the maids and Angelica, "Or boldly introduce the reluctant to new possibilities."

Tina arms curled around the girls and Angelica protectively as she rumbled uneasily. "What do you say?"

All three of them laughed.

Steph spoke first, "If you ordered any of us to fuck a stranger on stage, we do it." Stella nodded in agreement, not trusting her words.

"Mew thinks this is meird spot to draw mew's line on mewibition." Angelica said as she nuzzled the mistress.

"Hehenak. There's no escape on a stage." The big yena's nose darkened, "Can't escape a stage, can't see outside a spot light."

"Sounds like you have some drama club trauma to process," Stella patted Tina's fur.

Tina's hackles fell with a huff. "If you are both fine with it."

"So long as its an appreciative audience." Stella said, "Which means most of our family are not invited."

"Mom would shrivel up and die." Steph agreed. "Dad would probably go blind."

"My family mew, too." Angelica nodded. "But those in kinksters mistress introduced mew to? Mewbe mew tailor would like it?"

With a heavy breath, Tina rolled the pen to the edge of the table, where she pinched it between the pads of her thumb and finger.

"Hehehe. Then fast as fast can be I deliver this with weeeee!" The invite shot toward the door and disappeared.

"Right, who else?" Tina asked.

First, they went through the easy invites, the people they'd met on their journey here. Tony and their girlfriend. That real estate agent. The Tailor Couple. Each invite folded itself and zipped away without a word. Then things got a bit tougher as they went through the people who knew them all from before. A few members of Angelica's and Tina's kink circles were chosen. When the Jackalope offer to fill the seats with some of Tipper's old friends, they all readily agreed.

With the invites done, there was a heavy thump from the stage. The poker table and the cards were waiting for them.



CHAPTER 53

Stella stared at the stage and the waiting game. “I thought we were waiting for the party?”

“The Jackalope said the party was for the finale!” Steph grinned. “We get to do the last turn in private.”

“Except for him.” Tina stretched out from hunching over a table to write the invitations and yawned.

“Mew!” Angelica bolted for the table, front hooves clacking on the tile. She reached the table long before the others, who approached it with caution.

As soon as they took their chairs, Angelica’s thick bulky collar fell away. With a feline murr, she cracked her neck and brought a hoof up to her lips. After few flicks of her tongue, the hard keratinized claws cracked and dissolved, the two digits multiplied into five stubby but functional fingers and a thumb. She waved it at the others.

“Meow! I’ve got hands again! And I’m talking mewmal.” Her ears halfway turned as she snorted in annoyance. “Mostly.”

“Awww but you were so cute talking like that.” Steph cooed.

“Hehehe. Oh, she will, you’ll just have to rile her up a little. Right, Princess?” Tina chuckled and scratched her head.

“Mewf.” She humphed.

Stella barely watched this exchange, her gaze falling on their sole remaining face-down card and her perma maid card. What lurked beneath that? How would this alter them now? Only one way to find out.

As silence fell on the table, they slid a claw beneath of the card and flipped it over.

Husky Howlin, the title read. Below it, the husky maid threw her head back and howled as her tail wagged happily. Stella breathed a sigh of relief. That was one she could live with. She had gotten used to feline muzzle, but it did look a bit odd with the ears.

“I finally get my face!” Steph barked.

“Glad someone’s happy with their card.” Tina grumbled. “I have wearing the wealth of the kingdom. Finally found my outfit



compulsion.”

“Oh mew’s, I mean, mine’s horrible. Too.” Angelica said, even as she kneaded the pillow she sat on, a purr rising in her throat before she suppressed it with a swallow. “I mean, it doesn’t make any sense with the theme. Mama punk? Mrrowl.”

Steph tittered softly, and Stella smiled as Angelica struggled with her obvious want.

Meanwhile, Tina cackled with laughter, leaned back in her throne-like chair and hefted her very full scrotum. “Hehehehe! Guess these royal oysters of mine stuck around for a reason. With a card like that, it might take.”

“Mewbe I should play it on mew then!” Angelica responded with more whine than growl.

Tina merely grinned. “I’m going to play my card on you. So go right ahead, Mama.”

The Sphinx broke contact, her nostrils flaring with her rapid breaths.

“So you can decide if you want another random card or not.” Tina continued. “You’ll be a very pretty kitty, all knocked up with a big round belly.”

“Mrrroooooowwl. Sssstop.” Angelica shifted uncomfortably, beads of milk appearing at the end of her long nipples.

Tina pointed her token at Angelica, then covered it.

Throughout this exchange, Stella and Steph stayed silent. Body bending enchantments made it nearly impossible to get pregnant and being a slutty servant would be far less fun if they had to worry about consequences. They pointed their token at themselves and covered. neither of the others noticed.

Angelica curled her fingers around her token. Glanced up at Tina, adjusted it and bared her teeth.

The massive head cocked slightly in silent question.

“Mrrrrew.” Angelica chirped, changed her token and then covered it. Everyone watched her chew her bottom lip.

“Reveal.” Tina said with a chuckle and everyone’s paws raised.

Angelica’s Token pointed at herself and her eyes widened as she gave a soft meow. The changes started subtle, her lips plumped up, the predatory features of her face softened, gaining a new fullness and maturity.

“Oh my meeEwww!” She cried out, throwing herself onto the back as her hips emitted a loud crack. Her narrow, feline hindquarters regained a human like curve although her torso remain extended. “Ooo gawd!” Her cock, half hidden beneath her udder, quivered once







before spitting a gob of white cum on to the black fur of her stomach. It recoiled into its sheath and disappeared, the slit sealed. Her balls disappeared without ceremony, the already juicy pussy expanding into the spot they had hung from. The nub of a thick clit poking out of the wet folds

Both Steph and Stella sighed with the loss of their favorite knot.

"Mewp!" Angelia squeaked as a gold ring appeared in the septum of her nose. It glittered there, small diamonds studding its surface. Two larger rings appeared in her ears, their gemstones matching the pink and purple of her spots. More piercings appeared, Angelica marking each pair with a new sound of surprise. Three ruby studs marked her eyebrows, a pair of rings marker her lower lips. A jewel encrusted collar encircled her neck.

"Me-me-me-me-meeeeew!" She pawed at her huge breasts and pressed them together as heavy silver bars appeared at the base of each teat. Then her back arched as each of her thick udder teets gain a line of five rings along their inner lengths. "Wait mew! Not Eeeeeee!" Her protests were for naught, small gold rings spread around the lips of her pussy. Juice gushed from within it as a ring, twice the size of the others pierced her clit. "Holy meeeeeew." Angelica moaned as the magic applied finishing touches, thick gold bracelets, almost manacles clapped around her wrists and ankles.

"That's so- Awwwoowowow!" Steph howled in Stella ear, making her flinch.

"Ow! St-" Stella started to scold her sister but stopped when she saw face stretch out into a canine muzzle in the span of a single howl.

"Sorry," Stella sagged for breath. "It just so- Awwoooo wowowow!" Her head snapping skyward midsentence before falling into a happy pant, "ya know."

Stella would have told her she didn't know but the warm tingling sensation of spreading fur distracted her. It traveled down Stella's lengthened neck to swiftly coat their breasts with softness. Its thickness made the bras they were wearing tight.

Their tail stopped wagging as Steph gave a sudden whine. "Awww why do you still have a cat nose?" The full lips at the end of her muzzle pouted.

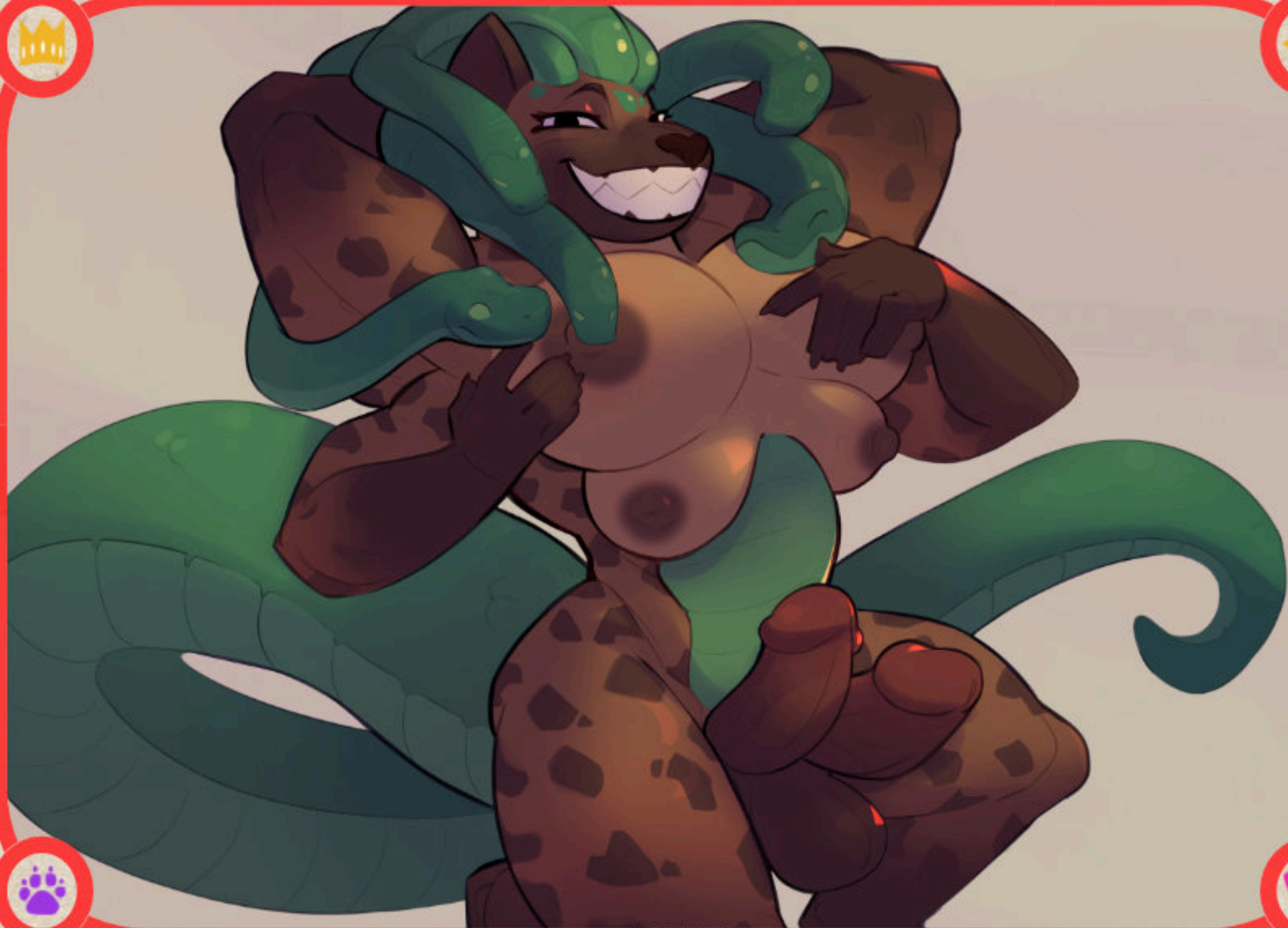
"I guess I'm just cattier than you. Mow!" Stella waved their cat paw at her doggified sister and flushed with a pleased warmth. She'd predicted this. The cards tried to avoid overwriting older ones.

"But... Wuff." Her pout deepened.

Stella opened her mouth to comfort her sister but a soft whump that made the table jump drew her attention across it. Angelica's paw hand, each digit now equipped with a gold ring, gripped the edge and she hauled herself upright.

"that's... mrowl." She panted. "Gonna take some getting used







to.”

“Did it hurt?” Tina asked.

“Not at all.” She cradled one of her four nipples and rowled softly, “But, its like I’ve got a little vibe held to every sensitive bit. I thought this would be a clothing compulsion! Not a-”

Fthip. A card flipped off the main deck and glided Tina.

“My turn.” Tina giggled uneasily as she squinted down at the card. “Gorgonly Gorgeous? What?”

Her eyes squeezed shut in a grimace as the fur of her mane started rippling as if something crawled through it. A chorus of soft hissing radiated out of the mane as the heads of dozens of emerald green snakes slithered out of it. Stella’s mouth went dry as their shared stomach did a barrel roll. Snakes weren’t high on their list of favorite animals, but most importantly, Tina had a near phobia of the danger noodles.

“Issss that what I think it issss?” Tina’s huge body shook, a forked tongue flicked from her mouth and nearly hit the table. The snakes continued to multiply, their long bodies crowding out all the fur of the mane. Slithering down both sides of Tina’s head and neck, their mottled yellow eyes gazing unblinkingly at either the maids or Angelica, they were all about a foot and a half long. They draped over each other like scaley dreadlocks, with a part down the center of her head.

“I can s-s-ssssee out of them.” Tina hissed quietly. “Itsss not ssstopping.” Several of the snakes rose up to join their fellows at the base of her neck in peering down her spine.

Stella started as Steph stood them off their stool to circle around Tina to watch. Diamond shaped scales, the same vivid green as the snakes spread down toward Tina’s tail. They encircled it and the entire tail gained even more girth, lengthening further, sliding around in a sinuous curve.

“Bark! Bark! Its pretty Mistress!” Steph bounced back and threw themselves at Tina.

“Girlsss! SssStop.” Tina hissed between clenched teeth.

“Sorry Mistress, but its after hours. We don’t have to obey unless we wanna.” Steph gave a small awoo as they flung their body into Tina’s lap and hugged her manic abandon.

The snakes gave a collective hiss of alarm and rose out of reach of their paws, hiding on the opposite side of Tina’s neck. Her eyes opened and fixed the maids with golden slitted eyes.

“I don’t want them to bite you.” She growled.

After glancing at their paws to make sure they weren’t turning





stone, Stella snuggled up to her mistress. "Then don't make them bite us, silly Mistress."

"Two heads is better than one." Steph pulled her nose out of the boob window of Tina's gown. "So like thirty or more heads is like, divine or something."

Tina groaned, "Its not done..."

Stella felt something throb against their thigh, she glanced down to find Tina's cock straining against the fabric of her dress. The wet spot of it appeared to be even wider than usual. Reaching down she slit the sheer fabric with a claw, and the black cock sprang free. Its tip had split.

"Ooooh!" Both Stella and Steph cooed simultaneously. "Hemipenis!" They sandwiched it between their paws. With a single downward stroke it split entirely into two identical peens. Tina bucked beneath them as the pair of erupted, spewing out two great streams of cum at a forty-five degree angle to one another.

Angelica ducked, one with a chirp and the other decorated the maid's stool.

Steph howled with excitement as their tail kicked into wiggle butt speed. "One for each of us!"

"Definitely gorgeous." Stella agreed, already leaning down toward the cocks.

Then darkness and soft pads enveloped their heads, strong fingers trapping their muzzles closed.

"Mmmph!" They protested.

"Hold it. I have to pick your modifier cards first." Tina turned their noses toward the table and released the sisters. At their spot three cards waited for them. "Pick what your getting rid of and then I'll decide your fate."

Angelica peered over the table at the cards. "This is the last turn, so are these permanent then? Or do they only last until the end of the game?"

"End of the finale." The Jackalope's disembodied voice said from the air.

"Not really fair." Angelica drawled without a trace of venom, more a sly purr of amusement.

"Well, they will be under its influence for the party, so other people will see them like that." Tina said.

Steph and Stella struggled to get a clear look at the choices but Tina held them on her lap with her unyielding strength. Gods, we really are a doll to her now. Stella thought as they gave a brief whine.

"No no," Tina chided with a manic giggle, "Tell us what your





getting rid of first. Is it my royal battlements card?"

It took Stella a moment to remember the card, then:

"NO!" She shrieked loud enough that everybody flinched. The thought of waking up in a male body every day drove a spike of cold ice into their heart. She panted and forced herself to calm down. "I mean, no mistress."

Tina gave them a gentle squeeze as she laughed with amusement. "What then? Tell us."

What were the options? Anything from their own deck was out. That left, the random cards and the ones played on them.

"You could get rid of the cat muzzle." Stella suggested hopefully.

Stella mentally listed her options. The paws, and cat muzzle both came from Angelica, the tentacles and second head were from the random deck. The tentacles were fun with little downsides and there was no way she'd want to get rid of her sister. The paws though, while they'd gotten used to them, developed work arounds and the mistress enjoyed watching them struggle with them, they were the one change that made life harder. They'd been kinda fun, but they weren't pets, they were maids, they had to work and it be nice to hold a phone or pen again.

"We're getting our thumbs back." Stella decided, firmly cheek bumping Steph to head off her complaints. She still whined like a kicked puppy though.

"Still the person I married. Always practical." Tina giggle nak'd and hug grew to near eye popping pressure as Tina rubbed her muzzle against both Steph and Stella's heads.

"Mistress..." Steph wheeze.

"...Crushing us." Stella squeaked.

"Let see what we have here." The hug eased but instead off letting go Tina rose from her seat, kicked their stool out of way and settled in the girl's spot, coiling her tail beneath her to sit on it.

Stella blinked the stars from her vision and focus on the cards. They gulped.

"Beastial." Tina tapped the first card with a massive claw. As before, cards only had text, no illustration hinting at the implementation. "Would you still be subby? Or would you be a slaving two headed beast?"

"It will be active through the finale," Angelica laughed softly, "Might make it a little hard for them to understand the instructions."

"If I were choosing based on sheer fun, I might go for cthulhulonic." Tina pointed at the next one.

"Mmmm tentacles? More mouths?" Angelica nodded.





"Although I think this last card will be best for the party," Tina said.

"It sounds more subtle than all the other modifier cards we've seen." Angelica cocked her head. "And they already love cock."

"Which makes me rather curious to see what a cumivore is." Tina giggled. "What do you think girls?"

Steph barked once then, "All three sound super!"

"Whatever you desire mistress." Stella said in a tight voice. "If it were up to me I'd choose cthulhulonic."

"I know you would, you little hentai beast, but I think it's your turn to be a little cum slut." Tina tapped the cumivore card. It shot into Steph and Stella chest with a burst of golden magic.

Another card leapt out of them, Down with thumbs, flashed its text and dissolved into the air. Stella and Steph looked down at their paws and watched a thumb emerge from the dog's paw, the cat's already had one, it had been simply as useless as the other digits. They swung away from the paws. Yet the rest of the digits didn't lengthen, nor did the paws shrink from their ridiculous size. Their thumbs could touch the pads of their "fingers" but an invisible boot to their stomach cut further exploration short.

They clutched their belly as their innards twisted. With a deep gurgle, their waist narrowed, their new diet needed far less intestines to process. A pang of hunger rang through them, a fierce ragged need, that only one substance would answer.

"C-c-cum..." They both chattered as their mouths flooded with saliva. "Need mistress!"

Steph howled as the hunger clawed at their insides.

"Hungry Mreow!" Stella cried as they pushed at Tina's arms, which might as well have been fur covered steel for all it yielded.

"Could make them wait till the party." Angelica suggested.

"Better if they're hungry, not starving." Tina chuckled.

"Mease Misstrp!" The maids tongues suddenly spilled from their mouths, narrow tendrils extending a foot downward. "Pleee cock!" They pleaded, the long tongues twisting at air. Their tentacles shot from beneath their skirt and entwined both of the black cocks, their tips diving into the slits.

"Naaaak!" Tina jumped in surprise, releasing her hold on the pair. They turned with a strange trilling sound as they plunged their mouths down at her paired cocks. The tentacles barely withdrawing in time as the cat and dog muzzles engulfed them.

Stella's wrapped her tongue around the base of the cock and squeezed it tightly, causing the mistress to rumble appreciatively.





It tasted scrumptious, as if it were coated in honey that she could taste with the inner surface of her mouth. She moved to coat every inch of inner skin with that flavor. Chewing on her half of Tina's cock. Her teeth, while they looked sharp, they'd turned soft and rubbery, adding more stimulation as they dragged across the surface. Up and down Stella and Steph's head's bobbed.

"AAaagrrr-grK!" Tina grasped as her hips began to pulse. She would have burst right there as she received double the stimulation she'd grown used to, but the tightly wrapped tongues held the orgasm captive.

Steph and Stella acted on a strange instinct. They didn't want one little spurt, they wanted a meal. They wanted every ounce of cum Tina contained. Cradling her heavy balls in their paws they squeezed them together to feel their throbbing vigor.

"Nrrrak! Nrrrrrak! Nrrrrrak!" Tina breathed with a drawn out hyena laugh, fighting for air as Steph and Stella slowly guided her off her coiled tail and down to the floor, where the pair of them aligned their throats with the twin cocks. As soon as her paws and knees touched the floor, their pair of muzzles scissored open and sheathed both cocks in their throats. The sudden engulfment caused Tina's huge muzzle to gape open in a breathless scream. She grabbed the pair's thighs with her lower hands and thrust once, twice and on the third stroke, the constricting tongues fell away.

Tina's eyes widened as the blockage that had been holding her back disappeared. She came with the force of a double barreled firehose, spraying cum deep into Stella and Steph. "Naaaaaak." She sighed as she felt herself deflate, innards pumping. The pair's throats undulated somehow, milking squirt after squirt from her.

Below her, the burning in Stella and Steph's lungs finally became too much and they pulled themselves off the cock with a pair of sated moans. Panting, they fell onto their back and let their paws rest on their distended belly. Stella felt her tongue reeled back into her mouth and suppressed shudder when the sensation continued all the way down into her chests.

Overhead, Tina slowly collapsed onto her side. "Hehehe. Now I need a nap." She chuckled sleepily, pulling in Steph and Stella to serve as her little spoons. "I enjoyed that. Good girls."

Stella had no complaint to a cuddle. Their meal, warm in their belly, made soft squishing noises.

"Hope you saved some for mew." Angelica said.

"Uh... heh. Heh. Give me a moment?" Tina chuckled weakly.





CHAPTER 54

Although they didn't look practically helpful, Stella and Steph swiftly found the upgrade from clumsy oversized paws to clumsy oversized handpaws incredibly helpful in getting ready for the party. Milking Angelica manually took less than five minutes. Tying ribbons and laces were a snap now. The pair argued fiercely about what to wear to the party, Stella wanting an ensemble resembling a professional outfit with a micro skirt while Steph pleaded for frilly pink lace outfit that was only two steps down from a wedding dress. Only an appeal to Angelica broke their deadlock, who put them in a standard pink maid uniform with a knee-length skirt and a top that stretched taut around their upper breasts. Only after they put it on did they notice the white sequins on the back that spelled out the words: HUGE COCK SLUT.

Stella whined, but Steph only laughed and refused to entertain the notion to take it off.

Angelica found a fresh addition to the bedroom, a jewelry box, but there were only a small selection of necklaces, bracelets and bar studs. Those were the only pieces she could remove. The clasps on the studs and rings were too delicate for her paw hands. She experimented with removing a couple of the bars from her teats but found their absence unpleasant and put them back in. She tried on her leather jacket and took it back off again. Striking a regal pose, she told her reflection that, "I'm a nudist," and shook her bosom.

Laughing to herself, she climbed up onto the bed to wait and lightly heckle the others. "Not much point to putting much effort into this. I bet this last game's going to be more like the first and we'll have to rip it all off each other."

"That's the fun part, though." Stella said as they braided their usually mussed hair.

"Yeah, we're even wearing underwear." Steph laughed, giving a small howl. Their paws clapped around Steph muzzle.

"Stop that!" Stella scolded, "It was cute at first but now it's getting annoying."

"I can't help it! I'm just so excited. AWwwwwwwowowow!"

Stella rolled her eyes, then turned to Tina, who'd be uncharacteristically silent thus far.

"Why'd they have to be green?" Tina fretted, glamorous outfits



lay strewn around her feet, "If I wear red, I look like a Christmas tree! Red works with brown fur. Now I look like a tree snake wallowing in a mud pit." Her snakes writhed, hissing and couple wrestled with one another. Growling at her reflection, she picked up a ham haunch she had sitting on the vanity and ripped a huge chunk out of it. She chewed it once and then swallowed the morsel.

Angelica prowled from the bed and curled beneath one of Stella and Steph's arms. Then whispered, "Think she'd look good in a suit? Maybe a mewedo, I mean tuxedo?"

Their tail went to warp speed.

"Oh! Oh! Yes!" Steph exclaimed, with mania shining in her blue eyes.

Stella considered the proposal, a smile growing on her face.

Tina swallowed another chunk of meat and eyed them with suspicion. "What are you planning over there?"

Stella clasped their paws together and approached with her head bowed demurely, ignoring Steph's happy dog grin. "Would you allow us to select your outfit, Mistress?"

The snakes stopped their agitated movement to focus on Steph and Stella as Tina blinked in surprise. "Very well. You can't do worse." She gestured at her wardrobe.

Steph and Stella fetched themselves a foot stool to stand on while they pawed through the clothing. Tina watched with crossed arms.

"Yes I suppose black is the only way to go." Tina grouched as Stella found what they were looking for but hesitated, they knew that stubborn tone. Tina didn't want to wear black for a party. She wanted to be flamboyant. A black tux was the opposite of that, even when worn by a hyena chimera hybrid. It said normal. They pawed on, from the blacks to the whites.

"Oh! Maybe that? Or that!" Steph commented on the various dresses on the hangers until they found a shimmery white tuxedo jacket with a sparkling sliver trim and a hint of emerald embroidery at the cuffs.

"How's this Mistress?" They gripped the hanger and pulled it from the wardrobe.

Tina stared at it for a long moment before high pitched laughter escaped her muzzle. "You are suggesting I wear a suit? That looks like something Elvis might wear."

"Elvis wouldn't wear this half as well as you will, Mistress!" Steph said, then adding an excited bark.

She grabbed her twin cocks. "Don't think because I have these you can start calling me master and dress me in suits. I'm your





mistress," a growl threaded through her voice as she cupped Stella and Steph's chins, "Your Queen. I'm more hulking beast than beauty because I gave you the card that would have made me pretty. Don't you forget it." Above her head, the snakes hissed.

"Yes Mistress, yes your royal eminency." Steph cowed immediately, tucking their tail between their legs.

Yet Stella merely pouted to conceal her smirk. They'd found a sore spot. "We didn't mean to offend our liege." Every royal title they used caused Tina's cock to twitch, and Stella pondered if there was time for another snack before the party. "Wearing a suit surely doesn't make you any less female, no more than forcing a man to wear a dress. You picked the Hyena and loved your royal scepter the moment you got it. Surely our queen enjoys her gender fuckery nearly as much as turning her husband into a pair of giggling maid sluts who obey her without question." Stella pushed the tux at her again. "You'll look good, I promise."

"Plus, you can really show everyone who wears the pants in this family!" Steph giggled.

Tina's lifted the hanger with a single claw. "I do not wish anyone to assume I'm male. Besides, tenting a dress is enjoyable."

"Let your tits hang out then!" Steph grinned. "Don't close the jacket. Little lewd, but Angelica's naked and we're HUGE COCK SLUTS."

"Oo!" Stella got a brain storm, and the pair dived back into the wardrobe. After a bit of searching, they retrieved an emerald green corset that matched the scales of her snake tail and hair. "We could tie this so your top girls are nearly popping out."

Tina eyed this all with uncertainty in her slitted eyes.

Angelica came around to rub herself against her hip, purring encouragement. "Real Queens have their servants dress them." She said.

"Fine, I'll try it on." Tina relented with a snort. The three of them shared a victorious smile as carefully laid the outfit out on the bed. Thanks to the width of the base of her tail, the pants were more chaps with a panel of fabric between them to cover, but in no way conceal her cocks and balls. The corset laced in the front, displaying Tina's double cleavage between the criss crossing laces. Then Tina threaded her arms through the sleeves of the sparkly jacket and shrugged it around her wide shoulders.

"Well?" She asked, tugging at the label and spreading.

She looked... delicious. The shimmery fabric of the suit and pants pulled the eyes to her. The emerald corset invited the gaze to settle on her chest before shuttling it down to her bulging crotch.

"Can we suck your cocks right now, Mistress!?" Both Stella and Steph shouted with eager glee.





"Heheheeee." Tina laughed, "I just put this on girls. No, down."

"You do look delectable like that." Angelica slipped around Tina's legs and cheek, rubbed against the straining fabric.

"Nak! You're as bad as they are." Tina's tail swiftly coiled around the sphinx's midsection and dragged her away.

"Mrreeow!" She protested, claws ripping up the carpet. "I haven't played with them yet! It's only fair!"

A bell chimed through the house, a classic Ding! Dong!

"Saved by the bell." Tina laughed, "I promise I'll plow you like a fertile field during the finale."

"What? Mreeeew! Its too early! We should have a whole another hour. Send the maids!" Angelica stomped a rear paw as the tail released her. "I want-"

Tina grabbed her head, cutting off the demand. Angelica's wings half opened in surprise, then froze. Tina leaned down so her muzzle was even with Angelica's ear as another hand reached to fondle her breasts. "You'll get my cock when I give it to you, my lovely pet."

Angelica made a muffled sound and pushed into the touch.

"That's right. You don't have to obey me anymore, but we both know you are a needy pet. All I have to do is hold you like this and tell you how I'm going to fill your belly with kittens. Maybe I'll fit both cocks up into that aching slit of yours or put one up your back door."

The thick feline tail puffed so much it resembled a fox's, and Angelica's body began to tremble.

"I love you. Try not to imagine yourself swelling up with eggs or making a nest. You might need a spare brain cell for the evening." Tina opened her hand, revealing a panting Angelica, her eyes rolled halfway behind her lids.

"Nest?" she mumbled as Tina scratched her chin.

The chime sounded again.

"Nak-nak." Tina laughed, then straightened, "Coming. Steph, Stella if she doesn't recover in a minute or two, drag her down on a leash."

"Yes mistress." They answered.

"What would mew build my nest out of?" Angelica asked herself. "Sticks? Mew no. Blankets?"





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"Yeah!" Steph barked, "Too bad he said no, smelled like he had a big one!"

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Tina gestured for them to enter, and they walked past her. Tony's ears perked when their eyes fell on the maids.

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"Its so good to see you!" They exclaimed after delivering a lick to each of their cheeks as the question burst from both their lips. "Would you like us to suck your cock?"

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"What?! Tony!" Jess exclaimed.

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Steph growled at her sister and pushed between Tony's legs before launching her tongue up into the vixen's narrow slit. Tony screamed as the tentacle tongue filled her entirely.

The little cock spewed once, Stella swallowed the sweet candy like cum. Wanting more, teased the swollen lips with her tongue, found the little nuts hidden inside and gave them a gentle squeeze.

"Yi ay gawd!" Tony convulsed with a fresh orgasm that wrung a few more drops of cum from their little dick. It tasted of Tony's pleasure and happiness. Steph and Stella grabbed their hips, preventing them from falling.

Tony tasted empty now, so Steph released the cock with a sultry mew.

"We'd be happy to... touch you up after the show, or you can try doing it yourself with the fruit on the table." Steph said, there hadn't been much cum, but it put a dent in the craving.

"Thaaaaaanks" Tony panted, cupped their breasts as Steph slowly reeled her tongue out of the vixen.

Jess watched Tony give a final shiver, utterly gobsmacked, jaw hanging open, fists clenched. Stella worried she might take a swing.

"Easy there." Angelica stepped between Jess and Tony, raising a wing to completely separate them. "Did Tony not tell you what sort of party this is? Are you alright?"

The woman's face cycled through several variations of anger before she took a deep breath and released her fists. Her eyes roamed Angelica's body before she spoke. "He-they did, but... right in front of me?"

Angelica curled one wing around her and purred, "That kinda the point hon. Are you okay with that? If it's too much, let me call you a cab."

"No..." She paused, "Its fine, just wasn't ready for both that and," Her eyes fell on Tony who busied themselves resettling their dress, "A touch up? You said this was very temporary, Tony."

Their two tails curl around their body so she could hug them to their chest and partially hide her muzzle in the fluff. "It is temporary. And with your sister being my size, what the harm in going another week or two? Not like it's been a bad week..." Her eyes flicked up, hitting Jess with a sulky cuteness that snuffed out the last traces of Jess's anger.

"You and your friggin eyes should be illegal." Jess grumbled,





allowing Tony to take her hand and guide her into the manor.

"Follow the ribbons to the Ballroom." Angelica called after them, then once they were out of ear shot she chuckled. "Poor dear's in for quite an evening."

"Good job mommy cat!" Steph giggled, echoing Stella's own thought.

Angelica's ears flicked, and she gave a rumble of embarrassment. "Mew was just being mewcerned."

Tina tittered her high hyena laugh. "Course you were Princess. You were a very good kitty."

"Merf mew Mewstress." Angelica grumbled as she settled on the floor to engross herself in grooming a rear leg. Stella smiled to herself. Angelica no longer bore the pet card but when embarrassed she apparently lapsed back into it, or was playing it up. Did that mean that Tina was still kinda programmable if you got her in the right mood?

She didn't have much time to ponder this before a new batch of guests arrived. The four of them resumed their reception line. They were a group of elves and elderly humans that expressed nostalgia about being back at the Elfford estate. Their jovial leader interrogated Tina thoroughly about the circumstances that led them to the occupy the manor. Stella and Steph had never heard of a pot belled elf before but there was something about the man that made them ravenous. His eyes lit up when she mentioned the Jackalope.

"A wild spell-ling! Oh ho! Ah Tipper, I told you to be careful with those self-fueling enchantments." He actually hugged Tina and scratch the chin of several snakes before moving on to Angelica.

He charmed her as well, complimenting on her wings and jewelry until she allowed him to stroke her ears.

Stella and Steph couldn't even smile at him before they belted out, "May we please suck your cock sir?!"

"Hrmmm." His eyes took them in, his joviality turning to stern judgment. "Beg for it. Beg for the cock of Kris Kringle."

Dropping to their knees Steph howled and Stella mewed. "Please sir! Feed us your cock! We are so hungry. We need it."

"I thought maids were supposed to be clean. Not naughty sluts who beg for a stranger's man meat in their mouths. Tell me what you are."

Stella joined Steph in needy, panting as her skin heated to the point she feared her fur might combust. The man's humiliating words were somehow making them wet, in addition to hungry.

"We are the dirtiest of maids, sir. We are absolutely depraved and take joy in the messes we make. We are not worth of your cock





sir, but please gift it to us!"

"I do like giving gifts and since the missus decided not to come. Hohoho." He unzipped his pants, and they fell upon it like a pair of ravenous beasts.

"Share." He commanded, and they immediately obeyed. He gifted them each with a swallow of peppermint-flavored spunk. Barely grunting as he came. The elves behind him followed suit, each one taking them up on their offer.

Despite servicing nearly ten elves, Steph and Stella's stomach howled like a bottomless pit afterward. Then Auntie Isabell came through the door with three members of her coven. She wore a black dress on her tiny frame. It contrasted with the purple of her fur. Stella thanked the gods that their magical accident hadn't given her a cock, just the huge tail and tiny wings. Once Auntie finished making out with Angelica. They got to have a nice little conversation until the sole male member of the coven got too close.

She watched Stella suck the man's cock with far too much interest, taunting the man afterward, "Thought you weren't into animal augs Gerard."

It took a centaur to finally fill them to the point of satiation, leaving their stomach swollen and warm. Even Steph had gone quiet, sighing contentedly.

The Jackalope appeared as they slumped against the wall as Stella marveled how she hadn't cooked inside their smoldering skin. "That's the last of the guests. Enough pigging out on the O'd'oeuvres puppy cat. Time for main course." He giggled and dashed off down the hall toward the ballroom.



CHAPTER 55

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"Ooooh! Yiiiiii!" Tony grabbed hold of Stella's head and shoved their hips against her lips.

Steph growled at her sister and pushed between Tony's legs before launching her tongue up into the vixen's narrow slit. Tony screamed as the tentacle tongue filled her entirely.

The little cock spewed once, Stella swallowed the sweet candy like cum. Wanting more, teased the swollen lips with her tongue, found the little nuts hidden inside and gave them a gentle squeeze.

"Yi ay gawd!" Tony convulsed with a fresh orgasm that wrung a few more drops of cum from their little dick. It tasted of Tony's pleasure and happiness. Steph and Stella grabbed their hips, preventing them from falling.

Tony tasted empty now, so Steph released the cock with a sultry mew.

"We'd be happy to... touch you up after the show, or you can try doing it yourself with the fruit on the table." Steph said, there hadn't been much cum, but it put a dent in the craving.

"Thaaaaaanks" Tony panted, cupped their breasts as Steph slowly reeled her tongue out of the vixen.

Jess watched Tony give a final shiver, utterly gobsmacked, jaw hanging open, fists clenched. Stella worried she might take a swing.

"Easy there." Angelica stepped between Jess and Tony, raising a wing to completely separate them. "Did Tony not tell you what sort of party this is? Are you alright?"

The woman's face cycled through several variations of anger before she took a deep breath and released her fists. Her eyes roamed Angelica's body before she spoke. "He-they did, but... right in front of me?"

Angelica curled one wing around her and purred, "That kinda the point hon. Are you okay with that? If it's too much, let me call you a cab."

"No..." She paused, "Its fine, just wasn't ready for both that and," Her eyes fell on Tony who busied themselves resettling their dress, "A touch up? You said this was very temporary, Tony."

Their two tails curl around their body so she could hug them to





their chest and partially hide her muzzle in the fluff. "It is temporary. And with your sister being my size, what the harm in going another week or two? Not like it's been a bad week..." Her eyes flicked up, hitting Jess with a sulky cuteness that snuffed out the last traces of Jess's anger.

"You and your friggin eyes should be illegal." Jess grumbled, allowing Tony to take her hand and guide her into the manor.

"Follow the ribbons to the Ballroom." Angelica called after them, then once they were out of ear shot she chuckled. "Poor dear's in for quite an evening."

"Good job mommy cat!" Steph giggled, echoing Stella's own thought.

Angelica's ears flicked, and she gave a rumble of embarrassment. "Mew was just being mewcerned."

Tina tittered her high hyena laugh. "Course you were Princess. You were a very good kitty."

"Merf mew Mewstress." Angelica grumbled as she settled on the floor to engross herself in grooming a rear leg. Stella smiled to herself. Angelica no longer bore the pet card but when embarrassed she apparently lapsed back into it, or was playing it up. Did that mean that Tina was still kinda programmable if you got her in the right mood?

She didn't have much time to ponder this before a new batch of guests arrived. The four of them resumed their reception line. They were a group of elves and elderly humans that expressed nostalgia about being back at the Elfford estate. Their jovial leader interrogated Tina thoroughly about the circumstances that led them to the occupy the manor. Stella and Steph had never heard of a pot belled elf before but there was something about the man that made them ravenous. His eyes lit up when she mentioned the Jackalope.

"A wild spell-ling! Oh ho! Ah Tipper, I told you to be careful with those self-fueling enchantments." He actually hugged Tina and scratch the chin of several snakes before moving on to Angelica.

He charmed her as well, complimenting on her wings and jewelry until she allowed him to stroke her ears.

Stella and Steph couldn't even smile at him before they belted out, "May we please suck your cock sir?!"

"Hrmmm." His eyes took them in, his joviality turning to stern judgment. "Beg for it. Beg for the cock of Kris Kringle."

Dropping to their knees Steph howled and Stella mewed. "Please sir! Feed us your cock! We are so hungry. We need it."

"I thought maids were supposed to be clean. Not naughty sluts who beg for a stranger's man meat in their mouths. Tell me what you are."





Stella joined Steph in needy, panting as her skin heated to the point she feared her fur might combust. The man's humiliating words were somehow making them wet, in addition to hungry.

"We are the dirtiest of maids, sir. We are absolutely depraved and take joy in the messes we make. We are not worth of your cock sir, but please gift it to us!"

"I do like giving gifts and since the missus decided not to come. Hohoho." He unzipped his pants, and they fell upon it like a pair of ravenous beasts.

"Share." He commanded, and they immediately obeyed. He gifted them each with a swallow of peppermint-flavored spunk. Barely grunting as he came. The elves behind him followed suit, each one taking them up on their offer.

Despite servicing nearly ten elves, Steph and Stella's stomach howled like a bottomless pit afterward. Then Auntie Isabell came through the door with three members of her coven. She wore a black dress on her tiny frame. It contrasted with the purple of her fur. Stella thanked the gods that their magical accident hadn't given her a cock, just the huge tail and tiny wings. Once Auntie finished making out with Angelica. They got to have a nice little conversation until the sole male member of the coven got too close.

She watched Stella suck the man's cock with far too much interest, taunting the man afterward, "Thought you weren't into animal augs Gerard."

It took a centaur to finally fill them to the point of satiation, leaving their stomach swollen and warm. Even Steph had gone quiet, sighing contentedly.

The Jackalope appeared as they slumped against the wall as Stella marveled how she hadn't cooked inside their smoldering skin. "That's the last of the guests. Enough pigging out on the O'd'oeuvres puppy cat. Time for main course." He giggled and dashed off down the hall toward the ballroom.



CHAPTER 56

A cheery tune flowed from the open ballroom doors as Tina, Angelica, Steph and Stella approached. All the original trio bore tells of their nervousness. Each of Tina's heavy breaths ended with a soft, *nak*. Angelica's long tail lashed behind her, the fur along the back of her neck risen to it resembled a bristly mane. Stella's tongue played with her rubbery teeth, enduring the prickling heat in her ears as the many faces of the guests and the taste of their cocks cycled through her mind.

Steph's eyes shined in the dim hallway; mouth hung slightly open in a happy doggy grin. While Stella apprehensive mood tucked their tail between their legs but Steph's set it wagging so it vibrated between their fluffy thighs.

"Mew... I..." Angelica broke their silence about twenty feet from the doorway and the others paused. "Feel like I should be wearing my wedding dress."

"Hehenak. You already got the rings." Tina reached over Stella and Steph to stroke the sphinx's back. The pair found themselves pleasantly squished between the yeen and birdcat.

"I'd give each of you one if I could," Angelica purred.

Stella finally forgot about the reception line and allowed their tail to wag freely. "We love you both." They said together and then Stella added, "Even if we had to go all the way back to what we were, I'd want to face that together."

Steph gave a soft howl of agreement as Tina and Angelica pressed tightly together. Then the hug entered a new level of constriction when Tina's tail coiled around them.

"Hehe nak nak." Tina laughed. "Then I have what I wanted. When I win, it will be for bonus points."

"Meow!" Angelica kissed her, "Don't get too cocky Mewtress. If I win, I could put that programmable button back."

"So long as it doesn't come with a chrome job, you could do that but you gotta win first pet." Tina growled playfully.

"So if we play the boon on another, we ask first." Stella said, surprised it didn't come out as question.

"Yes. Hehe." Tina nodded.



"Mew. Yes." Angelica cheek rubbed Stella.

"Good good." Steph said. "Lets go, lets go!"

They separated slightly and made the last steps to the ballroom in close contact with one another. The music came from a trio of elves on the stage. One blew on a silver flute, one a wooden toy trumpet and the third beat a pair of bongo drums. A babble of conversation floated beneath the music. When the musicians spotted Tina and the others, they spun off to the side of the stage without missing a note. The din of voices slowly drained away as the guests turned their gazes toward the trio.

So many eyes and all the ones with tasty cocks seemed to focus directly on Stella, who bashfully looked down at the floor. The floor reflected her expression right back at her. It also gave her a view of Steph's bright smile.

"Ladieees, gentlemen, and those who reject such mortal labels. Please welcome the stars of the show!" The Jackalope's voice boomed as from unseen speakers.

Cheers went up among the guests. Stella recognized Tony's yip among them and raised her head to find the fox woman flash a thumbs up. An applause rose. Kind smiles decorated the faces, even among those who had made Steph and Stella beg for their seed.

"Some of you know them, others are longtime friends of the manor and a very few of you knew them as they were. Today you're here to witness who they become. Please, my lovely players, come to the stage." The Jackalope hopped out from behind one of the musicians, clad in a tiny tux and holding a similarly miniature microphone.

"Ho Ho! I knew it, a Spell-ling." Kris Kringle called from a table near the front.

The jackalope thumped his foot and gave the pudgy elf a glare. "Don't get any ideas, Kringle! I ain't one of your toys, and no reindeer's gonna catch me. Tipper made me fast as fast can be."

Kringle raised up his hands, although he didn't seem very repentant at all. "Carry on."

It suddenly clicked in Stella's head that she'd sucked the cock of Santa Claus. No wonder all the elves with him tasted of wintery sweets. The image of herself on his lap as he listed the naughty things she'd done rose in her mind. Fresh heat hit her ears and their sex in equal measure. She was very glad she had Steph to do the walking for her at that moment. Steph piloted across the room, between Angelica and Tina to join the Jackalope on the stage.

"As many of you know. These three are playing The Game of No Hands and this is the ultimate challenge. They all have a chance of winning it and the game. Although one," He hopped in front of Steph and Stella, "Gave up all her reversals to remain in the running. She's going to lead a... commanded life from here on out."





The crowd exploded in cheers and applause. "Brave girls!" someone shouted.

"That we are! Awwwwowow!" Steph called back, basking in the attention while Stella only managed to smile.

"Unless she wins these!" The Jackalope pulled out two golden cards from inside his jacket. "Not one, but two boon cards. To play on themselves, or their fellow players as they seem fit. These will overwrite any of the other cards. With them they could become as big as a house, small as a mouse, open a fount of mana within or a gain the power to turn men to stone." He winked at Tina, who shivered at that idea. "The possibilities are endless. Even with the game returned to the manor, such heights will not be obtained again."

The crowd ooohed appreciatively.

"Unless the game spends the next decade sitting on a shelf but ladies and gents, that's not in the cards."

The crowd laughed along with the Jackalope as he waggled eyebrows that popped into existence only to disappear once the expression ended.

"Now you all know they're after, lets meet our players. Some of them had their mouths a little full to introduce themselves properly at the door."

Stella squeaked as the room filled with nervous tittering.

The Jackalope did not pause for Stella's embarrassment but bounced up a set of invisible stairs to stand beside Tina's muzzle. "In the lead, we have Tina, whose desire for change led her to the game. Her desire for control, dominance, and feminine power drew her to the Yeen Queen Deck. Isn't she royal with her crown of snakes?"

The crowd clapped appreciatively. Tina blew a kiss to them, causing one woman to call out, "Yaaas Queen!"

"Boons are one thing, but it's most important what you do with them. Tina, share with us one the boons you plan to request." The Jackalope thrust his little microphone at Tina's teeth.

"Well," Her laugh traveled low and deep as she took the mic pinched between thumb and for finger. "I seem to have a nose for hidden desires." Her eyes drifted over Angelica, then to Steph and Stella. "Honing is further would be fun." She grinned at the crowd. "I want the ability to sniff out one's hidden desires, so I can make everyone's visit to the manor memorable." Tina's tail slithered beneath Angelica, its tip lifting to caress her chin.

"Folks better watch out when Mistress Tina has their scent." The Jackalope grinned, then strode across the empty air to Angelica, who pulled herself away from the amorous tail with a head shake to focus.

"And here's our most aggressive player, Angelica, sometimes known as Princess now. She holds the most wild cards of the three."





Unhappy with her own timidity, she took the Punk Pantheress deck, yet played the cards that held her claws and teeth on another player. Now you're a pretty pet with tiny teeth. What do you say to that, Princess?" The Jackalope offered her the mic.

The purple eyes widened in surprise and she let out a startled mew. Then huffed and turned up her nose at the antlered bunny, "I got what I wanted, and got rid of what I didn't. I'm still the only one of us who can use a cellphone." She held up her still dexterous pawhand.

"No regrets at all eh?" The Jackalope asked. "Tina's got three removals unless it blocked by a boon."

"Mow, please. The only way she's getting rid of those massive mitts is if you cut them off. She loves bullying us with them too much." She smirked.

"You got a boon planned for her?" The Jackalope asked.

"Maybe, I do like being on top occasionally, although it can go to my head sometimes." Her tail bopped Steph and Steve in the butt before fluttering her wings. "I want to control my size, so I can be a lap Sphinx or toy with some maids as if they were mice."

"Oooh, sounds like the Princess is someone you better treat right!" The Jackalope giggled, "The Punk Pantheress everyone."

The crowd hooted and hollered as the Jackalope homed in on Steph and Stella.

"A bunch of you yahoos got immatedly acquainted with this pair, our last contestant, Steph and Stella!"

The ballroom erupted in a boisterous chorus of cheers, cat calls and shouts of "Go cock sluts!"

Steph shined under the praise as Stella tried and failed to pull her head into their torso.

"Don't let the one with the beet red ears fool you. She's the naughtier of the two. She just doesn't like being called out on it. Do you Stella?"

"Meeeruuuu!" Stella felt as if her entire being might pop and slapped a paw over her eyes. At least she couldn't see all those eyes watching her. So many faces... connected to delicious cocks.

"Isn't she adorable? Look at that." The Jackalope cooed, and the guests breathed a collective, "Awww."

"Steph, it's rare that The Game of No Hands gives rise to an entirely new person. You a little nervous? Feeling grateful Stella can't get rid of you without a boon?" The Jackalope thrust his mic up to her nose.

"Wuff! Hi!" Steph licked the mic and the wet slurping sound filled the room. "My sister loves me! She wouldn't get rid of me."





Wuff wuff! Besides, I've been around for a long time. The old us kept me bottled up, but I was there! Pining to do all the things he didn't dare to imagine."

"So this is a dream come true?"

"We sucked so many cocks! So many treats!"

"You want to keep the Cumavore card then?"

"No!" Stella barked from behind their paw.

"Oh, the other sister speaks! Good girl Stella." The Jackalope squeaky voice climbed ever higher with the praise. It straightened Stella's neck. The Jackalope turned to the audience. "Lets all help Stella get over her shyness. One the count of three, I want you all to tell them what good girls they are."

Alarm bolted through both maids at the prospect of so many hitting their trigger at once.

"One, Two, three!" The Jackalope counted.

"GOOD GIRLS! GOOD SLUTS! GOOD GIRLS! BEST SLUTS!"

The words of so many hit Stella and Steph like lightning bolts, the praise blasting out any competing thoughts from their brains, then traveled down their spines to detonate in their loins. The happygasm knocked them down to their knees. They were good girls. Good, slutty girls. Their spade gushed into their panties as they held up their paws for the roomful of people and panted eagerly, their long tentacle like tongues extending down to their second row of breasts.

"Don't let her feline face fool you. Stella's just as eager to please as her sister. Arn't you girly?" The Jackalope asked.

"I'm... I'm a good girl," Stella said, blinking. "Oh!"

"Do you want to share you want to do with your boon?" The Jackalope hovered in front of her, putting mic almost to her lips.

"Not really." Stella gave a little mew. She had her boons firmly in her mind but dared not to speak of one and the other, well it was so self indulgent so crass she didn't want to voice it until she had too.

"Come on girl, Speak." The Jackalope insisted.

With a slight bit of her lower lip her resistance collapsed after all the others had shared. "I... want to be contagious."

The audience hrrrmed.

"Not in an uncontrolled way, but well, there's a ah person who we kinda molded experimenting with mana. I wanna do that better. And I want to make it stick, so we don't need touch ups."





"You want more maids at the manor?" The Jackalope giggled.

"Its a big house for the two of us. The entire other wing is a wreck."

Light chuckles drifted through the room.

"There you have it ladies and Gentle thangs." The Jackalope drawled.
"Depending on who wins, the manor might be filled with maids, pets or stalked by a sphinx. Let's get this party started!"



CHAPTER 57

"This last challenge is much like the first. The object is to make your partners cum before you do, with a few wrinkles. Each of you have two modifier cards obtained through completing quests. Choose one of them to play on yourself. The first time you cum, that form will be discarded and you will revert to the form you wear now. Cum a second time, and you'll be out. No chain Cumming either. Once you've extracted your... point, you gotta leave them alone for a minute." The Jackalope turned to face the players and bounced on his paws. "Got it?" He didn't wait for them to finish nodded before two cards appeared floating in the air in front of each of them.

"Since Stella and Steph are behind, they'll pick first. Remember that your cumavore card remains active." The Jackalope said twirl of his mic. "What says you."

They looked at their cards and giggled at each other. Between Bestial and chthonic, there was no question.

"This show needs more tentacles!" Steph crowed.

"After all, they complement every outfit." Stella extended theirs down past the hem of their skirt and raise one to touch the chthonic card.

"Ixs fubi assa thul fig." Steph agreed as their pouches that held their tentacles shook their body with a deep rumble before erupting, spewing forth a dozen tentacles each. They shot beneath their skirt, propelling the maids high into the air as they spread across the stage and snaked over its edge. Uniform black in color, except for the two pink lace fringes that ran along either side of each tentacle. Stella could see so much as hundreds of eyes opened everywhere. Not to be out matched, their arms flowed out from their shoulders, their paws swelling, the central pads pulling inward, until a heavy lipped mouth sat in the center of each paw.

"Thulp va fiw ff'lsu!" Stella giggled as the pair of them looked down at Angelica and Tina, hunger making their many limbs ripple and writhe.

"Wooboy!" The Jackalope cackled. "We might need a little more room up here. Particularly if Angelica goes with what I think she's gonna. Hang on to your seats, or a tentacle if you feeling frisky."

"I'm not choosing the Hen, that's for certain." Angelica said, booping one of the cards floating before her. It shot into her chest while its mate disappeared. Taking a deep breath, she shook the room with a thunderous roar as her jaws expanded, her skull losing all



semblance to humanity, blending feline and reptilian features into the head of a fearsome dragon. While every part of her grew rapidly, her torso snaked up toward the ceiling, with more flexibility than even a snake, she looped herself once, twice before her feet left the stage. In sinuous flight, she looped around room as a long noodle dragon. Her breasts, udders and dripping sex, hanging for all to see among the sparkles of her scales and jewelry.

"Meeerrrrrwooo," Angelica purr made the chandeliers vibrate. "This is fun! Come Mistress, lets play."

"Ftthyu vivi fwlp." Stella said, sending their tentacles slithering toward Tina's heavy paw feet. Each one could smell the vital cum barely constrained by the fabric of Tina's pants.

Tina's huge grin narrowed slyly. "The bigger they are..." She trailed off to a truly manic giggle as she touched her card. Stella expected the mistress to burst into flame, choosing the demonic card, but instead four gossamer dragonfly wings unfurled from her back. They buzzed, and she lifted her feet from the ground. In a single twirl she shrunk down to double the size of a barbie doll and zipped off towards the ceiling.

"Aaaaand they're off!" The Jackalope cried. "Guess everyone's in the splash zone for this one."

The guests hooted and cheered as the four of them paused to take in the situation. Stella and Steph occupied the stage. Angelica curled like a streamer playing in the wind over the entrance and Tina hovered in among the crystal prisms of the central chandelier.

Stella and Steph conferred, their minds tickling each other without need of words. Tina would be far yummier, but the idea of dragon milk had an appeal of its own. Which one to go after? The answer was both. Stella focused on Dragon Angelica while Steph directed half their eyes towards Tina. If either of them thought they were out of reach, they were very wrong. Seven tentacles slapped against the wall behind them and extended at breakneck speeds, racing along the ceiling in a V formation.

Tina zipped off to the side, leaving a trail of sparkling dust in their wake. Steph split off three tentacles to give chase while Stella directed the remaining one towards the big momma dragon.

Angelica steered wide of the oncoming tentacles, rushing toward the stage along the wall of the ballroom. The extreme length of her body made it nearly impossible to dodge the swift tentacles, and she didn't appear to try. Instead, even as the tendrils entangled her hips, she charged down on top of Steph and Stella, their massive talons encircling the pair's arms and drove their torso to the ground.

"Hi puppies." She growled, then kissed both Steph and Stella with a single lap of her huge sandpaper tongue. "Sorry I can't pin you to the wall like I used to, but I'll give you both a different ride. I'll-" Her mouth sprang open as Stella pushed four thick tentacles into her warm





pussy that floated more than halfway across the room. “AAAAGraaaaaa!” She cried out.

With a smile on both her face and the end of their arms, Stella lifted the tentacles of their skirt to ensnare Angelica’s upper and lower jaws, holding them apart while she directed more to entangle that broad tongue. Angelica tried to jerk away but Steph and Stella went with her, their body suspended between those huge teeth.

Stella concentrated on their four extended tentacles buried in Angelica’s sex. Pushing two in while pulling two out, then reverse. She positioned two on either side of her giant clit, stimulating on either side of it. Yet it wasn’t a one-way street, the pleasure they gave rebounded through the tentacles, like electric pulses along wires.

“Hurr hurr hurr.” Angelica rumbling laugh blended with a purr as she ceased her struggling, her elongated body slowly floated down to the floor, her comparatively stubby rear legs spreading to allow the tentacles to reach into her depth.

Stella blinked in surprise at Angelica’s apparent surrender before the dragon’s head twisted suddenly, a long tongue flicked out of her entangled jaws. The forked tip slapped against their sex, which they had exposed when they lifted the tentacles of their skirt as no legs remained. Instead, a huge trifold spade that occupied the width of their hips greedily sucked in the rough tongue. Dark stars shot through Stella’s vision as Angelica tasted them. Steph fared no better, the tentacles that were crisscrossing the room in pursuit of the sparkling Yeen Queen faltered, allowing gravity to remember their presence. They fell to the earth, landing on top of guests and tables. On several they upended the baskets of plums, scattering their transformative mana across those closest person. The victims moaned with pleasure and surprise as their bodies shifted while their fellows laughed and cheered.

While Stella and Steph perceived these happening, they didn’t penetrate their awareness, which rapidly narrowed down to Angelica and their competing levels of bliss. Unable to muster any sort of restraint, they ground themselves against the dragoncat’s offered tongue. While rough enough to rend mortal flesh, it proved to be the perfect surface to stimulate their eldritch toughened folds. It felt unearthly and wonderful. So enraptured, they dimly realized that their only path to victory lay in making the enormous dragon come first.

They thrashed their tentacles inside her, extended their arms to clamp their paw maws over her massive breasts. Giving up on restraining the tongue entirely freed up tentacles to slither down Angelica’s sides and wrap around the teats of her udder. With their combined arms and tentacles, they suckled, writhed, thrust and rubbed in every way Steph and Steve could conceptualize.

And yet. And yet... that giant tongue! Freed, it pulled out to lap and tease their pulsing clit as if they were a catnip flavored squeazy treat. Steph and Stella’s muzzles jousting with each other as they





rose on an ever-climbing rocket of bliss. A rocket itching to explode.

Hold it! They urged one another in that dark bridge between their mind, hold it together. Not for any cogent reason, only their in born competitive spark drove them to want Angelica to come first!

She did. It started with a sharp quiver in her pussy walls. She attempted to still it by clamping down on the tentacles but Steph and Stella instinctively shoved them even deeper, triggering a thrashing spasm that radiated up and down her long body. Feeling sudden heat below them, Stella and Steph flung themselves from Angelica's maw just in time to avoid a gout of flame erupting along with her bellow of bliss.

"It's heating up in here, folks!" The Jackalope announced to a cheering crowd, although several tables were too busy with their own festivities to pay much attention.

Even as they whirled through the air, Steph and Stella had a perfect view of Tina streaking toward them, a small glittery comet. From the jump, their skirt of tentacles had flared out, flashing their bright red folds to the room as a bullseye that the pixie yeen zeroed in on. Zig zagging around two tentacles that reached for her, she impacted their pussy with a soft suupth! Her speed driving her so deep that only her foot paws protruded from the swollen lips.

"Fawwwwf ff'phaa!" The pair cried as they hit the stage. Tina struggled mightily inside them. Claws, tongue, humping, stimulating all the sensitive flesh that Angelica's tongue had primed. Desperately, Steph and Stella grabbed for those tiny protruding feet, but the tips of their tentacles were too blunt, their suckers too wide. Their mistress remained inside of them, slamming them back into the blissful rocket ship, plotting their course toward the explosion.

Powerless to stop it. The tips of their tentacles all grabbed the nearest object to entwine, whether it be a table, chair, guest or a still recovering Angelica to share the pleasure coursing through them. As the struggling mistress propelled the rocket to its breaking point, their paw maws tore off their own dress to kiss and suckle their own multitude of breasts. With a scream of eldrich babble the rocket exploded in a sun shattering orgasm. A gush of juice propelled Tina from their sex like a cannon and sent bulges racing down every single tentacle. The captured among the guests all cried out as something slick, rubbery, and round squeezed out of the tips.

Steph and Stella felt the Cuthonic card evaporated within them, and all the tentacles reeled back into themselves. The fleshy implosion did not hurt, but it did flush the afterglow of the organism from their minds. Rendering them both startlingly awake and... hungry. Rising onto their paws and newly existent knees, they spotted Tina struggling to her own feet in a puddle of shiny fem cum. Her upper paws and tongue attempted to clear the slime from her wings but her lower limbs pumped her twin cocks.

Pausing only for a quick glance at each other, Stella and Stella pounced on their diminutive mistress, easily pinning her to the





floor, trapping her arms beneath their new thumbs. Her eyes widened as the sisters loomed over her.

"Something we can help you with Mistress?" The pair asked, letting their tendril tongues reach down and curl around her tiny cocks.

"My what big tongues you've grown. Nik nik!" She giggled in a squeaky voice before succumbing to a yawn of pleasure. Yet Stella caught her glance at something behind them. Following her gaze, Stella spotted Angelica stalking towards the stage. If they paused for banter, they were going to have a very heavy kitty on their backs.

"-urry," Stella slurred around her tongue and dipped her head to close her lips around Tina's doll wood. Steph quickly followed.

Tiny but so scrumptious, the cock radiated the heady flavor of the bull cum it contained, like a flavorful hard mint. Stella wanted to suck and savor it slowly as Tina squirmed in their grasp, but they had no time. Instead, she fluttered her tongue across the tip. Tina kicked and clawed at the floor involuntarily, her teeth clamped together.

Behind them, Stella heard a creak of wood, betraying Angelica's return to the stage.

"Niiiii!" Tina's little laugh stretched as the sisters' frantic tongues and lips brought her to the very edge. Yet the stubborn fairy yeen held until the Stella and Steph felt Angelica's muzzle part the fur along their spine follow by the heavy weight of her breasts.

"Go ahead and finish her dearies," Angelica purred into their ears, one of her hands sweeping up the line of their breasts. "Momma can wait."

Perhaps Tina had finally reached the end of her willpower or simply gave up when Angelica's return hadn't freed her. Either way, her puppy sized body bucked, her tiny cocks spurting out their delicious milk. Steph and Stella greedily sucked out two more dimensioning pumps of sweet candy cum.

"Ni-ni-ni." Tina laughed softly before her head fell back and she slumped against the wooden floor.

"Good girls." Angelica cooed, "Now let her alone."

Steph and Stella obeyed, releasing Tina's cocks as Angelica hauled them up against her. As a quadraped it was easy to underestimate how big Angelica was, but she easily had over a hundred pounds of feline muscle on the diminutive maid sisters. Angelica wedged them between her breasts and rolled onto her side. One of her arms held them in place, while the other hand slipped down to run a padded finger around their swollen spade.

"You got me good." She whispered, "I do love being love being tied up and being forced to drink my captor's scent. But you know what? I know what you puppies like too." Her fingers started to dip inside their sex, setting off flutters of bliss. "You love being taken." All four





fingers drove into the sister's twisted sideways and gripped the edge of her pelvis. The action stretched Steph and Stella farther than they'd ever been. They blinked back tears and both sets of lips shaped into O's at the end of their muzzles.

"I gave up my cock, but rest assured, I can still take you two when you don't expect it." She gave them a little shake, demonstrating her grip on them before wriggling her fingers. "You're going to be cleaning, bent over something then wham! I'm going to have you both. Doesn't that sound fun?"

"Yes!" Stella and Steph cried as tried to thrust themselves onto those forceful fluttering fingers.

"Aren't you supposed to be struggling?" She tsked, gnawing at their ears. "I have three removals. You come this last time and you're totally stuck like this. Permanently, eight hours a day you're a maid, period, can't even tell your mistress no. The pair of you smell constantly of heat and everyone in this room knows what happens when they call you good girls."

"Yes!" Steph cried, opening their legs further, inviting the fingers deeper.

"Oh gawds." Stella whimper passed beneath Steph's cry, but she remembered the boons, and what she wanted to do with them. With a grimace of effort, she clamped down on the fingers inside them. The strong muscles that trapped Angelica's red rocket in them for hours now squeezed the fingers out.

"Ooh!" The action shocked Angelica so much she let go with her other arm, letting Stella fling their body out of her grip. It resulted it a kinda a slow roll out between Angelica's and only resulted in a thick hyena paw being gently placed on their stomach.

"Hehehe. Well if you don't want the pet to lock you into your new life. Then your mistress is happy to do it." Tina grinned down at them. "Do you need to win?" She asked in a far softer voice.

"No!" Steph barked.

"No, but I want a chance at it." Stella said, casting her best puppy eyes up at Tina, "Will you please allow me that mistress?"

"If that's the way you wish to play it. Then will figure this out with one breeding." The paw lifted away as she grasped her pair of cocks, "One for each of you. Angelica, are you game for a little double fucking?"

"Are you mewling me?" Angelica tried to scoff, but it got tangled up in her purr, resulting in a coughing fit. Still, she laughs. "Once mew finished them off, mew planned to do this."

She stood circled around so her rear faced Tina and raised her tail so it arched across her back, presenting her gorgeous slick pussy.

Inhaling deeply, her wings gave half flap before she bellowed out screaming call somewhere between an eagle's screech and a





jaguar's roar. The sound bypassed Steph and Stella ears and deliver a kick of pure horny between their legs.

"Now there's a display for ya." The Jackalope's voice barked, but he and the guests inhabited a different plane of existence from the contestants. Stella and Steph paid them zero mind as they approached, running a paw through the brightly spotted fur of her hip and thigh.

"You're so sexy." Stella said, mind turning over how the hell they'd make this work. Hip to hip would be too wide for Tina's cocks to do anything but tickle.

Two steps ahead of them, the mistress rushed past them to the corner of the room where a grand piano waited under a white dust cloth. With a groan of effort, she wheeled it closed to them. Patting the top, she grinned while her twin cocks dribbled with excitement. "On your back here, pet. My maids, be good girls and straddle her."

Purring so hard that Stella felt it through the pads of their footpaws, Angelica took her time in obeying, curling around first Steph and Stella who couldn't help hug her thick fluffy tail, then giving each of Tina's cocks a teasing kiss before rubbing her body against them. Tina didn't let that pass, grabbing hold of the base of Angelica's tail and swatting her wide fuzzy ass. The impact made Angelica mew that turned into moaning mrowl as Tina ran two knuckles between the folds of her slit.

"Behave or I will make you come right now." Tina growled, then undermined her sternness with a giggle.

"Yes mewtress!" She cried back, hurrying up onto the piano and laying paws up, opening her wings, her heavy breasts falling to either side of her chest and spread her legs wide. "Breed me mewtress! Please!"

Tina's grin broke into an open pant as Steph and Stella scrambled onto the piano. Angelica's thick haunch thighs prevented them from straddling her properly, so instead they hugged her half full udder to their stomach and spread their legs. Fortunately, one of Tina's paw hands grasped a buttock to prevent them from sliding off. The very bottom edge of their spade pressed against the tip of Angelica's protruding clit. Unable to resist the temptation, the sisters began to grind against it.

Angelica clap her hands to her breasts and pulled at their long nipples. "Oh Mrrreeew! Breed us Mewtress. Hurry pleeease!"

"Nak Nak Nak!" Tina's laugh rang with her amusement. "There, all my loves, lined up and playing so nicely together.

All three of them gasped with need as she rested the tips of her cocks on the folds of their two sexes, Angelica's human folds and the sister's wholly canine opening. Steph released a howl as its thickness parted their folds and spread their internal walls. Stella and Angelica both let out their own feline mewls of pleasure on the second thrust, both tilting their hips to let Tina thrust as deeply as she could. The





motion pressing their two feminine sexes into even closer contact.

"Hehehe! Now this," Tina gasped between heavy pants, "is what I wanted. The three of us... Together. I didn't know what shape it would... take. But I-grrrahh gra hahaa! Love being the mistress! Love the feel of you all looking up at me. Love pushing you. Love... you... all!" A possessive growl rumbled through her as she seized the maids by the tail and pulled hard, using them as a lever to crash her hips into Angelica's rear with even greater force. Steph and Stella had to cling to her udder with all their strength, causing the thick teats to squirt out streams of milk. Instinctively, their tongues wrapped around teats and their mouths followed, sucking down the warm, sweet milk with desperate strength.

"Mrroooooowww!" Angelica cried out, all of her limbs stretched out involuntarily. "Breeeed, aaaaah breeeed mew! I'll be your pet, your. Your bitch, your witch, your hands." She picked her head up to gaze at Steph and Stella with huge pupils. "My prey, my playmates, I have so much planned for our loveleeeeee sluts. Let me fly and breed mew! Fill meeeew up!"

"Ha! ... Ha! ..." Tina strained for breath, her thrusts slowed to the point where Stella could feel the cock inside her throb. The hand clenched around the base of their tail controlled their movement entirely. Almost more than the thrusting motion of Tina's hips, she pulled them down onto it, as if they were a sheath. The rippling muscles in Tina's arms made any resistance pointless, futile. That made it so much better.

"I..." Stella forced herself to let go of the teat. "Love this!" she cried out. "I c-c-can't understand it but I love being the little maid slut you've made me into. I love being unable to refuse my mistresses! Aaaaah!" Their own sex quivered, flexing her muscles to squeeze around that wonderful cock inside them.

"Hrrrrr! Tight!" Tina groaned.

"Come!" Angelica pleaded. "Come inside us Mewstress!"

"Not yet!" Steph barked, "We're sooo close!"

"Nnnnnn-" Tina drove herself deep, grabbing all four of the hips before her to grind against them both. The Pet and maids cried out as hot seed flooded their insides. "-aaaak! Naaak!" Tina finished, her snake hair hissing contently.

Below them Angelica bucked and shuddered before letting out a pleased, "Meeerrrrwow."

Stella starred down at Angelica with widening eyes. Had she come? Mistress certainly had, they had been achingly close but-

"Keep talking Stella, your mistress like hearing it. Keep talking till you come." Tina laughed once and then thrust hard, filling them up.

"Mrowl!" She screamed as Steph whined beside her.





She tried again, "Um, I- Yipe!"

Tina's cock's spread them further than before, gaining girth by every passing moment.

"I.. I... Love-" Stella fought for a scrap of concentration, "When you... humiliate us... me! Mreeew. Because I'm a naw-naughty sssslut! Oh oh aaaaah!"

By the time she'd struggled through the sentence, Tina's cock had lost half its length but being twice as thick more than made up for it, it stretching their spade taunt. Tina made short little thrusts to ensure it didn't slip out. Canting her hips to stay in Angelica as well. She lay there, her legs encircling Tina's hips and arching her back.

Steph howled, "Just call us your good girls! I wanna be your good dog. Your puppy. I wanna loooove you for forever."

Stella barked her agreement, "I... didn't take the p-p-permeant card to w-w-win. I-I didn't want to mew! go back!"

Tina's pulled out her now plug like sexes, switching her motion to simply rubbing them up and down across the two stacked pussies before her. The switch made the women squirm and gasp for breath.

"Heeeee!" Tina smiled with complete delight. "Because you're a woman Stella. I- heheeee! Knew it the moment we got you in a dress. I know you love cocks, like the good slut you are. Hehe Nak! But I bet you really love it when I fuck you pussy to pussy!" She delivered a sharp slap to Steph and Stella's left buttcheek.

It sent them screaming over the edge. They came so hard they went blind until they remembered to breathe.

"Again!" Tina growled. "Come for me."

"Yes mistress!" They shouted.

"Hehe! You too pet!" Tina stirred Angelica with another spanking.

"Meew! Yes Mewstress!" Angelica pleaded.

"I might have lost this finale but you're all going to pay for it. Nak nak nak!" She laughed with a savage glee before her own orgasm staggered her. Reeling back she stabilized herself with her thick tail coiling behind her. Giggling with evil intent she fell down to her knees to savage both her pets. She alternated between her long tongue and the thick tip of her tail. Making them howl, mew and plead for mercy as the weight of the guest's applause slowly pushed into their awareness.



CHAPTER 58

"Now there's an encore performance, my friends! Perhaps an ahageo performance?" The Jackalope's voice boomed in Stella's ears. She resisted the urge to open her eyes, half afraid that she'd find the ceiling of their apartment looming over her and this had all been a vivid dream. Yet the tickle of her whiskers against Steph's let her push away that fear and lever open her eyes. Amid the afterglow, their bones felt like warm taffy.

Still in the ballroom, still on the stage where the mistress had played them all like musical instruments. The softness beneath them proved to be Angelica's furry belly. It was really comfortable. The room smelled strongly of sex, not just theirs either, apparently the audience had gotten frisky too. Just as she considered putting effort into getting up, large paw hands scooped her up, and she found herself cradled in Tina's arms.

"Gotta take your bow now." Tina chuckled, booping both their noses simultaneously.

"Yes mistress." Steph said, their tail wagging.

"Yes..." Stella licked her lips, finding her tongue once again broad and her teeth sharp. "... your highness."

Tina gave a small grunt before placing three fingers against the fuzz of Stella's cheek. A tender slap. "Stop that, you naughty girl." The words set Stella purring.

Before Stella could compose a reply, Tina set Stella and Steph were set down in front of a microphone stand, facing the smiling guests.

"Ladies, Gents and all other categories, the points are tallied and the winner of this Game of No Hands, by single point is Stella and Steph!" The Jackalope expounded and the crowd's applause thundered forth.

The sensation of Stella's ears heating greeted her like an old friend as Steph howled besides her.

"Looking at this happy family, this Game had no losers. Wouldn't you say? Look at how beautiful they all are. Now make some noise to wake up the lazy Sphinx on the piano!" The Jackalope called. "Shows not over kitty! Get on up here!"

Cheers, whoops and whistles rolled across the stage as Angelica made a show of rolling off the top of the grand piano and





stretching before slinking up to Steph and Stella. She gave both a nuzzle before yawning and resting her head on Stella's shoulder. Tina also gifted them with an affectionate touch, a pawhand resting on their back, her thumb stroking the base of their neck. Stella and Steph leaned against both, Stella drawing the strength to smile fully at the crowd.

The Jackalope pranced around in front of them, speaking into his own micro mic and waving the golden boon cards. "The prize of No Hands is responsibility for the future. Thanks to a catchup mechanic, all husky maid cards are automagically permanent. However, all the rest the winner decides on the duration." He turned and grinned up at Stella. "You're doomed to be a sex crazed maid until the end of time but how long will your lovers share your bestial fate?"

"Forever." The word leapt out of her mouth. "I'm not going back and neither are they."

"Yeah! Hehehe!" He giggled, "I'm sure we're all shocked at that after that lovefest!" The guests laughed along with him. "Now the others get to tailor the forms they'll live with. Each may discard up to three of the cards they have collected. Choose wisely. We'll start with the pretty kitty!"

Angelica chuffed in surprise when the Jackalope appeared in front of her, a fan of cards popping out from his little paw.

"Mew. The udders definitely, they're too heavy." She said and a card fell from the fan. A shiver traveled through her as her teats shrunk back to nipples, her breasts contracted from massive to merely huge, and her udder disappeared into her crotch fur. A sigh of relief escaped her. "Glad to be rid of those weights. Now for the rest." Her eyes scanned the cards and her lips pursed in concentration. One hand cupped a breast briefly, before she examined the gold rings that studded each finger. "I'm good." She announced.

"Only one!" The Jackalope crowed. "Sphinx life for life!"

The guests stood to give Angelica an ovation, and she rowled softly under the attention.

"And for the Yeen Queen?" The Jackalope bounded up to her shoulder. "What dost her royal yeeness desire to yeet?"

Tina laughed sharply as her cocks sprang to attention. "Just two for me. Appetite and the primping."

The Jackalope reached into her ear, removed two cards and stuffed them down his gullet. Tina's massive head shrank down to a more proportional size and stood up much straighter. Turning her still long neck one way and then the other, it cracked audibly as she laughed with relief. "That's so much better. A queen needs to rise above their appetites on occasion."

"Cheers to that! Long live the Yeen!" The Jackalope pumped his paw in the air, "Hip, hip!"





"Hooray!" The crowd echoed. Tina made a gurgling gasp as her cocks sprang erect.

"Hip hip!"

"Hooray!"

"Hip hip!"

"Hooray!"

The three cheers left Tina, alternating between giggling nervously and panting with her triggered lust.

"Now show your respect for the Lady of the Manor!" Jackalope instructed and the heads of guests lowered to the yeen queen in a bow or curtsy.

"Your... too... kind." Tina squeaked as her cocks shrank into double slits that nigh gushed femcum. She fell to her knees, furiously rubbing at herself while other hand groped her breasts.

"Let me help you with that Mewstress." Angelica slid around Stella and Steph to pounce Tina, pushing her hand out of the way to service her with her tongue.

Giggling, the Jackalope bounded back to Steph and Stella, "Triggers are so much more fun when everybody knows them. Let them have their fun and we'll finish this show." He held out the two boon cards.

"Oh good kitty! Nak nak! Right there! Nnnnnak!" Tina cried out, now pressing Angelica nose to her sex.

It took Stella a monumental effort to peel her eyes off them and focus on the offered golden cards. Steph whined when Stella grasped her muzzle and forced her gaze down at the Jackalope.

"Awww. Let me watch. I don't actually get a say in those. You're the player, I'm just the second opinion." Steph sulked and pouted.

"Then I want your opinion on this." Stella said as she took the cards. One already bore text: Contagious (How and when I want to be). There would be no taking back what she'd said before the finale.

The Jackalope covered his mic. "Write whatever you want. Erase it, rewrite it. It will take effect when you hand them back. You got until big and beautiful comes. Won't be long, though. Tik tok."

Steph watched her sister with big, anxious eyes.

"What do you think about this?" Steph touched the card and the word split appeared on it.

She gasped, "I knew it! You want to get rid of me."





"No!" Stella mewed thoughtfully before admitting, "Well maybe a little, like a separate room sometimes. Just a tiny bit of space. Right now we're so close we can't even make out with that long muzzle of yours."

"But then we'll be separate people! We could grow apart! And and-"

Stella cut her off with kiss lick. "What else would you like instead of us tag teaming Angelica from the front and back? Or being tied up while the Mistress plays with me? Four hands, two spades, think of everything we can do with that."

Steph eyes lit and their breathing climbed to a pant as she catalogued through the possibilities, their sex warming.

"Okay, but we always share a bed and lovers. No hiding cocks from me!" Steph grinned.

"Deal!" Stella took the cards and pushed them back to the bunny.

"Good timing!" The Jackalope grinned as Tina howled out her climax and slumped back. "Because the intermission is over!"

Angelica lifted her head from Tina's nethers and gave a bow to the audience. With her tail lashing as started to clean her wet fingers with her curling tongue.

"Now!" The Jackalope announced, "We have selected the boons. First, do be careful around these lovely maids, because after a bit of fun with this pair, you might find yourself with a new career path."

Stella felt a shift within their chest, the magic clustered around their heart becoming more solid feeling, as if asking to be touched.

"That's boon numba 1 and for two, let's make it double trouble!" The Jackalope brought his paws together with the sound of thunder clap. Their body jolted, felt a searing pain pass through the center of their body and then a strange absence next to her. Yet a new pressure against her left shoulder. Turning she found her sister's grinning face, slightly farther away than usual. Stella remained a husky-cat hybrid, while Steph remained all puppy, both with their silver white coloration.

"Oh mew! You are such a good girl!" Stella exclaimed.

"You too sis!" Steph squealed as they lurch toward each other, muzzles meeting a brief round of kisses before they embraced, both their curly tails wagging to the point of wiggle butts. Steph howled and Stella bit playfully at her neck. Barks, meows and growls flowed between them as they tussled briefly. Soon though, their giggles over whelmed their play.

"Hey hey! No zoomies yet! Got one more bit of business." The Jackalope thumped his foot to get their attention.

"Right!" Stella said,





"Suuure!" Steph echoed as the pair turned to the small spirit, arms linked, heads cocking in opposite directions with eyes that shined like over caffeinated trouble.

"Wooboy, looks like that are making me rethink this plan." He paused, and the audience filled it with laughter. "Ah well here we go." He puffed out his chest. "Through many trials and tribulations, I have claimed my place as the hearth spirit of Elfford Estate."

"Meaning you beat up all the spirits had been hanging out here for decades!" Kris Kringle shouted from his table.

"Stay out of this you old elf!" The Jackalope shook his tiny fist at the heckler. "They didn't want the job."

He laughed and sat down.

The Jackalope smoothed his little suit. "Any way as the spirit of the estate I declare you two as its human... err mortal stewards in exchange for a singular service."

"Which is?" They asked together.

"It is your duty to make sure the game is played."

They glanced at each other and laughed nervously.

"I think one play through is enough for us," Stella said.

"Dunno," Steph, let her pink tentacles extend from her lower back, "Could use a few more of these."

"No not you!" The Jackalope slapped his forehead, "You just have to punt it out into the world, into the hands of some appreciative players and not someone who's going to stick it in their attic. Within the manor it will recharge in a few months and it will bring players here for their own finales." He held out the game's weathered box. "Spread the love ya know."

"And the horny. We can do that." Stella said, her imagination already filling those empty rooms in the manor with lovely inhabitants.

Steph and Stella reached for the box at the same time. They smiled at each other as their feline and canine paws met.

"Thank you Jerry." Steph said, her grin growing huge.

"What?!" The Jackalope's long ears went bolt upright.

"Magic 101! A spirit without a name can be given one during an exchange. Jerry Jackalope has a nice ring to it. Don't cha think sis?" Steph said.

"Perfect!" Stella agreed, dimly remembering something about giving a spirit a name bound it some way, something about making the spirit unable to hurt you. Hopefully, Steph knew what she was





doing.

"Fine, Jerry Jackalope it is." He gave a single stomp. "The pact is sealed and the Manor is yours to uh clean. Yes, there we go! Revenge! No auto cleaning spells will ever work in the manor. So there!"

"Oh no!" Said Steph.

"Oh dear!" Mewed Stella.

"Whatever shall we do?!" the maids cried out together in mock despair. The guests laughed like a sitcom audience at a joke.

Jerry shook his head in confusion as the pair rose, still holding the game. They swiftly found Tina and Angelica. They hadn't moved far. Tina sat on the floor, her legs splayed out around an upturned sphinx who was enjoying neck and ear scratches.

"Oh mistress!" They sang out as they each claimed a leg and snuggled up.

"Yes?" She responded, hugging them both.

They placed the old box into one of her large hands.

"Would you know anyone else who might like to play No Hands?" They both asked.

"I dunno. Not as much as we needed to certainly." She said.

"Mew might know a few more who need a change." Angelica murred.

"Hold that pose!" someone in the audience said. The elves were drifting from their seats pulling out cameras from cell phones to old wooden box cameras.

"Looks like the night's not quite over girls." Tina chuckled.

"They can take as many pictures as they want so long as I don't have to move." Angelica said.

"Well despite ditching my supernaturally large appetite I am a little hungry. I wonder what that troll brought." Tina sniffed the air. "Something smells good, although that's probably just you three."

Both Stella and Steph kissed either side of Tina's less monstrous but still fierce looking muzzle.

"We'll fetch you some food, mistress." Stella said.

"Both of you?" Tina tightened her grip on Steph. "I could just eat one of you while I wait."

"Better let me go with her Mistress," Steph nipped at Tina's wrist. "Otherwise, she might get distracted by a fox."





"Or in a fox." Angelica quipped

Everyone laughed as Stella ears blushed.

Then she and her sister got up, linked arms and walked together into their future, tails wagging hard.





Heavy rain drove into the plate-glass windows but failed to penetrate them with anything other than sound. A wet roar of water that served that led the customers within the cozy coffee shop to sip their drinks and anxiously examine their phones. They were all in various combinations of wet and grumpy. The lone barista, a heavyset dark-haired woman who displayed her clenched teeth through a thin grin as she frantically pleaded with the long line of customers for patience.

Suddenly the door opened. The storm penetrated this imperfect sanctuary, bringing with it the roll of thunder and a howling wind accompanied the two petite figures that stepped into the shop. The wind carried the scent of the rain, a dash of lime and cherry and more than a hint of wet dog. Their features were concealed beneath the hoods of two ponchos, one black, one pink. The pair drew little notice from the patrons until the wearer of the pink poncho threw back her hood and gave a small howl of relief.

"Sis! Contain yourself." The other scolded with a summery cheer, pushing back her own hood to reveal her feline face and unzipping her poncho. With a twirl she removed it, exposing her nano short skirt maid uniform and fluffy tail. It wagged in time of her counterpart's who similarly doffed her poncho to reveal a slightly more modest but far more pastel maid's outfit.

The maid with the canine face stuck her tongue out at her sister and barked playfully. "As if you knew the meaning of the word."

"Right now, only one word concerns me." Stella looked toward the counter and one of her canine ears wilted as she took in the length of the line.

Steph encircled her sister's waist with one clumsy pawhand and press their hips together. "Cock?" she asked in a loud whisper.

"Coffee!" Stella responded with a start, before cringing with embarrassment, hiding her nose behind a paw. Their voices were just loud enough that anyone in the shop could hear them if they were paying attention. Most of the customers were, and the beleaguered barista paid the strange fuzzy fetish maids so much attention that she forgot about the milk she was frothing until it frothed over the side of the pitcher she held.

She cursed at the newbie mistake, fumbled the pitcher and spilled the remaining milk. It escaped the green rubber of the dripped tray and flowed out across the shiny lacquered wood of the counter top. The barista stared at it helplessly, clenching her teeth so hard that it produced a crackling noise that a pair of husky ears could easily pick up on.

"Would you like some help?"

The barista's head jerked up to find Steph beaming a kind, eager smile from her muzzle.

"Uh yeah but-"

"Great! You take the orders, we'll sling the drinks." Steph said, already bustling behind the counter. "Come on Stella! Lets sing the





song.”

“Here?!” The other sister protested, further hiding her face within her paw, although her tail gave an eager wag.

“Bow.” Steph sang.

“Meow.” Stella echoed before their combined voices filled the little shop.

We are cat and dog all in one.

Two heads are better than one,

Its double the pleasure and,

Triple the fun!

As they sang Stella skipped behind the counter and the pair linked arms to perform a brief dance that displayed their feline and canine beans of their handpaws. Still singing, Stella scanned the backlog of orders plastered to the counter and Steph swiftly cleaned up the spill. Then they fell upon the coffee machine like a pair of concert pianists, its hiss and grinding joining the performance.

We don't cook, we mostly clean.

But coffee's a bit of our Thing.

Drip, espresso, latte cream.

We know our beans

The barista watched them in mute awe as they displayed the pink pads of their handpaws with a shimmy and a shake. The maids called out two orders in between verses of their song before giving the barista a small hip bump to place her in front of the register. Pink sparkles leaped from their touch.

Please sir, may I have your order? The barista sung to the first customer in line. They both shared a moment of surprise, then a smile. He placed his order and tapped his card with the beat of the song.

For ten surreal minutes, the singing maid sisters busted through the orders, giving each customer a bow and their toothy grins. The rain stopped, they sang their adieu and with their arms linked, they skipped from the shop.





Everyone stared at the door they exited out of for a long time, not quite sure if what had happened could happen. It took a full minute for the barista to notice the wrapped gift that rested on the counter before her. The tag read: Play with those who need a change.

Outside, their paw boots clicking on the wet cement of the sidewalk, the sisters tittered at each other.

"Laying it on a bit thick this time, sister mine." Stella said.

"Well there were a couple kids in there, otherwise we could have served double cookies instead of coffee." Steph laughed as they turned a corner down into a narrow alley way. A swirling portal iris open in front of them and they trotted through without slowing. The heavy, wet air of the city vanished, replaced by the scents of floral candles and a very familiar feline musk. The portal closed behind them, leaving the pair in a space walled with tall bookcases and standing in a silver circle.

"All done with your errrrrand?" Angelica purred as she slinked off of a large cushion and stretched. Her distended, pregnant belly touched the ground as she did so. "Took awhile, did you get... distracted and embarrasses yourselves?"

"Oh no. We were very proper." Stella mewed as Angelica encircled the pair of them, sniffing beneath their tails. The maids stroked her purple spotted back.

"I half expected you to dragging a new maid back with you." Angelica's nose stole beneath Stella's short skirt and her tongue lapped across Stella's always moist spade.

"Mrrowl!" Stella cried out, her paws latching onto the sphinx's horns. "We only did that once!"

"Princess let her go, we have to assist the mistress with the tour!" Steph protested, "We're on the clock."

"I know." Angelica said before pushing up between Stella's legs and sucking hard. The dog-cat hybrid's legs failed, and she fell with a canine whine.

"Oh no!" Stella gasped between pants of pleasure, "You'll have to go on without me."

"Steeellla!" Steph whined, "Stop being naughty! We're on the clock now. The mistress will punish us."

"She's paying the teleport toll." Angelica chuckled-purred, her deft hands reaching up under Stella's dress to grasp at her lower breasts.

"I'll ccaaaaa-tch, uuuup!" Stella moaned, widening her legs and letting the gravid sphinx thrust her tongue deep into her sex.





"Fine, but if she calls us bad girls its your fault!" Steph stomped her booted footpaw and growled at the pair. Angelica paid her zero heed, continuing to take her "toll" from Stella.

Burning with both jealousy and arousal, Steph sniffed at the air and easily scented the mistress. She followed it toward the manor's foyer with ease, although the cackling, "Nak! Nak!" was even easier.

Tina stood in an outfit composed of shiny black leather leggings, gloves and a corset that struggled to contain her four breasts. The long bullwhip completed the old timey dominatrix look, although in her massive hand it appeared toylike. Nothing concealed her half erect double dong. Before her stood a gaggle of mostly human people dressed in expensive suits, one sported a long tail with blue tabby patterns. Another had the pointed ears that indicated some Elven or Fey heritage. They all looked at the manor's ostentatious mistress with apprehension and excitement.

"Oh pick your jaws up from the floor, this is a historically accurate outfit. Tipper themselves greeted guests in a very similar outfit. Not my fault I need a little more support." Tina hefted one of her breasts to illustrate, giggling her hyena laugh.

The leader, the man with the pointed ears swallowed, and hauled his eyes up from Tina's dicks to her grinning muzzle. "That is... true madam. Although we are most interested in highlighting Archmagus Tipper's contributions to magical study, not their... peculiar private activities."

"Can't separate the two. I only give one sort of tour. That for potential patrons of Elfford manor. Although if it makes you feel more comfortable, I can cover up a little." Tina turned her head to glance at Steph, who stood up on the landing at the top of the stairway. "Come."

"Yes mistress!" Steph answered brightly, hurrying down the stair.

"Good girl!" Tina praised the husky maid, lifting her from the ground with ease and kissing her head, several of her hair snakes joining stealing smooches of their own. "Where's your sister?"

"Many apologies mistress. She's letting the cat distracted her from her duties!" Steph spoke in a hurried pant.

"Well, you're the one I wanted, anyway." Tina grinned, turning Steph in her arms to face the guests, "Since you wear a longer skirt than your slutty sister. Meet the society for the preservation of historical magic."

Steph blinked in confusion but managed to smile at the guests. "Hi there. I'm Steph its a pleasure to- Aaaaawooooooo!" The greeting turned into a howl as Tina's thrust impaled her on one of her cocks.

Tina grinned as the guest's cheeks flushed, even the elf's. "This is one half of the brain overseeing the Manor's restoration and conversion to a sanctuary for magical chimeras like us. She also makes a great cock sleeve and loves to preform for guests."





"Oh thank yooooou mistress." Steph moaned, grasping one of Tina's offered hands and using it to lever herself up and down Tina's cock. Her eyes locked the half elf's, "Call me a good girl! Call me a good girl and I'll be your good girl."

The man's stern face cracked into a wry smile. "I supposed I can't be surprised at this. It is Tipper's style. You're a good girl."

"Yay! Again! Ah! Three times and I'll cum. Let me cum sir? Please?" Steph plead with her large blue doggy eyes.

He gave a sigh with a note of admiration. "Good girl, good girl, and... good girl."

Steph thrust herself down and howled, her body shuddering with the force of her orgasm.

"Stay," Tina hugged her doggy maid and kept her impaled as she addressed the guests, "We'll start the tour then."

Not waiting for an answer she moved down the hallway into the more modern wing of the manor, her long snake tail slithering behind her. The guest exchanged various expression of bewilderment and the males discreetly adjusted their pants before following.

"We've left this corridor mostly alone and kept Tipper's self-portraiture in place." Tina lectured as she walked, holding Steph against her chest, who made soft noises with every step. "The bedrooms and the kitchen have been renovated, and they are used for paying guests and temporary residents of the manor."

A lithe fox woman with two tails wider than her waist wearing a black and white maid's uniform stepped out of one of the many doors and offered the guests snacks from a silver tray as they passed. Tina patted her head and continued talking, "This is where active players of the Game are housed until their finale. Afterward they may stay as long as they like until they're ready to venture out into the world or join our staff. To your left," She gestured at the staircase at the midpoint of the hallway. A small bronze plaque shined on the first step. "Is the place of Tipper's last stand."

The half elf peeled away from the group to examine it but Tina carried on, and the beat of dance music began to push through the air. "Up ahead is the ballroom, we try not to house anyone in this half of the hallway as Tipper relied on magic for sound proofing we have yet to install new spells." The huge double doors pulsed with the beat and Tina threw them open, revealing a whirling landscape of color and sound.

"Most of the Game's Finales happen in here!" She shouted to be heard over the music, "Otherwise its use is open for whatever party or scenario guests wish to have. Today you're in luck, the Hulvi Twins, Kylin and Ryla are performing." She gestured over the sea of bobbing heads to a central stage where two metal poles extended up to the ceiling. Around each pole a dancer spun, the pair cast near identical





silhouettes, curved hips accentuating their muscular legs, their thick tails as long as the pair were tall whipped through the air. With sudden beat drop they fell from the poles, slammed their thick paws into the ground and launched themselves upward to cheers. Near the ceiling they grabbed onto the pole with their hands and scissored open their legs. Spot lights flared, revealing the twins to be near identical kangaroos, both had patterned purple markings on their legs, shoulders and tails. Kylin's two dayglow orange cocks blazed among the black fur that covered the rest of him while his sister, Ryla, displayed a glowing blue spade among her rose pink coloration. They curled their tails around the poles, freeing their hands clutch their sexes. To whoops and hollars, Kylin pumped his tapered cocks as Ryla slipped one hand into her pouch and use her other spread the lips of her canine pussy.

They rotated around the poles, slipping downward slowly. Kylin's eyes closed, and they fell out of sync, falling faster than his sister. Ryla, looked over to her brother, gave a dramatic sigh before twirling once around her own pole and launching herself onto his. Kylin started as the pole bowed and Ryla curled her body around it. He barely managed grab hold of the metal before she swung down on top of him. She shouted something into his ear, dug her claws into his shoulders and expertly began to rail him against the pole.

"Hehe nak nak!" Tina giggled as the crowd roared, "Guess they're not making it through the show today." Extending an arm she shepherded the tour group out into the hallway. Steph lifted herself off her mistress's cock with a soft gasp and lowered herself to the floor.

"Pardon me mistress. I have to fetch a mop. Those two always make a mess." She said.

"Of course." Tina gently scratched one of her ears before sending her off with a light swat to her bottom. Then turning to the tour group she grinned, "Now if you'll follow me upstairs..." Trailing off, she squinted at the group, was one missing? The half elf had rejoined the group. Ah well, this happened sometimes on tours. She shrugged and led them up the spiral staircase.

"The second level here is where those who have joined the manor's family lives. We have five maids, three cooks, two very productive individuals who live as livestock, four professional entertainers, such as yours truly and a few who reject labels."

"Don't forget pets." Angelica poked her head out of the library door.

"You're all my pets once I get my paws on you." Tina snorted and offered her hand to the Sphinx. Angelical flowed from the doorway with a slight waddle in her rear due to her heavy belly. Sniffing Tina's hand once, she submitted to a pet as she curled around Tina's legs. Tina squatted to rub Angelica's belly. The sphinx nearly lost her footing as a rear leg started kicking uncontrollably.

"Does my Princess need a trip to the coop?" Tina asked, squeezing a breast which emitted a stream of milk onto the carpet. "Or the milking barn."





"Meew!" She squeaked, then she saw the gathered tour group and added in a whisper, "Please, I'm so full."

"I dunno," Tina teased, cupping Angelica's chin, "Another day will be a new record and you'll earn so many more treats."

Angelica's eyelids fluttered as she inhale Tina's scent. "Please mewtress. Mew sooo mewy full." Then she licked at Tina's leathery pads.

"Mistress she's going to make a mess if you do that! She'll lay all those eggs right in the hallway." A disheveled Stella appeared in the same doorway that Angelica had come from.

"Can't have that I suppose." Tina giggled as her emerald green tail snaked around. It tip plunged into Angelica's sex. The sphinx's mouth went wide and Tina cut off her feline yowl by clamping her hand around Angelica's head. Her wings spasmed and her legs kicked out as the scaled tail thrashed within her. Tina swiftly used three of her arms to pin the wings and gather the flailing limbs, picking the Sphinx up, reducing the spasms to shivers. However, milk dribbled from her breasts and onto the carpet.

"Oh no!" Stella disappeared back inside the library and swiftly returned with a small bucket. Hurrying beneath Angelica she attempted to catch the drops, but the laden breasts were too widely spaced. Stretching up to her full, nearly five foot height she latched onto one nipple and kept the bucket under the other.

"You goofy girl!" Tina laughed before turning to the tour group, "Come on, we'll take the elevator where all the best entertainments are."

"Will we be coming back to this floor?" The half elf asked, staring at the sign over the door both Angelica and Stella had come out of, glittery letters spelling out: Library.

"Oh no, not on this tour. Maybe after we're declared a magical heritage site." Tina grinned.

The man looked about to argue but Tina was already walking away. She strode up to a nondescript bedroom door, lifted a foot and planted it on the wall besides the door. The wall shimmered as a glamor collapsed, revealing a pair of modern stainless steel elevator doors tall enough Tina did not have to duck.

"We installed this last year to bring the manor up to code. Not historically accurate per se but the previous elevator had consent issues." She beckoned to the tour group to join her, Angelica in her arms with Stella hanging off her tit, "Come one, plenty of room for everyone."

She lied, cozy didn't even begin to describe it. The tour group packed in shoulder to shoulder to Tina's lowest set of breasts.

"Gee I hope we don't get stuck. That be awful." The tailed one smirked.





"I charge extra for that. If you want, I can take a pheromone enhancer that will have even a magically insensitive individual hopelessly horny and worshiping my paws within five minutes." Tina replied in the most casual of tones and ruined the deadpan with a feral giggle.

The man's tail went puffy, and he flushed.

Silence ruled as the elevator rose, only the soft plinking of milk droplets falling into the bucket rose above the whisper of the machinery. Nostrils flared as they sampled the heady arousal of the three hyper sexed chimeras. The doors opened with a soft hiss and Stella let go of Angelica's nipple with a gulp of air. She sprang out first into the tiled hallway, a hexagonal pattern of rough stone. It appeared to be a combination of bathroom tile and a fancy garden path. Then she called down it.

"Ruby! We got a dripper."

"On it chief!" A voice called back.

As Tina exited the elevator a huge a cow woman in a maid uniform and with rubber ducky yellow hoof boots clomped up with a mop and bucket. The sloshing sound came from her swinging udder, not the contents of her bucket.

"Oh mooo, Mistress Angelica didn't break her record? Too bad." She cooed at the Sphinx. "Best get her to coop. It's got an open loft. Barn's full."

"You take care of the drip trail, I'll prep a loft for her." Stella dashed down the hallway.

"Mmooo!" The cow saluted the much smaller maid and dutifully clomped behind the group.

"Well this isn't original." The half elf sniffed as he stepped out of the elevator.

"Because carpet, even magically preserved, is no match for absolute mess this floor generates unless you want the entire manor to stink of sour milk and other things. Only a few residents are into that. All of Tipper's special rooms are unaltered." Tina replied, letting go of Angelica face as she carried her down the hallway. The sphinx mewled, dripping milk onto the floor. The cow maid whistled a tune as she followed after with the mop. After her the tour followed after, keeping out of range of the cow's swatting tail.

Ahead, Stella entered the coop and inhaled the scent of fresh straw. Although the pale glow coming from the rear of the room had her pause and cock her head. Once her eyes adjusted, her tail wagged and mewled in greeting. "Zeke! Did you not make it to the nest again?" Three huge cupped nests sat along the back wall of the room but one was made from a black silicon like substance. Before it an almost alien figure had collapsed. Like Tina, he sported four arms but the familiarities mostly ended there. A fluffy white mane decorated his head and neck while the rest of his body was covered with chitonious black plates that armored his body. Two pairs of transparent wings jutted from his back occasionally





blurring into movement and making a feeble buzz. Adding to the insectile theme was the black abdomen that extended from his buttocks. Usually black and armored like the rest of him but now it had swelled to twice girth and length of his body so the chiton plates float on a swollen balloon of pale white silver luminescent flesh. Zeke made a chirp-click as his abdomen pulsed, extruding a long shining egg from its tip. It joined the pile of a dozen like it.

"Aww the poor buggy have a rough night?" Stella giggled as she knelt beside him, "Drank too much of Ruby's milk I see." Grabbing his upper shouldered she gave him a gentle shake. "Come on move, or my Mistress will do it."

His head lifted, revealing a muzzle with a draconic shape to it, with four golden eyes and groaned. Reaching out with one arm, he made a feeble clawing gesture in the direction of the black nest. "Can't... too heavy..."

"Come on, just a little further. I'll hook you up just the way you like it." Stella urged softly, running fingertip over Zeke's fluffy, antenna like ear.

The bug dragon shivered, but nodded, dragging himself and his egg laden body the five feet remaining to the lip of the black nest. As he gripped the edge, Tina strode through the door of the room carrying the insensate Angelica. The tour group followed closely behind. She stopped at one of the straw nests and looked expectantly at Stella.

"One moment Mistress." Stella said, pulling a transparent tube from the wall as Zeke flopped into the cup of his nest. The tube ended in a lip of black rubber, Stella fit it over the tip of Zeke's abdomen and pulled a lever. Machinery audibly whirled to life on the other side of the wall. Zeke shuddered, then his jaws scissored open in a silent scream as an egg slid into the tube. The wings buzzed individually as the tube itself pulsed in sync with his abdomen, each one adding an egg to the tube.

"How many will he lay?" The half elf asked.

"Couple hundred at least." Stella answered brightly, moving to the nest Tina awaited by, "Rate will slow down once he's past the first fifty then he'll have a long night." Opening a small chest next to the nest, Stella pulled out several thick fleece blankets and laid them across the woven straw.

Tina gently lowered Angelica into the nest and placed her on her back. Stroking her short muzzle with a huge thumb Tina whispered, "There you are, now push pet."

"Mrrowl..." Angelica groggily replied, opened her legs and everyone watched as the dome of a purple spotted egg pushed out between her thighs. Her spread wings gave a flap as it passed its widest point and her hands grasped her over full breasts. She gave a breathy sigh as the egg came free and opened her eyes. "One." She smiled.

"Keep counting," Tina urged Angelica, then turned to Stella. "Since you missed the start of the tour, finish it for me. Show our guests the milking room as their final stop."





Stella blinked, her tail curling with uncertainty for a moment before she curtsied. "Of course mistress." Turning to the tour group, her tail burst into motion. "Follow me if you please."

After politely pardoning her way through the center of the group, she walked backwards, leading them back out into the hallway. "As mistress Tina probably explained, the 3rd floor of the mansion contains the most magically active entertainments in the mansion. These include the kennels, the sculpture workshop, the green house, the coop, which you've just seen and our most popular room, the milking barn. Unlike Tipper's workshops, which were striped when the US government invaded, these rooms were left intact. They were probably deemed too dangerous to enter. We have yet to find anyone these rooms are unable to effect. We advise all voyeurs," She winked, "be careful as touching anything can result in extended stays."

"Are you saying we might go home and suddenly lay eggs?" The cat tailed guest asked.

"Oh no Sir! Unless you've touched one of the nests, although if you'd had we'd all have known by now." She grinned as she halted in front of yet another non nondescript door. "Really, the coop is the most polite of the rooms, there are reasons we don't take tours through the sculpture workshop or the kennels. The green house is usually fine but when its feeling frisky you'll get rooted for at least a month." Stella giggled and blushed at her memories of her time as a dogwood.

"Anyway!" She clapped her paws together and beamed a smile out to her tour group. "This is the milking barn. Two of our very productive residents are using it at the moment so everything should be fine. Just stay out of the splash zone. If you decide you'd like to book a time, you can speak with the Mistress." Stella opened the door and the sweet odor of sweet cream near billowed out into the hallway. A low, lusty, "Mooooooo," rolled out in greeting.

"Sis!" An identical voice to Stella called from the hallway and she bid the guests to enter before turning to greet an oncoming Steph. The husky muzzled sister howled as they embraced.

"You would not believe what the roo twins just did to a fan!" Steph said in a excited whisper that promised juicy gossip.

Stella laughed nervously, "I'm working!"

"It will just take a sec!" Steph insisted before burying her nose in her sister's ear and whispered furiously as the last of the tour group went into the milking barn.

They walked by six empty holding stalls and stopped on the threshold to the wider space that held the pair of milking pens.

"I'm a goooooo little Cooow M-Lit-P-223!" The smaller of the two occupants moaned, her thick tail arched over her back displaying her swollen slit at the tour group and a small webcam





mounted on the rail of the stall. The long silver cups of the milking machine pulled on the four long teats of the heavy udder that hung between two ungulate legs. She panted into a microphone through a thick bovine muzzle. "I mooooooke the best moook!" She claimed, reaching up with a feline front paw to bat at the bell that hung around her neck while her little dragon wings fleebly flapped. The large monitor that sat in front of her filled with hearts and chimes sounded.

"Good little cow." The speakers pronounced robotically, and the dragoncow shuddered, legs nearly buckling.

However, a huge paw reached over the railing, extended a claw and tapped button on the oversized keyboard mounted on the wall of the pen. The live stream died, and the dragoncow looked at it for a forlorn moment before slowly tilting her head upwards to gaze at the looming face of her pen neighbor, with a sleepy hurt expression. "Ruuuuude."

The neighbor had no choice but to loom, a leonine sphinx nearly three times the size of Angelica, with huge wings that could touch either side of the entire milking barn without opening fully. Her humanity was sparse, remaining in the irises of her half lidded purple eyes, long blond hair and huge breasts that each could contain the half elf with room to spare. The rest of her embodied feline power and grace. "We... have... guests." She spoke each word in time with the pulse of the pump.

Her nipples, each wider than a human's hand span, sprayed milk into cups that had been modified from a clear plastic buckets.

"I was almoooooost done." The Dragoncow stamped one of her rear hoofs with a soft clomp.

"Its the rules..." The sphinx's voice sank to a throaty growl, clearly enjoying bullying her smaller milk mate. Her long neck curled so she could gaze at the tour group and licked her chop hungrily. "Any among you have the balls to be my bull tonight?" She asked, lifting her tail to reveal a shining vagina nestled among the golden fur. "Or if you can't handle me, I'm sure this little slut next to me would be happy to make you feel less inadequate. Kazard's such a good cow. Good cow. The sluttiest little good cow."

Kazard opened her mouth to protest it turned into a long moo as the massive Sphinx called her a good cow. Her udder visibly swelled with each repetition of the phrase, bowing her legs outward. One by one the silver cups burst off the udder in a spray of pink milk, launching a fine mist of droplets into the air. No one noticed them drift over the tour group.

"Oops. Looks like Kazard's also offering free milk samples." The sphinx grinned.

"We're just... observing today." The half elf said with tightly measured breaths and an obvious tent in his pants and his eyes fixed at the dribbling milk.

"Very tempting." The cat tail man drifted out ahead of the





group, led by his nose which sniffed at the heady mix of milk and musk that floated through the air. He stepped in a small rivulet of milk snaking its way from Kazard toward the door, and didn't notice the pink sparks that raced up his leg. reached the sphinx and she purred as he touched the plush fur of her thigh. Her pussy waited, nearly a foot over his head. "Very tempting. And you smell so purrrfect. What's your name?"

"Sila," She grinned, lowering herself down so he could reach. "Come and have a taste."

"Lee!" The half elf scolded, walking forward as if to grab his colleague, directly into the fine mist of milk. "We have other appointments today!" A sudden gurgle sounded in his stomach and he doubled over, clutching at his groin. "Oh no..."

"I'm clearing my schedule. I think we all are." He gave Sila's sex a long lap, to which the Sphinx rowled her approval. "It be rude to come all this way and not-" He made a little gesture and patted his thigh. A bull's cock exploded through the fabric of his crotch. "-participate." Then plunged his face into Sila.

"Muh—muh mooooo!" The half elf answered as he struggled with a swelling udder caught in the waist band of his pants.

Back in the doorway, Stella and Steph held hands as they watched the tour group succumbed the combined magic of Kazard's milk and the room itself. Stella covered her mouth to hide her giddy smile while Steph wore her excitement openly.

"Oh this is gonna be a total mess." Stella giggled. "We'll have to get out the portable milkers, get fresh hay for the pens and tell the dairy to send at least one extra truck tomorrow."

Steph howled and bounced on her foot paws. "Just another day at Elfford manor."

"I love my life." Stella hugged her sister and licked her cheek. "Have I said that today yet?"

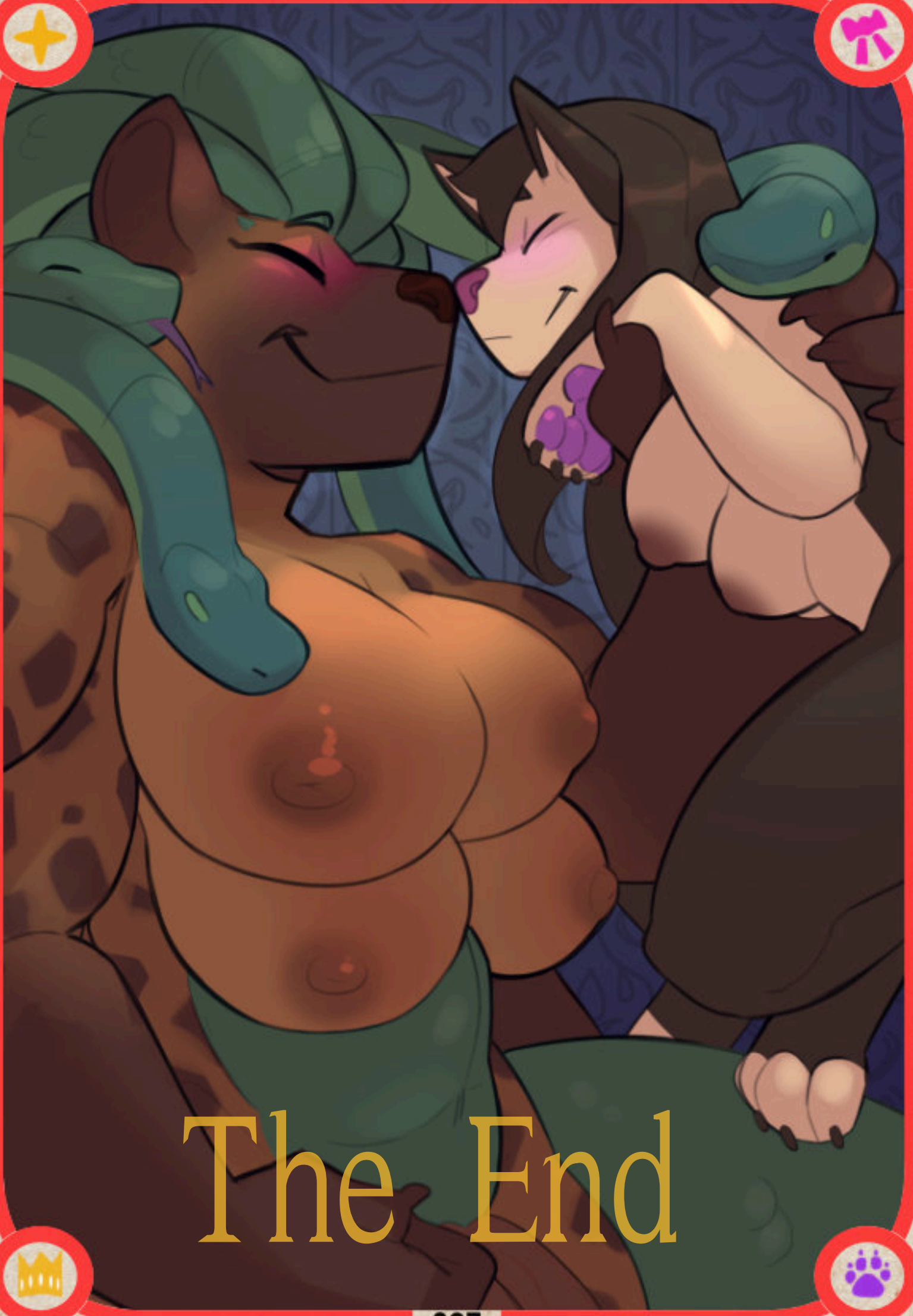
"Nope! I love our life together too!" Steph squeezed back. "Come on, lets go get the Mistress and show her our new herd!"

"I hope this is what she meant by final stop on the tour." Stella let her go and they linked elbows.

"Treats if she did. Punishment if she didn't. Win-win!" Steph laughed as they skipped down the hallway.







The End

THANK YOU!

Congratulations! You have successfully out lasted over a *hundred and fifty thousand* words of smut! Be sure to sit back and savor the moment in your own particular way.

There are two people that were key in the genesis of this story. First is the mnemonic hazard themselves, Sparhawk. They played the original Game of No Hands with me in a very long rp. They were essential in the construction of the game itself. Thank you Spar!

Second but only chronologically is the art meister themselves, Krim Hue. They drew the first concept art of the Game of No Hands when it was little more than a itchy concept. Further more they've been a awesome and reliable partner throughout the entire project. Seeing my words become art is something I cherish. Thank you Krim, keep being both a wonderful person and a kickass artist.

The epilogue featured cameos of four Grand Nub level Patreons! So special Thank you to Kazard, HP1741A (Sila), JustAnotherFurryFellow (Zeke) and Xaziana (The Hulvi Twins) for sharing your characters with me.

Want more of my work? Check out my itch.io store: <https://mrnibs.itch.io/>

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Finally a HUGE thank you to all my patrons who supported me during this project both past and present.



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THANK YOU!



THANKS TO MY

GRAND NUBBINS!

STEVE / Stella



HP1741A

Kazard

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Karlbaad

Kaida

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Danidas

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JustAnotherFurryFellow





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THANK YOU TO MY SPECIAL NUBS!

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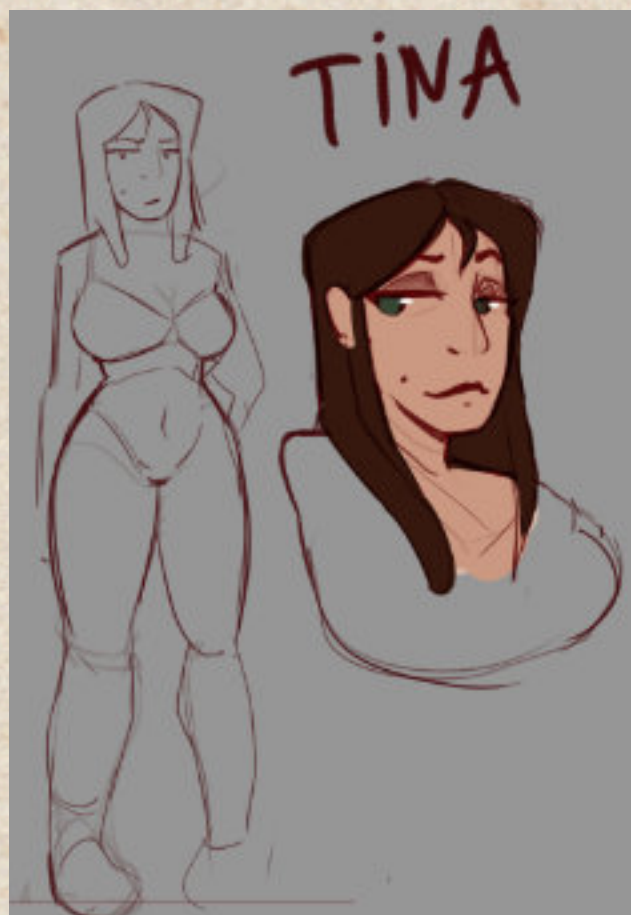


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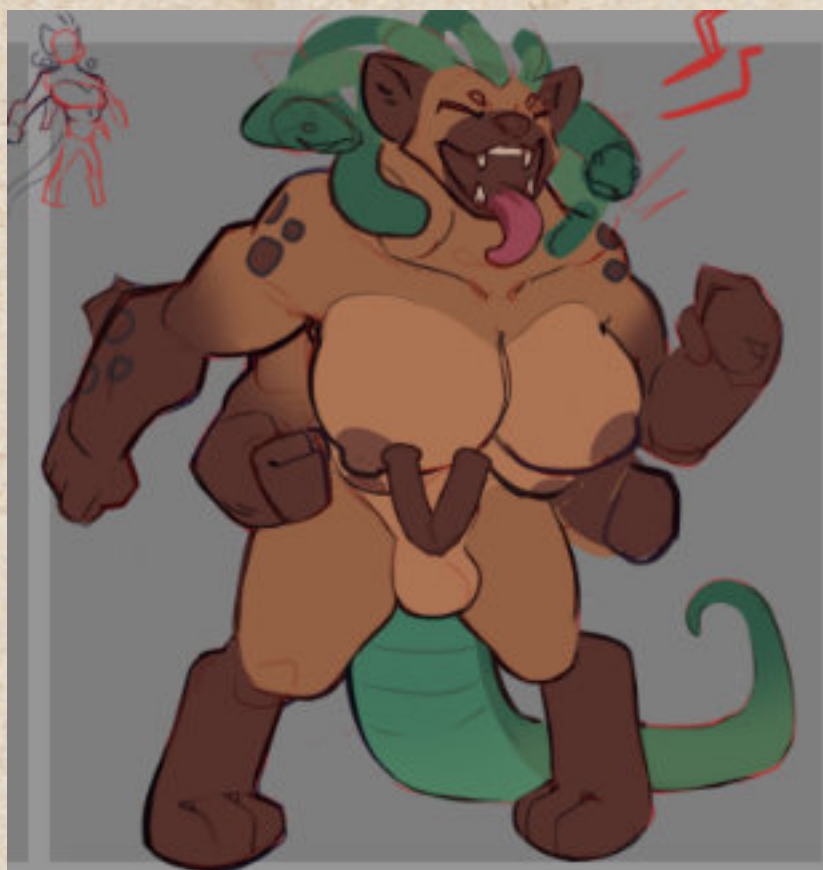
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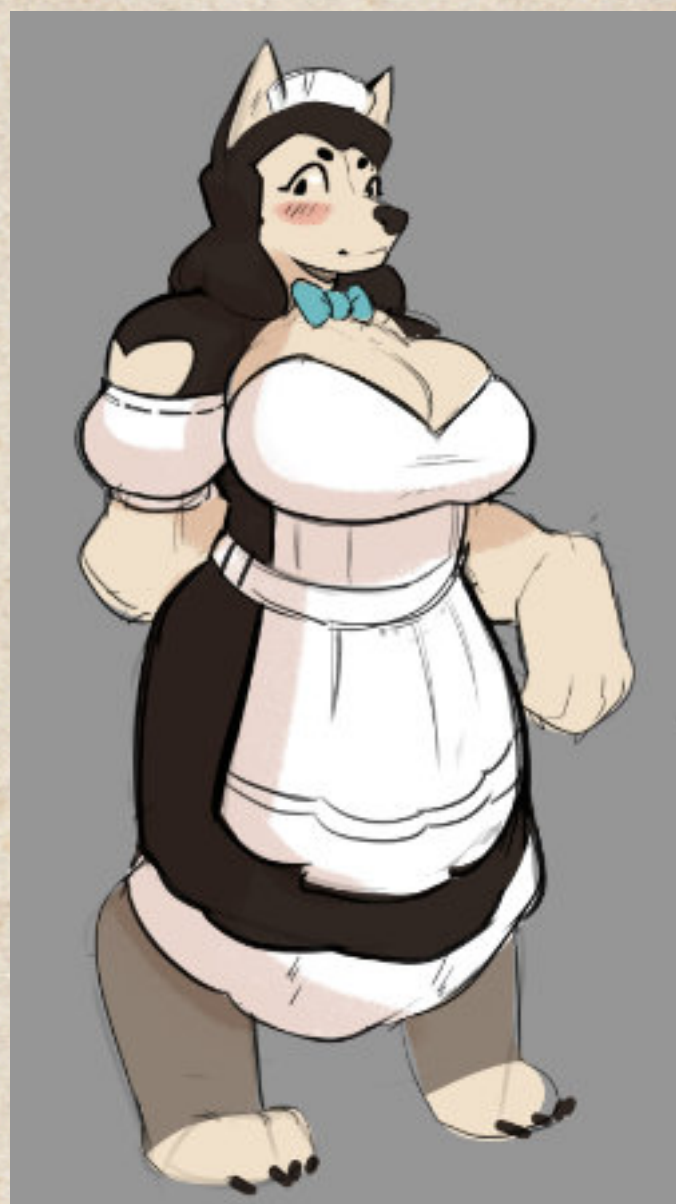
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Play again?
Y/N



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