



# [REDACTED]

A TF STORY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA




# [REDACTED]

A TF STORY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ANGRBODA

A FREE STORY BROUGHT TO YOU BY



**CHAIN REACTION**  
[MONSTROUSDOCTOR.COM/CHAINREACTION](http://MONSTROUSDOCTOR.COM/CHAINREACTION)



**14.10. 2300 hours.**

The girl is compromised. We miscalculated. I miscalculated.

I -- [heavy breathing, scraping of implements across a counter]

I -- had previously believed that her programming was perfectly executed. She's delivered items at every required interval in the four months since her conversion. Never any sign of disobedience. Search and seizure always flawless.

But now - given this latest incident, and the... unfortunate results of the testing on her previous recoveries... How much of this is intentional? Who does she serve? Clearly, we are no longer her masters.

She breached my containment.

It only took her a fraction of a second. I went to accept the capsule from her, and she grabbed my wrist, eyes locking with mine. Her sharp, claws dug in, puncturing the suit, and with her other hand, she poured the contents of the capsule onto my exposed skin. It's only been an hour, but the contact zone is bone white. Hairless.

For all our mishaps, none here have been directly exposed to the genetic material of an Exile. Only her. And now, it seems, I...


There has to be a way to stop it. Stop it, yes... and maybe to reverse it. We've never had access to a live specimen aside from the girl before; that could be the key. If I can stop it or reverse it before they know, that is my only chance. Once they know... it is over for me.

-----

**15.10. 2300 hours.**

It has been over 24 hours since the initial contact. I have not slept.

So far it appears the concealment of my... condition has been a success. The lab gear



has helped - none of my skin is visible. I retreated into the washroom three hours ago to check the progress and it appears slow, but it is definite. The chalk white scales have overtaken my skin down to the knuckles, and up to my elbow. That skin feels so different from my own - smooth, and delicate, somehow. I found myself absently trailing my other hand along it, back and forth, considering that feeling, for how long one cannot say. I am tired, clearly. I don't have time to be tired, right now.

Progress on a cure is yielding no early results. I lack the materials, and too much of the Exile physiology is unknown. We would like to think that we created the girl, but in reality we merely exposed her - the mental reprogramming was most of our goal. Clearly, we did not come as close to that as we had originally believed.

-----

#### **16.10. 0430 hours.**

I needed safety - and sleep - so presently I have sequestered myself in my assigned private quarters. Sleep was... fitful, but I could not have continued without it. Unfortunately, allowing myself time alone to inspect the progression of the infection was probably a misstep.


While reviewing my situation, it became clear that the infection has progressed much further in my sleep. The scales have spread the rest of the way up the affected arm, and the arm itself appears more slender. This has combined with an aching sensation in my chest to lead to a certain line of theorizing that I don't wish to elaborate on at the moment.

In addition to the readily apparent physical changes, there appears to be certain side effects -- that, is, one is compelled to--

[unintelligible murmuring, ending in a low moan]

Much like we initially observed in the Scavenger, it appears that the Exile compulsion to -- constantly make oneself ready for mating is--

[short, intense breathing]



I thought if I allowed myself this respite, that the need would abate, but that appears not to be the case. It has become worryingly simple and... satisfying... to bring myself to orgasm, repeatedly. Each release does nothing to calm the need, and I find myself continuing, my smooth, slender new hand easily working myself into full arousal again and again.


As I continue, my thoughts turn to unexpected places. There is a craving there, and aching, that I don't know if I can admit, yet.

The only good to come of this aberrant distraction is that I have provided myself with ample genetic sample material to review. I must continue my research, before I am discovered, but it is so much easier to...

---



16.10.541.43



**16.10. 0700 hours.**

Since my last recording, new developments have made themselves known. To put it as clinically as possible, it appears that my recent series of... distractions has had some kind of accelerant effect on the infection. The whiteness has overtaken much of my torso, along with other changes that are much more worrying and distracting. The aching in my chest has resolved itself into a swelling, and a vastly increased sensitivity that I would like to deny but can only theorize to be the first stage of some kind of change in my sexual characteristics. We know that exposure to Exile genetic material can have transformative effects, so while effects of this type were hardly expected, theoretically...

I would be much more excited by the ramifications of this discovery if it was happening to anyone else.

The increased sensitivity is perhaps worse than the fact that my chest has... increased in size, since the latter is easily concealed still within the confines of my uniform and protective gear. Unfortunately, the former effect is madly distracting, and it appears the resulting stimulation is only making it harder for one to focus on the necessary lab work instead of the aching need in one's body...


Analysis of the genetic material recovered from last night has been somewhat inconclusive. I am able to determine the extent to which I have been affected thus far, but without a better benchmark to check it against, I have no idea how far it will progress. The original sample I was contaminated with was lost in the initial panic, and the only place I know for sure I can obtain another reliably is from within the zone itself.

My thoughts increasingly drift towards that option - it feels... necessary. If only one could enter the zone... then somehow... everything would be... fine.

Certainly, if I had another sample, I could reverse this.

---

**16.10. 1430 hours.**



Again, I was forced to retreat to my quarters. This time, not because of exhaustion; I wish it had been that.

I have made every attempt to keep myself separate from my colleagues out of the fear of being found out, but now it seems there is another, possibly better reason. The compulsions I have been feeling have progressed to complete fantasies - visions of things I could do, things one should do, to help each of them... a colleague draws too close, and somehow I can smell them, and one knows instinctively how one could serve them, how one could entice them into using one's body to satisfy their needs, and to start to change them... to-- ah... ahhhnnn....

[panting] It is unsafe for me to occupy the lab during peak hours. I must stay here and continue my research later - I cannot risk giving in to these compulsions and exposing a colleague to this... wonderful...

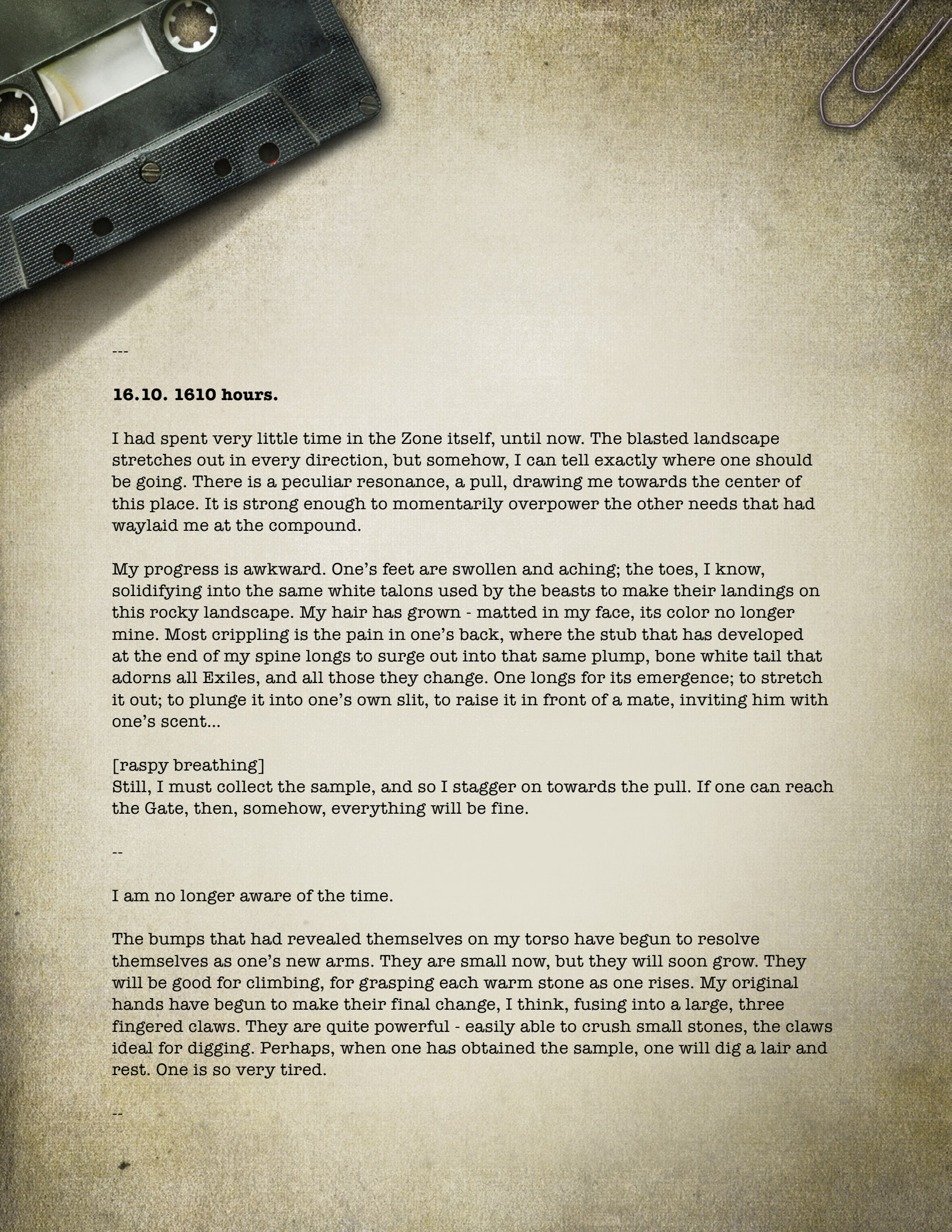
No. No no no no no.

The scales have overtaken my other arm. My fingers are clawed with the same black points that I recognize from the scavenger - and my hands are smaller, fairer, and unmistakably those of a female. That would be more shocking to admit, but the conclusion has been too long coming - every moment, one is overcome with the desire to be taken, to present oneself to a suitable mate, to feel his snout prod at one's....

[grunting gives way to a low moan]

I have neglected to mention until now the most dramatic change - every time I fail to stave off the desire and give in to completion, I can feel a shifting inside me. My manhood has dwindled, but somehow become even more sensitive, requiring nothing more than the rubbing of my palm to bring me to the edge. The rest is receding into the lips that will form one's new opening. It is only a matter of time, now, One can fight this need no more than one can fight the tide... than one can disobey the call--

No! This is not inexorable. I will STOP this, I will control it, I will reverse it, and I will save myself from this accursed fate. I have no more choice - if the samples I need to finish my research reside within the zone, then that is where I must go. I will return with them, and this will all be only a memory.



---

**16.10. 1610 hours.**

I had spent very little time in the Zone itself, until now. The blasted landscape stretches out in every direction, but somehow, I can tell exactly where one should be going. There is a peculiar resonance, a pull, drawing me towards the center of this place. It is strong enough to momentarily overpower the other needs that had waylaid me at the compound.

My progress is awkward. One's feet are swollen and aching; the toes, I know, solidifying into the same white talons used by the beasts to make their landings on this rocky landscape. My hair has grown - matted in my face, its color no longer mine. Most crippling is the pain in one's back, where the stub that has developed at the end of my spine longs to surge out into that same plump, bone white tail that adorns all Exiles, and all those they change. One longs for its emergence; to stretch it out; to plunge it into one's own slit, to raise it in front of a mate, inviting him with one's scent...

[raspy breathing]


Still, I must collect the sample, and so I stagger on towards the pull. If one can reach the Gate, then, somehow, everything will be fine.

--

I am no longer aware of the time.

The bumps that had revealed themselves on my torso have begun to resolve themselves as one's new arms. They are small now, but they will soon grow. They will be good for climbing, for grasping each warm stone as one rises. My original hands have begun to make their final change, I think, fusing into a large, three fingered claws. They are quite powerful - easily able to crush small stones, the claws ideal for digging. Perhaps, when one has obtained the sample, one will dig a lair and rest. One is so very tired.

--



A male has appeared overhead. One's body responded instantly, its new slit leaking one's own glowing fluid down both smooth chalky thighs. The protective cloth garments are now more of a hinderance than any value so one has decided to discard them - one needs the male to acknowledge one's scent. I draw my short tail over my new lips, slowly entering the small opening. If I can get him to notice me, he may descend, and I can collect my sample, and be free of this place.

--

The Gate is very near. The male has stayed even with one's progress as one has made her way towards the center of the Zone, but now, it seems, he has begun to descend. One must make oneself ready - one's old hands are useless for that act, but one's new hands are perfect, delicate and narrow to stimulate oneself.

[heavy thudding]

He has seen me. I must make my escape, -must collect the sample, One must--

[clattering, as if the recording device was dropped]

[snorting, followed by moaning that fades into animal growls]

--

The preceding was transcribed from a recording device found at the Scavenger's drop site outside the compound. Some gaps represent data that could not be recovered from the damaged device.

Subsequent to the discovery of the device, the attached photo was taken by a survey crew on the western edge of the waste.

