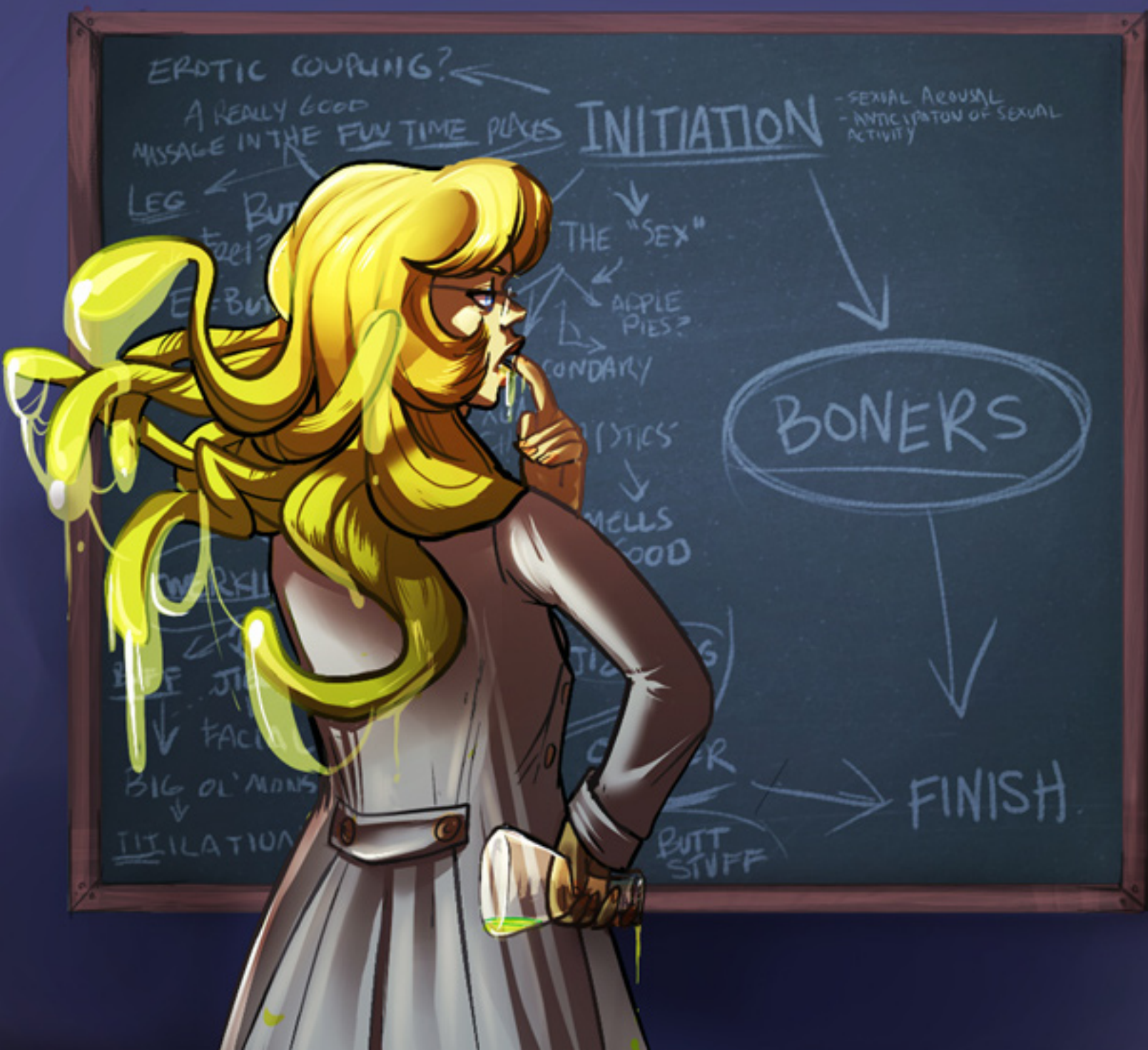


SHORTCUTS

AN ADULT STORY ANTHOLOGY BY ABE E SEEDY





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COVER ILLUSTRATION BY RIPPERELITE



OVERVIEW



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Cow TF, Lactation, Female masturbation, Female/Female sex, Female to Herm TF, Female/Herm sex, dom/sub, more lactation



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Googirl TF, Female/Female sex, dom/sub, cumplay, seductive overpowering, cumslut TF... I really hope you are okay with cum basically



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Horse TF, Female masturbation, Female to Herm TF, masturbation, orgasm denial, excessive horse cock, cumplay



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Cow pet TF, strong dom/sub, lactation, forceful but enjoyable reprogramming, Female/Herm sex, orgasm control,



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Tentacle-growing TF, Female masturbation, dom/sub, seductive overpowering, slickness, oviposition, orgasm control, master/pet

1

The application process was surprisingly intense.

It was a job at a big, important research firm, which would be perfect for starting her career out of college, Chloe knew; but did it have to take so long before they could officially say she was hired?

There were so many hoops to jump through; everything from blood tests and intensive personality surveys, all to make sure she matched up with “company standards”. What those standards were, they never seemed particularly inclined to reveal; the technician only saying that they involved making sure she would be a “happily productive employee”. Well, whatever got her the job, she supposed. Even if those blood tests did seem to make her arm numb for hours afterwards.

She was still waiting to hear back officially after about a week of on-and-off tests when Chloe caught sight of herself in the mirror and noticed her breasts seemed visibly swollen. It should have felt sore - and left her feeling concerned - but somehow instead she felt not just okay with it, but almost entranced. She traced her fingers slowly around her engorged nipples, her head drifting back in bliss from the sensations that provoked. It felt... satisfying. Her breasts were clearly growing, and the thought of both that and the possibilities that enabled were surprisingly pleasing. When she went in for the next personality test that day her personal happiness scores ticked up a solid three points.

In a few more days, Chloe found she was unable to look at herself topless in the mirror without masturbating; just the sight of her growing breasts getting her so overwhelmingly hot that she couldn't help but start playing with herself eagerly. Something was clearly happening; she was being changed in some way, and what could she say? Somehow, she loved it. When, during one particularly vigorous session she grasped her nipple and pulled, feeling a sudden stream of milk jet forth as she shuddered with orgasm, any worry or confusion that had been lingering was almost instantly washed away by just how good it felt. And suddenly, she couldn't stop milking herself.

Her whole body shuddered with orgasm after orgasm as her teats gave a steady stream of milk down her shuddering chest.

It was like she had been seized by something powerful. Not only could she not stop, she practically lost the power of speech too - nothing but a frantic series of loud, wild noises coming from her throat as she tossed her head back in pleasure. She'd propped herself awkwardly up against the wall, one hand steadying herself while the other urgently worked her breasts, and the milk shot out with such force that it almost reached clear to the opposite wall, such was the relief to finally let it out.

She stamped her feet as her pleasure cascaded along with the changes; the bones in her legs reforming quietly until they bent backwards instead of forwards, shifting her stance to make her thrust her chest outwards automatically. Her toes fused into thick, solid hooves, letting her leave marks in the hard wood floor as she dragged her feet urgently against the ground. Her tongue lolled from her mouth, lengthening and thickening; becoming worse for talking but so much better for licking and grasping.

And suddenly, in amongst all of this, her flatmate Anna returned home. The noise from Chloe's room sounded almost like a fight, and Anna was concerned enough to poke her head in and check up on her.

"Hey" she asked as she entered, "what's going... on..." She trailed off upon seeing Chloe; watching as her face shifted impossibly into a bovine muzzle even as she struggled fully back to her feet and turned to face her.

Chloe had no words in response to Anna's halted question; simply a great, lust-filled "moooo!" as she charged, knocking Anna to the ground with surprising strength. Chloe pinned her down before Anna could react, straddling her with her increasingly thick and muscular body, trapping her absolutely beneath her weight.

Anna opened her mouth to protest, but before she could say anything Chloe slid her thickened fingers between her lips, letting the milk they were still coated with drip onto her tongue and down her throat. Anna struggled, but even as she did so her cheeks blushed red as she started to get aroused, just the taste of the milk enough to begin overwhelming her resistance. And all the while Chloe kept lowing wildly, still rubbing her slick crotch against Anna's chest in a desperate attempt to stimulate herself further, her thoughts simple:

She needed to fuck. She needed to get fucked, and to be milked, and to cum.

Anna squirmed beneath her, slowly being overcome by the lust that was being drip-fed into her

from the milk; but the heat burning inside Chloe demanded more urgent action than simply that. Removing her hand from Anna's mouth - even as her own tongue slipped out treacherously in an attempt to keep contact - Chloe looked down at her with an intent, demanding expression; then shifted her position so that her crotch was rubbing directly up against Anna's face. Chloe moaned as her fluids began to seep out against Anna's skin; being stimulated by both her own motions and her flatmate's struggles, but soon she was left sitting almost directly on top of her, with her thick, needy slit right next to Anna's nose and mouth.

Anna's struggles died away as the heat pouring from Chloe overwhelmed her; her nostrils flaring desperately as she took in such a potent cocktail of pheromones and sheer lust. Slowly she started leaning forwards, enslaved by the overwhelming lust and just this absolute need hitting her through the fug of Chloe's scent. Until finally she made contact, her tongue slipping out to work Chloe's cow-folds eagerly, licking and gulping for all that she was worth.

Chloe lifted her head back and gave out a great, triumphant "mooo!"; claiming Anna as hers while her own orgasm sent a wave of juices washing over the girl's face which she desperately attempted to lap up. Soon Anna was pressing herself eagerly inside her and Chloe could feel her face shifting as she did so; slipping into her own bovine muzzle, and she somehow knew intrinsically that **she** did this - **she** took her flatmate and made her an animal, just like she herself was. She moaned again at that; feeling a low rumble as Anna answered as best she could from inside her, lowing automatically in response even despite her preoccupation.

Suddenly, Chloe felt Anna tense up; stopping what she was doing as her whole body seemed to freeze. An instant later she gave an abrupt, powerful surge; throwing Chloe to the side in a display of astounding strength.

Chloe landed on her hands and knees - or, as close as she could come now anyway - beside her, and looking over she could see Anna's body shaking, noticing thick slabs of muscle coming forth from beneath her skin as she gritted her teeth at the sensation of it. She was lying on her back and panting, her eyes screwed up against some desperate thing inside her, and suddenly her hips bucked against the air and a great red cock burst forth from her crotch. She gave a wild, frenzied, howl of a "mooo!" in response, and when she opened her eyes again Chloe could see they were hazy and unfocussed; but they locked onto her with a desperate and absolute intensity.

Chloe's response in turn was automatic. She rolled over, presenting herself eagerly, straining her neck in pleasure as she felt her new cow tail slide out from her rear, the better to highlight her own need.

Anna charged her, all but slamming Chloe forwards into the ground as she rammed herself inside her urgently. Chloe could do little more than cry out as Anna filled her completely; not even a

proper “moo” this time, but a great, wordless bleat; just a wild animal noise at the sensation of being taken so utterly.

Anna pistoned into her mercilessly; Chloe hadn't even noticed the fact that horns had grown atop her head until she felt Anna's hands wrap around them and pull her back onto herself, using them as handles as she took her absolutely. She shifted slightly as she pushed back and forth, and soon Chloe could feel something else back there – she managed to realize in amongst everything that a pair of churning balls were now knocking at her entrance with every thrust, and she shuddered again with bliss at the expectation of being enthusiastically filled.

Finally Chloe felt Anna tense; the thick slab of muscle behind her straining as she pulled her back urgently onto herself and came; came wildly as thick ropes of semen poured out of her. It was endless; she moaned again and again as she came repeatedly - filling Chloe up so much she could swear her belly bulged just at the sheer weight of it, but still it didn't stop. Somehow she felt the flow of it divert within herself, and with her belly already so full she felt the rest of it seemed to drop down, seeping into her very flesh just above her groin.

Behind her Anna kept thrusting urgently, still pumping her unstopably full of cum, but with every thrust Chloe felt something pushing outwards from her in response; a great pink sack emerging and filling rapidly with every pulse. Until eventually, with a great orgasmic “moo!” from the both of them before their mouths hung limply open from the mind-ending pleasure, Anna gave one last emphatic spurt, and Chloe felt the teats of her new udder finally emerging fully to hang freely beneath her.

And with that Anna relaxed and withdrew, pulling her aching cock out of Chloe's sopping slit, before returning to push her thick muzzle into Chloe's folds, dumbly licking up the slick remains of their pleasure. Chloe came as Anna snorted blissfully behind her, enjoying nothing more than Chloe's juices coating her face once more as she licked at her obediently.

Silently from a nearby room, the technician finally turned away from the screen showing the new converts lying blissfully next to each other. Tapping once on their earpiece they said simply “conditioning complete. Two new hires confirmed”. ◀◀

2

There was a room.

Elizabeth wasn't sure how she'd gotten into the room; the last thing she remembered was walking back to her apartment from the store, then there was a noise, and then somehow she was just here. The room itself seemed perfectly featureless; just empty white space all around, lit by fluorescent strips in the otherwise equally unremarkable ceiling. There was just Elizabeth, blinking as she found herself standing there, and a door cut so cunningly into the opposite wall that she only noticed it when it opened. And coming through that door was... a thing.

It was a woman - or, woman-shaped, at least, but it was just that - a woman shape. It was like it was all made out of one substance; some white fluidy something, that was somehow just all kept in the shape of a woman. A young, busty woman; smiling disconcertingly as it slid across the ground towards Elizabeth, its legs seeming to meld into a puddle of goop somewhere around its knees rather than forming into distinct feet.

Elizabeth was surprised by this, obviously, backing away from it into the corner of the room, but she soon came up against the wall and found herself with nowhere left to retreat to. It was still smiling as it slid right up next to her, and Elizabeth realised when it came close that it had a very distinct scent. It wasn't unpleasant, it was just; strong - it smelled like... sex. Like... sex and cum and- oh.

Just as Elizabeth realised what it was somehow made out of, it leaned in. Despite Elizabeth's flinching it managed to make contact; its soft lips pressing wetly against hers. It was... warm. Somehow it felt surprisingly nice and comforting; like- like the feeling of putting something soothing on desperately dry skin. She relaxed into it for a moment - it was okay, somehow; it all felt okay - and accordingly she felt the creature's arms sweep up around behind her and drag her further into the kiss.

Elizabeth relented. It felt nice.

Suddenly, it changed. Elizabeth felt it grip her tightly - despite being made of this almost-liquid there was a surprising strength to it, and she was taken completely off guard by the change. Before she could react Elizabeth felt it force its tongue down her throat, but it went in deep; deeper than she could have possibly expected for a tongue, and it swelled out somehow at the same time to fill her mouth like a gag.

On top of all this Elizabeth felt the creature shudder, and suddenly the thing in her mouth was pulsing, sending burst after burst of liquid straight down the back of her throat. She couldn't taste it - it was too far back for that - but it felt thick and heavy, and it stuck wetly to her insides as it slid slowly down her gullet in spurts.

After a moment of simply gagging with "glk! glk! glk!" noises, Elizabeth pulled away; managing to find the strength to get free of it. But as she wrenched out of its grip she caught sight of the tube connecting their two mouths stretching out between them; still bulging with the fluid making its way inside her, reaching out obscenely to maintain the connection. It was only when she got a good two feet away that it finally came loose; coiling back inside the creature's mouth like a tape measure retracting itself. Elizabeth spluttered in response. On the way out it left enough on her tongue for her to taste it properly, and there was no mistaking it now. It was cum. It was pumping her full of cum. A few drops of it clung to the outside of her lips as remnants of its withdrawal, and Elizabeth wiped them off hurriedly with the back of her hand.

"Wh- what? What are... what are you-?" Elizabeth asked desperately. She was starting to panic; and in response the creature moved smoothly back up next to her, still smiling; although somehow that seemed almost comforting now. It reached up with its hand and, as Elizabeth flinched again in response, took her right hand away from wiping her lips. Again, having it against her flesh felt startlingly good; seemingly in an instant Elizabeth was ready to forgive her, given just how soothing it felt on her dry skin. It brought her hand up to its face, and Elizabeth could clearly see her eyeing up the few small smears of her cum that stained her tanned skin, and she managed not to struggle as its tongue slid out of her mouth again to drag itself lovingly against her flesh. It started from where she had been marked, and Elizabeth's eyes rolled back in her head at the sensation; so much so that it was several moments before she looked down and really took in what was going on.

She wasn't licking it up. How could she? She was spreading it out, coating more of her skin, getting more and more of Elizabeth's hand dripping wet with her thick cum.

Elizabeth's breath caught in her throat. She went to pull away, but before she could its tongue slid across her skin again, and the feeling of that was so intense that she couldn't think about

doing anything beyond just standing there blissfully and accepting it. It felt so nice; so peaceful, so relaxing while at the same time being so perfectly sensual.

When she was done with this one long lick it looked up at her, meeting Elizabeth's still concerned eyes with that same smile, and then turned back down to plant a quiet but emphatic kiss on the back of her hand. And suddenly, Elizabeth was hit with a feeling so intense that she only managed to stay standing because she was already leaning up against the wall. It was like her **hand** orgasmed; all the liquid and moisture the creature had left behind was not just soaked in, but somehow absorbed and... fused, so that her very flesh softened all over, and in just that one intense moment she knew that her entire right hand was now made of the same stuff as the creature was.

And god, it felt good.

The creature looked up at her again, and somehow her expression triggered something inside Elizabeth – it was like there was some dramatic pressure suddenly pushing down from inside, surging towards her crotch, and she couldn't – she couldn't do anything but start masturbating feverishly in an attempt to relieve it. Her new hand felt so good against herself; working her clit frenziedly while at the same time feeling so nice and slick as it slid up and down across her folds.

Somehow, almost instantly she felt herself respond, her slit streaming with a thick, constant surge of white fluid, just like the creature. It came out in shuddering pulses; thickly coating the inside of Elizabeth's thighs as it slowly made its way down her body, seeming to cover almost every part of herself as it went. And she needed – she couldn't stop, she needed - but despite all of this it felt like she was still on the edge of orgasm; and no matter how much cum flowed down her legs she just couldn't seem to push herself over into proper release.

"Please!" Elizabeth stammered, only barely able to make out the words. "Please I- I mhhmm! I need! What- uhh! What are youoohhh waiting f-uhhmm...?"

The woman leaned in again, and this time Elizabeth was too busy masturbating to flinch even if she wanted to. It came right up next to her left ear; practically enveloping it, so close that Elizabeth could swear it felt like she was licking her all over.

"It's okay" she said softly, even her voice sounding amazingly sultry and hot. "I'm making you perfect. A creature just for sex, like me."

Another shudder ran through Elizabeth at that, and she could feel the ear she was next to changing too, becoming slick and wet just like her, as though even just her voice was enough to change her as she desired.

She shifted, enveloping Elizabeth's other ear with her voice in the same way, adding "you'll live to fuck and to be fucked, all day, all the time. Doesn't that sound good?" Elizabeth could feel that ear change too just at the offer, and it was all she could do to moan as the creature withdrew, standing expectantly in front of her again.

Elizabeth's head rolled listlessly at the unending sensation; at the feeling of her sex streaming even further as she massaged it uncontrollably - thick ropes of cum connecting her hands and coating all the way down the insides of her legs to her feet. Looking up at the creature, Elizabeth raised her still normal - albeit thickly coated - hand out towards her, genuinely unsure herself if it was for an embrace or to ward her off. It was all so unimaginably intense, but despite how weird everything was it all simply felt so good. Wasn't it okay to just enjoy that, to let herself sink blissfully into it?

For its part, the creature took Elizabeth's hand without hesitation, and before she could respond it leaned down for another kiss. Elizabeth felt her knees almost buckle as her hand instantly grew slick and wet throughout in response, converting too to be just like her.

"So", she asked quietly, once Elizabeth's eyes fluttered open again, "what do you say?" She leaned in close, coming right up next to her dripping ear. "I need you to say that you want this, that you want to be a living sex object, like me." She threw her arms around Elizabeth's head, grabbing her and pulling her tight with startling vigor. "TELL me, you want this."

With her so close, the warmth of her right there as she held her fiercely, and the absolute scent of sex pouring from her overwhelming her senses, Elizabeth suddenly found she couldn't imagine any other choice. The realisation was like a release - of course she wanted it. How could she not? All she had to do now was admit it.

"Yes", she answered. She said it quietly - it was all she could manage - but still with unwavering sincerity.

"Then cum", she answered. "Cum and surrender to it."

And she did.

The orgasm hit her intensely, Elizabeth's legs locked as a vast wave of cum flowed from her, eagerly coating the rest of her body from the waist down. She felt her body responding to it - her legs suddenly not only un-tensed, but she felt herself sliding downwards as they de-solidified, her feet sinking into nothing more than a loose mass. She kept masturbating through it all; eagerly still working both her clit and filling herself completely with her other amorphous hand - her whole groin now so wet and gooey itself that even being completely plugged didn't stop the stream of fluid pouring out.

The other girl looked on approvingly as Elizabeth shuddered a few more times before her movements finally ceased, nodding as her hands finally fell back to her side. "Good" she said. "But of course, there's still more to do before you're finished."

She leaned in, sweeping over Elizabeth's waist, only just pulling away below her breasts; leaving everything below there coated with herself. "Now, just a bit more here..." she said almost distractedly, placing a hand on one of Elizabeth's breasts. There was a feeling of... weight, somehow – that she was somehow pumping her fluid into Elizabeth's body directly; that she was now so far under her spell that she didn't even need to bother with actual access points - she could simply modify any part she wanted at a touch. Elizabeth's breast began to swell eagerly in response, the sensation of being filled even like this enough to make her eyes roll back in her head.

Indistinctly through the haze of pleasure, Elizabeth heard her add "and a bit more here...", and then a moment later she felt the same sensation in her other breast, until both were being pumped full in thick, wonderful spurts. In less than a minute they had both been increased to match the girl's own deliciously outsized bust, and then with a final flourish Elizabeth felt a shudder run through her body as both breasts changed to be fluid inside and outside, leaking softly from her nipples as her hands delicately withdrew.

"Now for the final part" she said, pulling away from Elizabeth entirely. As she did Elizabeth could see that every part of herself from the chest down was as the same as her, just her head and neck still remaining normal. "Get up."

Elizabeth was halfway up before she even thought about it; following instructions felt so natural that her body complied before her brain had even processed it. "Turn around" she commanded, albeit still in that same sultry tone that felt good just to listen to. "You need to present yourself to me for the end of this."

She still followed along automatically, but somehow Elizabeth found herself becoming curious. "Why?", she managed to ask.

"Oh", the woman answered with a grin, "it isn't technically necessary." She leaned in again, right next to Elizabeth's face as she found herself gasping at just the sudden closeness. "But I want to see you submit to this completely before I finish you off."

Whimpering in lust, Elizabeth assumed the position without further hesitation, her ass raised and ready almost before any more words could be said.

"Good" the woman said, sounding genuinely impressed. "Now, I want you to tell me - no; I want you to beg me to make you into a nice perfect cumslut. Someone who will love sex and fucking so

much that it will literally be a part of you - all you could want, and all you need. Beg me to fuck you into a perfect little cumslut like me, so you can be covered in cum always and fucked as often as possible. But first, you have to ask for it; ask to be made into a cumslut sextoy.”

“Yes!” Elizabeth yelped, but a sudden tug on her hair warned her that that wasn’t enough. “Please-please make me a perfect cumslut like you!”

As soon she said that Elizabeth felt herself being grabbed energetically from behind, and the other girl thrust herself urgently into both Elizabeth’s ass and her slit. It was like she had formed something specifically just to fuck her with, because as far as Elizabeth could tell they didn’t feel like cocks; merely simple appendages to get as much of herself into as much of her as quickly as possible.

Elizabeth took them both – her own new goopy form easily allowing such dramatic penetration - and soon felt herself being filled completely by her new master. In a matter of moments she felt her tensing - this wasn’t about the foreplay, it was about coating her insides with cum as quickly as possible, corrupting and enthralling her completely and rapidly, and at that she seemed to excel; already erupting into Elizabeth in great shuddering waves. She felt herself being rocked forwards by the pressure of it, feeling it swelling up insides her, surging onwards as the mass of her cum filled her up, sweeping the changes over her flesh from the inside out. Soon she felt it pushing up her neck; her tongue lolling out of her mouth as she panted with the lust of it, and she felt it begin to drip freely before suddenly her whole head was enveloped in one great burst; like being lowered underwater - engulfed completely and supported everywhere by this thick goopy mass. Elizabeth gave out a great orgasmic cry as it swept over her, both her breasts and her sex surging with her own juices in response.

The orgasm felt like it went on for minutes, until finally it subsided, and she was left panting audibly on all fours over the increasingly wet stone floor. When her eyes opened again the first thing Elizabeth saw was the sticky mass of cum on the floor beneath herself, and without thought she launched herself down into it, eagerly lapping it up with her tongue. She needed it – she couldn’t stop - but then, why would she stop anyway, when it tasted so good?

Even with the realisation that it was her own cum, and that literally her entire body was now dripping with it, she couldn’t help herself from licking as much of it up as possible. She just- she needed to do it; there was no question about it. It felt not only pleasurable, but also just intrinsically **right** to be face down, pressed urgently into this puddle of cum.

“Ah, yes” the woman said happily above her, patting her slick head like a prized pet. “The ‘cum addiction’ stage is a real doozy. She treated Elizabeth once more to her smile as she managed to look up at her briefly, only to see her produce a dark black leather collar from somewhere and snap

it around her neck. It was just for show; clearly – her whole body was now slick and viscous too, so it could hardly keep her contained if she wanted to be free; but it conveyed the idea of being something that was owned, and the mere thought of that made Elizabeth smile herself as she dove back down to lapping at the floor.

“Don’t worry though, that stage lasts for a wonderfully long time.” ◀◀

3

Erica worked as a product tester.

Well, theoretically at least. She was one of the last stops before a product became officially certified to use on the shelves, but ever since she'd managed to work her way into the "adult entertainment" area of the business she'd stopped considering it work; instead thinking of it more as a great way to get paid to sit at home and take a variety of interesting products each day. And today, well, today seemed like a doozy. A new shipment of female supplements had come in - some sort of combination aphrodisiacs and, like, general good-time enhancers - the descriptions of them weren't very clear, still all wrapped in bland legalese rather than actual customer-facing product packaging, but the intent at least was clear. "Take for a good time."

She'd received a packet of four of them, with directions to just take one to enjoy the evening. Even though the packet only contained four it was still a regular sized box - it turned out on opening them that each individual pill was pretty sizeable; putting Erica in mind of horse tranquilizers. Or, at least, what she imagined horse tranquilizers should look like, given she wasn't exactly familiar with them. They were certainly large at least, so she fetched a glass of water as part of her preparations.

Shaking out her wild, bright blue dyed hair; she settled into a comfortable chair with everything laid out in front of her. Reading the instructions again - take one per evening to enhance sensations and libido - and, noting carefully that they stated that they were entirely non-toxic, she stripped naked - her sizeable breasts meant it was always tempting to wear a bra, but generally speaking she'd found it preferable to err on the side of easier access. Finally she leaned back in her chair and, with only a brief moment of hesitation, downed two pills in succession.

She never was much of one for the "recommended" dose. After all, if you can be horny, why not just go all out and be **uncontrollably** horny?

She swallowed both pills without difficulty, and after gulping them down settled into a nice, slow rhythm with one hand around her clit; lazily massaging herself as she enjoyed the slow buildup. It felt good – relaxing; which was always a nice start.

She sighed pleasantly as she eased herself into it; her head rolling backwards as she felt her whole body relax; the only ongoing movement coming from the hand that slowly but diligently circled her groin. This carried on for perhaps a few minutes, her toes flexing and curling in nice, easy pleasure, until finally she felt something begin to kick in.

It started off slowly at first; she felt her body give a shudder as her slit became wet – she was starting to become slick already of course, but this felt as though everything got abruptly ramped up a notch - suddenly in just circling her clit her fingers were beginning to dampen from the juices that were literally dripping from her.

At the same time she felt the heat building within herself; there was a powerful lust that rose up in her very core. Before it was mostly about relaxation and pleasant feelings, but now it was starting to slide into something much more urgent and forceful. Giving in eagerly to the gathering demands, her spare hand slid down her body, giving her a needful tremble as it passed over her ample breasts before eventually slipping easily inside her wet slit.

And that felt... powerful, that felt right – her other hand kept working over her clit, but at the same time she started to slip inside herself, relishing the feeling of being filled; her hips starting to buck unconsciously forwards the better to emphasise the sensation. It felt good; soon she had a full three fingers inside herself, loving how soon they were completely coated in her own juices, and the deliciously lewd noises it made as she pressed them in and out of herself. And all the while her other hand kept massaging her clit; rubbing and teasing it just so, making her tremble and start at the intense sensations.

And then, suddenly, she felt it hit her again.

It was as though there was a sudden jolt inside her as what she could only assume was the second pill dissolving, and then in an instant her hand was being pressed inside herself urgently as far as she could manage; she was just so unutterably desperate to be filled, to be fucked and to be taken.

She needed it – she couldn't stop; her whole hand was inside herself now as her hips bucked frenziedly, she was just overpowered by this absolute lust and need. Sweating now; her eyes rolling back in her head - all Erica could focus on was pressing deeper and more powerfully into herself, while at the same time pawing wildly at her clit with her other hand. She just- she NEEDED

to get herself off as much as possible.

But yet, still, despite all of this, she couldn't seem to manage to cum.

She was on the edge, certainly; she felt like she was being overloaded with pleasure and sensation, but even despite that no matter how much she pressed into it she just couldn't seem to make herself cum, and the need for it was driving her wild.

It- she could feel it there, but it was eluding her – she needed to keep pressing her hand desperately inside herself, but at the same time she found herself needing to focus more on her clit. It felt- it felt almost like it was growing; swelling with need and hunger, until eventually it felt as though she could wrap a few fingers around it, rubbing it fiercely in her desperate need to get off. It was- it was right there, and she needed it, she needed it so badly, but why couldn't she cum? Oh god, she needed it so badly!

Suddenly she found herself sliding out of her chair – she'd hunched forward so much to curl her body around her frenzied hands without even noticing, and eventually she lost her balance on her perch and wound up slithering into a heap on the ground; landing on her knees, but still bent forward and desperately, desperately working herself over.

She couldn't- she couldn't stop herself – her hand instinctively pulled out of her slit to catch her fall, but the hand working over her clit refused to move away; it just kept rubbing and massaging desperately as she strained to get off.

Finally it seemed like her body began to respond, but not by rewarding her efforts with the orgasm she so desperately craved. Instead it felt like her clit itself was changing; surging outwards so as to better allow her to grip it - an opportunity that was instantly eagerly seized upon by her frenzied hand.

From her position on one hand and both knees she looked down in a hazy attempt to determine what was happening, and greeting her was the sight of her clit growing in seemingly all dimensions, shifting and surging until finally, finally she could see that it had settled down into a fully-fledged penis. And still her hand never once ceased its frenzied movements; simply changing naturally as her clit grew to move to in eager pumping motion, until eventually she was simply uncontrollably jerking off her new cock.

With a shudder she felt a slit form within it, and suddenly the tip became slick as pre-cum fairly oozed out of it; the shaft becoming slathered in wetness within moments as her eager hand continued moving up and down incessantly.

But still, still, she couldn't seem to cum.

It wasn't fair – her tongue was hanging limply from her mouth in lust, and her slit was so wet that she could feel drops from it sliding down the inside of her thighs, while her new impossible cock was visibly straining in pent up lust, but still - still! - she couldn't cum.

It occurred to her suddenly, and somehow entirely for the first time - that something might have gone wrong with her overdose of those pills. She was so addled by lust somehow that sprouting a cock seemed unremarkable, but now that she was stuck fruitlessly thrusting her hips in a desperate attempt to cum the thought sneaked in that something was amiss, and she managed to put together that things had taken an odd turn.

If- if she stopped now, and maybe contacted a doctor or something, then mayb- but she needed to cum, she had to, and stopping frenziedly masturbating wasn't something she could bring herself to do. No, she had to- had to...

She reached for the packet of pills, fumbling with them as the instructions and guidelines fell out again, then with trembling fingers pushed the remaining two pills out of their seals and swallowed them one after the other.

The effect was immediate. Whether it was from the pills themselves or merely her reacting to the thought of taking them and pushing herself further into this, her whole body seemingly gave an intense shudder of pleasure in response. She still couldn't stop masturbating – it was all she could do to keep one hand on the ground to prop herself up with, while the other could do nothing but urgently slide back and forth along her now-thoroughly slick shaft.

Erica felt something happen – there was another shudder, and then suddenly her cock surged again, growing outwards in all dimensions until it became pendulously large; hanging from her as such a great, thick, rod that she could feel the heft pulling down at her. The tip of it changed, flaring outwards noticeably; until finally the completed organ looked totally different, and she managed to recognise what it had become.

"It's- ahm! Ahm! - a horse cock!", she told herself. "It's- mHhm! MMmhhm!- it's my horse cock! And it feels, god it feels good it feels good it feels **so** good..."

As she thought that her hips gave one more powerful buck, and suddenly she felt something else begin to slide outwards from her body. Two somethings actually - just below her shaft and yet above her still-dripping vagina, she felt two balls drop down from her flesh, feeling like they were filling directly from the surging sensation within her stomach as the final two pills dissolved. Slowly they grew, swelling desperately as she felt the rich seed flowing into them, her cock finally beginning to tremble and pulse with anticipation.

Her voice gave out – she wasn't even saying words anymore, just grunting wildly, her head swaying back and forth as she felt this desperate sensation building. Finally she collapsed forward onto the ground as her hand moved backwards to cradle her balls, the tips of her fingers brushing against the streaming folds of her vagina; and then, then finally she came, her whole body clenching as her hand rang surge after surge from her straining cock.

It came out in waves; hitting her on the chin, landing everywhere around her face as she writhed insensibly into the carpet, not even caring that she was coating herself more and more with her own cum. No, that wasn't true, Erica dimly realised – she did care. She loved it; loved that she was coating herself with such thick spurts of her own cum, loved how slick and messy she was making herself, loved just how utterly she was giving in to mindless, absolute sex.

And... and even as she pressed herself into the sodden carpet she felt her face begin to somehow change as well, pushing outwards to form a horse-like muzzle, her nostrils becoming large as they flared repeatedly, letting her take in as much as possible of the rich scent of her own sex.

But that – that wasn't enough. Erica needed more.

She turned her head to the side, rubbing it further into the pool of her cum, delighting as she felt her ears begin to change. First one, then the other as she switched sides - sliding upwards to the top of her head and forming large, equine triangles, the better to suit the rest of her features. Until, finally, shaking her head and whickering, she knew she was done there; her head a perfect mix between horse and human.

But still – still that wasn't enough, and still her hand hadn't yet stopped feverishly working over her still-erect cock.

She rolled onto her back, pushing her spare hand back inside herself the better to make herself cum as soon and as much as possible. It worked; within moments her massive horse cock was spurting thick ropes of cum, only this time it all fell back onto her chest, where she quickly began to rub it over as much of her skin as possible.

Her breasts swelled under her attentions, taking on the same lewd proportions as her oversized cock, signifying to any onlooker her intense sexuality. At the same time short fur sprouted from any part of her skin touched by the cum, and she eagerly ensured that every part of her was touched by it; scooping up as much of it as she could and rubbing it all over her body like fine moisturizer.

More than once she had to pause to orgasm directly into her cupped hand to provide herself with a fresh supply, but somehow her balls never seemed to run dry; always providing her with yet more to

eagerly cum all over herself with. Her hands changed as she worked; fingers fusing to leave her with only two and her thumb on each hand, while the tips of each darkened and hardened somewhat to almost resemble hooves, but still allowed her the manual dexterity to keep working herself over.

Finally, sitting back on her rear she slid her cum-slicked hand over her feet, her eyes drifting closed as she felt them shift into simple hooves.

And yet- still she felt like she was not quite done.

After a moment's thought, she stood and - still idly working her shaft with one hand to keep herself stiff - rummaged through her things until she found what she was after. A large dildo – her favourite - nice and ready to be used. Well, almost ready, Erica reflected.

Bringing it in front of herself, she lowered it down level with her cock, and then with one more proficient twist – she was getting good at that – she made herself orgasm again, more thick spurts of cum jetting forth to coat the toy from top to bottom. Then, finally, she released her aching shaft, allowing it to droop downwards as the slick tide of spent cum oozed from it freely. At the same time, she braced herself up against the desk with one hand, bringing the now-slick dildo behind herself with the other. She lined the dildo up with her ass, feeling a distinct tingle of pleasure as the cum touched her there, before slowly but firmly beginning to push it inside.

“Ah!” she cried out loud as it pressed into her, the sensation overwhelming, all but knocking herself forwards onto the desk, only managing to keep herself going through sheer need once she began.

“Ah-ahh!” she pushed again, feeling a corresponding pressure emerging from just below her tailbone, and she knew- she knew she knew she knew, and she had to she to she needed she needed she needed

“Ah! Ahh! Ah-ahmmMM!” her fingers clenched as she cried out, and as she pushed the dildo fully into herself she felt her new tail bursting free from her flesh; the thick strands of horse hair whipping lightly against her straining ass. At the same time an immense orgasm rocked her whole body; her slit pouring with juices as her cock somehow managed to find the reserves to paint the underside of her desk white, her entire being shuddering and skittering through a series of unstoppable orgasms.

She came again, and again, and again; her whole body new and perfect and every inch of her dripping with her own sex. Finally, finally, with a few stamps of her foot and a snort as she shook her head clear, she came back down, trembling as she slowly removed the toy from her ass and set it down beside herself. Well, Erica thought, surveying the fairly white-washed room - that product is a-fucking-pproved. ◀◀

4

Lydia woke up with a gasp.

Her eyes snapped open, quickly taking in her surroundings – a bare, sterile looking room, while she herself was strapped face-down and naked onto a small table, her arms and legs hanging over the sides. The table also featured, she eventually realised, a hole in the middle that let her breasts hang freely too, for whatever function that served. She tried to move, but her whole body was restrained; she still had enough freedom with her head to look a little from side to side, but aside from that, even her dangling limbs were locked into a sort of quadrapedal position.

Suddenly there was a noise from above. Lydia's position afforded her only a limited ability to look up; but even so she was able to make out the cause – some sort of visor was being lowered down from the ceiling towards her. For the most part it looked to be transparent glass or plastic, but the sides had some heavy-duty looking mechanical stuff; all wires and antennae, and getting distressingly closer by the second. Within moments it had slipped over her eyes – it was held wide enough that it encompassed her head no matter how she moved, and then it simply tightened to snap itself directly over her face.

Within seconds of being placed Lydia felt it attach itself to her flesh directly; wires sprouting out from it somehow melding painlessly with her skin. Despite being disconcerting, the process seemed effortless; before she had even fully realised what was happening it had integrated itself with her completely, the visor fixing itself blankly just in front of her eyes.

Just then, through the transparent material in front of her, Lydia saw someone entering the room. She still couldn't see much with her head restrained as it was, but what she could make out was certainly distinctive. She could only see them from the waist down, but they looked tall; lithe and athletic. They were naked too, for as much as she could see, but despite their shapely feminine build their single most noticeable feature was a thick cock, already growing increasingly erect.

Lydia's eyes bulged.

They padded up to her in the space of a few long strides, and then suddenly she felt them gripping a handful of her hair; holding her firmly while they leaned in close. "Shh", they whispered in a soft, silky, female voice "I'm going to make you beautiful."

With nothing more than that they pushed their cock against her lips, and before Lydia could do anything else the visor she was wearing gave a pulse of intense, disorienting light; causing her mouth to drop open automatically in response.

The woman took the opportunity like she was expecting it; sliding her cock slowly into Lydia's mouth, clearly enjoying the feeling of her lips pushing along her shaft as she began to press into her. Lydia started to twist away, but the woman's hands grabbed her fiercely again and held her down. Before she could do anything further the lights from the visor started up again, but this time it was an ongoing, enrapturing pattern, which somehow put Lydia completely off-guard. She found herself slowly falling into the rhythm of the lights, the rest of the world fading away as she drifted into staring vacantly at them. It felt so nice, so warm... why fight it? How could she fight it? It was just... nice...

Slowly the lights faded, and it felt as though she came back to her body to the feeling of the cock pushing into her lips again. Except even as the lights turned down the feelings of warmth and pleasantness remained, and it was like they simply slid onto this instead. Of... of course this is what felt good. Sucking cock, being used like this, this is... this is what she should be doing, Lydia thought, what she had been doing. That... that made sense. That was what she was good for, what she enjoyed.

Her tongue started sliding eagerly along the shaft as it pushed slowly in and out of her, revelling in the feeling of pleasuring it directly, as well as the opportunity to sweep up and taste all of the sticky pre-cum. Suddenly she felt it tense, and then there was a moment of surging and release as a stream of cum swept into her. At the same time the visor gave another blast of light and sensation, ensuring that she read the feeling as only absolute pleasure; the perfect reward for doing good service.

Lydia drank hungrily, sucking on the cock for all she was worth, and its owner seemed happy to comply; their hand tightening in Lydia's hair as they held her desperately close, their hips twitching as they pumped load after load into her. She found herself enjoying the sensation of the mass of it sliding down her throat, but instead of simply hitting her stomach it seemed to flow through her, surging onwards until it reached her breasts. She felt it somehow begin to drain into them; this great flow pouring into her like it was filling her up, and accordingly she felt her breasts quiver and stretch in response, beginning to slosh with the fluid that filled them.

After what seemed like full minutes of frenzied pumping the woman seemed to be done, her grip slackening as she withdrew quickly from Lydia's mouth, even as her tongue slid fruitlessly against their flesh, unthinkingly eager to keep their cock in her mouth. All-too-soon they pulled free, and the woman bent down in front of her until Lydia could finally see their face - a cute, sweet-looking woman with her hair in a pretty little bob. She said simply "so, did you enjoy round one? Well, you're going to love round two."

She moved out of sight, and Lydia heard her walk slowly around behind her. She couldn't follow her path with her head still mostly restrained; but she could tell by her footsteps that they had finished up directly behind her.

"Now," Lydia heard her say, speaking the word as a command, and instantly the visor blasted back into life. This time the images were intense, frenetic, overpowering; they were still just flashes of colour and light, but the effect now was to leave her utterly worked up and overwhelmed. In the space of just a few moments Lydia was left panting, her hands straining uselessly against the restraints. Somehow it was like the machine had just reached inside her and directly flipped a switch, and now one single impulse was absolutely overwhelming – she needed to cum. She needed to touch herself and to fuck and be filled and to fuck fuck fuck god she needed to cum!

"Oh, are you feeling a little hot?" Lydia had trouble focussing on the mocking voice behind her in amongst all her desperate lust, but then suddenly her whole body clenched and twitched as she felt the woman lean forward and give one long, slow lick along the length of her slit. The effect was intense; it was like her body spasmed against the sensations of it, but when she was done it felt like her sex was even more sensitive; somehow almost thicker and more demanding of her attentions. The sensation of it was overpowering, but even at the second that she stopped it was like Lydia needed her to continue.

"Oh, you like that, do you?" the woman said, and before she could respond she felt her do it again, leaving Lydia's response little more than an unintelligible "ah-ahhmm!" as the woman's slick tongue swept across her folds once more. Her body bucked against the table as she felt her sex become again more desperate, more urgent; now beginning to become slick with a constant stream of fluid seeping from it.

"Hmm, once more, perhaps?" the woman said, and again before Lydia could marshal herself to a response she had moved in for a third time, her tongue dragging heavily along her folds until she felt unstopably aroused, her whole groin sopping wet with her juices.

The woman stood back up and inspected her, her touch on Lydia's swollen folds enough to make her shudder. But then she reached down and gave one single twitch of a finger against Lydia's clit; and that one simple gesture was enough to leave her trembling with orgasm. It was somehow both

demonstration and command; displaying that the utter mastery this woman held over her could make her cum at a single touch.

“Good,” she said simply. “Good girl.”

Lydia's eyes were rolling back in her head at this point; she needed to be fucked, needed to have something inside of her and be taken, and every muscle in her arms was straining at her restraints in a desperate attempt to make it so. She would have looked pleadingly at the woman but she was still maddeningly out of view, and she was still panting so desperately with impotent lust that she simply couldn't control her tongue enough to give voice to her needs.

Regardless, the woman still managed to pick up on Lydia's unsubtle signals. “Oh, feeling the need to scratch an itch?” she said mockingly. “Well, don't worry - we can take care of that.”

There was the click of a button being pressed, and eventually Lydia heard the pneumatic whine of something mechanical approaching from her sides. Suddenly her arms and legs locked tight to be pointing straight down, and she felt something pressing against each of her hands and feet. It was like some sort of... glove, wrapping delicately around each of them, but even as they slipped over them it was like the flesh beneath was somehow changing and remolding – like it wasn't that the gloves were snapping to fit skin-tight against her, but her body was instead flowing smoothly to fit them.

Eventually the sensation ended, and it felt like the restraints on her limbs were loosened. She moved her right hand to her face, and from the elbow down it was covered in a skin-tight, black material, and at the end of it was, somehow, a hoof. She tried to move her hand, and instead this hoof flexed in response. There was no discomfort, but as she continued to try to move about the realisation sunk in that her other limbs had been changed in the same way.

“See?” she heard the woman say from behind her, “now we won't have to worry about you scratching that itch yourself.”

It was true – she couldn't pleasure herself now even if she wanted to; and Lydia so desperately wanted to. All she could think about was her urgent need, except now she had absolutely no chance of filling it herself. But somehow she didn't even care; it was okay, it was good even – so long as she could be fucked right now this or anything else would be worth it.

“Please” Lydia said desperately, finally managing to find her voice. “Please fuck me. Please. Please. I need it, I need it.”

She felt the woman lean in close behind her, her breasts heavy against her back.

“If I fuck you”, she answered, “I’m going to make you my own, personal cow. I’ll fuck you till your tits are nice and full, and you’ll make sweet milk I can use to recruit other cows. Would you like that?”

She rubbed her hand against Lydia’s slit as she spoke, causing her to shudder and lean into it almost involuntarily, so desperate and eager was she for the contact.

“Yes!” she cried. “Fuck yes please yes yes!”

Even as Lydia spoke she felt the woman push into her, and the relief was intense and immediate. It felt so good, so unutterably good to be filled, to be taken, to be fucked. She entered her slowly but fiercely; her massive shaft sliding irresistably through her eager sex. Slowly she built into a rythm, while Lydia began rocking back and forth in sync, doing whatever she could to enhance the sensation.

She felt her face starting to press outwards, her nose lengthening slowly as it slid towards being a bovine muzzle. Within a few moments however the woman stopped abruptly, pressing down firmly on Lydia’s back and saying between pants “I’m not going to cum until you moo for m-”

“Mooo! Moo!” Lydia interrupted, knowing that giving in to it would make her more of a slutty pet cowgirl, but simply unable to imagine doing or wanting to do anything else.

The woman paused for a second, seemingly genuinely surprised by Lydia’s enthusiasm, before stroking the back of her head softly and resuming. “Good girl!” she said. “What a good pet.” And finally she gripped her fiercely and came, her thick cock pulsing as it loosed another stream of cum deep inside her, Lydia’s whole body convulsing in absolute pleasure in response. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, becoming thick and long, while her face pushed outwards too, flowing into a full bovine muzzle. She felt horns push through through the top of her head, a development the woman eagerly took advantage of by grabbing them and pulling Lydia fiercely back against her, the resulting dramatic thrust sending another orgasmic surge of cum into her. Even her ears shifted, becoming floppy cow ears that dangled cutely down from the side of her face, while the visor – still present but no longer required to encourage her enjoyment - adapted seamlessly to wrap around her now softer face.

And all the while Lydia felt her cum pulsing inside of her, churning through her until it funnelled into her waiting breasts, stretching them out further until they became obscenely large, sloshing so full of the woman’s fluid that Lydia’s body began working overtime to convert it into thick, creamy milk that could enrapture and corrupt anyone who drank it, the first few drops of which already beginning to leak from her straining nipples.

Finally the woman pulled out of her, Lydia's body shuddering again in orgasm at the motion of her withdrawal, before the woman moved to stand directly in front of her. All her focus was on the woman's cock hanging in front of her; her tongue stretching out dumbly towards it like a cow reaching for grass on the other side of a fence.

The woman moved herself away though, moving to her side and kneeling down until one of her hands grasped Lydia's teat, pulling roughly downwards and provoking both an eager stream of milk and a wild, lustful "mooo!" in response.

"Oh yes", she said. "We're going to have a lot of use for you."◀◀

5

Melissa was a well-respected scientist working in a less-than-respected field.

Fertility research itself was certainly respected, and more than profitable besides, but attempting to solve problems with such dramatic slurry of chemical compounds was not exactly common practice. The regulatory board were particularly sceptical, holding back her formula from human testing, simply due to the fact that they couldn't wrap their heads around the concept of it. That or they refused to pull their heads out of their asses and consider something radical. Which was incredibly frustrating, because Melissa knew that it was safe, and that it would work – she had the proof all written out. They just refused to see it! But she couldn't get funding until it went through trials, and she couldn't submit for human trials when she kept getting blocked. And finally she just thought – well, she did know it was safe, after all. And it's not like she was active right now, so increased fertility wouldn't be an issue. What could go wrong?

She grabbed a beaker full of the formula and swirled it around in front of her. It was bright green and slimy - making it more palatable was a later step - but despite how it looked it was still definitely non-toxic. She paused. Definitely, yes, definitely non-toxic. With that, she held her nose and closed her eyes, and took a drink.

Her intention was just to gulp it down, but she hadn't counted on the fact that it was too viscous for that - the liquid moved too slowly for her to take it in one shot. Instead it moved slowly down the glass and into her throat in a great, slick mass - one long suspended drop that only eventually slid down the back of her throat and into her stomach. With difficulty, she managed to choke it down. That, she reflected, would certainly need improvement before going on sale.

Suddenly, she felt something. Whatever was supposed to happen wasn't meant to be this sudden, and it wasn't meant to be this urgent - it should just be a background thing that the subject wouldn't even notice, like most medications. But this - even just a few moments after swallowing it

she felt a tremor run through her whole body.

Melissa came. It came out of nowhere; one moment she was simply feeling woozy and the next she was gripping the countertop in front of her as her slit become almost instantly wet. "This shouldn't... this shouldn't be happening", she mumbled to herself, "there's no- ah ahh!"

Her hands clenched desperately as she found herself cumming again; feeling like the orgasm was somehow being rung out of her; her sex dripping wet despite not being touched in the slightest. It was just... god, the formula made her cum so hard, and instantly; and even while she attempted to process that rationally she still found herself driven to the floor into the rapidly growing puddle beneath her.

It was only there, when she attempted to catch herself with her hands against the ground that she actually saw it all, and noticed for the first time that the fluid that was practically pouring out of her wasn't normal – it was bright green; the exact same colour as the formula was, and seemed to be thickening to the same consistency as she watched.

This was bad, this was bad – she needed to stop, but she couldn't bring herself to do so - even as she tried to calm down Melissa found herself almost unconsciously dragging her crotch slowly and firmly against the hard linoleum floor, desperate to coax yet another orgasm from her trembling body. And she did, god; did she ever – her tongue hung out of her mouth as she gave up another long, slow orgasm; feeling the ground get so wonderfully slick beneath her as yet more of the fluid rushed forth.

It felt good- she couldn't but she needed to – she couldn't, she couldn't, she couldn't stop – no matter what she tried to say to herself she was rubbing her crotch against the floor like an animal in heat, while one of her hands had torn its way desperately inside her labcoat to rub at her clit, the better to make herself orgasm as often and as hard as possible. Soon she couldn't care about anything else for the moment, just each shuddering pulse of orgasm and wallowing happily in the afterglow. It all just- it all felt so good – she literally couldn't hold back from pushing herself harder and faster.

Eventually though, after full minutes of desperate, trembling orgasms, she began to feel like there was something she was missing. It was like for all the urgency and release of her orgasms, she was somehow only edging; and that there was something beyond that she needed to do, and she couldn't feel truly satisfied until she did it. She just... she just needed to figure out what that was. And even if she didn't know exactly what that was, she did think of something that might help.

Raising herself unsteadily to her feet, she turned to the other beaker of formula she had prepared for future testing. Without even the slightest pause she picked it up and sent it hurriedly down her

throat, her tongue chasing it down in order to feel the effects as fast as possible. And again, she didn't have long to wait.

She felt her knees buckle beneath her, her slit starting to fairly stream with fluid, but this time the real force of the feeling was concentrated a little higher, somewhere just up from her groin itself. She felt... something happen; something or somethings there swelling as they soaked up the formula, growing until she felt like there must be a visible bulge there inside her. But still she felt like there was something else she needed; a hunger or just... urge that needed more than that, and with a flash she suddenly realised what she needed to do.

Clambering again awkwardly to her feet, she leaned over the table until she got to the intercom that connected to the area for the lab assistants. Taking a breath to compose herself, she jabbed the button and said "Alexis, could you come in here please?"

"Of course doctor" she responded, and less than a minute later the door to the lab opened as the assistant hurried in. She was an undergrad student, of course; all studiously done up in her smart white coat and carefully tied-back hair. She was the very model of demure politeness, even going so far as to knock as she entered, despite the fact that she had been explicitly summoned.

Fortunately, both Melissa and the mess she had made were hidden from Alexis behind one of the main lab benches, seeing as she was crouched down low, desperately trying not to pant audibly as she still rode a constant state of almost-orgasm and dripped steadily from her crotch. "I dropped a beaker" Melissa managed to make herself say. "Could you grab the..." she paused as she fought to bite down on another urgent moan. "...dustpan behind you to help me clean it up?"

"Of course doctor" Alexis replied, turning to fetch it for her. It took her only a moment to see where exactly it was, but fortunately that was all the time Melissa needed.

Rounding the lab bench at impressive speed, she came up behind Alexis while she was only just moving over to the dustpan. Before she could even reach for it Melissa was grabbing at her; landing on her back and pushing her heavily down to the ground. Alexis managed to turn over before Melissa could pin her down, her eyes widening as she looked up. Previously Melissa had thought she had been sweating from the heat of it all, but it was only Alexis' look of shock that made her realise that wasn't true - instead the same slick green fluid was beginning to leak freely from between her lips, dripping deliciously down on top of her prey beneath her. Even as Alexis watched Melissa could feel her hair change - clumping together in great thick masses coated with that same slime; thickening and solidifying until her scalp was topped by a writhing set of tentacles, each one dripping with fluid of its own.

"Wha-" Alexis started, but one of Melissa's new tentacles glided downwards and landed delicately

on her lips, neatly pressing them shut.

“Shh” Melissa answered, looking down at her almost tenderly. “Don’t think. Just breathe girl, breathe it all in.”

Remarkably, her first instinct was to do just that – she took in a deep breath, her eyes visibly drifting back in her head as she inhaled the scent from the tendrils that were deliberately right beneath her nose.

“You need this” Melissa continued softly, releasing the pressure on her lips to add yet another tentacle to those already gently caressing and enfolding her head.

“I... I...”

“You need this”, Melissa repeated, pressing firmly down with her hands on Alexis’ still-slowly struggling body.

“I...” Alexis’ eyes were all but closed now, her voice sounding distant. “I...”

“You. Need. This.”

“Please” she said suddenly, her eyes snapping open to look Melissa full in the face. “I need this...”

Triumphantly, Melissa moved in for the kiss; pressing her mouth urgently against Alexis’ as she felt her slick tongue coating the inside of the girls’ mouth; the tendrils on Melissa’s head doing the same for Alexis’ face. In response she simply moaned as best as she was able, blissfully happy to sink into the role Melissa had provided for her. But, as nice as her submission was, it wasn’t what Melissa needed.

Leaning back into a sitting position, she repositioned herself until she was sitting astride Alexis, tearing aside her long dress and panties on the way until her slick groin was sitting atop Alexis’ rapidly moistening slit. Pausing to pull lightly at her nipples through her now-wide open lab coat, Melissa’s head drifted backwards as she felt a pleasant sensation unfolding within her. She felt something surging within herself, until eventually she felt it press its way out - her slit parting as a long tube emerged from her; slick, wet and already seeking its target.

The feeling was orgasmic; the ridges and bumps of it rubbing on the walls of her entrance as it emerged, but it felt somehow all the more erotic for the simple fact that she knew now what it was, what it was for. She angled her new ovipositor at Alexis’s slit beneath her, and prepared to fill her urgently with her eggs. Melissa managed to pause a moment to look back down at her, seeing her

rolling about almost insensibly beneath her.

“You-” Melissa started, but suddenly Alexis’ eyes snapped back to her as she interrupted.

“**I NEED THIS!**” she cried wildly, pressing her own hips upwards, pushing Melissa’s ovipositor into herself entirely under her own power. Alexis orgasmed at that; even just the feeling of her being so slightly filled by this caused her head to fall back to the side and her body to shudder, especially given that she was so directly complicit in it.

“Well”, Melissa thought distantly, “so much for subtlety then”, pressing into Alexis with no further thought of foreplay. She was hers now, both of them knew it; hers to fill and to do with completely as she desired.

“Fuck!” Alexis cried. “Fuck! Fuck! **FUCK! YES!** Please, fuckmefuckmefuckme!”

Melissa pushed into her deeper and deeper, thrilling as she felt her new member breaching so far inside Alexis while she writhed ecstatically and insensibly around it. And just as it pushed into Alexis’ core, while her back arched desperately at the intensity of it; Melissa felt something within herself finally click. And finally, finally she felt like she was on the verge of properly climaxing, as she clutched Alexis tightly with every part of herself and felt her ovipositor twitch and shudder as her eggs began to press through her.

They came on in an unstoppable rush - one after the other as she twitched and released into Alexis, cumming again and again as she pushed each egg so deeply inside her with an attendant wave of thick green cum to prepare the way. Melissa came again and again as she bucked wildly against her subordinate, while Alexis cried out wordlessly with each one, urging her on further, harder, more; wanting to be filled and taken as much as possible.

Eventually Melissa felt herself being pushed back out; whatever room Alexis had inside her now completely taken up, but still Melissa wasn’t satisfied, still every few seconds brought another desperate twitch and fresh burst from her. Hurriedly she pulled herself out, and, even as she continued to orgasm, trailing spurts of fluid and even one or two whole eggs as she made her way up Alexis’ body, soon managed to reposition herself so that her ovipositor was over the girl’s mouth.

Again, Alexis refused to wait; launching forwards hungrily and taking it inside herself eagerly. She milked Melissa with her tongue, desperate to provoke yet more of her fluids and enable herself to be filled even further, and by this point Melissa was incapable of not obliging.

Melissa’s whole body twitched and jerked as she came so, so hard; slick green fluid pouring down Alexis’ throat while her stomach surged with yet another seemingly endless run of eggs. She

actually did seem to bulge slightly as she took it all; so utterly was she filled, until finally Melissa felt her frenzied need begin to slacken and the flow finally abate. She pulled out slowly while Alexis ran her tongue lovingly along the side of her retreating shaft, savouring the taste of the remaining cum clinging to her wet lips. Melissa felt satisfied, but still - still she needed to do something else.

Moving down between Alexis' legs she slipped her tongue out, running it slowly along her assistant's richly wet slit. The green liquid Melissa left behind seemed somehow stickier than the rest, and she eagerly worked her over again, each long lick not only making Alexis thrill, but also visibly building up a mass of goop over her private parts.

Melissa only stopped a few minutes later when Alexis was plugged completely; the thick green mass ensuring that what had been put inside her wouldn't escape before they worked their changes. As Melissa moved herself away Alexis' hands drifted down to prod at herself, encountering only this sticky plug instead of her folds or clit; leaving her completely unable to pleasure herself until it was removed.

Alexis looked up in confusion, but before she could say anything Melissa had moved back up to her face and begun to run her tongue fiercely along Alexis' still-dripping lips. "Ssh", Melissa said between licks, as Alexis' eyes softened from confusion to acceptance and adoration.

"You."

"Need."

"This."

And finally her mouth was completely plugged too; leaving her unable to do anything but follow commands without question, and subsist entirely on the eggs she had been filled with while they worked to change her from the inside out into the perfect pet she needed to be.

They stood slowly together, Alexis with her hands clasped demurely behind her back while Melissa looked on approvingly, giving her one last long lick along the face to mark her visibly as her pet. With a smile, Melissa decided to try out her new toy, leaning forward to whisper "cum, Alexis," directly into her ear, and enjoying how she quivered automatically in response. Her juices couldn't escape from the plug that sealed her for now, of course, but Melissa figured she'd just have to work through the backlog when she was released. And she certainly planned on giving her more than enough to work through.

Melissa smiled, resting a hand on each of Alexis' obedient shoulders. Oh yes, she thought. This formula was more than ready. ◀◀