



Frankenstein

A TF TRILOGY BY ABE E SEEDY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGRBODA

Skankenstein

PART ONE

It all started with sex.

It finished with sex too, actually. To be entirely honest, most of the middle was also sex. This, then, is a story about sex. But even so - it all started with sex.

Donna was making herself some breakfast when she heard a brief shriek coming from her flatmate's bedroom. Normally she was the only person who was up this early in the morning; the 3 other girls that lived with her never having bothered to match her inclination towards early rising. She'd assumed today would be the same, but either Angela was up and somehow hurt or she was having some sort of terrible nightmare.

Then again, Donna thought, she hadn't been awake when Angela had come home last night, so she couldn't entirely be sure that there wasn't someone else in there with her. They'd all been sharing this flat long enough for everyone to know that Angela could be a bit... vocal. Even so, she didn't want to just ignore it in case Angela really was in trouble. Probably best to check on her then, she decided. After all, she thought with a grin, the worst she could do would be catch her in some depraved act that she could embarrass her with later.

She took the frying pan she'd been cooking with off the heat and walked quietly over to Angela's room. It had been a cold morning so she'd put on socks to keep her feet from freezing on the wooden floor, a fact she was now grateful for as she soundlessly padded over.

By the time she'd reached the door she was pretty sure there wasn't going to be anything wrong given that there hadn't been any further distressing noises, but by now she wasn't going to give up on sneaking in and catching Angela out at whatever she was doing. Turning the doorknob slowly and silently she readied herself for her entrance, carefully arranged her face into an expression of innocent concern, then threw open the door.

What she saw there was not what she had been expecting.

Angela was standing at the foot of her bed facing, conveniently enough, directly towards Donna and the door. She was completely naked, but Donna's attention was immediately drawn to what was between her legs.

There's no other way to put it - there was a cock there, and it was huge. It was thick and had visible veins; the whole thing hanging down just over halfway to her knees. Even weirder - *and that's saying something* -

was that it was a completely different color than the rest of her body. Angela had smooth porcelain skin that complimented her long blond hair nicely, but this was a rich chocolate brown from base to tip, and where it met Angela's crotch the brown color melded out and dispersed, ending in a series of dappled brown spots before Angela's naturally pale skin resumed. If Angela didn't normally keep herself shaved, then she was certainly smooth and hairless there now. The whole thing was completed by what looked for all the world to be a pair of balls, hanging in their own chocolate brown sack underneath the shaft. Angela had looked up when Donna came in and was simply staring at her, too shocked and dumbfounded to do anything else.

Unsurprisingly, it was a reaction that Donna shared.

Eventually, Donna reacted first, quite sensibly closing the door behind her and quietly saying "*Holy crap.*"

"Yeah", Angela replied simply.

"How... did you get that?"

"I - I don't know." Angela shook her head slowly to clear her thoughts. "I was at a party last night, and there was this guy. He said he was a doctor or something, and you know what I'm like for doctors."

Donna nodded. Angela went for doctors like a moth to a flame. Unfortunately she often found herself with the sort of people who would only call *themselves* doctors, as she'd woken up with anything from an assistant proctologist to someone with a doctorate in linguistics. After that last one her friends had kept jokingly asking if he was indeed a good cunning linguist, and from then on she'd preferred to stay at their places rather than take them home with her.

"We had sex", Angela continued. "God, we had such sex. It was fantastic but - but I can't quite remember why. I remember everything up to the point where I led him back to his room, and I remember a blurred impression of it being fantastic, but the next thing I remember clearly is waking up here with *this* stuck to me."

Finished, she sat down heavily on the end of her bed and put her head in her hands.

Intrigued despite herself, Donna crept closer. "He must have been some sort of prosthetics expert, or a special effects designer, because this thing is... well, it's pretty impressively done." She reached out a tentative hand and brushed the tip of it.

Angela jolted upright at the touch with a gasp. "Don't do that!", she yelped.

Donna sighed. "Look, you're going to have to figure out how to get it unstuck sometime. If it's good it might just come off with water and effort, but if you pissed him off somehow maybe we'll have to get something to dissolve the glue."

Angela thought for a moment, then gave a curt nod of consent. Her eyes bulged again as Donna gripped it in both hands, but she still said nothing. It felt fleshy, Donna thought - surprisingly realistic. She shifted herself to get ready to tug, but Angela cut her off with a desperate squeak before she really got started.

"Please no!" she moaned. "It's too much! I can feel it already!"

Reluctantly, Donna let go. "He must have glued it directly to your... you, Angela. That'd be why you're feeling it so much."

"Yeah", agreed Angela softly. "That must be it."

Curiously, when Donna had let go the shaft hadn't fallen back down between Angela's legs, instead it had stayed somewhat stiff, pointing out a little below horizontal. Even more oddly, it seemed like it was getting bigger, and now there was some sort of pink head inside the brown skin that was starting to peek out. Donna had to admit, whoever this mystery guy was, he certainly seemed like he had a right to call himself a doctor if he could make something as intricate as this.

By this point Angela was lying back on her bed with her legs, and of course, the penis, dangling over the end. She had her eyes shut, and she seemed like she was concentrating on her breathing.

Donna moved softly beside her. "Okay, I'm going to try working it loose slowly, rather than just yanking it. Are you ready for that?"

Again Angela just nodded, so Donna moved back to the foot of the bed and took the cock in her hands. She started slowly in the hope that she might minimize the effect on her friend, pulling towards herself then pushing back down towards the base in the hope of working it loose one way or the other. Angela gasped hugely, and Donna saw the sheets of the bed pull back as she clenched them urgently in her hands.

So much for not having much effect, Donna thought, rolling her eyes. This was easily the most bizarrely intimate situation she'd ever been in with her friend, but for some reason she wasn't finding herself weirded out by it. She knew that this probably wasn't going to work and they'd have to get some serious help eventually, but she also knew this would make for a great little story to tell in a suitably naughty crowd when the drinks had been flowing for long enough - the day she'd "accidentally" given a handjob to her friend's mystery cock.

She kept at it, rubbing back and forth along the thick shaft hoping to find some suggestion that it was loosening. The only thing she seemed to have accomplished was to push back the skin and reveal more of the head; if anything the cock seemed even larger, straining out urgently from Angela's thighs. Angela was noticeably moaning now, and suddenly Donna noticed that her own hands were starting to get slick and sticky. There was some sort of liquid beginning to come out from the end of it; the only reasonable explanation for that was that it was some of the glue which hadn't managed to dry properly, surely.

This was actually kind of fun, Donna thought to herself, and more than a little bit hot, having Angela so completely at her mercy. She started getting into it a little more, timing her movements to coincide with Angela's moans, with a wicked smile on her face. She promised herself that after this she'd go to her own room and have some fun herself - Angela shouldn't be the only one to get off with all the work she was doing.

The cock was practically throbbing now, and Angela was clearly struggling to hold herself back from thrashing insensibly on the bed.

Just a little bit more, thought Donna, *then I'll leave her be.*

Suddenly the cock stiffened in her hands, and without any further warning shot out a thick stream of milky white fluid.



Angela had to bite her lip to keep from screaming in release as the stream went on and on, while Donna fell to the floor in surprise, covered from breast to thighs in sticky whiteness. It had gone right through her open gown and completely soaked the long shirt she was wearing underneath to conceal herself. Whatever it was she'd been hit by so much that she was coated in it, long strings of it hanging from her arms as she slowly uncurled herself.

Donna was speechless. She sat in silent shock for a few moments, literally dripping with the clinging wetness, before she managed to gather herself enough to start trying to clear away the worst of the mess with her hands. She went to wipe some of it off her chest, but the instant her hands swept across her body she felt a shock of intense sensation. Her horniness, previously squashed by what had just happened, suddenly ramped into overdrive.

She didn't want it gone, she realised. She wanted it all over her.

The lust was incredible. Suddenly she intensely craved the luxurious feeling of the slick slimy sweetness against her skin. She gathered as much as she could in the cup of her hand, and eagerly started spreading it around. Her hand was quickly drawn to the inside of her legs, where she was rewarded with another intense jolt of pleasure.

She moaned in delight - it felt so *good!*

She lay back against the floor, luxuriating in the feeling of her back pressing against the puddle that surrounded her, and the way that her long red hair felt slick against her body as it soaked in the fluid. She stripped off her clothes as best as she could do quickly, the better to reach and caress herself. One hand fondled her breasts absently, enjoying the way they rubbed and slid together when covered with this lubricant, while the other slipped back down between her legs and spent a few moments teasing against the outside of her opening with a few of her fluid-coating fingers.

She whimpered and rolled her head back against the ground, aching with frantic desire and desperately wanting more. Slowly she slipped her fingers inside herself, and immediately she felt a wave of pleasure. She pushed against it, moving down against her hand, feeling her own wetness starting to seep down and mix with all that she was covered in. The thought managed to turn her on even more and she let loose, masturbating wildly and writhing in pleasure on the ground. She felt the moment coming with astonishing quickness and willed it on, pushing deeper and harder as she moaned again loudly. She could feel her climax coming and arched her back as it did, softly crying "uhhh uhmmm!" as she finally came.

She felt the orgasm wash over her and recede, but even as it did she felt no less lustful. She needed more, again, and her body soon obliged as she climaxed once more, her own fluids spilling past her hand and down her legs.

Still though, it wasn't enough, and each time she felt pleasure and satisfaction they never reduced her lust; the aching desire that was causing her tongue to loll fruitlessly out of her mouth. In desperation she moved her second hand down to massage her clit - normally she wouldn't have been able to handle that at this point, it would be far too tender for her to touch without causing more pleasure than pain, but somehow now it felt just right. The sensation was amazing - even if it was oversensitive it was somehow just all the more pleasurable.

She licked her lips greedily and pushed down hard against the floor, thrilling as another orgasm swept through her body. By now the feelings coming from her clit were indescribable; it seemed somehow to be

swollen with sensation. It actually was larger, Donna noticed distantly, as there seemed to be more of it for her eager hand to play with. The thought excited her more - that there was more of this wonderful feeling to play with - and she fell upon it with new vigor.

It was pushing outwards noticeably, starting to throb sympathetically as her heart raced. There was enough now for her to wrap a hand around, a development she enthusiastically embraced while the other hand still pressed needfully inside herself. That felt even better, even more amazing, rubbing her trembling clit along its still growing length.

Suddenly she felt another climax rushing up upon her, more intense again than the ones that had come before. Her clit surged larger, becoming stiff as her hands swept over it in a wild frenzy. She knew what it was now- somehow, she was getting her own cock to match Angela's. She felt the tip flair out into a proper head, saw through the slick of mixed fluids that the shaft had taken on the same color as Angela's had. Her left hand slid out from her slit to grope at her own set of balls as they emerged underneath her cock, both hands gripping reflexively as the rush of climax descended on her.

"Yes!" she screamed, rejoicing in it, urging it onwards, to be bigger, more dramatic, to make her even more enthralled to this rampant sex and sensation. She arched her back and came, jets of her own cum spraying gloriously across herself as she finally felt utter release. This final climax went on and on, the feeling of covering herself with her own sticky white cum tipping herself over the edge and making her do it more and more. Eventually, after what felt like an hour of pure orgasm, she finally felt finished. She had no words to describe how good it had felt, simply letting out a contented moan as she slid back down happily against the floor.

For the first time in several minutes she began to actually notice the details of the room around her again, and foremost amongst them was Angela, now sitting at the edge of the bed and looking down at her with an expression of shock. Mostly shock, at least - she couldn't hide the fact that her own cock was now desperately erect.

Donna's eyes locked onto this last feature, and she hungrily licked her lips. Angela didn't know whether to be scared or more aroused, but in the end there was really only one choice.

There was going to be a lot of sex.

Skankenstein

PART TWO

SKANKENSTEIN RETURNS

Angela had not been expecting this when she woke up in the morning,

but then again finding an unexpected penis between their legs would alter most people's plans for the day. She still hadn't gotten past the point of being quietly shocked by this development in the privacy of her bedroom when her flatmate Donna had burst in uninvited. After a perfectly rational discussion about where her new appendage had come from (blurred memories of intense sex with a mysterious doctor the night before were all she could put forward), Donna had attempted to remove it by politely but persistently pulling on it. Everything had gone rather fuzzy for Angela from that point on, and the next thing she could remember clearly was sitting back up and finding Donna masturbating wildly against the wall at the foot of her bed.

Donna was almost completely covered in what looked like buckets of cum, and the fact that there were still several large drops clinging to the inside of her thighs forced Angela to conclude that this might be related to the feelings of mind-blowing pleasure she'd experienced earlier. It also made clear that this penis was not an artfully constructed prosthetic, as they first thought, but somehow actually real, and very emphatically now *hers*.

She watched silently as Donna frenziedly pleased herself, noticing with surprise that she too seemed to have grown a penis - so it was not only real but *contagious*. Donna's cock was shockingly large, thick, and chocolate brown, just like her own, and it smelled really good.

Did she just think that?

When Donna enthusiastically came from her own attentions, Angela realized with a start that her own tongue was hanging out of her mouth. She hid it away before Donna could see her expression, but she couldn't hide her rapidly growing erection. Fortunately for Donna, that was not an easy thing for her to miss.

Donna started to stand up, but with her legs still somewhat shaky she quickly decided against it. Instead she crawled forward on her hands and knees, enjoying once again the opportunity to spread the mess that now dominated the carpet of Angela's room. When she reached Angela's legs she slowly raised herself up, making sure that the girl had time to feel her warm breath on the inside of her thighs as they both savoured the anticipation.

When her head was level with Angela's crotch Donna's tongue snaked out, sliding sensuously along her shaft from base to tip. Angela bit her lip, her eyes screwing shut as her penis strained urgently outwards. Donna slipped back down and licked her length again, succeeding in making it stand vertically up from Angela's lap. From here she moved up further, placing her hands on Angela's shoulders as she brushed her chest past the straining cock.

Finally Donna was fully standing up in front of her, watching Angela look up with a silent expression of barely-restrained need. She stood there for several moments, so long that Angela thought there was something wrong; that maybe she needed to say something to keep her going. She looked away, blushing heatedly, before quietly speaking up.

"Plea-" was as far as she got before Donna launched herself forward into a kiss, pressing her hot, wet, lips against Angela's already open mouth. Angela reciprocated eagerly, savoring the taste of her own cum that was still coating Donna's lips and face.

Suddenly Angela's eyes shot open as she felt Donna thrust herself down on top of her waiting cock, the pure jolt of sensation rocking her briefly back into fuzzy-minded incoherence. They were still locked in a passionate kiss, tongues twisting and embracing, when Angela's arms came out without thinking, wrapping around Donna to hold her as tight and as close as possible.

Finally they were forced to break their lips apart, if only to simply breathe for a moment and let out a few gasps at the intense pleasure that they were each experiencing as Donna pressed herself down onto Angela's cock, the shaft buried almost to the hilt in Donna's moist slit. She moaned as she drew herself back up along it, slowly sliding back up its length and leaving it slick with her own wetness.

With a brief predatory grin she took a moment to angle herself correctly, then slipped her own cock between Angela's breasts. Donna sighed with contentment as she felt herself get stimulated by the action and set into a long slow rhythm; pushing herself down onto Angela's long luxurious cock, then sliding back up to stimulate herself on her tits with the upstroke.

The sensation of having her cock massaged so completely was amazing for Angela, but the rhythm was far too slow for her liking. Donna had climaxed more recently and much more intensely, and therefore was still inclined to take it slow and build back up to a crescendo, but Angela felt like she'd been nothing more than teased all morning. She needed a release, a *real* release. She needed to fuck, and this long slow rhythm was driving her wild. When Donna had pulled herself down onto Angela's length once more Angela took action, launching herself suddenly upwards.

Donna was taken completely by surprise and, positioned as she was, was hardly capable of resisting the movement. With startling strength Angela pushed Donna backwards, slamming Donna's back against the wall opposite her bed while still keeping herself locked inside her. She pressed her there for just a moment, letting her know that things had changed, that now she was the one in control. For her part Donna took it with little more than a gasp as she was pressed forcefully backwards, then as she saw the wild, lustful look on Angela's face she smiled and moaned "Oh, god, yes! Take me Angela, fuck me hard!"

Angela was only too happy to comply, thrusting into her with such passion and enthusiasm it made both of them cry out. Angela kept her own, faster rhythm now; fucking eagerly with her thick, wonderful cock. Her mind went loose with pleasure as she relished the simple, visceral act; plunging her impossible cock into her friend's waiting slit.

She felt the pressure build inside herself, the intense sensation of her balls churning, ready to fill her friend with thick wonderful seed - already precum flowed freely from her tip. As Donna stood splayed against the wall and lost herself in the pleasure, Angela threw her head back in triumph and came wildly, her hips bucking uncontrollably as she shot seemingly gallons of sticky white cum into Donna.

Donna cried out in pleasure too, blissed out at being so completely filled, but there was somehow another sensation behind that. There was a feeling of pressure at the base of her spine, and with the last hard thrust she felt it burst out gloriously as she trembled through her own orgasm. When Angela withdrew her shaft, now dripping with their combined cum, they both saw what it was. Emerging from the top of her ass, Donna had sprouted a horse's tail.

They both stared at it, shocked out of the lust that had enraptured them, and the tail twitched nervously in response. It was clearly a part of Donna, just as the cock was now a part of her too. Angela couldn't help but giggle at the sheer absurdity of it. "Well", she said, "I guess come to think of it, you *are* hung like a horse."

Donna, snapping back from her experimental tail twitches, turned to Angela with an imploring look in her eyes. "Please, I need more."

Her hands were pawing desperately at herself, trying to fend off some still-unfulfilled need. She turned away from Angela, lifting her new tail invitingly. "I need - god... I need you to *fill* me", she moaned, her words soon trailing off into an inarticulate lustful whining.

Angela brushed close against her, running a hand down the side of Donna's body as she stood quivering with desire. The sight of her was impossibly arousing; her breasts straining out from her chest as ragged breaths heaved from her throat. She found her own cock already hard again, somehow; her balls churning eagerly again for yet another session.

She took a few moments to delight in teasing the other girl first, pressing her tip against the skin just outside the sensitive folds, making Donna bite her lip from impotent lust. Mercifully though, it wasn't long before Angela plunged deep inside her, causing Donna to gasp with the sudden rush of pleasure. There was something somehow immediately different this time, the sensation was electric, an uncontrollable surge of energy and satisfaction.

Donna came within seconds, her stiffening cock shooting out yet more streams of cum onto the wall she was facing, but the feeling of desperate arousal didn't diminish in the slightest. She felt something sweeping through her, noticing hazily that the chocolate brown color from her cock was melding across her skin. It moved up to envelop her ass, linking up at her tail before turning to move down her legs. Angela, gripping her by the waist, felt Donna's skin texture change, sprouting the same short, coarse hair that covered a horse's hide.

The changes continued their sweep downwards, and Donna felt her very flesh rearrange itself internally. Her muscles shifted into a new configuration, each pulse of the change powered by a thrust from Angela. Finally she felt her feet themselves change, her toes merging to meld themselves into hard hooves. She would have tottered and lost her balance if she hadn't had the wall to steady herself with, and Angela behind her holding her tightly.



She concentrated on the wonderful sensation of the changes washing over her, the amazing feeling of her body eagerly altering itself with every thrust. She felt her legs begin to split down the middle, each half separating to bulge out into its own independent leg. The rear two moved backwards, pushed out as her ass expanded, forcing Angela to step distractedly backwards to give the changing girl some room. Finally her rear legs touched down, complete, finishing off her horse's body. She was a centaur now somehow, she realized, and the idea thrilled her entirely, a creature born of myth and decadence.

She felt a final frenzied surge and knew that Angela was building herself up to climax, and delighted as her body reciprocated eagerly. She felt the pressure focus itself into her new horse half, pushing out one last change. With one last dramatic thrust Angela came inside her; the hot, sweet seed gushing into her new body.

There was a few seconds' delay as the cum ran its course, flowing out in her lower nether regions to feed the change there, until finally Donna reared onto her hind legs as a new, even larger horse-cock surged forth, announcing its arrival by spattering the room with jets of thick cum. Donna's fore-cock climaxed sympathetically, ensuring that her arching top half received another slick coating.

She stayed on two legs as the orgasm tailed off, spurts of cum continued to wring fitfully from each cock in turn while Donna rolled her head back and lolled her tongue from her mouth. Finally she fell back to all fours with a thump, which Angela took as a cue to withdraw her own tired cock from Donna's dripping slit, sliding out delicately and falling into a sort of leaning hug against Donna's wet flank.

Angela noticed, when her head had eventually cleared enough to do so, that Donna's hair had grown, her long red locks now spilled all the way down her back to form a sort of mane. She realized too that Donna's vagina must have moved back with her expanding horse half, a fact she hadn't noticed before then, but if it hadn't then they would have been cut off in the middle of things, or at the least been forced into a more drastic repositioning.

A quick walk around Donna confirmed this, her front half had only a cock and balls, while her horse half had a cock, vagina and ass, in what Angela assumed must be all the normal places for a horse - except, of course, for them all being on the same horse. It was clear that Donna could be mounted, and could certainly mount others, but any face-to-face sex would require Donna to do the penetrating. Her new penis was incredible, even considering the size of the previous one. It seemed like it extended for almost the entire length of her horse body, and was proportionately wide to match. Clearly she'd have to be careful with that one, for fear of simply running someone through.

Donna, politely bemused at the inspection, raised a front leg to allow Angela a clearer view. "So," she said, "do I pass?"

Angela gave her one last look over before nodding. "You certainly do", she answered with a smile.

She moved back behind Donna, who turned her head to follow her. Surprisingly, she'd found herself entirely at home with controlling her new body.

"And you know what this means, don't you?" Donna continued.

Angela nodded. "Horsie rides!", she cried, with gleeful enthusiasm.

Donna, her mouth frozen in the first syllable of "fu-", stopped herself. "Oh", she answered. "Uh, that too, I guess."

It took a while for them to figure out how to get through the doorway - Donna's hooves skidding on the wet carpet certainly didn't help - but eventually they managed to get into a position where they were confident they could duck down enough to get through the door with Angela riding on Donna's back. Donna turned the knob and pushed at the door, but it stopped with a thump after opening just a few inches. There was a startled gasp from the other side and then a brief frantic shuffling sound.

Donna and Angela exchanged a confused look, and when Donna tried the door again it opened fully to reveal their flatmate Jessica sitting awkwardly behind it. She was wearing just the loose shirt and shorts she wore to bed, but they were disheveled and pushed away. The reason for this was obvious; even after having to shuffle away from the door and trying to restore her top with one hand, the other was still thrust defiantly down her pants and moving rhythmically.

Donna and Angela looked down at Jessica with a politely amused expression on each of their faces, while Jessica in turn completely avoided looking at either of them. "It's, I mean, I-", she started desperately, trying to explain and stop and apologize all at the same time, and failing to do any of them.

Finally when she did manage to say something all the words spilled out together in a breathless rush. "It's just that when I got up there was some food half made and Donna wasn't in her room so I came to your room but before I could go in I heard these noises and I was going to go away but there was this scent that just hit me so hard and it was just sex it just reeked of sex and it just felt so good that I couldn't resist and I'm so sorry and I don't know what you were doing in there..."

She looked up and saw the two girls looking down at her. Her eyes widened. Her mouth stopped moving, but her hand did not.

"There has been a lot of sex", replied Donna. She reached a hand out to Jessica, who took it with surprisingly little hesitation.

"Uh, can I...?" started Jessica, but Angela cut her off.

"Oh, you betcha."

Skankenstein

PART THREE

BRIDE OF SKANKENSTEIN

Jessica stared open mouthed at her flatmates,

trying to comprehend just what exactly was going on. Donna was somehow now a centaur, and a massively-endowed one at that; she could see a thick cock standing out from her human front half, as well as another, even larger horse-cock underneath that part of her body.

The hair on her head was significantly longer now, flowing down her back in a long red mane. Jessica was sure her breasts were larger too, remaining unfairly shapely despite the lack of a bra. Riding her like a horse was Angela, looking a little more normal - if the word 'normal' can really apply to a girl sporting her own rich, chocolate brown cock and balls, melded impossibly into the smooth white skin of her crotch.

They were each still wet from the thunderous sex session that had first drawn Jessica's attention then brought her down to her knees with the feeling of overpowering lust. As shocked as she was she still had one hand down the front of her pants, absently and unstopably continuing to fondle herself. Angela leaned forward and whispered something into Donna's ears - which, Jessica noticed, poked up pointedly through the tresses of her hair, and for some reason that managed to turn her on slightly more.

The girls each regarded Jessica with a wicked grin before Angela quietly dismounted and walked over to her side. She reached down wordlessly and gently pulled her up to her feet. She also took hold of Jessica's right arm and, lightly but insistently, removed it from the her pants. This brought forth an unconscious moan of frustration from Jessica, but even so she didn't resist as Angela led her to a position standing directly in front of Donna. Once there Angela stepped away, leaving the other two girls facing each other. With the added height of Donna's horse body, Jessica found her face almost exactly level with the head of Donna's cock. Her, uh, upper one, at least.

It was already erect and pressing outwards from Donna's skin, but despite that Donna herself made no move. Jessica couldn't take her eyes off of it; it was already glistening wet, and the smell of it was like a whirlwind of sex and arousal inside her head. Without realizing it, she'd moved closer, drawing in the scent deeply. her body beginning to respond of its own accord. Now she was almost right up against it - she could stick out her tongue and taste it, feel it, have it inside her. Surely that couldn't be a bad idea, when it all felt so desperately right?

Her tongue snuck out of her mouth and licked against the side of Donna's shaft, giving Jessica an

immediate thrill. It tasted so wet; so slick and sexy that she felt her arousal surge just at the touch. Donna gave an appreciative moan in response, leaning forward to press the cock lightly to Jessica's lips. The last of Jessica's reluctance melted away, and she opened her mouth and let her lips slide slowly down Donna's cool, moist flesh.

She couldn't go very far - the sheer size of it prevented her from attempting to take too much of it in - but to compensate she lavished attention on the part she could reach, her tongue sweeping eagerly across the tip to taste as much of it as she could. She started into a regular sucking motion with her lips, curving her tongue around the shaft to milk it as much as possible. The taste of the cum that coated Donna's cock was heavenly; the more she tasted the more she wanted to wring out of it to quell her growing lust.

As time passed she felt the stimulation change from merely a taste to a physical sensation; there was what felt like a tiny massage occurring inside her very tongue, tingling her as she lapped at Donna's cum. She felt her tongue somehow grow larger, snaking longer and longer down Donna's slick shaft, and she quickly took advantage of its increased length and dexterity to both aid in the blowjob and teasingly run the tip down to Donna's base. Finally the point came where her tongue was long enough to be wrapped all the way down Donna's cock, eagerly stroking the entire length, and it wasn't long before Donna was snorting her eager approval at that attention.

Donna could hardly stand such intense stimulation for long, and after only a few moments she threw her head back and came triumphantly, Jessica's tongue wringing mouthful after mouthful of sweet sticky cum from her straining cock. Jessica gulped down as much as she could, savoring both the taste and the wickedly delightful feeling of the excess slipping past her lips and down her chin.

Donna meanwhile slowly receded from the depths of her orgasm, enjoying for a few moments the pleasant post-coital feeling of Jessica enthusiastically licking her dick clean. Even so, she eventually placed a hand on Jessica's head and politely but firmly pushed her away. It took some time to get her to stop, given the newfound reach of her tongue, but once Jessica was safely at arms length she finally got the message.

"That'll do there girl", Donna said. "That's all for now."

"Wha?" Jessica replied, her tongue still dangling awkwardly far outside her mouth.

"Do you have any idea how many times I've cum in like, the last hour?" Donna answered, putting her hands on her hips. It was hard for a preposterously endowed, bi-penised centaur girl to look serious, but she contrived to do so now. "I've lost more fluids just now than most people do in a week!"

Angela spoke up from where she was standing over by the fridge. "Why do you think I put her onto you? I've been drinking every bottle of milk we have!"

Jessica was thoroughly confused. "Buh, iss magic?" she managed to say.

Donna shrugged. "Well, magic or not, I know when I feel tired and, uh, empty. And besides, if I use these things anymore I think they'll probably drop off, and given all the mind-blowing sex I've just been having with them I'd rather not have that happen."

"Oh, man - wasn't it just mind-blowing?", Angela chimed in. "Best morning ever."

"Buh, thas noh fair!" Jessica cried, her increasing dismay not helping her to control her outsized tongue. "I

wan thome mine-blowing thex too!”

Donna put a comforting hand on her back. “Aww, there there. I bet it feels like you’re hornier than you’ve ever been in your life, like your whole body is crying out to be filled, to fuck and be fucked, to just orgasm senselessly for like, 5 straight hours.”

Jessica couldn’t stand still, her hands wandered ceaselessly over her body and her tongue absently teasing one of her nipples. She couldn’t take her eyes off of Donna’s cock beside her. “Uh huh”, she moaned.

“Well, good luck with that” Donna replied, “I’m going to go back to bed.” There was a brief pause as she regarded her new body quizzically for a few moments before she added, “or, the floor of my room, I guess.” With that she simply stepped away from the increasingly distraught Jessica, trotted into her room and maneuvered herself sideways so that she could close the door behind her.

Jessica turned desperately to Angela, but she was already on her way to her own room. Angela gave her a sympathetic look, but still resolutely closed the door behind her.

With the click of the final door closing Jessica slumped to the floor, back to fingering herself in an effort to relieve her frustration. At least this time she had her wonderfully long and dexterous tongue to aid her, but for all her efforts she could do little more than tease herself with it. She ground her crotch against the moist carpet desperately, the last of her clothing quickly discarded. If only she had something thicker and harder to please herself with!

As the plea filled her mind she slowly realized there was a growing pressure at the base of her spine, together with the same tingling sensation that had accompanied her changing tongue earlier. She grinned eagerly, and carried on.

It was a matter of some hours before Donna and Angela re-emerged from their rooms. Donna had slept fitfully on the floor next to her bed while Angela had simply collapsed on top of her sheets, but a particularly truck going past woke them both, and eventually they each made their way back into the shared area. Donna came back out slightly before Angela, but what she saw there stopped her in her tracks more than long enough for Angela to catch up.

Jessica was sitting in the middle of the room, completely naked and still leisurely fondling her breasts, her hair somehow still in a loose black bun at the top of her head. What was most noticeable, however, was that she now had a large tail sprouting from her ass. It looked for all the world like a long lizard’s tail, and like the entire lower half of her body it was coated with shiny green scales. On top of that it was clearly quite dexterous, because she had curled it back around inside herself and was bucking passionately atop it with frenzied, powerful thrusts.

Her hips had shifted slightly to make such a position easier, and similarly her feet had also changed into digitigrade three-toed claws. Judging from the sheer wetness of everything around her she had obviously been going at it for quite some time. Eventually she noticed the girls staring at her and she looked up to acknowledge them, this time completely unapologetic of her actions.

“Ah, you’re back”, she said levelly, clearly having gotten a bit more used to her sizable tongue. “Good, there’s something I’ve been wanting to do.”

She withdrew her tail from her dripping pussy with a soft moan, allowing the girls to see just how big



it was- almost as long as she was tall. She stood up and casually walked over towards where Donna was standing, with her tail now swaying enticingly out behind her.

When she reached Donna she leaned in close to whisper, "I think I've found a way to deal with that little nutrition problem you mentioned."

Without waiting for Donna to respond Jessica continued around behind her, allowing Donna to notice as the tail went past her face that its tip was coated in her orgasmic fluids. The smell of it was mesmerizing. She found herself get hard - twice - almost instantly. Angela too seemed to be instantly aroused, watching the proceedings with undisguised interest.

Jessica finished her repositioning, moving to stand directly behind Donna. Donna gave an involuntary gasp as she felt Jessica's hands grab hold of her horse rump; her nails, while not quite claws, were still thick and strong enough to make an impression against her flesh. Guided firmly by Jessica's hands, Donna was moved into a kneeling position, bringing her rear down to Jessica's level. She flicked Donna's tail away with one hand before moving herself closer, grinding teasingly against Donna's quivering sex. Donna couldn't help but moan, her hands wandering rampantly across her breasts and teasing herself as she waited for release.

"Now comes the fun part", said Jessica. She pressed herself tightly up against Donna's sex, her claws digging into the carpet for purchase and her tail standing straight out behind her for balance. Donna felt herself pushed awkwardly further downwards, moved firmly into some position she didn't quite understand. Jessica began to breathe heavily, rolling her head back to take clear, focused breaths. Suddenly Jessica gave a sudden gasp, and Donna felt something warm and wet press briefly against her rear. Whatever it was however, it found no purchase against Donna's skin, and she felt it slip down to fall behind her back feet.

Jessica meanwhile was still very much engrossed in her own passion. Her tongue snaked out of her mouth and down across her body, eagerly lapping at her own breasts to increase her pleasure. Her grip tightened instinctively against Donna's rear, and she pressed still harder against her, letting out a series of rushed "ah-ah-ah!"s. Accompanying each gasp was a buck of Jessica's hips, and each thrust resulted in another small sticky something sliding out against Donna's ass. Whatever they were they tickled and teased at her sex on the way past, but left the horse-girl rather unsatisfied.

Finally Jessica eased up and relaxed her grip, allowing Donna to shift herself back into a more comfortable standing position. She turned around, curious to find out just what had been going on back there, and saw Jessica standing with a satisfied expression on her face astride a small pile of what could only be eggs. Each one was about the same size as her hand and startlingly pink, and the whole mass was thickly coated in some sort of translucent slime; the final egg still attached by a strand of the stuff to Jessica's sex.

Jessica rolled her eyes. "Well that didn't work out as I'd hoped", she sniffed. "If your new physique makes it too difficult for me to fuck you from behind, then I suppose we'll just have to try something else."

She turned to Angela - who had been busy keeping herself amused during this show - and beckoned her over; drawing her in close with her sinuous tail once the girl had begun walking. Donna saw her whisper something quietly in Angela's ear; saw Angela grin impishly at the idea, the girl's cock stiffening further in anticipation. Angela gave Jessica a quick nod in confirmation, and in return the part-lizard girl snuck her tongue out of her mouth to give Angela a brief appreciative caress around the base of her neck.

Angela shivered at the light hot touch, but remained content to follow the plan and stay where she was,

turning back to face towards Donna. In turn Jessica moved away, making sure to run her tail along the inside of Angela's thigh as she did so for one final thrill, stepping in front of Donna and placing her hands on the girl's waist.

"Down", she commanded.

Donna obeyed, settling herself back into a kneeling position. That brought her face level to Jessica, and with her mesmerizing, confident expression Donna found it impossible not to simply stare. Were her eyes always that green?

Jessica shifted her stance, moving her feet and tail around to splay her legs apart and display her dripping pussy.

"Down", she said again.

Donna obeyed, settling down further on her fore-legs to bring her face level with Jessica's crotch. She put her hands on the girl's rump to steady herself and moved in closer, close enough to reach out with her tongue and taste the wet folds of her lips. She did so now, sending one long lick along the length of her sex, savoring the intoxicating scent and sensation this delivered. This slow teasing was not what Jessica had in mind, however; given that she'd already had more than enough of that.

Throwing her long tail out behind herself for balance she put one foot atop Donna's shoulder and pulled her in tightly with two hands on the back of her head, bringing her face right up against the folds of her flesh. The sudden movement caught Donna off guard, but she soon understood the demand of it. She began to lick and taste and savor obediently, bringing Jessica all the pleasure she was able to with her tongue deeply buried in her sex.

This finally brought Jessica to the brink of the release she was after; her tongue falling out of her mouth to stroke uncontrollably against her breasts. Her head rolled back and Donna felt a pain in her shoulder as Jessica's foot clenched unconsciously, but this momentary distraction was soon forgotten by what came next.

There was a sudden flood of sticky fluid from her sex, the taste of which was far more entrancing than anything that had come earlier. All thoughts of providing attention to Jessica's clitoris were forgotten in favor of simply getting as much of this wonderful substance past her lips as possible, lapping eagerly at her inner folds. But then Jessica bucked her hips unexpectedly, forcing her slit against Donna's open mouth. Donna felt something smooth and hard press down against her lips, being pushed by their movements out of Jessica's sex and into her.

It felt as big as her mouth, far too wide to fit comfortably, but it was coated in that same slick substance that somehow made it feel intensely pleasurable rather than painful. It was an egg, she realized, just like the ones she had seen Jessica produce before. The thought was somehow more thrilling; it felt so wickedly right to be accepting into herself this piece of Jessica she was giving her.

With a sudden buck of Jessica's hips a second egg pushed its way past Donna's lips, giving her a rush of ecstasy as she gulped it down her throat after the first. She wanted more, wanted to be filled with these wonderful eggs, wanted to relish the feeling of being a big, egg-filled, cum-dripping slut. Jessica was happy to oblige, continuing to grip her tightly and pump egg after egg down her welcoming throat.

Angela meanwhile, seeing all this occur, began to carry out her part of the plan. Taking an egg from the pile left where she was standing she moved Donna's tail out of the way with one hand and pushed it into Donna's wet slit with the other. Donna reacted immediately. Her eyes widened, her legs trembled; only the fact that she was being held firmly in place by Jessica stopped her from shaking bodily at the sudden electric sensation.

She couldn't speak up as she was still constantly swallowing the eggs Jessica was pumping into her mouth, but from the way her tail flicked desperately upwards Angela got the message that Donna wanted more. She grabbed an egg in each hand and thrust them in one after the other, causing Donna to rock slightly back against Angela's hand to increase the wonderful sensation of being totally filled. At the fourth egg Angela inserted Donna came climactically; both of her cocks erupting spectacularly in an orgy of cum.

But the feeling didn't stop with her release; with each egg her orgasm pushed against her harder, even after there was no more cum left to wring from her quivering sexes. She felt the pressure build under her skin, the same sensation she'd had when her body had changed before, but this time it felt less like an explosion and more like a gradual release.

She could feel the eggs all building and bulging inside of her, pushing at her insides and moving things around to where they needed to be. Her flanks grew shorter and thicker, her hips shifting to splay her legs out to the side in the manner of a lizard. Her hooves cracked and rearranged themselves back into separate toes, but fewer now; three on each foot and all topped with pointed claws. Her skin changed color and texture as a light dusting of green scales chased away her short horse-hair coat; her tail gaining mass to become thick and sinuous.

These changes rode quickly over her horse half, but left her human half untouched for the moment. This lasted until Donna felt a growing heat and pressure building against her chest, two points of erotic sensation emerging from below her breasts. A pattern of lighter green scales swept across the skin on her chest, two waves skirting around her straining fore-cock but meeting in the section where the pressure was building.

Another egg slipped down her throat and she felt the energy within it release to push out her two new breasts, each one swelling out to become the equal of those above them except for their unique scaly coating. They announced their completion by beginning to produce some of the thick translucent fluid that coated the eggs; pulsing out sympathetically with every thrust as a new one was pushed inside her.

Down below Donna's body was pushing itself towards completion. Her massive rear cock had coated itself in the same eagerly dripping juices, and the color of it had changed to become a much blacker sheen. It pulsed wildly too, sending Donna mad with the lust and sensation of it as the essence of the eggs poured into it. Finally it became too much and Donna had to break away from Jessica to release a shattering cry of pleasure and orgasm.

"Uhhh-aaaaahhh!" she cried wildly, throwing her head back heedlessly as her shaft changed; splitting down the middle into two separate parts. They pushed outwards too; becoming longer and moving with great flexibility, eventually leaving Donna with two great tentacle-like appendages that she could maneuver at her will - or she would once she stopped simply using them to thrash about in delirious ecstasy. The tips of each were flared significantly, and they too seemed to be secreting that thick fluid that had coated the eggs. Judging by her movements as she thrashed, Angela presumed that Donna could reach just about any place on her own body with them, a thought that gave her several more intriguing ideas.

Finally there was just one last change to be made. Once Donna had fallen still Jessica stepped in close and took her head in her hands, drawing her in for one final kiss. Angela watched as Jessica slipped out her long tongue just before their faces met, plunging it down the other girl's throat and sliding it sensuously around to caress Donna's own. When she pulled away Donna's tongue came with her, building and lengthening under Jessica's attentions.

It grew thicker than its counterpart, bulging out and flaring to form a smaller version of the two organs twitching underneath her newly lizard-like body. With that Jessica drew away, leaving Donna lying exhausted on the floor with her changed tongue hanging awkwardly out of her mouth.

"Now that", concluded Jessica, "was nutritious."

Angela moved to join Jessica in standing over Donna, looking inquisitively over her much-changed body. "Is she finally done, do you think?" she asked.

Jessica considered this thoughtfully for a few moments. "Actually, if I'm guessing things correctly, I think Donna has at least one more surprise in store." She turned and gave Angela a playful pat on the rump. "Why don't you go over there and give her a few words of encouragement?"

Angela grinned impishly, and stepped over to the exhausted Donna. She knelt down softly in front of her and took her face in her hands. "You doing okay there hon?"

"Yeah", Donna responded, speaking with difficulty around her oversized tongue. "I justh... uh..."

She trailed off into an inarticulate moan as her tongue seemed to stop entirely responding, pushing outwards and down from her mouth further to rest between her breasts. It stiffened significantly too, forcing her mouth completely open as it started to throb wetly; freely dripping thick fluid onto her chest. Her eyes bulged as she realized what was going on, then rolled back in her head as the sensation of ecstasy overwhelmed her.

Just then there was the sound of keys turning in a lock, and the door to the apartment clicked open. Clara, the fourth resident, stepped inside, yawning expansively as she did so.

"Oh god guys, I had one hell of a night last night, you're never going to believe it. It went on so long that I had to..." She trailed off as she looked up and noticed the girls. They looked at her. Slowly, and with a quiet, shuddering moan, an egg slipped from Donna's tongue and landed among her four breasts.

There was a significant awkward silence.

"Okay, guys", Clara started in a loud voice, looking around with wide eyes that failed to focus on anything in particular. "I don't know where you are right now, but I guess someone must have slipped me something that's only really kicked in now, because I am *tripping balls* right now." Her eyes caught on something for a moment. "Big, fat, juicy balls..."

She shook her head and continued. "I'm just going to go to what I think is my room and lie down until everything makes sense again." With that she set down her bag and walked cautiously to her room, closing the door very deliberately behind her.

"Should we go after her, do you think? Make sure she doesn't freak out?", asked Angela.

Jessica shook her head. "Nah, I'm guessing she wants to be alone for now."

"Yeah", Donna added, "let her stheep. I mean, we're not monththerth."

There was a pause.

"Fthigurativthely sthpeaking", Donna added.

Angela shrugged. "I don't care if you don't care." She paused as Donna let out another soft moan. Apparently her tentacle-appendages had started making movements - whether under her conscious commands or not it was hard to tell - but one had stretched up to her face and slipped into her mouth where she was eagerly enjoying attending to it, while the other had coiled down beneath her and was busy producing an egg of its own.

Angela looked at the growing number of eggs in bemusement. "So, what are these - sex or breakfast?"

"Well you know me", Jessica replied with a grin. "I'll take my nutrition anywhere I can get it. I think it's up to you."

They turned to look at Donna, completely engrossed in her own ministrations. The tentacle in her mouth seemed to be quivering, and there was yet more slick fluid dripping out from between her lips.

Angela bit her lip, and found her hands straying unconsciously down her body. "I guess... a little more sex right now wouldn't hurt, would it?"

Jessica was already right up next to her, taking Angela's hands in hers and guiding them to the back of her hips. "That's what I always say."

There was then, it hardly needs to be said, rather a lot of sex.