

Spa Treatment (Multi-Anthro TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

When four friends break into a condemned mountain lodge spa in order to fulfil a dare, none of them could have guessed it would change their lives forever. All they have to do is dip into the waters for one hour and they will be accepted into a local fraternity, but the mutagenic run off into the spas waters will instead begin to change them into female anthro creatures! Without options, the four must find a way to turn back . . . or uncover a community of other transformed spa goers.

Spa Treatment

Chapter 1: The Dare

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Rob said, huffing and puffing as they made their way up the mountain path. “I won’t even have the energy to get down again. And what if our lights run out?”

The thin-limbed young man ran his hands through his blonde hair, as if trying to wring the sweat out of it. He had been sickly his whole life, and even now was having to go for his inhaler in order to calm his breathing. His pale skin was a testament to how much he’d spent indoors during his early childhood, sick with one illness or another.

His friend Chris chuckled. “You’re doing fine, Rob, you just need to exercise more, and this is a good start.”

“Easy f-for you to say. You’re good at this s-sort of thing.”

It was true. Chris was the unofficial leader of their group of four, and was at the head of their single file for a reason, with Doug behind him, followed by nerdy Lee, and then weak-limbed Rob at the very back. He had dark-skin and a manly jaw, and his trimmed curls only added to his charismatic appearance.

“Besides, we’re almost there,” he continued. “I can see the *Overview Spa* between the trees. Half an hour trek longer, and then we’re there.”

“And we can finally join the Alpha Kappa Kappas,” Doug said, slapping Chris on the back and chuckling. “And then we can pull all the hot girls!”

“You and your hot girls,” Lee said.

“Better than just having my head in a book all the time. Would much rather have my face in a lovely pair of tits, ha!”

Lee and Rob shared a look that said 'he never quits, does he?' And he really didn't. If Chris was their charismatic leader who got girlfriends easily, then Doug was the over-eager wannabe casanova. He was hispanic, with wavy black hair he was particularly proud of, and looks that were indeed above average. The only problem was that women could practically *smell* that overeagerness and usually avoided it like the plague, not that it stopped him from constantly trying to woo them.

Lee, on the other hand, was a stereotypical Asian nerd-type. He had thick glasses, a small frame, wiry black hair that never obeyed his attempts to calm it, and he was constantly approaching everything from a scientific angle. He got along best with Rob for that reason, who was also quite academically minded.

"I'm just saying," Lee said, "we should be very wary of what we find at this spa. It's condemned for a reason. That can lead to a lot of health hazards, particularly for Rob here."

"And there's the r-rumours," Rob said, coughing a little.

"Oh, not this again!" Chris announced, smiling as he continued to advance up the forest mountain path. "It's all just nonsense to convince people not to go up! None of it is real."

"There *did* use to be a laboratory further up the mountain river," corrected Lee. "And it *did* have illegal runoff into the water. I looked it up in the town archives."

"I thought it was a veterinarian clinic?" Rob puffed, gesturing for the group to pause for a little. Reluctantly, Doug motioned for Chris to stop.

"That was just a cover," Lee said. "It had animals of all types, mostly household pets but also farm animals. I hear it had some exotic types too, but who knows? Either way, it poisoned that section of the river which the Overview Spa relied on. At least, that's why I *think* it was condemned."

Chris frowned. "I still think that's just rumour. Even then, it's been closed for years and years now. Any pollution would be gone."

"Maybe, but . . ."

"But now there's no hot ladies getting naked in the hot spa!" Doug cried, exaggeratedly clutching his heart. "And that's the real tragedy! How are you feeling, Rob?"

Rob put up a hand. "Just one more minute."

"We can't wait too long, buddy, or else it will be getting real dark."

"That's just part of the dare," Chris said, grinning smugly. "Don't be spooked, Lee."

The nerd of their group adjusted his glasses. "I'm not spooked. I'm just . . . cautious."

"Well, just remember to lower the caution a little when we get there. We have to go skinny dipping too, remember?"

It was all because of the dare. The four friends had finally left their little mountain lodge hometown for the big city and enrolled in college together. They were later to arrive

than others, being twenty years old each by the time they 'got out,' but Alpha Kappa Kappa was indeed willing to take them. It was a fraternity that took in all kinds, but was known for partying, for bringing in girls, and generally being a bit raucous. And while the sickly Rob and geek-minded Lee weren't exactly the party raging kind, neither wanted to miss out on the opportunities. They still wanted to get girls, after all. They still wanted to have the full college experience.

But to join the fraternity, there was the matter of the hazing. The brothers at AKK had decided that because the four of them were 'late entrants,' then the requirements to be allowed in would have to be raised. Instead of just humiliating stunts at the college, the brothers had researched into the friends' hometown and discovered something gnarly for them to do: walk up to the Overview Spa in the evening, arriving at their at night, and then go skinny dipping in the supposedly haunted waters for a full *hour*, just like it was a real spa. An AKK member would apparently be waiting for them as well. Then, they had to walk back down, and upon providing proof they had gone, they would be allowed into the fraternity.

At first, even Chris has been hesitant, and this despite him being an easy entrant given his masculine qualities and charm. Everyone had heard weird rumours about the Overview Spa, how it was condemned and haunted. People who went up there, supposedly, did not return. It had been vacant for over two decades now for a reason. And there *were* missing posters for out-of-town hikers and 'urban explorers' who might have trespassed upon the spa's grounds . . .

But in the end, the desire to join had won out, and he had convinced the other four to come along as well. Doug had been the easiest to convince: the olive-skinned would-be wooer of women had an image in his head of descending down to his hometown having 'survived' the spa, and getting laid with a bevy of attractive women. Rob and Lee had followed along, admittedly caught up in Doug's dreams a little.

"We're going to be local legends for this," Doug said in the present as they began walking again. "We should definitely stay in town for a few days - we've got the weekend, right? I reckon with this on our resume we can definitely score some chicks, even you, Rob. I call dibs on that hot red-head Stacey Ackermann," he boasted. "I'd love to get her knocked up."

"You want to be a father?" Rob had asked, bewildered.

The man scoffed. "Nah, no way! I'm not ready to be a parent. But man, I'd love to knock her up all the same."

Chris chuckled. "Trust me, she's very careful about contraception."

There was a pause in the conversation as they continued to trek, followed by an explosion of conversation.

"What!? No way!"

“Did you really sleep with Stacey Ackermann?”

“That’s no fair, I called dibs! I’ve called dibs since the eighth grade, man!”

Chris just shrugged. “It was a couple of years ago. I’d like to see her again.”

“Get in line, man! You can coach Rob and Lee instead. They can have the Heller twins or whatever.”

Rob smirked to himself. The Heller twins *were* quite hot, even if a little . . . crazy, in that twin sort of way. He had this strange image in his head of entering the spa’s waters and indeed finding them imbued with mutagenic properties. They would heal him, just like one of those superhero movie accidents, and he would emerge from the waters as a virile, tough, golden-haired god of a man, instead of his frail self. Lee had dismissed such a possibility outright, but he still clung to it; better than admitting he was putting his body at risk just to join a *club*.

The four continued to make their way up the overgrown path. It had been abandoned for a long time, and there was little evidence of it compared to the new forest growth. For a moment, Rob actually worried that they were getting lost, but then Chris and Doug cheered with triumph as the Overview Spa came into view. It was larger than Rob had pictured in his head. He had imagined just a single spa area, but it was clear this was an entire *facility*, with multiple separated buildings with what used to be meditative walk spaces and adjoining gardens. This was a place where rich patrons would once have visited to get a new lease on life, or to recover from stress and illness. The mountain river that passed alongside the facility, split into two streams, was clearly kept in mind for the construction: various mills and pipes took in the water flow, imbibing it to be part of the ‘natural healing’ of the institution’s ethos. One could even see the word ‘Natural’ on a white wall, though the paint had nearly entirely flecked off everywhere else. Indeed, the whole area was quite overgrown now, though it would be years still before it was truly reclaimed. That was clearly the goal though: a wire-fence with coiled barbs along the top surrounded the entire facility, and numerous half-rusted signs proclaimed the following:

CONDEMNED

ILLEGAL TO ENTER

WARNING: HAZARDOUS MATERIAL

GO AROUND

And so on. And yet, interestingly, the nearest section of the fence had been sliced open with bolt cutters, allowing one to lift a curtain of it and simply pass on through. Clearly, these four were not the first to visit here.

“Fuck yeah,” Chris said. “This is proper creepy.”

“Y-yeah,” Doug said, recoiling just a little. “But it’ll be totally worth it. The parties we’ll have. The girls . . .”

He was clearly psyching himself up, and no one could blame him. Lee approached the signs warning of hazardous materials, and clearly was a bit disturbed by this.

“It has to be run off from that higher up facility. The experimentation lab. We should be very careful, especially you, Rob.”

Somehow, this put a fire in Robert’s belly. He loved his friends, but he hated being seen as the weaker member, the weight to be dragged. Lee’s words, though kind, just made him want to start moving already. So, to everyone’s surprise, he barged past and was the first person through.

“Woah, go Rob!” Doug said. “But I’m still dibsing Stacey Ackermann.”

Chris just chuckled and headed on through, eager to catch up to Robert.

Lee followed last, still cautious. As he passed through, he noticed something odd attached to a section of the fence. It was an inscribed flyer of some kind, beaten by the weather but preserved. It had a message scratched into it below the ‘Hazardous’ warning.

Enter the spas at your own risk. If you do, seek us out. The Community will help you. Follow the signs with your senses.

Lee frowned. He considered bringing it up with the group, but decided against it. As much as he had more scientific worries about the scenario, this wasn’t one of them. The message was clearly just there to rile up visitors with the myths of the place being haunted.

“Okay, Lee,” he told himself. “You can do this. Just be silly for once! It’s not like you’re getting laid without a bit of help from a fraternity.”

And with that, he followed the group in.

It was Chris who strong-armed the front door and got them into the Overview Spa itself. The reception was empty, though animals scurried away at their appearance. Junk had piled up in places, plant growth in others.

“Looks like we just go left,” Chris said, turning on his flashlight. “Looks like the moon is out, so we won’t need the torches once we get under the glass roofing.”

“Aren’t we supposed to be meeting somebody?” Doug asked, suddenly a bit more nervous. “Jesse or Jason or something? One of the Alpha Kappa Kappa guys said he’d be here.”

Chris just waved his hand. “We’ve got our phones. We can do a recording of ourselves. I bet he’s a no-show in order to creep us out. That won’t work though, will it, Rob?”

Rob set his jaw. “No,” he said.

They advanced into the spa pool area. There were a number of pods, individual personalised spas to get into and relax within, presumably while getting personalised treatment. They were in separated rooms, but to the group’s surprise they were all still

running to an extent: the water flow from the supposedly polluted river still surged through, filling the spas and making them bubble on some automatic mechanism.

“Hell yeah,” Doug said. “This won’t be nearly as uncomfortable as I thought.”

“Everyone choose a spa!” Chris announced, holding up his phone and recording them. “And get naked, ladies! That’s part of the deal, remember?”

Rob and Lee sighed, but both removed their clothing, as did their friends. Lee set his glasses aside as well. A bit meek over his less-than-impressive member, Lee quickly went to his own spa. Rob was in even quicker; his member was impressive, but he so rarely got a chance to use it given his poor health. Chris and Doug were quickly in show off mood, one in which Chris handily won, and they retreated to their own spa pods.

And yet, despite their eagerness, there was hesitation to actually get in the water itself. It seemed to almost . . . shine, just a little bit. Perhaps it was just the light of the full moon down upon them, or the strange sounds in the forest beyond, or the sense of taboo in what they were doing. For a moment, no one entered.

“Fuck it!” Rob exclaimed, his words echoing down the hall. “Maybe this mutagenic shit will actually make me better!”

And he got in. Not to be outdone, Chris followed in his own room, followed by Doug, followed finally by a more hesitant Lee, who had brought a lot of sanitiser and cleaning solution for his body so he didn’t get infected or anything. Each of them lay down, finding the water surprisingly warm and comforting, perhaps again unnaturally so.

“One hour, gents!” Chris’s voice echoed. “I’ve got myself on record, and Doug has as well. I hope you’ve set up your phones.”

They confirmed they had.

“Very good! Enjoy the next hour! And let’s hope we don’t all mutate into something horrific, right?”

The group laughed together, buoyed by the shared experience. Even Lee was starting to feel less worried, and Rob was just determined now to prove himself.

But Chris’ words had been truer to reality than he could ever have known, just as Lee’s research was closer on the mark than even the young nerdy man suspected. An experimentation lab had been operating further up the mountainside years ago, and it indeed had been the cause of this spa facility’s closure. The runoff from the various laboratory experiments had flooded the river with mutagenic properties, and these properties were still within the spa’s tanks and waters, constantly being cycled through thanks to the hydroelectric power of the facility. There was even still runoff making it down the river.

All this had the effect of causing mutagenic properties to gather in the spa pods themselves. Unbeknownst to the four friends, they were quite literally being bathed in them right now. It infused their bodies, bonding to their skin and nerves and making it inwards to

their very gene sequences. Already, small hairs began to sprout in unusual places, and bone began to shift, causing each member to frown, adjust themselves, and continue bathing. Their very DNA was being remoulded, and each pod had gathered up a different specimen of change, one that would see them altered in unique ways.

Rob grimaced, shifting his shoulders as he waited the hour out. He was, surprisingly, very comfortable apart from the muscle twitches he was getting. In fact, it was like the spa was giving him even more energy. He panted a little, his tongue lolling out to one side.

Chris scratched at his chest, feeling a slight pressure there, only to begin scratching his scalp as well, where another two pressures formed. Still, the spa was too lovely to get out. When the horns began to push through his scalp, he'd already stopped caring about the sensations and learned to enjoy them.

Doug lay back luxuriously, stroking himself with arousal that was only growing, fantasies of all kinds of women in his mind. God, he'd love to get them pregnant. It was more than just a comment now, it was a fantasy. His ears began to extend, and he didn't even notice.

Lee moaned, feeling more at home than anyone else, ironic given his earlier worries. He purred, licking his lips, and laying back. The whiskers that began to grow from his cheeks weren't even seen; he already had his eyes closed.

And so the Spa Treatment had begun . . .

Chapter 2: Rejuvenation

The four friends had expected the one hour to take forever, especially in such a dark and 'haunted' place. Instead, it passed so quickly and comfortably. The flow of mountain river water through the spa had ensured the various water spas were almost entirely clean, and the water itself had attracted no flies or creatures that might have filthied it from above. Instead, it really did feel like being rejuvenated, to the point where Chris only checked the timer on his waterproof watch once or twice at most. Instead, apart from the occasional itch or pressure, he had his eyes closed, even *humming* along to himself happily.

"Feels like being reborn," he murmured to himself, idly rubbing the area around his left nipple, which was throbbing in a rather . . . arousing way.

Indeed, all of the group were starting to feel heightened in sensitivity, their libidos stirring in response to the mutagenic qualities of the spa. Their bodies were changing, DNA reforming to become something entirely new. The mutagens seeped into their respective nervous systems, and the first changes were already beginning without their knowledge.

Chris continued to occasionally paw at his chest. His nipples were throbbing, and he couldn't help but rub his fingers over them, enjoying the quiet bliss it brought.

"Mhmm," he murmured, soothing himself with his hands. He cupped his chest, and it did indeed expand a little two new breasts forming as more and more mutagens seeped into his system. But it wasn't just feminine attributes that were appearing; two bumps were beginning to push up from the top of his scalp. The handsome dark-skinned man had a large member, and that was slowly shrinking in size. When a small pressure made itself known at the end of his spine, he didn't think much of it at all. Instead, the charismatic leader of the group simply settled even further into the waters, dunking his head under a second time. He had no idea that he was being infused with mutagenic extracts of female *bovine*, and that his body was absorbing them almost hungrily.

"Ahhhh," he mumbled, stroking his manhood into impressive hardness. "That's . . . ahh, that's good."

He wasn't the only one beginning to indulge in a little private self-pleasure. Doug, who had always been the most sex-obsessed, girl-obsessed, and party-obsessed of the group, was already stroking his cock hard and fast, his entire grip upon his member. He didn't even notice it was shrinking, because something about the bath chemicals were driving his libido out of control. It only made sense, given that *rabbit DNA* was bonding with his. The young man bit his lip, his four front teeth fusing to become just *two* front teeth, even as he furiously stroked his member, overcome with arousal. His tailbone pushed out, just a little bit, and he had to adjust himself in the pod as something rather . . . fluffy developed down there. He even began to stamp his feet, sloshing the warm water about.

"God, what is in this water!? Anyone else getting horny!?"

Lee blushed in his own spa room. He had been trying to hold off as long as he could against the strange, overpowering feelings of lust. The normally quite reasonable young man had had his mind hijacked by fantasies of entering Alpha Kappa Kappa and becoming, somehow, a stud with the ladies. Perhaps there would be some sexy Asian girls who were into him, or perhaps a gorgeous busty blonde. His scientific thoughts were no match against this sudden race of desire, and so he too was writhing in his pod.

"I'm f-feeling a little - meow! - nice as well!"

He halted just for a moment. Had he just *meowed*? Why had he done *that*? He gripped himself, digging his long fingernails into his skin, skin that was starting to feel strange, as if hair was collecting upon it. Like all the others, his tail bone was pushing out, and the young man shifted from a mix of discomfort and strange, cathartic release. Lee twitched the muscles around his nose and cheeks, purring a little from the sheer relaxation of the bath. The whiskers continued to grow, just like his eyes began to change colour and his pupils shift in shape.

Rob, on the other hand, hardly felt relaxed at all. It was strange, because for a time he *had* been, but the longer he stayed in the bath the more difficult it was to stay put at all. It was as if he had taken a whirlwind cocktail of cocaine, ecstasy and speed all in one go, and a triple espresso to wash the whole mix down. He flexed his fingers, shifted his rear, scratched at his body. The series of little bumps down his chest were purely there for scratching, while his nose, now a little more bulbous, existed purely to paw at. His body was gaining hair but it was too hard to fixate on anything. He just wanted to pant, sticking his tongue out to one side - it had grown longer without him quite knowing. His teeth sharpened, but the real changes were happening around his hips and rear; they were gaining fur steadily, but also taking on much more female proportions. If Lee had been given cat DNA, then his was most certainly *canine*, and it was starting to show in new instinctive behaviours already.

“Is - is anyone starting to feel kinda anxious?” he called out, still panting a little. He stitched his fingers, which had swollen a bit, though he assumed it was just from the water. “I feel like I n-need to go for a r-run or something!”

Chris chuckled, still cupping his growing breasts and luxuriating in the bath. He hadn't even questioned the strangely sensitive region above his penis, how the flesh was rising slowly. “Robert? Going for a run? That's the first I've heard of such a thing!”

He began to laugh, with Doug joining in, but then a very different kind of sound emerged.

“Ha ha ha ha MOOOO!!!”

Silence fell, but for the bubbling of their spa pods. Chris' eyes went wide, and he placed his hands over his mouth, only for them to feel all kinds of strange and wrong. He pulled his hands back, and it was then that he finally noticed that something was wrong. Something was very, terribly wrong:

His fingers had begun to fuse and harden. In fact, they were starting to look like *hooves*, complete with white and black hairs along his palms.

“M-m-mooooo hands! Moo hands! MOOOO!!!”

“Chris, are you mooing?” Doug asked from the other room, still masturbating and nearly at his third climax. His enlarged feet stamped upon the ground and he chattered his larger teeth.

“I'm not moo-eaning too! I'm just - moo hands! MOOO!!!”

A few of the young men started to become alert, Lee especially. He could hear Chris' struggles much more clearly than before, because his ears had migrated to the top of his head and become feline in nature. They swivelled slightly, pricking up, and it made the nerdy man alarmed.

“Meow! MEOW! I think something’s wrong!”

“Now you’re meowing!” Doug said. “Wh-what’s going on. Ohhhh, why can’t I stop f-fucking masturbating, it’s like I need to - NGHH!!!”

His tail *exploded* out from his backside, popping into a wet cottontail shape just like that of a rabbit’s, and making him literally *leap* without meaning to from the bath, his thighs strengthened, his feet enlarged for just such a purpose. He crashed into an old rack of now-weathered towels, causing a ruckus.

“Doug?” Rob announced. “Was that you? Woof! Answer me! *WOOF WOOF!*”

It was at this point that Rob now truly grappled with what had happened to him. His hands were above the water line, and were looking far more like *paws* than hands, covered in blond fur as if he were part golden-retriever. It was the same blond colour as his hair, and it alarmed him enough to set his tail wagging - and that was a whole other revelation too.

“A tail! Shit!”

He barked in agitation, and when that scared him, he let loose a howl without a second thought, which only left him barking in even further agitation. This set the terrified Doug off, the increasingly rabbit-like man squealing and squeaking just like an actual scared bunny. Soon the entire abandoned spa sounds more like an overwhelmed and understaffed veterinary clinic instead of a condemned relaxation spot.

“What the actual fuck is going on!?” Chris screamed, trying to escape from the bath. But his feet were twisting, becoming hoof-like themselves, and this made getting out of the tub increasingly difficult. When he pulled himself up from the water just a little he could see and feel two large weights upon his chest, and that just set him off screaming again.

“Oh God, I’m mutating! I’m growing tits!”

“Meow too!” Lee announced, running his pawed hands down his petite but clearly feminine front. “A few of them!”

“Me as well!” Robert called, clambering out of the bath. He shook himself, letting water fly everywhere off of the fur coat that was expanding down his back and over his legs. “I’ve got - holy shit, I’ve got like eight nipples now!”

Doug reported the same, stamping his foot in agitation once again. His feet were now twice as long as they should have been, and they only had four toes each now, which were more like paws anyway. His ears slapped against his shoulders, and he grabbed them, screaming like Chris. His voice cracked up half an octave.

“I’ve got b-bunny ears! Eep!”

The announcements and shocks continued as they assessed themselves and ran into the central hall separating the pods. Chris was last: his feet transformed entirely into hard hooves, little dewclaws extending from his extended ankles, and this had the effect of him scraping up against the porcelain until he finally tipped over, his new, still-expanding

boobs making the gravitations difference necessary to escape. He landed with a loud *thunk* upon the tiled floor, screeching as his short tail fell beneath his weight.

“MOOOOOO!!! Oh shit, I've got a tail too!”

“We all do!” Robert cried, running back and forth and checking on everyone. His feet were paw-like, and were taking some getting used to, but his energy was boundless, his asthma and genetic weakness nowhere to be found. “We've all mutated! We've all changed! Hurry Chris!”

“I'm trying, I'm trying! It's hard to moo-ove when you've got hooves and tits and - oh God, are these fucking *horns!*?”

They were, as the group quickly assessed. The full moon and their own lights allowed them to view one another fully as they met in the central chamber of the *Overview Spa*, and each of their jaws fell as they took in the other.

“Lee, you're looking like a cat person!” Rob announced. “You've got glow-in-the-dark golden eyes and everything! And fur! And a tail!”

The nerdy one of the group assessed his own form, shocked at what had occurred and was still occurring. He appeared to be growing dark black fur across his flanks and stomach, and it was extending slowly. His ears were already atop his head, and his nose was looking more triangular by this point. He'd also noticed his whiskers, which seemed to twitch habitually without his consent. With a strangely soothing grunt, he felt his tail extend. It was already a couple of feet long, but it was gaining further vertebrae and length in real time, muscle and bone providing it with the full flexibility of a new limb. Right now, it shifted slowly side to side to match his own anxious state.

“I - I don't need glasses,” he said, as if this was one thing he could take in and understand. “I can see in the dark. I've got cat eye vision.”

“That doesn't h-help us!” Doug whined, gesturing to himself. “I'm turning into a rabbit, look at me!”

They did. It was indeed obvious that rabbit DNA had infused his being, because Doug already had brown and grey fur along his shoulders and hips. Like Robert and Lee, he had a number of extra nipples now, and like them he appeared to be developing a rather womanly chest, though not too pronounced. The real shocks were his long ears, already long enough to touch his shoulders and right now standing well above his head, and his rabbit-like feet, fully covered in fur and stamping upon the ground by instinct. A cottontail was above his rear, and his hips seemed to be swelling wider judging from the way he shifted them back and forth in discomfort.

“Shit, you are a rabbit,” Rob said.

“Yeah, and you're a dog! We all heard you doing the woof woof!”

Rob swallowed. It hadn't quite come together for him, perhaps because his mind was still *racing*, the excitement of the proceedings almost giving him sensory overstimulation. But it made sense: he had a wagging blond tail, even if quite a short one, and his hands and feet were looking pawed. Furthermore, his nose was now dark and wider, his jaw a little achey from the way his teeth had reformed to - appropriately enough - canine shapes. And there was the matter of the spreading blond fur.

"Hot damn, I really am becoming a dog," he said, looking over himself. He extended his tongue and panted. "This feels really weird. Does anyone else feel kinda energetic and, uh, good about this?"

"Good!? GOOD!? What the hell is wrong with you!? Have you gone mooo-ad!?"

It was at this point that Chris stepped in, grabbing a bar along the wall to keep his new hooves steady upon the old tile flooring. Lee had already seen him with his cat vision, but was too preoccupied with his own changes to really take in how much Chris had changed. Now, all three other individuals saw their powerful, masculine leader, and what they saw wasn't nearly so powerful, or masculine.

"Look at mooo-ee!" he cried, voice cracking so that it almost sounded like a bellowing woman for a moment.

They did, and what they saw was distinctly *bovine*, and getting more cow-like by the minute. Chris stood uncertainly upon two hard, unfeeling hooves, his thighs thickened and his middle also, his hard-earned muscles still-present but disguised beneath bloated flesh. Like the others, he had more nipples, but in his case just an extra two below his current ones. Said current ones were sitting atop a rather impressive set of C-cup breasts, however, large enough to bounce and jiggle and fill a palm each. And that wasn't all: his hips had broadened and were covered over with black-and-white Holstein fur. A ropey-tail fell from his rear, thick though still short. His hands only had a thumb and two digits, and these were all like humanoid hoofs, looking much less manipulatable than they had been previously. Even his face had changed: his eyes looked bigger and somewhat doe-like, while two small horns were pushing up from his hair. They were barely an inch long, but they jutted from his dark curls easily.

"I'm a f-freaking cow!" he announced. "I've got fucking *tits!* What the fuck is happening!?"

Lee tensed, his scientific mind finally kicking in. He noticed that he had gained a little bit of height too, so he tried to use that to his advantage, stepping in front of his three friends, though his new stance made him balance awkwardly on his strengthened toes.

"The water really was contaminated," he said, voice softer and almost hypnotically easy to listen to. "The chemicals from up the mountain have affected us. The animal testing clinic was real just like I thought, but they must have been experimenting with stuff far more

dangerous and toxic than we thought, perhaps even something deliberately transmissible. It would explain how we haven't become a weird mix of animals, like a cat-cow-rabbit-dog, or something, and how our changes seem symmetrical and perfect."

"I don't feel perfect!" Doug squeaked, gripping his ears and extending them out for emphasis. "What kind of chick will want to land a guy with rabbit ears and six nipples!?"

"I'm not talking about perfect in that way, I mean that perhaps the clinic was testing viable mutagens - deliberately, not purely as waste product. And now we've bathed in them, and it's causing rapid transformation. Nghhh!"

As if on cue, the still-naked Lee bent over, raising his rear in the air. He didn't even question his body's new flexibility, instead focusing on the pressure in his backside. His rear plumped up, rounding out even as black hairs covered over it, but the real change was in his tail: several new vertebrae formed, and he marvelled at his new length as it swished behind him, the pressure backing off.

"S-see?" he gasped, voice cracking again. His whiskers twitched as he stood back up straight, now a half-inch taller as well. "We're still changing."

That was enough to put a new silent panic in each of the friends. Chris cupped his naked breasts, cringing and mooing a little under his breath as he felt them expand. There was a pressure below them as well, and his flanks were now better, as if determined to give him wider hips. His new hoof-hands were too weird, and he accidentally pinched himself, causing another moo in a distinctly higher voice.

"Ohhhh, this is t-too fucking much! Why the hell do I have tits?"

"We all do," Rob said. He was running his paws down his front. His upper boobs now had a defined weight and heft to them, though they were only modest B-cups. The lower ones not breasts at all, thankfully, though had perhaps just the slightest deposits of fat behind them, enough for just a training bra at best. He panted, licking the side of a mouth that was starting to push out forwards. "Um, this is already crazy and everything, but does my voice also sound kinda higher to anyone?"

"Of course it sounds higher," Doug said. "You're looking more like a girl! All of you are!"

"What!?"

Doug managed to even *laugh*. His fingers kept going close to his nethers before retreating. Damn, if he wasn't horny still!

"Why are you laughing?" Rob asked.

The rabbit-person pointed a pawed finger at each of them. "Because I might b-be becoming a rabbit thing, but at least I'm not a g-girl!"

"Dude, you're obviously becoming a girl. Have you looked at yourself?"

"Am not!"

“You’ve got eight nipples! You’ve got wider hips than anyone here. And dude, your dick is like, barely there!”

Doug froze. He could, well, not *handle*, but at least remain somewhat sane, through becoming some kind of rabbit *thing*. But becoming a *female* rabbit thing? Complete with wide breeding hips, itty bitty boobs, and a shrinking penis that could well be on its way to becoming a bunny *vagina*? Well, that was enough to suddenly make him stamp his feet and squeal to the point where he literally cracked the tiles beneath him.

“Eep! Eep! Lee! You gotta stop this, Lee!”

The cat-person’s tail swished behind him; it was still such an alien sensation.

“*Meow*? Stop it, how do I know how to stop it! I was against this from the start! It was Chris’ idea!”

The cow-person bellowed. He could *feel* his horns growing, his boobs too. The fur was spreading slowly but surely, turning his black skin to a mix of black-and-white fur. And there was another pressure above his diminishing member as well, like the whole area of skin was developing a rash. He scratched at it idly, not even wanting to think about it.

“How was I suppose to know this would happen!?” he yelled. “This is science fiction bullshit! You should have warned us.”

Lee was usually quite placid, but at this he stretched out his hands, his claws extending like sharp talons automatically. He hissed, quite literally, like a cat about to launch into a fight. Chris responded by striking a hoof against the ground, readying to charge, his head lowered along with his now-two-inch long horns. Doug responded not by cheering on one side as he normally would have, but retreating backwards, some kind of fearful flight response kicking in. He scratched at the ground, wanting to burrow to safety, only to catch himself and wonder just what the hell he was doing.

Everything was about to come to blows until Robert raced between the two angry figures, extending a hand out either way. It wasn’t enough, he sensed, and so he gave over to his new canine instincts.

He *barked*.

Loudly.

And repeatedly.

It was enough to make Lee *vault* backwards, his half-coat standing on end for a moment. Chris backed away too, boobs wobbling from the effort. His hoof-hands did a pathetic job of covering them, but his tail swayed in submission to this new alpha of the group. Robert seemed to realise how far he had gone, and his still-furless cheeks blushed.

“S-sorry,” he said. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“Instincts,” Lee marvelled, retracting his claws. “The same reason Doug just tried to flee away.”

“Did not! I - I just thought I saw something!”

Lee ignored him. “The DNA change happening to us must also be affecting our minds, at least a little. I’m cat-like, and what cat doesn’t leap away from a barking dog? And the same for a cow too.”

“I’m not some bloody cow! I’m moo-eant to be a man! How do we stop this?”

Lee hesitated. “I . . . I don’t know. And it’s still happening.”

“Will I become a dog? Like a full dog?” Rob asked. “I feel stronger and healthier than I ever have, but I don’t want to be a golden retriever.”

“And we don’t want to eat grass,” Chris said.

“I don’t want to eat carrots!”

“Rabbits eat grass too, dumbass.”

“Whatever!”

Again, Rob gave a little growl, and it kept them on topic. “Lee, what if we get down to the town and get help? If we’re quick, surely we can get to a place where we can be turned back or diagnosed or whatever?”

Lee nodded slowly, only to hesitate. “We could, but . . . this is beyond anything I’ve ever heard of in science. I mean, I’m half-tempted to lick my own fur right now. And has anyone noticed that we’ve been standing here buck-naked without a second thought for over fifteen minutes now?”

The revelation was like a heavy stone hurled into the once-calm waters of a pond. Everyone looked down, feeling sheepish at their nakedness, but also sheepish at their lack of sheepishness when it came to their state of nakedness.

“Fuck,” Chris said.

“Woof,” Rob replied, only half-joking. “So what are you saying? We can’t be cured?”

“I’m saying we’ll all be on national news and probably experimented on.”

Doug gave an eep. “I don’t want anyone to know I was a rabbit-girl! The only rabbit-girls I want are the playboy mansion bunny girls I’m gonna fuck when I’m rich.”

Rob rested his face in his hands. His skull was sore, and it was clear to him that he was developing some kind of snout. It was . . . odd, to say the least.

“We need to go somewhere. We can’t just stay here.”

It was at this point that Lee remembered the sign from earlier. “The Community?”

“Moo! The what?”

“It was graffiti’d on one of the warning signs back there, before we came in. There’s some kind of community that knows about this, and they said we should ‘follow the signs’ if we ignored their warnings and entered.”

“You’re just telling us this now?”

“Would you have done anything different, Chris?”

The cow-person cupped his big breasts, still sore, and realised he was right.

“Damn it. So what signs?”

“I don’t know. But with my vision we can find them in the dark, perhaps?”

Rob sniffed the air. There was something . . . new. Something powerful. He hadn’t realised how supercharged his olfactory sense was now. Indeed, there was something . . . animalistic yet human out there in the woods. He could tell it was older, too. The person or thing no longer present, but they had been there, perhaps a week or so ago.

“I think,” he started, rubbing his dark, wet nose. “I think this dog has a lead.”

“Then let’s go to it before I grow a goddamn udder,” Chris muttered, wobbling on his hooves past them.

Doug blinked. “Is he? Growing an udder, I mean?”

Everyone had seen the pink-ish bare patched on their leader’s lower stomach.

“I think we should just get moving,” Rob said, following the scent. He motioned for his cat-like friend to follow, and Lee did.

“My nose, your eyes, buddy.”

The feline nerd actually smirked. “Cat and dog, working together, huh?”

Rob smirked back, before the moment of seriousness returned. Neither wanted to admit it, but a few small parts of their changes almost seemed . . . beneficial.

It was a ridiculous thought to hold though, and they quickly clamped down upon it. Both men needed to change back. All of them did. They had moved well beyond any concerns over fraternity by this point.

Now, it was their *humanity* that was at stake.

Chapter 3: Forest Changes

There was still disagreement after they left the spa treatment facility. The four men-turned-mutants were struggling with their various new ‘additions’, and this led to a great deal of uncertainty, not to mention tempers flaring. Chris and Doug were still terrified of becoming freaks all over the news and the internet if they went down into town, while Robert was less embarrassed about that. He’d always stood out as a bit of a freak, what with often being the ‘sickly child’ and the ‘kid who’s always sick,’ not to mention his coughing fits, asthma attacks, and general paleness. What was one more freaky bit of news, if they changed back? Still, the decision was generally made to ascend, and they did that over the next hour.

“I know what you mean,” Lee said as they moved through the forest together, his eyes and Rob’s nose leading the party. “But I highly doubt ordinary science can reverse . . . whatever this is. This is so far advanced beyond anything I’ve read about in medical textbooks. I - I left behind my glasses and didn’t even *think* about it, Robert. Hell, I almost forgot, uh, my clothing.”

Rob sniffed the air, catching the scent of that mutagen in the air and directing the group further up a hill. “I, um, know what you mean. About the clothing, I mean. I feel like I . . . don’t need them. At least, not nearly as much.”

Lee gave an amused cat purr, gesturing to himself. “I guess I’m already not wearing as much.”

It was true: the short and scrawny Lee had grown several inches in height. His body remained slender, though lithe muscle had gained some definition. But with his widened hips, flickering cat’s tail (which was now over two feet long) and growing breasts, not to mention his increasingly hourglass shape, his clothing fit his body very differently. His hiking shorts were not on backwards, the zipper undone so the tail could push through, and the belt was long gone in order to allow the snug fit on the hips to be less uncomfortable. His shirt now bore an increasingly black-furred midriff, the small little extra nipples now obviously in view.

“None of us are wearing much,” Rob mused, looking over himself. His own chest had developed B-cup breasts now, bigger than his own sister’s, which was embarrassing to realise. She’d always wanted to be less ‘flat-chested’, and now her brother had bigger tits than her. The blonde fur was growing over them, and this was obvious because he’d left the top and bottom buttons undone, with only the middle ones on, in order to feel more comfortable. His height hadn’t changed, but he had gained a lot more muscle, his stomach flat in a feminine way but still bearing powerful abs. His tail was over the waistband of his shorts, but it was hard not to tug them down occasionally; his ass was now entirely furry.

“At least we don’t have Chris’ problems,” Lee said. He gestured with a single bared claw back to the rear-most member of their group. Once the team leader, Chris was finding it harder than anyone to move through the forest: his weight was increasing, and that wasn’t just in his thickening middle or growing thighs. No, his breasts were expanding too, and were easily DD-cups now. Worse, he’d discovered that his lower nipples were growing into full boobs as well, unlike the rest of them who had smaller ‘lower tits.’

“This sucks!” he whined, trying desperately to make his stretched shirt fit over his double pair of boobs. The lower ones were only B-cups or so, but were being pressed down upon by the upper ones. “My shorts are going to seriously explode, and my stomach is so fucking itchy! Why am I the only one with more boobs!?”

“I’ve got more,” Lee called up, cupping his smaller pair below his upper ones.

“Me too!” Robert announced, turning profile to demonstrate. His were bigger than Lee’s, whose body was overall much more slender, befitting a cat-like individual.

“But they’re still smaller than mine! I’m growing fucking boulders here! It almost makes me want a goddamn bra. Ugh, I was an idiot for wanting to join Alpha Kappa Kappa. Bastards left us in the lurch and now I’ve got a big ropey cow tail for it!”

He huffed, his wider nostrils taking in a lot more air. He scratched his ass, which also had the Holstein patterning now.

“And I’m not even going to be black anymore! I’m going to be black and white. Does that make that mutagen stuff racist or what?”

Doug snickered.

“Oh, shut up, rabbit boy. You’re going girl like me.”

“Sorry Chris. Just . . . I’m getting real anxious. I don’t want to be trapped like this. But I keep laughing at everything because stuff keeps getting me scared. Stupid rabbit instincts, I swear.”

Chris believed him; they all did. Doug may have been a bit of a social climber and hopeless lady-chaser, but while he could stir people up like crazy he wasn’t one to mock. And he *had* been giggling anxiously, jumping at shadows and strange sounds in the wood.

“Ughhh,” he grunted. “S-sorry, we need to stop! I can f-feel another b-big change coming on! Aghhh, I think it’s m-more fur!”

He was the only one practically naked; his hips were so wide in giving him a pear-shaped figure that they literally couldn’t accommodate his shorts anymore, leaving him in very stretched underwear.

“Goddamn this, it’s so embarrassing that - eep! - I’m turning into a r-rabbit! I’m s-sorry!”

“It’s okay, dude,” Chris said, leaning against a tree and trying to cup his increasingly heavy breasts with hoof-hands that were not up to the task. “I c-can feel it coming on too. Ahhh . . . oh f-fuck! My damn t-tits again - mmmhpph!!!”

He bit on his lower lip as the next round of changes began. They were barely an hour out from the Overview Spa and still more transformations were occurring. Rob watched with interest even as his two friends moans and groaned, Chris against the tree, rubbing his rear on it up and down as if conducting the world’s strangest stripper dance, and Doug on his side upon the dirt, kicking up the grass with kicks of his legs as his fur spread.

“S-stop look at us!” Chris said. “Go moo-ove elsewhere already! Moooo!!!”

Rob and Lee exchanged a glance. “I’ll try to sniff ahead,” Rob said.

“Yeah, I’ll, um, keep an eye on things.”

They could both feel their own bodily pressures, but they hadn’t reached a peak yet. Both retreated into the darkness to give their friend’s more privacy, though they didn’t get far

away enough to avoid the loud echoes of clothing tearing apart and a series of rabbit squeaks and cow moos to fill the air, along with a hefty amount of expletives.

"I think Chris is growing an udder," Rob said.

Lee nodded, placing a clawed hand on one very fine hip as they surveyed an old overgrown path up the mountain. "That's more than certain. It has all the telltale sounds of being one, and with my vision I was able to catch four nubs growing out from the mass.

"Nubs as in . . . teats?"

Lee nodded slowly. "More evidence that he's becoming a woman."

Rob couldn't help but notice that his friend's face was not only further feline - triangular nose, more fur, slightly pronounced jaw - but more feminine also. It had sleeker lines and prominent cheekbones, and his voice was more female than male, just like his own.

"I, uh, think we all are," Rob said, trying to drown out another loud 'MOOOO!' in the distance behind them. "Becoming women, I mean. I can, well, I can feel my dick getting smaller."

"Mine too. It wasn't big before, but it's getting smaller. Goddamn, this is strange. I would have thought this was impossible earlier today, but here I am, becoming some sort of . . ."

"Catwoman?" Rob suggested.

Lee actually chuckled, soothing his own inner-nervousness. "I guess. And you'll be a dog girl. Ugh, we never should have come along on this!"

"I know. I just . . . wanted to prove myself. That I could do it."

"Me too. I'm a geek. A dork. I'm proud of it; I know who I am. But who doesn't want to be popular? Who doesn't want to lose their damn virginity? And that won't happen now unless we find this Community. Who's gonna want to sleep with this?"

He gestured again to his black-furred form, but Robert only snickered.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, it's just that I imagine a hell of a lot of people will want to sleep with us, if we ever went to a Furry Con."

Lee sighed, running a pawed hand down his feline face. "No thank you."

"We better go see the damage. I think Chris has stopped."

"For now."

The damage was not small. Chris's horns were now fully out of hiding and starting to curve a little, while his ears had turned longer and floppier, covering in fine hairs. His nose was broader, his teeth flat, but his face was womanly, much like Lee's. His tail wasn't full grown, but appeared almost three feet in length and with thick hairs at the end. His penis was just a stub, and he was complaining that something was 'burrowing through him'; not

doubt the start of a vaginal wall. boobs were now big and round upon his chest, and the lower ones were catching up. His 'upper tits' were looking bigger than even Stacey Ackermann's splendid chest, and she had a real set of melons. Worse, his clothing had completely torn, even his underwear. His fur was almost completely around his body, with just his face, his forearms, and his calves free - Doug laughed when 'calves' were mentioned, only to be reminded that his fur was even thicker and his ears now down to the ends of his shoulders, highly exaggerated in size.

"Don't rub it in," he whined. "I, oh shit, I can't walk!"

While Chris whined about the itchy pink patch on his lower stomach - obviously an udder to everyone except him by this point - Doug shifted on his even further enlarged feet and then fell backwards. He tried again, only to fail again.

"Oh God, what if I can't walk again? What if I'm going to get feet so big I can't walk! I've barely got a dick anymore and now this mutation is taking my fucking legs! It's not fair, it's not!"

Something about the excitement got to Rob, and he ended up giving a loud bark, a mix of excitement and fear for his friend. But it spooks Doug's highly sensitive hearing enough to send him *bounding*.

Literally.

Doug bounced just like a rabbit, but he hadn't quite mastered the landing yet, and so ended up barrelling bunny ears over cottontail until he was back on his ass again.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!" he yelled, voice echoing out into the night. "I bounce now!"

"At least you can move fast," Chris grumbled, scraping a hoof-hand against his expanding pink mass. "My thighs are so thick and these boobs so heavy that I feel like Rob used to be."

"Hey!" Rob exclaimed, panting a little and baring his teeth. "I did my best! I was sick!"

"And I'm getting fat!"

"You're not getting fat. You're just . . . curvy."

Chris raised an eyebrow and folding his arms between his two rows of breasts.

"That's somehow worse. I can't believe -

"Nngh! *Woof! WOOF!*"

Rob shuddered, feeling his own set of changes coming on. Lee followed him, falling against a tree and scratching at the bark in order to relieve himself.

"*Meowwww! Hisssss!* I think we're ch-changing too!"

"Good!" Doug announced. "At least I'm not the only one!"

"Shut up d-*WOOF!!!*"

Both canine and feline members of the group began to writhe. Rob tried to resist, but his will was weak compared to the others, and understandably so: he'd never felt so truly *alive* until tonight. Yes, he was becoming a dog freak, and worse still a *female* dog freak - a total bitch! - but his senses were heightened, his allergies and asthma gone, and he no longer felt athletically weak but someone who could run for days on end if need be.

"Ahhhhh," he moaned, turning his face up to howl at the moon. "Awwwwooooooo! Yes, yes!"

"Did he just say 'yes?'" Doug asked.

Rob ignored him. He was too busy caught in the sheer pleasure of the fur travelling down his body. He looked to his side and saw that Lee was looking similarly caught in the throes of bliss. The cat-man/woman was scratching at the bark of the tree, tail writhing as it extended. The black fur was now coating his entire body, and his jaw was likewise gaining a very small snout, albeit smaller than Rob's - just pronounced around the nose area, just a little. His own was extending forward, canine teeth appropriately getting more pronounced, his tongue lolling out the side even longer. His chin sprouted blonde hair, and his own *actual* hair grew longer, as if taking on more feminine proportions.

"Woof! WOOF! BARK!"

"MEOWWWWWWWW!!!"

Lee gyrated - there was no other word for it. She swayed her hips from side to side in a manner that was utterly sensual, particularly as her furry figure took on a proper hourglass. Her breasts grew just a little, though not nearly so much as Robert's. Still, he cupped them, moaning and rending his shirt apart, tearing at it with his claws until there was no possibility of retrieving it.

Chris spluttered at this from the sidelines. "Dude, Lee, what the fuck are you doing?"

"I can't h-help it! It just f-feels so natural! Mmhmmm!"

Lee's member shrank, and he was the first to cross the threshold into total womanhood. It surprised him, humiliated him, and yet the feelings were too wonderful. His entire body felt demure and pretty, acrobatic and flexible, alluring and powerful in a way it had never been before. He managed just to avoid ripping his shorts to pieces, but there was no saving his top, so that his gorgeous feline upper half was now bare.

Rob also faced a similar struggle. He rolled upon the ground, just like a dog, and with his new flexibility began to scratch at himself. It brought unexpected comfort, but it also tore at his clothing. Unlike Lee he just barely restrained himself, but the bottom of his shirt was shredded and his shorts splintered in places, revealing his spreading fur.

"Stop scratching yourself, man!" Chris yelled. "Be a moo-an! Fight it!"

Rob didn't want to. It was the strangest, most embarrassing truth, but he was gaining more energy and sense of being alive by the minute, and embracing the change only let him

experience it more fully. He gave another great howl, right up at the moon, and this time he was joined by the baying of a number of wolves across the mountain forest, which was enough to alarm Doug into retreating behind a tree. Even Chris looked terrified, and he was normally fearless. For Rob though, it sent him over the edge. Whatever mental power might have staved off the mutagen, it let him cross fully over now: like Lee, his femininity arrived in full, his voice becoming a husky woman's tone, his genitals now that of, well, a *bitch*.

"Oh God," *she* spluttered, spreading out on the ground. "Ohhhhh, God. I just - did I just become a woman?"

"You sure did," Lee purred. Her voice was like that of a femme-fatale, dripping with eroticism. "And I did too, Rob. It feels really weird. I've got, um, curves."

"I've got curves too," Rob replied, feeling them. "And muscles. I feel like an athletic chick, if she was merged with her running dog or something."

"And I feel . . . way too much like Catwoman."

They both turned to look at Chris and Doug.

How about you two?" Rob asked

Chris adamantly shook his head, as did Doug when he reappeared. But with a groan in their stomachs, both men looked worried.

"Fuck, it won't be long though," Chris said. "We need to get going. I'm not becoming a mopping moo-ad cow!"

But before he could take a step, his stomach rumbled.

"More changes?" Lee asked, trying not to think about how she was now a catgirl - a real life catgirl.

"N-no! My stomach! I'm fucking hungry. Those changes really took it out on m-me."

Just saying it out loud made the rest of the group realise that they were hungry too. Doug's stomach growled loudly, as did Rob's. Lee's was more petite, but still made a noise.

"Fuck, no! Fuck, no!"

It was Chris. Doug put a hand on his furry Holstein shoulder. "Another change?"

"No, worse! The grass . . . it's looking . . . tasty."

Doug swallowed. He and Chris exchanged a look: it really did look tasty. Lee and Rob, on the other hand, had their own shared gaze. The grass didn't look tasty at all . . . but they could smell such wonderful meat bounding in the dark of the forests.

Rob gulped. "I think . . . I think I need some meat."

Lee made the same sound, albeit in a much more refined manner. "Me too."

All four individuals went a few moments without a word. They were all aware that yet another animal adaptation was required.

Chapter 4: Animal Instincts

Rob dreamed such canine dreams. He, no, *she* was running through the forest, bounding first on two feet and then on four, moving closer towards her prey. She leapt, closing her now-powerful jaws upon her target; a wild deer with such juicy flanks. The moment her teeth tasted blood was utterly delicious.

It made her feel wild and free.

Rob woke beside the campfire, her fur coat warmed by the still-dying embers. Her jaw ached a little, and she could immediately tell that she had changed further in the night. Quickly, the dog girl got up and began to inspect herself. Her coat of blond fur was entirely complete now, making her a little at odds with the wolf-like dream she'd had. It was a bit darker in colouring at least, but then she wondered why the hell she even cared about what colour her fur was? It was a bizarre thought, but she turned her mind towards the other physical changes.

"Ah thunk u've groan ah snaut."

Robert blinked. She raised her paw-hands and felt along her snout, and at the same time lapped her tongue in her changed mouth. It felt so strange; her face was all pointed forwards now, and her powerful smelling nose was prominently in her vision. The dog woman panted a little, then tried to adjust her voice to get used to her new configuration.

"Thee thells theethells by the theethaww."

She frowned, then tried again.

"Sheee shells sheeeeshells by the sheeshaww."

Rob grimaced, and adjusted herself again, trying to avoid her tongue wagging too much.

"She sells seashells by the seashore. My name is Rahhhbert. Ahem, *Robert*, and I'm becoming a dawg. Ahem, a *dog*."

She recited a few more lines before something seemed to click in her mind and she was able to adjust herself. But something else had also clicked in her mind that she just realised.

"Why do I think of myself as a girl?"

She had become female, that much was obvious. As far as she could tell her transformation was 'finished' whatever that meant. Lee would know more, but her DNA seemed to have stabilised, leaving her with an athletic frame. Her tail wagged with some excitement, and her breasts had grown just a little as well; perhaps to the size of C-cups. Certainly not small, though not so big that it made running a difficulty, at least.

“But I’m thinking of myself as female. Damn. I’m not just getting dog instincts, I’m getting *female* instincts.”

It was embarrassing to think, but Rob was well aware that her plumbing had changed. She was also well aware of what she had retrieved last night from the forest, clamped in her hands and jaws, to be roasted upon the fire.

“Holy shit, I caught a whole frickin’ deer. I cooked a deer and ate it.”

“At least you cooked it,” Lee purred. She had just woken, and was marvelling at her own changes by the side of the dying campfire. The sun was rising across the horizon now, but the new cat girl looked to be far too comfortable curled up on a bed of grass. She idly licked her arm, sheepishly grinned when she realised what she was doing, and then continued. “I ate a whole mouse yesterday. Just caught it and . . . ate it! Ugh! And it was so tasty too. I almost wanted to play with it. These mental instincts are strong.”

“But I saw you cook your catches?”

Lee sighed, a long purr emanating from her figure.

“I only cooked the ones I caught after that. But that first one . . . I just couldn’t help myself. My rational mind went out the window while hunting. I guess I really am a catgirl, huh?”

She was now entirely coated in black fur, and despite her part-animal nature, was a surprisingly sensual sight. Strange to think that Lee, the scrawny Asian nerd of the group, was now a tantalising catwoman with remarkable golden eyes.

“You, um, don’t look so bad, at least?”

“That’s the strangest thing, I feel very . . . powerful. Flexible. Acrobatic. A hunter. A predator. I know it’s all instinct, but I’ve never felt like this before in my life, Rob.”

“Me either. I’ve got all this energy, and you wouldn’t believe how powerful my sense of smell is now! It’s like a sense that travels back in time: I don’t just smell what is here, but all the creatures and things that were here, and I know what they were doing and which direction they were travelling.”

Lee nodded, flicking a whisker and shifting her position a little. She wasn’t doing it intentionally, but she almost looked like something out of a furry playboy magazine from the way she posed, one hand on her hip and the other propping up her chin.

“My olfactory sense is better too, though not nearly as good as yours. But my vision! Rob, I’ve needed glasses my whole life. I could barely see two feet in front of me without them. Now, the mutagen seemed to have enhanced my optometry to unbelievable extents! I was practically wearing the world’s best night vision goggles last night, but without any glare or shortness of range.”

“Sounds amazing.”

“It is.”

The two smiled to one another, dog and cat, only to realise they were actually *celebrating*, almost, what had happened to each other.

“We need to change back, of course,” Lee said quickly.

“Yeah, uh, of course. Obviously. Don’t want to be some weird dog girl for the rest of my life. Um, are you thinking of yourself as a girl too?”

Lee narrowed her almond-shaped eyes, the gold shining through. “Why, are you?”

“Um . . . yeah.”

“That’s a relief, because I am too. Another mental change. I wonder if Doug and Chris feel the same way?”

They looked at the sleeping form of Doug, her rabbit form now complete. She had a pear-shaped body judging from the way she laid upon her stomach, big bunny butt up in the air. Her tail twitched occasionally, but she was otherwise restful. Her hips were indeed wide breeding ones, and her fur had come in thick too; a very downy mix of brown with grey flecks. And if Rob admitted that her own body looked surprisingly fit and powerful, and that Lee’s looked shockingly hot, then it wasn’t hard to admit that Doug’s rabbit form was actually looking very cute. She almost wanted to pet her sleeping friend.

“Wait, where’s Chris?” she asked. “He was sleeping on the grass over there when I went down. You know, after he’d eaten a bunch of the other grass.”

Lee shrugged. “I don’t know. Use your nose.”

A blush beneath her fur. “Oh, yeah. Right.”

She sniffed the air, and sure enough caught a bovine scent that was not entirely that of a cow’s, instead a mix of human and cow.

“This way,” she pointed, getting down to all fours. “Um, should we put some clothes on?”

Lee blushed beneath her fur this time. “I ripped mine up.”

“I’ll just put on my shorts then.”

Doug woke as they were moving about, and nearly jumped at the sight of two predators nearby before he calmed himself. He stamped a large rabbit foot on the ground.

“Damn it! I’m becoming some weak pussy with all this rabbit stuff!” he whined. “What kind of chick is gonna want to go out with a guy who looks like th-”

“Something wrong?” Lee asked, though she had a suspicion.

“Um, fuck. Are any of you two thinking of yourself as girls right now?”

They confirmed this to be the case, and this set off another round of swearing and agitation from Doug.

“Fuck! Fuuuuuuck! I had a dream about this stuff, but it was only meant to be a dream! I could smell this - this scent on the air! It was really intoxicating, and I had to find it,

and now I've woken up and I've got a goddamn pussy that's all wet like I want something in it, goddamn it!"

Lee and Rob exchanged a glance that seemed to say 'What exactly was he dreaming about?' but neither elaborated on this. They could both guess, especially given the general instinct of rabbits.

Doug stamped his foot again. "Hey, stop looking at me like that, okay? Where's Chris? I can smell him but . . . he's gone down the bank? Oh, I can hear him!"

Once again the small group was amazed at the heightening of their senses, and even Doug seemed to grin a little, making a cute little wiggle of his bunny nose as he understood the sheer range of his hearing.

"Holy shit, I can hear . . . *everything*. It's almost overwhelming. God, imagine if I could be a regular dude and hear like this. I'd know all the secrets of-"

"Women gossiping?" Rob guessed.

Doug frowned. "I was going to say I could be a spy or something, catching state secrets. But I like yours more. Um, Chris is making some odd noises. Like, really odd. I think . . . shit, I think he might be injured!"

At that, Lee and Rob raced past their friend, moving to the spot the dog-girl could already smell contained the strong staring of bovine/Chris mix. It was odd though, because she could smell another mix of bovine scents as well. Were there cows up in the mountain? Mountain bulls? It smelled almost mutagenic, in fact.

Doug bounded to catch up to them, tripping a little on his rabbit feet before getting the hang of it.

"Not a fucking word, okay?"

Neither said a thing. Robert had gone to all fours, his configuration allowing him to run just like a canine hunter. Lee, on the other hand, was still on all fours, but moved with a swiftness greater than the most impressive of Olympic runners. She dashed and leapt, swung and soared, her movements frenetic and dexterous and surprisingly elegant.

"I've never felt like this before!" she proclaimed, struggling to contain a grin.

Rob laughed, tongue lolling. "Me either!" she managed.

Doug didn't say a word. He was too embarrassed to admit that, as skittish as he now was, the sensation of hopping and hopping *fast* was surprisingly freeing.

But all entertainment vanished as they crashed into a clearing where Chris was. The cowgirl's back was turned to them, and it was obvious that their friend had also completed their change. Not only was he now fully covered in Holstein fur, but he had curving horns that were at least five or more inches long. His body was thick but in an attractive way, the kind of body that fit the 'hot MILFs' that Doug was always saying he would sleep with one day, complete with an impressive rear, above which sprung a long and thick tail that nearly

brushed against the ground. Christopher was grunting and groaning, wincing in what seemed to be pain, but he twisted his body in shock at the approach of his three friends, and what they saw astonished him as they now saw the cowgirl face.

“Don’t look at me!” he screeched, his voice a husky contralto.

But it was too late. Chris was entirely naked, his body too thick and bulbous in all the wrong places for his athletic clothing to fit him. His breasts were huge, each looking to be about the size of his head; all *four* of them upon his chest. His face now had a snout, too. Not a huge one - his humanity was preserved - but enough to give him a bovine appearance. His face also looked more female; the jawline was rounder, the eyes softer, and his curly black hair was longer now, falling down past his chin on either side.

But all that paled compared to the thing that hung down to between his thighs.

The *udder*.

It was easily the size of a basketball, if not a small *beachball*, and it gurgled loudly in the embarrassed silence that followed. The bloated pink mass was round and full, and certainly appeared to be heavy, judging from the way Chris was awkwardly trying to cup it with his hoof-hands. It sat upon his lower stomach, but gravity was doing its thing, and even the movement he had made in turning made not only his chest(s) wobble, but his udder heavily too; it slapped against his thighs, making the cowgirl wince.

“What are you doing!?” he cried again. “I came here for privacy!”

“We - we thought you were in trouble,” Rob said.

But Lee’s vision was focused on her friend’s breasts, on her udder, and the beads of white liquid emerging from them.

“Chris, are you . . . lactating?”

“No! Fuck you! I’m not! I’m just - nnggh! Ohhhhhh . . .”

The cow woman straightened his/her back, one hoof-hand on her udder and the other trying and failing spectacularly to cover all four large breasts. A tremor seemed to run through her, and she bit her thick cow lip.

“No! Stay in! None of you moooo-ove! Don’t mooo-ove! MMMOOOOOO!!!”

It was too late to save her wounded ego, because all four of her nipples throbbed visibly, and her teats extended, unable to contain her produce. All at once they began squirting milk, and some of it landed on Doug’s fur and in the rabbit girl’s mouth.

“Shit!”

“Not shit,” Lee corrected, catching a splash of it on her paw-finger and placing it into her mouth. “Milk. She moaned a little *too* sensually; cats really do like milk, it seemed.

“Really, really good milk.”

Chris moaned again, mooing as well. “It s-started this moo-orning. I knew my changes were done, and I was thinking of moo-yself as a damn woman. I still am - ahhh. But

then I ate a lot more grass, and I started f-feeling this pressure. I've got a four tits and a f-fucking udder and they're all f-full of moo-ilk! And these stupid hoof-hands are struggling to moo-ilk mooo-eee!"

The more agitated she became, the harder it was to talk. She leaned forward, tail stuck out for balance, hooves planted firmly on the ground, and tugged at her udder teats. Just bending over compressed her breasts enough to cause yet more leakage, which spilled down her front in long rivulets. She pulled her teats with her changed hands, only to gasp in cathartic release as long, rather warm spurts of fresh milk poured from her new sac.

"Ohhhhh G-God, why does it have to f-feel soooo goood!?"

It was maddening how good it felt, the pure release of it all. She burned with humiliation as her body expressed what felt like entire gallons onto the grass below.

"Um, I could help with your breasts, if you want?" Lee said.

"Don't you d-dare! And stop lapping at it on the ground!"

Lee got back up, tasting the last of the milk. "*Meow*. Sorry. It's just . . . your milk is really good."

"T-try being the one moo-aking it! Just give me some damn privacy, all of you! I don't want you to s-see me as some lactating cow thing! *MOOOO!!!*"

With more than a little awkwardness, the three of them moved back into the forest. Doug was the first to speak, even as they heard Chris tangling with her breasts and struggling to milk them.

"Was it just me, or was that kinda hot?"

Rob chuckled, scratching habitually at his own fur. "Never change, Rob."

Eventually, Chris re-appeared. Her udder was still large and round but looked considerably deflated, and while her breasts were still large and round and leaking a little, she seemed able to cope.

"None of us talk about this, okay?" she said, holding her udder in one hoof-hand.

"None of us."

And while they might tease one another occasionally as friends, they didn't do so for Chris in this moment. The man had gone from the alpha male leader of the group, popular with girls and attractive to boot, to a thickset cowgirl with enormous breasts and an udder, all mammaries producing milk. She could feel it even now, and had to snack on some grass just to fuel her body's production. It wanted to make milk no matter what; there was a reason she'd dreamed about being milked.

Milked and *bred*. Not that she'd ever tell anyone that part either.

“We should get moving,” Rob said. “I can smell more of those strange scents.”

“And I can hear things,” Doug added, her enormous rabbit ears going from floppy to vertical. “Way up the mountain. I think . . . it’s almost like voices. Or something mechanical. Or both.”

They got moving, their marching order reversed from their initial trip up the mountain. Now it was Rob and Lee who led the way, followed by Doug cautiously in the middle, stopping to sniff the ground or listen for threats, and then last of all Chris. It wasn’t that the cowgirl was suddenly weak, but her udder kept slapping against her thighs, and her large breasts wobbled, pulling at her shoulders. Her tail could only provide so much counterbalance.

“Goddamn this body,” she muttered. “We need to stop.”

“No, we need to keep moving,” Rob said.

“Hey! I always stopped when you were weak! You have no idea what it’s like to have a massive fat udder weighing you down and slapping against your legs all the time.”

Rob gave the whine that all dogs do when they know they’ve been bad.

“Sorry Chris. I wasn’t thinking.”

“Yeah, well, that’s the dog part of you, I guess. Ugh, this thing is heavy. I can feel it filling with milk.”

Doug hopped over. “Maybe we can make a support for it? Like a sling?”

“That’s . . . actually a good idea, dude.”

Doug chuckled. “Dude, I’ve watched enough porn to know that a woman with big tits needs supports. We just need something like a big bra for your udder.”

“And I’m back to hating this. Shit, let’s just do this. Rob, can you help with some of what’s left of our clothes?”

Rob and Doug got to work helping out their overwhelmed friend, but Lee looked up the mountainside, a little distracted. “You guys keep going, I just need to check something out.”

It took twenty minutes, during which they stopped to eat anyway - Rob still had some cooked deer to snack upon - during which the catgirl did not return. Thankfully, Rob could smell her approaching again, and Doug could also hear it.

“She’s almost entirely silent,” the rabbit girl said. “Impressive, for a nerd.”

Lee came back, clutching something in her paws, holding it up for them to see.

“Look what I’ve found,” she said. “A message from the Community.”

It was a carved wooden sign, one that hosted the smells of numerous animals and mutagenic properties.

THE COMMUNITY CAN HELP THOSE WHO HAVE CHANGED, it read. COME TO THE LAB BY THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN LAKE. WE WILL ACCEPT YOU, HAVE NO FEAR.

Chapter 5: The Ascent

The trek was long and hardy. None of the four friends were sure if they could trust this 'Community,' but there was a clear pattern of signs and reassurances as they ascended, clues that no ordinary human trekker could happen upon: each could only be found through scent and superior sight, the kind that a mutated animal-human hybrid could come across.

"I don't care about the risks," Chris said. "I'd rather take a chance on turning back!"

"But - but what if we get experimented on?" Doug suggested, hopping a little. "We could be - we could be walking into a trap!"

"That's your bunny skittishness talking. You wanted to be a dude again and sleep with hot girls, remember?"

Doug nodded, twitching his nose and stamping his foot in agreement.

Lee concurred. "We can't live like this, no matter how much some of us may have . . . benefitted a little."

At that, she shared a look with Rob. Both animal women were aware that part of their own changes excited them. Robert had never felt so alive or fit or healthy, and the enthusiasm of his new dog-half had given him a strong positivity. Lee, on the other hand, felt . . . beautiful. She wasn't ready to admit it yet, but even as a freak she felt far more attractive than her old self. She was also much taller, being five-foot-nine or so. It made her more powerful, more refined, a huntress of the night. It didn't hurt that she loved playing *The Lands of Erutell Online*, and was used to the idea of hot nonhuman women.

"Agreed," Rob said, after a slight break. "But . . . hopefully this Community can maybe find a way for us to keep the best traits we've got."

"Wh-what best traits?" Chris muttered, gesturing to her impressive collection of mammaries. "You guys got all the good stuff."

"Well, you *were* the one who insisted on us going the most," Rob said.

"Don't remind me. Let's get moo-ving."

This time, the tension had released enough that Doug began to laugh, followed by Rob and Lee as well. It was just too ridiculous. For a moment, Chris frowned, but then even she laughed as well, unintentionally mooing further and causing a small spurt of milk to leak from her four breasts.

"Oh God, this is just too weird."

"Don't you mean moo-ad?" Doug teased.

Chris flicked her tail against the rabbit girl's hide, causing her to bound forward from instinctive flight instinct. "Worth it."

Across the course of the day, the four hybrid mutants made their way up the mountain, doing their best to follow the signs the Community had left them. It was strange, because there should have been some kind of path up to the old laboratory, but it was as if someone had deliberately planted trees and shrubbery to obscure it as much as possible, in much the same way as the old road up there had been pulled apart decades ago. It wasn't like they were going to move out in the open anyway, just in case.

Occasionally, they had to stop for a number of reasons. Sometimes Doug's new skittishness actually paid off; there were mountain lions in the area, after all. Once she even heard a hiker further down the mountain, and advised them to stop before they entered a clearing the hiker might be able to look up and see them. The transformations and general trek had also left them quite hungry, and so Rob and Lee had to split off and hunt for food. Tracking and catching a deer gave the dog-girl a rush, as did capturing a hare on Lee's part, not that Doug appreciated *that* choice of animal. They didn't have time to stop for a campfire, however, and so both predator 'species' gave way to instincts and had the meat raw.

"Gross, gross, fucking gross," Doug exclaimed. "I'll stick to wild carrots and berries, thank you very much!"

"Grass for me," Chris said. She was on all fours, big butt raised to the air, nibbling upon the grass and eating it up. He didn't appreciate the way her udder and boobs were literally large enough to hang to the ground in such a position, but it at least gave some relief to her overburdened body.

And speaking of that body, her other needs needed attending to as well. Her voracious appetite was only fueling further milk production, much to her embarrassment. She had to continually find a private spot to milk herself, and there were only two benefits to this: one was that she was at least getting a *lot* better at manipulating her three-digit hoof-hands, and the other was that the feelings were . . . exquisite. It was very hard not to moan and *moo* with relief as the warm spurts of fresh liquid left her. Doug occasionally teased her about it, being able to hear her cries of ecstasy no matter how far she wandered away for her milking sessions. Lee, on the other hand, couldn't stop thinking about that milk.

"Don't even say a word," Chris warned her. "God, go get some catnip or something."

Lee just purred, cocking one hip to a side and posing like a supermodel without a second thought. "I wish. Your milk just tastes to good."

In fact, she occasionally doubled back to 'check something' only to lap at a puddle on the ground. She never told anyone, though Rob could smell the traces on her.

Still, they ascended. There were no public toilet facilities, no latrines other than what they organised for themselves. That was equally embarrassing.

“If a rabbit shits in the woods,” Doug joked. “And no one but her own big furry ears is there to hear it, did it really happen?”

“It didn’t happen, because none of us will ever admit that it happened,” Chris muttered.

Rob was in agreement, though Lee in particular looked frustrated after answering nature’s call.

“Just be grateful you don’t have an urge to lick yourself clean that you have to resist,” she said, before extending her long feline leg upwards like a ballerina, and doing just that; licking it clean.

But despite these rigours and the general moo-adeness of the situation, as Chris would put it, they were getting more used to their instincts. Each member still bemoaned their lack of a penis, which had also added to the awkwardness of the dirty business, but only Chris was seriously handicapped by it.

“Coulda been a big fucking moo-inotaur,” he mumbled to himself. “Big cock. Big horns. Big moo-uscles. Instead I get big bouncy boobs and a big udder. Ugh, thank God for this sling.”

They were getting close, and the scent of the Community was getting stronger. Rob was amazed; it was a whole collection of different animal and human scents.

“It must still be running, the lab,” she said, panting with excitement. “Maybe it’s all secret.”

“Maybe it’s a trap,” Doug said.

Lee bared her fangs a little. “We have to take that chance. For Chris’ sake most of all.”

“Damn straight,” the cowgirl added, panting from the trek. “I swear, my moo-uscles have dissolved into moo-ilk.”

But she quickly regained energy when it came into sight: the Community. It was indeed the old experimentation clinic, built against the side of the mountain in a verdant valley section, the river running through it and down the mountain side. The building looked aged and decrepit, repaired with boards and sheets of iron and other nick-nacks. But it also looked expanded, as if a motley crew had taken apart a junkyard and retired housing and used it to add gates, signs, fencing, and what appears to even be little homes in the interior. It was hard to see from their vantage point.

But it wasn’t hard for Doug to hear.

“There are people!” she announced, hopping happily. She didn’t even mind that her little breasts bounced on her chest. “I can hear them! And they’re talking! Too many voices to make anything out, but it’s definitely English. Mostly English, at least.”

Chris bit her thick lip. She could feel her breasts tensing, filling up with more milk.

“Then what are we waiting for you, you *girls*? Let’s go!”

Rob sniffed the air again. The scent of mutagen was very strong in the air. “Um, guys? Maybe we should scout this out? Lee and I can-”

But it was too late. The two members of their group most eager to change back were already moving with great alacrity, speeding to the other side of the clearing and then up the last of the forest path to get to what looked like the entrance gate. Lee shrugged; she had been more in favour of using her feline skills to climb a tree and spy down on this community, but she instead followed with Rob to catch up to the other pair. Chris was literally running on her hooves, holding her bulging udder. She somehow managed to beat even Doug to the steel gate, rapping her hooves upon it. Doug literally kicked at it with a large paw.

“Hey! Let us in!” Chris cried. “We followed your signs! We need to be changed back! We’re mutated, and you need to fix us!”

“Please!” Doug added. “I’m a fucking bunny here! Please tell us you can help us!”

Doug and Lee reached the gate with them. It surrounded the complex like a city wall, and was clearly the work of many years. How big was this community? The dog girl sniffed the air again. It was so thick with animal DNA and mutagen, and her suspicions were turning over. Lee’s were as well, and not just because she spotted what looked like a figure with *deer horns* in a watchtower far away.

“Um, guys? *Woof!* I don’t think the Community are actually-”

The bolts on the other side of the door unlatched, with numerous voices whispering to one another in hushed tones. The door swung open, and for a moment Chris and Doug had ecstatic expressions on their faces. That all changed when they took in the figure of the man standing opposite them. He was tall and powerfully muscled, wearing just a pair of shorts. His features were feline just like Lee’s, only his fur was pale white to contrast with her own. His eyes were an icy blue as he took them all in.

“Well, looks like we have some new members to induct,” he said, his voice a brassy baritone.

Lee’s tail stood on end, her golden eyes wide as she took in this figure. She couldn’t stop her reaction escaping her lips.

“*Meowwww.*”

Chapter 6: The Community

The very handsome cat man looked Selina up and down, his feline eyes drinking her in just as she had him. Lee was still embarrassed over the animalistic sound that had escaped her lips, but it had happened for a good reason: this guy was *fit*, and her cat lady body was reacting to that.

“Welcome to the Community,” he said. “I see you followed our signs.”

“I could smell them pretty easily,” Rob pitched in. “Um, I assume that’s pretty normal with you guys?”

“Hearing too,” came a voice. A rabbit man raised his head over the cat man’s shoulder. He wore spectacles, and a thick scarf despite his fur, and had a nerdy quality to his voice and overall appearance. Doug froze, the new rabbit girl sniffing the air and catching this new figure’s scent. “Hello, I’m Ned. I’m responsible for some of the technical upkeep here, as well as sounding alarms and the like. You know. That kind of stuff. Er, this is Carter, one of our first members. Carter the Cat, you might say. Er, not that we’d say that to your face, Carter. Er, or in any other way, of course.”

The cat man just sighed, licked at some of the white-grey fur along his arm, then looked over the group again.

“Four of you, hmm? That’s more than usual. And a cow, hmm. Brett will want to hear about that.”

Chris stepped forward on her hooves, trying to ignore the pressure in her udder, or how much her huge breasts were on display right now. She placed her hoof-hands on her hips and tried to make herself look big and threatening as she often did before all this insanity first occurred.

“Look, we just hiked up a damn mountain, some of us with freakin’ udders attached to our goddamn bodies. So if you don’t mind, we’d like to get in and settled and meet this ‘Community’ that can goddamn well change us fucking back, got it?”

Rob already had a notion about where Chris’ assumptions were incorrect, and the dog girl’s suspicions were all but confirmed by the way the cat man gave a slow sigh and the rabbit man fidgeted nervously in response. Still, the one called Carter backed up and gestured with a clawed hand for them to enter.

“This will take some explaining,” he said stoically, scratching at a pair of whiskers. “You best all come up and see Mother Helga. She’s in the original laboratory building. Me and Ned will show you the way, and . . . well, you can get a good look at the Community yourself.”

He gave one last glance to Lee, his pupils seeming to dilate for a moment as he took in the catwoman's dark fur, and then he moved on ahead. Ned, on the other hand, hopped nervously over to Doug's side.

"Are you injured? Are you quite alright? I must admit, I've not had the pleasure of meeting another of my own mutagenic kind before, so to speak. And a female at that! Er, not that I'm making overtures. Would you like some clothing? Most of us go without, but as you can see I do like some tweed. A bit Peter Rabbit, one might say, albeit-"

Doug rolled her eyes and hopped ahead. She was not loving how her body seemed to warm against this newcomer, especially such a nerdy one. The others all followed suit, with Rob in the lead. The dog girl was eager to find the truth, but also to come to terms with the truth she suspected. The one that was most definitely confirmed as she took in the village itself as they entered, and the many denizens choosing to stop and stare at the newcomers.

They are all human-animal hybrids. Every last one of them. And some looked very adapted to life here, to say nothing of their well-constructed cabins and warrens and pathways and gardens.

"I don't think the Community have had much success changing back," she murmured.

Lee gulped, moving beside her. She took it all in as well, hope diminishing within her. But a small part of the cat girl was also looking at Carter. He did have such nice muscles and fur . . .

The laboratory was shrouded in a bit of mystery, and neither Carter nor Ned could tell the group who this Mother Helga truly was, only that she was the oldest known resident, and that she was 'far more changed than most.' Something about that put a chill down Rob's spine and made her want to do a heap of laps and scratch her ears something fierce. It was already freaky enough that she had dozens of scents trailing through her nose, and one of them was canine. *Two* of them actually, and both were male. Her stupid tail flapped at that, but part of her was filled with excitement: she wanted to meet others like her, especially if they had been gifted with new energy and health like she had.

Chris, on the other hand, just wanted this to be over. Her udder was becoming taut again, her breasts also. All her mammaries were warm with produce, and she needed to be milked, as embarrassing as that was. She had asked Ned if there were other cowpeople who had pumps or something to help her, and he'd sort of twitched and stamped his foot.

“N-no, not exactly. Well, yet, we do have a bovine person. But you’re the first, er, cow. Brett may have something for you, though. I know he has been, um, *waiting* for this moment. He’ll be quite excited, but also a bit showy. He gets a bit like that.”

Chris had no idea what to make of that, but she didn’t have time to ask more questions, because they entered the old experimentation facility, and there was a creeping dread that came over the group. Inside was not what any of them expected or hoped - a series of laboratories hard at work to change unfortunate souls back - but rather a thriving series of small homes, workshops, meat storage areas, and even what appeared to be a school for various animal youngsters, including what appeared to be a girl who had mutated with hippo genes, of all things. Still they advanced, heading down into the facility, Carter flashing a keycard that unlocked a strong metal door and ushering them down into the heart of the laboratory. This, clearly, was where the first mutagens had been formulated, because there were still racks and rows of formula, each of them with a slightly soapy sheen just like the spa water they had luxuriated in and been changed by. A number of more scientific figures, one of which was a rat-like man who was twitching incessantly, noticed them pass.

“Newcomers,” Doug heard one whisper to another. “They’re in for a disappointment.”

“Or an awakening. As we’ve all had.”

“Pah!”

Doug’s rabbit ears flickered in worry at that, because Carter finally brought them to the final door, which was more like a safe vault. There were other animal folk gathering around, and one exiting, sliding open the vault door to allow select figures in and others out. Some were sheep hybrids, others were goat folk or possum people or bear men or deer ladies or what not. But they seemed to be interested in the newcomers, and their hushed conversation surrounded them. Carter the Cat just stared at them seriously.

“She’s quite . . . confronting to see. But we all love her and trust her, and she helps guide us. She is our first. Don’t offend her, alright?”

Rob agreed, pulling her tongue back in. Chris just tried not to moo as her teats spilled a little bit of milk onto the floor. Thankfully, Doug wasn’t too bouncy; she didn’t sense any predatorial threat, at least. Lee, like the cat she had become, was simply curious.

Carter the cat man drew back the vault door, and the group managed to suppress a shared gasp at the creature within, which they saw within once they entered. The room was large, possibly some kind of chamber where experimental results could be observed on an animal with wide enough space for it to frolick and move. But whatever the room had once been, its floor was now twisted, tiles pulled apart, walls torn in places, all to make space for the strange mutation within. Writhing tentacles shifted from its mass, covered in bright yellow fur with tiger-like stripes. A wolf head jutted out from the left of its large body mass, and what appeared to be a number of goat’s eyes with those strange rectangular pupils stared out at

the group from the creature's shoulder. Scales covered its lower half, before turning to plant-like roots that dug into the ground, pushing through the pipework of the facility. This was true of the creature's many arms, which were plugged into the walls and clearly drinking up moisture there too. At the top of this strange mass of animal parts was something almost like a human head, albeit covered in white fur and with a terrific mane. It had another identical head beside it, this one a little less humanoid and a bit more lion-like.

"What the fuck?" Doug managed, speaking quietly.

"I heard that," sounded a voice from many mouths. The two heads on top of the large mutation smiled briefly, flashing fangs. The large wolf head did similarly. *"I'm sorry I present such a shocking sight. I haven't had my shower yet and my hair is all a mess."*

There was a long pause, and then, even to her own surprise, Rob let loose a dog-like bark of laughter.

"S-sorry!" she said, clutching her snout. "It was just sort of . . . funny."

The two heads grinned, and a large arm pulled from the right side of the creature's body, half-crustacean in appearance but for an ordinary human hand at the end, and gestured to its owner.

"Don't be sorry, my canine friend! I do present quite a sight. Shock is not the same thing as an insult. Those I ask you keep to yourselves. I am Mother Helga, though it is the Community that call me Mother. You may just keep on the first name basis, if you wish."

Her voice, to their shared surprise, sounded like a woman in her mid-thirties, albeit it spoke as a chorus, and the wolf's head was a little more growly in tone.

"Who - who are you?" asked Lee, stepping forward. She sniffed the strange being, but it was her eyes that did all the work, examining the ways in which Helga was quite literally rooted to the spot.

"My name is Helga Janssen. I am the daughter of a German immigrant and a Dutch-American mother who raised me just one state over. I was one of many scientists who worked on the formulas in this experimentation lab, decades ago. We were trying to solve all kinds of genetic issues and cure diseases, but our work, I must admit, was entirely unethical and illegal. Many violations of animal rights occurred, in particular. To my shame, I admit I did not care at the time. As you can see; I paid a heavy price."

"What happened?" asked Rob.

The creature gave something like a shrug. Rob noticed that half of Helga's hair was composed of what looked like rat tails.

"There was an explosion, as you no doubt know. It caused irreparable damage to this facility, but it also doused a number of us in mutagenic chemicals. Two of my peers died. I was . . . lucky, in a way. My body rapidly mutated, gaining all kinds of animal traits. I realised what was happening to me, and I came here to shift the water systems to prevent the entire

town from receiving our now-poisoned reservoir. Alas, I could not control all our pipe mains, and a smaller river system was still infected. I could only do what I could to quickly introduce a stabilising element, here in the lab, to the pipe mains. I had to . . . place it into my own body. I generate it now, and my roots carry it into the waters.”

Chris let loose an ill-timed moo that made Helga look a bit annoyed in three out of four of her expressions.

“S-sorry,” the cowgirl said. “Moo-ilk leaking. I don’t understand; you wanted to poison us? That’s goddamn unfair!”

“On the contrary, I tried to save as many as possible. I had no idea a spa would go on to become affected. But yes, I am guilty. I am the reason you have been mutated, but I am also the reason your body only bonded to one particular genetic sample instead of, as with mine, all of them.”

“And you couldn’t come down and warn people,” Rob noted.

“Indeed. The facility was abandoned, this area quarantined, and I was all alone, not knowing if I had succeeded, stuck here by my own mutated body, as I am now. Several months later, the first two members arrived. A bear man named Jackson and a deer lady named Isabel. They were a married couple of tourists hiking in the woods. They found me, following my scent, and it was them that helped me found the Community. We do not have the technology to reverse the agents in the river for some years yet, but I am working on it. For now, we can just try and mitigate the numbers of those affected, and help those who are by introducing them to our Community.”

She rubbed two furry tentacles together like she was clasping hands, and her two more human-like heads grinned.

“So, as the defacto ‘mother’ of this colony of animal hybrids, a sort of Mrs Moreau, so to speak, allow me to welcome you here. I know this is a lot to take in, but I must emphasise couple of things to you, some of which you will not want to hear.”

Doug gulped, stamping her feet. It only made Chris more anxious, and her boobs felt like they were going to explode already! As usual, it was Lee and Rob that leaned forward with interest.

“Please don’t be permanent please don’t be permanent,” Doug said in a rapid manner to herself.”

“The first thing is that I’m afraid your changes are indeed permanent.”

Chris squealed a little, and more milk dripped from his udder onto the ground.

“There is no way to disentangle DNA, only to further entangle it with samples. This will not help you; one need only look at what I became after the accident. But the second thing is more hopeful; all mutants are welcome into the Community. We are entirely supportive, and entirely self-sustaining. We look after our own and work to create a peaceful

lifestyle. There are even marriages among us, and a small number of children! I would advise you join us, or at least stay with us a while to make that decision. We can do much to help you adjust, though you must be willing to contribute."

You could have heard a pin drop in the silence that followed. It was Rob that coughed awkwardly. "Um, that sounds like a good idea, right guys?"

Only Lee seemed to really agree, but Chris shifted uncomfortably, clearly bloated.

"*We also have milk pumps,*" Helga added.

"Oh, thank fuck!" Chris declared. "Get me there!"

It was a lot to take in, especially over the following twenty four hours All four of the friend group had hoped to be changed back into their human selves, but they had not only learned that this was impossible, but that trying would only make things worse. Helga had clearly adapted to her strange mutated body, but no one wanted to end up like that, not even Chris, who was deeply ashamed of how utterly productive her thick and curvaceous cowgirl body was. All of them - even Rob, who liked a lot of her changes - were in a state of almost dream-like shock, barely able to believe that the strange anthro-animal forms they now held would not be some minor freakshow, but instead their entire future.

Rob would always have a flapping tail, a lolling tongue, and an excitable set of canine instincts governed by her olfactory sense.

Lee would always be covered in black fur and move and talk like a feline femme fatale, her eyes seeing all.

Doug would always be a nervous rabbit woman, hearing to the distance with her prominent ears and hopping when agitated.

Chris would always be dealing with four huge, milk-filled breasts and a large-milked filled udder, all while navigating around a ropey tail and set of prominent horns.

And this was to say nothing of how all of them were now furry females, or that their dreams were governed by strange desires for mating.

That first night was the hardest. Carter and Ned walked them back to the main Community area, showing them many of the hand-made wooden cabins where the people of the community lived. There were at least eighty or more members, perhaps more given the living quarters in the experimentation lab, and they ranged across a wide variety of animal types and sub-types. Some introduced themselves, or waved in a friendly manner, others - like the kids - just stared in fascination as the cat man and rabbit man led their group up the gentle slope to a set of cabins that were clearly made with future guests in mind. Like much

of the rest of this area, a number of tall pine trees disguised the cabins from above. They were impressively built, but no obvious power ran through them.

“Sorry there are, well, only two,” Ned said in his agitated voice, wrinkling his rabbit nose. “You’ll have to bunk together, I suppose. There is no electricity; that’s in the inner complexes and the laboratory. We have some generators we use occasionally - some members have light mutations and can collect more gasoline for, er, the rest of us. But you’ll find we don’t use lights at night much; we rarely need them!”

His ears twitched in a humorous way, and Doug actually giggled, stamping her food in time with her demure little gesture of laughter. Ned caught her eye and smiled nervously, fingers clutching his scarf before adjusting his spectacles.

“Ahem, anyway, you’ll learn to understand it. Any notes, Carter?”

The cat man said nothing. He was gazing at Lee, and Lee could feel his gaze. Without even meaning to, the cat woman was starting to lounge up against the small deck for the cabin, posing in a way that let her lick the black fur of her thigh quite suggestively.

“Carter? Any notes?”

The cat man finally realised. “No.”

“Stoic as ever, I see! Well, you’ve seen the shower blocks. There’s the, ah, pumping station for you, Chris, but hopefully the pump and buckets we’ve given you will allow you some, well, privacy. Oh, and you may wish to think on your new names.”

“New names?” Rob asked, a little confused.

“Oh, dear me! I should have thought to explain,” Ned said. “We in the Community take on new names that we feel reflects our change and our adaptation. It’s not mandatory, of course, but a general gesture! And it’s more relevant for those like us who changed gender - I was once a woman, of course.”

Doug gulped. The rabbit girl wished her cute nerdy peer had still been a girl. Something in her lower belly was all warm looking at him; it made her many nipples tingle.

“Anyway, I’ll leave you all to settle in and sleep! Brett will bring you some food, of course. He’s our resident bull. He’s very excited to meet you, Chris.”

This time Chris gulped. She instinctively tried to cover her udder; an impossible task. It was not only too large, but looked full to burst.

“J-just make sure it’s vegetarian!” the former alpha male whined. “I don’t want meat! The thought of it-”

“Of course, of course! Settle up, each of you. I’ll see you again. B-bye, Doug!”

Doug waved her paw-hand at the rabbit man, who then departed, looking back at her several times. Lee pointedly did *not* look at Carter until he turned and left, but she admired his musculature, his fur. He looked back unexpectedly, and she had to then swivel her head away. Both figures noticed Rob and Chris looking at them in shock.

“Don’t judge,” Lee said. “My instincts are going wild.”

“How do you think I feel?” Doug asked. “I’m a goddamn rabbit. I take one look at that guy and I want to breed! And they’re telling me I’m like this for life? What a nightmare!”

Thankfully, no nightmares were actually had. Despite the ancient antipathy that long existed between dogs and cats, Lee and Rob easily shared a cabin with one another. Lee took the most plush bedding, while Rob found herself sleeping on the floor after scratching her ears. Chris, on the other hand, had to milk herself dry repeatedly, the process slow due to her hoof-hands, and not helped by her own stubbornness. Doug had offered to help but was rebuffed. This was a shame, because the rabbit woman was looking for any excuse to do something and not think about the rising heat in her body.

When each of the four went to sleep, they all dreamed of different things. Rob dreamed of running through the wilds, driven by scent. Lee dreamed of lounging in comfort and drinking from saucers of milk. Chris dreamed of the most exquisite experience of being milked, while Doug dreamed a far more dirty dream. In her unconscious state, she imagined Ned taking her from behind, and filling her up with a darling little litter of bunnies.

It was a damn good dream for all, and all woke up with certain embarrassment from it. When they headed out to greet their new lives - Lee a little late due to her desire to cat nap further - they were met by the sight of the thriving Community, its many members already at work or attending to their families.

“This is insane,” Chris said, stomach growling with hunger.

“Maybe,” Lee said. “But we have to work with what we have. It’s the only logical conclusion.”

“So what do we do?” Doug asked, trying to hear Ned’s presence.

It was Rob who held the answer. She already had so much energy for the day, and it was making her excited. This place was making her excited.

“We eat,” she said. “Then we find something to do for these people. And then we *adapt*. We’re part of the Community now.”

Chapter 7: Adapting

Roxy raced through the forest, shifting easily to all fours as her instincts demanded. The scent of the mountain pines were marked with the passage of hundreds of animals, but it was one in particular that she tracked now. The dog woman was naked to the world but for a belt around her waist with a few slips, and she wasn’t needing those just yet. Apart from that minor inconvenience, she was *free*. Even her name was her own out here, the new name

she had privately picked for herself yet kept hidden from her friends until she felt more comfortable admitting it. *Roxy*. It felt female, it felt dog-like, and most of all it just plain felt like *her*. She grinned, her tongue wagging out the side of her face as she drew closer to her prey, guided by her nose.

There it was. It was a beautiful looking stag, and thankfully not too huge. Her jaw salivated from the mere sight of it. Unlike Doug and Chris, who could subsist on grass and vegetation alone, she needed *meat*. The same was true of Lee, but her friend was a night hunter, a woman who preyed upon the critters that came out in the dark. And besides, *Roxy* had other company, both of which lingered in her nose and made her feel exhilarated in an entirely different way.

She halted, shaking her haunches slowly, readying herself to pounce. The deer knew that something was up; it also had excellent senses, and had evolved to escape. *Roxy* licked her lips, feeling more alive in this moment than she ever had.

And then she pounced.

The deer was faster. It bounded away in the opposite direction, easily escaping *Roxy's* claws. But that didn't matter, because *Roxy* wasn't intending to catch it, just to herd it. A wild pack of dogs knows how to hunt together, after all. The deer leapt straight into a clearing where *Fawkes* and *Hunter* were already waiting, and they leapt upon it, bringing down the creature and quickly snuffing the life from it.

"Well done, *Roxie*! She's a beauty, alright!" *Hunter* exclaimed, holding up the carcass. "A few more like this and we'll have enough for all us carnivores, isn't that right, *Fawkes*?"

The silent wolf-like *Fawkes* with his dark grey coat just nodded. He was, apparently, mute, and had been ever since the mutation, but his very movements indicated his expression: he gave a second nod to *Roxy* and it made her feel all kinds of things, like the leader of the pack recognised her value. *Hunter* was by far more ecstatic, jumping up and down with good cheer as they hefted their kill.

"Nice one *Roxy*, mate!" he exclaimed in his Australian accent. "Three's a party alright, isn't that so, *Fawkes*?"

Fawkes nodded again, a slight smirk on his features.

"Fuck yeah, he agrees!"

"I'm just glad I can help," *Roxy* admitted.

"Help? You've made this whole hunting thing a real no worries affair! I can't believe you're just a week out from being changed. When I turned two years ago, I had to take two months of whingeing about and feeling sorry for myself, ha! And I didn't even change gender like you and *Fawkes* did. I got off lucky, I guess. And here you are just sucking it up and getting on with life. That's canine adaptability, that is."

Roxy would have blushed if she wasn't covered in blonde fur. Instead, she idly scratched an ear with one of her paws in a rather dog-like fashion.

"Gee, thanks Hunter. I guess, I guess I just enjoy the good health that comes with it. The energy, you know?"

"Oh, I've got plenty of energy. Can't stop moving, myself! Not like Fawkes here, he'll sit on top of a tall rock and gaze out in the distance for hours on end. He's a real wolf, this one!"

Again, Fawkes just nodded, impassive. He sniffed the air and became suddenly alert. Roxy could smell it too; a group of large hares further up the mount.

"Oooh, looks like the big fella's caught a scent. Up for another hunt, Roxy?"

The dog-girl grinned, panting with excitement. "Hell yes," she said.

Chris moaned. She couldn't help herself when she was being milked. It was embarrassing, it was shameful, but it needed to be done. And while she had initially been hurling her milk into the forest and discarding her shame, she had eventually been talked into passing it onto the Community by Ned and Helga, the latter of which pointed out that everyone in the Community had to contribute something, so what could Chris contribute?

It certainly wasn't muscle, not anymore. It certainly wasn't hunting like Roxy and Lee, or an advanced knowledge of science also like Lee. Hell, even Doug was doing great work at foraging with Ned the rabbit man - often enough that Chris was finding that a bit weird. But Chris herself? She had a thicker, curvier cow body with a large udder that slapped against her thighs when it was too full or she was too active, and that was to say nothing of her large G-cup breasts. She knew the size of them now because a number of Community locals, including a badger man named Phil, remembered what it was like to be a woman and measure their own cup size. To that end, Chris was deeply thankful to have a double set of newly fashioned bras she would wear beneath a flowing lavender summer dress, as well as a support girdle for her unwieldy udder. It was embarrassing to wear at first, what with it being so damn female, but it was better than being naked all the time, especially around *him*.

Unfortunately, she had much less choice when it came to her milking sessions, which occurred multiple times daily.

"Mmmhmmooooo," she moaned, trying to control her own breathing as the pumps whirred, siphoning her fresh litres away. "Why does it have to feel so - mmmoooo!"

It felt like heaven. There was no other way to describe it. As grotesque as she often found her bloated udder in particular, the sensation of having her prodigious reserves of milk pumped away made her toes curl. Well, that wasn't true, because she only had hooves now,

but she had 'phantom toe curl,' as she thought of it. The same was true of her double-set of bustlines; her four boobs swelled with produce, and the machine's extraction left her shuddering in bliss, however unwanted it was.

"Ahhhhh, mmmooooo."

Suddenly, the machine halted, and made a loud mechanical grinding sound. Chris opened her eyes, annoyed. She had been so close to orgasm. It was one of the few good things about these sessions!

"God damn it," she muttered, clutching her bosom and feeling that they were still half-full. Her udder was more than that, and still felt burdensome. Was she producing even more lately?

"Hey! HEY! Can someone help me in here! The machine's broken down! Again!"

After that first night of sleep, Chris had found she couldn't pump herself effectively. The only way to continually make life manageable was to actually go to the milking station the experimental facility had had for their cows. Ned and Doug had helped set it up again, along with a salamander woman who had once been a farmer, but it still occasionally failed, not being connected to the main hydroelectric grid yet. Fortunately, the locals had provided thick fabrics to drape around the station to give Chris total privacy, though she knew many would hear her moans as they walked past. No one commented, thankfully.

"Stupid fucking udder, stupid fucking life," she muttered to herself. "Why didn't I just walk away? Find some way to turn myself back. Give myself to the government. God, better than being stuck up here with this stupid fucking milk bag between my legs. Don't even have a bullcock to enjoy-"

It was those very words that were interrupted as the fabric was pulled aside, and a very large individual thudded in on powerful hooves. Chris stopped short, staring up at the dark-brown furred figure that entered with his large horns, powerful body, and ropey tail. She had interacted with Brett the bull only a few times before this, and always did her best to avoid him. Ned had been right; he *had* been interested in her, and Chris was not a fan of that. It was very obvious that, as the only bovine member of the community, Brett was way too fascinated by the idea of a cow-lady in his midst. His lingering gaze on Chris' udder and breasts, not to mention her prodigious backside and her prominent horns, left her feeling vulnerable. It also made her body react in ways she didn't love, like how she dripped even *more* milk in his presence.

"Hi Chris. You're still Chris, right?"

"Oh shit, not you again. And of course I'm still Chris, I'm not taking on a new fucking name like the rest of you."

"Chrissy? Carrie?"

"I already said no, stop hassling me. Can't you get someone else?"

Brett stepped forward, looking her up and down. "The machine is clogged again? I can fix it."

"Yeah, so can other people. I don't want to talk to you."

"Why?"

Chris moored in frustration. "Because you're a bull? Because you can't stop staring at my big tits? You know I'm a guy, right?"

"And I was a girl. Now I'm a bull. And you're a cow. Some things are just meant to be."

Chris snorted. "I am not fucking you."

"Why not? We're both attracted to each other. I see how you look at me sometimes. I know you like my scent."

Chris stopped sniffing the air. His musk really was powerful and manly and *delicious*, it annoyed her greatly.

"Because I just turned into this a week ago, you goddamn freak! And because I don't want to fuck you. And because this whole thing fucking disgusts me! I'm a cow girl! What the actual fuck? I'm disgusting! I've got this gross udder and four fucking breasts like a goddamn freak! My tail keeps moo-ving and I can't stop eating freakin' *grass*, and my ass is huge and I can't run without having loads of support! I *moo* when I try to say m-words while agitated. I was a goddamn alpha moo-ale before. I was getting laid with hot chicks all the time, dude. Now all I do is eat and moo-ake moo-ilk and look like a freak. Which I am. A g-goddamn f-freak."

Brett considered this for a moment. Then he moved to the machine and silently began fixing up the pumps and figuring out the short-circuit. In her glumness, she simply wiped away her tears - her hormones were all over the place - and watched as Brett somehow deftly used his own hoof-hands to fix up the main pump machine, fix the clog, and get the milk flowing again. Despite herself, Chris moored in relief as more of the milk flowed, though she didn't like Brett's obvious happiness at fixing the issue.

"All better?" he asked.

"Y-yeah. Ahhhh. Mhmm. Yeah. You can go now."

"Well, if you change your mind-"

"I won't. I was a guy. I'm not gonna be some fucking cowgirl freak giving over to this."

"Okay, well, sorry for hassling you." He stopped at the curtained exit, then looked back.

"For what it's worth, you're not a freak. And you're not useless. You're doing a lot."

"I'm just giving milk. You have no idea how humiliating this is. I'm just an ugly farm animal."

Again, Brett paused. "You're not ugly either. You're . . . you're very beautiful. Sorry to bother you."

He left, and in the aftermath, Chris felt very odd indeed.

Lee lounged, luxuriating in the feeling of the soft collection of pillows she had accrued. Her night hunting had gone well. It was wonderfully solitary: Roxy (she alone knew Rob's new name) had described to her how powerfully social the canine day hunting group was, but as a cat person, Lee found herself instinctively hunting alone. Hell, her body was very attracted to Carter's and she still suspected she'd come to blows with him if he tried to tag along on her night hunts. But they had been very successful: there was an abundance of birds and critter life at night, including the opossums, which she brought back to the community in droves for the carnivores and omnivores among them. She tried not to play with her food too much, but it was difficult when it was just her out there in the wild, feeling like a true cat.

And now she enjoyed the fruits of her labour, having bartered for a number of pillows and cushions to place under the sun, and herself atop them. She stretched out, wearing absolutely nothing. Unlike Chris and Doug, who were still self-conscious about their own shapes, the nerdy catwoman couldn't deny the loveliness of her new form. She was slender and beautiful, her very movements sensual, and it was not surprising that Carter often happened to wander her way and check her out. She even flicked her tail suggestively in his presence a few times before catching herself and realising what she was doing.

"Well, well, look who's found a comfy nest, huh?"

Lee shifted, turning over and purring slightly beneath the warm sun. Above her stood a crusty-looking turtle man who could have been anywhere between fifty and years old and fifty thousand, at least to look at him.

"A lair, actually," she said. "A bird has a nest. A cat lairs."

The turtle gave a gruff laugh. "Sorry if I woke you. Just wanted to thank you for the meat you've been bringing in. That opossum - mhm!"

Lee smiled. "No problem. To be honest, I never thought I'd be a hunter. I've always been more of an academic type."

"Well, you should join our book club then! You've got the perfect disposition for it; we're all a bunch of loungers when we're not contributing, just enjoying the mountain air and sun and reading till the sky goes dark. We've got quite a collection."

Lee noticed Carter in the distance, walking with some wooden boards. By communal agreement, members were pitching in to give Chris some privacy in her milking stall by boarding it up like an actual house. It could serve as a new house for her, should she choose

to stay. It would also block out some of the more . . . suggestive moans. Lee licked her lips and purred a little louder as she noticed the cat man looking at her, then looking away. He was quite stoic, and she liked that about him.

The turtle man noticed her looking away, and then he chuckled gruffly again.

“Ah, young love! My wife is gone now, but we had quite the romance back in the day.”

“It’s not love! It’s not even-”

“Attraction? You don’t need to be embarrassed about it, young miss. I know you used to be a man. I kept my own sex, but as you can see I don’t exactly have the body for rigorous activity, ha! And yet still, once or twice a year I still go see Janice for some alone time together. She’s the other chelonian here, you know. Used to be a man, but we make our acquaintances work. See, that’s how it works around here.”

Lee frowned. “I’m not sure I understand.”

“No one’s explained it to you yet, huh? I suppose I’ll be the one, then. We at the Community have all learned that we have . . . you might say instincts. Programming, for you younger types. We’re still intelligent, we’re still thinking beings, but we have animal parts to us too, and I’m not just talking about my shell here. I’m talking about how we have ‘needs’ we need to square with. We can’t ignore them, and it’s not healthy to fight them. I’m a solitary person by nature, but when the heat comes upon us, me and Janice find some time together and let nature take its course.”

“Um, this is a little TMI.”

“A what now?”

“Er, too much information?”

Again, that gruff laugh. “That’s another thing, kid. The Community doesn’t have boundaries like you think of them. It can’t. Some people breed here like, well, rabbits. Can’t help it. You already hunt at night and lounge like a cat. Bet you weren’t entirely like this before, right?”

Lee frowned, trying to poke holes in this with her logical mind. But she couldn’t, not really. It explained why her body was so instantly attracted to Carter, far faster than any human could adapt to; she was likely in heat, and her body wanted a mate.

“Damn, I think - I think I understand.”

“You’ll get used to it! Just try not to deny it. Carter’s a good fellow, too. A bit serious, in my mind, but good. Strong and willful. But I’m getting off topic; we can always discuss this further at our book club.”

Lee licked her lips. She needed to lick herself clean again, just for Carter’s eyes. It made her realise how right this man was.

“Okay, sign me up,” she said. “Sorry, I didn’t get your name.”

“Toby,” the turtle man said. “And yours?”

"I'm L-"

Lee thought for a moment, hesitating.

"Selina," she finally said. "I'm taking the name Selina."

It was appropriate for a comics nerds and a total catwoman, she thought.

"So, er, let me get this straight, you really think you can change, well, back?"

Doug stamped the forest floor in irritation. "Of course!" she said. "I have to. There's no way I'm getting stuck like this."

Ned the rabbit man considered her through his glasses. "Is there, well, is there something particularly wrong about your new self?"

"I'm a woman."

"Yes, I can see that. And, well, smell that too."

"And I'm a rabbit."

"Only part-rabbit! We're better considered as an entirely new species, really, a hybrid form born of a union between homosapien and leporidae DNA."

"Between what now?"

Ned twitched, grabbing one large ear and fiddling with it briefly before letting it sit up on his head again. "Oh, um, human and rabbit DNA. It's the technical terms for them. I actually study biology from the notes in the research labs."

Doug sighed, stamping the ground again. "Great! Not only am I an anxious rabbit girl who's scared of everything, but I'm stuck with a total nerd of a rabbit man as my foraging partner."

"I mean, I suppose I am a bit technical in my knowledge, but I don't think-"

"I was meant to be entering a good frat! I was meant to be chatting up hot ladies and banging them nightly! I was meant to *score*, damn it! Who's going to score with me now?"

Ned coughed a little awkwardly. "Well, um, in a strictly technical, biological, logical sense, we are the only two lepori - er, *rabbit* people in the Community. Were anyone to 'bang' as you put it, it would be us. There is that adage about 'breeding like rabbits' and all that. You know how it is. Er, not that I'm suggesting something should happen between us!"

Doug was practically glaring at him by this point.

"Yeah, this conversation doesn't go any further than this, dude. Or else I am more than happy to forage alone and bring back a bunch of poisoned berries. I don't give a shit."

"Oh, of course! Have my deepest apologies!"

The next few minutes passed in silence as Ned sniffed the air and hopped over to some bushes, grabbing some wild berries but leaving others. Doug followed his example.

His body felt less agitated right now, away from the more predator-based members of the community, and grabbing food in what felt like an instinctive manner.

“Do we dig holes?” she asked.

“Hmm?”

“Do we dig holes? Like rabbits. Burrows, you know. I’m not a big animal person.”

“Well, erm, I *do* have a burrow I live in. Dug into the community. I don’t like the cabins so much. And I have a few other burrows in case of emergency. And for, well, privacy. I can show you one, if you like?”

Doug paused, unsure why she was following this line of thought. “Just one, then,” she said. “But I’m still changing back. I’ll find a way.”

“If there’s anyone that could, Doug! I’m sure it’s you!”

The annoying part was that ‘Doug’ just didn’t seem to suit her, at least at the moment, no matter how much it was her true name. Still, she followed Ned, hopping through the wilderness until they came to a well-disguised thatched covering that Ned lifted.

“Ladies first!” he suggested.

“Dude.”

“Oh, well, sorry.”

“You really are a bundle of nerves, aren’t you?” she said as she entered the burrow. It was a large hole, one that extended far underground and clearly held a lot of Doug’s personal possessions, including a graduation certificate framed on the wall and a few painted boat models.

“I always have been!” Ned said. “Was before, too. You know how it is now; I imagine you were quite the lion before but I think I was always a bit destined to be, well, a rabbit.”

“I suppose. Why do you sound British, though?”

He smirked, fidgeting with his scarf and whiskers. “Because I am British? I came over from the isles when I was young, but never lost the accent. I sometimes think I should have been called Peter, ha! Or the female equivalent, before I changed. You know how that is, too.”

“I do,” she said, marvelling at the burrow. It even had a carpet. “This is weird, but this place is really comfortable.”

“I’m glad you think so! Would you like to see the view?”

“There’s a view?”

“Oh yes! This way!”

Doug was pulled along by the excited Ned. It annoyed her how fidgety and anxious and nerdy he was, because she was secretly grappling with the fact that her body was clearly in some damn rabbit heat, especially in his presence. All her friends, her included, had experienced strange dreams in their new forms. God knew that Chris totally orgasmed

when she was milked, and that 'Selina', as she called herself now, meowed suggestively when looking at Carter. And who knew what went on with Roxy and her two canine pals during their hunts. But Doug was a rabbit; timid, yet damn horny. It drove her up the wall how many times a day she had to scamper off and find a private place to masturbate, with the notion of breeding entering her mind, making little kits or bunnies or whatever you called them. It was embarrassing as hell, but no less arousing for it. And now she was here, with nerdy Ned, in a private space. No way was she getting pregnant, but her body insisted on wanting that anyway. She needed some fresh air from these reproductive thoughts.

Thankfully, Ned provided them mere moments later, opening another hatch and letting her out first. There was a brief brightness from the sun, and then her eyes adjusted, and she took in the most beautiful natural vista she'd ever seen; right down the mountainside to a gorgeous natural lake that appeared untouched by humanity.

"Holy shit," she said. "This is amazing."

"Is it, isn't it? Truly amazing! I come here for my thoughts, and for privacy."

Doug snorted. She had a notion of what rabbit 'privacy' required, if he was anything like her. It made her many nipples stiffen, and she had to stamp her foot to get her mind back in place.

"I'm still changing back," she said. "But I guess this isn't so bad for now."

"Of course."

And then, without putting too much thought into it, she placed her hand on Ned's, and held it in silence.

Chapter 8: Joining Together

"It is marvellous to hear that you are all adapting to your new lives," Helga said through her many animalistic mouths, as well as her human ones. It was still an eerie sight to most.

"We are!" Roxy declared. "I feel like I can finally do things, and contribute. And Hunter and Fawkes are such good teachers for how to be a dog. Well, a dog person, anyway."

"And you, Selina, I hear you are taking part in the Community a great deal?"

The catwoman was entirely naked, her black fur covering enough for her petite yet agile body. She purred happily a little as she played with some string in her hands.

"I'm just part of the book club and do a little hunting."

"Well, I hear that you have also been working to help some of our architects as well. Your agile mind will come in as much use as your agile body."

"Well, I may be a sexy cat lady now, but I'm not losing any mental sharpness."

“Indeed. And Chris, I know you are still aching to change back, and don’t have the life you expected, but the influx of milk has been a great boon to us. Not just for consumption but for our little ones who are growing as well. You are doing a great service to us.”

Chris grunted, feeling part complimented and part embarrassed.

“I’d like to do more than that. I mean, I can’t stay like this. I refuse to! But until a cure is made . . . I don’t want to just be the damn milk maid forever.”

“We can find other work for you. We need more cooks.”

“I don’t know the first thing about cooking.”

“Perhaps it’s high time you learned.”

Chris fell silent at that. The strange, mutated being likely had a point. The cowgirl looked at Doug, who was antsy and fidgeting.

“And you, Doug, you are also doing fine work foraging. I hear that you are using your skills as a rabbit person to help extend our underground network as well?”

“I . . . yeah. Ned is showing me. He’s quite . . . enthusiastic.”

The creature laughed through several mouths. *“Do I detect interest?”*

“Fuck no! Look, is this just some review or something?”

Helga’s various brows furrowed. *“I like to check in on newcomers after a month and see how they are travelling. Some choose to leave, and we can provide provisions, but I also want to make sure everyone finds a way to be needed and useful and valued.”*

At that, Doug wrinkled her rabbit nose.

“I guess we are. Too much so, sometimes.”

She cast a glance to Selina and Roxy, who were both looking pretty proud in their new cat and dog lives. Hell, Roxy just wore a little skirt and wrapping for her breasts, while Selina was completely naked. It galled Doug, who at least had a kind of loose dress like Chris’, except Ned had given it to her.

“We need to talk,” she whispered to the others after Helga bid them goodbye. “A serious talk.”

“Agreed,” Chris said, cupping her bosom, which was already filling up after that morning’s pumping. “This has gone way too fucking far.”

Selina and Roxy weren’t quite sure what their friends were talking about, but it seemed urgent.

They were gathered around a fire out in the wilds when Doug and Chris made their shared announcement.

“You want us to *leave!*?” Roxy exclaimed. She looked at Selina, who was just as shocked, to the point where she had stopped licking her furry black arm.

“Why?” she purred.

“Because look at us!” Doug said. “We’re freaks! We’ve got fur! I can’t stop hopping and my thoughts are going crazy. And these people aren’t changing us back! Back me up here, Chris.”

The former alpha male turned thick and curvy cowgirl nodded. “We should just turn ourselves over to the government. I’d rather be famous and then get turned back than get stuck making milk for the rest of my life.”

Roxy narrowed her eyes. “But when you get milked, you feel-”

“I know how I feel, alright! It’s weird!”

“No weirder than me scratching trees,” Selina said. “Or licking myself. I like that. It’s just part of who we are now.”

“Which is why we need to go! We’ve been here a damn month,” Doug said. “I’m still antsy. I make burrows. We’re *girls*, for Christ’s sake. I want to be fucking sexy girls, not fucking . . . whatever.”

There was a pause, but for the crackling of the fire. They each had smores, and were roasting them to fill the silence; it was one food they could still eat together, a sort of leftover in their human DNA, Selina theorised.

“This is about something else,” Roxy said.

“No, it’s the same stuff,” Chris insisted, perhaps too quickly.

“You’re lying. I can smell it on you; canine nose, remember? Come clean, Chris. You too, Doug. What’s changed?”

“N-nothing!” Doug said, but her rabbit-like nervousness was rising, giving her away.

“Out with it,” Selina said. “Or I’ll go hunt birds instead. It’s a good night to be a cat. What’s changed, you two?”

“Nothing has!” Chris said.

“Liar!” Roxy and Selina declared as one.

“We’re not lying!”

Roxy literally growled. “You are! What’s the big change? What’s happened?”

Selina joined her with a hiss. “And don’t pretend you’re just sick of it. It’s awkward, we get it. But this is something more. Out with it!”

The dam burst, and it was predictably Doug that caved first. “I’m scared I’m going to mate with Ned! Mate a lot, damn it! My stupid rabbit brain is mixing with my horny Doug brain and all the wires are getting crossed and I want him to take me from behind and *fuck me* until I’m full with a litter of his damn bunnies, okay?”

“Woah. Okay,” Selina said, sitting upright instead of lounging like a cat on her side. “That’s . . . yeah, that’s a reason.”

Roxy spoke next. “Chris, is it the same for you? With Brett?”

Chris sulked for a moment, then gathered her former confidence to just rip off the band-aid. “He’s annoying. He keeps finding excuses to visit me. He’s so fucking *forward*. I hate that he reminds me of my old self, because he’s confidence and just lays it on the table; ‘we should have sex. I know you want it and so do I, so what gives?’ Ugh, and I do want it. Fuck me, I want it so bad. Do you have any idea what it’s like to have all these extra nipples stiffen up in a mate’s presence?”

“Yes,” they all answered as one.

“Yeah, well mine are probably way more sensitive. I’m probably in heat.”

“We all are,” Selina said. “Which is why I’ve asked Carter out on a date tomorrow night.”

Roxy suddenly became excited. “What? Really!? You didn’t tell me!”

“It was meant to be private!” Lee laughed. “Just us. But I guess the ‘cat’ is out of the bag, right? Look, I get the fear, Chris and Doug, but I’m not letting it rule me. The government can’t fix us. They’ll lock us up, or experiment on us. There are brilliant biologists here and I agree with them; we can’t be changed back. And frankly, I’m sick of flirting at a distance with Carter. I used to be a nerd and now I’m a hot catwoman.”

“Well, in that case, I might as well add that I really can’t stop thinking about fucking Fawkes and Hunter,” Roxy added. “They’re both hot, in their own ways. And I know they want me. Well, Hunter does. I think Fawkes is . . . more subdued. But I can smell that he wants me.”

“I can’t believe I’m hearing this,” Doug said. “I thought you guys would agree with me! Help me get away from Ned.”

“Isn’t he really sweet?” Roxy asked.

“He’s way too sweet! I nearly changed my name the other day when he gave me a flower. I wanted to call myself Daisy. Ugh, Daisy, can you believe it?”

Even Chris chuckled a little. “It . . . does suit the new you.”

“Now you’re on their side?”

“Of course not! I don’t want to be mounted by a bull, that’s my body! That’s why we need to get away!”

Selina folded her arms. “Well, I’m not leaving. I like it here.”

“Me too,” Roxy said.

“Easy for you to say, you don’t have an udder.”

“I bet Brett could make you love that udder.”

Chris swallowed, her teats stiffening a little in their girdle. She could just imagine it, and it frightened her how hot it was.

“Well, I’m going in a few days,” she said. “Doug too. We’ll find a way to change back, and come back and get you guys.”

“If we even want to change back,” Roxy said. “I’m no longer sick, I’m happy and healthy and wild. And we’re all free up here. C’mon, you guys, just embrace your wild side a bit. Give in to your instincts, and you might enjoy them.”

Chris gave a slight moo. Her udder spilled a bit of milk. She always let more milk down when she was aroused.

“Let’s just talk about something else right now. I don’t want to think about big bull cocks anymore.”

“Or making rabbit litters,” Doug added.

But both were thinking about it regardless, and Selina and Roxy could tell.

“So, this is a date,” Carter said.

“Yep!” Selina added, walking ahead of the cat man and letting her hips sway suggestively. She knew he liked her tail and her butt, and she couldn’t blame him.

“It seems like we’re just walking.”

“You know, I know I’m smart, but that was very incisive of you.”

“Funny.”

She giggled. “You don’t talk a whole lot, do you?”

“I talk when I need to. I didn’t expect you to ask me out, that’s all. Or to take me on a walk at night.”

Again, Selina chuckled, though a seductive purr crept into her voice. “I just figured it was time after all those little flirtatious moments we’ve had.”

“That was you flirting.”

“Oh, that’s right. You were just *staring*, and occasionally stumbling at the sight of me. I don’t blame you, of course. I was pretty nebbish before, but I’m the cat that caught the canary now.”

“That’s a bad joke.”

“Oh, you are so not fun! Do you want me to cancel the date?”

“No. I . . . I like it. It’s a good walk. And a good view.”

She half-turned and grinned at him. “Now that was a good joke,” she said, wiggling her butt a little. His gaze fixated on it, then back to her.

“So . . . this date?”

“Right around the corner, big guy.”

“I heard you were shy before you were changed. The rabbit one told me.”

“That was the former me, back when I was Lee. I’m Se-Lee-Nah now. Selina. And I seriously feel like I’ve got nine lives.”

“Hmm.”

She grinned. The cat man was truly a stoic one, but she liked that about him. She pressed herself against his fur, rather daringly, and grinned up at him. “Just around the corner from here,” she said. “In a clearing.”

Interested, Carter followed behind her. But when they arrived, something had changed from what Selina had expected. She’d found a lovely spot beneath the starry night, and even brought some food for them, but now that she was here someone had added a set of very plush cushions and a rather expensive looking wine bottle in the centre of them, beside two glasses.

“What the - who did this?”

Selina turned, her tail flickering in curiosity, only to see that Carter had the smallest possible trace of amusement on his face.

“You - how?”

“I’ve got a cat’s vision too. Saw you sneaking out to prepare for the date. Thought I better one-up you. Provide some wine and comfort beneath the stars. You like it?”

She grinned just like the Cheshire cat. All of her nipples were stiffening, and Selina couldn’t help but relish in the sight of this tall, handsome, and unexpectedly *gentlemanly* man.

“Shall we drink?” he suggested.

But her loins were already warm, and becoming more heated by the second. She licked her lips and extended her claws.

“Later,” she said. “This kitty wants you!”

She leapt upon Carter, knocking him backwards, and then she was all over him. He didn’t seem to have any complaints.

Roxy had noticed Selina looking a *lot* happier the last couple of days, and being a *lot* closer to Carter, often pressing herself against him or nuzzling with him as they catnapped together. Doug and Chris were in denial over this, but Roxy wasn’t stupid; she could *smell* the act of sex on them, and oddly enough it only made her strangely jealous.

“I can’t believe you did that before me!” she teased her later that day, when they were grabbing some food from the lab cafeteria together. “I thought for sure it would be me.”

Selina just shrugged, her tail developing a naughty kink. "What can I say? I guess this change brought out a sultry side in me."

"I guess it did. You know, I've been thinking of . . . with Fawkes, you know?"

"You should do it. I've got no regrets. But what about Hunter?"

"Um, well," Roxy said, smiling a little. "I was thinking with him too, actually. Is that bad?"

"Who cares? We're part-animals now! We're allowed to be a bit more wild, right?"

Roxy considered this. Her canine brain was already revving up with excitement at the possibility. She could smell Fawkes on the other side of the community. He was mute as ever, but she could smell some squirrel folk that he was organising a shared project with; something about storage units for their own food. Hunter, meanwhile, was living up to his name, keeping an eye out for any intruders or human investigation by doing wide loops of the Community base. She chuckled to herself, smelling his excitement.

"I guess we are a bit animal now," Roxy said.

She kept that in mind later that evening, when the sun was at the edge of the horizon and rendering the sky a gorgeous series of pink and purple hues. Something in the atmosphere just seemed right to the dog girl. She knew she was falling into a bit of heat, but it was only there as a slight push, not an irresistible urge as it was for some in the Community, and certainly so for actual animals. No, this was just a subtle little prodding for something she knew she already wanted.

Fawkes was in his usual place. There was a prominent rock that overlooked the Community and much of the surrounding mountainscape. It was good for guard duty, and also for a wolf's solitude. She often smelled Fawkes up there, brooding silently, yet also with contentment. As such, Roxy did not approach with her usual excitability, but instead clambered up and then shifted to all fours as she approached him, until she was right beside the magnificent wolf anthro. She could smell his masculine scent, taking in his virility . . . and also his interest.

He flicked a gesture her way, indicating that she could come closer. She did so, settling beside him so that their fur was touching. God, she could nestle right in that comforting warmth. His gaze didn't leave the horizon, just west of the Sun so that they had the best view of the evening sky and its awakening stars.

They were silent for a time, taking comfort in one another. That was the thing about dogs; they could run left and right all day long, but they could also stand guard and watch, and take things in, and not need distractions for a great deal of time.

Still, Roxy clearly had less patience than Fawkes did. She licked her snout a little and pressed just that little bit closer to the anthro wolf man.

“I know you can’t talk,” she said. “But we don’t need to talk, really, do we? We have our sense of smell, and that’s enough.”

There was something like an agreeing grunt from Fawkes.

“So what do you smell on me?” she asked.

Fawkes turned his head and looked at her. She was lost in those icy blue eyes for a moment. Slowly, yet like a great mountain, he rose to his haunches and reached out a pawed hand to stroke her furry cheeks.

No sign was needed. They could smell their desires for one another, and that was enough. Fawkes took charge, rolling over Roxy with an imperious firmness and surprising gentleness. He licked and nibbled at her breasts and lower nipples, making her wet with passion. She didn’t use words either - it wouldn’t be fair - instead she panted and moaned, occasionally snapping at him just as he did with her, a playful exchange as he took charge, making her his mate.

By the time she was unable to hold off anymore she was already on all fours, her tail raised and her haunches too. Fawkes circled around behind her and growled in a deeply passionate fashion. Then he rose up and placed himself upon her, his cock pressing against her folds, mounting her from behind.

“Mhmm,” Roxy moaned, finally breaking the silence of words. “Do it. Mount me. Make me your bitch.”

It was somehow the hottest thing she’d ever said.

And Fawkes did exactly as she asked.

Daisy scoffed as she saw Roxy heading off into the forest with Hunter again, the endlessly talkative and excitable Aussie dogman chatting her ear off.

“I can’t believe I have to listen to this,” she complained, digging her burrow deeper just to escape the sounds of the coming passion. “I can’t believe I have to listen to everything!”

Ned chuckled beside her, helping her dig a bit further. “That’s the curse of being a rabbit I’m afraid, Daisy.”

Daisy stamped her foot happily, stopping only when she realised what she was doing. She loved the way this nerdy rabbit man called her Daisy, but God if it wasn’t also shameful.

“Just remember, you only call me Daisy in private, okay? Not with anyone else. I’m Doug to everyone else.”

“Oh - er, yes, of course. You know that I wouldn’t betray your trust, Daisy. I would never take advantage of you. You, well, you know that.”

She did, and it was the worst part about knowing Ned. Far more than practically any creature in the Community, they as rabbits needed to breed. She hadn’t broached the subject much with Ned, but despite his endlessly and hopelessly kind demeanour, she knew that he often had to scamper off to masturbate like mad. He’d jokingly implied that it had been a lonely couple of years since he was changed, and her arrival “made things better, and worse. At least I’ve got a companion now. Not that kind of, er, companion, of course! I didn’t mean that!”

She knew what he meant. Despite her three close friends, in some ways Ned was the only one here who truly understood what it was like to be her. Well, the squirrel folk were close in some ways, but even then they didn’t understand the hypersensitivity, the easy anxiety and flight instinct that came to her so naturally. No one understood the sense of hearing that pervaded her life now, or the need to dig burrows and make new homes *just in case*. Nor did they understand this endless need to breed. Not just to have sex, though that was a big part (and frankly, as much a holdover from her time as Doug as it was a rabbit thing). No, she *wished* it could just be easy fun like it was with Roxy and Selina, who were obviously fucking their lovers - Selina didn’t even make it a secret, which had shocked Chris in particular.

Instead she needed to make babies.

Babies, babies, and more babies.

Kits.

Bunnies.

Litters of them.

It was an infuriating. It was arousing. And, after an awkward amount of dancing around the topic, she’d come to discuss it with Ned just so *someone* could understand what it was like and give her some respite in the issue - if not respite on the whole ‘aching need to be super pregnant’ thing.

Daisy stopped burrowing. “I want to make babies again,” she said, her shoulders sagging again.

“I, um, know.”

“You knew?”

“You were digging extra fast. You throw yourself into a new burrow or new activity every time your heat is up. Besides, I’m a male rabbit folk, I can smell it on you, remember?”

Her shoulders sagged even lower. What was even the point of this burrow? It was just a distraction from her estrus woes.

“It’s not fair. Roxy gets to be a cool dog girl racing about. Lee is a catgirl, and she can lounge around. Instead I’m just high strung and crazy and all I want is sex, sex, sex and babies, babies, babies. God, I want you to put bunnies in me. I want a whole swollen womb full of them. I want it so fucking bad it’s nuttier than the squirrel gals, I swear!”

Ned was completely expressionless for several seconds, but his glasses fogged up *real fast*.

“Well, are you gonna say anything?”

He fidgeted, trying to clear his glasses and not hammer his foot upon the ground from his clear agitation.

“I’m not sure, er, what I’m meant to be saying? I’m, I suppose you could say, I’m dancing around these feelings a lot as well, Daisy. Ever since I met you. Our, you might say, biological imperative, is stronger than most. Don’t get me wrong, I love spending time with you, but it’s also - it’s torture! Every fiber of my being wants to get you pregnant just like a good, er, bunny breeder, one might say. I just want to take you and make sure you’re never without our children in you. I want you to make babies, babies, babies, as you say. I want you, well, this sounds so overtly masculine of me I know, especially given my own rather meek nature, I’m well aware, but I want . . . you to be mine. I want you to be the father of all my children, as many as possible. It’s . . . well, it’s a lot to deal with. And when you speak about it like this, it only makes it harder for me, or for us both. Because what you say is . . .”

“Arousing? Hot as hell? Makes you hard for me?”

He gulped, loudly. “Y-yes. One might say that. Indeed.”

Daisy winced, chattering her large front teeth and trying to fight against these overwhelming needs building up more and more within her. She knew he wanted that, had always known ever since her own desires continued to manifest. It was clear from the way he looked at her, after all. But hearing him admit it out loud, just as she had finally admitted it out loud. It was unfair. She was meant to be fucking sexy college girls - getting them pregnant if things went particularly careless! - but now her stupid rabbit brain couldn’t help but conjure up images of her with a greatly swollen stomach, so swollen that she could barely move, an entire litter of bunnies kicking around inside her overstuffed womb, her teats filling up with milk to feed them all. It was the kind of image that made her rabbit hormones run wild. Or hop wild, to be more accurate.

“So . . . what do we do?” she asked.

“We could . . . I’ve got some good board games back in another burrow. We could play Monopoly. Oh! Settlers of Cataan might put us off this dreadful need to fill you up . . . with babies. My babies.”

Another stare, even longer.

“Shit,” she said.

“Yes, shit,” he replied.

He pushed her against the wall of the burrow, nibbling at her neck and stroking her breasts beneath her dress. The sensations were divine, but Daisy was already wet and ready between her powerful thighs. Hell, she’d been wet and ready every day for the last whole damn month or more.

“Just take me already!” she cried. “Get me pregnant! I can’t stand another second of not being pregnant. I need to be filled up with your little bunnies already!”

“Are you sure? I mean, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to take it this f-”

“Shut up and fuck me, *now!*” she pleaded. She spread her legs further. “I need this, you need this, so let’s just have baby-making sex already! If I can’t be knocking up hot sorority girls, then I’ll *be* your hot rabbit sorority girl, you sexy nerd! Now make me big with babies! Hurry up!”

Ned needed no more encouragement. He entered her, leaving Daisy to gasp at the unbelievable. And then they were rutting, him thrusting into her at great speed, and her gyrating in time with said thrusts. The bunnies were breeding. They would be at it everyday from that point, they both knew.

Just like rabbits.

Chris felt like she was going insane. It was like her milking station - now her milking *cabin* - was the final bastion of sanity in this place. In the last couple of weeks she had come to hear by gossip or witness by her own eyes the obvious; her friends had given themselves over not just to their new lives and bodies, but to *attraction* as well.

Selina was actively *dating* the cat man Carter.

Roxy seemed to be having a friends-with-benefits scenario with Fawkes and Hunter.

Doug was *trying* and failing not to go by ‘Daisy’ now, and was very obviously fucking that nerdy Ned every chance she got, the traitor!

And here she was, still filling up with milk, still getting visits from Brett the bull, who kept wanting to damn well *help her* in anyway he could, all while suggesting they have a bit of mating time. It was so fucking ridiculous! She wasn’t meant to be a cow, no matter how much milk she kept expelling from four nipples and four separate teats! And no matter how much she dreamed of mating, or how wet and aroused she got when she occasionally *let* Brett help milk her when the pumps stopped working, she would never, *ever* fuck him.

“I’m the last holdout,” she declared to herself after seeing her trio of friends laughing outside, chatting about their love lives so easily. “I’m gonna leave this place, Helga and the rest be damned. I won’t be mounted by no damn bull. I’m an alpha male, not him.”

Chapter 9: No More Holding Out

The problem with declaring yourself an 'alpha male', was in often coming across a real one, especially daily. Chris had managed to hold out for another month, far beyond any of her friends. They often visited the milk station to see how she was going, and last night had brought quite the revelation when Roxy had sniffed the air.

"Hang on, something's weird in here."

"I'm leaking again," Chris said miserably. "It's happening more these days. It's because that fucking bull Brett keeps helping me milk myself, and his presence makes things . . . worse."

"No, it's not that. I can smell something different in the air . . ."

"Me too," Selina said, also sniffing. "I'm not as good as you but - oh! OH."

Roxy's eyes went similarly wide, and Chris was left confused, staring about her room and trying to ignore how her boobs had grown a whole cup size with milk over the last hour. She grabbed some grass from her plate and chewed on it slowly to distract herself.

"What is it? What are you guys talking about?"

Selina and Roxy looked to Daisy, who had been quite silent up until that point. Roxy sniffed in her direction, and Selina's eyes fell to the rabbit girl's stomach. With a blush hidden by her soft bunny fair, Daisy's paw-hands instantly fell to her belly, holding it protectively, and revealing a slim but present bump.

"Oh. My. God," Roxy said. "You're pregnant!?"

"I didn't mean to! I mean, I did, a lot actually, but it's these damn instincts! I needed to breed with him, and we've been breeding everyday, and fuck I'm just swelling up already. I have no idea how many are in there or how fast it will be but-"

Roxy embraced her in a hug, followed by Selina.

"Looks like you got all that sex you were hoping for," the cat girl said jokingly. "Just not quite the way you envisioned it."

"Oh, ha ha, laugh at the pregnant rabbit girl. It's not fair, you know. It's not like you need to breed!"

Selina smirked. "Well, knowing how Carter and I go at it, I better start using protection. And I'm surprised you're not with a little Roxy."

Roxy bit her lip. She wasn't ready to share her news on that. Fawkes had sniffed her and smiled the other day. She could read his moods, and when he nudged her belly softly with her nose, she'd begun to wonder. Now, she was almost certain that she had his pups, or

Hunter's, or both. Dogs could do that, after all. Still, she beamed with pride knowing she wasn't the only one, and it filled her with excitement to know that Daisy had now also embraced life at the Community, even if it was a little more instinct-driven.

"Are you fucking kidding moo-ee!?"

The mood spoiled as Chris stood up, her bosoms jiggling, her udder making a squirting noise as a warm shoot of milk poured from the lower left teat. She placed her hoof-hands on her wide hips.

"Am I the only one not going completely insane here?"

"It wasn't my fault, Chris," Daisy said weakly. "You have no idea the instincts I'm having! I needed to get pregnant. I really needed to have a big belly full of Ned's babies. I can't describe it, it's crazy! And you know me, I've always been a big sex addict. I mean, I wanted to be like you!"

"Well, I'm not gonna be like any of you!" Chris roared. She started gathering her things, moving about her cabin to put some grass in a container, some basic survival gear in her bag. She slung it around her shoulders. "You all have little kits and cubs and pups and whatever else! I'm getting out of here!"

"Don't go, Chris," Roxy said. "There's nowhere else to be, and you're our friend!"

"Yes," Selina purred, her claws out. "I know this is harder for you—"

"Harder!? I need to be milked! I've got four boobs and an udder! I can't run and hope and climb like you all! I just make milk!"

"It's a bigger help to the Community than anyone!"

"Fuck the Community, Roxy. I can't stay here. I was a man. I was going places in sports, damn it! You think I don't get those needs as well? Whenever Brett comes around, this stupid bovine body wants him to hurry up and put calves in me. Do you want to know why I want it so bad, other than being horny as hell? Get this; because my body will make even *more* milk if I'm pregnant. How stupid is that?"

She gave a sad chuckle. "I need to get out of here before I go native, seriously. Look, if you're happy, Daisy, Roxy, and Selina, you're happy. You've got new names and lives. I can't do that. I don't want to make moo-ilk anymore, because . . . because I know I'll end up *proud* of it. God help me."

"You should at least tell Helga," Roxy said as Chris prepared to leave. "And you don't have to leave right now."

"I do! I'll . . . I'll moo-iss the hell out of you guys. But I can't live like this."

She stomped out of the cabin, uncaring how much her bosoms were wobbling or her udder too in its sling. Her hooves stamped upon the ground and her ropey tail swished behind her. She almost wanted to stick her horns into something, just to vent her anger. How

could this have happened? Half her friends were getting knocked up! All of them were embracing their new lives!

And here she was, full of milk and wanting to expel it.

"I'm the freakiest one of them all," the cowgirl muttered under her breath. "Eating grass. Milk in a damn udder. Holstein fur. Ugh!"

"Hey Chris!" an opossum woman named Sally called out. "Thanks again for the milk! My kids really needed it."

"Yeah, it's great stuff, Chris! You tell us if you need anything!" called out someone else. "We're glad to have you hear."

She swore under her breath. That was the other thing, just now *nice* everyone was about her. How *thankful*. How good it was to have a steady flow of milk that was apparently super healthy and kept the bugs away.

"That's not what I want to be," she said.

She continued marching forward.

Helga was sad, but said she understood. The strange mutant leader of the commune had asked if Chris wanted to tell Brett himself in person, but the cowgirl had said otherwise.

"If I try to talk to him, he'll be *helpful*. He'll fix something up for me. Help moo-ilk me. Do something nice and talk candidly about sex and moo-ilk and then next thing I know I'll be right back at square fucking one."

Helga had nodded several hoods. *"I understand. It is difficult to live a new kind of life. Please know you are always welcome back, and that you are appreciated here. You have done so much for us already. And keep our location secret."*

Chris promised too, and then she had left, hugging all her friends goodbye. She didn't want to make a whole parade of it, but Daisy had actually *cried*, and that had been hard to take, since it made her cry too, and then they were all crying because they were all women now and hormones were all over the place, especially with animal stuff in the mix. She took what supplies they offered, and she began to march down the mountainside, intent on finding . . . what?

She wasn't sure. It had been four days now since she had left, and she had subsisted off of the grass and slept on the ground, her own fur and milk production keeping her warm. She had to milk herself, of course, and that was frustrating enough, but she was *still* producing more.

"What a waste," she moaned, squeezing her milk out onto the forest floor. She'd tasted it earlier just to try it, and had been shocked at how sweet and wonderful it tasted.

Chris was glad no one had seen her, but she understood why it was such a big hit in the Community.

“God, this sucks,” she said, sitting back down. She fondled her udder a little, her legs spread so that her dress hitched up to reveal it. “I can’t believe I miss them already. What the hell am I doing here? What the hell am I even going to do?”

Her breasts tightened; a sign of more milk being developed, and it actually made her chuckle this time.

“You girls never stop, do you? No wonder I’m so hungry all the time. At least my ass isn’t getting any bigger; it’s already big enough.”

The warm sun was starting to rise, and she could smell and hear the forest life around her. It really was beautiful around here, and part of her was proud with how far she’d come. She couldn’t exactly run easily without her udder slapping her thighs or her boobs trying to hit her in the head. The upper ones already weighed down the lower ones too much if she didn’t wear bras during part of the day. But she’d travelled a long distance down the mountain and into parts unknown, searching for something she wasn’t sure.

Clarity, she supposed.

It wasn’t the kind of thoughts that usually came to her. As a strong, masculine dude she’d not really focused on that kind of stuff. She’d just excelled, met hot girls, and gotten laid in a way that Doug - now Daisy - could only dream of.

“Not exactly going to be a hit with the ladies now,” she said to herself, chuckling again. “Though maybe some guys have particular tastes. Ooh, try my udder, boys! Suck on my four tits! Twice as many as a normal girl! I bet the fur is comfy too!”

She bit her lip, breathing heavily so that her four huge boobs rose and fell noticeably. She was just having a bit of dark humour, but now her thoughts went to Brett the bull. He was so tall, so powerfully built, and even if he was way too up front about wanting to have sex with her, he’d always respected her wishes not to. And her body really wanted to make calves with him; make him make her *make a lot of milk*.

“Mhmmooo,” she moaned, fondling her udder a little, imagining his hoof-hand upon it. “Could have had just one f-fuck before I left. Moo-aybe just a little moo-ounting just to get it out of my system.”

She sighed, unable to cool herself down. These were the thoughts she was trying to get away from, but instead they’d just followed her to a place where she couldn’t fulfil them. She knew that well; ‘moo-asturbation’ only got her so far, even when she could orgasm just from milking her own mammaries.

“Thought I’d have a plan by now.”

The government solving this was just a fancy dream. Chris may have not been an academic, but she wasn’t stupid. Roxy and Selina were right about that. And it wasn’t like

she could just live alone forever. But she didn't want to just be milked for eternity until her udder dried up. Surely life was more than just that?

"Moo-aybe . . . I could do some of the things Helga suggested. Learn how to cook - vegetarian, not meat. Ew. Or I could help organise stuff. I was the leader of our group before, maybe I could do something in leadership one day. Shit, I could start up sports games - these guys need a league."

The thoughts swirled in her mind, and the peace of the mountain forest made it easier to achieve that clarity. Yeah, she could do that, right? It wasn't like there was another place for her, and she was missing her friends already. Hell, she was missing Brett's hooves upon her teats and the way he massaged them so nicely. She was even missing Helga, that weird maternal freak who had been so supportive at every stage. More than most of that, she was also just missing being useful. She had been praised for her good looks once, and for her athleticism. Well, Brett praised her looks still, but her athleticism was gone. But she *did* make milk, and people loved that. And she could help in other ways.

"I can find a place," she said aloud, and her eyes went wide with the realisation of that. "Yeah, I can find a place," she repeated.

It was a couple of hours later as Chris hiked back up the mountainside that she realised she had company. She didn't have Daisy's ears or Roxy's nose or Selina's eyes, but her bovine senses weren't too bad.

"Who's there!" she called.

"That's her! I told you she was here."

From the treeline came her friends, led forth by the excited Roxy, who dashed forward and jumped into Chris' arms. The cowgirl easily caught her, and then Selina straight after that. It made her realise she was also a lot stronger than she had been, something she had ignored until now. Daisy followed after, wringing her paw-hands.

"I hope you don't mind me," she said nervously. "I can hop the highest but I'll be careful. You know, what with babies and all."

"What are you all doing here?" Chris asked, putting them down.

"We couldn't let you leave," Selina said, brushing her arm fur. "Not without trying to convince you to come back."

"We miss you," Daisy said. "I mean, you're my wingman, dude. I can't let you go."

"We did this dare together," Roxy said. "We should stick together. All of us."

"How did you even find me?"

The girls all grinned to one another, and Chris just slapped her forehead, which set her boobs wobbling.

"Oh, why did I even ask. You and your sense of smell and sight and hearing and all that. I hope you didn't hear me musing to myself."

Daisy was otherwise quiet.

"We did have a little help, actually," Selina admitted. "For the initial direction you were going. When it comes to us mutants, it turns out the best at tracking one is one of its own kind. So, um . . . I guess you can come out now, big fella!"

There was a rustling in the treeline, and then the treeline *broke*. Emerging from it came Brett, wearing his usual shorts and topless as ever, his mighty muscles clearly obvious beneath his fur, his horns proud and mighty, and his look quite boastful.

"*Damn*," Chris said, her tail flicking in arousal just at the sight of him. Hell, even her udder teats were stiffening.

"He likes to put on a show, I notice," Selina said. "Remind you of anyone?"

"Yeah, the me I used to be. He knows he's hot. Damn it, is this an ambush?"

"It's not, we swear," Roxy said. "We just needed him. And he wanted to see you."

Chris closed her eyes for a moment, focusing on the revelations she'd had and the decisions of her friends.

"Okay, you guys start heading on up. I'll come back to the Community. But I want to talk to the big moo-an here first. Okay?"

They could see the old Chris' decisiveness returned, and they did indeed all back up, heading out of hearing - except for Daisy, but that was understandable. She'd need entire miles for that. The point was the feeling of privacy, and Chris got that as she marched up Brett and looked up at his huge bovine form. She placed her hands on her hips and deliberately thrust out her mammaries, even widening her stance so that her dress rode up a bit and showed off the impression of her milk-filled udder.

"You look good, Chris," he said. "Real goo-"

"Listen up, Brett," she said, interrupting him. "Because I'm only gonna lay the terms of this out once. I'll come back to the Community and stay there, so well done, you win there. And - I can't believe I'm saying this - when we finally get some private time I want you to fuck me. Fuck moo-ee hard."

He went to say something but she held up a hoof-hand.

"I'm not your girlfriend, alright? Maybe I will be one day, who knows? But for now, I just want some damn relief. You can finally get that big bull dick of yours wet, and I can get what all my friends are having. That sound okay to you?"

He nodded. "That sounds amazing, Chris. Seriously."

"Good, because I've got some conditions here. One, you moo-ilk me. That's every day. You're better at it, it's nicer and quicker than the pumps, and, well, I fucking get off on it, alright? Think you can do that?"

Another nod. "I'd love to, Chris. You ask, and I'll be there."

“Good, because I’ll expect no less. For two, I also expect that if you *do* get me with calf, you damn well better be there. I’m not being some weird single mother cow lady. That’s why you’re gonna live in my cabin with me, like Ned and Daisy live together. And three, I’m not gonna be sitting around getting fucked and milked all day. I want to start a sports league, and you *will* help me. I also want a job other than making milk, but we’ll figure that out. Those are my conditions. Are you gonna butt horns with me on these?”

Brett shook his head slowly. “Not at all, Chriss.”

“That’s the last thing. Everyone else gets a name change. I’ll go by Cassie. You like that?”

He reached out and stroked her flank. It made her feel a lot of things.

“I do, Cassie. It suits you. I gotta be honest, this is way better than I’d hoped. You know I’ll treat you right. I promise.”

She sighed, checked her horizons, and decided she didn’t care anymore.

“I know you will, but it’s time to prove it. I’m so full of moo-milk and I’m *not* full of you. Want to fix both situations?”

Brett began to caress her large breasts, lowering one hand to pull a teat on her udder. She sighed as the milk expelled from it. It was a sweet, warm release.

“I’d love nothing more,” he said. “Cassie.”

It was just ten minutes later when Daisy heard the loudest moo in her life. Neither Roxy nor Selina caught it, but her ears twitched.

“What was that, Daisy?” Roxy asked.

“Oh, n-nothing. Just Chris coming to an, erm, arrangement, I guess. I think she’s gonna be happy.”

“Good,” Selina said, hugging both her friends easily, her black-furred body naked and proud. “I think we all are.”

Chapter 10: Spa Treatment

Daisy ate a carrot as she lay happily on her side. Her litter of human-rabbit kits were clambering against her, drinking from her many nipples, her various boobs swollen with milk, though the upper pair were the only sizeable ones, still. Ned was placing a heap of delicious vegetables in a bowl before her, and about to hop off to go forage for more. She was in one of her more open burrow - she called it her ‘maternity burrow’ - one that easily allowed visitors and had a lot of natural sunlight coming through. The former sex-obsessed young man couldn’t believe how satisfied she felt now that she was a mom, but she truly did. It was

like so much nervous energy had finally left her once she was confirmed to be with a litter, and she entered a beautiful state of calm the more she blew up with babies. By the end, she could barely hop her belly was so round and full, and Ned had been there every step of the way as his adorably nerdy self, constantly showering her with gifts and attention, slowly making her not just want him sexually, but fall fully in love with him.

"It's still hard to believe you gave birth to six kids," Roxy said, sitting cross-legged in front of her friend. "I'm having a hard time coming to terms with three!"

She rubbed her blonde-haired belly, where three little puppies kicked from within. She knew at least one was from Fawkes, but Hunter had definitely blessed her with one as well. He was ecstatic over that, but it was Fawkes that spent the most time with her. His silent presence was so comforting, and she loved how he fussed over her, bringing her meat to consume and nuzzling her belly in those quiet moments.

"Well, it's a lot easier when your body literally wants you to make as many babies as possible," Daisy said cheekily. She stroked the ears of one of her daughters and helped her latch. "I haven't even named them all yet. God, I'm a mother. That's so fucking crazy. Nearly as crazy as the fact that I want to make a whole lot more."

"Really? More than six?"

"Rabbit, remember? Ned and I are having to make a lot of burrows. I really want to get pregnant again as soon as possible. Stupid rabbit breeding instinct, but God it's hot. Don't judge me!"

Roxy laughed. "I'm not! Hell, I've got two dads to my pups, so how can I judge?"

It was then that Selina entered. She was also cradling her baby bump, though it was more reasonably-sized.

"Meow! Look at them! They're adorable! Can I hold one?"

"Probably not. They're feeding, and they'll think you're about to eat them."

Selina gave an embarrassed grin. "Actually, I can't blame them thinking that. I do have the claws and teeth for it. Not that I ever would, dear!"

Daisy snorted. "Go through labor and give birth to six kits, and suddenly you're 'dear' and 'honey' and 'snookums.'"

"Snookums?" Roxy and Selina said as one.

"Ned."

"Ah."

"You're starting to look a bit bigger in the middle too, Selina. Though not nearly as big as I was. Lucky you, dude."

Selina cocked her hip to one side and posed like a catwoman supermodel. "What can I say? This cat carries small. Guess I'm just lucky that way. Even with twins!"

Roxy growled a little, scratching her ear as she sat. "Of course *you* get 'just' twins. And yet I look over twice as big as you with triplets!"

"Well, you're further along, Roxy. Besides, cats are always slim. And pretty. And elegant, and refined, and-"

"And I miss when you were more of a nerd. I swear, you must have Carter wrapped around your finger."

"Like string," Selina boasted, rubbing her slim yet pregnant tummy.

It was then that a series of stumbles brought a fourth figure into their midst. Cursing her hooves and all her overweighted mammaries, Cassie managed her way into the burrow, using her ropey tail as a kind of counterweight to her prodigious double-set of bosoms and udder.

"Damn, would it hurt you to put in some stairs, Daisy?"

"Ask Ned!" called the rabbit-girl. "I'm kinda busy getting knocked up with his litters."

"You're not pregnant again, are you?"

"No. And it sucks, because I really, really, really need to be. You have no idea."

Cassie raised one eyebrow and her tail flicked suggestively. She huffed out of her bovine nose, then lowered one hoof-hand down below her huge H-cup breasts to rub the swollen womb below. She wasn't hugely far along, at least she shouldn't be. Just four months or so. But evidently, even if she was only pregnant with a single baby, she was carrying *big*, with a large calf in her. At just four months along she looked nearly seven or eight already, and her belly button was visibly popped beneath her Holstein fur.

"I think I have *some* idea, Daisy."

"Pfft, you're just carrying one."

"A huge one, unlike your little kits, even if they're adorable."

"You do look quite large," Selina noted, extending a paw to rub her friend's belly. "Are you sure it's just one?"

Cassie grunted as a series of ripples occurred within her womb. Her calf was shifting position.

"Ngh! Ugh . . . pretty sure. Maybe not. I can definitely feel one set of hooves right now. Be thankful you don't have *those* kicking away inside you. Jesus, I can't believe I'm knocked up."

"I can, the way Brett acts around you. Are you properly boyfriend and girlfriend yet?"

Roxy examined Cassie's embarrassed response. "We're . . . dating. I was never one to take it slow, but my prospects are limited here, so we're getting to know one another."

"Bet he's happy to claim you," Daisy joked. "I know Ned is, though he doesn't say so outright."

"Oh, Brett does, the dog. "No offence, Roxy."

“None taken. Fawkes and Hunter fight over me. It’s cute.”

“Well, Brett is just all hands, right now. Or hooves, whatever. I swear, you’d think I was a cow goddess from India or something. I keep telling him it’s all his fault that my milk production is now twice as much as before, if not three times. Seriously, I’m making so much goddamn fucking milk here. I can feed a whole community.”

“You are,” Selina teased.

“And I know it. Ugh. Makes me want to put my hooves up and relax.”

Roxy frowned. “You could always take a break from your sports league management. We can go without soccer or football for a while.”

“Never,” she said. “And I’m still doing my cooking. It might even be good one day. But that’s not what I’m thinking. I’ve finally found a passion. A way to cope with all this craziness and not think about the fact that I’m gonna push out a calf out of my hooaha in five months or less.”

The others leaned in, except for Daisy, who could only half-turn as she fed her kits.

“Spill, wingwoman!” she declared. “What is it?”

“Well, I’ll need your help for this, especially Roxy and Selina’s, the former nerds.”

“Hey, I’m a fabulous catgirl now!”

“Well, you’re still a nerd, just a lucky one. Basically, I’ve been talking to Helga, and part of the uncorrupted reservoir can be repurposed with time, energy, and a bit of science and materials. She’d put me in charge of the project, since she knows that milk-maker or not, I can whip people around as I want to get things done.”

Roxy panted. The mystery was exciting her canine senses. “What is it?” she asked. “Stop putting us in suspense, dude!”

“Ha, I’m not exactly a dude any longer. I’ve got boobs bigger than my own head here. But that’s just it; I’m sure we all want to relax a bit, and fuck knows that this belly and these tits - and most of all this udder - can break my back from time to time. Daisy, you were struggling by the end of your pregnancy.”

“Don’t I know it!”

“So . . . I thought we should have a relaxation centre. More specifically, our very own spa. Modelled on the one that turned us, but less mutatey, obviously.”

Roxy’s eyes went wide, as did Selina’s.

“That sounds like an amazing idea!” the dog girl said. “We can all go to the spa together, just like we planned to in the first place!”

“With a bit more fur than last time,” Selina joked.

“And babies,” added Daisy.

“And, let’s be honest,” Cassie said. “Probably a good old milk bath in my case.”

The group laughed, picturing what a turn of events this was, and yet how it would all come full circle.

“Let’s do it,” Roxie said. “I can’t wait for it already.”

“It’s not a dumb idea?”

“Not at all! Hell, even Selina will get in the water if its nice, right Selina?”

The catgirl flicked her tail. “And if I can get a saucer of milk afterwards. Cassie?”

“Hell, I’ll give out ten saucers. I can’t stop producing at this point. And I want this relaxation before I give birth.”

“When do we start?” Roxy asked.

“Well, as soon as you’re ready. Daisy, do you think you can get a break from the kits at some point in the next week?”

Daisy sighed. She could hear Ned returning. “I think so. Just give me a few days to rest and feed and for Ned to get me pregnant with bunnies again, and I’m right there.”

There was a brief pause, and then the other three erupted into laughter.

“To think,” Roxy said, “this all started with a dumb dare.”

The End