



THE
Party

AN ADULT STORY ANTHOLOGY BY *Abe & Seedy*



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LAYOUT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGRBODA



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On another quiet Friday night, Debra finds herself wanting more wild passion from her boyfriend Wallace. After going to a nearby college party, Denise gets her wish (and like, super plowed - which to be fair is also a good wish). Contains male/female sex, guy to beefy bullguy transformation, and some pheremone-based lust.

11 *The WALLFLOWER*

Amanda is mostly attempting to avoid her roommate's party, until her boyfriend convinces her to go out and get to know people. She, uh, definitely gets to know a couple from the party pretty well. Contains male/female sex, female/female sex, girl to googirl transformations, cum worship, light cuckolding, and even though it starts in the manner of a chat log I swear that stops before too long.

22 *The Time I FUCKED MYSELF Into an ANIMAL SEX MONSTER*

A first-person perspective story of a goth girl named Bonnie who, well - the title pretty much says it all, really. Contains female/female sex, female masturbation, egglaying, girl to snakegirl and lizardgirl transformations, excessively productive orgasms, some hypnotism and a mild case of tentacle hair.

36 *Man UP*

Albert is trying to work up the nerve to talk to a pretty girl at the party, eventually drinking a ton of the punch after he sees it being spiked with what he thinks is alcohol. Turns out, no - but it works out pretty well for him regardless. Contains female/female and female/male sex, guy to girl and girl to guy transformations, and surprisingly no furry-ness anywhere. Sorry?

44 *Gimme a D*

After nailing the tryouts, Cindy is throwing a party to cement her place on the cheerleading team. She's seen enough college movies to expect a bit of hazing, but turns out no other team inducts people quite like the cheerleaders for the Satyrs do. Contains female/female/female with penis sex, girl to satyr, donkeygirl and centaur transformations, girls growing penises on account of being orgasmed in/on by girls who just grew penises, dom/sub aspects, petplay, cumplay, and a full five-person fuckathon.



The RUT

“So...?”

Debra let the question hang there, spoken innocently at the ceiling while she lay on her back on the bed.

Wallace took a few seconds to respond, looking up reluctantly from the video collection he was watching on YouTube. “Mhmm? So, what?”

Rolling over, Debra looked at him directly. “So, what should we do tonight? Anything?”

“I dunno”, Wallace answered with a shrug. “What do you want to do?”

“I don’t know either. Something, though.”

Wallace turned back to the computer, clicking through to the next video. “We are doing something”, he said, a touch reproachfully.

“Yeah but...” Debra paused, waving her hands around for a moment in an effort to nail down what she wanted to say. “But... something. Like... something”, she finished lamely.

Wallace snorted quietly. “Great help there hon”

“Ass”, Debra answered, sitting up to punch him lightly on the shoulder. “But you know what I mean, right? It’s been like - what, three weeks since we shipped off here? Our new life, this big adventure out here at college, and we’ve spent pretty much the whole time we’re not in class sitting in my room just because the internet connection is better than yours.” She moved to sit right behind him, wrapping him up in a slightly petulant hug. “I want to do something.”

Wallace paused the video as he turned to face her. “Okay then hon”, he said, “but still - what would you like to do?”

Debra thought for a moment. With the video paused, she realised she could hear music coming from a ways down the hall, being put out by that party that girl in her class had invited her to. Two seconds

later, her eyes went wide.

"Put some good clothes on baby", she said with a grin. "We're stepping out."

By the time they knocked on the door the party must have been going quite a while. Some random guest wound up opening the door for them, the host apparently being indisposed. That guest did a double take when she opened up and saw Debra and Wallace standing outside waving nervously. It was a reaction they were used to. At just a little over 5 feet, Debra had once been called 'aggressively short', and her frizzy red hair somehow just made her slight frame all the more obvious. Wallace meanwhile was... well, the word that most people went for was 'solid'. He was both tall and heavily-built, and while he wasn't hugely exceptional in either area, the combination of both meant that he certainly made an impression whenever he entered a room.

The two of them together, her hand nestled entirely within his outsized palm, looked like some sort of comedy duo. Debra got past the moment of shock the way she always did, by ignoring it - interrupting the other girl's surprised look with a bright "hi! We're here for the party?"

The girl nodded, adjusting quickly. "Right, right. Come on in, I guess. I'm Emily." She left it at that and disappeared back inside, and after sharing a quick shrug between them, Wallace and Debra followed suit.

They mingled. Emily herself seemed to be a write-off, being mostly interested in standing back and watching the party from her spot near the door, but Debra soon got them talking to another couple, Tom and Denise. They'd met them earlier when Tom had tried to recruit Wallace to the football team, which had failed, of course. Wallace might look the part - all except for his long, curly black hair, and that would be easy enough to fix if it came to it - but he utterly lacked the temperament for competitive sports. He was the classic gentle giant; much too concerned with keeping everyone safe and happy to seriously butt heads with anybody. It was something Debra regarded as one of his most endearing qualities.

Mostly.

She'd not really been able to put words around it yet, although she was working on it. Her previous boyfriend though - they'd fought all the time, and their relationship had been a mess because of it, but the sex had been amazing. With Wallace though? They never fought, and the sex was good. But she missed amazing, and still hadn't quite figured out what to say to fix that. 'Fight me more, but in bed'? It needed work.

The party turned out to be a little odd. They never did meet the host, for one. Even the other girl that lived there only made two brief appearances, and the second time was just to grab Tom by the hand and more or less haul him bodily back into her room, Denise blushing in tow. Debra watched that play out from the other side of the room, and couldn't quite help but have a small part of her mind go 'no, pick us!'

Her own strange temptations aside, that was definitely the most unusual thing about the party - there

was an almost aggressive aspect to the way that people were hooking up. Two girls had left the party together not long before Tom and Denise did, but only after eye-fucking each other for a good 5 minutes first. Then later on two of the remaining girls - including Emily - also paired off, this time after one of them said something so lewd to the other that Wallace, who'd been the only one to overhear it, turned beet red and absolutely refused to be drawn on the details.

Finally, Debra decided that the party was officially winding down. For one most of the other guests seemed to have wandered off, but the final straw was when audible noises that sounded almost animal started drifting in from the kitchen. At that point Debra and Wallace looked at each other and collectively decided with a shared nod that they were done. Wallace walked over to collect her hand before they left, but on their way to the door he stopped at the food table.

"I've been watching this all night", he said by way of explanation, "and there's only been like, one guy and one girl drinking the punch in any serious way. I almost feel bad, you know? Someone went through the trouble of making it, instead of just buying stuff like the rest of this, and then nobody goes and drinks it." He took a cup, poured himself a drink, and downed it in one go.

Debra regarded him with a raised eyebrow. "And?"

"Good!", he answered. "S' good." He gave a sheepish grin as he put the cup down and they headed for the door. "Sorry, I know it's dumb, it just felt... I dunno, mean not to try it after all that effort."

Debra laughed. That was Wallace all over; worried about some unknown person feeling bad because nobody drank their punch. She leaned her head into his arm with a smile, saying nothing as they walked down the corridor back to her place.

Back at her door, Debra checked her phone while Wallace fumbled in his coat pocket for the key. It was almost 1am - late, but not so late for a Friday night that they should go to bed quite yet. After they got inside Debra sat on the edge of the bed, Wallace following her lead and sitting next to her.

"So... now what?", he asked.

Internally, Debra knew what she wanted to do. Some of the goings on at the party had gotten her... worked up (particularly those people they knew getting dragged off into a threesome, which was something Debra was trying not to think too hard about right now), but she didn't feel like starting things with Wallace. It wasn't that that would be wrong, or not fun; it's just that... that wasn't what she wanted right now. She wanted to be swept off her feet, taken dramatically and unexpectedly, and that's something Wallace had never been good at.

She just about turned the computer back on when suddenly she just... stopped herself. She was choosing not to have that, she realised unexpectedly, or at least she was choosing not to try to have that. Wallace was bad at picking up on "fuck me" signals, sure, but just waiting for that to change wasn't going to help anybody.

"Um", she started.

He turned to look at her directly; his sweet, earnest face just making what she wanted to say even harder. Looking away, she tried to plunge on regardless.

"We could maybe... do... things?"

Smiling, he brushed his hair out of his eyes as he leaned in. "I could get behind that..."

"No, wait", Debra interrupted, stopping him with a hand against his chest. "I mean, maybe... you could do... things?"

There was a brief pause.

"You mean like, tongue stuff?" He blushed and looked away before continuing. "You know I'm not great at that, but if you want I-"

Debra's head fell forward against her hand. "No - I mean, thank you, but no. What I want is..."

To be fucked, she thought. To be taken dramatically and powerfully from behind, pushed face-first into the bed, the carpet, the wall - to be claimed and fucked and filled and bred and mated frenziedly and to be fucked to be fucked to be fucked, but how could she say all that to the sweet face in front of her that blushed at the mere mention of 'tongue stuff'?

"Oh... fuck it", she said finally. "Babe, you mind if I show you what I mean?"

Wallace nodded. "Sure hon, that seems-!"

It wasn't easy for Debra to pull him in against herself but she managed it somehow, cutting off his response as she pressed him hungrily to her lips. He relaxed into the movement, letting his tongue slide out and explore her mouth. That was nice, but it still wasn't what she wanted.

She pushed him backwards, and even though she didn't manage to move him at all this time he got the message and stood up off the bed. Debra then repositioned herself, turning over so that she was bending forward over the bed. "Okay", she said, now that she was safely facing away from him, "now go nuts!"

There was a distinct lack of going nuts.

"Uh...", Wallace said eventually. "Don't you want more, like, foreplay?"

Debra buried her head into the sheets. "Yeah, sometimes! But also not sometimes! Also sometimes I just want to come home and have you throw me against the bed and then fuck me super hard for like an hour until all I can do is lie there useless in a puddle of bliss! Alright?"

"Uh..." There was a tone to Wallace's voice that she hadn't heard before, but Debra was sure if she let herself look at him he'd be so bright red that she wouldn't be able to keep going. So she didn't look at him, instead just letting the last of this out directly into the surface of the bed.

"I mean, it's okay if you don't want to do that, and it's definitely not an always thing, but like, sometimes maybe?" She wriggled out of her skirt and panties, leaving herself completely open to him. "It's worth a

try maybe, right?"

There was a sudden pressure against her back, driving her firmly into the bed. She went to say something; an expression of confusion, encouragement, or just surprise, but as she felt his hands suddenly tighten around her waist all she was able to do was gasp.

"Like this?", he said behind her. His voice seemed deeper somehow, almost rumbling as he spoke in a low monotone.

"Y...", Debra answered, unable to get a whole word out at first. "Yes ple- auhhmm..."

She'd trailed off as, without warning, she felt him press up against her. She couldn't remember hearing him take his pants off, but now his stiff cock was brushing across her delicate folds, teasing her deliciously with its brief touch.

"Are you sh- sure?" There was a hitch in his speech, as though he was struggling with the words for some reason, but that concern barely registered for Debra before she gave her response.

"Yes! Yes please take me yes yes y-!"

Wallace had taken a second or so after her first 'yes' to gather himself, but then he rapidly cut her off as he pushed into her. As promised there was no foreplay, no effort to ease her into this slowly. He simply pressed his cock deep inside her in one single thrust, melting her words into one long incoherent gasp. He always had been big, especially compared to her size, and the effect of being filled utterly in an instant was enough to make Debra jolt with pleasure only just short of pain.

He stayed like that for a moment, and while they were still so absolutely connected she felt him shift, lowering his body down over her so that his hands were pressing down firmly on her shoulders. He was panting, Debra realised belatedly - great desperate breaths almost right in her ear.

"I... need..." he was saying between taking gulps of air, "I can't... I need... I have... need... I... have... rrrhhhhrrr"

This time it was his turn to trail off, as Debra made a move of her own. Shifting herself slightly, she moved against him in an attempt to stimulate him further, trying to somehow massage his cock with the inside of herself. "Yes, please!", she gasped. "Please, do it! Give in! Fuck! Me! HARD!"

She heard his breathing change. All of a sudden it lost its laboured tone, becoming instead the strong, steady breaths of someone absolutely in charge. That was as far as her thoughts got before she was once again pushed dramatically into the bed, Wallace pressing his hips powerfully against her one more time before drawing himself back out. Immediately he settled into a rhythm, thrusting into her again and again as he focussed completely on fucking her as hard as he could.

Somehow, in amongst the overwhelming sensations of his cock filling her over and over again, Debra realised that the sound of his breathing had changed again. It wasn't any less steady than before, but it was still... different. It came in heavy snorts, but it didn't sound like a noise he should have been able to make, and certainly wasn't one she was used to. She absolutely didn't want him to stop, but Debra couldn't help from wondering just what was going on.

She got her answer about a minute later. Without warning she felt him shift above her once again, and this time his hands locked firmly against her left shoulder and thigh. In one powerful movement he spun her over, driving another gasp from Debra as he repositioned her onto her back.

He was different. Wallace, her loving boyfriend, was visibly, notably different. She noticed his face first; his nose and mouth had pushed out slightly into some sort of muzzle, the wide, open nostrils contributing to the harsh breaths that had confused her earlier. But there was more to it than just that - his ears seemed long and floppy against the side of his head, his hair had grown out into some sort of mane, and while she watched she saw two bone-white horns slide almost gracefully out through the top of it.

He gave her no time to appreciate the rest of his changes any further. Instead he simply snorted heavily, and pressed urgently inside her once again.

If anything, his rhythm now was even more demanding - there was an urgency to his movements that bordered on frenzy, and it was all Debra could do to fight to keep her eyes open against the overpowering sensations he was bombarding her with. He'd lifted her legs up now, locking her knees against his waist as he fought for every ounce of leverage he could use to fuck her more fiercely, and as he did so Debra distantly registered his fingers feeling cold and hard against her skin - becoming, she somehow knew, something closer to hooves.

The changes swept over him entirely while she watched, a dense mat of shaggy brown fur cascading down his torso, his shirt ripping open in a dozen places as his body bulged with powerful muscles. And the whole time he kept thrusting into her urgently, flecks of foam dotting his muzzle as he lost himself in bestial abandon.

He cried out as he came; a great, wordless cry that sounded more like the bellow of a bull than anything that could come from a human throat. Debra could see a thin cord of a tail whip out behind him, but she was much more focussed on how he clutched her desperately close, his now even-larger cock spurting into her again and again as her body strained to contain it all.

After several long, shuddering moments he released her unceremoniously, dropping her back down to the bed as his need abated. Debra was content to lie there for a long time, basking in the afterglow, and for his part Wallace seemed to be doing the same - just holding himself steady against the end of the bed and breathing heavily. Eventually Debra recovered herself, sitting back up slowly, but despite the fact that several minutes had gone past Wallace was still just staring blankly into space.

"Wallace?," Debra asked eventually. "Are you okay?" She shifted over, crossing her legs as she turned to face him.

It was like a fog cleared behind his eyes, and after a few seconds Wallace blinked and shook his bovine muzzle. "Uhrf", he said slowly, his voice rich and sonorous. "I'm... I'm fine. Are you okay babe?"

Debra let out a sigh of relief. "Okay, yeah. I'm fine. I... god." She fell back against the bed, unable to keep a smile from her face. "Sorry, I know that this is super fucking weird, but is it okay if I'm okay with it for now on account of just having been the most fucked I've ever been in my life?"

Wallace didn't respond. When the silence stretched on for a little while Debra propped herself up on her elbows to look back at him. His eyes had glazed over again, and his head swung around in her direction

slowly, as though he was being drawn magnetically towards her now that her legs were once again uncrossed. He took a deep draught of air through his flaring nose, and as his cock began to stiffen up realization suddenly dawned on Debra.

"Aw, you're in a rut, aren't you baby? All worked up on the scent of a female?" She opened her legs wide, smiling as she saw him shudder at the effect that movement had on him. "Well go on then you brute - come and get it."

She didn't have to ask twice.



The WALLFLOWER

A: Hey!

K: Oh, hey! Wasn't expecting you to be around tonight.

K: Didn't you say your roommate was having a party?

A: Yeah...

A: I'm not **super** up for going to that though?

K: Really?

K: C'mon, it's a wild party in a college dorm

K: Filled with at least one sexy woman

K: ;)

A: ...

A: I'm assuming that was supposed to be a compliment.

A: Unless you've just decided to start randomly hitting on my roommate.

K: Yeah because I've been keeping this long distance thing going for a year despite us being 12 hours drive apart

K: But I think now is the time to throw that all in and start hitting on another girl **equally** far away

A: Haha, okay, fine, whatever dork.

A: But anyway, I just.

A: Ugh.

A: I only just met her recently anyway. I don't even really know her, or anyone she's invited.

K: Oh hey, I've heard there's this really great thing for getting to know people

K: It's called A PARTY

A: Ehhhh...

K: You should make an appearance at least

K: That's probably a better idea than just hiding in your room all night

K: Plus, you never know, you could meet some actual cool folks to hang out with

K: That could be fun

A: UGH.

A: FINE.

A: I'LL GO AND MAKE FRIENDS AND BE SOCIABLE AND HAVE **FUN**.

A: BLURHHHHHHHHH

K: Well, sounds like you're already in the right frame of mind.

K: Go get 'em!

A: You suck.

A: I'm out.

A: Enjoy sitting there by yourself while I have fun with my roommate and whatever I guess.

K: I will!

K: :)

A: Back.

K: 30 minutes huh? That's about as long as I was expecting.

A: Pffff, shut up.

A: I did pretty well for myself, *thank you*.

A: I talked to a person.

A: I listened to some music.

A: I even had some of the punch!

A: All the classic party stuff.

K: Oh yeah?

K: What was the person's name?

A: ...

A: Okay so for one -

A: I hate you.

A: And secondly -

A: ...

A: ...I'm like 75% sure it was Tom

K: Hahaha

K: Yes, forgive me for all of my doubts

K: Clearly you are the queen of parties.

A: Man, whatever.

A: I did my bit, showed my face, now I'm back.

A: Mission accomplished.

A: What are you doing over there?

K: Me?

K: I was just kicking around on the internet, really.

A: Oh yeah?

A: Just 'kicking around' on the internet, huh?

A: That what it's called now?

K: If you know a better thing to call waiting for my subscription payment to HornySlutsInYourArea.Org to go through, I'd be happy to hear it

K: :)

A: Man, is that even a website?

K: What?

K: No, of course not

A: I know, I know

A: I know you were just joking.

A: I was just wondering if that was a real site.

A: Looks like it isn't.

A: :(

K: Uh
K: Yeah.
K: I'm sure something like that exists somewhere if you want.
K: I mean, I wouldn't know *personally*
K: But I'd imagine so.
A: Yeah, sure
A: How're you feeling?
K: Uh...
K: Good?
K: You?
A: I'm, uh
A: I'm feeling like
A: Uh
A: Could you just hit on me some more or something?
K: ?
A: Just be like
A: "Hey you want to do stuff now or something because I'm super horny"
K: Your super horny?
A: No, you're supposed to be
A: But also yes
K: .
K: Oh hey suddenly I'm not wearing pants anymore
A: Haha
A: Good, correct.
A: Man I don't know, I just
A: I've suddenly gotten really... worked up
A: I don't know why
A: That's why I left the party actually
A: I had to leave to go somewhere to take care of this
K: i am 100% behind this
K: sorry, can't do the percent sign with 1 hand
A: I just feel really
A: Hot?
A: Like, really hot
A: But in a good way
A: Like I cannot remember the last time I felt this horny and it felt so good
A: Maybe that time you came and visited after we hadn't seen each other for 2 months
A: And then just when you took off your pants
A: Right at that moment when I saw your stiff cock
A: I think just then I was almost as horny as I am right now
K: y
K: y
A: I'm glad you approve
A: Because I don't think I can stop
A: I fffffff
A: ffffff
A: jesus fuck i just touched myself and i think i just fucking melted
A: what the fuck i am sitting in an actual puddle of horniness
A: i

A: i need to keep going
K: y
K: yes keep going yes
A: god i don't have a choice
A: i cant not
A: i need it
A: I need it
K: y
A: god i need it i need it i n
A: eed it i
A: i
A: ;oh;oagu;of
A: fffffff
A: god thats still not enough
A: i need cum
A: i really really need it
A: i dont know why
A: but im so thirsty or hot or hungry or something
A: and i need it so badly
K: y
A: no you dont understand
A: i actually need it
A: not in a lets sex chat at each other kind of way
A: i mean in a for real im so horny if i dont get taken care of i am gonna scream
A: kind of way
K: dude there is a whole party of people next door
A: i knowwww
A: im trying to keep quiet
K: no i mean just
K: go get one of them
A: ?//?/?!
A: what
K: no for real
K: find some guy in there and tell him you really need to suck his dick
A: augfogh
A: oh fuck i just came from you saying that
K: well that probably means its a good idea?
K: seriously though, you can go do that
A: really really?
K: really really
K: i don't know, maybe that's kind of hot?
K: my girlfriend being so desperately horny she HAS to rush out and suck some cock
K: even if its not mine?
K: yeah that's pretty good
A: uhn,.mndf,m]
K: Amanda
K: Go out right now and beg some guy to suck his cock
K: That's an order
A: ohbnfbgfnm

A: y

A: yes i came again and yes

A: brb

It was less than 5 minutes before Kenneth's computer started to ring with Amanda's incoming call. She'd started a video chat, obviously deciding that she wasn't going to be able to keep typing during what happened next. Kenneth had a brief moment of quiet panic as he wondered whether he should have his video on or not too.

In the end, he decided not. That way he could just be a watcher, some anonymous and distant entity watching as his girlfriend was fucked. After a second's thought, he muted his microphone too.

If Amanda noticed his decisions, she didn't comment on them. As soon as he answered she pulled back from her computer, standing up and pushing her chair a little to one side.

"Meet Tom honey", she said softly, leading a man into frame by one hand. "Oh", she added, "and he's brought his girlfriend too. Meet Denise." In the corner, a somewhat mousy-looking black girl waved shyly.

Kenneth nodded to her unthinkingly, forgetting for a moment that his camera was off, but his attention quickly went back to the guy. He seemed... Kenneth didn't really know how to categorise him, but he seemed good and solid, fairly well-built and up to the task. A little bro-looking, like he was active in some sport or fraternity, but then again, Kenneth couldn't entirely say that look wasn't helpful for the situation. He looked fit, at least; as Amanda sat him down on her chair, swept her long blonde hair back from her face and lowered herself to her knees. She looked up at the guy, locking her big brown eyes with his and blinking with a contrived, desperate innocence as she pushed up her small cute tits to make them look bigger.

"Please sir", she breathed, "please can I suck your cock?"

"Uh... yeah babe", he answered, "why don't you go ahead a-"

Clearly he'd meant to say more, but he was interrupted as Amanda seemingly launched herself at him, her hands pulling at the fly of his jeans in a genuinely startling frenzy. "Fffuck", she gasped, "I need it bad I need it bad..."

Within moments she'd managed to wrench aside his pants, his boxers providing little further resistance. There a brief pause as Tom's cock slipped free, standing up urgently as soon as it was released. Amanda stared at it wordlessly, her first reaction being a slow but visible strand of drool sliding down her lips. Then, in one more sudden burst of movement, she moved forward and enveloped him, her mouth sliding all the way down to his base in moments.

Tom jerked backwards slightly at her assault, his hands clenching reflexively against the plastic of the chair. "Fffuuuuuck", he breathed, struggling to regain himself enough to form words. "Jesus man", he said eventually, "your girlfriend is a-mazing. Fffuuuck! My... my compliments to the chef dude."

Kenneth wasn't sure how he was allowed to feel about that comment, but he caught sight of Amanda smiling just a little bit wider around Tom's cock, and then suddenly he realised that it was okay. It absolutely was okay. His girlfriend was being used as a fuck toy by some other man, and he was getting complimented about how good she was, and she was enjoying that. And behind Amanda, he saw the other girl starting to lean just a little bit more heavily against the wall, one hand pressed indelicately inside the hem of her own skirt.

A moan from Amanda brought Kenneth's attention back to her. She'd changed position slightly, and now she had both hands hiked up behind Tom's ass, using the leverage to help him fill her mouth even more powerfully without him having to do any work himself. She kept at that rhythm for several moments, her eyes rolling backwards as her face glistened with sweat. Abruptly she broke away, pulling off of Tom entirely and looking up at him.

"Please!", she gasped, having to pause as she worked her tongue for a second to swallow the heady mix of drool and pre-cum that was flooding her mouth. "Please, I need you to fuck me and take me and please, please, please!" She looked about frantically, addressing her question to Tom, Kenneth, Denise - everyone, anyone, desperate for an answer.

Denise responded first, gasping audibly as her knees buckled slightly, before following that with an enthusiastic nod. Tom followed suit almost instantly, nodding so rapidly that the motion caused Amanda's sizeable breasts to visibly wobble as she rested on top of him. Finally, the eyes of everyone in the room turned to rest on the camera, as Kenneth belatedly realised they were waiting for his input. The phrase "K is typing something" appeared briefly, before being replaced with simply:

K: y

Amanda all but screamed as she thrust herself fiercely back against Tom, having spun around in an instant to let herself get impaled on his cock. She gasped and moaned as he began pressing into her, falling onto all fours with her hands pawing vaguely at the ground. Tom rose up as she went down, kicking the chair out behind him as he shifted to give himself better leverage.

"Ffuuck!", he gasped. "God, she's so fucking wet dude! It's insane!" He paused briefly, fumbling around with one hand for a moment until he managed to get a firm grasp on her chin. Then he pulled back against her - not enough to hurt, but enough for Amanda to feel him gripping her fiercely. "You're quite the little slut, aren't you?", he hissed.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Amanda was panting all but incoherently, focussing first on ensuring she was filling herself over and over again with his cock, and only distantly managing to respond to the question she was being asked. "Oh ffuuUUCK yes!"

"Get her to say she's a slut." To his credit, Tom barely broke his stride as Denise unexpectedly spoke up. She only had one eye open, and was barely holding herself upright against the wall as she masturbated openly, her clothes now completely pushed aside. "Make her say how much of a slut you've made her as she begs for your cum!"

Almost contemptuously, Tom slowed his rhythm down until he was barely moving inside her, much to Amanda's obvious distress. He tightened his grip against her chin, pulling her back around enough that he could just about look her in the eye despite being behind her.

"What are you?", he growled.

"Slut!", she answered automatically, her response at first too quick to even form a sentence around. "I'm a slut! I'm a slut please make me a slut let me be a slut I need to be I have to please you need to cum and make me a good slut please please I need it please!"

Tom's grip loosened somewhat, and with her newfound freedom Amanda turned her head to face towards the camera before she continued, making sure to include Kenneth in her desperate begging.

"I'm a slut!", she gasped urgently. "I'm a slut honey god I'm such a slut you need to fuck me someone needs to fuck me everyone needs to fuck me I can't help it I need it I need cock..." She hung on that last word for a few moments, drawing it out just as Tom slid slowly back inside her one more time. "I need to be fucked always and I need cum and I need it so badly I can't I need I have to I need I need I need!"

Kenneth locked eyes with her through the screen, watching her tongue fall limply to the side of her mouth as she ran out of words, unable to express herself with anything beyond urgent, animalistic grunts. She was so wet he could swear he could see liquid completely coating the inside of her thighs, and all the while she had such a look of desperate, uncontrollable lust on her face. That was his girlfriend, the sweet little Amanda he'd been with for almost two years, begging wordlessly for cock. She needed it, she was such a slut that she needed it with a physical force, and that need could be unleashed whenever he - or anyone else - wanted.

Kenneth came. He announced the moment with a burst of letters into the chat, sparking a chain reaction as Amanda came at the sight of it, while Tom and Denise both came in response to her. The effect on Amanda was profound, she reared up abruptly, her hands pawing frantically at the air while her hips rocked to the rhythm of Tom surging into her again and again. Her whole body shook as he filled her, and behind her a veritable stream of thick, viscous liquid flowed down from her slit.

"Uh-uhnnn!", she cried, her eyes screwed shut tight as she pressed down fiercely, desperate to be filled as much as possible. "Yes! Yes! I need it, yes!"

Suddenly, Kenneth noticed - she was changing colour. It had been happening for some time he released, but it was only now that it crossed some threshold and he actually noticed it. Her pink skin shifted as he watched, becoming a sort of pale blue. More than that, she wasn't sweating - she was dripping, every part of her body now clearly slickly wet. Her outline faded a little as her body smoothed out, but all the while her face stayed clearly defined, even against her now-cerulean flesh. Her smile only grew wider as the changes swept over her, while her eyes remained resolutely closed against the waves of all-consuming bliss that visibly shook through her every time Tom gave another urgent thrust. One of her hands pressed up firmly against her breasts - and only now did Kenneth realise they'd already grown significantly. Somehow they responded even further now, surging outwards as she massaged them into a new, pendulous form with ease.

"Yesssss", she hissed, her voice now sultry and thick. It was like she slowly came fully into focus, her body becoming somehow translucent. Inside her, Kenneth could suddenly see a great mass of whiteness - cum, he realised belatedly. The only thing in her that stood out from the rest of the gooey blue mass that made up her body was the cum that Tom had pumped into her, a pool that was only just beginning to stop growing as his pace finally died down.

Amanda clearly knew where it was too, even if she couldn't see it herself. Shifting to rest easily on her

knees, her hands moved down to rub at her belly contentedly, tracing over the bleached white area almost delicately. Then, with another drifting, blissful smile she began moving her hands upwards, sliding them softly along the outside of her slick flesh. The whiteness inside her moved too, drawn upwards somehow by her actions. Within moments it had travelled through her chest, shifting up the inside of her neck until finally it finished at the inside of her mouth, thickly coating her lips from within.

She purred. Kenneth had never heard her make a noise like that before, but there was no other word to describe it - it was a sound of absolute, animal contentment. She licked her lips endlessly, every drop of the cum remaining resolutely held in that one spot, ensuring she could savour the taste for as long as she wanted.

There was a dull thud as Tom landed heavily in the chair behind her, utterly spent. He seemed utterly unconcerned with everything happening to Amanda - unconcerned with everything at all even, his eyes drifting closed and a doozy, blissed-out grin on his face. Amanda barely reacted as he fell backwards, just shifting her mass easily so that she was left standing up at full height when he hit the chair. What was left of her clothes just fell away too, landing as a pile beneath her on the floor. Just like Tom she seemed completely unconcerned, like everything that had happened was entirely positive and not the least cause for alarm. Somehow, Kenneth found himself following their examples and feeling the same way.

Movement caught both of their attentions, Amanda turning slightly to face Denise as she walked out from the wall towards her. Denise looked almost reverential, stepping slowly and deliberately forwards until she sank to her knees in front of her.

"Please", she whispered. "Please, I... I need it too..."

Amanda flowed forwards, lowering herself to Denise's height without seeming to bend in any way. "You do, don't you?", she said softly. Her lips were pure white, and Denise clearly couldn't take her eyes off them. "You want to be a nice, eager slut like me, don't you?"

Denise whimpered, and Kenneth could see a long line of her own slickness sliding out from under her awkwardly pulled aside skirt.

"Mhmm, good girl", Amanda finished, sweeping her into a deep, passionate kiss.

Denise returned the kiss hungrily, and Kenneth could see her tongue sliding around desperately within Amanda's mouth, lapping at her sweet slickness from the inside. Amanda let her carry on for a few moments, simply smiling happily at the girl's enthusiastic attentions, before placing a wet but firm hand on top of her head and pushed her slowly away. Denise parted only reluctantly, several long strands of white joining the two of them before they eventually separated completely.

Keeping Denise carefully at arm's length for the time being, Amanda turned her attention back to the camera. "So honey", she purred, "are you ready to watch as I turn this nice girl into a good, dripping slut?"

Kenneth hit the 'Y' key so hard it almost broke, somehow already hard again himself. It took several more seconds before he remembered he had to hit enter too.

Seeing his eventual reply, Amanda responded with a predatory grin. "Good..." She turned back to Denise,

looking down at her commandingly. "Well then, let's get on with the show."

In an instant she swept around Denise, flowing around her like water until she was cradling her from behind. She repositioned her gently until Denise was sitting on the ground, her legs drifting unresistingly open as Amanda easily tore away the sodden remains of her skirt. She leaned forwards, sending one slick arm down over her heaving chest, sliding it easily into the girl's waiting slit. From there she began simply massaging softly, coaxing a steady streams of low moans from her as she sunk back further and further into her embrace.

"I'm going to show you how good it feels", she whispered, her still-white lips barely inches from Denise's ear. "Doesn't it feel so good?"

"Y-yes", Denise answered, her trembling voice barely audible.

"Don't you just want to feel like this always?", Amanda continued, ever so slightly increasing the speed of her hand.

Denise bit her lip and nodded, her face screwed up in an expression of barely-contained lust.

"Good girl...", Amanda cooed. She leaned even closer, her tongue sliding slowly out of her mouth, and Kenneth saw that now it was thickly white; the colour draining from her lips as her tongue slipped free. She began drawing it slowly across Denise's face, causing the other girl to roll her head back blissfully, succumbing utterly to the overwhelming sensations Amanda was bestowing on her. After every pass of Amanda's tongue, that patch of Denise's skin seemed to stay perpetually slick, drops slowly beginning to collect down beneath her chin.

Drawing herself back up after a few moments of devoted attention, Amanda whispered once again into Denise's ear. "You need it, don't you? You're already so thirsty, you need this..."

At that last sentence Amanda had sped up her hand's movements even further, sliding it fully in and out of Denise's aching slit while somehow massaging her clit in a separate motion with her palm. With her other hand she grabbed at Denise's chest firmly, pausing only briefly to tear the last of her clothes aside. With that accomplished she began playing her wet fingers across her breasts, taking considerable care to toy playfully with both nipples in turn.

Denise could do little more than gasp with each fresh stimulation, every part of her melting into the absolute pleasure Amanda provided. She was visibly straining in an attempt to answer Amanda's question - to even remember that there had been a question, that she needed to respond in some way in order to keep this all going. "Yes", she managed eventually. "Yes, please I need it please..."

Sweeping the hand on her breasts upwards, Amanda grasped her firmly by the chin, turning her to face the camera and lock eyes with their audience. "Do you promise to be a good slut", she hissed, pressing her other hand slowly inside her for emphasis. "Ready, willing and eager to be filled and taken on demand. On anyone's demand?"

"Yes!", she gasped, hips pushing forwards desperately in an unthinking attempt to be fucked harder. "Yes please yes yes yesss..."



Amanda let go of her chin, moving her hand back down to her breasts, but this time as she massaged them they began to respond, swelling outwards to become just as large as Amanda's within moments. "Do you promise to be a big-titted slut always", Amanda continued, pumping her other hand rapidly into Denise's slit, "slick and wet and always ready to put on a show for anyone who could be watching?"

Denise was barely capable of words, only the fact that she clearly knew she had to ensure her eyes stayed locked with the camera to provide the best possible show kept her head from thrashing around insensibly. "Yes!", she answered in a desperate shriek, "yes yes yes fffuck YES!"

Once again, Amanda whipped around with startling speed, only this time the majority of her body stayed where it was, her head and shoulders somehow wrapping around independently to pin Denise in an all-encompassing kiss. The other girl sunk into it as she relented utterly, giving all of herself to Amanda without a second thought. Kenneth could see through Amanda's blue flesh as she pressed them together, and as he watched the white disappeared entirely from her tongue, pumping itself into Denise's waiting mouth.

The two of them were bound up so tightly, it looked as though Amanda was pushing herself into Denise from every possible angle, and for her part Denise shuddered and jerked as she orgasmed emphatically. Suddenly Kenneth noticed her body changing, pulses of colour shooting out from where she was being filled, sweeping over her flesh in moments until she too was the same shade of cerulean blue as Amanda. Her body rippled and softened, her form melting easily into the same substance as her mistress as Amanda finally made her what she wanted to become.

They parted a few moments later with an audibly wet noise, Denise already eagerly licking her newly white lips. "Mhmmm, good girl...", Amanda sighed. "I told you it felt good, didn't I?"

Wordlessly, Denise nodded, sliding her own slick hand down to meet Amanda's in her dripping wet folds, eagerly working herself over yet again. "God, yes", she moaned, "I need to do that always, I need to do that over and over and over... if I can just get to taste more cum..."

Kenneth came. He sent another startled burst of letters through the chat to announce it, and both girls on the other side of the screen smiled happily in response.

"I'm glad you approve honey", Amanda said with a sly grin. Nodding her head to the side, she drew Kenneth's attention to Tom, just beginning to stir again in the chair. "Now if you don't mind, I think the two of us have some serious cock sucking to do."

There was a long pause as the screen read only "K is typing something" for several moments. Eventually that phrase disappeared, replaced by one simple sentence.

K: I'll see you in 12 hours.



The Time I **FUCKED MYSELF** *into an* **ANIMAL SEX MONSTER**

Uh, hi. Now that I think about it, I'm not... I'm not entirely sure where to start.

Well, uh, my name's Bonnie Adams, and this is the story of the time I fucked myself into an animal sex monster, I guess. I should probably start at the beginning...

It was at that party. In retrospect, that's pretty obvious. At the time though, it just seemed like a fairly standard college party. My room was a couple of doors down so I was just invited as a matter of course, and seeing as it was near the start of the semester I didn't know too many people yet, so I decided to go along. It was - well, like I said, it was pretty standard. The host was some cheerleader wannabe, but I only talked to her briefly when she first answered the door, and after that she was focussed mostly on entertaining the other cheerleaders. I don't think I can even remember her name. Candy? It could have been Candy. She seemed like a Candy. Anyway.

Before long I'd settled into my standard routine - leaning up against a wall, watching the party go past and nodding my head to the beat of the music. Yeah, I know it's cliché - the goth girl standing on the side of the party, but whatever, it's how I chill out. There's something nice about being around people, but not having to like, interact with them all the time. I remember the most annoying thing was that there was already a girl standing in the best spot (the wall by the door, close enough to the food table that people would be around, but not so close to the open areas where people congregate that you'd get caught up in conversation accidentally. Detailed I know, but call me a connoisseur of places to stand at a party, I guess), some punk-ish looking girl who was busy trying to look like she hadn't noticed the nerdy farm kid staring at her. That kid was drinking a lot of punch, come to think of it. I wonder what ever happened to him?

Sorry, anyway, I found another spot for myself without too much trouble. I was wondering how long I was going to actually stay, when I saw her. Actually, let me rephrase that - she saw me. She was cute, a sweet little Asian girl; with short black hair and stylish glasses. She looked put together, like she'd taken a lot of time to get ready for the party (she had, I found out later), but she still looked kind of... subdued, I guess is the word for it - like she'd gone through a lot of effort to look cute, but not so cute that she

risked attracting too much attention. Sidekick cute, that's the phrase we eventually came up with for it. Well, anyway, this girl locks eyes with me across the room, swings by the table to grab a cup of punch, and walks over.

Like I said, she was cute, so I thought I'd throw her a bone. I smiled as she drew up, raising my cup of coke in a little salute. "Hey, my name's Bonnie. What's yours?"

"Clyde", she replied instantly. The second she said it I saw her cheeks redden, and I could tell it was an automatic response, like it had occurred to her and she'd blurted it out without thinking.

I raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Y- no. No, sorry. It's, uh, just Jane." She was looking away, the blush threatening to overwhelm her face entirely. It was only then that I realised just how nervous she was. She was going out on a limb to talk to someone new, sure, but it was clearly more than that. She was really nervous about talking to me, specifically. She liked me, or liked the look of me, at least. I can't say I didn't like that feeling.

I should probably stop here for a moment to explain something about myself. My sexuality is like - well, let's just say on a scale from 1 to 7, I'm like, the letter D. I don't really give a shit about gender, is what I'm trying to say, or like, the normal things people are supposed to like? I like cute, and I like people that like me. And right now, this girl was definitely two for two.

Oh, my other criteria is that people are interesting and not assholes too, but I was willing to take that on faith with this girl for now.

So with all of that, is it any surprise that I warmed to this girl? Even her joke about my name came across as desperate enthusiasm rather than just the same teasing I'd heard a million times before. I smiled, and, hooking a finger under her chin, delicately turned her back to face me. "Well, hello Jane", I said, putting on my best sultry voice. "Pleased to meet you."

My god, you could practically hear the 'thud' of her panties hitting the floor. Having someone being so completely into you, well, it's kind of intoxicating. She was practically melting in my hands.

"You, uh, fancy going somewhere quiet where we can talk?", I added.

She nodded, then blinked for a moment, as though she was snapping out of whatever haze she was currently in. "Hold on", she said quickly, "let me just let the who I came with know." She turned around, yelling over her shoulder, "hey Albert, I'm heading off! Bonnie here is going to show me around!"

On the other side of the room, that nerdy kid looked over and nodded. He was talking to two other people who looked to be a couple (although I noticed he'd positioned himself so that he could keep an eye on the girl in the corner at the same time); some mousey-looking girl and a generic jock-ish dude. They looked over too, with the jock guy grinning hugely. "Nice!", he called back, giving two enthusiastic thumbs up. "Go get yourself some hot goth lesbian action!"

Turning back to Jane, I saw her face reddening dramatically once again. "Oh my god please can we just go?", she mumbled. Laughing, I took her by the hand and led her outside as she finished her drink in one gulp.

It wasn't long until we were back at my place, and she followed wordlessly behind me as we made our way to my bedroom. On opening the door, she had the standard look of quiet surprise. I should point out here that my room is basically a check on whether or not I want to spend time with people - almost every available surface is plastered with Lord of the Rings posters or merchandise. Mostly of Legolas. I know I said I'm not normally one for standard levels of attractiveness, but yeah - Legolas can goddamn destroy some pussies. Deal with it.

Anyway, most people are surprised to see such a goth-looking girl harbouring such a heavy enthusiasm for dorky fantasy, and how they handle that is my last-level jerk test. If they mock me for it, they're out. If not, cool. It might sound mean laid out like that, but I've found it's easiest just to come right out with 'hey here's this dumb thing I super like', and if they can't at least deal with it, well, we're probably not going to get on overall.

This girl though, Jane, her eyes just went a little wide as she took in the whole room. "Wow", she said quietly, "you like Lord of the Rings, do you?"

I was standing under a massive poster of Legolas, pouting directly at my bed. Wordlessly, I nodded.

"Cool", she responded. "I thought those movies were pretty cool too."

Internally, I nodded. Good enough for me.

"So... do you want to talk?", she added, blushing a little again now that she'd gone back to looking directly at me.

I smiled. "Not particularly." My hands were already on her shoulders, drawing her slowly closer. "Unless you want to, that is."

"N... no", she answered, her voice barely more than a whisper. "I'm good with... this..."

I drew her in, and we kissed. We kissed like, a lot.

For that first night, that was it. We made out a ton, which was great, and then we really did talk a bit, but after that I sent her on her way before it got super late. She seemed sad to have to leave, but agreed it was probably a good idea. The next day was Saturday, so there was plenty of time to sleep in, but for some reason I... couldn't. I only got to sleep at something like 3am, but even so at 7 I was up, feeling surprisingly restless. I guess that was the first sign that something was up. Well, that and some weird noises (neighs?) coming from down the corridor, but at the time I just wrote that off as some jerk watching a western really loudly for some reason. I figured that was what had woken me up, but even after the noises stopped I couldn't get back to sleep. I needed to be up and doing something, although I didn't really know then what that something was. Something, though.

In the end, I went for a walk. I'm not really a morning walk kind of person, but it seemed like the best idea I could think of to burn off my excess energy. The campus was surprisingly quiet, although it's not like I'd ever been out that early on the weekend before, so it was probably just normal for early Saturday

morning. I wasn't aiming for anywhere in particular, just wandering around, but as I was walking along a path between some big bushes I heard what could only be described as a squeak.

Looking closer, there was a slight trail of broken branches off to one side. In retrospect I suppose it could have been dangerous, or that it was most likely to be someone sleeping rough, but at the time... I was curious. I pushed through the bushes, stepping out into a small area concealed from the view of anyone walking past on the path. And there, lying on the ground in front of me, was Jane.

My first thought was one of concern, but she was fine. Well, mostly, fine. She wasn't hurt, certainly, but she was lying on her back in the dirt, her skirt hiked up and to the side as she masturbated furiously.

I was surprised. That's pretty understandable, right? I'd last seen her something like 5 hours ago, and now here she was lying on the ground just a few hundred feet away, busy working herself over. She looked up as I arrived, and just at that moment she shivered, her body tensing up as she squeaked her way through yet another orgasm. I didn't know whether it was because of my arrival or if I'd just happened to show up at the right time (I know now it was a bit of both, but at the time I didn't, at least), but once that had passed her desperate gasps were very quickly replaced by yet another massive blush. This time she seemed in danger of having her whole body turn red, so I did her the courtesy of at least looking away while she composed herself.

Still, I can't say I wasn't curious as to just what had happened. While still discreetly looking away I whispered, "are you okay? What happened?"

She said something in response, but it was so quiet I couldn't make it out. She hastily got to her feet, at which point I did manage to hear her mumble "sorry sorry I'm fine sorry", before abruptly running out through the bushes. I tried to follow her, to calm her down or at least get an explanation, but she'd taken off in a dead sprint as soon as she'd reached the path, so by the time I made my way out there she was already disappearing into the distance.

At this point, I was - well, confused would be putting it lightly. This wasn't exactly a normal Saturday for me, y'know? I didn't know how to feel right then, but seeing as I didn't know where she was staying I couldn't really go after her. I wound up going back to my own room more or less by default. Pretty soon I was lying back on my bed and just thinking about everything that had happened.

I'm not sure when it started exactly. I can't remember making a conscious decision about it, it was more of a sort of slow realisation that I was already masturbating, my hand having slid down my body almost of its own accord. Something about it just really turned me on - well, no, I knew exactly what it was that had gotten me going. Remember how I said I liked people that liked me? Well, here was a girl who apparently liked me so much that she couldn't even wait to get all the way home to start enthusiastically fantasizing after we'd made out. That should have been at least a little bit creepy, but somehow it just... wasn't. I didn't realise at the time that there was a more... direct reason why I was so turned on, of course, but in the moment it felt like I had enough of an explanation for things to make sense. So I just sort of... went with it.

I masturbate reasonably regularly normally. Maybe somewhere around 2-3 times a week, more when the light hits that Legolas poster just right (shut up, I know, whatever). It's normally at the end of the day, a nice little bonus to help me drift off to sleep happy. This... this was something else. It just kept going, every time I thought I'd scratched the itch it just got stronger, until eventually I'd gone from lying back blissfully on my bed to kneeling at the foot of it, hunched over myself and desperately trying to fill

my aching slit enough to just cum. Actually, that wasn't even the problem - I was certainly cumming, more than I can ever remember doing in my entire life. The insides of my thighs were soaked, and long strands of slick fluid connected my fingers every time I switched hands, but I just needed... more, somehow. I needed something big, something emphatic, and I had no idea what that was. Until, very suddenly, I did.

There was a... push. I don't know how else to explain it. Something inside of me gave, and then I was curled up almost completely, something deep within me clenching and releasing desperately. I staggered upwards, not knowing what I needed to do, but knowing I needed to shift position somehow, until eventually I was leaning forwards against the foot of my bed, my knees spread apart on the floor beneath me.

And then, well, then I came.

I've had orgasms before, obviously - I'd had several in the long minutes leading up to this even - but have you ever had one of those ones where you're just, like, floating? Where everything else falls away, and all you are is just bliss and like, pure fucking? I'd only had it once before then, when I'd been with someone who'd been able to just fuck me raw, and one day she'd gotten something like eight orgasms out of me in a row, and by the end of it I just couldn't even think anymore; I was just a mess of sopping wet lust. Well, this was like that, but without the achingly slow leadup that we'd needed to get there - I went straight from thinking about Jane, to maybe five minutes of increasingly frenzied masturbation, to absolute, unthinking bliss.

In amongst all of this, I somehow managed to feel the sensation of something slipping out of me. I actually probably wouldn't have even noticed, given how high I was on all the like, fuckbliss, except for the fact that it was clearly what was causing that sensation, so you're damn right I noticed it. I shuddered once more dramatically and it finally came free, rolling to a stop on the sodden carpet floor. After a few panting moments I turned around to see exactly what 'it' was.

It was an egg. A smooth, white egg, slightly larger than one of my fists. I had just laid an egg, and it was one of the best feelings of my life.

Again, it's safe to say I was pretty confused by this.

It took me a while to start to think anything again really - for quite some time I just stayed propped up against my bed, breathing heavily and just, like, coming back down. Eventually though, I had to start thinking again, and actually deal with this problem.

Step one was breaking that egg up and flushing it down the toilet. I admit, I didn't really know enough about the biology of eggs to know if something was guaranteed to hatch out of it if I just left it, but I didn't want to take that chance. It didn't seem to have a yolk inside or anything though, just like, some weird slime. Plus the shell wasn't what I was expecting either - the whole thing was softer, more rubbery than you'd think. I didn't so much break it as I did just sort of... mush it up, then flush it away. Fortunately it seemed to go down cleanly, so I was like, well, problem solved. Problem number one, at least.

Problem number two was figuring out just what the fuck had happened. For that, there was only one person I could think of who could possibly help - Jane. Part of it was the obvious line of reasoning - she'd been around last night, it had started this morning, and plus she'd definitely been acting

weird when I ran into her outside. That was enough to make the connection, but as for why I jumped straight from "I just laid an egg" to "let's go talk to Jane about it", rather than say, going to a hospital or something - well, like I've said before, I wasn't exactly aware of all the details at that point. I knew that I really wanted to see Jane again, and I thought I had a pretty good reason for it, and that was enough for me. So, problem two would have to wait for problem three - finding Jane.

It was pretty simple, in the end. I'm not normally one for Facebook stalking, but I figured this was an exceptional circumstance. Even with a name like "Jane" there was enough of a link through friends and friends-of-friends to find her, and with her full name I was able to look her up on the campus directory to see where she was rooming. She was on the other side of the grounds, on the 8th floor of that accommodation block. Closing my laptop triumphantly, I grabbed a quick bite to eat and then set out.

By now it was starting to get to about 10am - still early, but late enough for a Saturday that there were people around. I'd gotten myself back together, wearing my standard long skirt and shirt for the walk over. The route took me past that patch of bushes (which made a lot of sense, given that Jane presumably came through there in the first place on her own way home), but when I got there I was hit by something. There was a scent in the air that I'd missed before, despite the fact that it seemed all but overpowering now. And more than that, not only could I smell it, it felt like I could almost taste it; some rich, heady note to the air that felt like it clung to my tongue.

It wasn't until someone bumped into me from behind that I realised I'd stopped in my tracks, suddenly enough that the person behind me hadn't had time to adjust their course. I staggered forwards as we both mumbled our apologies - although in their case with a distinct sideways look at me - but even after that I felt like I couldn't bring myself to keep going. There was something pulling at me - something filling up my head and keeping me from thinking straight. Before I even realised it, I was pushing my way through the bushes again.

There was nobody there. I can't tell you if I was disappointed or relieved. Even without an actual person though, it definitely felt like there was some kind of presence in that space. Jane. I could still smell her; her need, her frantic lust - it was as though this little clearing was saturated with her pheromones or something, and I was just drinking them in. I moved to the centre of the space, to where I could see the grass had been pushed flat from her lying on it, and all of a sudden I was lying there too. It felt damp. I could feel the dampness she'd left behind soaking through my skirt, and somehow that just turned me on even more.

I masturbated. In the exact same spot where I'd walked in on her not three hours ago doing the exact same thing, I put my hand inside my clothes awkwardly and started frenziedly working myself over. It was like I was in a haze - the scent of her was so rich, so thick, I couldn't think, couldn't focus on anything else; just her need, and by association, mine. I was already wet when I started, but in moments I was dripping; my thighs slick with a volume of fluid that somehow topped what I'd produced earlier that morning.

It was right then, right as I was pressing into myself desperately, that I felt something else. Not something from within this time, but a sudden pressure from outside. It felt sharp, or at least, sharp enough to be an issue on my, uh, sensitive parts, and it was enough of a shock that it pulled me out of

my haze. I stopped, shuddering slightly as I slid my hand out of my slit, and then slowly brought both of them up to my face. It was like in a horror movie, y'know - you want to see, but you go slowly because at the same time, you almost don't?

Well, my instincts were right - something had happened. Looking at my hands now, I saw that they were both completely green, as well as covered in a delicate pattern of what looked like tiny scales. My fingernails had pushed out slightly into distinct claws, making my hands overall look distinctly... reptilian. The scales went all the way down to my wrists, but as I lifted them up and stared I saw a thin trail of the liquid that coated each hand slide downwards, and I shivered as it rolled over the bare skin of my arm.

It was like - have you ever had someone blow right against your skin, so you can feel all the goosebumps rise up beneath them? This felt almost exactly like that, except concentrated into the tiny little area of that drip of liquid as it made its way down my arm. I watched open-mouthed as the skin in its path turned green, scales sliding out neatly to line that little trail all the way down to my elbow.

I didn't know what to do. I was confused, concerned, stunned, shocked, all of that - but most of all I was still insanely turned on. But now I knew at least that keeping going with this would only make things worse, and that I had to talk to Jane as soon as possible. I wiped my hands off on the grass beneath me and, trying not to focus on how weird they felt, hid them behind my back as I stepped back out on to the path.

The rest of the walk, fortunately, passed without incident. It only took about another 5 minutes to get to Jane's dorm block, and no one I went by seemed to notice my hands. Unfortunately, by the time I got to the elevator there were other people in front of me - two girls who were just stepping through the doors, and who then turned around to hold them open for me. I wasn't exactly eager to be in such close confines with random people, but in the pressure of the moment I somehow decided it would look weirder if I turned away and walked up the stairs, so I smiled thankfully and got in with them. I managed to move towards the back though, so at least they'd be facing the other direction.

And so began the longest elevator ride in my life.

Part of it was just actual time taken. The elevator itself seemed to be old and poorly serviced, so it took forever to climb between floors, and it must have stopped at least five times to let people on and off. Beyond that though, there was a much more pressing reason why it felt like that ride took forever, and that was because almost as soon as I leaned up against the back wall, I felt a sudden and dramatic weight building up inside me.

I knew what it was instantly. You can't go through something that intense and not recognise it when it starts happening again. There was another egg, and it was making its presence known now. I had to bite my lip to stifle a moan - the whole ordeal never felt anything less than extremely pleasurable - and it was only the fact that I was already supporting myself against the wall that stopped me falling to my knees. Even despite my attempted restraint, I must have whimpered loudly enough that the people in front of me turned around briefly. I shrugged, trying to play it off even as beneath my long skirt my legs locked together desperately. I could feel an intense blush swelling out over my face, the thought of which reminded me of Jane, and that just turned me on even more. Luckily the other people in the compartment seemed to satisfy their curiosity with just a brief glance, after which they turned back to face the front, leaving me to my private frustration.

It wasn't until the elevator passed the 7th floor that I was finally alone again. At that point it was all I could do to keep from falling to the floor and masturbating furiously - only the fact that other people would surely walk in on me and the fact that Jane was so close now kept me from doing just that. I've had sex in public before, so the idea of it wasn't too extreme, but never somewhere this public, and definitely never in such a way that would raise as many eyebrows as... well, laying an egg in an elevator. Even so, my resolve was razor-thin, and if the ding announcing the 8th floor had come even a few seconds later I might not have been able to hold out. As it was I stepped out into the corridor awkwardly, a thin but definitely noticeable trail of slick fluid marking the carpet behind me.

Jane's room, thankfully, was only a few doors down. I hurried over and knocked, swaying slightly to try to distract myself from the ever-present urge to just start fucking myself while I waited. She didn't answer. I found out afterwards that she was hiding in her bedroom, hoping her dormmates would get it, not realising that they weren't home. All I knew at the time though was that I needed to get inside now, and that if I didn't I was very quickly going to wind up laying an egg right in the corridor.

Eventually, I tried to the door in desperation, finding to my surprise that it was unlocked. I went inside - I know that seems bad, coming in unannounced to someone I didn't really know that well, but was it really any worse than the alternative? Anyway, at the time I didn't even bother trying to rationalise it - all I knew was that I absolutely needed to be inside, and here was my opportunity.

The inside of her place seemed nice, although honestly I didn't really pay any attention to it. As soon as I stepped inside my head turned almost automatically to the left, where I knew from the layout of these places that one of the bedrooms in these units were. I could smell her. I was amazed that I hadn't been able to smell her from outside, the air was drenched in her scent. Maybe I'd just been too distracted by the need to get out of the corridor, but now that smell was all I could focus on. She was there, I knew she was there, right inside that bedroom. I was out of public now, I could duck into their bathroom and take care of things, but - I needed to get to her. I just... did, and even though I can't remember making any sort of conscious choice I started walking over towards the door.

I could hear her now too, shifting around inside and panting heavily. She stopped as I knocked, as though she was holding her breath and hoping I wouldn't know she was there.

"P... please", I gasped. "Please open up I Nhhnnn... I..."

There was a click, and suddenly the door opened. Just a crack, but it was enough that I could see an eye looking through. It looked... yellow, but I didn't care, I knew it was her, knew she was there, and I couldn't help but drop to my knees in response. "Ff- ahmm!", I yelped, words failing me as I somehow completely lost the ability to hold back. She was there, and I was there, and she was watching me, and in that moment I just needed so absolutely that I couldn't do anything else. My hand had slipped back inside my slit, the slick wetness running down my arm, and I could feel it changing me as it went, but god, I didn't even care. I wanted it - I needed it, just like I needed so badly to cum right then, right in front of her. My other hand clenched around the hem of my skirt and tore it off me, exposing myself completely as I knelt there dripping in front of her.

"Pl... Please! I need! Y... you!"

Before I could pant out anything further, another long warning shudder ran through me. Propping myself up against the wall with one hand, the other moved to hold open my slit as much as possible, until with another jolt of all-consuming bliss I felt the second egg make its way free.

Watching me, her eye went wide. All of this had taken less than a minute, and she told me later she'd been so surprised that she hadn't had time to do anything but stare in amazement. Once I looked up again after laying that egg however, locking eyes with me was enough to kick her brain back into gear. She stepped back, and opened the door.

I noticed Jane first. I'm not sure I would have even recognised her if I hadn't been so sure it must be her by her scent. For starters she was green; a bright, shiny green from head to toe. She also looked so... smooth, somehow - it wasn't until I had about a second of staring that I realised she was covered in scales too, and that was what made her look so smooth and shiny (and green, come to think of it). But it wasn't just that - her fingernails had become pointed claws like mine had, and the nails on her feet seemed to have done the same, but those were just minor touches to her overall changes. Her face was different, it had pushed out into a sort of snout, while her short black hair had been roughly parted by some kind of finned crest that extended down to her shoulders. She was carrying the end of a large, equally green tail in one hand, having picked it up sheepishly to get it out of the way of the door, but it was sizeable enough that even with her holding it by the tip, the middle still brushed against the floor.

I was going to say something - exactly what I have no idea - but as she stepped aside to let me in I saw for the first time what state her room was in. It was, to put it mildly, a mess. I don't mean that there were clothes and junk piled everywhere - the room actually seemed like it had been kept quite tidy overall, right up until pretty much every surface had been coated with a thick layer of slime and eggs.

It might sound like I'm exaggerating, but I'm not. Well, you can see for yourself of course, but it was an extra shock to me. She must have been laying eggs too. Like, a lot. And I knew what that felt like, and what it led to, so I quickly made the leap to what had caused all that slime too. About a second after I thought of that I realised that the tip of her tail, still sheepishly held in her hand, was dripping. As was pretty much the entire inside of her thighs.

I looked at her, right in her yellow, reptilian eyes. Honestly I was expecting to see her blush, but as our eyes met there was a moment where her expression of awkward nervousness just... stopped. There was a flash of white as she bared her teeth for a second, letting out a fierce, predatory growl, and then suddenly I was pressed up against the wall, her sharp claws digging into my shoulder not quite hard enough to draw blood.

"Gnh!", I gasped. I wanted to say something, ask her questions or calm her down or communicate, like, at all in any rational way; but I couldn't. She was there, she was holding me back, and the scent of her was absolute. My head was spinning in it, my tongue darted out automatically to draw more of it in, letting me taste her and become even more lost in this fog of pheromones.

She didn't say a word either at first. She just ran her flat snout along my face, drawing in my scent with one great inhalation. "Good...", she hissed, her breath hot on my cheek.

We kissed. She grabbed my head in one of her hands and forced me forwards, but honestly I melted into the movement instantly, wrapping my own clawed hands around her head and pressed us even closer together. God, she wanted me so badly, and I needed her just as much back; feeling her thick, dexterous tongue filling up my mouth was all I could think about. It was slick, as so much of her now was slick; slick and wet and it felt so good, the taste of it filling my throat and everything about it was exactly what I needed - what I'd needed ever since I first woke up that morning, even if I hadn't realised it.

Suddenly there was movement. She pulled back, and I was treated to another half second of her predatory

grin before her hands shifted around me. Then without warning she simply picked me up and threw me bodily onto her bed. I landed with a wet 'squelch'; the sheets were a sodden mess, having clearly been ground zero for the majority of her earlier activities. But hell, I didn't care. Actually no, I did care - it made it better, the feeling of her slickness soaking almost instantly through my top, not to mention the overpowering depths of her scent from it. It was all I could do not to just drift off into a lusty, musk-addled stupor right there. But I couldn't - I knew she was there, she was waiting, she was going to come and take me, and I had to be ready for it.

For the first time, I was wholeheartedly glad for my new claws. Not just because they made me more like her, but because they made it easier to slice through the last of my wet clothes, peeling them aside like so much packaging. I saw her coming out of the corner of my eye as I finished up, gathering herself to pounce, and I had only just enough time to spread my legs as she landed on top of me; her claws digging lightly into my waist as she lowered her snout down towards my crotch, her long tongue sliding out eagerly in anticipation.

I came almost as soon as she started. It wasn't because of her skill - somehow it was actually because of the lack of it. She wasn't skillful, but she was powerful; her actions betraying a clumsy, bestial need more than some finely-honed art. She needed me, needed to be inside me, needed to press her great, slick tongue deep inside me again and again and again, working over the outside of my slit enthusiastically every second that she couldn't manage to press herself inside. She was hungry; like she'd been desperate for water all day and this was her first opportunity to have a drink, and as I writhed about against her I felt exactly the same way. I pushed her down further, my hands tangled up in her hair as all considerations left my mind aside from an absolute need to make her take me as hard as possible.

Suddenly she shifted slightly, moving from focussing solely on my slit to sending long, dragging licks all the way along the inside of my thighs. I fell back against the bed in response - no longer being driven to the edge of insensate bliss, but more riding on a wave of sustained pleasure as she massaged me with her tongue. Don't get me wrong though, I was still cumming like crazy, it's just that I didn't feel like I was going to explode anymore after she stopped stuffing her whole snout into my snatch. But still, I slowly realised there was something going on.

Jane told me later that even though she was operating purely on instinct at the moment, somehow there was something that told her to pull back; that she somehow knew that now she had to change what she was doing to help things along. And yeah, she definitely helped things along.

She'd started ranging further down with her tongue, running it along almost all the way down the inside of my legs. And as she did, I changed. I thought at first it was just slickness - between both her tongue and my pussy we were definitely producing a lot of it - but as I shifted absently against her attentions I realised it was more than that. The space between my legs was being filled in, and with more than just liquid. There was some sort of connecting tissue sweeping down, eagerly spread along and encouraged by Jane's tongue.



I - I didn't know what to think. Everything had been so weird and crazy since this morning, with all of the changes I'd already gone through, and this felt so good. Jane was there, and clearly she wanted this to happen, was helping it along, was helping me become what she wanted me to be, and at that point I just... went for it. Whatever it was she was doing to me, whatever she was making me, I threw back my head, dug my claws into her shoulders and cried out for her to do it more. She, uh, didn't need much more encouragement than that.

Within moments my legs were locked together. I could still move them, and in fact they seemed almost more flexible joined together like this, but I didn't have time to experiment with it much before Jane abruptly shifted position. She moved forwards, climbing up my body and rising up, until eventually she was kneeling above me, her own dripping slit hovering just inches from my face. I started to go forwards, but I was unexpectedly stopped as she placed a clawed hand against my head, holding me in place. I stared up at her, horny and confused, right up until the moment where she slipped her tail right into my pussy.

God, that took me by surprise. I had no idea she was that flexible, had that level of control, but within moments she'd set up a powerful rhythm; thrusting into me hard as I tried to make my altered hips buck against her. I gasped, eyes rolling back in my head as she filled me utterly - it's probably no surprise to say that her tail is bigger than any cock I'd taken in the past. God it felt good though, despite being large it somehow filled me just right, and the bestial power of it was enough to make me start moaning incoherently.

It was only the sensation of soft drips of liquid falling on my face that snapped me back out of it. Coming back to my senses somewhat, I saw her still kneeling just above me, looking down with an expression of encouraging lust as she massaged her own slit, provoking the stray drops that were landing on me. One slid past my lips where my tongue collected it eagerly, and then, suddenly, my priorities changed. Before I'd been content to just lie back and let her stuff me full, but now - now I needed her, needed to press my own face into her crotch and service her desperately, if only to savour more of her rich taste. But still she refused to let me, holding me just inches out of reach with her firm hand.

My tongue found a way first. That much wasn't even surprising anymore, when I saw my tongue dart out of my mouth, long and forked, before bringing some captured nectar back inside my mouth. But somehow, even that just made me more desperate; it was like an appetizer that only made me crave the main course even more. I needed her, needed to be pressed deep within her folds and to be able to feel her slickness fill my mouth, but she still, still, kept me held back.

She pushed into me hard with her tail, and somehow that sensation and my intense, unreasoning need combined to make some sort of explosion inside me. Dimly I felt my legs surge outwards, not only filling out into one solid mass, but also extending downwards massively until it trailed several feet over the side of the bed. More importantly than that though, I felt my face reshape itself, pushing outwards into a scaly green muzzle of my own. And then, finally, thanks to those extra few inches I was able to make contact, my newly-thick lips pressing up eagerly against her dripping wet folds. As soon as we touched she relaxed her grip, letting me celebrate my completion by burying myself inside her, provoking a series of wonderfully slick orgasms from both of us as I dedicated myself utterly to both pleasing her and satisfying my thirst.

I spent the longest time pressed desperately into her like that, and in amongst all the bliss I felt the rest of my head change as her slickness enveloped me. My ears became swept back and pointed, my nose

melded into the rest of my snout, but by far the biggest change was reserved for my hair. It soaked up her fluids like a sponge; becoming long, thick, wet and heavy, but somehow that wasn't all. Within a few moments I felt it begin to move independently, until eventually it wasn't hair at all, but a writhing crown of slick tentacles, each of them caressing both her and myself in equal measure.

It must have been more than 10 minutes later that we finally pulled apart; the gentle massage my new tentacles were giving each of us was enough to encourage us to simply relax into it for quite some time. When we did sit back and actually get some proper talking done, Jane filled me in on her side of the story. It turns out she didn't know what had happened either, but she'd narrowed it down to something to do with the punch at that party, given she says she hadn't felt anything unusual before then. We decided she must have passed it on to me - not that I'm complaining, in retrospect - but in her case given she'd gotten a more concentrated dose that's why she'd found herself having to stop off halfway along the walk home, and she mentioned that the reason why she rushed off so desperately once I interrupted her was because she knew she was just about to start laying eggs. So she'd come back here, and just kind of... cut loose.

Whatever had happened though, it seemed like it was done now, or at least, the changes seemed to have run their course. She'd become a cute-hot lizard girl, dripping in all the right places, while I had to get used to the new 8 foot snake tail replacing my legs, as well as my crazy tentacle hair and the feeling of scales coating my entire body. There was something else though - one other piece of information that it would probably be helpful for you to have.

After we'd talked for a while, we went back to... exploring our new situations. What can I say - I still liked her, and we were both still horny as fuck, so yeah - it made sense. But in the middle of that though, when I was playfully ordering her around (both of us like giving and taking orders sometimes, which was a happy discovery), I suddenly felt something just... flash. It was like there was a zap inside my head that gave me a quiet shock, but its effect on Jane was much more dramatic.

She just... stopped. Her eyes were locked with mine, staring up at me with a sweet, blank expression. I blinked, confused for a moment as to what she was doing, until I realised that this wasn't intentional on her part. She was mesmerised, just waiting for me to tell her exactly what to do.

"Lift your... right hand", I tried cautiously. Instantly, she did so, raising one palm up to about head height while still staring vacantly forward.

I admit, I probably should have been more weirded out, or surprised or something. But after a day like this, and all the crazy shit that had already happened, why couldn't the stuff that made me a hot snake lady also give me crazy hypnosis powers? Suddenly all I wanted to do was try it out, but doing it with Jane felt like cheating somehow; like it wouldn't really be a good test of how it would work in practice. So with a quick "wait here a minute", I left her apartment and swept out into the corridor.

I was excited to see two people waiting for the elevator, both of them conveniently not looking in my direction as I slithered silently over. By the time they turned around I was already right behind them, and I'm not sure on the range of this thing, but I must have been close enough because after the flash they were both standing stock still, the same blank expression on each of their faces. So, that part worked, but... what now?

I spent a few seconds fishing for an idea, until something occurred to me that would be a perfect test of how deep this power went. "Tell me", I hissed lightly, "what your top fetishes are."

The girl on the left; a sweet-looking, band geek-type girl, if you recall, spoke first. "Feet", she said flatly.

I nodded, glancing down to the floor at my tail. "Pass then, I guess", I answered with a shrug.

And then, rescuing the situation, you answered. Can you remember what you said, exactly? I do. It was just this -

"Being forced... and eggs."

I was wrapped around you in an instant, spinning you around and moving you back with me while telling that band girl to forget about all this and go about her day. And when I led you back inside Jane's room, snapped her out of it and explained the situation to her, you should have seen her grin. You still can actually. Trust me, I can tell you from experience, you're going to see that a lot.

So there you go, that's my whole story. It's certainly gotten me warmed up again, but I hope it's also made you feel nice and comfortable, here in our little lair. I assure you though - you're going to enjoy living it a whole lot more than just hearing about it...



Man UP

There she was. Emily.

Just leaning casually against the wall as the rest of the party carried on around her. It wasn't that she was aloof or withdrawn or anything, just that she was - well, she was cool, obviously. She didn't need to seek out attention, and most people felt too intimidated to bother her, so she just stood there, quietly drinking a bottle of specialty soda she'd brought with her and soaking in the atmosphere.

On the other side of the main food and drinks table, Albert tried to watch her without watching her. She was cool, and he liked her - or at least, he liked the idea of her. She was certainly different from the down-home, country-type girls he'd grown up with, before he left his small town to come to college. They'd never really spoken, but she looked really cute with her hacker-punk vibe, and somehow even just the fact that she was aloof without seeming like, annoyed by everyone else? That seemed like the perfect mix of interestingly different without being aggressively unapproachable. But even so, Albert still couldn't quite bring himself to actually say anything to her.

Suddenly, movement caught Albert's attention. Some girl was moving furtively around the punch bowl, clearly looking around to make sure no one else was watching them. Albert only noticed because he was trying to look everywhere other than where he wanted to look, so something to actually look at in another direction was a welcome relief. He didn't know this other girl, but she looked like some fairly generic cheerleader-y type, which made sense given that the party was being hosted by another girl to... celebrate her getting into the team, or something? He'd been invited by his friend just so she wouldn't have to come alone, and she only knew the host of the party vaguely through a class, so this could have been the host herself for all Albert knew. Probably not though, he figured - if she was hosting the party she wouldn't have waited till after people showed up to mess with the punch.

The girl at the punch bowl didn't seem to notice him watching her, and in a couple of quick movements she'd lifted a small, clear bottle. There was some see-through liquid inside it, and very quickly she dumped the contents out into the punch and stirred it in. The whole thing took maybe five seconds, after which she poured out a few cups worth and hurriedly disappeared with them around the corner into the kitchen.

So. The punch was spiked then. That made sense - campus regulations specified no alcohol for

parties on campus, but even so soon into the start of the semester Albert had learned it was college tradition for kids to find a way to drink regardless. It occurred to him that now, as the only person who'd witnessed it happening, it was all up to how he'd react. The responsible thing to do, obviously, would be to tell people, or maybe just "accidentally" spill the punch. Or he could just stand back and watch how this played out.

After thinking about it for about a few moments he stepped over to the punch, then poured himself a nice full cup.

This was right, he thought, halfway through his first drink. He needed some courage to go up and talk to her, and that's what alcohol was all about, right? He'd get a little buzzed - just a little, obviously, because who could get wasted on spiked punch? - and then he'd have the guts to go over and talk to Emily, and he'd see how things went from there. Fortunately, she didn't seem to be drinking the punch herself, instead preferring to stick to her soda. He might have needed a little help in talking to her, but if it went well he wouldn't want to think it was only down to her being super drunk without realising it.

Time passed. Emily made no move to leave the party, despite only talking to a few random people for a few minutes each, but Albert made no move to go talk to her either. His friend had recognised what he was wanting to do early on in the evening and deliberately left him to it, busying herself in making friends with some other group of partygoers so he couldn't use talking to her as an excuse for not getting around to approaching Emily. He was always just one more cup of punch away from being able to do so - he was sure he could feel the effects of it, but it was never quite enough for him to be able to actually start the 10,000 mile walk over to her side of the room. And, weirdly, the alcohol didn't seem to be hitting him how he was expecting it to either. He felt like he was lighter on his feet, not clumsier - as though his movements had somehow become more delicate and precise. He'd been drunk before, so he knew enough about what to expect, and it certainly wasn't that. He shook it off, putting it down to the combination of nerves and alcohol messing with his head. Just a bit more of that, and in the right direction, and he'd finally be ready to talk to her.

It wasn't until he went to the bathroom that he really noticed anything specific. He didn't need to actually go or anything, he'd just suddenly found himself feeling weird and dizzy, and at that point a quiet, private room seemed very appealing. He made his way over - fortunately there hadn't been anyone in there already, so he could just stumble in - and closed the door behind himself with a sigh of relief. It seemed so weird. Alcohol was a depressant right, so why did he feel so... stimulated?

He steadied himself on the sink, preparing to give himself a pep talk in the mirror. "Listen you", he started, "you have to hwhhhuuuuhh?"

His face was smooth. Not that he was super rugged normally or anything, but now it was definitely exceptionally smooth. His features seemed... different somehow; differently accented, differently emphasised - he still looked like him, but just a... different version of him, for whatever that meant. A softer, more feminine vers... oh.

He hiccuped. The breath caught in his chest, causing his hand to shoot to that area involuntarily. He hiccuped again before he could really register anything, but on the second time, with his hand already

on his sternum, it was too much for him to be able to avoid. There was something there, something pushing outwards from him every time he hiccuped.

He hiccuped again, the second he realised it, and this time he could distinctly feel whatever it was pressing out against his hand. No, not it - them. After yet another hiccup, there was enough shape and heft that he could get a good idea of what was happening, of what exactly they were.

They were breasts. He was standing there, staring at himself in the mirror while he quietly groped his growing breasts.

He'd always heard about how getting surprised was a cure for hiccups, even though that had never actually worked for him in practice. It sure as heck worked now though - it wasn't until several minutes had passed of him just staring slack-jawed down at himself that he realised he hadn't hiccuped since he'd started groping himself. Started, and not yet stopped, he belatedly realised.

Right then, there was a sharp knock on the door. "Hey, you gonna be all night?", someone said loudly, clearly annoyed.

Lacking time to think about it any further, Albert hastily re-adjusted his shirt before turning and leaving the bathroom. On his way out he kicked himself for not checking what he actually looked like in the mirror, but somehow such a basic concept as that had completely slipped his mind. Opening the door, he came face to face with some generic jock-ish dude he vaguely remembered talking to, back when his friend had left earlier. Tom, probably? He was glaring angrily as Albert opened the door, but as soon as he saw him his expression softened a little. Even so, he pushed past as soon as Albert had gotten out of the way, muttering dismissively as he did so, "pfft. Women." Focussing everything he had on continuing to walk away calmly, Albert nonetheless blushed bright red.

On getting back out to the party, some distant part of Albert's mind managed to notice that Emily was still there, still in her customary position holding up that particular piece of wall. Good, that part of himself noted, before putting that issue quietly behind the rather more pressing concerns occupying his thoughts.

He found a compact mirror someone had left open on the corner of a side table and managed to surreptitiously inspect himself with it. He looked - well... different, but perhaps not as much as he'd feared. In general he was still the same; still a skinny, somewhat dorky-looking farm-tanned kid with nondescript scraggly black hair, but it was as though everything about him had been shoved towards androgyny somehow. His face was smooth, his hips were a little wider, and his... breasts... were present, but they were barely visible in his loose t-shirt. Overall he seemed... well, androgynous. Like he could go either way. Tom must have assumed based on how long he'd been in the bathroom (and, he realised with a grimace, the fact that he'd never flushed the toilet or run a tap) that he was a she, despite them being introduced to each other earlier on. Was she really that unmemorable? He! He really that unmemorable. Right.

There was an endless list of questions tumbling through Albert's head, but only one thing he could think of for certain - regardless of anything else, he absolutely positively needed to be more drunk to

deal with this. He belatedly realised that the only thing that made sense was that he was on drugs somehow; that he'd smoked an LSD or eaten some... drugs or something without realising it, and he was like, tripping or something? He'd had some of the brownies someone had brought along. Were they hash brownies? How could he tell? That made sense, right? He'd heard of hash brownies, and drugs were the only thing that could possibly explain this. The question now was what could he do about it. Could alcohol combat drugs? He really had no idea, but he was willing to try and find out.

The party progressed. People drifted in and out. Guys tried to talk to him. Albert waved them off. Emily was still there, still quietly enjoying the party herself, and maybe - maybe if he could just get to the point where he could talk to her, then maybe that would be the magic tipping point where everything made sense. But even though their eyes met a few times, and even though they exchanged a few passing nods, that old heart-pounding nervousness still overwhelmed him every time he tried to actually walk up to her. He took one more swig of the punch for courage - how many had he had now? Like, 4? Was that a lot? - and then all of a sudden he hiccuped, and once again he felt the familiar-yet-bizarre sensation of his body slightly shifting.

He dashed to the bathroom immediately, thankfully once again making it in without having to deal with anyone else. It had already gone further, that much was obvious the second he looked in the mirror. His face seemed... rounder somehow, his lips plumper. His hips were wider too, her whole figure having pushed outwards into being a sort of classical hourglass. Hiccuping again, he gripped the edge of the sink with a gasp, the weight of his chest changing further as her breasts grew. That gasp was half surprise and half... pleasure, if he let herself admit it - the feeling of her breasts growing larger and more sensitive was turning her on in a thoroughly different way than how he was used to.

That thought hit him with a jolt, and he hurriedly opened up his jeans to inspect... himself. There was an awkward moment as she had to deal with her breasts getting in the way - another hiccup and they'd already become large enough that she had to move them aside a little to get a clear look at his crotch. And there was...

He sent a hand down to explore the area, and it quickly reported back that his eyes were correct. There was indeed nothing there. That was true at first, but then there was the sensation of something opening up, and all of a sudden his hand just... sunk inside herself. Her fingers pressed inwards unwittingly, and the feeling of it was enough that she could barely stand, despite her other hand supporting herself against the sink.

She gasped, although that quickly turned into yet another hiccup. Her voice shot upwards several octaves even just in the space of that one sound, and by the time she exhaled again her voice was almost completely different; soft, sultry and breathy, despite being cutely high-pitched. She was - she knew she'd been thinking of herself more and more as 'she', rather than 'he', even as yet another hiccup drove that point home by causing her increasingly sizeable breasts to jiggle delightfully. It had just become more... natural, somehow, to think of herself as "she". She'd noticed, kind of, in the back of her head, but - well, it had just seemed to fit, given the circumstances. He had been a he, but now she was, very emphatically, a she. And that was that.

One last, powerful hiccup shook her whole body, and as her eyes re-opened she saw a wave of long hair cascading down the back of her shoulders, as though she had been holding it up above her head and only now let it go, despite the fact that until a few minutes ago her hair had been a few inches long at most. With that however, the hiccups, and the changes they seemed to have brought with them, stopped. Looking back at her now in the mirror was someone almost, but not quite, unrecognisable.

Where once there would have been a skinny, farm-tanned boy, there was now a raven-haired bombshell, with breasts that stretched her loose shirt salaciously and, given her previous explorations, her delicate fingers lightly dripping with moistness from the cute slit between her shapely thighs. Her face was now almost stereotypically feminine; perfectly smooth and with thick, red lips, although there was just enough of a lingering similarity to her previous self that she could pass for a relative - a considerably more attractive cousin, perhaps.

She stood there for several minutes, simply staring at her new body. It was - she still didn't really know what to think about it, but she couldn't deny that it felt good. She pouted her lips in the mirror and brushed her hand briefly across her crotch, shivering at the sensation that ran through her in response. She wanted, no, she needed to take this for a test drive, to go out and really... experience all this. There was a curiosity to it, sure, but there was something else behind that too - a desperate, driving need that compelled her to sink two fingers slowly inside herself before she could manage to pull her hand away. Something about all of this - the change or the alcohol or whatever it was - had left her profoundly horny, and from an angle she'd never experienced before.

Suddenly, as if from a shining ray of inspiration, a thought occurred to her that caused her eyes to shoot open wide in excitement. She was, she realised suddenly, finally ready to talk to Emily.

On her way back into the party, she'd decided on an amended name for herself: Ali. It was close enough to her old name she was sure she could respond to it, and it fit well with her, uh, rebooted continuity. Despite that however, even as she drew up alongside Emily, catching her attention with a smile she hoped was quietly seductive, Ali had absolutely no idea what she was going to say. But, finally, she was okay with that. She figured she'd just let herself say whatever, and let Emily judge her based on her being herself, rather than try to come up with some elaborate script in advance.

"Hey", she said.

"Hey", Emily answered.

"So... you want to spend the rest of the evening using me as your own personal slut?" Despite the words coming from her own mouth, Ali couldn't help but feel her eyebrows shoot upwards in surprise at saying them.

By contrast, Emily seemed amazingly unconcerned. She looked her over for a few moments, then shrugged and finished her soda. "Yeah, alright."

"C... cool...", Ali stammered, only just managing not to jump up and down with desperate joy. "So... should we ju-mmph!"

The rest of her sentence trailed off abruptly as Emily swept her up in a kiss, one hand appearing behind her head as if by magic to pull her firmly into a passionate embrace. Ali's cheeks flashed red at the thought of making out in so public a space, but suddenly it occurred to her - she wasn't herself right now. No one would attribute her actions now to the person she'd been before. Her instincts when she talked to Emily in the first place were right - she could do exactly what she wanted. And right now, she thought as she melted wonderfully into Emily's kiss, what she wanted was for this girl to do her as long and as hard as possible.

She wasn't sure how long exactly the kiss went on for, but it was long enough that when Emily finally pulled away there was a distinct ring of people looking on at them with expressions ranging from barely contained lust to... no, actually pretty much just that. Ali smiled shyly, self-consciously starting to blow a kiss to her audience to highlight her own enthusiasm, but instead she found her attention drawn back towards Emily. Her eyes were closed, and her tongue was doing a long, slow circuit of her shining black lips, as though she was somewhere between being lost in thought and savouring some wonderful taste.

Suddenly her eyes snapped open again, and there was a flash of absolute hunger in them, or need, or desire - something fierce, primal and absolute. Without warning Emily's hand landed firmly on Ali's collar, hauling her bodily around the corner and out the door of the apartment. Emily walked her like that, half leading and half dragging, all the way down the corridor to her own room, unlocking the door and slipping inside without any further words being spoken.

In a matter of seconds, Ali was lying face up on Emily's bed. She had been pushed down there unceremoniously - there was no pretense of foreplay, no thought of slow seduction. Emily made things clear as pinned Ali to the bed, her hands gripping tightly around the other girl's wrists.

"You offered yourself to me for the night", she whispered, her voice little more than a harsh hiss, "so I am going to use you."

There was a brief pause as they each spent a few moments tearing aside the clothes that were in their way, the movements of each of them betraying an urgency that gave little time for finesse. Buttons were lost, fabric was torn, but all that mattered was that they both got naked in as short a time as possible. Soon enough, Ali found herself looking down over her own naked breasts as Emily dropped below the horizon of the bed.

Ali visibly trembled as Emily made contact, her tongue sliding quickly across her already slick folds. Emily pushed herself against her, using her fingers to spread her as far apart as possible so that her tongue had more room to probe deep inside her. Ali didn't know what to do in response - she could barely form a coherent thought, all she knew was that she needed Emily to keep going, needed her to push harder and faster and deeper. For her part, Emily showed no sign of wanting to do anything other than exactly that, the one time she stopped even briefly was just to mutter, "god, there's something... you taste...", and even those few words quickly trailed off as she went back to compulsively lapping at Ali's dripping sex.

Suddenly, Emily shifted. In one single moment she had moved, launching herself upwards so that she was holding herself over Ali, the tips of their nipples just lightly brushing against each other as both of them panted for breath. It looked for a second as though Emily would speak, but then as their eyes locked Ali knew that she was beyond words - that she couldn't form a coherent sentence even if she wanted to. All she felt was an intense, burning need, and with little more than a desperate gasp she

pressed her lips down against Ali's once more, her hands tangling themselves in her long hair.

There was a thrill as Ali realised she could taste herself on her, that the tongue that was now sweeping needfully inside her mouth was so thoroughly coated with her own slickness. More than that though, there was a real pleasure to just how much Emily needed her, how completely she seemed to be utterly lost in wild lust. Emily had started to grind her hips against hers, and Ali could feel that she was just as wet as she was, possibly even more so, but there was an urgency to her movements that seemed somehow more important than just a stimulating sideshow. Emily was grinding up against her like it was some instinctual urge, and then, suddenly, Ali realised that Emily was changing too.

It started when she noticed that Emily's nipples were no longer brushing against hers, despite her movements being no less vigorous. Her hazy mind wrote off that detail initially, but when Emily's formerly-petite hands tightened fiercely around her wrists, wrapping around them completely and utterly pinning her to the bed, she was belatedly forced to concede that something was happening.

At the same time, Emily pulled back, her head rising up as her eyes drifted closed. "Fffuuuck", she groaned. Her voice changed as she spoke; becoming harsher, deeper, more resonant and powerful. She gritted her teeth as she continued, pronouncing "I... need" as little more than a bestial snarl.

Beneath her, Ali could do little but look on submissively as Emily repositioned herself. She kneeled backwards, keeping Ali safely pinned beneath her legs as they thickened with muscles. Suddenly one of Emily's hands withdrew, moving rapidly down to her own crotch. There she began to work urgently at herself, pawing at her body with a desperate intensity. Her face scrunched up as her features shifted slightly - she was clearly utterly focussed on herself and dealing with this very specific need, until eventually with a dramatic gasp it was as though some last barrier within her finally broke. Her hand slid outwards, and now it was grasping a quickly growing shaft, urged on with every needy stroke she gave it. Within moments it had become a fully formed cock, standing out proudly from her body as she reared up over Ali. Behind it two fleshy balls descended from her crotch, sealing her slit closed neatly behind them.

And that, Ali realised, was it for Emily. She was done, and he fell back against her heavily, his now-free hand gripping tightly around the back of her head as he pressed himself into her. Once again, there was no finesse, no foreplay, just an absolute, driving need to fuck as hard as possible, and Ali moaned wildly as he drove forcefully into her. Her legs whipped reflexively around his waist, angling her entrance up slightly, desperate to let him take her more powerfully, more absolutely. And all the while he hissed a steady stream of harsh noises into her ear; no words, just wild, animal sounds as he took her with a bestial passion.

There was a moment of tenseness, a sensation of him being so deeply inside her that she could feel him in every part of her sex, and then suddenly just absolute, utter release. He came, and the rich warmth pooling inside her caused Ali to shudder through her own blissful orgasm in turn. He held her fiercely still, pressing up against her urgently as he gave burst after burst, each one sending another few jolts of random pleasure firing through her body.

When they were both finally, emphatically done, they moved to be lying face up next to each other, both too preoccupied with simply breathing to talk for some time. Eventually however, Ali cleared her throat.

“So, uh... huh. What should I call you?”

“Emily”

Ali paused. “Uh... still?”

“Yeah”, Emily answered with a shrug. “I still like the name. Fuck it.”

Considering the circumstances, Ali couldn't fault his logic. “So, Emily... does that happen every time you have sex?”

There was a long, drawn out exhalation, finishing as Emily slapped her enthusiastically on the thigh.
“Fuck, I hope so.”



Gimme a D

Cindy frowned as she looked over the setup for the party.

Food? Check. Drink? No alcohol, seeing as that was against dorm rules, but she had plenty of pop. She'd even made some punch, to give everything that movie party feel. They had punch in movies, right? Well, so did she. It was important that tonight went well, after all.

Her roommate Amanda had promised to help too, even if that mostly just meant staying out of the way. She was nice, and they got on well, but they weren't friends. They just liked different things. Amanda liked binge-watching TV shows, literature, and the boyfriend she swore lived just on the other side of her computer - all things that involved staying in. Cindy meanwhile preferred to go out and be sociable. But still, even if they didn't share the same priorities, there was enough respect between them that Amanda knew how important tonight was to her.

Because tonight, Cindy was going to officially become a cheerleader.

She'd been through the auditions, of course. She'd nailed them too. She'd always had the build for it; being tall, well-toned and athletic, but she'd never had the confidence in highschool to try out for the team. But now she was in college, and it was time for her to finally take the chance. She'd been so happy when they told her she'd done well on the auditions, and that she was definitely in, except for one last little thing. She had to hang out in a social setting with the four girls that organised the team, to make sure that she had the right 'team spirit'. Cindy wasn't dumb - she knew that sounded like code for some sort of hazing ritual she'd have to go through, but so what? It was college, and people had to go through hazing in college movies, right? Well, so would she. The girls seemed genuinely pleased to have her aboard, so it couldn't be that bad, and then she'd have a ready-built social circle to start out her college experience with. She'd suggested throwing this party on the spot, and they'd happily agreed.

They showed up early. Not early-early, but still, Cindy was pretty sure you were supposed to be late to a party but they'd showed up right on time, surprising her as she did one last run-through of her

preparations. They were all together, all four girls crowding around the door as Cindy opened it with what she hoped counted as a flourish. "Hi!", she said brightly. "Georgia, Leslie, Esther, Andrea- come on in!"

They nodded and smiled as they stepped inside, while Cindy patted herself on the back internally - she'd been introduced to the whole team of 20-something girls just once several days ago, so surely getting all their names right would be a good sign, right? Right.

For these girls specifically though, it wasn't like telling them apart was hard. Georgia was a bright-eyed, dark-skinned girl who led the team in their routines, and had been one of the main judges at the auditions. The other main judge was Leslie; a tall, elegant girl of seemingly Scandinavian descent, who was responsible for the team's choreography. Esther meanwhile was shorter and curvier than most of the other girls on the team, and with her bubbly personality generally filled the role of social organiser. Finally there was Andrea, a Hispanic girl who was almost as tall as Leslie, but her more reserved personality meant she normally wound up handling the administrative tasks for the team. It wasn't like Cindy had studied up on files for them in advance or anything, but as the dominant personalities on the team it was pretty obvious that they would be the ones responsible for inducting her, so she had at least put in a bit of careful social media investigation to make sure she knew what was up.

They'd all greeted her on entering - Esther with more enthusiasm than the rest, naturally - but after that they moved politely to the back of the room to, in Georgia's words, "give her a chance to do her duties as a host."

So, Cindy thought, they clearly wanted to judge her on that too then. That was a little difficult at first seeing as no one else had arrived yet, but she managed to busy herself putting out the last of the food and generally tidying up until finally another knock on the door gave Cindy someone else to interact with.

The girls were content to hang back for almost an hour while Cindy welcomed her guests, introducing the new arrivals to the old and making sure everybody had someone to talk to. Eventually enough people had arrived that the party was properly in full swing, and Cindy was relieved to see Esther walk over to her after receiving a nod from Georgia.

"Nice work on the party!", Esther said brightly.

Cindy smiled. "Thanks. I'm good at... them?" She blinked. What? What even was that? She tried to fight a blush, but fortunately Esther appeared not to notice.

"Can we go somewhere else? We'd like to talk to you somewhere a little quieter." She waved a hand vaguely. "Y'know, about team stuff."

This was it! Cindy could barely contain her excitement and... nerves? What exactly was hazing? Shit, she really should have looked into that at some point. "Uh, sure", she managed to say. "Here, the kitchen has a door that closes, we can go in there."

"Oh!" Esther was clearly taken aback, and Cindy suddenly realised she'd probably been expected to volunteer her bedroom. But somehow that had seemed too forward?

Cindy opened her mouth to change her answer, but Esther beat her to the punch. "That should be fine.

We'll meet you in there in two minutes, kay?"

"Kay!", Cindy answered, compensating just a little too much for her continued nerves with forced chirpiness. "I'll, uh, see you all in there!"

When she was safely out of sight, Esther went back to the group. "Okay, we're good to go!"

Georgia nodded, turning to the others. "Right. Okay Leslie, it's your turn, how do you want to play this?"

"Well...", Leslie began, looking down at the ground and rubbing her arms awkwardly, "I've got this great aunt who lives up in the mountains right, and-"

Georgia cut her off. "Oh god, so it's going to be one of those then, is it?" When the other girls turned to look at her, she threw up her hands defensively. "I'm not saying I don't enjoy it, that's for sure. Just that that makes for a very particular sort of evening. But sure, I'm down. Whatever." She shrugged, then jabbed an accusing finger at Leslie. "One of these days this is going to blow up in your face though, mark my words."

Leslie's only response was a deep blush. Eventually Andrea put up her hand. "What... is going on exactly?"

"Oh yeah", Georgia said with a click of her fingers, "you two haven't done this before. Well, just remember that you can back out whenever you want, but if you keep your hands and arms inside the vehicle at all times, you'll have a night like nothing else. Okay?"

Andrea shot her a questioning look, while Esther gave an enthusiastic grin. "Sounds good to me!", she responded.

"You got that right", Georgia responded, turning back to Leslie. "Here, hand her the Stuff."

Still blushing furiously, Leslie nonetheless gave a quick nod and started rooting around in her bag, eventually bringing out a small plastic bottle. At first glance it looked to be filled with water, but on looking at it closer the other girls saw that it seemed a bit too... thick for that - sliding around noticeably slower than it should have whenever Leslie moved the bottle.

"Okay Esther", Georgia said as Leslie handed the bottle over, "mix that with the punch, and bring us four cups worth. And while you do that, let's get everything prepped, shall we? Girls, follow my lead."

Cindy was leaning against the counter when the other girls came into the kitchen, trying hard to look casual. "Hey!", she said. "So... now... what?"

"Now?" Georgia shrugged. "Now you're on the team. Congratulations."

"Oh! Uh, okay. Uh..." There was a brief pause while Cindy composed herself and sorted her thoughts out. While she was silent, Esther slipped into the room, carefully balancing four full plastic cups in her arms.

"I mean, thanks, that's great", Cindy continued, "I just, I was expecting something else first?"

Georgia shook her head. "No, the audition pretty much covered it, and tonight was just to make sure you weren't some horrible jerk or something in a social setting. So, you're good! You don't need to do anything else." She coughed, looking away a little. "But..."

Here it comes, thought Cindy. "But?"

Georgia surprised her by blushing a little before answering. "Uh - shit, I never used to have to be the one to actually do this part, it was all another girl but she just had to transfer to some other college and start some whole new sorority or something." She paused to take a deep breath, focussing herself before she continued. "Okay, we're going to have a bunch of super incredible sex. Like, wow, you seriously have no idea how incredible. If you don't want in on that that's cool and you will still absolutely be a cheerleader, but if you do - wow. It's... it's gonna be pretty great."

Cindy blinked. Andrea and Esther seemed pretty surprised too, although Andrea definitely seemed more taken aback. Neither of them said anything though, so it was up to Cindy to break the awkward silence.

"Oh?", she said eventually. "I mean, I'm flattered and everything, but uh, to tell the truth, I'm, uh... kinda all about the D?"

Putting a hand on her shoulder, Georgia gave her a sympathetic look. "Honey, trust me, I absolutely understand, and that's totally okay, but believe me when I say - we have that covered."

Maybe it was the tone of her voice, or her comforting hand on her shoulder, but for some reason Cindy found herself actually considering it instead of rejecting the offer out of hand. And she surprised herself by thinking, well, why not? She could back out at any time, she was in her own place, and these girls had gone out of their way to make her feel safe. But also - she was in college. People in college experiment, right? Well, so would she.

She closed her eyes, and for a half second thought about just launching forwards into a kiss right there, but in the end just settled on a quick nod. "Okay then", she added, "show me what you got."

What they had in mind, as it turned out, was not what Cindy had been expecting. Esther had been sent out again to fetch two of the plastic chairs, and Cindy was then told to sit on one of them while the other was wedged up against the kitchen door, making do for the fact that it didn't lock. Georgia had then brought the other three girls into a huddle and held a brief, whispered conversation, and while Cindy hadn't been able to hear much she'd definitely heard "trust me" several times, as well as more than a few gasps from Andrea and quiet giggles from Esther. Finally they'd broken apart, and taking the cups they'd brought in with them, all downed their drinks on Georgia's count of three. After that they moved to stand side by side in a line in front of her - Georgia and Leslie in the middle with Andrea and Esther on each end, all of them giving her looks that ranged from bashful nervousness to barely repressed enthusiasm.

"So... uh... now what?", Cindy asked, swinging her legs as she worked through her own nerves. "Are you guys going to like, put on a show or something?"

"W-", Georgia started, but then Leslie cut in, abruptly spinning Georgia to face her.

"Something like that", she said flatly, as in one movement she pushed Georgia to the ground, forcing her down onto her knees. "Watch and learn girl."

It was clear that Georgia hadn't been expecting this, but very quickly it looked like she wasn't going to do anything but go along with it. Leslie was being commandingly forceful; grabbing her by the back of her head and forcing her to look up at her, meeting her eyes with a dominating glare. Without breaking eye contact for a second, Leslie said almost casually, "Esther, Andrea? Would you be so kind as to come over here? I've got a change in plans in mind for our team leader here"

As the other girls walked over, Leslie knelt down, putting herself on level with Georgia, shifting her hand to hold her by the face. "Georgia here does so much for the team, doesn't she girls? I think it's high time we give her something back. Here, I'll go first..."

Georgia was suddenly lying flat on her back, with Leslie on top of her. Leslie's movement had been so fast that Cindy could barely register it, and it looked like Georgia was just as surprised, still unable to do anything but gasp as Leslie moved her around as she wanted. Leslie lowered herself down, moving close to Georgia's face and whispering harshly. Without thinking, Cindy leaned in closer to hear it too.

"I always love this part", she hissed. "The tension and excitement before things get wild, the anticipation before the release - God, there's nothing like it." She grasped Georgia's head almost angrily, pulling her back to emphasise her dominance. "I hope you're enjoying it too", she added.

Without warning she shifted once again, sliding down so that she was leaning against the floor with her hands on opposite sides of Georgia's hips. Reaching up she put one hand in the hem of the girl's skirt and pulled, easily tearing the fabric aside. Another swipe took care of her panties, leaving her completely exposed while Leslie broke into an eager grin. "Already wet, are you?", she said, running one finger along her slit and raising it up appreciatively to inspect the slickness clinging to it. "Good girl..."

Suddenly, Cindy's attention was drawn upwards as Esther blurted out "ohmyGOD fuck waiting" and all but fell downwards, wrapping Georgia up in a passionate kiss. Leslie smiled even wider as both girls melted into it, quickly tangling their hands in each other's hair as they finally gave themselves an outlet for their lust. Seeing the two of them pleasurably engaged, Leslie looked down at Georgia's cute little pussy for a second, and then turned back towards Andrea, still standing awkwardly above them, albeit with an ever-increasing blush growing over her features.

"C'mere girl", Leslie said softly, taking Andrea by the hand and pulling her down beside her. Her hand moved to the girl's shoulder as she bent her over further, leaving her with her face just above Georgia's crotch. "You feel that heat girl?", she whispered. "Feel it calling to what's growing inside you?"

Andrea's entire face was bright red, but she couldn't help from giving a slight nod regardless.

Leslie shifted around so that she was all but wrapped around the kneeling girl, forcing Cindy to strain to hear the words she purred directly into Andrea's ear. "You want it bad, don't you? Go ahead girl, let it out." She leaned down herself, giving Georgia one long lick along her slit, causing the girl to shudder dramatically while still continuing to eagerly make out with Esther.

"Mhmm... you wouldn't believe how good that tastes", Leslie finished, in between licking her lips.

There was a definite moment where Cindy could see any doubts Andrea had just vanish, and with a flash in her eyes she fell forward, enthusiastically burying herself deep in Georgia's pussy.

"Good girl", Leslie said, tousling Andrea's hair approvingly as she rose back to her feet. Turning back to face Cindy she smiled, and Cindy could swear her eyes shone as she did.

Raising her voice slightly to counter the growing chorus of moans beneath her, Leslie spoke directly to Cindy. "Now, do you remember what the name of the football team here is girl?"

It took Cindy a few moments to even realise she'd been asked a question, let alone manage to answer it. "Uh, the uh, Spartans?", she said eventually.

Leslie nodded. "Good girl. And do you know what our mascot is?"

"Uh..." Her mind raced, but soon Cindy realised that she didn't - it hadn't really come up at the auditions, and she'd never thought to look it up after that. "A... warrior?", she tried.

"No", Leslie answered, "but you're not far off. It's something suitably... classical. Here, let me show you."

Cindy's eyes widened, but despite what she was expecting Leslie didn't make a move towards her. Instead she crouched back down and placed a firm hand on Andrea's head, and with some visible effort managed to pull her away from her Georgia. And as she - reluctantly - moved aside, Cindy caught sight of what Leslie had wanted to show her.

Georgia was naked from the waist down, the clothes she had been removed by Leslie earlier, but in their place was a thick pelt of shaggy fur. Her entire waist was covered, and as Cindy watched the last of it swept down over the end of her legs. Even then it wasn't done, and while Georgia stretched her feet restlessly those changed too; somehow folding inwards in seconds until she was left with hooves instead. And then what they were now hit her suddenly - goat legs.

"D-devils?", Cindy hazarded, eyes flicking nervously to the exit.

At that Leslie laughed, and fortunately the genuine humour in it was comforting rather than worrying. "No honey", she said eventually. "Satyrs."

There was a blank stare from Cindy.

Leslie rolled her eyes. "Think... like devils, but without the pointy tails and red skin. And not evil", she added hurriedly.

"Oh...kay...", Cindy said slowly. Somehow, her overwhelming emotion was still just simple confusion, like if she could just get her head around this one thing then everything would suddenly make sense. "And you... become them?"

"Not to be the mascot for a game or anything", Leslie answered, moving over behind Georgia and grabbing her by her arms, hauling her up to her newly-changed feet. "Just... recreationally. But here, let's show you the fun part..."

With another firm press of her hand she finally forced Georgia and Esther to separate, and when the

two of them pulled apart Cindy was able to get a good look at the top half of her body for the first time since all this had happened. Her clothes had been pulled off there too, leaving her completely naked as she stood panting heavily. The fur seemed to have stopped at her waist, and at first Cindy thought nothing above there had changed, but at a second look she realised that she had gained several cup sizes somehow. Before she'd been trim and athletic, but now she was more what her mother had always called 'voluptuous'. The curves looked good on her too; her heaving chest almost hypnotic as Cindy couldn't help but follow her movements up and down.

She was staring, Cindy realised suddenly, and, seeing that, Leslie was grinning.

Cindy shifted her attention upwards suddenly, moving on to look at Georgia's face. That too looked mostly the same, although again only at first glance. Soon Cindy noticed that her ears had become long, floppy and pointed; and the tip of her nose had darkened slightly into a leathery-looking snout. At the same time two points rose up from her head, small horns rapidly pushing their way out through her hair. Somehow though, the most noticeable of all of this were her eyes - they were an almost glowing yellow colour, and despite how unusual they were her look of panting, wanton lust was clearly readable.

Georgia's unfocused stare was interrupted by Leslie wrapping around her from behind, one arm slipping around her shoulders to pull her into a tight embrace while the other slid down her body. "Go on", Leslie whispered, her right hand taking Georgia's and moving it irresistibly towards her crotch, "show her the big finish."

She didn't need any more encouragement than that. Any shred of restraint was now utterly abandoned as she started masturbating with a frenzied enthusiasm, the points of two slightly sharpened teeth just visible as she bit her lip. Leslie kept up the pressure from behind her too; hissing soft words into her ear that Cindy couldn't quite understand, but seemed to make Georgia tremble with pleasure regardless.

Suddenly Georgia gave a particularly dramatic shudder, drawing Cindy's attention back to her. Her movements seemed to have sped up, her hand circling around her clit with an almost desperate intensity. Then Leslie breathed one final word into her shivering ear, and Georgia responded by bucking her hips wildly; her hand abruptly stopping its circular motion and starting to make a series of rapid forward thrusts. Cindy quickly saw why - her body had reshaped itself beneath it, there was something surging out under her hand, and within moments it had grown enough that Cindy realised what it was. It was a cock; a thick, large, and above all very erect cock had grown out from Georgia's crotch, and with another blissful shudder it was followed by her own set of balls. The look on Georgia's face was nothing short of triumphant as her hand closed around her new shaft, working it over eagerly as she melted back into Leslie's embrace.

"You see?", Leslie said, looking up at Cindy again, "she told you we had that part handled."

Before Cindy could even begin to process all this, her attention was suddenly drawn by a sharp tapping noise off to her right. Turning, she saw Andrea standing by herself where Leslie had moved her to, but otherwise very different from how she'd been when Cindy had last seen her. She'd pushed her clothes awkwardly to the side, and had one hand desperately buried inside her slit. The tapping noise was coming as she stamped one foot unconsciously against the tile floor, only by now her foot had changed into a hoof - the same bestial transformation was in the process of sweeping over her lower body as she writhed and juddered from the pleasure of it.

"Ffuuck it feels good!" she gasped, her eyes screwed shut as she focused entirely on giving in to her

lust. "I hadn't expect it to feel this good but FUCK it feels good fuck FFuuuuck uhmmmmm!"

Her own coat of thick brown fur rapidly finished wrapping over her legs and waist, after which there was barely a moment's pause until her chest began rounding out. She was well-endowed to begin with, but with every thrust of her hand inside herself it seemed like her breasts grew outwards further, marking her as a creature of absolute sexual excess.

She was panting desperately, barely able to pronounce words as her whole body seemed to shiver and change. "Yes! Oh god, yes!", she yelled, even as small horns pushed out through her hair and her ears pointed outwards. "I can feel it- I can feel it coming! I- I- I- ughhhH!"

There was one last dramatic thrust, and then with a "YES!" so loud Cindy was sure people in the party would hear it Andrea's hand was suddenly wrapped around her own newly-grown cock; surging out of her crotch while she rocked up on the edge of her hooves at the pleasure of it. Even the release of that moment, or the feeling of her new balls emerging a few seconds later, seemed to do little to slow her down - she simply shifted her movements to take better advantage of her new tool, yellowed eyes rolling back in her head as she worked herself over desperately.

"Now as you can see, the change is pretty fun by itself", Leslie said, drawing Cindy's attention back to her. She was back to standing in the middle of the room, but had shifted to be between Esther and Georgia. Leslie and Esther both looked to be still normal, although Esther looked more than a little flushed, and the way her head was drifting dreamily backwards seemed a lot like how Andrea had been just before she changed. "But as you might have guessed", Leslie continued, "everything's better when you do it as a team."

With that she bent over, pulling down her skirt and displaying her rear to Georgia. In response, the satyr girl turned her head towards her, her snout leaning down to take one long sniff of her exposed crotch. She needed no more encouragement than that, and in an instant she had stepped up behind her, pressing her cock deep inside Leslie's slit.

"Auhm! Good! Girl!", Leslie gasped, each word pushed out of her by another thrust from Georgia. "Now... Esther! Come! Here!"

The command was enough to stir Esther out of whatever blissful haze she was lost in, and after shaking her head briefly to clear it she walked over in front of Georgia. "Y- yes?", she said with difficulty, "what d'you w-!"

Her question was interrupted as Leslie grabbed her waist with both hands, tearing off her skirt and then pulling her close. In seconds her panties were torn away too, and with her goal finally in sight Leslie wasted no further time, leaning in to lick at Esther's pussy eagerly.

For a few moments they simply remained like that, Leslie hungrily eating Esther out while Georgia pounded into her from behind, but soon the now-familiar changes began to take effect. It started with Esther, her fingers clenching in Leslie's hair as her body tensed, and then with a shuddering jerk her new cock took shape, building outwards under her teammate's enthusiastic attention. Leslie adjusted to the development seamlessly, letting Georgia's thrusts put her into a steady rhythm as she slid her mouth back and forth on Esther's shaft. Esther grunted her approval, and due to the fact that they were side on to her this time, Cindy could see a small burst of fluff press itself out of her rear in response, her new goat's tail already twitching happily.

Esther's breathing was becoming ragged, each breath catching in her throat for a half second as with every pump of her cock into Leslie's mouth her breasts swelled outwards a little further. At the same time a wave of fur spilled outwards from her crotch, connecting her new cock and tail in seconds before turning downwards to flow over her legs. She nearly fell forwards as her feet transformed, collapsing and hardening into hooves in a matter of seconds, but managed to catch herself with a hand on Leslie's back. Leslie's eyes widened at the feeling of Esther's cock pressing further inside her mouth as she fell against her, but fortunately it looked like any discomfort was quickly overridden by bliss at being filled so powerfully from both ends, and soon she was energetically servicing Esther once again with nothing but an unthinking smile.

Meanwhile, the last of the changes were still sweeping over Esther. Her low grunts slowly became damp snorts as her mouth and nose changed to a slight muzzle, her growing ears flicking against her head like a nervous twitch. Cindy watched as a flood of yellow invaded each of her eyes, pouring in from the outside to recolour them entirely, leaving her eyes a shining, bestial gold in the space of a few blinks. Finally there was movement at the top of her head, Esther's face breaking into an almost feral snarl as her new horns slid free from her hair, her hands grabbing Leslie fiercely as her thrusts became even more frenzied and powerful.

It was all a build-up to an unstoppable climax, and the pressure wasn't something Esther could stand for long. Cindy hadn't even noticed the balls that had grown beneath Esther's cock until one of her hands shot down suddenly to clutch at them, that extra sensation finally enough to push her over the edge. She came, her tail stiffening up behind her as she pressed herself as far into Leslie as she could manage, her balls visibly churning as she unloaded again and again down Leslie's throat. She drank it hungrily, locking her lips into as tight a seal as she could manage around Esther's cock in order to keep as much of her delicious cum inside her mouth as possible.

Although it had clearly been powerful, Esther's orgasm didn't seem to last long - within a few moments her satisfied twitches had stopped, and with a dismissive snort she shifted her grip and pulled herself out of Leslie's mouth. Leslie barely reacted, beyond dropping her hands down to the floor to support herself without someone to lean on, all she did was weakly lick at her cum-stained lips in an effort to prevent too much from slipping free with Esther's cock. While Esther whickered and stamped, shaking out the tension in her new body, Leslie seemed content to stay on all fours, panting heavily.

"So, are you ready now girl?"

Georgia's voice took Cindy by surprise, almost making her jump as turned to look at her. She was still pressing into Leslie from behind, keeping up a slow but steady rhythm of powerful thrusts - apparently she hadn't finished up when Esther had. But it wasn't just her speaking unexpectedly that had shocked Cindy - her voice was different now too; husky, raw, and with a low, powerful edge to it. Georgia wasn't speaking to her directly though, she was leaning forwards over Leslie, almost growling directly into her ear. Cindy realised she wasn't sure if she felt relieved or disappointed that she wasn't the one Georgia was talking to.

Meanwhile, Leslie was trying to form her response. Her head rolled backwards slowly as she came out of whatever blissful haze she'd been in previously. "Mhhmmmm?", she answered dreamily.

Georgia's reaction was sudden. Her hand shot forward to grab Leslie by the chin, pulling her back powerfully enough to make her gasp at the feeling of Georgia's cock pressing deep inside her. "Answer

me girl", she hissed. "Are you ready? Do you need me to make you into a pet?"

"Nhhnn", Leslie panted. "I don't... I don't ne-EE-d that!"

Georgia grinned, stopping her rhythm to give Leslie one long, slow, achingly filling thrust. "Oh, you're losing it, aren't you girl? You need it bad, don't you? You need to become a slutty, eager little pet, don't you?"

There was a pause as Leslie gritted her teeth, fur flowing out unstoppably down her legs. "Nnghh-uhh! No l... I just... I ca-AAAn... l..."

"Stop", Georgia said flatly, cutting her off. "I'm pressing into your cute little animal pussy RIGHT... NOW...", she growled, emphasising her words with sharp thrusts. "But that's not enough for you, is it? You need to go further, don't you? Become more of an ANIMAL than the rest of us?"

She was sweating, Cindy realised; lines of sweat running freely down Leslie's face as she seemed to fight to control herself. "No... I can... I cAA... l... c-HAWW"

Georgia was on her in an instant, pressing herself flat against Leslie's back as she tightened her fierce grip around her chin, emphasising that moment of submission with the suddenness of her pressure. "There you go girl", she said simply. "You're a pet, aren't you? Why fight it? Look at your hands."

Leslie and Cindy both obeyed without thinking, turning just in time to see Leslie's hands begin to ball together. She had to shift awkwardly to keep her balance as they shrank inwards and hardened, and within moments she was left with hooves at the end of each of her four limbs.

"You don't have hands anymore, do you girl?", Georgia hissed. "That's because you're a pet - a nice, slutty, donkey pet. Aren't you?"

Leslie's response was barely words. "l... l... I can- HAWW! l- HAWWW! I can..."

"Accept it and I'll let you cum", Georgia whispered.

"Yes!", Leslie answered, her resistance snapping instantly. "Yes l- HAWWW! Yes! Please l HAWWW! HEE HAWWW!"

As far as Cindy could tell, Georgia didn't do anything else. Just the act of giving in, letting go - that was what Leslie needed, and the moment she did her hips bucked forward wildly, a cock of her own forming out of her flesh in a matter of seconds. It flared and surged as it grew, becoming something slightly different from that of the other girls; longer and thicker definitely, but above all more bestial - something that wouldn't look out of place on an animal. At the same time a tail surged out from behind her, a long cord topped with a tuft of fur that whipped around frantically. Her face changed too, pushing outwards into a much more prominent muzzle than the others. It had barely finished shifting when her whole body tensed and she brayed wildly, her balls dropping as she finally came.

She came with desperate, jerky thrusts of her hips, and because she was on all fours her cock was aimed almost directly at her own face; thick, powerful spurts of cum hitting her squarely on the underside of her chin before dripping down onto the floor. She didn't seem to mind - if anything it looked to Cindy like she was enjoyed it, the feeling of being so lost in this bestial lust that she was

literally cumming all over herself and loving it. Seeing this, Georgia tensed up behind her too, giving a fierce grunt of her own before locking her hips to Leslie as she came. This seemed to drive Leslie even more wild; making her snort and bray helplessly as her cock went into overdrive, absolutely coating her face and breasts.

Eventually, after several minutes, both girls finally began to wind down, their jerky twitches giving way to a slow, relaxed bliss. Georgia recovered first, pulling out of Leslie only slowly, smiling one last time over the way that gave the girl beneath her one long, sustained shudder. Despite that, Leslie made no move to stop her. Instead she simply shifted a little further forward onto her hooves, pressing her muzzle into the puddle she'd made on the floor. Snorting happily, she began to eagerly lap up her cum, chasing it down between her long tongue and thick, rubbery lips.

"It's a real sight, isn't it?"

Georgia's words snapped Cindy's attention back from staring at the donkey girl. There was still quite a few... person-y elements to Leslie - her substantial breasts for one, which Cindy was pretty sure donkeys didn't normally have - but overall she looked a lot closer to being an animal than the other girls. "Is... is she alright?", she asked hesitantly.

"Oh yeah", Georgia answered with a nod. "She's fine. She always likes to go a little further than the rest of us. She just needs someone to encourage her." She leaned down, scritching her affectionately between her long ears. "Isn't that right? You just love to be a horny slut pet, don't you girl?", she added as Leslie nickered happily.

It slowly dawned on Cindy that whatever show the rest of the girls had been putting on for her was now done. Leslie and Georgia had had their big finish, and a quick look around let Cindy know that Esther and Andrea were both quietly slumped against the counter in the corner, having watched this last display with just as much interest as Cindy had. Maybe even more, if their very visible arousal was any judge. But still, they were... done, to put it simply, and now Cindy felt their eyes turning towards her.

"I-"

"You can still say no", Georgia interrupted, walking over with a sway in her step that seemed to carry all the way down her cock. Her quite large cock, all things considered. God, how was it already getting stiff again already?

Cindy looked away hurriedly, a blush spreading across her face.

"You can still say no", Georgia continued, "but I think you've seen how fun it can be to say... what was it Leslie?"

Looking up briefly, Leslie responded "HEE-HAW!"

Georgia grinned. "Close enough."

Cindy couldn't bring herself to make eye contact. She couldn't even really believe she was even considering it, and somehow not looking directly at anyone made that easier to ignore. "Can I... how do I even know what I'll... like... become?"

"It's not that hard", Georgia answered. She was close now, she must have been standing right up next to her and god Cindy could almost feel her hot breath on her cheek. "You just have to focus on what you want, and that's how it plays out. Otherwise, if it catches you by surprise, it just goes from your subconscious. And that... that can get a little interesting."

Suddenly Georgia was up against her, wrapping herself around her body as she sat down in her lap. It was like she was playing the flirtatious damsel from a movie; except Cindy could feel the fur on her legs as she brushed them up against hers, not to mention the fact that her sizeable cock was now sitting just inches below her breasts.

"Speaking of interesting", she purred, "I'm dying to see how you'd turn out."

There was a hand beneath her chin, lifting her head up slowly. For a second Cindy thought of resisting, but instead she found herself... not, just letting herself be raised back up until she was staring directly into Georgia's big, yellow eyes. She smiled, and Cindy could feel the warmth pouring off of her. It... it wouldn't be that bad to go along with it, would it?

"Will... is it permanent?"

Georgia laughed. "Oh no", she answered, "that would make our day-to-day a lot more difficult, wouldn't it?" She shook her head, then went back to staring at her with that flirtatious smile. "No, you can turn back, so long as you know how. And we do, obviously. Like Leslie said earlier, it's just a... recreational thing. The only risk is... well... sometimes it becomes about the only recreational thing you want to do. But...", she dropped one hand to her cock, running it slowly along the shaft before sweeping back over her enlarged breasts.

"...there are definitely worse fates", she finished.

Cindy had to stop for a moment to think. Movies and TV had never covered this, having some goatgirl sitting in your lap and offering you the chance to become something like her. She didn't know what you were supposed to do in this situation. Was this a "go wild, you're young" thing? Or a "don't give in to peer pressure"?

Finally, she came to a decision. Maybe the movies didn't matter. She was in college now, so fuck what movies said - she was going to do what she wanted, and let that be what her college experience was.

"Okay", she said softly. Georgia smiled widely, but Cindy cut her off before she could speak again. "You promise it's not permanent?"

Georgia got up, her hooves clacking on the tile floor as she slid off Cindy's lap. "Honey, I promise. You'll be able to stop whenever you want."

Not trusting herself to speak without her voice shaking - from excitement or nervousness or both, she wasn't sure - Cindy simply nodded. Quickly and quietly she stripped off her clothes, soon sitting completely naked on the chair as she closed her eyes and braced herself for what was to come. Seeing her almost defensive pose, with her hands clenched against the bottom of her chair and her eyes screwed shut, Georgia shrugged.

"I was going to ask you to give me a kiss", she said, "but if you want to go down the, uh, passive route -

well, we can work with that. Girls?"

There was movement. It wasn't hard to hear them walking around on their hooves, and Cindy got the impression that at least three of them had walked over to stand in front of her - Leslie, she gathered from the continued sounds of contented snuffling and slurping, was still doing her own thing.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Georgia spoke again. "Ready everyone? All together now..."

Georgia's voice trailed off, replaced by a series of snorts and low moans. There was also the sound of... short, rapid movement, and- oh. Cindy realised what they were doing; standing around her in a semi-circle and jerking off, getting ready to cum all over her. She wasn't sure if they'd been expecting to take her by surprise, have her not realise what was going on until it was too late, but now that she'd put two and two together she had time to actually do something about it.

Smiling, Cindy opened her mouth, leaning back a little in the chair to make herself a better target.

There was a tiny gasp, which quickly became an outright moan. Cindy had just enough time to realise that her act of getting into it must have been enough to set one of the girls off before she felt something begin to land on her, a thick blast of sticky liquid falling on her from slightly to her right. It seemed to be mostly hitting her breasts, and in response Cindy pushed them up with both hands, letting her catch more of the warm cum in her ample cleavage. That must have set another girl off, because quickly there was another sharp grunt before she felt another stream of cum against her skin, this time coming from her left and focussed mostly on her crotch and waist. Cindy hooked one arm under her tits to keep as much cum held there as possible while freeing up her other arm to drop downwards, gathering up this new source of cum against her crotch before starting to masturbate eagerly with her newly-slick fingers.

Soon she felt the efforts of the two girls begin to drop away, although between the two of them they'd already produced more than enough to leave her feeling deliciously wet almost all over. Cindy was happy to just enjoy the sensation of it, writhing around pleurably on the chair, until suddenly she was interrupted by Georgia.

"Open your eyes", she said simply. It was a command, and Cindy obeyed it instinctively, looking up to see Georgia standing directly in front of her, her stiff cock barely a foot from her face. They locked eyes for a moment, and Cindy somehow knew that that was what was required - that she know it was Georgia, and that she know she was going to cum all over her face, and Cindy's smile grew as she closed her eyes again in preparation.

She didn't have to wait long. Only seconds later she her Georgia growl "yesssssss!", followed almost immediately by the feeling of her face being coated with cum. Most of it landed on or around her open mouth, letting Cindy chase it up eagerly; thrilling in both the taste and the outrageous kinkiness of it all. It tasted, it felt, it was - amazing. This was wild, crazy, unrestrained sex, and she could have it any time she wanted to. She could spend a whole day like this, a week even - used by the entire team, coated with cum and begging for more. Or she could use someone else, someones else - starting with the little pet slut Leslie and then moving on to whoever else she wanted. She could do that, and she wanted to do all of that, always; every moment of every day.

The feeling of fresh cum coating her face eventually stopped, but Cindy barely noticed. She was lost in her own world, the swirling possibilities, fantasies and plans that she'd only just now realised she

could do. It felt good - it felt so good, everything felt good as her hand slid back inside her slit in some automatic attempt to make herself get off as hard as possible. Suddenly the chair was sliding back away from her - she'd fallen forward to her knees, she realised dimly, but even so she couldn't stop masturbating for a single second, or stop desperately chasing down as much of the cum that coated her as possible so she could taste absolutely all of it.

There was a sensation behind her, urgent enough to get her attention over everything else. It was a... tension - something that needed to be released. She gave in to it, tried to relax whatever resistance there was inside herself. There was a feeling of pressure, and then suddenly she felt her rear change, growing outwards rapidly. It should have been alarming, but somehow it just felt too good - she was becoming just how she needed to be, and the feeling was like sliding into a perfectly warm bath. It was enough to put her off-balance though, and she was reluctantly forced to stop pleasuring herself in order to put an arm out to Georgia for stability as her body changed.

The change continued far longer than it had for the other girls, and it wasn't long before they could all see why. Like the rest of them Cindy's legs had changed from the waist down, but in her case she was soon coated with short black fur, rather than the shaggy brown fur the others had. More importantly though, her rapidly growing rear quickly showed itself to be something else entirely, as within seconds a whole other body formed itself behind her. Even as her normal legs tightened together to become narrow and hooved, two more legs grew down from her second torso, eventually hitting the tiled floor with hooves of their own. Finally, with a full-body shudder, a horse's tail sprouted from behind her, slapping lightly against her flank.

Georgia was clearly impressed. "Kudos for taking the classical theme in your own direction", she said with a grin. "But w-"

"Nnggh!", Cindy gasped, interrupting her. Her movements were frantic - one hand was still massaging against her dripping wet bust eagerly, but the other was desperately straining back towards her rear. "I need! I need... I...!"

It took a moment, but Georgia soon realised her problem - from the waist up she was still the same, but her hips melded seamlessly into her new horse body, and that meant her pussy was now all the way behind her, far out of reach. "Oh, you feeling frustrated girl? Well, don't worry, we c-"

Once again Cindy interrupted her, but this time it was far more dramatic. Cindy's eyes had been screwed shut as she desperately tried to relieve her need, but when Georgia had started talking again they had snapped open, locking onto her with a frenzied intensity. Without warning Cindy reared upwards, her front legs hooking over Georgia's shoulders and pinning her in place.



Fortunately Cindy's lower half was more the size of a small pony than a regular horse, and Georgia's cheerleading skills meant she quickly braced her legs and took the strain. From where she was though Georgia was given a new perspective - the sight of Cindy's new cock surging forwards; becoming thick, wide and long in a matter of seconds. The tip flared outwards at the same time as her desperately heavy balls settled in behind it, and above her she just managed to hear the muffled sounds of Cindy gasping loudly.

"Oh", Georgia just had time to say.

It hit with a physical force, the blast of Cindy's cum powerful enough that Georgia probably would have been knocked over if not for the fact that Cindy's front legs were holding her tightly. As it was she was quickly drenched - Cindy's new horse cock was like a fire hose, and with the two of them locked together Georgia couldn't help but get completely coated with her cum. All the while she could faintly hear Cindy crying out above her, her voice slowly fading into a series of energetic neighs and animal grunts.

By the time Cindy was finally done Georgia was dripping; both her long hair and her fur plastered to her skin by Cindy's massive output. Georgia reached up carefully and levered Cindy's front legs off her shoulders, lowering her down to the ground slowly to avoid her collapsing on her unsteady hooves. With that done, she stood back up, giving Cindy a dirty look after she wiped some of the gunk out of her eyes.

For her part, Cindy at least had the decency to look sheepish. "Sorry", she mumbled. "I... I'm not sure what came over me."

"Really?", Georgia answered sourly. "Because I sure do."

Cindy blushed, but Georgia cut her off before she could respond.

"No, no, it's fine. I'm just joking. I know it's pretty wild the first time, and I guess you were just getting me back, after all. Anyway, there's a happy solution to this." She turned and whistled sharply, causing Leslie to look over at her.

"Here girl", she commanded, as Leslie licked her lips, "come help us clean up."

It was a long time before Leslie was done, and while Cindy felt a little bad about hearing the party she was supposed to be hosting dying down without her, having Leslie lick them both clean was definitely something worth missing it for, feeling like some super sexual version of getting pampered at a spa. By the time Georgia finally waved Leslie away Cindy couldn't hear anyone else in the next room, and it seemed safe enough for them to venture out - if nothing else, everyone was getting pretty tired of either leaning against a countertop or sitting on one of the hard plastic chairs. Trying to be as quiet as possible in case her roommate was asleep, Cindy opened the door and the five of them stepped out. On entering the living room though, the sight that greeted them was not what any of them had expected.

The party had stopped, but there was still someone in the room - or at least, what they assumed was someone. It was in the shape of a person but a pale blue colour all over, and with their legs merging together into some sort of slick mass that they were simply sliding around on. They turned as the girls entered the room, waving cheerfully.

"Oh, hey Cindy!", she said happily, somehow in her roommate Amanda's voice. "I see you guys had some fun tonight too huh?"

Cindy stared blankly. Actually, it looked like Amanda too, when she thought about it. "Uh... yeah?"

"Nice! High-five!"

She slided her way over to them, and Cindy held up her hand wordlessly as what had to be Amanda slapped her palm wetly against hers.

"Anyway", Amanda continued, "I'm just grabbing some snacks. I've got kind of a fuckathon going on in my room, and with my boyfriend on the way it's only going to get better." She turned to leave, then stopped as a thought struck her. "Hey, you guys want to join in? Plenty of room for more!"

Leslie started to raise one of her front hooves, but Georgia elbowed her quickly. "No, thank you", Georgia answered.

Amanda shrugged. "Suit yourselves. Catch you later!" With that she slid smoothly over to the food table, grabbed a large bag of chips, then went over to her room and disappeared inside.

With her gone, Andrea, Leslie and Georgia turned towards Esther. Feeling the heat of their stares, she shrank back.

"What?", she asked meekly.

"What, exactly, did you do with the Stuff?", Georgia said slowly.

"I did what you said - I mixed it into the punch, then pouted out four cups out of it for us."

Georgia was stunned. "You idiot! You were meant to water down some of the Stuff with the punch in the cups! Not pour it into the punch that everyone else could drink!"

"What? You didn't tell me that!"

"I shouldn't have had to!"

Cindy got between them, putting a hand on each of their chests to stop the argument before turning to Georgia. "It looks like there's still a lot of the punch left, maybe people didn't have very much of it?"

Georgia shook her head. "It doesn't really matter how much you have, it's like, basically magic or whatever. Drinking six cups or just kissing someone who had a single taste, all it takes is getting it into your system, and then it does what it does from there, eventually. It just tastes terrible normally, which is why we mix it with something."

"So, wait", Cindy said, "does that mean that like, everyone who came to my party could have turned into wild, contagious, animal sex monsters?"

"Yeah, pretty much", Georgia answered with a scowl. "Now we've got to spend probably our entire weekend tracking them down and setting this right before this gets out of hand!"

"Wow", Cindy sighed, thoughts of her own half-planned fuckathon flashing through her head. "That is... that is really not what I was hoping to do today."

From beside her, Leslie put a consoling arm on her flank and gave her a sympathetic look.

"Hee haw", she said softly. "Hee haw."

There was a pause. "Is that legitimately all she can say, or is she just being a jerk?", Cindy asked finally.

Georgia put her head in her hands. "Honestly, I don't even know any more."
