DESTINY EXPLORER

SHORT STORIES OF OVERLY CURIOUS CREW AND OTHER IN-UNIVERSE SHENANIGANS

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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ONE

A NEW UNIFORM

“You will have to forgive my hesitance,” T’myne remarked with a considerably greater degree of skepticism than she typically displayed toward the latest crazy ideas that crossed the glossy black surface of her neatly kept desk. “This… this really just doesn’t seem like the grandest of ideas, does it?”

Perhaps it was the fact that she no longer had the luxury of so large a desk that was making her so unenthusiastic about being in close physical proximity to such an outlandish idea. There was much to be said for a bit of extra distance between herself and the bizarre concepts that seemed to require her approval on an almost daily basis. Strange ideas that her former staff had always seemed quite happy to demonstrate right there in her office with nary a safety barrier in sight. It was

something of a miracle that she'd never fallen victim to an accident during these truly perilous displays. Quite a few of her younger and more naive marketing staff hadn't been nearly so fortunate.

"I mean… is it *really* necessary?" T'myne inquired as she studied the transparent one-piece swimsuit that had been placed atop the small desk in her shared shipboard office. "Can't we just play waterball in our normal attire?"

"Oh, hell no!" the slender leopardess laughed as she pushed the rumpled layers of clear gelatinous rubber a little bit closer to the recalcitrant mitanni. "We've got to do it in style! Like, you know, rubber blow-up doll style!"

"I still don't understand what that has to do with me," T'myne replied with a deep, sonorous sigh as she eyed the faux-seams that made the suit look like it had been cut out from a dirt cheap rubber blow-up doll. This, she knew, had been a very deliberate choice on the part of the suit's designer. It was supposed to make its wearer look cheap and artificial. So artificial, in fact, that it made her own neck-to-hoof coating of perfectly polished black biogel look vibrantly alive in comparison.

“Because you’ll look so flaming hot out there on the sand as our new team captain, that’s what!” the young leopardess replied with a giddy whip of her long feline tail as she leaned over and looked the mitanni in the eye. “Everyone’s going to go wild when they see you shaking that inflatable ass of yours all over the beach. Seriously!”

“I signed up to serve as the ship’s matron, Mirri,” the mitanni continued as she found herself wondering about the young leopardess’ sanity. “I definitely did not sign up to be an inflatosuit model, let alone a waterball playing inflatosuit model.”

“Well, everyone I talked to thought you’d be the best out of all the available candidates,” Mirri replied with just the sort of silly grin that made it quite clear just who’s idea it had been to add an unathletic forty-six year old mitanni to the list. “By a long shot too. A *really* long shot.”

“Really?” T’myne questioned, looking up at last year’s local solo beach waterball champion with a very skeptical raised eyebrow. How anyone could think she’d be good at any sport was beyond her reckoning, let alone one requiring such a high degree of dexterity. “This is all just a joke, right? A prank? I has to be a prank. I couldn’t play mitanni

rules waterball to save my own ass… and that's the whole point of trying to actually win, isn't it?"

Mirri just smiled and shrugged.

The perplexed mitanni couldn't help but wonder if the young leopardess really was trying to pull a prank on her. The girl had only been with Gelitech for two weeks. If she was pulling a prank, then someone else almost surely put her up to it. Perhaps it was intended as a bit of kinky payback for the demanding demeanor she'd always had toward new models at the Gelarium. Or, perhaps, for her considerable talents with regards to getting staff to agree to doing the most unusual and permanent of things to their own bodies for the sake of bringing in truly impressive profits. Or maybe someone had just decided that it was high time that she started to practice what she preached. But then, that *was* the whole point of her going on this new adventure, wasn't it?

"Quit fussing," Mirri cooed as she reached down and poked at the matron's new swimsuit, causing the rubbery rumples to crackle and snap as they rubbed against one another. "Get your girl on and suit up. We've got to start practicing soon if we're going to have any chance in the qualifiers for the Inflatogames tournament this fall."

“We?” T’myne inquired as she gingerly picked up a pair of shiny transparent biogel socks that had been tossed onto her desk alongside the swimsuit. “And how am I supposed to play waterball with balloon feet? This *has* to be a joke!”

“Those are for your horns,” Mirri remarked with a hearty chuckle as she plopped herself down on the glossy black biogel padded chair opposite the mitanni with a loud *squiiiiip!* “I picked them out special for you ‘cuz I thought they’d make you look extra super hot!”

“That’s definitely a matter of… personal opinion,” T’myne responded with a deeply displeased frown as she laid the horn socks back down on top of the inflatosuit. In her eyes, of all the products she’d overseen the development of, those of the inflato-line were among the least physically attractive. She could never understand why they were so absurdly popular, or why girls seemed to have so much fun applying them to their bodies. Or why girls who went partial inflato always seemed to get an urge to go more and more until they wound up going all the way and completely turning themselves into living inanimate blow up dolls.

“Come on. Stop stalling,” Mirri asked with a mischievous smirk. “Just put it on. It’s going to feel awesome!”

“Why do I have to put it on right now?” T’myne inquired as she began to question just why the young leopardess was being so insistent. Did she really think playing tournament level waterball with a ponderous middle-aged mitanni was a good way to keep one’s ass intact for more than one match? Or… was she really up to something else? Something more… mischievous? “Surely I can wait until I’ve had some time to… you know… adjust myself to the idea. Think about it and all that.”

“Oh, don’t be so silly,” Mirri replied with a sly smile. “I mean, isn’t the whole point of Gelitech to just do crazy things without thinking? So stop thinking and get that big hot bod of yours into that sexy little suit!”

“What about you?” T’myne responded as she pondered the situation. She didn’t have to put the inflatosuit on. She didn’t have to be captain of the waterball team. Those were the young leopardess’ ideas. The young leopardess who was supposed to be part of that very same team. “Aren’t you supposed to be wearing an inflatosuit as well? Why

don’t you get yours and put it on while I finish some work, hmm?”

“Oh, mine’s right on the desk beneath yours,” Mirri replied with a clearly feigned nervous expression on her face. “I… uh… figured you could help me put it on once you’re done with yours.”

“Can’t you just put it on yourself?” T’myne inquired as she turned to her holo-keyboard and tried her best to make it look like she was doing anything other than thinking of some excuse that might convince the insistent leopardess’ that she should go pester someone else into going along with her little game. “I have some important things to do here that can’t really can’t wait.”

“I’m way too nervous to put it on myself,” Mirri answered with a light, giddy tone that very much suggested otherwise. “I’m definitely going to need you to help me get into it.”

T’myne rolled her eyes as she called up her day’s scheduled task list. She hoped that someone had added a meeting or something that she could use to excuse herself long enough for the leopardess to get bored enough to go looking for someone else to captain her waterball team. Instead she found the exact opposite. Much to her surprise, not to

mention her considerable consternation, the remainder of her day's schedule had been cleared. So too was her next day's schedule, and then the day after that.

Clearly, someone above the ruffled mitanni in the ship's rather nebulous pecking order had decided that she had nothing time-specific that needed her undivided attention. Not that she ever had many tasks of that sort, though. A ship's matron's job mostly consisted of general duties whose nature typically defied any form of scheduling.

The puzzled mitanni's days hadn't been reassigned to personal time. She was definitely still meant to be working. But what was there to do besides making sure the slowly growing crew complement weren't all bored out of their skulls while they waited for the ship's maiden voyage to commence?

On the positive side, there also wasn't anything present in her schedule to indicate that anyone other than the persistent young leopardess expected her to join, let alone lead, the waterball team. Her assigned role was still simply 'Ship's Matron'. In her mind, that virtually confirmed that the young leopardess' efforts to get her to put on the inflatosuit were almost surely just a prank. A

very misguided prank if actual waterball was involved. However...

T'myne had a single new personal message waiting for her in the system. It was a quartermaster's account update. *Assigned, for personal use,* she read in silence. *Custom inflatosuit set, to be selected from existing stock and delivered by junior hand Mirri Lurrah. Confirmation of personal use required. No charge.*

T'myne signed and shook her head. The suit had been assigned. Not requested. Assigned. But... by who? And why was confirmation of personal use required? Did that mean she *had* to put the suit on? Or did it just mean she had to show that she hadn't just given the suit to someone else?

"Well?" Mirri inquired as she stood up and picked up the pair of horn socks. "Are you ready? How about we start with these?"

"Mirri!" T'myne exclaimed as the leopardess danced herself around the small desk while swinging the socks around in a playful fashion. "Why must you be so rushed with all this? Why do you even think I want to..."

"Because you do," Mirri replied as she stopped behind the mitanni's chair and opened up one of the

horn socks with a sharp, rubbery crinkle and snap. “Come on. Admit it. I heard you talking all about how you wish someone would just do something crazy to this sexy body of yours. Without even asking. Just go ahead and poof, you’re not what you used to be and you’re going to take it like a real mitanni girl and like it no matter how insane it is.”

T’myne sighed. “You know, when people talk about their kinks, they might not actually be expressing them in terms they expect to be taken literally, right?”

“Some people, yeah,” Mirri purred into the reluctant mitanni’s ear. “But not you. No. You meant every single word of what you said.”

“And how do you know that?” T’myne retorted as she turned her head just enough to give the leopardess a questioning glance over her left shoulder.

“Because you aren’t trying to stop me,” Mirri giggled as she took the mitanni’s right horn in one hand, while slipping the opening of the sock over the tip of her left horn with the other. “And you won’t. Because you’re a real mitanni girl and you’re going to take it and you’re going to like it no matter what.”

T’myne tensed up as she realized the forceful young leopardess definitely wasn’t just playing. Clearly, the girl meant to have her inflatosuited team captain whether the mitanni liked it or not, and she definitely didn’t like it one bit. “Mirri. Must you? I really don’t think this is a very good idea. I need time to think about it.”

“What did I say?” Mirri replied as she began to pull the sock back over the mitanni’s horn tip. “Stop thinking. Relax. Let it happen. Trust me. You’ll love it!”

Despite her youthful naivete, the leopardess had clearly gauged her target quite well. T’myne was very much a real mitanni girl. She did exactly what any real mitanni girl would do when caught indecisively between serious displeasure with the leopardess’ intentions and an innate desire to prove her physical courage on the other. Like a deer caught in the blinding glow of rapidly approaching headlights, she simply froze.

“That’s a good mitanni girl!” Mirri cooed as she drew the sock up and around back of the stunned mitanni’s curved horn with a symphony of rubbery squips, crackles, and squeaks. “You’re going to look so awesome with inflato-horns! I’ll bet you’ll sleep way better too! Built in head pillows!”

T’myne said nothing. She just sat there, frozen in place, with a slight, placid smile on her face. Her eyes quivered with nervous anticipation, though her eyebrows suggested she was in a neutral, almost contemplative mood. She hadn’t been enthusiastic about putting on the inflatosuit, but now that the decision had been made, it seemed almost as if she was actually warming to the idea.

In reality, the mitanni was stricken with such a confounding mix of feelings that her expression simply fell into a natural default. It was a vapid, uncaring look that she would retain no matter what might be taking place to her body. This was accompanied by a slow, almost artificial breathing rate and a neutral pulse that would simply refuse to vary no matter how extreme the experience. It was all about as close to a set of ‘system error’ messages as a living organic being could express without facing potentially dire consequences.

This strange display was far from unique to T’myne. When faced with extreme physical experiences, many mitanni would fall into such a state, even if the who affair was entirely voluntary. In a very large part, this reaction was the source of the idea that even the most skittish and easily disgusted mitanni were so physically brave that

they could face literally anything with a pleasant smile. In truth, a locked up mitanni didn't have much choice in the matter. Nor did they generally have the capacity to understand that fact until they actually experienced the state themselves, at which point it was far too late to actually act on the second thoughts that often came along with it.

Though T'myne was unable to act, that didn't mean that she couldn't still feel what the leopardess was doing. The sensation of the gelatinous rubber sock sliding onto her left horn was both silky smooth and singularly dull. She had expected it to feel far more… fizzy. That was how biogel always felt when it was actively doing transformative things to one's body. There was no pain. No discomfort. Perhaps some pleasure, if one was particularly lucky. But the fizz? There was always the fizz.

The fizz was what happened as cells were dissolved and absorbed by the biogel. One would have thought any such process simply *had* to feel excruciatingly painful, like being doused in acid, set on fire, slashed with a billion paper cuts, and sprayed with liquid nitrogen all at the same time. But it didn't. Something about the biogel inhibited the affected nerves from sending signals. All that

got through to the brain was static. Neutral, fizzy static.

But the sock? The sock just didn't feel fizzy going on. Then again, there wasn't much in the way of nerves within T'myne's big ram horns. They were meant for bashing into other similarly endowed heads, after all. It would have defeated their purpose if it hurt like hell every time they were put to use. Then again, it also meant that injuries often went completely unfelt until someone else pointed them out. Injuries, caught leaves, perching birds, and even the exotic effects of things such as biogel.

"Almost there," Mirri cooed as she drew the sock over the top of the horn's curve with yet more rubbery crinkles, squips, and snaps. "It's about to do its thing. Are you ready?"

T'myne definitely wasn't ready, but she didn't have the ability to show it. She just sat and smiled and cringed inside as she felt the little snow leopardess' fingers in her long deep violet hair, seating the rim of the sock right down where her horn met her forehead.

With one final snap, the leopardess withdrew. The glistening sock was now fully in place, hugging

its horn in a perfectly form-fitting embrace. For a brief moment, the sock seemed to be totally inert.

Oh hells… is it… is it actually fake? T'myne thought as the sock just sat there, gently squeezing her horn. *Was this really just a prank?*

The hopeful mitanni's momentary sense of relief was dashed by a sharp, fizzy sensation that began to bubble around the base of her horn. It quickly began to spread upward, leaving the place where it connected to her forehead feeling very, very strange. *Oh… that feels… so… weird!*

T'myne's horns had always been so rigid. So solid. So damningly hard that every brush and bump was transmitted directly into her thankfully thick, armored skull. Others might joke about the diminutive size of mitanni brains, but were it not for all the padding beneath the bone combined with a neck capable of taking forces that would kill any lesser humanoid outright, she would have been concussed or whiplashed to oblivion long ago, just on account of accidental whacks on low doorframes alone.

Now, however, her horn was starting to feel as different as different could be. The fizz was starting to rise along its surface, accompanied by a constant

cacophony of soft, rubbery sounds that weren't so much entering her ear as they were being transmitted through her skull itself. The base of her horn was starting to feel quite soft and malleable. This sensation spread upward, following the fizz as it accelerated along the curve of her horn. A few seconds were all it took for the spread to go over the top and start down the back. A few more and it had rounded the bottom. Another fleeting moment later, it had finally reached the forward facing tip. There it fizzed quite furiously for a bit before vanishing with a final rubbery pop.

"Awesome!" Mirri purred as she wasted no time in moving to the mitanni's other horn. She slipped the remaining sock over its tip and began to tug it along as quickly as she could get it to go. "Oh… oh girl! I can't wait to see you with the whole suit on! You're going to look amazing!"

T'myne certainly thought otherwise, but at this point there really was no going back. Her body began to relax. Her long, tufted tail twitched. She slowly turned her head to the other side, making it a little bit easier for the leopardess to pull the sock all the way up and over her horn. But… her expression didn't change. Her breathing didn't vary.

Nor did her pulse. She was very much locked ‘in the zone’, with no clear way out.

Crinkle, squip, squeak, snap! The leopardess pulled her fingers out from within the rim of the second sock. It sealed into place around he mitanni’s horn. “So… cool!” she giggled as the transformation commenced, again after a few moment’s delay.

T’myne felt the wash of fizz travel up and over her horn. She could feel her horn getting all soft and squishy as the wave progressed. A shudder ran down her spine as the rapid transformation finished with a soft, rubbery pop.

Mirri wasted no time in taking the mitanni’s shiny new balloon horns in both hands. “You’re steering’s a little squirrelly now,” she mused as she wiggled the soft, supple horns from side to side. “But damn… they looks soooooo good!”

All that T’myne could manage in reply was a soft sigh as she felt her horns do things that nature had never intended horns to do. They definitely felt far more like pillows than horns now. Inflatable pillows that someone had seen fit to glue to her forehead with a layer of glistening black biogel. Squeaky rubber pillows that she could actually *feel*,

somehow both outside and inside all at once. They had a strange kind of pressure in them. A pressure than changed as the young leopardess squeezed, twisted, and pressed them up against the sides of her head.

The mitanni quickly became so focused on the sensation of her inflatable rubber horns that many of the conflicting emotions she was experiencing faded into the background. With these went much of the internal resistance she'd felt toward the idea of 'going inflato'. She still didn't like it one bit, but despite her feeling less frozen up, she just didn't have any willpower left to fuel renewed resistance to the leopardess and her shiny inflatable dress-up game.

The blowup doll dress-up game continued in the form of a pair of small wrist bands that Mirri was now toying with. "These always look so weird," she remarked as she reached down to lift up the mitanni's right arm. "But that's just part of the inflato look, right?"

T'myne slowly inhaled as the leopardess picked up her arm and began to slide the little clear rubber tube up over her hand and wrist. She watched as the young woman pulled it into place over the lower third of her forearm. The moment the girl withdrew

her fingers, the band sealed into place over the glistening black biogel.

This is insane, T'myne thought as her arm began to feel fizzy. Then she softly gasped as the black biogel seemed to collapse inward beneath the clear band. It got thinner, and thinner, and thinner, until there was nothing left but the clear outer shell and a glistening black surface where her arm above ended, and where her wrist below began. The faux seams in the band were atop and beneath her arm, and these stretched and twisted along with her wrist in a strange, almost entrancing way.

Within the wrist band, T'myne could feel the same sort of pressure as she could feel within her balloon horns. It was empty, of course. The only thing inside the clear looking space was pressurized air. Still, her wrist felt quite a bit firmer than her horns.

How can it possibly stay straight like that? the mitanni asked herself as she stared at her transparent forearm, so caught up with it that she hardly noticed the leopardess applying a similar inflato-accessory to the other. *Won't it squish? Bend all the way over? What if it pops?*

T’myne couldn’t help but want to have an immediate answer to her curiosities. She pressed the air filled section against the arm of her office chair and it squished inward, pulling on the rest of her arm in a really weird feeling kind of way. Then she grabbed the chair arm with her hand and pressed down at an odd angle. The inflated section held firm for a while, but just as her second wrist band was snapped into place, it suddenly gave way.

“Ah!” T’myne exclaimed as her inflatable arm suddenly bent as if it had been broken. All she felt, though, was pressure and a twisting of the rubber. The moment she pulled her arm away from the chair, her hand popped right back into its proper place.

“That’s soooo weird,” Mirri giggled as she watched the mitanni’s left forearm shrink away beneath the new band with an intensely curious expression on her face. “It’s gonna be so funky moving around in the whole suit, isn’t it? So funky and fun, I’ll bet!”

While the transformation of her horns had certainly left T’myne feeling quite strange, the sheer insanity of her forearm’s ability to twist and bend in such a crazy fashion had made the completely artificial nature of the change both

vividly and intimately clear. The mitanni was stricken with a sudden flash of intense, and deeply unpleasant awareness. She was no longer the vibrant, living woman she'd been only a few short minuted before. She was part object now. Part thing, and not in a way that served any useful or necessary purpose.

I can't believe I just let her do this to me, the mitanni silently lamented as her mind finally cleared enough for coherent contemplations. She watched the young leopardess pick up the inflatosuit from the desk and shake out the rumples with a rubbery swish and twang. It sent a shudder down her spine. *I just… why? Why did I just let her do it? And… I just… I just can't stop it. I hate it. I hate every bit of it. But I… why? Why do I feel like I just have to keep going?*

T'myne inhaled sharply as the young leopardess plopped the one piece inflatosuit on her lap. She couldn't even begin to imagine what it would feel like once the entire core of her body had been transformed. Everything that made her a woman would be reduced to thin layers of gelatinous rubber. Stripped of fertility, her body would become little more than a walking, talking, routinely reusable condom.

“Go on,” Mirri cooed, gently squeezing the mitanni’s left inflato-horn as she made a vain attempt to pull her chair back from the desk. “Put it on. I’ll bet its going to feel great!”

Why? Why? Why? T’myne thought as she took the suit in both hands and gazed into her reflection upon the suit’s glossy back. Her beautiful reflection, permanently marred by her pair of horribly cheap looking inflatable rubber horns.

Why do I feel like I have to do this? the perplexed mitanni asked herself as her eyes fixed upon the inflatosuit’s horrible looking faux-seams. They ran around the base of the suit’s narrow neck and around its modestly proportioned waist. Up and down the plain, almost vertical sides. Around and over the fronts of the disappointingly small breast cups. *This is so… ugly. So disgusting. So… so… I just don’t understand. Why do I feel like I actually want this?*

T’myne bit her upper lip as she parted the suit’s back seam and lowered it down so she could slide her legs through the provided openings. She couldn’t help but fix her gaze upon that narrow stretch of jellied rubber that would soon be pressing up between her legs. There was nothing there to hint at the unspeakable things that its

touch was going to do to her womanhood. She found that almost as unsettling as the effects she knew it was going to have down there in her most precious of places.

This is just so… easy, the mitanni thought as she pulled the suit up until it was all rumpled up around her thick, muscular thighs. *It feels so smooth. So silky. Maybe… maybe it isn't actually so bad.*

T'myne stood up and pulled the suit right up over her hips, waist, and chest without really thinking about it. As she slid her arms in to the arm holes, the end of the open seam on the back of the suit pushed firmly up beneath the base of her tail. She adjusted the loose neck opening and wondered just how she was supposed to re-seal the back seam.

Despite her key role in approving the whole inflatosuit product line, the annoyed mitanni has been so disgusted by the idea that she'd gone well out of her way to avoid the things as much as she could. In fact, she'd only watched two girls put on bikini style suits during the initial demonstration in her office. She'd never seen the one piece style suits in action, let alone the numerous other variations and accessories that the crazy marketing team had come up with over the past couple of years. Well, not until now, at least.

Come on, the mitanni thought as she tried to hold the two sides of the suit together behind her neck. *Do something.*

As if on cue, the open seam sealed shut from bottom to top with a soft, supple *swiiiiiip*. T'myne gasped sharply as the suit gently squeezed her body from neck to crotch. It conformed to her shape quite comfortably in most places, though its small breast cups proved far less inclined to accommodate her large chest.

Dammit, the mitanni thought as she looked down at her tightly squeezed tits. They weren't pressed flat so much as forced into jutting, bulbous shapes by the surprisingly inflexible faux-seam that formed a ring around their base. To make matters even less comfortable, the vertical seam of each breast cup wasn't particularly flexible either. It created a deep crease down the front of each breast as it tried in vain to force them to conform to the suit designer's preferred proportions.

Seconds ticked past as T'myne waited for the suit to begin its terrible work. A strange, nervous anxiety began to build up within her. With each passing moment, it got stronger, though one never would have known it from the pleasant look that nature still saw fit to freeze upon her face. Five

seconds. Ten seconds. Twenty seconds. The wait was absolutely interminable. Then, after almost a full minute had passed, and without so much as a hint of a warning, the entire area covered by the inflatosuit began to fizz with sharp, pins-and-needles fury.

T'myne inhaled sharply as she felt the fizz shoot down the full length of her long tail. Almost immediately, the last few centimeters ballooned out a bit. A hard, knobbly, and completely numb shape formed on its very tip. A cap through which her air filled body could be inflated, or deflated, virtually at will. Someone else's will, no doubt, but the shuddering mitanni didn't have time to contemplate her future. The sensations of the present were rapidly becoming far too overwhelming.

For starters, a wash of rubbery sensation was spreading up T'myne's quivering tail. As with her horns and wrists, what had once been solid flesh and bone was being rapidly converted into a pressurized rubber tube. The pressure forced her tail into a disturbingly inflexible, shallow upward curve as the transformation progressed. There was nothing she could do to force it to shift from this completely inanimate shape. As the moments passed, she found herself becoming more and more

desperate to make it move. No matter how hard she tried, however, it simply wouldn't budge.

"So… cool!" Mirri huffed as she watched the transformation spread all the way up to the base of the softly gasping mitanni's tail.

The one thing T'myne wanted right now was a chance for her mind to catch up to what was happening to her body. The inflatosuit, however, wasn't about to give her even a moment's respite. Just as soon as her tail was completely ballooned, it began on the rest of her suited body.

"Ah!" the mitanni moaned as she looked down to see her black biogel coated chest shrinking away beneath the inflatosuit until they conformed to the diminutive shape of the suit's breast cups. As to how the shrinking actually felt…

Within the confines of the inflatosuit, T'myne's skin had ceased to be living flesh coated in glistening blackness. It wasn't even the blackness itself now. No. Just as with her horns and wrists, her skin was the material of the suit itself. Dull, rubbery, and with considerable internal pressure. What was happening within this shell? For the moment, at least, she couldn't feel one bit.

The astonished mitanni had been so focused on her shrinking chest that she hadn't even noticed that the whole of her inflatosuit confined body was rapidly vanishing. The glossy black biogel was subsuming her flesh as it bubbled, writhed, and evaporated into the pressurized air that replaced it. It all collapsed around a strange, rumply tube that stretched from just beneath her jaw, all the way down to her abdomen. There, it split into two branches.

One passage led a terribly cheap looking blow up doll anus. The tube ended on T'myne's new mono-butt in a spot that even the least discerning connoisseur of credit shop rubber dolls would describe as being in 'about the right place'. A tight seam surrounded the tube, scrunching it up into a comically bad imitation of a sphincter.

The other passage led to roughly where one might expect a woman's genitalia to be located. In what had to be just about the ultimate expression of pure, unfettered cheapness, it was virtually identical to the anus. It only differed in its apparent inner tightness. After the first couple of centimeters, the tube was much narrower.

"Aw…. Yes!" Mirri exclaimed as the blackness sizzled around these inner tubes for a few short

seconds before completely boiling away, revealing that they were just as clear as the rest of the suit. “You… you look sooooooooooo hot!”

T’myne had very different things on her mind than her appearance. She again found herself frozen in place, unable to move of her own accord. However, it wasn’t that she *couldn’t* move this time. Now, she was simply too afraid to.

Absolutely nothing about the confused mitanni’s body felt right. Her neck, torso, and abdomen were just as completely inflexible as her tail now. They also felt dull as dull could be. Dull and tight against the internal pressure.

To make matters worse, T’myne’s entire sense of balance had been completely and utterly destroyed. She’d gone from weighing almost a hundred and forty kilograms, straight down to seventy. She had no real sense of her center of mass anymore, as her torso and abdomen were now mostly just air. Every little movement of her head or limbs seemed to have a grossly exaggerated effect on her balance. It seemed almost impossible to lift an arm, or take a step, without sending herself crashing to the floor.

“I… I can’t…” T’myne stammered, cut short by the strange sound of her voice. It was still much the

same as it had been before, but it had a bizarre, rubbery twang to it. A bouncy flutter that came from that inner tube that was now serving in part as an air reservoir, allowing her to speak despite her lack of lungs.

"I… oh… this is so…" T'myne again attempted to speak. This time it wasn't the sound of her own voice that brought her up short. It was the effect of having her speaking tube directly connected to her blow up doll orifices. "Hell! That… makes me feel so…"

The vibrations caused by her speaking were stimulating something down there in the rubbery rumples. It was making her… horny. But it didn't feel like anything she'd ever felt before. The tingle. The tension. None of that was there. There was just… something. A weird, twangy feeling of emptiness. A feeling that there was supposed to be something filling at least one of the holes. Only then would the vibrations be blunted, and speaking wouldn't make her feel so strange.

T'myne slowly reached down to run the fingers of her right hand over the place where her pelvic bone used to be. She pressed into its softness as she slid her fingers further back, toward the faux-pussy that felt so strange. Nothing seemed to stimulate it.

Nothing, that is, until she actually pressed her fingers into the opening.

The tube offered no pleasure in response to the probing of the mitanni's fingers. At least, not pleasure in a sense that she was familiar with. It simply felt nice. Pleasant and very comfortable, in a dull, almost distant kind of way. And, much to her confused displeasure, she actually kind of liked it.

The longer her fingers lingered down there, the more T'myne wanted to have something much more substantial jammed up her fake blow up doll pussy. Something big. And hard. And maybe even a little squirmy. It really didn't matter what, as long as it fulfilled her desire.

Seeing that her fingers were hardly up to the task of satisfying her, the aroused mitanni withdrew. As her fingers departed the tight rubbery sphincter, the unlubricated folds pulled out a bit before snapping back into place. This sent a sharp vibration shuddering up the tube. Though it was hardly comparable to an orgasm, it still felt quite nice. Not so nice as having her rubbery innards filled to the brim was sure to feel, though.

“I just wanna squeeze you!” Mirri chirped as she hugged the mitanni from behind. “You’re so sexy and soft!”

“Mirri! I…” T’myne responded as the leopardess squeezed with all her might until the mitanni’s waist was almost half its normal size. “Stop that! I can barely stand… oh… oh hells…”

“What’s the matter?” Mirri asked with a silly smirk as she released a bit of pressure.

“Talking,” T’myne answered as she instinctively turned her head to look at the giddy young leopardess. Her neck proved to be quite a bit more flexible than she’d thought, but moving it was like working against a very strong spring. The moment she stopped trying to hold it where she wanted it, it pulled her head back until it was facing straight forward.

“What’s the matter with talking?” Mirri inquired. “Your voice sound so much sexier with that rubbery sound to it. And your breath… so… latexy!”

“The vibrations,” T’myne replied as she found twisting her waist to be much more difficult than her neck. There was so much more springiness to work against, and nothing particularly solid with which to do the working. “They make me… feel

like… hells… like I just have to fuck. Like… like I just have to."

"Really?" Mirri giggled. "That's so awesome! Come on! Do me now! I wanna feel what it's like!"

"Mirri… I can barely stand up straight," T'myne replied. She couldn't understand how other girls could possibly have so little difficultly adjusting to inflatosuits.

"Then sit down and I'll sit on your lap," Mirri replied, pulling the surprised mitanni back down into her chair with a loud series of harsh, rubbery squips.

"Mirri!" T'myne exclaimed as the leopardess promptly stepped around the chair and plopped herself right onto the mitanni's lap.

"Oh, get used to it," Mirri replied, turning to playfully lick the mitanni on the tip of her nose. "We're going to be doing lots of cuddling now that we're sharing a bed together."

"What?!?" T'myne exclaimed.

Mirrie giggled. "Yeah. This assigned pod-mate thing is pretty cool, huh?"

“I… well… whatever,” T’myne responded with a deep, sonorous, and very rubbery sounding sigh. There was no point in arguing at this point. She’d already let the young leopardess have her way with her in ways far more outrageous than anything that might happen in bed aboard ship.

“This is going to be so much fun!” Mirri laughed as she started to rummage through the bits of clear gelatinous rubber that were still piled up on the mitanni’s desk. “Alight. Wrists? Ankles? How about the thigh piece I got for myself? It’s your choice! Which one do you want to put on me first?”

TWO

GOOEY

There was something deeply unsettling about the strangely serene chamber. Something that made the hair on the back of her neck stand upright. Something she couldn't quite put her finger on. But what could it possibly be?

Despite her growing misgivings, the pretty violet ashiri took a step forward. It was all she could do at this point. The door was locked behind her. There was no going back.

The perfectly polished black floor was pleasantly warm to the touch of her bare feet. So far as she could tell, though, it was the only thing that could be described as warm about the sealed chamber. The air was as cool as the icy impression presented by the featureless, pearly white walls. These seamless surfaces curved upward and inward in the

fashion of a natural, wind blown ice cave. At their peak was a small, luminous circle that cast its warm white luminescence down upon the chamber's only real feature.

The nervous ashiri took a deep breath. She bit her lower lip. She took another pensive step forward.

Before her stood the reason for her presence in the sealed chamber. The mechanism through which she was expected to fulfill her contractual duty. The alchemical artifice that would take the very physical substance of her tender, living body and… do something to it. Something inscrutable. Something unknowable. Something… outrageous.

A rising sense of trepidation took hold of the ashiri as she gazed upon the open topped tank which rose up through the glossy black floor at the center of the room. The tank's walls here a half a meter thick and as chilly looking as the walls of the chamber itself. It was filled to the brim with a strange, translucent fluid.

She took another step forward and looked into the milky-white surface of the strange tank's shimmering contents. She had no idea what the bizarre substance might be. They'd declined to tell

her anything about it. They'd said it would interfere with the process if she knew too much beforehand. Something about expectations affecting the experience, or something like that.

What they had been willing to say was that the substance's mysterious effects would feel unlike anything she'd ever felt before in her life. All she had to do was relax, and slide into its embrace, and willingly surrender herself to its genuinely transformative powers. If she did that, then it would be something special. Something truly amazing.

In retrospect, taking them at their word was clearly the most ridiculously foolish thing she'd ever done. Somehow she'd wound up getting shuffled into the line with others who thought it sounded like a good idea. She hadn't wanted to look afraid in front of so many brave girls. When it came her turn, she just smiled and signed the form right along with the rest of them.

It had all been so easy. So perfectly routine. She was going to do something interesting. Something that only the 'real' girls dared to do. What that really meant hadn't hit her until she was locked alone in the antechamber, taking off her clothes.

The slender ashiri nervously toyed with her long, deep violet hair as she contemplated the strange substance within the tank. As she contemplated the realization that so many had entered the chamber before her, but none had ever come out. They had all surrendered themselves to the substance, but then what?

She took another deep breath and gingerly settled her modestly endowed rump upon the rim of the tank. The more she thought about it all, the worse it made her feel. Whatever was about to happen to her, she clearly wasn't coming back. It was the end of the road. The end of everything she'd known in life. Whatever came next would be something so separated from the life she'd lived that it seemed beyond even the wildest flights of her admittedly rather recalcitrant imagination. Assuming there actually was a next, that is.

A soft, squishy sound caught her long, pointy ear. It was a wet sound, like one might expect from a thick syrup being poured onto a hard surface from a height. Her back went stiff as a deep sense of impending doom filled her already quivering heart. Goosebumps began to cover her body from neck to toe. She slowly turned to look over her left shoulder.

The gooey sound stopped. The surface of the fluid within the tank was perfectly still. Had she just been imagining things?

The shuddering ashiri turned away. Little beads of sweat began to form on her brow. She knew there was only one way forward. Only one path to escape the fear that was threatening to take control of her. The quicker she started down it…

Again, soft, sloppy sounds filled her ears. Again, she slowly turned to look over her shoulder. Again, the surface of the strange substance was perfectly still. Or was it?

The horrified ashiri inhaled sharply as she perceived the slightest of undulations upon the surface of the milky fluid. Something was clearly happening. Something that she wasn't supposed to see. But… what?

Obviously, whatever the substance was up to was totally irrelevant in the long run. She had no real choice but to let it have its way with her. Still, she couldn't help but shift herself sideways, drawing her left leg up onto the rim of the tank so she could keep her eye on the insidious liquid. Moments turned into minutes. The liquid remained still and silent.

The puzzled ashiri sighed and did her best to still her thumping heart. Glistening beads of sweat had formed all over her silky smooth skin. They drizzled and dripped down onto the rim of the tank, and onto the polished black floor.

She knew she had to do it. To slide herself over and let her legs slip beneath the milky fluid's surface. To push herself off of her perch, and let herself sink into the abyss. But… she just couldn't force herself to go through with it. She was too nervous. Too… afraid.

Did the brave girls ever felt the same way when they actually had to do the crazy shit they claimed to be infatuated with? Did they ever freeze up and find themselves recoiling from the things they got off to every night? Did they ever feel like walking away, even when their friends were all doing it with a smile?

The quivering ashiri didn't know. All she knew was that she had to calm herself down. She had to get herself into the right state of mind. She had to stop caring and let nature take its course.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. And exhale. Inhale. And…

For the third time, her ears were treated to a sloppy, gooey serenade. She opened her eyes and stared at the surface of the milky goo. This time there was no mistaking it. There were ripples all over its surface.

The nervous ashiri held her breath. She stared into the hypnotic maze of pulsing undulations. There was something strange about the continuously shifting patterns. The longer she looked at them, the more they entranced her, in a deeply disturbing kind of way. She felt as if she was being enticed. Enticed by something dark. Something sinister. Something…

She gasped as dark, wavering shapes began to form beneath the goop's milky surface. There were countless little fronds, waving too and fro like kelp hovering just beneath the surface of a gently heaving sea. They danced about like so many hellish little tendrils, whirling, twisting… and slowly rising up toward the surface.

SCHLLLLLOP!

All at once, the myriad tendrils of glistening demonic blackness burst forth from the surface of the milky goo. The terrified ashiri gasped as they rose up a meter and more above the surface of the

translucent slime. She tried to scream as they came together into a twisted mass of liquid obsidian, covered with firm looking nodules, pulsating bubbles, and bits that looked almost… bony.

In an instant, a dozen thick tentacles had burst forth from this hellish beast. They reached for the mutely gasping ashiri. She wanted to get up. She wanted to get away. But she couldn't. She was frozen in place by a horrid kind of fear. A fear borne as much of terror of the unknown as it was a fear borne of the equally terrifying prospect that she might actually find what was about to happen as entrancing as the patterns that had put her completely off guard.

They came at her all at once. In a flash, they had wrapped around all four of her limbs. Cool, wet, and disgustingly sticky black goo ensured that there was no possibility of escape. Another tentacle wrapped around her waist. Yet another wrapped around her neck. She gasped and huffed and choked upon the expressions of sheer panic that she so desperately wanted to utter.

The tentacles yanked their helpless captive off of her cold, hard perch and lifted her up over the core of the glistening black monstrosity. She struggled against their hellishly adhesive grip, twisting and

writing in vain as they held her aloft, facing upward and forcing her to gaze directly into the warm, throbbing light above. She began to feel faint.

The whole world seemed to pulsate along with the light, coming in and out of being as horribly intense physical sensations began to overwhelm her. The wet, stickyness of the tentacles was spreading out from where they gripped her, coating her flesh in a harsh, fizzy feeling sheen of glossy blackness. The monstrosity itself was now pressing into her back, spreading its twisted, corrupted features into the slowly spreading goo upon her back and around her sides.

There was nothing the slowly corrupting ashiri could do but squirm as her body was covered with firm lumps, pulsing bubbles, and hard, bony features. At first all this demonic cladding weighed upon her body like so many rocks, sticks, and sacs of fluid glued to her skin. They grew and grew and grew as she faded in and out of consciousness, until there was almost nothing left to see of her besides her terrified face.

In one barely lucid moment she could feel a popping sensation between her quivering butt cheeks. A hard, bony something was forcing its way into her anus. Pressing deep inside without so much

as a passing regard to the subject of its hellish attention.

The next moment of consciousness came with an abrupt spreading of her womanly folds. A hard, ribbed something thumped its way over her clit and into her captive vagina. She began to feel aroused, even as the corruption began to spread over her eyes. It grew over her mouth. A moment later it had covered her face entirely.

There was nothing the helpless ashiri could do as she twisted and squirmed in her coating of vile black corruption. There was nothing she could do to resist the arousal that came upon her hard and fast as the monstrosity sought to snuff out her life. She had heard of such things. Such terrifying pleasures that came with equally terrifying consequences. Just the thought of anyone trying such things was beyond revolting to her. Insane, even. But given her circumstances, there was simply no avoiding it.

As she struggled and writhed, the bony penetrations shifted and pressed against her tender inner flesh in deeply uncomfortable ways. As her mind began a long, slow, final fade into nothingness, even that horrible discomfort seemed to shift into something strangely pleasant. Even as the beast probed deeper and deeper into her

innards. Up and through until she could feel it pressing its lumpy substance up her throat from within.

The slowly slipping ashiri gagged and convulsed as the penetration pressed up and out of her mouth to merge into the corruption covering her face. Her whole body began to feel fizzy. It was pins and needles everywhere, but not for very long. After a few short moments, the fizz faded away, and with it the body she had known since birth.

In a moment of terrifyingly intense clarity, the completely corrupted soul could feel the substance of the monstrosity as if it were her own body. She could feel every twisted shape, even as the beast drew what was once her own body into its own hellishly warped mass. She could feel… and then she couldn't. The entire world seemed to vanish, leaving her as nothing more than a seemingly disembodied mind.

If the captive soul had thought the monstrosity was done corrupting her, she was sorely mistaken. What it had done for her body, it would now do for her mind. A darkness borne straight from the bowels of the Nine Heavenly Hells began to fill all of the voids that had been left when she had been stripped of all sensation. Slowly it began to eat

away at the vibrant, living mortal. Memories of the past were stripped away and replaced by visions of magnificent horrors so disturbingly sexy that they could enthrall even the most resistant of minds.

Gone was the fear, and the horror, and the weakness of mortality. In its place, a deeply corrupted imp was being crafted. An imp to serve not merely as a familiar to those who dared to accept its demonic service, but as clothing to offer its mistress the constant temptation of dark power. An enticement to spread the corruption, and the dark pleasures that came along with it.

Before long, the imp began to feel like it had a physical form again. A little lump of writing tendrils held captive in a milky white sphere. This gob of goo seemed to oppose its intentions with promises of healing, and protection, and all sorts of positive powers the likes of which the imp simply couldn't even begin to understand. Was it a prison meant to keep it captive and controlled? Or was it something else? Something meant to entice victims into the imp's corrupting influence, perhaps?

There was no way for the imp to know. It would just have to wait, and hope. Little did it know, it wouldn't have to wait for long…

THREE

GETTING SPAYED

There was absolutely nothing remarkable about the diminutive mall fashion boutique. It was perfectly plain. Astonishingly generic. Just the sort of place that one might pass by a hundred times and never notice until the inevitable day that its drab display windows were plastered with brightly colored signs declaring ‘clearance sale’ and ‘going out of business’.

Color was something the little shop lacked. Everything about the place was starkly monochrome, from the mannequins in the windows, to the larger than life posters that hung behind them. The backgrounds were white. The models were shades of gray. And the clothing… well, that was all black as black could be.

A casual observer could be forgiven for assuming that the shop was selling some manner of ultra-thin, ultra-soft, ultra-glossy latex attire. That was just the sort of material that would create a convincing illusion of being part of its wearer's skin. Upon closer examination, however, a more inquisitive observer wouldn't be able to help but notice that the suits had the rather unsettling ability to make it appear as if their wearer's physical gender features had been completely erased from existence. So effective was this quality that it was sure to make even the kinkiest of latex fetish fans cringe at the prospect of having their most sensitive body parts pressed so uncomfortably, and perhaps even quite painfully, flat.

To the average kink inclined suburbanite, such uniquely odd wares were a momentary curiosity at best. To a plain rural farm girl from the hinterlands, however, they were just the sort of thing that could pique the darker side of her insatiable curiosity. A ready and available means to tickle her boredom fueled desire to experience the strange, the exotic, and even the erotic, tucked so conveniently into the basement level of an otherwise perfectly normal shopping center.

The leopardess gazed upon the strange looking mannequins and contemplated their complete lack of visible sexual features. She tried to imagine what it would feel like to have her perky little tits mashed flat against her chest. It almost certainly wouldn't feel like the tight sport tops that she occasionally wore when she was away from the farm. Those were comfortably tight, which certainly wasn't something that could be said for attire that could make a pair of big, meaty feline nipples completely vanish.

No matter how hard she tried, the curious leopardess just couldn't quite imagine what it would be like to have her diminutive chest smooshed completely flat. As to the logistics of what was going on between the male models' legs… that was something she couldn't even begin to get her head around. There was just nothing there. No penis. No balls. No lump of any sort where they might be hiding. It seemed almost impossible. Or was it?

The perplexed leopardess couldn't help herself but want to know more about this strange clothing and how it worked so well at hidings its wearers' tender bits. She wanted to try it on for herself, and

feel just how uncomfortable it was. Because it was definitely going to be uncomfortable. Wasn't it?

But… what if the strange shiny rubber actually felt pleasant to wear? The pondering leopardess could just about imagine herself wearing it under her overalls, for no particular reason other than the idea that it might make her days in the fields a bit more… interesting. She couldn't quite place a finger on why she thought that. She just did.

The more she thought, the more ideas began to worm their way into her opening mind. Some of the models were wearing shiny black gloves and boots in addition to the core pieces that rendered them seemingly sexless. If those were durable enough, she'd never have to worry about spending half the evening getting all the mud and mess out of her fur again. Sure, they made rubber clothing just for that purpose, but it was all so loose and bulky that they were no use whatsoever for delicate work like twisting new bits of wire into broken chicken wire fencing, or picking sweet golden den melons off of their mud loving vines.

Whether or not this strange black attire was suitable for anything other than giving its wearer the appearance of being sexless wasn't something the interested leopardess could discover just by

looking at the window displays. There was nothing there to offer any enlightenment in that regard. In fact, there was no signage at all. A glance upward revealed that the little boutique didn't even have a name.

"That's fairly strange," the curious leopardess noted to herself as she took a pensive step toward the open doorway. "Well… I suppose maybe its a new place and they don't have their sign up yet?"

A look into the open doorway revealed just as little about the nature of the shop's wares as the storefront. If there was actually a shop there, it was hidden from view by a small antechamber, several meters square. Into this she slowly advanced, looking around in hopes that something, or perhaps more preferably someone, might be present to enlighten her about the strange glossy black attire that she found so intriguing.

The adventurous leopardess was immediately struck by the room's damp, musty odor. To her right was a collection of very artificial looking plants. Someone far less astute had apparently been watering them to no useful effect other than to create a soggy spot in the carpet directly beneath them.

Directly in front of the leopardess was the sort of sliding double doorway that she was used to seeing in the sci-fi flicks, or documentaries about the Imperial Navy. The panels were big, and tough, and looked so out of place in the suburban mall that she couldn't help but wonder if she was poking her nose into someplace it really didn't belong. The only thing that kept her from having second thoughts was the label that had been painted in perfect military-style lettering on the right door panel: 'Dressing Room'.

A soft, warbling beep drew the leopardess' attention to the left side of the antechamber. There she found herself confronted by a quartet of terminals that resembled old school automated banking machines. One of of these was beckoning her with its soft beeping and its glowing purple card slot.

As the leopardess approached the beeping terminal, its screen came to life.

> **Please insert your membership card now.**
>
> **If you are not currently a member,** please insert your valid **ImperID** to begin the membership process.

“Oh,” the leopardess responded as she read the words on the screen several times over. “You have to be a member to buy their clothing? That’s… strange.”

Strange as the idea of a membership club style store might have been to the thoroughly rural leopardess, she’d become far to fascinated by the shiny black clothing to be deterred by the unfamiliar concept. She pulled her ImperID card from her pants pocket without the least bit of hesitation and slid it straight into the waiting card slot. The terminal beeped. Then it pulled the card inside.

> Thank you Miss Maia Reyune!
>
> Your ImperID has been validated.
>
> Would you like be registered as a member of this establishment now?

Maia pressed the ‘yes’ button on the keypad.

> Thank you Miss Maia, and welcome!
>
> As a Basic Member of this establishment, you will receive news and promotions via CoreNet, as well as invitations to members-only promotional events.

If you are interested in donning our unique professional attire, with all of the benefits and obligations that come along with that privilege, you may request to become a **Contract Member** of this establishment.

Would you like to know more?

Maia again pressed the 'yes' button on the keypad. Of course she wanted to know more. Why else would she have entered the shop?

Thank you for your interest!

You will now be asked a few basic questions in order to assess your level of suitability to serve in the capacity of a **Contract Member** of this establishment.

All **Contract Members** of this establishment are required to spend at least **3 Contiguous Months (Including All Following Holidays)** out of each calendar year available for work as a **Domestic Servant** for well vetted **Patrons** of this establishment.

Are you willing to perform Domestic Servant work, and are you able to provide the aforementioned block of time annually in order to perform it?

"Oh," Maia murmured dejectedly as she pondered the surprising question on the terminal screen. "This

isn’t a clothing shop at all, is it? It’s a just a maid service with weird rubber uniforms!”

Maia’s first inclination was to give up and find some other establishment in which to satisfy her newly inspired curiosities. Surely there was something out there that could offer her a taste of this strange shiny clothing without requiring her to work as a kinky ‘sexless’ maid for three months out of every year. Then again, her mother *had* been pestering her to take on a winter job. Work on the farm had come to a stop weeks ago, and the first snowfall of the year was only a few days away. Was she really going to spend another long winter snowed in with nothing to do but stare at the holo-screen all day and get herself yet another severely surly case of cabin fever?

The uncertain leopardess sighed and reached out to press the ‘yes’ button for a third time. She hesitated. It was one thing to take on a winter job. It was another thing to work as a domestic servant for some wealthy nob who couldn’t tell a chicken from a goat. But even that didn’t have anything on the prospect of spending three whole months dressed in one of those suits, when her only reason for inquiring was to find out

how horribly uncomfortable they almost certainly had to be.

Then again, if she actually did press the ‘yes’ button, she wasn’t going to be committing to the job, was she? It was just an assessment. She wasn’t actually agreeing to anything.

“I guess I could give it a try,” Maia murmured as she pressed down on the key. “Maybe. I mean… it’s not like I have anything else to do all winter, is it?”

Wonderful!

Our **Contract Blocks** begin at noon on the first day of each month. Each month includes all following holidays. **Contract Blocks** end when the following **Contract Block** begins.

If you were to become a **Contract Member** of this establishment, which month would you prefer your **Contract Block** to begin?

1: Snowsong
2: Midwinter
3: Meltwater
4: Rainsong
5: Greenleaf
6: Quickriver
7: First Harvest
8: Brightsun
9: Fadingsun
10: Second Harvest

11: Cloudveil
12: Firelight

Maia pressed 1 and then 2. Firelight was only seven days away. That wouldn't give her much time to prepare if she decided to go through with it, but it would mean she'd be back on the farm with time to spare in order to start preparations for the sowing of the first crop at the beginning of Rainsong.

Thank you!

You have selected a **Contract Block** beginning at noon on the first day of Firelight and ending at noon on the first day of Meltwater.

Is this correct?

Maia pressed the 'yes' button.

Excellent!

When purchasing **Contracts**, our **Patrons** are offered a number of options with respects to the **Members** who will be assigned to fulfill the **Contract**.

One option is whether or not to have a random or specific **Member** fulfill the **Contract**. This means that a **Patron** in good standing may take decide to **Contract** for a favored **Member**

on repeated occasions. Such a **Patron** may also desire to monopolize the entire available **Contract** time of their favorite **Member.** This is permitted. However...

Reports of prohibited conduct will suspend a current **Contract** and bar a **Patron** from **Contracting** the reporting **Member**. Confirmed reports will result in the permanent banning of the **Patron** from our services.

Are you comfortable with these conditions?

Maia pressed the 'yes' key.

Perfect!

There are seven levels of advancement through which **Members** may progress as they fulfill contracts.

During **Contract** purchases, our patrons will select the **Member Level** desired of their **Contracted Member**.

If the patron's selected **Member** is not already of the desired **Member Level**, the **Patron** may elect to pay for the **Member's** advancement. Subject to certain conditions, the **Member** has no choice but to accept the advancement in **Member Level**.

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Maia pressed the down arrow on the keypad.

Member Levels are divided into 3 distinct blocks. There are 3 levels of **Contract Member**, 3 levels of **Dedicated Member**, and then there are **Unlimited Members**. **Members** may only advance forward through these levels.

Contract Members have the standard 3 month minimum availability requirement. Only the uniform changes as the **Member** advances through the levels.

Dedicated Members have chosen to make a full time career out of fulfilling our **Patron Contracts**. Entering the **Dedicated Member** level block is entirely voluntary. A **Contract Member** at **Level 3** may elect to become a **Dedicated Member** after completing their first **Contract**. **Dedicated Members** must be available for **10 Months** out of the year, in **2 Blocks of 5 Contiguous Months (Including All Following Holidays)**.

Scroll Down To Continue

Again, Maia pressed the down arrow.

Unlimited Members have chosen to accept permanent assignment to a **Patron** who desires long term service. Only **Dedicated Members** with a minimum of 3 years service may volunteer to become **Unlimited Members**. **Unlimited Member Contracts** are perpetual unless ended by the **Patron**. The **Patron** may elect to release the **Member** from their

Contract at any time. After 5 full years of service, the **Patron** may also choose to fully complete the **Member's** suiting at any time by paying a predetermined fee. In this case, the resulting **Permanent Member** becomes the property of the **Patron.**

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Yet again, and despite some misgivings about the possibility of becoming someone's property, Maia pressed the down arrow.

All members must wear only their uniform during the fulfilling of **Contracts.** No other clothing is permitted, with the exception of suitable footwear for **Contract Members** of **Level 1.**

In periods between **Contracts,** members are permitted to wear other clothing over their uniforms.

In addition to **Contracts, Contract** and **Dedicated Members** may be offered various secondary income opportunities related to the operations of this establishment. These opportunities are purely voluntary and will not affect the **Member's** standing with this establishment.

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Sighing at the interminable verbosity of the computer's presentation, Maia again pressed the down arrow. Wasn't this supposed to be an assessment? Where had all the questions gone?

The **Level**, **Daily Pay Scale**, and **Uniform Composition** are listed below. **Compensation Includes Full Room And Board** complying with a highly favorable minimum standard of **Live-In Domestic Help Class 2.**

Lvl	Pay	Uniform
C1	¢30	Frontal. No footwear provided.
C2	¢40	Frontal & Legs.
C3	¢50	Frontal, Arms & Legs.
D1	¢60	Frontal, Back, Arms & Legs.
D2	¢80	Full Body Neck Down.
D3	¢120	Full Body & Mute Mask.
U	¢50	As D1, D2, or D3.

Are you comfortable with these conditions?

Maia hesitated to answer. The pay was absurdly low compared to any normal job. She could make almost double that working just eight hours in a day. Then again, she'd also be paying her own way when it came to an apartment in town, and food to eat.

With room and board included, that low daily rate was all money in the pocket. It was also money she

likely wouldn’t be spending owing to the nature of the job. Working all six days a week also meant getting payed for all six days in a week. Doing the math in her head, so far as she could tell, her three month winter job would have her taking home a spicy three thousand credits[1].

Maia hummed and hovered her finger over the ‘yes’ button. Three thousand credits was way more than she’d be able to take home from any other job after expenses were included. But was it worth being stuck wearing something so seemingly uncomfortable, six days a week, five weeks a month, for three whole months on end?

Taking a deep breath, Maia decided that it was. Even if she saved half of it, there was still so much she could buy for herself with that kind of money. Maybe she could even buy herself a old truck and not have to beg for a ride to the train station every time she wanted to get away from the farm for a bit. She pressed the button.

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1 In the Fey’li Empire, 1 Imperial Credit (¢1) is fixed as the value of 1 standard 500g loaf of whole grain bread. This equates to roughly 3 USD as of writing in mid 2023. Therefore, 1 days pay at CM1 is worth approximately 90 USD.

Excellent!

Member Uniforms must be applied three days prior to the commencement of the **Member's** first **Contract.**

Member Uniform upgrades must be applied three days prior to the commencement of the associated **Contract.**

Once applied, all **Member** uniforms cannot be removed. Body features altered or removed cannot be restored.

Member Uniforms shall be provided, maintained, and upgraded at the cost of the establishment.

Are these particular terms acceptable?

"Yes! Yes!" Maia huffed, tapping impatiently at the 'yes' button without even bothering to read the message. She'd decided to take the job. At this point, any more interminable walls of text were just an inconvenience. "Just get on with it!"

Thank you!

Your assessment is now complete.

Congratulations, Miss Maia! You appear to be a **Perfect Candidate** for **Contract Membership!**

Would you like to become a Contract Member of this establishment?

“Finally, yes,” Maia muttered, shaking her head as she tapped the ‘yes’ key for what she hoped would be the final time. In response, the terminal spat out Maia’s ImperID with a click and a beep.

Welcome, Contract Member Mix Maia!

Please enter the **Dressing Room** at any time at least three days prior to the commencement of your available period in order to consult with the **Contract Terminal**. This will provide you with your first **Contract** and uniform.

Please be aware that failing to enter the **Dressing Room** in time will result in the cancellation of your **Contract Membership**.

Entering the **Dressing Room** will be considered a confirmation of permanent **Membership** acceptance, and the acceptance of all conditions thereof.

Here is your initial **Membership Card.** It will be completed by the **Contract Terminal** in the **Dressing Room**.

Thank you and enjoy your Membership!

The terminal ejected a shiny new membership card from its card slot. Much of the glossy black card was

left blank, including the place where a picture of her was meant to be. Only her name, birth date, and her member number were printed in silver upon its surface, underneath the header that gave her, for the first time, the name of the establishment that she had just become employed with.

“No Fucks To Give?” Maia remarked as she read the name of the business aloud. This was printed in gold to the left of an odd looking silver symbol. Within a diamond was a small circle with a straight line extending beneath it. It was the sort of extremely simple looking graphic that seemed like it should mean something very specific. As to what it might mean, she hadn’t the slightest of clues. She was, however, quite familiar with the pronoun that had been placed before her name.

“Mix Maia?” the somewhat taken aback leopardess read aloud as she turned toward the dressing room doorway. “Well… I kind of guess that’s the whole point, isn’t it?”

The dressing room door responded to Maia’s approach with a sound that combined the least pleasant aspects of both a rumble and a hiss. It was exactly the sort of sound that she’d expected to come

from such a big sci-fi-ish door, and especially one so strangely thick. It was clearly meant to keep people out. Or was it meant to keep people in?

The leopardess shook of the latter possibility. This wasn't a secret villain's lair. This was a business in a suburban mall.

Maia entered the new room and quickly found herself becoming even more puzzled than she'd been when she'd stepped into the establishment's antechamber. The weirdly sterile looking room was about four meters wide and ten meters deep. Along the left were more obviously fake plants with a few glossy black armchairs mixed in among them. In the very middle of the wall was a softly beeping terminal much like the one she'd just been using. She assumed that this was the contract terminal to which she had been directed.

It was the right side of the room that really perplexed the leopardess. She had been expecting shelves or racks with lots of shiny black clothing. In reality, there wasn't a single bit of glistening black attire in sight. Instead, she found a trio of circular chambers embedded in an otherwise featureless wall.

All three were closed off by frosted glass panels, preventing her from seeing what they contained.

“Strange,” Maia remarked as she turned to the contract terminal and slid her member card into the blinking card slot. “I guess those must be dressing rooms. They’re awfully big for that, though, aren’t they?”

Greetings Mix Maia!

You have new messages:

> Your NFTG CoreNet listing has been posted.

> Your NFTG CoreNet listing has attracted the attention of several patrons. 6 patrons have viewed your listing.

> A patron has specifically selected you to fulfill their contract.

> **You have a new contract to fulfill!**

> You have been contracted to serve a local patron for the **Full 3 Months Of Firelight, Snowsong, And Midwinter**. The contracting patron has paid to advance your **Contract Member Level** to **3**. Your expected income from this contract will be: **¢4,600**.

> You are not yet wearing your **Contract Member Level 3** uniform. Please check in with

this **Contract Terminal** in order to acquire your new uniform.

Scroll Down To Continue

"Wow," Maia murmured as she read the messages on the terminal before pressing the down arrow. "That was… very fast. Is there really that much demand for maids with their boobs smashed flat?"

You have a task to complete, Mix Maia!

You have three days to enter a **Dressing Chamber** and receive your new **Contract Member Level 3** uniform.

Are you ready to enter a Dressing Chamber to receive your new Contract Member Level 3 uniform now?

Delaying the chance to finally find out what those strange suits actually felt like to wear would have defeated the whole point of her taking the job. She pressed the 'yes' button.

Wonderful!

You may enter the Dressing Chamber now!

Maia turned to find that the frosted glass panel of the middle dressing chamber had vanished without a sound. Were that not enough to make her feel a tad on the nervous side, she found that the dressing chamber contained nothing that she would have normally associated with such a room. There were no benches. No chairs. No place to put the clothing one was taking off or trying on.

Instead, Maia was confronted by a strange device which stood in the very center of the chamber. It was a pearly white pod of sorts, mounted upon a pedestal, with its upper portion cut away to reveal glistening blackness within. The manner in which this had been affected seemed to invite her to denude and mount the upward curving tail that extended forward from the base of the pod To rest her crotch upon the narrow saddle which it presented, and to press her whole front into the blackness.

It didn’t take more than a few short moments for the curious leopardess to realize that the shape that the pod’s blackness would trace upon her body exactly matched the shape of the blackness that coated the models from their chest and down to between their legs. Was it possible that this machine was intended to

apply the suit directly to her body? To mold it to her shape and flatten her out in a way that might, perhaps, not nearly be so uncomfortable as it looked?

Maia approached the strange machine. She looked it over like a good farm girl might look over a used tractor for sale beside the road. Front to back. Side to side. Over and even under. She tugged on the large handles that were mounted on the sides. She wiggled it to see how secure it was on its pedestal. She would have kicked its tires if it'd had tired to kick. She was nothing if not thorough.

"I suppose this doesn't seem too crazy," the inquisitive leopardess murmured as she took a step back and kicked off her badly stained brown leather boots. "I can't wait to see what it feels like. Weird, I'll bet."

Maia unclasped the battered brass buckle that was barely managing to keep her careworn and slightly over-sized jeans hanging onto her hips. If there was one thing she was going to do with all that money she was about to make, it was buying some new clothes that fit better than all the hand-me-downs she'd had to put up with for as long as she could remember. Just because her big sister had hips as wide as a horse's

arse didn’t mean her pants were ‘as good as one size fits all’.

As her pants fell freely to the floor, the leopardess turned her attention to the plaid shirt that seemed to provide no end of amusement to all of the girls she came across in town. She might as well have been holding a sign that read ‘yokel’ on it. A few pairs of the sport outfits that all the more urbanized fey’li girls liked to wear was definitely in order. Maybe a skirt or two. Then she might actually be able to fit in when came to town.

Maia stepped out of her pants and dropped her shirt on top of them. There was no place else to put the lot. At least the floor was clean.

For a woman who had just stripped down to her bare fur in a strange business in an unfamiliar suburban mall, it seemed almost silly that she found taking her socks off to be the one thing that actually made her feel nervous about her nudity. Up until that point, she’d still felt clothed, even if the only thing covered in fabric was her feet. The moment her socks were off, that was when she actually started to feel a bit self-conscious. A bit uncomfortable. A bit… uncouth.

Getting naked was just a step on the journey to dressing in something different, of course. Maia bit her lower lip. She took a deep breath. She approached the machine.

Maia reached to either side of the device and took hold of the handles. She got up onto her tip-toes and slid her soft, fluffy pussy over the tip of the narrow protrusion. As she let herself slide down into place, her pussy seemed to sink into its quite unexpectedly gelatinous coating of cool, shimmering blackness. Its tip slid up the crack of her fuzzy feline rump. It began to poke up beneath the base of her tail just as she placed her full weight upon it.

For a few brief moments, the bold leopardess paused upon the brink. She savored the strange feeling of having the luscious outer folds of her womanhood surrounded by the slick, slimy feeling black goo. She shivered at the way it tickled her tightly puckered tail hole. She twitched as it pressed into that intensely erogenous spot beneath her tail.

Maia held her breath as she let herself settle forward. The line of contact slowly advanced up her belly as she descended. Up over the base of her ribcage. Up over her perky little tits. And there it

stopped, in a smoothly curving line just beneath her collarbones. Just like the shape of the suits worn by the models.

At first, nothing happened. Maia assumed that the goo was just like paint. She'd gotten her coating. All she had to do now was get up.

"Wha…," the shocked leopardess sputtered as she found herself unable to part ways with the black goop. "What's going on here? Why am I stuck?"

No matter how much Maia squirmed, the blackness refused to let go. From tail to chest, she was stuck like a fly in molasses. There was nothing she could do to free herself, and no one else around to help her.

"Aw, come on!" the deeply annoyed leopardess moaned as she tried to figure out what she'd missed when examining the machine. "There's got to be a way to get off this thing. What am I supposed to do?"

Without warning, and without any obvious cause, Maia began to feel very, very horny. She felt an insatiable urge to grind against the protrusion. She began to flex her hips forward and back. Side to side. Her tender flesh responded without a moments hesitation.

Maia began to huff and pant as a deep, tense arousal took hold between her legs. Every tug against the adhesive goop. Every thrust against its firm support. Every little movement she made seemed to produce a wave of heightening tightness. At each crest came a little tingly something. A little invitation to push just a little bit harder. A little bit faster. And then…

A chill sensation spread through the gasping leopardess' abdomen. Like a rush of cold water cascading over a tired field hand at the end of long hot day, it blasted away all off the tightness. All of the tension. And with it all of the pleasure that she'd been enjoying as she'd made sweet love to her machine.

"What… what's… what's happening to me?" Maia huffed as all sensitivity from her pussy back to the base of her tail seemed to vanish along with every trace of her horniness. She wiggled and squirmed in an effort to rekindle the feeling. There didn't seem to be anything left down there with which to rekindle it. And those bits weren't the only thing that she was missing. "There's… it's… it's gone! It's all just… gone!"

The stunned leopardess could barely believe it, but what else could have possibly happened? The machine had just stripped her of her feminity. It had stripped her of every organ of physical sex. It had even seemingly erased her tight little virgin tailhole, leaving absolutely no possibility that she'd ever be able to enjoy even that less than pleasant form of physical intimacy.

Maia understood now. It wasn't all about being a maid who *looked* completely sexless. I was all about being a maid who actually *was* completely sexless!

The machine didn't give the astonished leopardess a chance to think too hard about her sudden change from she to it. Wetness slithered its way through her fur, running in little rivulets up under her armpits and then down to form long shiny black opera length gloves upon her arms. More rivulets slithered from her barren crotch, down her legs where they formed high heeled boot-pants that covered her legs and rump. Only stripes of bare fur were left upon her legs, to either side of her lower abdomen. These acting like an arrow bringing attention directly to the fact that the only thing between her legs was shiny black flatness.

No sooner than the machine had given its captive gloves and boots, it released its hold upon her with a loud, gooey sucking sound. She staggered back on heels far higher than any she'd ever stood upon before. She gasped and huffed as she tried to keep her balance. There was nothing but the machine to hold on to.

Maia didn't know what to think. She didn't know how to feel. In a few short minutes, her whole life had been turned completely upside down. Everything had changed. She had changed, and not just in having her body rendered sexless. Something deep inside her had changed as well. Something that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

The leopardess should have been horrified. She should have been angry. But she wasn't. She was calm. Collected. Everything felt perfectly normal. Even her drastically altered body felt perfectly normal. What was there to be upset about?

Maia took another deep breath. She took a few pensive steps back toward the contract terminal. Everything seemed to be going so well so far. All she needed now was to find out where she was going to be headed to fulfill her first contract. Who was she going

to be serving? How submissive did they want her to be? She was more than happy to be the most submissive little spayed maid they ever had. That was what they wanted, wasn't it?

Of course it was what they wanted, and Maia was going to give it. That was her job now. That was her purpose in life. To serve, and nothing else.

FOUR

NANITES

“Is this… you know… like… safe?” the nervous tigress inquired with palatable hesitance as she took a deeply pensive step toward the utterly alien artifact.

“Perfectly safe,” came the muffled reply that proved far less reassuring than its speaker likely intended it to be. It was such an easy thing to say when one was separated from the bizarre subject of the day’s experiment by two thick armored doors and a self-sterilizing envirolock in between.

“Well… okay then. I guess,” Kharie respoinded, her voice quivering with unsettled anticipation as she contemplated the artifact’s disturbingly organic shape. Its dark colors and strangely metallic luster. And its softly textured surfaces that seemed to shift

about like endless waves of countless tiny crawling insects.

Perhaps it was just a trick of the small chamber's dim, greenish illumination. Or perhaps it was a trick of her anxious and increasingly unenthusiastic mind. Or perhaps it was a bit of both, blended into a bitter mix that threatened to tip her over into an unwelcome state of slowly developing terror. It was a mix whose taste was all the more sour by the fact that she had not the slightest clue what the artifact was, or what it was going to do to her.

All that Kharie knew was that she'd been pulled out of her dreamy biogel cocoon only a few short minutes before, to be told that she'd been picked at random for a biogel related experiment. That *was* one of the possibilities that she'd agreed to when she'd signed up to help test the Destiny Explorer's long term volunteer 'processing' system. It was a risk she'd accepted in hopes of finding herself eyeballs deep in some knew and particularly kinky biogel development.

The object of her apprehension was just about the opposite of what she'd been expecting to discover when she'd been so abruptly woken from her glossy, crystal biogel reverie and so quickly ushered into the test chamber without so much as a

word of explanation. She was merely told to enter the chamber and mount the test object with a minimum of delay. But what *was* this creepy, bizarre thing that she was supposed to be mounting?

To Kharie's puzzled eyes, the artifice seemed to be some sort of utterly alien chair. Its twisted, sinuous contours rose up to a recessed surface that seemed to be perfectly formed to accommodate the shape of a softly rounded fey'li posterior. A bifurcated back offered a perfect place for a long, fluffy tail to be draped downward without the slightest of inconvenience or discomfort. That, however, was where the artifact's appearance of relative innocence came to an deeply unsettling end.

It was impossible for the tigress not to notice the shapely recesses in which her legs were clearly intended to rest as she sat upon the alien chair. These would hold her in a half-standing pose, legs spread somewhat apart to expose her tender lady bits to the suspicious openings upon the corresponding portion of the seat's surface. These barely hid a pair of rounded, perforated lumps, no doubt the tips of alien phalli whose intended destinations were all too plainly obvious.

Just as the front of the chair presented Kharie with a clear hint at the nature of what was soon to come, so too did its split back. What at first had seemed pleasantly accommodating now seemed almost *too* accommodating. There was plenty of surface to support her back, but to this had been added quite a bit of completely unnecessary bulk to the sides. This would not only hug her around the sides of her waist, but the open vertical fissures on each side seemed posed to snare her arms should she be so foolish as to allow them to fall behind her back. Or, of course, should something concealed within come out to forcibly pull her arms behind her back.

Given the appearance of the rest of the seat, the latter seemed far more likely than the former. She would be trapped in an instant. There would be no hope of escape. No way to resist whatever the thing was going to do to her. The moment she sat upon it, she was done. But then… that *was* the whole point of these kinds of things, wasn't it?

I guess… I guess I don't really have a choice, do I? Kharie thought as she took another hesitant step toward the twisted alien chair and its creepy, crawling metallic surface. *Goddess above, that looks almost… almost… alive?*

The longer she looked, the more the material making up the alien artifact seemed to be in a state of constant motion. Not only were waves washing too and fro over its surface, there were streams, current, and even little eddies that made her wonder just how solid the whole thing actually was. It also made her wonder if the thing was actually as alien as it appeared. Was it really just biogel crafted into a shape intended to elicit a strong reaction? Was that what the experiment was really all about? Seeing how she would react to being suddenly shoved into a chamber with a creepy alien looking chair for the sole purpose of letting it have its way with her?

What a strange experiment, Kharie thought as she convinced herself that the whole affair was just to see how she was going to react.

The tigress took a long, deep breath and did her best to let her anxiety melt away. Kinky biogel sexy time was the sort of thing that she'd signed up for. If that was going to come in the form of a bizarre alien throne specially fitted to hug her fluffy feline butt, then so be it. It was going to feel awesome, and it was going to make for one hell of a video. Whether or not she was going to be in any state to watch that video afterward… well… she knew what

she signed up for. If the answer was no, then that was just the price of the unique, and uniquely intimate, biogel experience.

This is going to be fun, isn't it? Kharie asked herself as she took a slightly more bold step toward the strange chair. *It's going to feel great and I'm going to love every moment of it, aren't I?*

Despite her growing belief that the alien chair was, in fact, just a biogel plaything in disguise, there was still a nagging seed of doubt left to keep her feeling just a little bit nervous. The closer she got to the seat, the more distinct and alive all of those minuscule particles looked. They weren't behaving in a truly uniform fashion. Each seemed to have something of a mind of its own, with its own intentions and objectives.

Those upon the ashen gray portions that formed the frame of the chair's structure, as it was, seemed to move about in a paced and highly deliberate fashion. Most were moving in organized waves, but here and there a little collection of particles would be trying to move against the flow, creating lots of streamers and eddies around it as it headed for some very specific objective. Here and there, these collections would seem to rise up from below, or to

descend beneath the surface on their way from one portion of the structure to another.

The particles of the silvery sinews behaved in a completely different fashion. They raced about from end to end in little parallel rivulets whose flow was only interrupted when one became a bit too much thicker than its neighbors. This would trigger a series of violent little eddies as it became disrupted, casting off some of its own thickness to reestablish balance with the others.

The coal black lumps and threads of connecting 'tissue' that presented themselves all over the chair were another matter entirely. The particles upon their surface moved slowly, with a strange hypnotic chaos to their patterns of motion. The strange, alluring effect was gripping. Kharie found herself taking the final step toward the chair entirely without really wanting to.

Wow, the tigress thought as she stared into one particularly enthralling mass of coaly blackness. It was located right where the two halves of the split back came together, creating a shallow ridge that was going to press right up into the erogenous zone beneath the base of her tail. All sense of doubt left her mind as she became determined to mount the seat and wiggle herself against that enticing black

lump until she just couldn't take it any more. *That looks so... pretty. I... I kind of... kind of really want to... feel it there...*

Kharie turned around and hiked her tail as high as it would go. She got up on her tip-toes and took the half-step back that resulted in her fluffy crotch sliding backwards across the hard ridges of the seat. Her ass pressed back into the comfortable cups that cradled each cheek quite softly despite the harsh hardness of their surface. Her legs slipped naturally into the spread recesses, and as a result her soft womanly folds quite naturally found themselves entirely within the foremost of the seat's phallus-holes.

More importantly for her hypnosis induced immediate intentions, the base of the tigress' tail came to a firm rest upon that coaly black mass. The press sent a sharp tingle up her spine and filled her mind with that strange kind of enticing euphoria that made even the least horny of fey'li want put their asses in the air and present themselves for immediate intercourse which whoever dared to get their involuntary motor running. One little rub was enough to give her the urge. A second made the urge seem less involuntary than it actually was. A third made the hypnosis entirely unnecessary as

her own hormones took over the role of compelling her to remain in the chair, no matter what it was going to do to her.

As Kharie slowly shifted her posterior from side to side, her arms quite naturally found their way behind her. The motion was born purely out of the instinctual desire to stabilize herself and control the amount of pressure beneath her tail, lest the arousing sensations start to present discomfort rather than pleasure. Into the fissures her arms effortlessly slipped, and around them the alien material promptly clamped.

“Oh!” the snared tigress gasped as her capture brought with it an extremely abrupt and unpleasantly sharp level of clarity. “Oh… I…”

Kharie didn’t even have time to sputter a coherent sentence before her lower legs and knees were captured in similar, body hugging fashion. At the same time, the black lump upon which she’d been grinding her under-tail treated that wildly whipping extension of her shuddering spine to the same. It first wrapped around the whole base of her tail, before pulling it all downward and into a previously unnoticed fissure down back of the seat’s base.

“Oh… ah… ah… what…” the alarmed tigress panted as the the last vestiges of hypnosis faded away, leaving her fully aware of just how hard the whole alien artifact was. “This isn’t… this isn’t biogel!”

“Ah… oh… AAAAAAAH!” Kharie screeched in confused, terrified delight as the lingering arousal between her legs was send soaring by a firm slithering against the fluffy folds of her thankfully moist pussy. This was matched by an equally hard squirming up between her butt-cheeks and against the completely unlubricated flesh of her tightly puckered anus. “Oh… oh… ohno…”

“UNF!” the tigress grunted as her helpless tailhole faced a sudden and deeply uncomfortable pressure. She clenched her posterior in largely involuntary resistance to the sudden phallic onslaught, but there was nothing her soft, tender flesh could do to hold the truly rock hard penetrator at bay. In it went, it’s massive girth spreading her ass open just wide enough to leave her gasping for air, but not quite wide enough for it to hurt. “Oh! Oh! FUCK!”

Kharie had never felt anything like it before. It was moving inside of her, slithering deeper and deeper into her intestines. It was an experience

that even the bravest of sexual experimenters would have found deeply unpleasant. Astonishingly uncomfortable. Almost, but not quite, stomach turning.

Thankfully, the gasping tigress would have somewhat less unpleasant distraction to keep her form focusing too much on the chair's rapacious invasion of her gut. The other alien phallus had fully emerged from its hiding place. It was now pressing itself into the helpless depths of her soft, mucous oozing womanhood.

"Ah… ah… oh!" Kharie moaned as she the new intruder spread the folds of her pussy so wide that, in combination with the activity still wending its way through her intestines, she began to feel more like an inanimate piece of raw meat than a living, breathing person. It was a feeling that would only intensify as the vaginal penetrator began to work its way well beyond the realms that nature had intended.

A vague feeling of queasy discomfort welled up within her lower belly. A feeling that something wasn't simply satisfied to ejaculate genetic essence into her body in liquid form. Something was sliding into her uterus, pulling and tugging on the organ in strange ways as her body, and the phallus inside it,

moved. It felt horrible. Horrible in ways that seemed to defy everything she understood about reality. But strangely, almost impossibly, it didn't actually hurt.

Kharie was stricken with confused horror as her body was used in ways that she couldn't even begin to understand. It was an experience that was not, however, without its pleasures. The alien substance between her legs had begun to grow around her mucous oozing pussy. It began to press into her little pink clit as it formed a covering over the whole of her groin.

The chair began to rub her little pleasure nub at the same time as it began to suck upon the flesh around it. Amid the horrid discomfort came a wave of pure sexual arousal that sent all of the negative sensations scurrying into the shadows. All she could feel now was that tingling. That firm, pleasing pressure that made her want nothing more than to spend every last ounce of her energy chasing the supreme release of orgasm, and the pure, unadulterated euphoria that came along with it.

For several impossibly long moments, Kharie was consumed by the gloriously sensuous stimulation. Her mind reeled with dizzying pleasure as her body began to fall limp in the embrace of the alien

artifice. Her shoulders began to sway in time with each clitoral rub. With each wondrous surge of arousal. Her desperate gasps turned into yearning huffs as all of the discomfort that come before was forgotten in a foggy haze of uninhibited ecstasy.

As wonderfully distracting as it may have been, the pleasure was far from the purpose of the alien throne. It merely served to ensure that its helpless subject would be fully compliant as it went about its insidious work within the warm, tender confines of her delicate inner flesh. It was a work of which the enthralled tigress was totally ignorant. Until the moment that she wasn't, that is.

Kharie moaned as a strange, icy burning began to take shape around her bellybutton. The sensation was akin to pain, but somehow it seemed to smoothly mesh into the pleasure that still coursed through her abdomen in magnificently euphoric waves. Beneath this sensuous pain welled up a feeling of harsh, stony hardness. It was crawling its way through her flesh from within, reaching out toward the surface of her skin like some impossibly fast growing alien tumor hell bent on escaping in order to spread its horrors to anyone and everyone it might chance to snare in its terrifying grasp.

The tigress' head lolled from side to side as she put all of her mental effort into gazing downward in hopes of discovering just what it was the alien artifact was doing to her helpless body. Just as her eyes came to focus down between her bobbing breasts, a weird bubbly sensation surrounded her bellybutton. She stared in stunned astonishment as a rumpled oval ring of shimmering, dark gray alien matter rose up through her skin, consuming her fur as it developed into a strange, almost sphincter-like shape that covered the entirety of her pectoral area. It was a patch of perfectly blank numbness, devoid of any sensation whatsoever. And… it was spreading.

What… what's happening to me? Kahrie thought as she continued to huff in time with the waves of glorious arousal. *What's it doing to my body?*

The icy burning slowly spread around the tigress' waist, followed in turn by the rising hardness, and then the vanishing of all sensation. Slowly, inexorably, it parted her two. Above, her chest heaved as her mind reeled at the feeling of being sliced into two separate but still connected portions. Below her legs and thighs flexed and squirmed as the place where they met was treated to increasingly rapid rubbing beneath the covering

the alien artifact had grown over her groin. And in between… there was nothing. Nothing but narrow rims of burning cold that were slowly spreading downward as well as upward.

It was plain to Kharie's eyes that the substance that was consuming her body from within was the very same substance from which the alien artifact had been crafted. It had the same metallic luster. The same tiny little particles crawling all over its surface.

What are they? the tigress asked herself as a strange, tearing sound drew her eyes to her belly just as the vertical slit within the initial rumples of alien matter split open. *Oh… oh goddess… what is that?!?*

The opening spread into the shape of a raindrop, framed in dark gray and so deep that one might well fit one's whole forearm and then some into the coaly black cavity within. Of this, the helpless captive felt nothing. Instead, she found herself feeling the wave of consumption spreading downward into the crease where her thighs met her hips. Down toward her pelvis, and that tender little nub that seemed to be the only thing keeping her from thinking too hard about the destruction that was being wrought upon her living flesh.

“Oh… oh no. Oh no. Please no,” Kharie panted as hard silvery ribs began to take shape down the upper portions of her thighs. As the dark grayness spread down between her legs, and beneath the covering over her groin. “It feels… so good. Please… please…”

“Oh… oooaaaAAAAAH!” the tigress screeched as the icy burning yanked on her clit like an overzealous playmate testing her latest theory on the erotic application of the latest gimmicky style of clothespin. Pure, unadulterated euphoria filled her mind as… nothing happened. “Oh… oh… no! No!”

The muscles responsible for the physical expression of orgasm were already gone, subsumed by the alien matter as it spread through her pelvis form within. There was just a brief, warbling vibration. A tingling upon her sticky, spread open labia. A tightening of her sorely used anus. And then… nothing.

While the muscles had all gone, it hadn’t stopped her mind form facing the full force of orgasm’s associated release of hormones. Despite the sudden evisceration of her womanhood, her mind was filled with a peaceful calmness. This came along with a strange sort of warped clarity that made her feel the wash of transfiguration as something to be

fascinated with rather than fearful of. It seemed… interesting. Stimulating in its own weird way. Perhaps even…

Without warning, slithering tentacles tipped with countless little probing tendrils pressed deep into the soft, fluffy interior of Kharie's big, feline ears. "AIIIEEEEEE!" she screeched as the needle-like tendrils pressed into her ear canals with a loud, painful popping that left her completely deaf. "Ah! Ah! AAAAH!"

The horrified tigress still feel the tendrils sliding inward. They just kept going. And going. And going. Until… white flashes. White flashes like blank cells on a reel of otherwise perfectly normal film. The tendrils had entered her brain.

Kharie jolted tensely upright as her own thoughts and desires were abruptly replaced by an all-consuming fixation on unquestioning compliance. Submitting to the alien artifact was the whole reason for existence. Her body. Her flesh. Its entire biological purpose was to feed the growing alien matter. To give it a more useful form. To make it more powerful. More effective. And… more persuasive.

Nature demanded that the tigress surrender, and surrender she certainly did. She began to breathe calmly as thoughts of being a good little submissive cat girl danced about her mind. The sensations of transformation were no longer of any particular interest. There were just… there.

Kharie could feel as the thick silvery sinews of her legs spread down into more solid knees. Encased within the alien substance of the seat, dark gray calves were accented with more of the sinews, while strangely mechanical looking high heeled boots formed beneath. As the transformation spread up her ribcage, her breasts shrunk into strange translucent lumps filled with countless coaly black veins and softly glowing green particles that swam about around dark, inverted nipples.

Kharie could feel…

The captive tigress could feel the cold, hard alien matter as if it were her very own body. She could feel all those minuscule particles moving about, over and within the transformed portions of her body. Somehow she understood that each and every one of these tiny flecks had once been living cells within her flesh. They had been transfigured in some truly alien way, their carbon content converted into silicon, and reconstructed into

mechanical cells whose genuine independence was only subject to the will of the hive mind of the whole.

Nanites. Virulently contagious nanites. And they weren't going to stop until ever single cell in her body had been subsumed.

New silvery sinews began to form around Kharie's neck, while more spread down her arms. She could feel them flexing in strange ways that mimicked, but couldn't quite truly replicate the feel of organic muscles. Perhaps it was the fact that there was no skin to cover the faux-muscles and tendons. Everything functional was fully exposed, with seemingly nothing to keep it all from coming apart at the slightest of adverse provocations.

This… this isn't really so bad, Kharie thought as her captor tested her submissiveness by offering her just the tiniest bits of mental freedom. *It kind of feels… okay. Ish. I guess I can get used to it. It's not like I have any choice, do I?*

The tigress definitely didn't have a choice. Nor did she have much left that hadn't already been converted into a crawling mass of near-microscopic nanites. The delicate feline fingers on each of her hands had melded together into a single monolithic

mass before slowly splitting apart into a pair of heavy and hard fingers opposed by a thick, strangely stiff thumb. A bizarre, empty feeling followed as she realized that the whole of the abdomen and torso were completely hollow, exposed to the outside air through the hole in her belly.

Kharie squirmed, not in some vain effort to escape the unyielding embrace of the alien throne, but to try and feel the weird and somewhat outrageous sensations imparted by her nanite collective body. The more thought she gave to it, the less any of it made sense. Hard bits pressed into soft bits in strange places, but the nature of each might suddenly shift, and even swap places altogether. She could start to feel the movement of all those individual nanites as well. It felt as if she was covered in countless tiny bugs. Then it felt as if she *was* countless tiny bugs, each rubbing incessantly against its neighbors as it moved from one place to another. She could feel each and every one with equal clarity, and it completely blew her already strained mind.

The icy burning began to spread up the tigress' cheeks. It flowed up the back of her head. The

corners of her mouth grew hard as the fur vanished from her face.

Kharie's mind reeled as her cheeks split open to reveal growing sinews beneath. The whole of her muzzle shrank and closed together, into a single plain ridge. The world spun as her eyes were absorbed and covered over by a featureless surface. In their place, a single black hole formed right where the ridge of her nose had once been, its strange properties giving her a kind of vision that completely warped her perception of the world around her.

Her own body looked warm and welcoming. Convertible mammals looked even more so. The walls that separated her from those inviting bodies looked cold and translucent, unwelcome barriers to the consummation of her new purpose in existence. That purpose was to reproduce.

Amid the distraction of her strange new sort of sight, the transformation of her head came to a writhing, tubular conclusion as six stubby stalks formed, three to each side of the back of her head. From these, a sextet of wiggling tubes emerged, not unlike those that had penetrated her ears and directly infested her brain with nanites. That brain was still largely intact within her transformed head,

but now that her body had been fully converted, it and its compliance were no longer required by the nanite collective.

Kharie felt dizzy. Her thoughts began to throb, rising and falling in pulsing waves before falling over a dark precipice in to a void form which nothing could ever return. Visions of family floated before her before twisting into unrecognizable patterns of random color, taking along with them almost all memory of who, and what those people had been to her. Friends. Places. Skills. Talents. Even the fundamental aspects of her personality. They all whirled about, mixed together, and fell off into the black abyss. Before she knew it, there was nothing left but a sensation of slippery fluid rubbing and an urge to move in a very specific direction.

The tigress was gone, but the nanties were at least appreciative enough of her sacrifice to keep her alive, after a fashion. They had stripped her mind to the same primitive state that each of them individually possessed. They had stuffed it into a silicon microcrystal lattice of the type that served as their simplistic analog computer controllers, and then formed a new nantie body around it. Then they had drawn her into their collective hive mind, and set her to work just like every other nanite that

made up the new collective organism. The new nanitch.

The strange, transformative journey of the new nanite wasn't quite done, however. Though nantich rarely sought to directly spread their nanites to others in the presence of a full nanitch hive, a lone nanitch was a different matter entirely. Its breasts throbbed with specialized transformation nanites, waiting ooze forth from its inverted nipples, while the writhing tubes upon the back of its head yearned to slide into a victim's ears and infest her brain to ensure against resistance.

Clearly, the scientists who were running the experiment had given this hazard more than just a passing thought. As the new nanitch was freed from the alien artifact, the nanite pump, it was greeted with a spray of clear glistening bigoel. This biogel had been specially made to ensure that each and every one of the artificial organisms' constituent nanites were coated with a protective layer of biogel that could prevent the nanites from spreading to other living beings without the scientists' explicit permission.

The brand new, formerly fey'li nanite could feel the biogel slithering its way through the mass of nanites. She could feel it getting all over her wiggly,

centipede-like body with its countless micro-crystalline flagella and sensory hairs. It felt strange. Smooth. A bit dull. But it did nothing to impede her function within the whole.

But… what was this new nanite's individual function within the collective?

The new nanite didn't know. All it knew was that it had to move here. And then it had to move there. Sometimes it had to lock together with its neighbors. At other times it had to swim free. There was no rhyme or reason to any of it. No real purpose that could be understood to its barely intelligent mind.

What the new nanite could understand, if only in the most general of senses, was the functioning collective itself. The hive mind that it was just one tiny little portion of. Every thought, conscious or otherwise, passed through every single nanite. Every single nanite had a role in processing it. The unique variations in the crystal structure of each would add its won unique weights to the analog algorithms of the whole. Once all this was done, nanites would all move to make their collective body respond appropriately.

Information that wasn't immediately required by the collective would be discarded. That which was would be parceled out to the nanites, with the weight of each memory encoded in the number of nanites used to store copies of it. Some of the collectives current memories were fundamental to the nanties, directly imparted by the nanite pump into the new the nanitch. Others were quickly learned by the new nanitch in the first moments of its physical independence.

A few odd memories, however, were left over from the mind of the women whose flesh had been converted to create the new creature. They had been picked by other nanties almost at random, even though they had been virtually wiped from the mind from which they had come. It was these that gave the nanitch its unique traits. Its feline walk. Its body language. Even the pitch of its airy, androgynous voice.

Though Kharie was just a lone nanite within the new nanitch now, those who encountered the new collective might well make the mistake of assuming otherwise. They might think that they too could become nanitch and still be themselves in one way or another. It was an illusion that served the nanitch reproductive inclinations well. And it was

an illusion that this new nanitch would be quite happy to use in an effort to get all those inviting shapes to submit. Even if it couldn't infest them itself… there was still the nanitch pump into whose embrace it could lead them. And lead them, it would certainly try.

FIVE
TERRACOTTA

Professor Shurie Lyassa smiled as she watched the final group of graduate students depart. She was alone. She had the day to herself. It was time. Finally.

The naked snow leopardess picked up her bag and slipped out of the expedition camp as stealthily as she could. It was one thing to read about her Miy'urr clan ancestors in the text books. It was another entirely to follow in their footsteps. The last thing she wanted was for anyone to follow her and interfere with her little plan. Her little experiment. She was going to see it through, and if she was right? Well… she was going to become the most famous archaeologist in all the Fey'li Empire!

As Shurie headed toward the bubbling pools of wet clay to the west of camp, she pondered the

silence of the ancient records. Were one so disposed to take them purely at face value, one would come to the very firm conclusion that there was nothing of any interest to be found in this remote, desolate place. Even in person, there seemed to be nothing but a vast swath of bare volcanic basalt that stretched on almost as far as the eye could see. There were no structures. No vegetation. Nothing. Absolutely nothing to suggest that anyone had ever spent any length of time in this lifeless place.

One with a more discerning eye might note the occasional scar upon the rocky surface. Long parallel ruts, one and half meters apart, running in surprisingly straight lines across the breadth of the barren waste. These were ancient cart trails, leading off toward the northern mountains where rich deposits of iron, copper, silver, and gold. These seemingly limitless supplies of metal had helped to fuel the ambitions of the all-powerful Emperors of old, and even now continued to offer further lingering testament to the region's once quite violent volcanic past.

Here and there were brightly colored sulfurous pools that boiled and seethed owing to the heat still emitted by the quiescent magma dome that still

lurked deep beneath the surface. None of these were particularly large, however, and the fissures that permitted their formation were few and very far between. They were the only source of water on the whole of the plain, a poisonous lure that was said to have caused untold suffering and death among those who were tasked to transport the produce of the mountains south into the heart of the ancient Empire.

The natives had a very specific name for the plain. They called it Na Kavi Stamba. The Skin of Hell. A skin pockmarked with boiling pustules of deadly demonic disease. They said it was cursed. A place fit only for the habitation of the spirits of the restless dead. And then they would say no more.

Shurie laughed softly to herself as she looked back over her shoulder, toward the deep trough into which the students had vanished. Like the cart trails heading off to the north, it had been cut into the rock by the passage of carts and people, once served as Na Kavi Stamba's most historically significant thoroughfare. A grand highway across the barren rock before descending down into the darkness of the Mad Emperor's vast tomb. A road upon which millions had once traveled, up from the south, never to return.

But… where had they all gone to? They couldn't have simply vanished into thin air, could they? Where were the graves? Where were the bones? Where was the evidence of two million dead that not even the armies of the Mad Emperor could simply make disappear?

The busty snow leopardess chuckled to herself as she silently mused upon the natives' refusal to relate their long held secrets. Their tales of the Mad Emperor and his court sorcerers' blackest magics. There were stories of course, legends embellished upon by so many authors over the years that they were regarded as pure fiction. Or were they?

It was more than just the natives' refusal to speak that frustrated archaeologists and anthropologists alike. They refused to even acknowledge the existence of the place. It was a non-place. A place beyond the borders of the mortal world, apparently.

Considering the sheer magnitude of the archaeological work that had already taken place here, the fact that they insisted on acting as if there was still nothing at the site amused Shurie to no end. The excavations had never happened. Nor was the work still going on. The tomb simply didn't

exist. Nor did the vast roadway that, and the gaping hole in the rocky plain into which it led. And all that despite the fact that this was all right out there in the open for all to see.

Perhaps the natives worried that their words would summon the ancient spirits. Spirits whose voices were said to call forth from the howling gusts of wind that constantly swept over the plain. Spirits help captive by ancient magics long forgotten, even by those native peoples who had once wielded them with terrifying effectiveness.

On the positive side, the natives were just as inclined to deter explorers as they were to talk about Na Kavi Stamba. Perhaps they thought the spirits would leave them alone if foreign wanderers were passed on to them for the taking. It was certainly in line with the site's sordid history.

Countless captive foreigners had been brought down that road, though not for their potential labor. Those who had overseen the construction of the place had had other things in mind when it came to making use of their hundreds of thousands of helpless prisoners. Prisoners like Shurie's famously horny ancestors, who had come for the endless supply of sex, and ended… well… she had her theory. It was time to put it to the test.

Only one hill was to be found amid all this desolation, a joined pair of round humps cut up on their north faces into jagged layers that gave geologists a conveniently accessible picture of the plain's long volcanic history. The layers of basalt were all canted up at an angle of about fifteen degrees, the result of subsidence into a vast chamber of seething hot clay. Pressure from above had caused the clay to squeeze itself through various fissures in the rock, eventually breaking out onto the surface half a kilometer to the east of the hill.

The bubbling pit of reddish clay was only a ten minute walk from the camp. Few archaeologists had ever paid it much heed. It had played a very important role in the development of the site, for sure, but there was nothing of historical interest in what amounted to an otherwise featureless source of natural raw material, even if that raw material had been used to craft the tomb's most astonishing contents.

Deep beneath the surface of the basalt plain, off to the north of the camp, lay a vast network of hand carved chambers. The deepest and most treacherous were the treasuries that were still filled to the brim with their Mad Emperor's riches. Owing

to their extreme hazards, most of these chambers had yet to be explored. There were deadly traps, sweltering heat, zones of unstable geology, and the intrusion of hydrogen sulfide gas through microscopic fissures in the rock.

Some of the hazards were easy enough to avoid or mitigate, but so far no one had been willing to go through the time and expense of drilling the necessary ventilation shafts required to provide fresh, clean air into the lower levels. Until then, the detail contents of the treasuries would largely remain a mystery, as would the location of the Imperial Tomb believed to be hidden within their midst. But that didn't seem to bother anyone. What was the point of chasing after silver and gold when there were so many far more incredible things to be found in the far safer chambers above?

It was in the vast upper halls that the two million life sized terracotta figures had been assembled. Two million soldiers, administrators, laborers, servants, and captive slaves. Each was arrayed as if ready to march out from the tomb, down that foot-worn highway, and toward the reconquest and reestablishment of the ancient Yam Empire that had long since fallen, in no small part owing to the greed and insanity of its own Mad Emperor.

Each of the statues was perfectly crafted and so astoundingly unique that each seemed to be modeled as a perfect replica of a real, living person. Their leather and scale armor, and silken clothing, jewelry, and certain other adornments had been crafted as an integral part of their terracotta bodies. The weapons and banners of the soldiers, however, were very much real. The tools of the laborers were real as well, as were those of the servants. So too were the chariots and wagons, drawn by their terracotta beasts of burden. And the captive slaves? They were held by real bindings and arrayed under mocking banners featuring symbols intended to insult their most notable cultural aspects or unique physical features.

Among these terracotta captives were arrayed four hundred nude fey'li women of the Miy'urr clan. Each represented one of the four hundred feline hunters who had supposedly dared to sneak into the site's vast labor camps and witness secrets which were not to be revealed on pain of a very long and very torturous death. Rather than waste their potential, they had been taken captive and forced to work as 'elite' prostitutes for the higher ranking soldiers and officials. They would eventually vanish along with everyone else associated with the construction and sealing of the tomb.

The only evidence that these four hundred Miy'urr women had ever existed as real people was their terracotta likenesses. It was also the only evidence giving support to the ancient legends. They were often at the center of stories about the site, which was no real surprise. Tales of officially sanctioned debauchery have always been quite popular with historians across the ages.

For some unknown reason, most of these Miy'urr figures had been given primitive iron tipped spears and lewdly decorated rattan shields to hold, rather than being confined to a whore's bindings. Their apparent leaders, however, *were* well bound in red silk cords and carried upon their backs the sort of lewd banner that had been assigned to the various other small groups of high class camp prostitutes.

They had been prostitutes, for sure, but the decision to let all but a symbolic few stand in formation with their traditional hunter's implements suggested that the officials overseeing their activities thought them something more. Given the clan's legendary demonstrations of unfettered horniness, perhaps their captivity and service wasn't entirely unwilling. Perhaps they had sworn to march with the army so long as they could continued to receive its leaders' intimate

ministrations. It certainly wouldn't have been the first time such an arrangement had been made. Stories of the Mad Emperor's rise to power and the establishment of the ill-fated Yam Dynasty often told of such parties of Miy'urr accompanying the army, though as irrepressibly horny scouts rather than official prostitutes.

Shurie thought of the four hundred Miy'urr of legend. What had actually become of them? Had they really just vanished into thin air along with everyone else? That was the immediate question that Shurie sought to answer and if she was right, it would solve the site's greatest mystery. It would put her name in the history books… even if it did wind up putting her body in…

"That really doesn't matter, does it?" Shurie reassured herself as she caught sight of the boiling clay pit just ahead. "All that matters is that I get the answer. Once that's done, well… I certainly won't be in any position to worry about the results, will I?"

A subtly unpleasant odor hung over the strangely warm and stagnant air that surrounded the clay pit. It was a damp, earthy sort of scent, punctuated with an ever-so-slight twinge of sulfur. There was

something else as well. A very faint odor of… brine? Bur sharper. More… chemically. Maybe metallic?

It was impossible for the approaching snow leopardess to tell exactly what the source of the strange smell might be. There were certainly plenty of possibilities, and almost all of those were quite dangerous at noticeable concentrations. The hazardous gas sensor left by the geologists didn't seem to think it important enough to sound an alarm, however, so Shurie assumed it was safe to breathe. Or at least safe enough to breathe for the short time she was likely to be breathing it.

The snow leopardess stopped about five meters from the edge of the massive pool. She eyed its bubbling surface with a bit of surprise followed by a sense of deep satisfaction. The clay was usually to be found bubbling away about two meters below the rim of the pit. Now, for some unknown reason, it was almost up to the rim. That was good. She wouldn't have to do much work in order to get what she needed.

Shurie put her bag down and began to take out the strange collection of paraphernalia that she had 'borrowed' from one of the countless crates of spare goods that she'd discovered during her most recent foray into the tomb, two days prior. "What

were the chances?" she mused as she took each cloth wrapped artifact out in turn. "Of all the boxes for me to sneak a peak into, it had to be one filled with unused Miy'urr bindings."

It had been a very lucky find. A full set of bindings and accessories was an essential component of her experiment. That and the clay. And a quite possibly vain hope that when combined with her one hundred percent Miy'urr body, it would invoke whatever power had been used by the ancient magicians to transform her ancestors.

Shurie began to quickly unwrap the artifacts. She had rehearsed the whole process over and over in her head. She had to be quick. At some point, someone was going to notice that she'd left camp and have a look around and see her. There was simply no place to hide.

"Hair stick, banner pole, rolled banner, and bindings," the snow leopardess murmured to herself as she placed each piece down onto the rock in turn. Her eyes twinkled as she found that each was just as sturdy and colorful as they had been when they'd first been made. If there wasn't magic behind the terracotta statues, there certainly was in the preservation of everything else!

Shurie turned away from the artifacts and took a pair of nested metal buckets out of the bag. There was a trowel and a heavy bristled paint brush inside. There was also a coil of rope, but seeing as she wouldn't need to try to lower a bucket and try to scoop up clay that way, she put it back into her bag.

Heavens, if I fall in I'm going to get cooked alive, she thought as she knelt down beside the bubbling pool. She took out the brush and trowel and set the buckets down side by side. *Gotta be careful… but quick too. If anyone sees me… I don't think they're going to be very happy with me taking those things from the tomb, even if I've got a… well, a reason.*

Shurie pressed the trowel down into the undulating clay. The heat washed over her hand. It felt like she was stirring a boiling pot of pasta, but instead of pasta is was soft, slightly soupy clay. Despite its texture, the clay was still thick enough to stick to the trowel, making it easy for her to get lump after lump of it without dropping any.

On the down side, the clay was far too hot to use in its current state. It would need a bit of time to cool before she tried it. To that end, she only filled each bucket about halfway in hopes that it would

cool quickly enough that she could be done with the experiment before anyone saw her.

That was step one, she murmured as she returned to her bag and the artifacts arrayed alongside it. *Now for step two.*

Shurie picked up the shoulder's-width hair stick and tied it into the center of a very tight bun. She took a small pocket mirror out of her bag and checked to see that she'd gotten the stick as perfectly horizontal as the ancient standards required. "Hmm…"

The idea that there were certain very specific official standards for the appearance of the Yam Empire's 'elite' whores was something that the average modern connoisseur of history tended to find quite amusing. Back in its time, however, it was very serious business. Official high class prostitutes were bound in red silk, arms crossed behind their backs. Their hair was tightly tied around their signature hair stick, with its red painted tips and shallow groves near each end. Dangling from the silk cords around their neck were stamped bronze tags. Each had a number unique to its wearer, and a simple declaration: 'By Official Edict, 2 Shab'.

Shurie looked at the bronze tag that was tied into the cords of her own silk bindings. Only the declaration and a symbol meaning Miy'urr were present when she'd acquired it two days before. In the blank place where the number would have been, she had carefully carved her own. There were four hundred of her clanswomen in the tomb already. If her theory about them was correct, that would make her four hundred and one.

"Ah… I'm almost forgetting," Shurie huffed as she nearly forgot the most important thing about her hair stick. "2 shab. Where are they in here?"

The snow leopardess shuffled around at the bottom of her bag for a few moments before drawing forth the heavy, ring-shaped silver coins. She'd had the foresight to tie them in red silk ribbon in such a way that she could just slip them over the ends of the stick and tug on the ribbon to secure them in place.

"2 shab for a cat pussy," she mused as she fixed the coins in place. "Tie it to the stick, then bend her over, and stick her with your dick."

That was the little ditty that someone had come up with back when the terracotta Miy'urr had been first discovered. It was a perfect summary for the

official manner in which clients had once been required to pay and copulate with a high class whore. First came the payment. Then came kitty style. Once it was done, the whore went back to the office so the payment can be collected. Then it was on to the next client, and so on and so forth until midnight. Rest until the sun hangs low, and do it all over again. That was how it was done. And if there was any variance in the process? The perpetrator(s) would inevitably be punished quite severely.

There was no one left to punish Shurie if she made a mistake in dressing herself up in the whore's bindings. Still, it had to be perfect. Any error on her part might interfere with the results of the experiment. Fortunately, someone back in the old days seemed to have given that matter a considerable amount of thought.

The red silk bindings had been fully pre-tied, but were much too loose to keep her arms in place. The cylindrical gag that was meant to force its wearer to utter only primal noises, however, was attached in such a way that it could only be bitten with the head fully back. Biting on the gag and pulling the head forward would pull the bindings tight. This both allowed the wearer to don the bindings herself, but ensured that they would be as perfectly

fitting as they could be. However, before she put on the bindings, she had one last item to attend to.

Shurie began to assemble the banner pole. It consisted of four bamboo pieces. There was a straight bottom piece that slid into bamboo rings at the back of the binding's waist and neck cords, with a little peg in its side to keep it from sliding all the way through. Then came a 'Y' piece that socketed tightly into the bottom. Two more straight pieces then socketed into this. As with the hair stick, there were groves around each end of these two last pieces. It was here that the banner that had been made for the Miy'urr would be tied.

Shurie wasted no time in unrolling the banner, its top and bottom stitched onto bamboo sticks in the fashion of a very basic scroll. The pastel violet silk was adorned in silver thread, depicting the spread folds of a fey'li pussy over most of its surface. To either side of this overt declaration of their official role in the army was silver text. 'By Imperial Edict, Whores To Please Only The Worthy.'

The snow leopardess tied the banner to the pole and mused over the insignia that someone had likely thought quite insulting to those expected to carry it. No doubt it had been some low ranking artisan who wasn't privileged enough to partake of

the real thing. Anyone who was would have known that they'd likely consider it a complement, take their two coins, bend over, and let them enjoy the real thing.

"Done," Shurie said as she slid the banner pole into the rings on the bindings. All she had to do now was put it all on and hope she was right.

Even with the banner pole hanging on the back, the silken bindings were surprisingly easy to slip into. The cords around her neck and waist had their own pulls to tighten them. The cords that crossed her chest in an 'x' were fixed in length, as was the one that connected the neck to the waist beneath them. Those around her upper arms, and the bindings to hold her arms at the back, however, were quite loose.

Shurie took a deep breath. Once she put the gag in her mouth and her hands in the rings of cord behind her back, there was going to be only one way forward. She was going to be tied up tight, and completely helpless to get herself free. If the experiment didn't turn out the way she thought, she was going to get caught and in a career ending level of trouble. But it was going to work. It had to work. It was the only reasonable explanation as to where all those two million had actually gone.

“Fuck it,” Shurie sighed as she leaned her head back and pulled the gag over her quivering feline ears. She slowly drew it down over her cheeks and muzzle. She could smell the raw, unvarnished wood. As it slid into her open mouth, she could even taste its long since dried sap.

Maple, the snow leopardess thought as she wiggled her hands into the loops of cord behind her back. *Well… at least I’ll have something nice to suck on for the rest of eternity. Here goes nothing.*

Shurie drew her head forward. The loops around her upper arms and wrists pulled tight. In a testament to the skill of whoever had made the bindings, they were only just tight enough to ensure against escape. Snug, and strangely comfortable. Something she could definitely get used to.

If this doesn’t work, maybe I can convince them to let me work as a reenactor,” the firmly bound snow leopardess thought as she took one last good look around. *Who knows? Doing it for real might not be that bad.*

Shurie chuckled through her gag. Her ancestors had been far hornier that she would likely ever be. Still, it might be worth giving it a try. For academic purposes, of course.

Now that she was bound, there was only one last step before she could discover whether or not her theory was correct. It probably wouldn't have been necessary for the creators of the terracotta army, but she was no sorcerer. All she could do was bring all the right components together and hope their latent magic would work on its own.

Shurie kicked over one of the buckets of clay. The ruddy slime slid out onto the bare basalt, forming a thick little disc, like while glue dribbled onto a piece of paper. The patch didn't seem quite large enough for her tastes. She licked over the other bucket, adding its clay to the mass. Then she kicked both buckets to one side.

I hope this works, she thought as she gingerly stepped into the warm, wet clay. *I really, really hope this works!*

First her right foot. Then her left. Warm clay oozed up between her big feline toes. It felt strange. Almost tingly. Was it working its magic?

Shurie looked down to find the clay releasing little bubbles of gas. Perhaps it was air caught beneath her feet. Or was it the gas that made that strange, chemical odor? It didn't matter. All that

mattered was that nothing else was happening. She began to feel like a complete and utter fool.

Shit, she thought as she took another look around the barren wasteland. *Shit! Why isn't it working? It has to work! I know it has to work!*

Suddenly, a strange purple glow began to dance about in the air in front of the surprised snow leopardess. It twirled around her, bouncing from head to toe and back again. Was it just her imagination? Or was it… was it some kind of spirit? Looking her over? Judging her?

A strange, tugging sensation began to wash upward from her feet. In its wake was left a strange smoothness. A bare, furless surface, cold, and hard as rock. And within that surface there was just… emptiness, as if her lower legs had become hollow.

Oh… oh! It's working! I was right! Shurie thought as her knees froze in place. *I was right! I was… oh… I… I'm actually turning into a statue! I didn't really think this part through, did I?*

The wash of transformation spread up the snow leopardess' thighs with a rapidity that she was completely unprepared for. At one moment it was just above her knees. At the next it was all the way up to her crotch.

“Mmm!” Shurie noised in desperation as the hardness spread up between her legs without giving her so much as a moment to feel the transformation of her tender womanhood. There hadn’t even been so much as a brief tingle. She was just soft down there. And then she wasn’t. “MmmMMM!”

Oh… oh… this isn’t what I was expecting, Shurie thought, even though she really hadn’t had any idea what to expect. Try as she might, the squirming snow leopardess just couldn’t concentrate hard enough to actually feel the transformation happening. It was just going too fast. She could only feel the before and after, with no real transition in between.

Her ass was hard and hollow now. Her belly. It was spreading down her tail. And up over the base of her ribcage. She gasped. Her chest heaved as she took in one last breath.

OhnononoNO! Shurie thought as the transformation washed up her torso. Her big soft breasts became hollow pottery lumps on her chest, as her ability to breathe came to a very abrupt end. The transformation had left her with nothing to breathe with.

The transformation raced up over her shoulders. Down her arms. Up her neck, and finally over her astonished face.

The last thing the new terracotta statue felt was the tingling of her scalp as the transformation finished by racing down each individual strand of her hair. Then… the mortal world simply ceased to exist!

…

…

…

Shurie was standing upright. A strange, sickly green mist surrounded her. She was still bound. She was still carrying her lewd whore's banner. She was still biting on that maple gag.

The snow leopardess looked down. She was standing right up against a worn stone block. It was just the right height for someone to take her and bend her over for access to her tender womanhood.

A chill ran down Shurie's spine. Something was near her ears. A motion of her hair stick send her heart racing. It felt like someone was tying something to the left end. And then to the right.

Was she really a whore now? Was someone paying her fee?

The quivering snow leopardess wanted to turn. So see who it was that was paying her fee. Who was then going to…

Firm hands pressed upon Shurie's shoulders. The forced her, face down, onto the cold, hard block. Then they moved her her hips, drawing them back until her rump was resting on the abdomen of a body as cold as the stone upon which she lay.

For a moment, the unseen being was content to feel her warm body pressed against his. For a moment it seemed as if there would be more to their shared experience than just carnal pleasure. Then he slid his icy penis down and rubbed it over her pelvic bone.

Shurie shuddered as he let it wander back and upward until it began to press into her soft feminine folds. She gasped as he slowly drove it deep inside. In and out. In and out he pumped. She started to feel aroused. Pleasurable tension began to take hold down there. But it wouldn't last for long.

Slowly, inexorably, her lover's icy coldness began to take hold within the seat of her womanhood. A new kind of tension began to take hold. It wasn't a

growing tension. It was a shrinking one. A contraction. An implosion. At first it felt awful. After a few long minutes, however, it began to feel strangely pleasant. Inviting, almost. Tempting her to willingly desire more.

What she desired was irrelevant, of course. Her lover ejaculated, filling her with his unliving seed. In an instant her whole body had stiffened. What life was left in her flesh departed. Whatever creature of the afterlife her lover was, she had become just like him.

She thought her dead lover would now pull away and seek out some new victim. But… he didn't. Instead, he started thrusting anew. It was hardly sex. It felt as dead as the rest of her cold, lifeless body. But… it still felt strangely pleasing. It felt right, as if it were how things were truly meant to be.

The longer it went on, the more she enjoyed the un-pleasure. The more she enjoyed it, the more she felt her dead shape responding to its lover's thrusting. Eventually, she experienced the first of many un-orgams, impossibly icy contractions that felt like someone was trying to suck her innards out of her vagina. If she had been alive, it would have felt beyond awful. But now… it felt good. Not

orgasmic good. But… good, in it's own indescribable way.

The eternal whore now knew what had happened to her ancestors. She had followed in their footsteps. She was sharing in their eternal fate.

Hung from her hair stick were not coins. They were tokens given to the lost souls who spent their eternity wandering the featureless mists of their astral purgatory. Two tokens with which to buy one single eternal pleasure with which to ease the ennui.

The pleasures which could be found in the mists were countless in number. Anything could be had, if one possessed the tokens to pay for it. For one lost soul, his choice of one eternal pleasure had been Shurie's body. It was all he had in the afterlife now. And he was never, ever going to let it go.

SIX

CATFISHING

Kaijie bit her lip and peered around the edge of the rocky outcrop. Her heart was filled with nervous anticipation as she gazed down the narrow, barely visible path. *Just a little bit further*, she thought as she took a pensive step forward. *Just a little bit further and the prize is mine!*

The tall, lithe tigress had been following the well hidden path for hours. It wend its way through a veritable maze of mossy rocks and tall, slender blades of glistening green biogel grass. All the while, and quite unlike any other random path to be found in the vast, mountain valley gaming ground, it kept a conveniently safe distance from the many rather unpleasant looking biogel ‘plants’ that dotted the otherwise relatively open ground to either side. These thoroughly alien looking shapes had been getting more numerous and more dangerous

looking the further that she progressed toward her goal. She began to wonder just how long it would be before they became so dense that she would no longer be able to stay out of reach simply by following the path.

To her right, a dilapidated stone cabin beckoned. There was sure to be something worthwhile stashed away inside its gray field stone walls. Something that would certainly be worth her time to find. Getting to it, however, would require departing the safe path, and delving into the tall grass and the perils lurking therein.

Ahead loomed the one place that Kaijie didn't want to delve into. She exhaled with palatable trepidation as she gazed into the disturbingly dark biogel woodland that filled the valley ahead. Everything about it was glistening blackness. The trees. The undergrowth. Even the little rocks and pebbles alongside the path were now made of shiny black biogel rather than stone.

Unless the path took some unexpected turn, she would soon be surrounded by glossy black peril. Literally anything could be the thing that brought her part in the game to an abrupt end. And, to make matters even more harrowing, she almost certainly

wouldn't know which until it was far too late to do anything about it.

But… the path was completely safe, wasn't it? Completely safe from beginning to end, wherever that might prove to be. No traps. No monsters. No hazards whatsoever. At least, that was what Kaijie's new friend on VixNet had told her.

The tigress' mysterious new friend had certainly been right so far. She'd known exactly how to get to the game's most remote and secluded village without getting caught. She'd known exactly what to say to get the quest that would enable her to open the lucrative cache. And she'd known where to find the secret path that would allow her to avoid the hazards of the quest altogether.

Clearly, Kaijie's online friend was really the experienced Unity Vix live action role playing gamer that she said she was. A high roller with all the coolest gear and prizes, willing to give a little help to a newbie just looking for a bit of exciting fun rather than a serious physical and mental challenge. According to her, the path was one of many such concealed paths used by staff to safely move around the game grounds. There were no rules against using such paths if one happened to discover them through fair means or foul. In fact,

many players considered finding them a useful goal to make getting around various areas considerably easier once they'd achieved their principle goals. And, if they happened to allow one to avoid the toil and risk of actually working through a quest as intended, then that was all the better.

Kaijie wondered if this latter sort of shortcut had been worked into the area out of some particular practical necessity. Or was it there by design? Were they trying to encourage players to 'cheat'? Or were they setting up players to think there were similar cheats to be found everywhere, in hopes of using the precedent to lure them into traps as they progressed through the high level quests?

For the moment, none of that mattered. All that mattered was getting the loot and getting out. And if her friend was right about just how good it was going to be… well, she wouldn't be needing any of those hidden paths going forward anyhow.

Precisely what that reward would be was a mystery. Specific items were doled out at random, though each would always make the next quest along the line far easier. Would it be a weapon? Would it be protective clothing? Would it be something more practical? Or would it be something considerably more esoteric?

Of all the myriad possibilities, Kaijie was hoping for something like one of the many ‘inert’ biogel costumes that could be found throughout the gaming grounds, for discovery or sale as the case might be. She’d been running around naked for long enough, and the chilly mountain air was finally starting to bite through her thin coat of summer fur. All she had with her was her shoulder bag, half filled with random bits and bobs that she’d discovered along her three day journey into the biogel infested wilderness. Things that seemed out of place enough that they might be important, but never so important that they had some clear purpose.

One very important thing that the hesitant tigress hadn’t come across thus far was any real means of reliably keeping biogel monsters at bay. She was still carrying the sturdy walking stick that she’d gotten along with the bag when she’d paid her entrance fee. Sure, she could whack a biogel monster until it retreated, but now that she was well beyond the starting area, the monsters were just too tough and aggressive to deter with such a simple tool.

Kaikie knew that she really needed something better for a weapon, but taking the path of least

risk had ensured that she'd only gotten a pittance in quest rewards thus far. In fact, she'd only gotten the token rewards from the few basic quests that were required of all first time players. That hadn't been enough to buy even the least expensive of the second tier weapons, let alone the ninth tier weapons that would be effective against the monsters lurking in this particular area.

Kaijie was confident that the rewards to be had at the end of the secret path were going to be more than sufficient to make up for her current lack of gear. Even if there wasn't a weapon or clothing to be had in the cache, there would certainly be enough treasure to buy something useful. Assuming that her online friend had been telling the truth, that is.

The tigress took a deep breath. *It's only a little bit further,* she again reassured herself. *Then I can finally have some real fun here. It'll be awesome. I just know it.*

Kaijie slowly advanced down the narrow path. Her heart began to beat harder and harder as the shimmering black trees loomed closer and closer. Every swish, rustle, squitch, and snap of the biogel grass sent a shiver down her spine. She stopped. She took another deep breath. She continued.

Up until the very last moment, the twitchy tigress hoped that the path would take an abrupt turn away from the dark biogel forest. That there was some less foreboding path to the treasure cache she was so anxious to find. There wasn't. The path led directly into the glistening black trees.

Not only did the path head straight into the darkness, the glistening black undergrowth was so dense that it would be impossible not to keep brushing up against it. Worse, it would be almost impossible to distinguish the actual path from any other narrow opening through the tangled mess. Without the knowledge and experience of the gaming ground's staff, she was going to have to be careful in order to stay on the safe path. Very, very careful.

Kaijie hesitated just as she was about to step into the darkness. She couldn't help but feel that something just wasn't quite right. She could see the path curving into the undergrowth ahead. It headed off to the right, but just after it did, what looked like a branch headed off to the left. Or… was it a branch? Was it the actual path and the branch was what curved off to the right? And what about the opening just a bit further, right at the point where the right side path vanished from view? It was

another branch to the left, wasn't it? Was this actually some kind of maze intended to keep newbies like her from getting high level stuff so easily?

"What the fuck is this?" the confused tigress swore under her breath as she found herself stunned by the completely unexpected obstacle. Her online friend hadn't said anything about branching paths. Or a maze. Or anything of the sort. All she'd said was that the path led straight to the prize.

Clearly, the secret path didn't actually lead straight to anywhere. Had the staff discovered the cheat and created the maze to prevent people from getting to the prize without a genuine challenge? Or had her friend actually lied to her? Had her friend actually been trying to lure her into the perilous biogel forest? But why would she want to do that?

"Dammit," Kaijie hissed as she began to question everything that had seemed to make perfect sense about her friend's plan thus far. All of the quests ignored. All of the opportunities to grab relatively easy rewards passed by in the rush to get the one big prize. But then, wasn't skipping all that hard work the whole point?

“She can’t have lied to me,” Kaijie muttered, shaking her head as she pondered what to do. She had wasted three days making her way this far, but there was no time limit imposed on players. She could keep at it as long as she wanted too. Days. Weeks. Months. If she wanted to, she could just go back and play the game the normal way.

I could just go back and… dammit! I’ve come all this way. Maybe I’m missing something. Maybe once I go in there, the right path will be obvious. But what if they went and made the obvious path lead right into a trap?

A sudden harsh rustle sent a sharp shudder down Kaijie’s spine. She spun around to see the tall biogel grass behind her whipping about as if something was pushing its way through from the direction of the dilapidated cabin. More than one something, from the looks of it. Her heart began to pound. Her friend hadn’t been leading her to treasure. She’d been leading her into a trap!

“Oh goddess! Oh goddess!” the tigress whined as she looked around for some way to escape. There was nowhere for her to go but down the path into the forest. Right into the forest that was no doubt chock full of perilous plants, high level monsters, and all sorts of other disturbingly sensuous biogel

nastiness. “I… I can fight them. I can do it. They’re probably just low level trash meant to draw you toward things, right?”

“Ah… ah… AIEEE!” Kaijie screeched as the first of the biogel monstrosities burst out of the grass and onto the path. To Kaijie’s complete and utter horror, it was nothing like the thick, shiny, and almost puffy looking biogel monsters that she was familiar with from all of those weirdly titillating videos on Vixnet. Videos of hapless players just like her, being caught, transformed, consumed, or absorbed. Videos just like the one she was going to be starring in if these absolute terrors managed to her her into their gooey biogel grasp.

The monster that confronted the terrified tigress was little more than a lurching black biogel skeleton slathered in sloppy gobs of slightly yellowed transparent biogel. It immediately began to shamble toward her, reaching out with its gooey arms as if trying to grab hold of her despite being two dozen meters away.

Kaijie steeled herself for a fight. She raised her walking stick up and held it out toward the approaching zombie. Surely, she could knock such an awkward creature down and make a run for it, couldn’t she?

A second gooey zombie lurched out of the grass behind the first. Then came another. And then another. And then yet another. They staggered toward their terrified prey with mindless determination.

Kaijie could certainly try to fight them, but how could she possibly take them all down with just a walking stick? How could she avoid whatever special powers they had without so much as a stitch of clothing to protect her? But… what other choice did she really have? Run into the forest and fall victim to one of its own potent perils?

The tigress couldn't decide what to do. She waved her walking stick at the advancing zombies as she slowly backed away in the only direction she could, into the biogel forest. A little way in would surely be safe, as long as she stuck to the path. It would give her more time to think. More time to come up with a plan. More time to…

A new set of squitchy biogel rustling made Kaijie's heart skip a beat. She looked over her right shoulder to discover another group of zombies lurching toward her through the glistening black undergrowth. She looked over her left shoulder to find yet more. She was surrounded.

Kaijie heart pounded as took a shaky step forward, back toward the zombies on the path. She thought about trying to push through the thick, heavy biogel grass. She could surely get through it quicker than the zombies. She could cut around them and escape down the safe path.

A look around made it clear that her plan was almost sure to lead her into the grasp of one of those intimidating black biogel plants. The path seemed to be the only way to steer clear of them. She had no choice but to consider the very real possibility that her only options were to lose a fight to the small horde of biogel zombies, or to offer herself to one of the biogel plants in hopes that it might offer her a more stimulating 'game over' experience.

Kaijie looked back at the zombies who were shambling toward her along the path. Two dozen meters had turned into ten. The zombies behind her were even closer. She had to choose. But…

The midday sun glinted and glistened all over the zombies' oozing gobs of slimy biogel. Little shimmering rainbows danced about in hypnotic fashion with each of the creaures' shuddering, halting movements. With each gooey squip and

glop. With each sticky schwick and burble. One step. Two steps. Three steps. Closer. And closer.

Kaijie was too mesmerized by the shimmering light to notice just how close the zombies were getting. Ten meters turned into nine. Then eight. Then seven. Then…

A cold wetness slid around both sides of the entranced tigress' waist. The feeling of the sticky slime was immediately followed by the sensation of solid bones pressing into her sides. Solid black biogel bones.

"Ah… oh… oh no! No! NO!" Kaijie screeched as bony zombie hands spread their slimy coating down her belly and toward her naked womanhood. "Shit… shit… don't… oh… ah! Why does it feel… I just… I can't… oh… oh shit no!"

Wherever the goo touched, the astonished tigress was treated to a bizarre, silky smooth sensation that seemed to defy comprehension. A sensation as weirdly stimulating as it was horrifying. A sensuous feeling, not at all unlike the feeling of the bony zombie fingers that were now digging into the soft folds of tender flesh between her legs. A shivering tingling. An erotic tension. And then… a cold, wet melting.

“Ooouah!” Kaijie moaned as erotic confusion send her mind spinning about in a whirlwind of pleasure and terror as the wave of arousal spread outward from wherever the zombie had touched, followed by transformation of her living flesh into sloppy gobs of glistening, yellowish goo. As a sharp twinge of pleasure washed through her clit in response to the probing zombie fingers, before it melted away along with everything else between her legs.

“Oh… oh… oh goddess,” the tigeress panted as she dropped her walking stick and grabbed at the bony fingers that were now wrapped firmly around her black biogel pubic bones. “Oh goddess… oh… oh goddess…”

Kaiji’s fingers sunk into the thick, sticky goo that had once been her lower abdomen. They twitched involuntarily in response to the wave of sweet, tingly-tense pleasure that washed over them. She gasped as she felt the flesh of fingers melt away into the mass of slimy goop. She sputtered wordless noise as she experienced her first, sensuously horrific sensations of her soon-to-be new body. Of being nothing but cold, hard bones rubbing up against one another, held together by naught but the sticky goop that covered them.

The sticky biogel slime felt like it wasn't quite part of her body. It also felt very much like it was. It was like someone had taken her internal organs, normally numb and unnoticed, and plastered them all over the outside of her body. She was vaguely aware of the zombie hands that refused to let go of her most intimate of bones, but she couldn't actually feel them. Nor could she quite tell where she ended and the zombie began.

The gasping, panting tigress closed her eyes and clenched what was left of her soft, fuzzy posterior as the gooey transfiguration wrapped around behind her. Arousal, followed by melting. A squeeze of her butt muscles. A sudden release into liquid nothing. Liquid nothing covering her intensely present hip bones. The lower portion of her spine. Her rapidly skeletonizing tail. The bones of her upper legs. But most of all, those foreign zombie fingers that were gripping her pelvic bone, her own bony zombie hands tugging at them in a vain attempt to separate herself from her assailant.

It's happening so fast, Kaijie thought as she felt the pleasure and melting rapidly wash down her legs until they were naught but goo covered bone. As it washed up her ribcage and arms. As it spread over her soft, inviting chest. As her already erect

nipples went almost painfully hard. As it all melted away into the same gooey nothing as the rest.

“Oh… uh… ah… ah… gl… gl… b… g…” was all the tigress could noise as the wave of transformation melted away her lungs. As the goo within her ribcage let go all at once, slopping down down over her pelvis before collapsing into a thick puddle around her feet.

Bony hands wrapped around the back of Kaijie’s head, slathering sticky slime all over her cheeks, ears, and neck. She opened her eyes to find herself staring into the empty eye sockets of a black biogel skull. She tried to scream in terror even as pleasure rose up over her shoulders. As it began to spread over her face. As her own skull was rapidly exposed and transformed into glistening black biogel.

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as the transformation delved inward. As it slithered its way into her living brain. As it triggered wave upon wave of pure, unbridled euphoria.

Kaijie’s mind began to dissolve. With each surge of blissful satisfaction came the melting away of some important bit of brain. She knew her mind was dissolving. She knew she was loosing her self. She knew that she was being reduced to a mere

beast whose only purpose was to spread her contagion to anyone and everyone she could get her bony, goo covered hands on.

Each moment of relative clarity between two surges felt just like the last. She had no idea what she had lost in the interim. It didn't seem important to care. Everything always felt perfectly normal. She was perfectly fine. Nothing was actually happening to her mind. Any thought to the contrary was all just her imagination.

Fewer and fewer coherent thoughts formed in Kaijie's mind. They were replaced by raw feelings. Raw instincts. Raw urges. Raw fuzz, as what had once been her brain oozed out of her nose and eye sockets.

An eerie image formed in what was left of the new zombie's still conscious mind. A vague, foggy vision of the mountain valley. Of the tall, biogel grass. Of the old, half-ruined cottage.

Brighter, clearer shapes punctuated the misty scene. The biogel plants. The other biogel zombies. And… off in the distance, where a tunnel delved into the side of one of the mountains, a small group of figures that made the creature desire to touch

them. To grasp them. To hold onto their bones until they too had become zombies.

The figures were much too far away do attack. The new zombie would just have to wait. And what better place to wait than that cottage?

The one pair bony hands withdrew from the new zombie's pelvis. The other released its head. It lurched forward and followed its companions toward their hiding place. There they would wait, and hope those adventurers would soon arrive to help increase the growing horde.

SEVEN

PLUSH

Mae could barely contain herself. Pure, unbridled delight filled her giddy heart as she slid her naked body into the silky interior of the sensuously plush carnival costume. *This is so much fun!* she thought as she wiggled her hips into the comfortably tight confines of the outfit. *I'm gonna be such a cute little lion!*

Had the petite elf-ear not been so hopelessly naive, she almost certainly would have questioned just why the suspiciously evasive aveyka carny was so insistent that she don the suit as a prize for her genuinely dismal performance while playing his nigh-upon impossible ring toss game. Oh sure, there had been a bit of a catch, but could she even really call it that? All he wanted her to do was wear it around the carnival for one whole hour. One whole hour in a warm, fuzzy costume on a cool,

cloudy fall afternoon was hardly an imposition. And that was it. That was all she had to do and then the fancy costume would be hers to keep.

Mae hadn't given it much of a first thought, let alone a second. The moment she'd seen just how irresistibly adorable the costume was, she'd just *had* to try it on. Not once did she ask why she had to do it in special dressing booth tucked away in the chaotic clutter that filled the space between the flashy carnival games and the collection of containers and trailers in which all the carnival wonders had arrived. Not once did she inquire as to why she had to be locked inside the little gray room until she'd finished putting it on. None of that mattered to her. All that mattered was getting the chance to look at herself in mirror once it was all said and done. If the empty suit itself was so absurdly alluring as it was, she could only imagine how amazingly cute it was going to look with her beautiful green eyes shining out from its plush, leonine face.

"Mmm," she hummed to herself as she settled down onto the booth's unpleasantly harsh looking bench. The seven centimeters of foam-like stuffing beneath her little round rump made it feel as if she was settling into a nice warm office chair rather

than a cold, hard wooden plank. The soft, golden brown fur slid smoothly over its rough surface. So smoothly, in fact, that she nearly slid right off of it and onto the bare dirt floor.

So nice and soft, Mae thought as she awkwardly wiggled her arms into the costume with considerably more haste than the outfit's designer had clearly intended. *And so well made. I can't believe he's basically just giving it to me even though I didn't win the game. I didn't even know something like this was a prize!*

Mae's excitement grew as she finally got her fingers pushed into place within the costume's big, leonine paws. All she had to do now was zip up the front of the suit and put on the head piece and she'd be the loveliest little lion there ever was. Zipping up the front, however, was going to be far more of a chore than she had thought it was going to be. The zipper tab was almost too small for her to grasp with her big, clumsy paws. Pulling it up was another matter entirely.

"This is awkward," Mae muttered as she did her best to get hold of the zipper. It was nestled deep in the soft white tummy fluff, about halfway between her bellybutton and her crotch. Not matter how hard she tried, she could only get hold of it for a

few short moments before it slipped from her grasp. Clearly, the costume's designer had intended its wearer to have some help while dressing.

"Damn, this is hard," she sighed with some frustration as she tugged the zipper upward a few centimeters at a time. "I'll have to attach a bigger pull to it when I get home. That'll make it so much easier."

However annoyed she was with the process, the warmly relaxing feel of its progress was more than enough compensation. Slowly, the snug interior closed upward around her midriff, wrapping it in a layer of firm stuffing that wasn't quite as thick as that around her rump and legs. It was, however, a bit thicker than that which surrounded her arms. All this together gave her a figure that was far more bear-like than leonine.

Everyone is going to want to hug the stuffing out of me, Mae mused as she tugged the zipper up a bit further. There was something about being so tightly wrapped in so much soft, fluffy plushness that made the physically reserved young woman feel completely open to the idea of random strangers treating her like a walking, taking stuffie. *Goodness, this is making me feel awfully… free? And I'm not even done put it on yet! I really don't*

know. It's such a weird thing. But… I… I honestly kind of like it but… I… I really don't know why.

Mae shrugged her shoulders and grabbed the zipper again for another tug. *Time for the titties,* she thought with a silly smile as her modest little breasts came to rest in the costume's thickly padded cups. *Heavens, they're so big! So big and… inviting. What if someone mashes their face in between them and starts getting all handsy?*

The answer, of course, was to completely forget about the question. It just didn't seem to matter all that much amid all the sensual snugness. Another tug on the zipper and her little boobs vanished into the fluff. They fit perfectly into place within the costume, held firm enough that they wouldn't jiggle about, but softly enough that they would move naturally when she lifted her arms, and return to place without requiring manual adjustment afterwards.

This fits so perfectly, Mae pondered as she pulled the zipper up one last time. *It's like it was custom made just for me. Was it? How could it have been? Maybe it's a left-over or something that he wants to get rid of, and he's giving it to me because it's just my size? Yeah. That makes way more sense, doesn't it?*

Mae took a deep breath as a sense of nervous anticipation welled up within her. All that she had to do now was put on the costume's head piece and she'd be let loose to wander the carnival and spread joy and soft, fluffy hugs to anyone who wanted one. At least, that was what the suit seemed to be telling her to do. What she thought of the idea once she was actually out of the dressing booth was almost certainly going to be quite a different matter… wasn't it?

Whatever you wind up doing, it's going to be fun, Mae reassured herself as she picked up the plush leonine head. *You can be an entirely different person and no one will ever know. No one will ever care. You can do anything in the suit, and it just won't matter because once you take off the suit, you take off everything that you did in it. Just like that. Right? Yeah. Right. That's how it works. So let's finish this and go have a good time.*

Mae hesitated. She caressed the fluffy mane that framed the costume's feline face, with its rather realistic looking half open mouth and rubbery black nose. She smiled at the fuzzy teddy-bear ears, and surprised faux-eyebrows that ran over the top of the large eye openings.

All anyone will be able to see is my eyes, Mae reassured herself as she turned the mask around and lifted it over her head. *That's all they'll have to see my expression. My thoughts. My feelings. That's… that's going to be really, really weird, isn't it?*

Mae bit her lower lip for a moment and then giggled as she dropped the leonine mask down upon her head. She closed her eyes and gently tugged at the mane in order to squeeze her head into the mask's comfortably snug confines. There was a soft, silky whoosh of air down her neck and around her eyes. She could feel the mask completely surrounding her head. She could feel how it perfectly conformed to the shape of her nose and face, acting almost as if it was glued in place. It felt so strange, and yet it also felt wonderfully natural. The whole suit felt natural. The whole suit, that is, save the opening at the front of her neck.

Odd, Mae thought as she contemplated the contrast between the warmth of the costume and the cool air upon her neck. *It's a warm suit, though, isn't it? Maybe it's to help keep me from getting too hot? It just feels a bit… off. I don't know. Maybe I just need some time to get used to it.*

The lock on the dressing booth door clicked. Mae nearly fell off the bench as she scrambled to get up. As the door began to open, her eyes momentarily and perfectly matched her mask's permanently surprised expression.

The aveyka carny lacked the decency to ask if his new toy was ready or not. He just opened the door wide and clucked with palpably insidious pleasure at the sight of her. "Per fec! Per fec! Com! Com wet me!"

"O… okay," Mae replied. Or at least she tried to reply. She spoke the words. She could hear herself speaking them quite clearly. And yet, the only sound that came out of her mask was a soft, almost helpless sounding 'aouuu'.

"Com! Com!" the carny beckoned as he lead his fluffy lion deeper into the cluttered realm of the carnival's back lot.

Mae wasn't sure what the carny had planned for her, but she was enjoying the all-encompassing softness of her plush costume far too much to risk losing it. She was going to stay inside it for the agreed upon hour, no matter what it meant. She was going to take the suit home. She was going to

wear it all night. And then maybe all of tomorrow. And then… why couldn't she just live in it forever?

I could be a cute cuddly lion for the rest of my life, Mae thought as she followed the carny through a maze of carnival oddities. *That would be so much fun, wouldn't it? I could be someone's big living plushie. I could hug them and cuddle them and… and… uh… can I even do that in this suit?*

Mae's thoughts of plushie sex trailed off as she found herself amid a collection of dozens of naked mannequins. Each one was unique, though their body language all seemed to be saying exactly the same thing. They appeared as if they'd once been living people, each frozen in a moment of surprise as their body was unexpectedly transformed from flesh into plastic.

Beyond the mannequins were cages containing all manners of strange beast. Some were the kind used in the carnival shows. Dangerous creatures whose hazards were far more likely to involve exotic reproductive processes rather than physical harm. The carny girls all seemed to love putting on a fully interactive show with the beasts almost as much as she seemed to love convincing audience members to join them.

Mae was somewhat taken aback at being brought so close to some of the monsters that she risked being accosted by their groping limbs. It was mere luck that they paid her no attention as she passed. Or perhaps it was the costume. The beasts couldn't impregnate what they couldn't penetrate, after all, and the suit was keeping her fertile bits very well covered.

"Com!" the carny said, gesturing toward a drab gray tent just past the monster cages. "In sed."

Mae took a deep breath as the carny paused to open the tent flap for her to pass. She looked inside, fully expecting to find a monster waiting to ravish every centimeter of her helpless body. The idea that she was going to be used in such a vile fashion would have sent her running away on any other occasion. But now… in the wonderful warmth of her plush lion suit… the prospect of being treated in such a fashion didn't seem nearly so unpleasant. It was the suit that was going to take the ravishing. It would protect her from all of the unpleasant consequences. She could just surrender and feel it and, perhaps, even enjoy it.

Thoughts of monstrous ravishing vanished from Mae's mind as her eyes adjusted to the dim light in the tent. She let out a girly 'aouaoua' of a giggle as

she saw what was hanging on racks all around the tent's perimeter. Plush carnival costumes. Dozens of them, representing all sorts of cute, furry animal. There were felines, canines, bears, and so many more that she couldn't even recognize half of the variations.

The costumes were all just as mind-bendingly adorable as the one she was wearing. Every single one of them. Their long, silky fur. Their invitingly soft figures. Their permanently surprised expressions. And their eyes. Their vivid, emotion filled eyes.

Mae's heart skipped a beat as the reality of the situation hit her. Every one of the limply hanging costumes was occupied!

The aveyka carny chuckled as he pressed into his new plush toy from behind. His left hand wrapped around her waist. His right hand slid to the tap of her zipper.

Mae could only noise a surprised 'ouuuu' as her captor pulled upon the zipper. But… he didn't pull it down. He pulled it up!

The plush lion was utterly confused. She'd pulled the zipper up to its end already. Now, somehow, the carny was drawing it up further. The snug tightness

drew close around her neck as he pulled the tab up beneath her chin. Then, with a abrupt twist of his wrist, he pulled the tab right clean off the zipper.

Mae gasped as a sudden sensation flashed up the length of the zipper and around the place where the suit and mask now joined together. It was like a long, gentile snap of a lightly stretched rubber band. It left a brief tingle in its wake, followed by the sense that the suit's only apparent seams had completely vanished.

"Per fec," the carny clucked to himself as he left his new toy to stand there and stare at those who'd entered the tent before her. "Priss? Wat priss, hum?"

One by one, Mae looked into the eyes of the other captive plushies. One by one, they looked back at her. Some seemed sympathetic. Others just didn't seem to care. Most, however, seemed positively gleeful at the plight of their newest tent-mate.

Mae still had a chance, of course. She could still run. There was nothing stopping her. There was no way that the carny could catch her before she'd gotten out into the crowd. Once she was there, what could he do? Nothing. He'd lied. He'd broken

his side of the deal. By all rights and the law, the wonderful plush suit was hers to keep and enjoy as much as she liked.

A tag dangling from the nearest plushie's left arm caught Mae's eye. She reached out to coax the woman to lift up her arm so that she could have a closer look. She took hold the plush red fox's wrist. It was smooth. It was soft. So… so soft.

Mae let out a surprised 'auuu' as she squeezed the woman's arm. There was nothing inside but stuffing!

Without even thinking, the astonished lioness grabbed the woman's waist. Again, there was nothing but stuffing. She wrapped her hands around the woman's hips and hugged her tight. Again, nothing but stuffing. She looked back into the sable skinned woman's vivid brown eyes. If ever she had seen pure, sadistic delight, expressed solely in the eyes, it was now.

Mae recoiled, but not out of fear. She didn't find the idea of being turned into a living plushie particularly frightening. If ever there was a way to ensure a lifetime of hugs and cuddles, becoming a plushie was surely it. And that, for the moment at least, was exactly the kind of life she wanted to try

out. A life of love and warmth and intimacy, completely unimpeded by the myriad absurd inconveniences of normal life.

Mae took hold of the red fox plushie's head. It was the only part of her body that had any firmness to it. It wasn't solid by any means, but it was solid enough to firmly grasp without distorting its shape. She looked into the plushie's sadistically pleased eyes just long enough to finish convincing herself that the woman wanted her to finish her journey into plushie-dom, not out of some sadistic desire to watch her become just as trapped in an inanimate body, because it was actually as fun and enjoyable as she was imagining. At least that was what she chose to believe. Being a plushie just *had* to be wonderful, didn't it?

Mae turned back to the tag that was dangling from the plush fox's arm. *Red Fox Plush Anatomically Equipped Bedtime Toy,* she read in silence. *Ashiri base stock. Medium Size. One thousand, two hundred, and fifty credits.*

Only one thousand, two hundred, and fifty credits? Mae thought with just a touch of incredulity. *That's all?*

Mae took a step back and turned to look at the aveyka carny. He had just finished tying a string around a new price tag. As he approached, he held it up for her to read.

Lion Plush, yeah, yeah, she read as the carny reached down to lift up her left arm. *Ashiri base stock. Small size. Seven hundred and fifty credits. Seven hundred and fifty credits? Are you serious? Is that all I'm worth?*

The carny tied the tag around Mae's left wrist. Then he looked into her eyes. He smiled. He clucked with audible satisfaction. Then took a small spray bottle filled with a glowing yellow liquid and squirted a little bit into her mask's open mouth.

There was no warning. No progression. It came upon Mae all at once.

The sound was unlike anything that Mae had ever heard before. It was a hissy whooshing mixed with a with barely audible popping and fizzing. It seemed to come from everywhere all at once, and was so intensely mind consuming that she nearly missed the physical sensations of her flesh being converted into plushie stuffing.

Little electric twinges filled the entirety of Mae's completely helpless body. Countless little spasms of things that nature had never meant to spasm. It was like her body had been filled with popcorn, and that brief little lemony spray had started it all popping. It popped. And it popped. And it popped. And it…

Time seemed to stretch out as her body became progressive more numb with each passing moment. At some fuzzy, passing moment, she stopped breathing. Shortly thereafter, her heat stopped beating. The exposed skin around her eyes began to feel strangely heavy. Her vision began to distort. Everything became drawn out, and stretched into a pair of convoluted, overlapping rings as her eyes began to feel as cold and hard as ice.

Mae could feel the carny grabbing her under the soft, plush arms. He lifted her up and settled her armpits down onto a pair of hooks, right next to the sadistic red fox. She could just about hear the dull sound of his feet on the tent's dirt floor, followed by the swish of the tent's flap. And then she could hear no more.

As she hung helplessly among the rest of the carny's plushie merchandise, a new set of strange

sensations came over her. The numbness began to transform into something new. Something… fuzzy.

The new lion plushie could feel her heavy, fabric skin and the long, soft fur that covered every square centimeter of it. She could feel the cool air caressing her rubbery places. The big black nose. The black lips and pink tongue of her half-open mouth. The skin around her big, beautifully green glass eyes. And even that place down between her legs, barely hidden between sensuously inviting rolls of soft fluffy sexiness.

Mae was horny. Deeply, irrepressibly horny. She wanted sex. She *needed* sex. And she needed it *now*.

Oh… this… this isn't quite what I was expecting, she thought as found herself confronted by the truth of what it means to be a giant living plushie sex toy. *Am I… am I like… permanently horny? I… I don't know if I'm going to like feeling like this. It just feels so… awkward. So intense. So… so… dammit… I need to fuck so bad that it almost hurts!*

Mae couldn't do anything to sate her desire for sex. She was as helpless as helpless could be. All she could do was just hang there and wait. Hang there and wait for someone to buy her and take her home to cuddle

her and love her and fill her rubbery fake pussy with hot, fresh jizz. Given how many other living plushies there were hanging alongside her, that was likely to take quite a while. Until then, all she could do was wait in silent desperation that her insultingly cheap price lead to a quick purchase, and a lover who could somehow satisfy the seemingly insatiable desires of her new body.

EIGHT

CANDY

“You smell nice and minty,” the nervous tigress giggled as she nestled her abdomen beneath the the back of the reclining elf-ear’s head. “I’d ask you what kind of body wash you use, but I don’t think it really matters at this point, does it?”

Matter, it certainly didn’t. All that mattered here in the throbbing bowels of the alien factory was that the long lines of giddily waiting women all packed themselves onto one of the sixteen slowly moving conveyor belts as quickly as they possibly could. They had no other choice. Once they had been lured into the insidiously designed facility, they found their rapid placement on one of the conveyors as inevitable as the passing of time. Even if they objected, there was no other path forward. The only way out of the factory was through the machine.

A reasonable observer might have expected more resistance to the disturbingly efficient process that saw every one of its participants vanishing into the gargantuan stainless steel production tank, never to be seen again. And yet, one by one, they packed themselves onto the descending conveyor belts so densely that each had to rest their head on the abdomen of the next in line above them. Shackles took hold of their ankles and wrists, binding them in place. And then… down they went.

Far from objection, the women seemed quite content to be consumed by the utterly dispassionate process. There was nary an exclamation to be heard as the captive women slowly approached the openings that had been cut in the tank's domed lid. There was barely a peep as they passed through the ever-shifting rainbow of intensely bright colors that blocked all view of the interior of the tank, and the ultimate fate of those who passed within. The only hint, the only clue, was a constant clatter of light, hard somethings that came from within the tank.

"This is going to be so much fun," the tigress gently reassured herself as she settled her fuzzy rump into the comfortably soft padding that made up the conveyor belt itself. But would it really? Her uncertainly was almost palpable as she draped her

tail off to the left side before wrapping her legs around the elf-ear's head. She didn't know. No one knew. Then again, no one seemed to care, so why should she?

There was a strange duality about it all. On one hand, there she was, her normal self, nervous about the one way trip into silky sweet oblivion that she'd somehow allowed herself to be coerced into. On the other hand was the giddy tigress who'd taken a bit whiff of the warm summer breeze and had her sensitive feline nose filled with a truly magnificent rainbow of mind bending scents. She'd had almost no choice but to wander all around the district, searching for the source, sure that it would be just as amazing as its glorious smells suggested.

When she'd found the strange alien factory, she'd also found herself among a genuine throng, all moving forward into the huge archway, toward the machines that were dispensing those pearly little candy balls. Pearly little candy balls filled with flavors so intensely stimulating that the merest lick would result in what could only be described as an oral orgasm. A sudden and powerful burst of taste-pleasure that pushed the mind to the limits of comprehension, and perhaps even a little bit beyond.

One lick would have been enough to tip even the most hesitant fey'li over the edge of rationality. She'd had far more than one lick. She and all the rest of the throng. Their minds were all putty, just waiting for someone to take advantage of their momentary malleability. Someone, or something.

The machines were nothing if not efficient in their taking advantage of their many new and perfectly compliant guests. The tigress had agreed to become their property without even the most fleeting of second thoughts. When they stopped being rosy and nice and started referring to her as 'production material', she hadn't minded one bit. It had seemed like a complement to her. A statement that she had useful value. But to whom? It didn't really seem to matter.

The tigress barely remembered being pushed through the one-way door and into the huge undressing chamber where the machines had made short work of her shimmery copper sport top and tight mini-skirt. She barely remembered being carried away by the flow of the crowd, into one of the long corridors that lead to the mounting platforms alongside the conveyor belts. She barely remembered the long wait, as the line slowly moved

forward, toward the central chamber and its infernal machine.

It was only when the tigress had finally entered the chamber and approached the conveyor belt that her mind had begun to clear just enough for her to be fully aware of what has taking place. For her to see the process for what it was, and understand that there really was no turning back. But her ability to actually care? Not so much.

“I’m not squeezing you too tight, am I?” the tigress inquired as she placed her feet between the elf-ear’s shackled arms and her gently squirming waist. No sooner had she positioned herself than than padded shackles snapped into place around her ankles. She reacted instinctively, placing her hands on the edges of the conveyor to help her sit up and look at the bindings that now fixed her in place. This, of course, put her hands right in position for the wrist shackles, which themselves snapped closed to bind her firmly to the machine.

“Oh!” the tigress gasped as she fell back, unable to support herself upright any longer. Her head plopped down onto the warm and fuzzy abdomen of the bouncy leopardess who’d been next in line behind her. “Oh! Uh… hi there!”

“Are you as excited as I am?” the leopardess giggled as her own ankles were promptly shacked alongside the tigress’ waist. “What do you think we’re going to taste like?”

“I have no idea,” the tigress replied with a shrug. “If it’s anything like the sample, it’s definitely going to be…”

“Amazing!” the leopardess interjected with a playful squeeze of her legs.

Amazing indeed, but what was the point of candy so wildly mind twisting that you could barely remember it only a few minutes later? Or was that actually the point? You couldn’t remember the wondrous nuances of the flavor, leaving you with no choice but to have another. Every one would be just like the first. It would almost certainly become an addiction… but weren’t such things illegal?

The tigress was in no position to be asking those sorts of questions, of course. As she slowly descended down past the level of the mounting platform, all she could do was assume that there was something special about the specific city district that made things like this acceptable. It was dedicated entirely to xeno-experience industries. Perhaps the whole place operated as one giant

‘establishment’ where willing entry equaled completely unrestricted consent.

A waft of intense fruity, spiced, minty, something rose up from the opening in the production tank lid and filled the tigress’ nose with the same sort of heady wonder that had drawn her and so many others to the factory. Her mind swam as something warm, firm, and flexible poked up from the padding of the conveyor. It pushed past her tail and began to prod at the soft, fluffy folds between her legs.

“Oh!” the tigress remarked with a strangely involuntary sort of casual indifference towards the probing of her tender womanhood by the unseen intruder. Apparently the candy was just as effective at messing with her inhibitions as it was in messing with her memory.

There was something about the firmness and texture of the slowly slithering lump that felt strangely familiar to the tigress. Unless her senses were deceiving her, she was sure it was some manner of single use, molded gel dildo of the kind you could buy kits to make at home. They were quite distinct to the touch, with a surface that would react to body heat by melting a bit to create a thick, sticky lubricant that was as messy as it was

capable of ensuring that every thrust stimulated the whole of her womanhood all at once.

The tigress could feel it melting. She could feel the sticky lubricant working its way into her exposed inner folds. Soon, no doubt, the whole thing was going to follow.

A strange motion behind the tigress' shoulders was followed by a soft exclamation on the part of the leopardess upon who she was resting her head. Had they already moved so far down toward the giant tank that it was the leopardess' turn to feel the jelly dildo poking at her lady bits? To her considerable surprise, they had. Where there had been about twenty women on the conveyor below her when she'd mounted it herself, there were now only ten to go before it was her turn to pass into the production tank. Was the wonderful odor messing with her sense of time as well?

The probing dildo gave the tigress no time to contemplate just what the candy scent was doing to her mind. It slipped into her weirdly unaroused pussy without the least bit of resistance. Slowly, it began to thrust back and forth. Back and forth. Back and forth. She could feel it. She could feel every centimeter of it, as it thrust as deep inside

her rather excessively accommodating fey'li vagina as it could go.

Only now did the tigress begin to feel sexually aroused. But… something was different about it. While the world around her was just as intensely real as it had been the moment before, the physical sensations between her legs felt distant and dream-like and very, very… wet.

Sticky goo was oozing from her pussy, working its way into the cleft of her ass before spreading all over the base of her tail. She could smell her own sexual scents rising up. And she could smell the dildo-induced sexual scents of the leopardess, as it did its work back there behind her head.

Down the conveyor went as the tigress and her fellow pieces of production material lay huffing and panting in the complete and utter thrall of the machine, with its mind altering odors and relentless jelly dildo sex. Each thrust of the dildo equated to a few centimeters of movement toward that opening and its shimmering force field. Every few centimeters brought with it an increasingly loud clatter coming from within the massive tank. And with the clatter came something that the tigress hadn't noticed before. A wave of sound that was as deeply disturbing as it was sensuously erotic.

The soft, shuddering moans seemed to rise from amid the clatter, reaching a low crescendo about twenty seconds from the point they became audible. Soft, shuddering moans that were filled with pleasure and horror in equal measure. They were expressions of sensations that words couldn't even begin to describe.

The moans overlapped, the next rising a few seconds before its predecessor was abruptly cut off. It wasn't hard for the tigress to understand what was happening. The women were passing through the rainbow force field and into whatever artifice would transform their flesh into candy. And when it was done…

The moans were getting louder. The tigress looked down to find that there were only two women to go before it was her turn to pass into the tank. Two women and maybe forty seconds before her toes entered the force field. Another twenty before she vanished into the machine. Before she vanished from the world, never to be heard of again.

The jelly dildo began to thrust a bit faster. A bit more firmly, as the pretty little elf-ear began to add her own soft moans to the choir of voices that the tigress could now hear coming from all of the other

nearby conveyor belts. She looked down to see the head upon the elf-ear's abdomen vanish through the bright sheet of swirling rainbow colors. It wouldn't be long before she felt what it was that was worth moaning for. Indeed, she could already feel her toes getting tingly.

"Ooooah!" the tigress began to moan as she watched the force field pass up over the elf-ear's hips and felt her toes slide into its strangely thick feeling surface. It felt like jelly. Or marshmallow. Or caramel syrup. Something thick and sticky and tooth-achingly sweet.

The tigress could feel her mind being twisted in strange and horrifying ways. One piece of her was doing nothing but moaning without stop. Another piece of her was fixated upon the jelly dildo that had broken off form the conveyor belt and was just sitting there, deep as it could go, quickly melting into thick, sticky goo. Most of her, or at least the part of her that was the most focused and aware, was fixated upon her toes.

As her toes passed through the thick force field and back into open 'air', they felt as if they were being pulled apart into a bunch of hard round knobs, each exactly the size of one of those addictive candies. One by one, they popped off can

fell into the tank with a loud clatter that sent violent shudders down her spine.

There was no end to it, of course. Her toes were only the beginning. Her feet were being pulled apart now. She could feel her flesh twisting and pulling away from the bone to form each little hard knot. Each little round candy, before it popped off and bounced its way down into the tank by the dozen at first, and soon by the hundred as the flesh of her lower legs was stripped away from the bone.

If the process of having her flesh transformed into candy was painful, the tigress couldn't tell. It very well might have been, but her inability to care seemed to be so complete that pain might as well have been pleasure. Physical sensation, no matter how extreme, had no effect on her mind, let alone on her rapidly vanishing body.

Where the tigress' bones might have been going was impossible to tell. Her side-slung tail was now being consumed, with nodules forming down its length and popping off like a constantly growing bunch of extremely impatient grapes. Her knees were also being pulled apart now, and after a few fleeting moments, the bones of her lower legs fell away in a hard clatter that didn't seem to fall into the tank like the candies did.

Where the tigress' bones might have been going was impossible to tell. The flesh of her fingers was starting to turn into candy now. She groped about as best as she could as they got shorter and shorter. The shackles kept her from finding out whether or not her finger bones were still laying there on the conveyor or if they'd vanished along with all of the candy.

As the tigress' knees were pulled apart into candy, the support of her lower legs seemed to just fall away. Her thighs began to shudder and twitch as the only thing holding the muscles in place was the hardening candy-flesh. Shorter and shorter they became as hundreds of nodules formed and popped away. Shorter and shorter and shorter until…

The elf-ear's moans were beginning to sound more and more desperate as the tigress' rump pressed into the thick force field, shortly followed by her tender, goo dripping womanhood. For the first time she felt something more than just casual indifference. A sense of nervous anticipation welled up as she awaited the inevitable.

It had been one thing to feel her legs being stripped apart into countless little candy balls. It was another entirely to feel as her soft outer folds began to pull taut into dozens of the treats. She

couldn’t help but wonder if these might wind up tasting different than all the rest. Would they be sweeter? More savory? Would they have even greater mind bending powers?

The tigress’ involuntary moans intensified as more and more of the flesh between her legs went hard and tight and split apart into individual candies. It delved deeper until her little nubbin clit suddenly swelled up into a singular candy orb. She shuddered as it popped off and vanished into the depths of the giant tank. Then…

The elf-ear fell silent. The tigress could feel the candies forming all over the woman’s head as it slid from her abdomen and rolled away into the tank’s unseen interior. She should have been horrified, and yet she wasn’t. Even fully knowing that she was about to share the same fate didn’t stir anything within her. She still just didn’t care.

The tigress was production material. Thanks to the candy, she was more than happy to be production material. What had just happened to the elf-ear was what happened to production material in this factory. It was turned into something more useful. More valuable.

The tigress' moans got even louder. Now the whole of the her abdomen was being pulled apart into candy and bone. And now, she could just begin to see through the weirdly thick field of transformative energy. She could see as the little balls formed on the surface of her body. As the flesh between them shrunk away into tiny little threads. As the threads broke and the candies fell down and rolled off the subtly curved surface of the conveyor padding. And as the bones of her legs and pelvis continued on their way, toward a structure in the center of the tank where all sixteen of the conveyors met. A set of chutes where the bones left behind by the production material vanished down into places unknown.

Again, the tigress should have felt absolutely terrified by what she was seeing. Sixteen conveyor belts covered with the bones of so many other women just like herself. Women whose flesh was no little more than a pile of lifeless confections somewhere far down below. Confections that were going to lure more women, to make more piles of candy and bone in an unending cycle of pure, unbridled horror.

She didn't care. She just didn't care, even as she watched her belly come apart into so many little

satin candies. As she felt the crawling, lumpy hardness creep over, and into her ribcage. As the very life was pulled out of her, one sweet little ball at a time.

The tigress ought to have begun gasping for air. She ought to have begun struggling to breathe. But, as her breasts began to shrink and contort into masses of candy balls, breathing was the last thing on her mind. All she could focus on now was watching her ribs appear from amid the candy as the little balls broke away to reveal what lay beneath. Seeing her naked spine just sitting there on the conveyor belt, its individual bones held together only by friction. And watching as the leopardess' lower leg bones parted ways with her knees, falling alongside her ribcage with a soft clatter.

A sense of deep calm came over the tigress as her heat stopped its futile effort to pump blood into a body that largely didn't exist anymore. There was no pain. No discomfort. There was only the feeling of her flesh going hard and turning into candy.

Up over her collar bones. Up over her shoulders as her head began to pass into the force field. Up through her neck as her head passed through, and into the mysterious tank.

For a very brief moment, the tigress could see clearly. She could see her whole skeleton laid bare before her. Then the whole of her head began to turn hard and knobby. Her vision clouded as her eyes seemed to extend forward from their sockets. As they too became candy.

The last thing that the tigress felt was her head parting ways with her spine and rolling off of the leopardess' abdomen. It didn't go very far. It was caught between her ribcage and the leopardess' increasingly bare pelvis. And then she felt nothing at all.

Now there was only the swirling void. The spinning downward into some unknown oblivion. Visions of women sucking on her succulent cat girl candy. Visions of her bones, assembled back into a skeleton to be sold alongside sexy pinups that she didn't remember posing for. Swirling visions of everything and anything. Swirling voices singling and chanting and moaning in terror and pleasure.

The tigress knew what it all meant. It meant that somewhere deep inside, she had actually enjoyed being transformed into candy. That she would welcome an afterlife of such things, whether she consciously wanted to or not. That she was on a one way trip to the Nine Heavenly Hells, and an eternity

of learning the infinite ways that her feline body could be transformed into succulent treats for the pleasure of the heavenly demons and devilish angels who called the realm home.

NINE

THE GIRLS

“Mari’ha’kiatta,” Ki’su softly mused to herself as she cast an disdainfully mischievous gaze upon her annoyingly carefree quartet of lazily lounging companions. “Zi’fa. Mi’ah’fo’risha.”

Modern times being what they were, there was only one real use that the diminutive key’vin’ta priestess had for such a collection of private mi’ah. Granted, they technically weren’t *her* mi’ah. They were the mi’ah of her own domineering slime demon mistress. As her companions were so often and so irritatingly inclined to remind her on every suitable occasion, the fact that she was held in that eternal bondage made her little more than a mere peasant mi’ah herself. But that was all just a puerile exercise in semantics. A High Priestess of the Eternal Obelisk could be held as a servant of greater beings, but she could never truly be

reduced to such a rock bottom and, quite frankly, utterly offensive station in life.

All things considered, Ki'su certainly deserved to be cast into the ranks of the mi'ah and disposed of in the bowels of Xinta Temple. To be ritually absorbed into purple slime and cast into an eternity of hellishly twisted erotic servitude in the depths of the Nine Heavenly Hells. She certainly would have been considered nothing but a complete and utter failure in the harsh eyes of her native people, if they were still around to judge her. The fact that she hadn't joined them on their wholesale migration into their promised new empire in the Hells was certainly a failure enough to invoke the mandatory punishment. The fact that she'd failed in her plot to discover the secrets of the volatile esoteric energy beneath the temple at Dari, the very energy that had resulted in the inexcusable mishap that had trapped her soul in the mortal realm, was just as deplorable.

But… she *had* somehow managed to ride the tidal waves of time and witness her intended tool become corrupted into a magnificently demonic creature of the Hells. A creature the likes of which any High Priestess would be glad to call her eternal mistress. How her people might have reacted to

such an unprecedented situation was a question that always lurked somewhere in the back of her mind. Would her unintended, practically accidental success be enough to make up for her dismal failures in their eyes? She would never know, of course. She could only assume. And assume, she did.

Ki'su was an imp. An immortal demonic being who lived in the mortal world and yet was lifted up above the hierarchies established by mortals to maintain some semblance of order and civilization. A being who was beholden to no one but her slime demon mistress. A mistress who had dedicated herself to finding all sorts of new and exciting ways to draw unwitting supplicants into the unyielding grasp of the Hells. While those ways were rarely as direct as those used by the key'vin'ta, a soul captured by so much as the *idea* that some extreme physical experience might be an interesting thing to try was a soul already half way on its journey into an afterlife of twisted body horror, terrifying pleasure, and so much more. It might even be justifiably suggested that those ways, practiced by other lesser and often quite unsuspecting servants of the Hells, had snared far more souls for the Hells in the past few decades than her own people had over the course of several millennia. As she saw it,

how could her native people not have seen all this and not prostrated themselves before her, begging to be enlightened to the grotesquely sensuous glories of the Nine Heavenly Hells by her deeply mischievous and shockingly impulsive hand?

Things being as they currently were, Ki'su was rarely gifted with the opportunity to fully express her nature to those who might find themselves graced by her physical presence. She chafed at the restrictions placed upon her by her mistress chosen course of action, but there was little she could do but stand at her side as they prepared for a grand journey into the vast unknown that lay between the stars. While the Destiny Explorer did have the sorts of transformational amenities and an ample stock of hapless victims held captive in blocks of crystal clear biogel, access to these luxuries was a rarely accorded gift. Practically everyone else aboard the newly rebuilt ship had dibs on so many of the voluntarily imprisoned souls. They were there for tests. For experiments. For anything other than satisfying her insatiable need for kinky entertainment.

If the bored little imp couldn't have her way with the ship's stock of experiment subjects, then she was just going to have to find entertainment

elsewhere. That meant taking advantage of the few prospective targets who had no means to escape her presence or any real ability to object to her seemingly random attempts to have them transformed into whatever horrid form that happened to suit her fancy at the moment. It wasn't that they didn't try, of course. They liked to say that her mistress had demanded she wear her neck to toe suit of the new mark nine biogel because the spread of the black tendrils within the white gel would given everyone fair warning that she was up to no good.

That wasn't true, of course. Ki'su had insisted that she be coated in the strange new biogel because it made her resemble her slime demon mistress. If her mistress was compelled to tolerate the fact that her state of mind was visible for all to see, then the little key'vin'ta would just have to accept the inconvenience as well. If nothing else, it made snaring her companions a bit of a fun challenge that was almost as rewarding as watching their helpless bodies mutate into some horrid monstrosity.

"Ta'so'misa," Ki'su hummed to herself as she slowly wandered around the raised perimeter of the circular living chamber that formed the heart of her

mistress' large private suite. She pretended to be looking at the many diverse books that filled the shelves, and the various pretty odds and ends that had been put on display among them. In reality, her thoughts were directed to the only question that really mattered at the moment. "Mi'ha'mo'mari. Which one? Which one?"

Which one indeed. There were four to choose from. If she was feeling particularly impish, she might even convince herself to try for more than one. Each one had their own particularly entertaining qualities. Their expressions. Their exclamations. And the way that each, in their own unique way, would eventually just give in an accept the fact that their lot in life was to keep Ki'su occupied lest she try too hard to find ways around her mistress' exceedingly cumbersome restrictions.

While it was hard for the little key'vin'ta to accept, the four women were just as much imps as she was, at least in name and in their apparent immortality. Anything could happen to them. Transformation. Death. Complete dissolution into pure energy. It didn't matter. One act of will and their mistress could bring them back to the mortal realm as if nothing at all had ever happened to them.

If Ki'su had been as closed minded as her former key'vin'ta peers, she might have found their ability to escape the grasp of the Heavenly Hells extremely offensive to the sensibilities, even if the power had been granted by the ruler of the Hells itself. Her own journey into the same sort of state had given her a bit of a different perspective. To her, the Hells weren't just a place. They were also a concept that could be experienced in the mortal realm through various esoteric means. Esoteric means that the little key'vin'ta had been provided disturbingly ready access to. All she needed to do was pick a target and there would be almost nothing to stop her. Nothing, perhaps, save…

Tachi. If anyone among them could be considered reasonably normal, it was the tall biogel clad tigress. She was a mining engineer with a penchant for getting herself stuck in deep, dark holes, and a disdain for strange physical experiences that was all at odds with her role as of Gelitech's most effective 'Industrial Biogel' models and representatives. She was only part of her mistress' collection of mi'ah because circumstance had given her no other choice. As a result, she tended to act aloof and above all the kinky erotic chaos that seemed to follow the group around wherever they went.

If there was one thing that Ki'su enjoyed above all others, it was watching someone like the tigress, someone who found the idea of being physically transformed rather objectionable, be unexpectedly transformed into something particularly unpleasant to the senses. There was always quite a show to be had under such circumstances, and the tigress was no exception. The way she squirmed and struggled to escape the inescapable as it overtook her body was truly eye candy to behold. Added to this was her impressive vocabulary of colorful metaphors, creative invective, and her willingness to verbally express every sensation as if she was trying to compose a complete incident report after some weirdly kinky industrial accident.

As entertaining as she might be, the tigress was, however, the most wary of the group by a very large margin. Her keen eyes followed the little key'vin'ta everywhere she went and now was certainly no exception. Not even the four large columns that rose up from the planters that separated the perimeter of the room from the lowered seating area in the center could hide her from the tigress' sharp gaze. On the positive side, the tigress seemed to enjoy watching her companions suffer the effects of Ki'su's most recently acquired kink. She rarely alerted her companions to coming mischief unless it

seemed that she was going to be a target. So long as Ki'su made it seem that her attention was likely to be directed at one of the other three, she was perfectly safe from premature exposure, and could do pretty much whatever she pleased.

Sakie wasn't quite as cold a fish as Tachi, but she had her rails and she preferred to ride on them. While her plain looks and even plainer farm girl manners made her just the kind of mi'ah that Ki'su had more preferred in days long past, her artistic ambitions made her less of a target and more of a competitor. She was one of the few non-zexta artists to embrace the digital gorgon as her primary medium, transforming subjects into living statues for both fun and profit.

Unlike Ki'su, the cougaress was more than happy to make use of her own services. There was nothing she seemed to like more than showing off her pleasantly plain self than posing for a statue in solid sapphire or emerald. If she was feeling a bit frisky, she was known to try on a body of beautiful polished jade. And if she was feeling crazy zoomies level frisky, she might even nibble on some fresh 'gorgonzola' cheese or ask the nearest gorgon if she might partake of a brief stony gaze.

Unfortunately, getting turned into stone seemed to be all that Sakie actually enjoyed, aside fro the high she seemed to get from making even a fleeting bit of headway on her mission to get Tachi off her high horse and start enjoying all the random mischief. She was passably tolerant of biogel, though she refused to wear it lest it somehow blunt her passion for stone. Squirmy things were simply out of the question, which mean getting her all done up rowa-style tended to get the most entertaining reactions from her. She wasn't nearly so expression about her objections, though. She just dealt with it like it was just a thing she had to do. That was if she didn't catch Ki'su with her ever-present digital gorgon necklace first.

Nenya was a far more complicated problem. Ki'su had never been able to tell where the woman ended and the machines that surrounded them began. One moment, the tan, elf-eared shibi was a perfectly normal woman, clad from neck to toe in glistening black biogel. The next moment, she was little more than a pretty, silken voiced computer, relating information, accepting orders, and more often than not acting as her mistress' principle agent when it came to communicating with the Destiny Explorer's biogel core.

If there was one thing to be said for the shibi, it was that her degree of receptiveness to mischief was always on obvious display. If she was fully covered in biogel with one of those featureless black vixie masks on her face, the was definitely working and off limits. If she was tromping around in a cyborgirl body, she was doing the modeling thing and trying to get anyone who'd agree to become a new cyborgirl to add to the ship's small but growing complement, Ki'su included. But, if she was just plain old biogel clad Nenya, she was fair game.

Fair game didn't necessarily mean passive target, though. Nenya tended to tolerate being subject to the little key'vin'ta's impulsive whims. She generally was, however, far more interested in putting various ideas into Ki'su's head and watching the results as they unfolded. Given her instant access to so much data on exotic physical experiences, her ideas were often just the sort of outlandish things that Ki'su found the most entertaining.

Jumie, on the other hand, was everything that the other three girls were not. The pretty leopardess was her mistress' favorite mi'ah, a soft, cuddly, and deeply affectionate bed mate who had

been the first to truly join with her. While her mistress' transformation into a slime demon of the Hells wasn't particularly well received by the others, the leopardess had never once questioned it. She had simply accepted it, and everything that had come along with it.

Where the other girls had their interests and their disgusts, Jumie was so open minded that Ki'su could do just about anything she wanted without getting any more than an expression of mild exasperation should she choose to spring her mischief at a particularly inconvenient moment. She had absolutely zero attachment to her own natural body and was more than happy to be whatever it was that the little key'vin'ta wanted her to be. A bug? A biogel balloon? Breeding stock for little silk spinning grubs? It didn't matter. She was fine with it all.

The downside of messing with Jumie was that she tended to put on less of a show than she did something akin to a live illustration. Nothing seemed to phase her enough to elicit the kind of strong response that Ki'su found so entertaining. Sometimes when she got to experience something completely new, she might be a bit more expressive, but these moments were few and far between. On

the other hand, the results of Jumie's transformations tended to be far more compliant and fun to play with than those of her other companions. All this had lead to her becoming a virtual living toy for the mischievous key'vin'ta, spending almost as much time in alien forms as she did her own.

"Mi'ha'mosha'ri," Ki'su sighed as she pondered the possibilities. Tachi, with her newly delivered magazine about rocks. Sakie, toying her digital gorgon necklace and making eyes at Jumie, who responded with exactly the same sort of mildly interested smile that she gave the little key'vin'ta when mischief arrived with more than half a second's notice. And then there was Nenya who was gazing though a holographic depiction of a new style cyborbody, her eyes moving from one companion to another before settling on the oblivious Tachi.

As usual, Ki'su blithely ignored the clear expressions of genuinely impish behavior on the part of the 'mere mi'ah'. They had too much self control to simply act upon their desires. They had too much concern for the feelings of their companions to impose upon them without explicit permission. What was the point of being an imp if

you actually had to ask every victim if it was okay to turn them into a anatomically functional blow up doll?

"Mi'ah'shur'na," Ki'su murmured as she pondered the half-full can of instant inflatogummy that she'd hidden behind some small books. If there was one specific thing that she simply couldn't get enough of, it was the sight of a beautiful woman being slowly transformed into a very cheap looking bedtime inflatable. And there was nothing else that could get her motor running more than the grand symphony of rubbery squeaks, crinkles, and snaps that filled the air as her latest victim tried to escape her inevitable fate. Or as she welcomed her inevitable fate, as the case might happen to be…

TO BE CONTINUED