

DESTINY EXPLORER

**SHORT STORIES OF OVERLY
CURIOUS CREW AND OTHER
SHIPBOARD SHENANIGANS**

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SHENANIGANS

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shetiraanwae @ gmail . com

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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’mayne 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’mayne 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’mayne 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’mayne 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 whole 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 damnably 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 her 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 squirrely 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 that 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 minutes 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 ruffled 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 *swiiiiiiip*. 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 sooooooooooooo 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’mayne 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’mayne 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 difficulty 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’mayne 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 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 too 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)**.

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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**.

<u>Lvl</u>	<u>Pay</u>	<u>Uniform</u>
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 paid 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 credits¹.

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.

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 femininity. 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 respinded, 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...*

Kharié 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.

Kharié 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 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 ruffled 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 pelvic 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 from 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. "AIIIIIIIIII!" 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.

Kharia 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.

Kharia 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 every 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.

Kharié'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 nannies, 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 nannies 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 it 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 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 grooves 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 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!

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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.