

## Quarantine Zone

### Prologue:

#### -Diaspora

Everyone knows which side of a quarantine they wanna be on. When my iPhone buzzed an emergency warning saying that a bomb had been set off in downtown Los Banos my survival instinct instantly kicked into overdrive. I scrambled around our three-person apartment throwing everything that had any worth into whatever boxes I could find.

"I get that you want to move out on our own soon," my fiancé Connor said calmly, sipping his coffee, "But don't you think we should look at some places before we start to pack?"

"Didn't you get the alert?!" I shouted, tying my hair back into a ponytail as I scurried around. "A fucking bomb went off downtown! Where's the packing tape?"

He pointed to the laundry room. "Yeah, I got it. No casualties. And it was like three miles away anyway. They should really save those alerts for -- Hey, don't pack those shoes up, I need them for dinner tonight."

"No casualties? Doesn't that seem suspicious to you?" I ran over and grabbed his hand to show I was serious "It's a dirty bomb. We have to leave."

He sighed a half-scoff and set down his coffee mug. "A dirty bomb? Of what, the plague? You do realize there haven't been any reported cases outside of Africa, right?"

I looked him straight in the eyes. "Yes, the plague. We got a memo down at the station warning about a possible terrorist attack." He froze, processing the information. I shot off to our bedroom and started haphazardly tossing our personal belongings into some boxes from our last Costco trip. Plague Z was unlike anything the world had ever seen before, and even people who tended to write off media coverage on pandemics as 'hype' were glued to their TV sets to witness its effects. Those infected suffered permanent mutations of their bodies, and every time the victim would end up as some misfigured combination of animal and human. The actual species of animal that each victim took after was seemingly completely random, and wasn't determined by environment at all. One of the first victims, Keepja Entandwa, famously grew an udder, tail, and cow's head, leading to the occasional nickname of the 'Minotaur Disease.'

Connor quickly got to task helping me gather our more prized possessions and a few essentials. "We can't fit too much into the car. We're going to have to leave your grandmother's hope chest behind." I stopped packing the silverware and hovered over the heavy piece of furniture with him.

"Unacceptable," I said "it's a family heirloom. It absolutely has to come."

“Unacceptable? Look, Amy dear we don’t have much choice.”

I grabbed a pair of keys from the soap dish near the door and dangled them in front of him. “We take Violet’s truck.”

“She’s at work. We’ll have to wait until tonight and try to convince her,” he said, slumping back down on the couch.

I had the feeling he wasn’t taking the situation as seriously as me. “No way. She works at Wells Fargo like one block from ground zero.” I pulled Connor off the couch and grabbed his face with my hands, forcing him to look away from the TV. “We’re going to steal the Ford and get the fuck out of here right now. You have to trust me.”

He took a moment and nodded slowly. “Okay. If you’re sure. . . But you owe me big time for going along with this.”

It was, to this day, one of the biggest risks we ever took, and it wasn’t easy. It was all the stress of moving condensed down into a single day, plus the worrying that maybe I was overreacting, and maybe I’d get caught for grand theft auto. But I wasn’t about to be locked into a quarantine with a disease where everyone who gets infected turns into a monster for life. And that’s the best case scenario. Depending on the available care, the plague was fatal to somewhere between 1/10th and 1/3rd of those infected. Sometimes people would drown on dry land as their lungs were replaced with gills. Others couldn’t figure out what their new diets demanded and accidentally poisoned themselves or starved to death. Combine that with the infrastructural damage and catastrophic social and economic effects in the afflicted areas and you had a real shit show on your hands.

“All loaded up.” Connor grunted, slamming the back of the pickup into position. “You sure about this?”

I hopped into the cab and turned the key. The engine reluctantly turned over and came to life. “Stop asking stupid questions, honey. Get in.” We drove West, into the face of El Nino, and didn’t stop until we had made it into the heart of Los Angeles. Helicopters buzzed over our motel room that night, and half our fears and uncertainties were put to rest when a quarantine zone was announced over the afflicted area. We had escaped. Now we were free to patch up our lives and start over.

That should have been the end of it.

## Chapter 1: -Alone

\*\* 10 Months Later \*\*

“Hi I’m Steve Inskeep and this is Morning Edition on NPR. For the first time since the network collapsed in the Los Banos quarantine, survivors will be able to contact their friends and loved ones via the phone or 3G internet. This new development is helping federal CDC workers ascertain the extent of the damage and aid needs in the first and perhaps worst-off of the three major quarantines on the west coast. Initial reports seem to indicate that as much as 98% of the original population has been infected, and there is approximately a 15% mortality rate. Of course an extremely large portion of those infected have been unable to return to work, and we’re just starting to get a look at what day to day life looks like inside after complete social and economic collapse. Joining us on the show today is Kent Bronson from Palantir, who is here to talk about how his software is helping the government and citizens track just what’s happening inside the hot zone. . .”

The radio stopped abruptly as I pulled the keys from the new car and gathered my groceries from the back. Life in LA had been entirely bearable. We had managed to pick up some basic service-industry jobs before our savings ran out, and now we had our own low-income apartment and even an old Honda Civic that we shared. Sure we weren’t where we had been before, but I think it’s safe to say we’d gotten a new lease on life as well, and even the tedium of our new occupations wasn’t enough to depress us.

I walked up the stairs to our apartments. I remember wearing a light new sun dress and sandals that I had picked up from the consignment shop. It was the kinda day that made you wonder who decided it would be a good idea to build such a huge city in place where you had to slather yourself with spf 100 sunscreen and wear a hat and sunglasses just to take a stroll around the block. I gingerly opened the door and made a B-line for the swamp cooler.

“Con-man I’m home!” I shouted, gathering my bags and heading to the kitchen. He must have been in the bathroom. “You can’t leave the door unlocked like that. Someone’s gunna break in here one of these days. You know there are crooks just go from apartment to apartment looking for ones that are unlocked right?” I finished sorting the groceries away and plopped down on the couch, exhausted. Working tech support wasn’t very physical, but it was damn exhausting. I poured a couple glasses of Pinot Noir and switched on How it’s Made. The narrator’s drone always put me to ease. Today he was talking about how hazmat suits were made.

About twenty minutes into the show, and a couple glasses of wine deep, I decided to do some investigating as to Connor’s whereabouts. I knocked and cracked the bathroom door. Sure enough he wasn’t there after all. I called his cell. No answer. I figured he must be working overtime or something, so I put some Mac and Cheese on the stove and plopped back down

onto the couch. Before I knew what happened, I had fallen asleep. I awoke to the smell of burning pasta, and quickly stumbled over to the stove by the light of the “are you still watching?” Netflix screen. The sun had set, and I groggily combed the house for any sign of my fiancé. There wasn’t any.

I was reaching for my phone to call his work, when the screen lit up with an incoming call. “Connor would like to Facetime. . .” it buzzed. I froze. Gone was the warm, relaxing SoCal day. Now I was cold; the swamp cooler had done its job too well. It smelled weird, and the room was silent save the vibrating sound the phone was making. Suddenly, I felt very, very alone, and very vulnerable.

I reached a shaky hand out to the phone and answered the call, being sure to point the phone away from me. The screen was black, as though someone was holding their finger over the camera. “Hello?”

A raspy sort of feminine voice answered, “Hey there my dearest love. . .” it certainly wasn’t my fiancé.

“Who is this?”

“Oh what, you don’t recognize my voice? Maybe my face will do it.” The screen lit up with the unmistakable face of a plague victim. It seemed to be a cross between human and hyena, with coarse yellow fur framing a bald, black half-muzzle. A pair of large, pointed ears twitched expressively as her powerful mouth twisted into a bestial smile. Her teeth looked like they could bite through bone, and she probably could.

“Violet?” I asked, stunned.

“Holy fuck the bitch got it!” She yelped, muzzle cracking into all too large of a smile. “Let’s give her a round of applause!” Clapping and jeering could be heard from off camera.

“Where’s Connor?” I asked. It was my first time talking directly to a plague victim. She didn’t seem sick from her attitude, though. She seemed healthy, active, and more than a little pissed.

“Oh I don’t know. . .” She mused fakely, ears twisting around on her head as she looked to the ceiling. “How about where’s my fucking truck!?”

“I. . . I don’t know what happened to--” I stammered.

“Bullshit!” She yelped, looking straight into my eyes from wherever she was. “You and half the cops in the city jumped town the moment that bomb went off. Not so much as a word of warning to us.”

"Violet, I'm sorry I --"

"You're damn fucking straight you're sorry! You know I wouldn't even be pissed except you didn't even leave me the keys to your own fucking car!" She giggled a very unsettling chuckle. "You know what happens when half the cops up and leave a town, and the rest of 'em either die or can't leave their homes? You know what happens when you put a damn wall around a town that's sick and just ignore us except the occasional drop of supplies a few times a month?"

"Anarchy." I muttered.

"You're damn right, anarchy. You know how useful a truck is in an apocalyptic scenario? Haven't you ever seen Mad Max?" She handed the camera off to someone I couldn't see and stepped away, revealing the extent of her mutations. Perhaps the most obvious change was just how stocky and strong she looked. She had a barrel-chest with characteristically strong looking neck and shoulders. She bipedal still, although her legs seemed to be mostly hyena-esque, and I could hear her claws clicking on the concrete as she walked. A short tail that wagged about behind her, and her skin was either tan with black spots or covered in fur.

"You, uh, look pretty healthy, Violet." I said, ignoring the urge to mention her alterations. "Where are you? Where's Connor?"

"Yeah healthy," she said ignoring my questions. "A healthy freak! How do you like the new me?" She turned around dramatically, giving me the full 360 view. She had kept her human breasts, which were just as sizable as they had ever been. They were capped with large black nipples, and a tuft of fur rested in her cleavage. That's when my eyes wandered down south and I got a very unexpected lesson in Hyena anatomy.

The picture was blurry, but I could see a cock and balls between her legs as clear as day. "Is that. . . a cock? You grew a cock?"

She smiled that big nasty smile of hers again. "Oh yeah. Well, sort of. First thing I did when we got internet back (before I looked you up and kidnapped Connor) was do a little research on Hyenas." The cameraman handed her back the phone and she brought it up close to her junk.

"Wait, you kidnapped Connor!?"

"Now you see," she began, gesturing with one paw-like hand "it's not actually a penis. It's my clit." It looked to be about eight to ten inches long. Pretty big. It wobbled about as she lifted it up and let it drop. "It's a bit less sensitive than it was before, but really it's better that way. Now I can wear pants if I want, not that I ever do. These balls," She cupped her sizable scrotum,

moving her shaft out of the way so I could see the spotted, furry sack. "Aren't actually balls at all. It's just a pouch of fat that looks like balls. Weird evolution thing, I guess. I'm no biologist. It's super fun to bounce them around. . ."

I wanted to ask about my fiancé, but I was transfixed and stunned. I just gazed into my phone, half forgetting where I was. "Uh huh."

"My pee hole here is still my peehole. It runs up my cock just like a real man's." she squeezed her hand up the length of her coal-black hyena clit, causing a bead of . . . something to form at the top. "And I can get an erection just like a guy too. I can even maintain it, which I something I'm not sure that real hyenas can do. Here let me show you." Slowly she started stroking her length up and down, and sure enough it started to stand up and throb just like I'd seen Connor's do so many times. She was definitely more of a shower than a grower, but it was still a huge cock by human standards. I had heard that the plague tended to sort of focus in and accentuate the sexual parts of the afflicted. "Oh yeah that's the ticket." she moaned.

"Where's Connor?" I shouted at the phone, feeling helpless.

"Oh him." She paused and redirected the camera up to her face and then tapped the screen, switching it into forward-view. Connor was sitting on a chair in the middle of what looked like a basement. He was blindfolded, and restrained. There was a red ball-gag in his mouth, and he was naked. He could probably hear our conversation. "He's going to help me demonstrate the rest of my changes."

"Don't you lay a fucking paw on him you bitch!"

Violet handed the phone off to someone I couldn't see again and stepped into the shot. "Bitch! That's funny. Like a dog. Actually Hyenas aren't canine at all. Just a bit of trivia I learned today; I was wondering why I didn't have super-smell or something." She stepped over to Kevin and stroked his shoulder with a paw. Connor shook and struggled in vain. "Although speaking of smell, I have found that I do have a certain. . . effect on men." She reached a clawed finger to the tip of her pseudopenis and gathered a droplet of her natural lubricant. Then she brought her paw up beneath my poor fiancé's nose. His writhing and struggling slowed and stopped, and he craned his neck forward, trying to smell more of whatever it was. Violet appeased him by wiping it off right beneath his nostrils. "There we go. Not so scary anymore, am I, Connor?" She cooed.

I was shocked. "Please, Violet, please! You're going to infect him! I've learned my lesson! I'll find your truck! I'll buy you a new truck! Just leave Connor alone." Tears were streaming down my cheeks at this point, betraying my panic.

She smiled and straddled Connor's knees so she was face-to-face with him. "Oh yes. Infecting him is exactly what I'm going to do." She licked her lips hungrily with a long, inhuman tongue. "Something interesting that I've learned from personal experience is that the changes

from the virus seem to be topical to the point of infection.” She stroked her length calmly as she talked. “That is to say that the first place I touch him with my bodily fluids is guaranteed to end up changing. With those pheromones it should only take a touch. . .” She reached her other paw down and fondled Connor’s cock and balls. The camera moved in for a close-up as his penis immediately began to rise to attention. Violet scooted forward so that their two shafts were resting against each other. Hers was larger by a couple inches.

I watched in stunned silence. Too upset and shocked to say anything. My heart felt like it was about to jump out of my chest. Violet’s voice started again. “Oh yeah. Look at this cute little dick. Not bad for a human. I bet he pleases you well with it, doesn’t he? You know, Amy, I’ve become something of a cock connoisseur recently.” Connor let out a weak moan as she fondled their dicks together. “And I love variety. So. Time for that anatomy lesson to continue.” I watched, entranced, as her cock slowly began to shrink. I wasn’t sure what I was seeing at first, but sure enough it started to retract back into her body in time with her heartbeat. Before long there was no hint that she had ever had a cock at all, just a raised mound with a glistening opening right above her sack. She sighed. “There we go.” The hyena-girl stood up and positioned Connor’s cock right against her new opening. Her faux balls brushed against his penis. “This is going to be the last time you get to use your human dick, little boy. Enjoy it.”

And with that, she started lowering herself down onto his erect penis, her opening stretching easily to take him. She worked herself about halfway down his shaft and then slowly, rose up before plunging back down onto him, this time taking his cock all the way. Connor moaned, and his head slumped forward onto her breasts in obvious pleasure. I watched in helpless horror as she started working up a rhythm, my fiancé’s hips bucking in rhythm. Each time he disappeared inside her, her balls would plop down onto his, causing the whole mess to jiggle. I screamed into the phone. What I said, I don’t remember, but they both ignored it completely.

As their hips grinded together, Violet reached a paw-hand down to Connor’s chin and lifted his face to hers, smiling a lusty half smile. The way she touched him was gentle and caring. It was almost romantic. She touched her lips to his, and he puckered up and returned the gesture. He teased her thin black lips gingerly between his own, and pressed in. Violet turned and winked at the camera, sticking out her long, flat tongue at me before returning to her ministrations. She had started to lift herself almost all the way off of Connor before plunging herself down onto his shaft, sometimes teasing him by only lowering herself an inch or two at a time. My lover was getting a real proper, excellent fucking, and he seemed to be enjoying it.

She licked up his face as a moan escaped her mouth. She bounced faster and faster on Connor’s eager dick. Her long canine tongue plunged deep into her fuck-toy’s mouth, and she turned her head sideways and pushed in. Those big jaws opened wide, covering almost the entire lower half of his face in a perverted sort of bestial kiss. Perhaps it was my mind playing tricks on me, but I could swear I saw some impression of her tongue fluttering around deep in his throat. She fucked him faster and slower, varying her pace to keep it drawn out as long as

possible. I watched the whole thing. Finally, I saw my Connor's legs twitch. I knew from experience it was a telltale sign that he was about to cum. Violet threw her head back and lowered herself fully onto him as a huge orgasm rolled over them. They stayed frozen in that pose for a moment, then she exhaled, gave him a peck on the cheek and stood up.

She took the camera back from whoever had been filming, and held it directly up to her crotch so I could watch as her shaft unfurled back to its former glory. Some combination of her and my lover's juices dribbled out of the tip. "Oh WOW!" She exclaimed breathlessly. "You sure know how to pick 'em, Amy. God I'm so full. You haven't been ignoring his needs have you? No matter. He won't go hungry for pussy again."

"You bitch." I choked out, sobbing. I could hardly think of anything to say, much less say it. I was completely in shock at what I had just witnessed. Connor was surely infected now. Even if I found him and rescued him, he'd be a monster within a couple days. "You fucking. . . you. . . How? How did you get out? "

Violet beamed. "I didn't get out, silly. I just brought him to me, here in the quarantine zone. I've got plenty of boys here to do my bitchwork. Connor's just the newest addition to my harem. Give him a week or two, and there's nothing he won't do for me. I wonder if he'll even remember your name." She smiled a terrible toothy grin. "You know I should thank you for stealing my truck. Back when I was normal like you, I just had a dead-end job at the bank. I was the man's bitch. Now I MAKE men MY bitch!" She hooted a horrible, hyena-like laughter that echoed all the way from the quarantine zone to my apartment. Even just the thought of that sound now sends a shiver down my spine. It was predatory, powerful. I don't know how, but I knew it was telling me and everyone who was hearing it that she was in charge.

Yet somehow it gave me clarity. It made her the enemy. Years of being a victim of bullying at school and discrimination in my career had taught me how to deal with cunts like her. When someone hits you, sometimes the best thing to do is hit them back ten times as hard. "I am going. . . to kill you." I whispered.

She stopped laughing. "What was that?"

"I said I am going to find you and murder you for what you just did."

"Oh. Well." She paused. "Hey if you DO drop by, be sure to bring some In-n-Out Burger with you. There's none of them in the quarantine zone and I'm just craving a double-double something fierce." She started laughing again, and then the sound just stopped.

The screen showed a picture of my fiancé, smiling and sipping on a beer and read "Connor. . . ended." Then it went just went black. And suddenly I was sitting in my silent, odd-smelling apartment. And now I was very much aware of how alone I really was.

## **Chapter 2:**

### **Revenge is a Dish Best Served With a Side of Fries**

My neck was killing me. I opened my eyes to the early morning sunlight streaming through the blinds. I was still crumpled up on a ball on the couch. Last night seemed like a blur. I felt nauseous and had a the dull sort of headache that comes with a hangover. Of course I went through the typical “was it all a dream?” kind of phase, but it didn't last long. A quick check confirmed that I was indeed alone in the apartment. I slumped down onto a dining room chair and stared blankly at the decorative aloe plant. My mind was buzzing with doubts and plans and questions. It was all too frantic and disorganized to make much sense. Eventually I realized I was essentially spinning my wheels and started my standard morning routine.

After I collected myself with a mug of coffee and a simple egg-whites omelette, I switched on the TV (mostly through muscle memory) and started to think. The main question I struggled with was whether or not I should go after Connor. It was a big decision since even if I did somehow safely get in and rescue him from violet, I would need to infect myself with the plague if I wanted to live with him. That was the best-case scenario. Then there was the danger. Violet seemed to have gotten together some sort of gang, and she may have stolen Connor as a challenge. She wasn't afraid of me, and she knew way more about the situation than I did. I started thinking about what was “normal.” Was it normal to risk your life for your fiancée? He wasn't my husband. We hadn't made any real vows to each other. Would he risk his life for me if I were in that situation? Were any of those questions relevant at all?

It was time to stop running. I loved him, dammit. I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. Some people get old and die without finding someone who they can share themselves with, and like hell was I going to just abandon that. I stormed to our closet and rummaged through the mess until I found an unopened box from the day we fled. Inside was my old police uniform, badge, gun, baton, and hat. I suited up and stood in front of the mirror. It fit me just as well as it did almost a year ago. Suddenly the helpless, damsel in distress was gone. I felt strong. As far as the authorities were concerned, I was still in the quarantine zone somewhere. I was sick of laying awake at night thinking about the people I could have helped. I was tired of hiding from the very law I swore to serve.

I took off my uniform and started planning out an arsenal. Of course all the weapons and gear in the world couldn't help me unless I could find out where Connor was being held prisoner. That information came in the form of a text. My phone chimed with a simple picture text from his phone. In the photo, my fiancée sleeping soundly and unrestrained on what looked to be a fairly comfortable bed. Attached was the text message “I told him he could have a pillow if he sucked me off -V.” He had a pillow. I threw my mug to the floor in anger. She was taunting me. I was about to start feeling helpless again, when I remembered a frequently used investigation technique that I had heard about when I was on the force. I emailed the photo to myself and booted up my computer. Sure enough, there in the file info were the GPS coordinates where the

photo was taken. I smiled inwardly. How many times had I told him to disable location services on his stupid camera? Now I was thankful he was so absent-minded.

As I suspected, Google Maps showed the coordinates as being inside the quarantine. I even got a street view of the house from before the bomb went off. It was very unassuming. It reminded me of *Silence of the Lambs* and how mundane the murderer's house looked on the outside. Maybe I should buy night vision goggles, I thought as I threw my gear and some food into a duffle bag. I put my bag into the back of the car and headed to the military surplus store.

When I arrived, another message was waiting for me. This one was far more haunting than the last. It was photo of Connor's ass, and right at the top of his crack was the start of a little tail. It was maybe four or five inches long already and had a slight dusting of fuzz on it. I knew he was infected last night, but seeing the symptoms start to show made it very, very real. Then a text came: "Looks mammalian! Lucky <3 -V." It was lucky in some ways. People who showed mammal-like symptoms rarely died from the disease. I had to take some time to collect myself in the parking lot before I headed inside.

Violet continued to send me messages as I went from store to store, but I didn't give her the satisfaction of answering any of them. Each one came with a photo attached chronicling Connor's change. His exposure must have been so great that his symptoms were developing much quicker than most people's did. The next text was of him on his knees, looking up at the camera. Violet's cock was in his mouth, and his face was different. His nose was broader, his eyes farther apart and larger. His ears were growing too. It hurt to see him like that. The fact that he seemed to be pleasuring her willingly made it all the worse. I had assumed he was being threatened and coerced, but doubt was creeping into my mind. He looked like he was enjoying it. Maybe she could actually brainwash men or control them with drugs or something. I didn't know. She never struck me as the kind of person to start a gang or keep people in line with violence, but who knew how the past year had changed her. The text attached said, "I know what he's becoming. . . the feel of his tongue gives it away. Can you guess? -V" I tried to put it out of mind, but I couldn't stop trying to figure out what animal he would spend the rest of his life crossed with.

In the California summer there's a wonderful time of day where the burning hot sun has dipped beneath the horizon but the air and ground are still comfortably warm from being baked. This was when I arrived at the edge of the quarantine zone. I drove the perimeter and scoped out the situation from afar with my binoculars. The entire city was shut in. The roads were blocked with barricades and checkpoints, and there was a double-layer fence with guard towers all the way around. It reminded me of an internment camp or prison. Except there was a town inside. And my soon-to-be husband. And an army of mutants. Getting out seemed impossible, and getting in didn't seem easy. I figured as soon as I made it past the fences no one would pursue me. It wasn't like the guards were going to risk their well-being to bring a possibly infected individual out of the quarantine zone. All of the government workers beyond the first fence were wearing a full-body hazmat suit.

I was sitting near one of the entrances, wondering how to get in, when a red cross truck pulled in front of me. The doors opened up nearly simultaneously, and the driver and passenger both rushed into nearby porta-potties. It was one of those military-style vehicles, probably destined to bring supplies to the inner checkpoint. Seizing the stroke of luck, I pulled my black beanie over my face, grabbed my bag, and hopped into the back of the supply truck. Thankfully it was just filled with boxes. I squeezed myself in behind some of the larger ones (being sure I wouldn't be squashed if they jostled around a bit), and before long the vehicle was moving again. My heart was thumping in my chest as we traveled past the first checkpoint. Admittedly, I had less of a plan than I would have liked, but it felt like good progress.

After maybe ten or twenty minutes of waiting and listening to muffled voices, the truck stopped, the engine turned off, and the back opened up. The drivers lowered a ramp and started unloading boxes a few at a time with a dolly, making small talk as they went. Luckily I was hidden far in the back, and the first couple loads didn't reveal me. I listened to their voices trail off as they wheeled the supplies away, and as soon as they seemed far enough not to hear me, I shuffled out of my hiding place and jumped out the back. There were giant floodlights set up on the truck, and I saw one or two guards not too far away. Thinking quickly, I dove under the truck and held still. I could hear the crunch of gravel as the workers rolled the dolly back up to the truck. I froze, hoping they didn't see me. They didn't. From my new vantage point on the ground, I could make out the second road checkpoint only thirty or forty feet away. There were guards in hazmat suits standing at it, but just about all of them were facing inwards.

"Alright that's the last of it." One of the truck drivers said, shutting the back of the truck. "Let's head out. Being here gives me the creeps. Oh, and tomorrow I get to pick where we go for dinner." Not wanting to get squished, I made my move. I rolled out from under the truck as it the roar of the engine filled the air. I flung my dufflebag around behind me and wore it like a backpack as I made a break for the checkpoint. With the sound of the truck covering my footfalls, my black gear blending into the shadows, and perhaps just dumb luck I was able to make it right to the barricades without being noticed. I could have reached out and touched the men in hazmat suits I passed so close to them. Before anyone could stop me, I had ducked and vaulted my way past the barricade. Spotlights followed me as I moved my legs as fast as I could, kicking up gravel behind me. They could have chased me and caught me, but they didn't. Just as I guessed, it wasn't worth the risk to chase after some psycho that broke into a quarantine. I had passed into the quiet city.

Eventually the spotlights stopped following me, and I was left feeling very alone. I wasn't sure how I was going to get out of the quarantine, but I did know where Connor was, and I started making my way toward him. The Los Banos I grew up in and the town I saw as I made my way through the streets were two very different places. It really did look like a war zone or post apocalyptic version of my town. There was no sign of electricity. No houses had any warmth in the windows, and the street lights were all off, leaving the sidewalk completely dark. The silent roads were littered with broken down cars and trash. Maybe there were people out

there who saw me, but I couldn't detect anyone. I must have looked pretty intimidating, all strapped with weapons and dressed in black. Maybe they were afraid of me.

A few hours later I was standing beside a sign that read MontRidge Homes. It was the neighborhood that I had tracked Violet's messages to. Besides being where my fiancé was apparently being held at, it was just a typical suburban neighborhood. I must have only made it twenty or thirty steps before my phone buzzed with another text. Just the sound almost gave me a heart attack I was so on edge. I realized just how effective Violet's terrorism was. I wanted to know how Connor was. I wanted to know what he was becoming. Each time I looked at a text I knew I would see him being sexually abused and end up with more questions and uncertainties than ever, but I couldn't help but reach into my pocket every time. Unfortunately for me, this one wasn't just a photo. It was a video.

The opening shot focused on Connor's changing face. He was beginning to look decidedly non-human. His nose was even broader pinker than it was before, and his nostrils had grown several times their original size. His eyes were large and instead of their normal vibrant green they were a dim brown. His jaw had started pushing forward into a muzzle, and his ears twitched about on the sides of his head, now much longer and pointed. Violet's voice narrated from off-camera. "Do you wanna show Amy what kinda animal you are, Connor?" He nodded slowly. I wished I could read his face, but I had a hard time discerning any sort of emotion from it. My heart was pounding. "Stick out your big ol' tongue, boy," she demanded. Connor opened up his mouth and a thick, pointed tongue slipped between his lips. "You probably can't see it too well, but I can. It's all rough and hairy like a cat's. You know what other animal has that? Here, boy, turn around and show her your tail." He obediently turned and raised his butt up to the camera. His tail had grown to about knee-length. It was brown, furry, and ended with a tuft of fur. A perfect bull's tail. He waved it from side to side a bit, and I got a creeping ants sensation as my hair stood on end. It was really unsettling to watch.

"That's right! It's cattle! He always did seem like the submissive type. But we have one more surprise in store for you. Lift that tail of yours up, cow!" After a brief pause, Connor's tail started to flag upwards until the tip of it flopped over his back. The camera zoomed right up close his crotch and I almost fainted at what I saw there. There was a big pink mass between his legs. Initially I thought it was just his ballsack all swollen like a bull's, but upon close inspection I realized it was an udder. Then the camera panned upward. Just beneath his new cow-like anus was a sizable bovine pussy.

"That's right! What a unique snowflake she is. You really know how to pick 'em." Violet beamed, turning the camera and smiling a toothy grin. "She's still developing, but I can't wait to sink my dick into her in a couple days. Plus there's a whole lotta dudes around here who need to blow off some steam." The video ended. I stood there and watched it again. And again. I cross referenced the video with earlier photos of Connor. That cow creature really was him. It was just my luck that he'd be one of the rare, rare cases of the plague that ended in a gender reversal. And to make matters worse, those mutations almost always were heavily animal. In a

few days Connor would be mostly a female cow, at least in looks. And with the way he was following orders from Violet, I started to wonder just how much of the old Connor was left. The reality that I wouldn't be able to salvage my life with my fiancé started to sink in. I wondered if he would be able to talk, or if he'd be sexually needy in his new form. Was I just going to be his caretaker after I rescued him? In the end, I decided that it was worth it to keep on with the plan. At the very least, I would bust in there guns blazing and have revenge.

I snuck through the yards and walkways of the neighborhood, staying away from the streets and open places where I'd be seen. There was pretty much no way I was going to escape from the quarantine zone uninfected. Scientists on the outside were looking for a cure, but they didn't even really understand what caused the disease. It would probably be decades before they came up with a solution. The inevitability weighed heavily on me as I pushed through the hedges and clambered over fences. It was a reality that I thought I had accepted and understood before, but now I was realizing that living it was going to be a very different matter. I started to wonder what sort of freakish animal I would mutate into.

I climbed the fence into the backyard of the house behind the one I figured Connor was in. It was awfully quiet that night, but I would be able to stake out the situation next door from the upper floor. The windows were smashed in, the interior ransacked. I wondered where the owners were now, and whether it was safe to crawl through one of the broken windows. A sudden splash from the pool right next to me half scared me out of my skin, and I dashed all the way to the street before I realized no one was following me. Cautiously, I crept back behind the house and approached the pool with my gun drawn. As I neared the edge, I spotted two circular eyes looking up at me from the bottom of the pool. A mutant. Someone who was unfortunate enough to be crossed with some sort of a fish, but lucky enough to jump into their pool before they suffocated. They had fins and gills, and all the expressiveness had gone from their face. The way she stared blankly reminded me of a tuna, and I wondered if there was any intelligence left behind those eyes. Then I noticed a carpeting of pearlescent orbs at the bottom of the deep end. Eggs. I shuddered at the thought of how swollen the creature down there must have been before she birthed those. Well it was no matter. She didn't need the house anymore.

A quick sweep through ensured that the residence was abandoned, and I set up a vantage point upstairs in the bedroom. There were some leftover food supplies, but they were probably tainted. It felt weird to be in the empty, destroyed house all alone. I felt like a normal everyday family was about to come home at any minute, and I sort of got to know them by the rooms they kept. I knocked over all the family photos I passed so they wouldn't stare at me. Once I had gotten everything all set up, my heavy eyelids reminded me just how sleepy I was. I barricaded the door and fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning, I peered across the way to the house where Connor was being kept, but I didn't see any activity. From the other side of the abandoned house, I had a pretty good lookout of the street out front. There were a couple of mutants going at it in another house's front yard. One seemed to be a mix between man and tiger. His paws gripped around the waist

of a woman who seemed to just have the rear end of a horse or donkey. I watched them for a time with my binoculars. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. Maybe they knew each other before they were infected. The tiger man didn't seem capable of speech any longer, and his tail whipped about behind him as he thrust passionately into his partner. When he was done, he slid off of her and headed down the street. The horse-lady sat down in a lawn chair in the front yard as best as she could with her equine behind and started to read. She seemed non-threatening, and I considered going to talk to her, but I figured that the sight of an unchanged human might be suspicious. Plus, there was no telling whether or not she would be hostile or knew Violet.

It was a slow day, but I was comfortable and watching all the neighbors kept me entertained. They weren't as many as you'd expect in a residential neighborhood, but it made sense when you accounted for the deaths and victims that were confined to one place or another like the fish girl in the backyard. There didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to the physical symptoms I saw, beyond that they seemed relatively symmetrical and generally the sexual organs and tits were affected. The victims seemed peaceful, but I noticed that a lot of them carried weapons of some sort or another. Most wore worst clothes, but others were going au naturel. I saw an honestly gorgeous antelope woman who was completely nude pass by, but most mutants seemed more unnatural and monstrous to me. It wasn't like a Disney movie down there. Seeing humanity intermingled with primal, bestial, alien anatomy was unsettling more often than not. But like a traffic accident or a freak show I just couldn't look away.

It wasn't until the sun had made its way high in the sky that I got the first sign of life from the house Connor was apparently being held prisoner in. It came in the form of a male mutant who stepped out into the backyard with a grocery bag. He seemed to be half ram, with generous curly white fur covering a good portion of his body. He was wearing a custom, bright purple outfit that hung off of him in a purposefully tattered sort of fashion. Studded belts and gold chains were draped over him haphazardly, and he wore a short skirt-like garment around his waist that revealed his pendulous sheep balls and tail. All in all, I would say he had a sort of punky fashion about him, which I would later learn was common amongst Violet's gang (along with actually wearing the color violet). There was an AK-47 hanging off his back, but I doubted his ability to fire it with his hoof-hands, much less aim it. His shoulders appeared to be mostly animal, and his arms stuck out in front of him when he wasn't folding them up to his chest. Still, I had to admit the weapon was pretty intimidating. His face was a mixture of ram and human with a flat nose and heavy, curved horns.

My window was cracked a tiny bit and I could hear him humming as he walked toward the fence that separated my yard from his. As he opened the gate, I quickly ducked behind the curtains. I could have sworn I saw him glance up to my window before continuing to the pool. He sat at the edge and dipped his legs in the water. The fish person in the pool splashed around in turn, and brought her face up to the top of the water, regularly dipping down to pass water through her gills. The goat-man started to talk to her in a creaking bleating sort of tone, but I

couldn't make out what he was saying. It looked like he was just having a very one-sided conversation.

I was watching the two of them from behind the curtains when my phone buzzed with another new text. This time the photo was a headshot of Connor, though it almost might as well have been a cow for how bovine his face looked. He had white fur with a big black splotch that covered about half of his head. His nose was all swollen and pink, and there was an awfully thick silver ring pierced through his septum. It seemed incredibly painful, but he almost looked like he was smiling. His eyes were also dark, but he had some very human and somewhat feminine eyelashes that made him seem a little less like a dumb animal. Overall, the proportions were mostly bovine, but even changed as he was I could still make out his signature confused expression that his face rested in. "Got a nose ring for him! It really completes the look. -V" I had to admit it really did a good job of dehumanizing him that extra step.

The second message was even more shocking. It was a gratuitously vulgar shot of Violet fucking Connor from behind in his new pussy. One hand of hers was grasping his tail and moving it out of the way, and the other had a finger hooked into his new nose ring, pulling upwards so his head was facing the ceiling. I could make out his glistening, lubricating juices covering her pseudo-cock. I forced my hand open and dropped my phone in horror. The thought that this had just happened only a few hundred feet from me made me sick. I was tired of waiting around for something to happen. It was time for action.

I glanced out the window at Violet's thug mutant in the backyard. He was tossing some fish from his grocery bag into the water. Feeding his pet, I guessed. If that house really was the main base or secret hideout or whatever, it would always have people in it. There would always be guards. I needed someone with inside information to get me in, and he had it. I paced around the master bedroom, thinking frantically. What were the risks of capturing this guy? People would notice he was gone eventually. Hopefully later rather than sooner. I would probably have to struggle with him, which would mean exposing myself to even more of the plague than I already had. Some part of me had hoped it would be Connor that infected me and not some random mutant, but it was now or never. I fished through my dufflebag, grabbed my nightstick and some other gear, and started down the stairs. The garage door was partially open, and it was the best bet I had at not being detected. I took a deep breath and rolled under it into the beaming sun at the front of my house. The horse-lady mutant across the street would have seen me if she was looking, so I rushed around to the back and started sneaking toward the pool.

Luckily there was pretty ample bush cover for me. The lawn and garden plants had grown out of control over the past year, and I was able to stay low and remain undetected as I moved in. Soon I could overhear his monologue. I was careful to only take steps while he was talking to minimize my chances of being noticed.

"Yeah can you believe it?" He bleated, "Anyway now that we can talk to the outside, we requested that they start including fish with their aid drops. So if everything goes well, we

shouldn't have to worry about running out of food for you any time soon. So no need to be so on edge." He paused as she made a quick circle under the water to catch her breath. I held mine. When she surfaced he continued. "Did you lay another egg? I thought so. Honestly, Gina, it's really impressive. Oh! And I forgot to mention that we found that there's another survivor fish across town! And he's a male, too. Now. . . I don't know if you two are compatible. I'm not even sure how you would go about, you know, fucking or if fish even do that." She dipped underwater again and I froze with one foot an inch of the ground. My legs trembled from the strain. "Look, all I'm saying is that I understand if you want us to hook you two up. I don't know how easy it is to do a meeting, but I understand that you have certain needs that I just can't -- AUGH!" He yelped as I threw my net over him and pounced.

With all my police training and a couple unorthodox techniques, subduing him was a cinch. I struggled the weapon away from him easily and punched him right in his neck as he started to yell. Soon he was writhing on his stomach, zip-tied and gagged. I grabbed him by the legs and dragged him back to the house. All his extra fluff made it really easy to grip onto him. The fish lady in the pool splashed around in panic, but was unable to make an impact on the fight. Before long the goat man was all tied up on the plush carpet of the master bedroom, straining against his bonds. I took a moment to catch my breath and figure out the rest of my plan.

I cocked my Glock .45 in the most intimidating way I could muster. "Okay here's the deal. If you scream for help and make a fuss, I'm going to put a bullet in you. Deal?" He nodded. Even though his pupils were horizontal and inhuman, I could see fear in his eyes. I removed his gag slowly, making sure that I had my face mask and gloves on before making any additional contact with him.

He worked his jaw and coughed as I freed his mouth. "Ach! ugh. What the hell, lady? You're really crazy, you know? What did I ever do to you?"

"Can it!" I shouted, pointing my gun at him. "And don't you dare spit at me or nothing. I'm clean and uninfected and I plan to keep it that way. Now. I need information about Violet's hideout. You're one of her goons, right?"

He furrowed his brow. "Goons? Jeez, you sound just like her. Uh yeah I'm in her gang. Keeps me healthy and wealthy and all that. But I'll be damned if I'm just going to betray her to the first crazy lady who kidnaps me and points a gun at my face. You know what she'd do to me if she found out I squealed?"

I lowered my gun. "Listen, I'm not here to just torture you for information. You're in between a rock and a hard place. I get that." It was a lot harder to do that good cop bad cop routine with just one person, but I think I did pretty well. "So, I'm going to cut you a deal that puts you in the kind of position where you can help me, save yourself, and cover your ass." I pulled a chair over and sat in it backwards, carefully de-cocking my gun. "Now. What's your name?"

“Uh. . . Hugo“ he murmured, perhaps confused by the change in demeanor. “I’m listening. . .”

“So here’s the thing, Hugo. I’m kind of in the middle of a rampage here. I’m going to storm into Violet’s base, kill her, and rescue my fiance Connor. You know him? He’s turning into a Cow.”

He nodded, “Oh yeah, totally. She’s like almost a folk legend now. One of those rare transgender transformations. Pretty lucky, I guess. Violet said she’d get access to her entire harem. You must be Amy.”

“Yeah lucky. Well. Here’s the deal -- and tell if me if this is better than me torturing you for info -- you just tell me everything I want to know. Then, I’m going to lock you up in the attic where no one is going to find you, all bound and gagged. When I go in there and have my rampage, if I survive, I’ll come get you and free you for providing good info. Now if things don’t go so well and I get captured, as long as all your answers were accurate, I’ll be the good guy and tell Violet where you’re hidden so she can come get you.”

The sheep guy pondered what I was saying for a moment. “Yeah, uh, I guess that sounds better than getting tortured. What happens if you get shot to death, though?”

I smiled. “Well that’s just all the more incentive for you to help me survive, right? Don’t want to starve up there in the closet, do you?” he shook his head “Good! Alright. Let’s start with layout, manpower, and schedules. . .”

Perhaps it’s a little stereotypical to say, but the sheep guy seemed like a bit of a follower to me. He was plenty eager to answer all my questions as soon as I applied a little pressure. I learned that Violet led one of the three major gangs in the quarantine, and most of her members were male. Apparently there were a small number of women that also followed her by choice. They were kept in a harem of sorts where the men tended to them and pleased them when they demanded it. Maybe it was just all the hormones from the giant balls he had hanging between his legs, but the all the intel he gave seemed really sexually charged.

According to Hugo, the house I was staking out was a small-time hideout for the gang. They kept a few guards around, but for the most part it was just a safe spot in this part of town. Connor was being kept in a room in the basement, as I suspected, and there was a small window on the Northern side of the house that I could probably squeeze through to get to him. To make things even simpler, the house was guarded by a skeleton crew which almost entirely remained upstairs. He told me that Violet showed up mostly in the mornings and at noon, around when they fed Connor. There was nothing he wouldn’t tell me, from guard shifts to armaments, to where they got their food. When I was done squeezing him for all he was worth, I

gagged him, found a good nook in the attic to hide him in, and threw so much rope around him that he couldn't move an inch.

That afternoon, I made my move. The sun was just starting to set as I stepped out the backdoor, strapped with weapons and ready to go. The tuna lady watched me cautiously from the bottom of the pool as I passed her and opened up the gate. From the outside, you'd never be able to tell that the house was owned by Violet's game, but I guessed that was sort of the point of a hideout. The lawn and yard was maintained more than the house I had been staying at, so I just jogged on over to the wall and sidled along it to avoid the windows. My plan was to get Connor out and get him to relative safety as a first priority. As much as I wanted to put a bullet in between Violet's eyes, all that pop-wisdom about the dangers of seeking revenge at all costs made me think twice about it. She was the leader of a dangerous gang, and her influence clearly reached beyond the borders of the quarantine. Still, as I crawled over to the small, ground-level window that led to Connor's room, I hoped I would run into her.

Kneeling in the grass, my heart was thumping away so loud I thought it might give away my position. There was a light going inside, and I poked my phone around the corner to see if I could get a little peek. The picture was blurry, but I recognized the black and white splotched bovine body from all the messages I had been sent. I took some deep breaths to calm myself before cautiously craning my neck down. I could see in perfectly. He was alone in a small but pretty well-furnished room complete with bed, end table, lamp, and bookshelf. He was laying on the bed on his back holding a book above his head, which struck me as a classic position for him to read in. How many times had we laughed together after he dropped the book on his face only to pick it back up and struggle to find his place? I smiled, happy to see I could still recognize the mannerisms and personality behind his new body at only a glance. While his chest was as flat as ever, his legs were spread wide to make space for the large, swollen udder that marked him as female. The lower half of his twitching tail stuck out from beneath the mass of supple pink flesh. There was a chain that ran from his new nose ring to a clamp in the ceiling, no doubt how they were restraining him now.

I tapped on the glass. Connor jumped, startled, and turned his cowish face up to me. When he saw who it was, he rocked his hefty body over and unsteadily stood up as fast as he could. After awkwardly fiddling at the window with his hoof-hands, he got it unlatched and opened. A waft of cow-smell hit my face. We didn't say anything as I swung my legs through and squeezed myself down to the basement floor below. For a moment we just stood there looking at each other; it was the first time I had a chance to examine him up close. He was completely covered with black and white splotched fur and skin, and his hind legs were now fairly cow-like in configuration and ended with hooves. Although he had bulked up a lot, his hips had filled out quite nicely, giving him a pretty feminine figure overall, even without normal human breasts. The moment quickly turned into an uncomfortable silence, and it took me all too long to realize that it was my job to end it. Here I was, feeling weird about seeing the love of my life turned to a cow-woman thing, but as weird as it was for me it must have been a thousand times

worse for him. So disregarding the risk of infection, and delaying no further, I stepped forward and wrapped my arms around him as best as I could.

The chain attached to his nose ring jingled a little bit as he moved to return the embrace. I could feel his new udder trembling against me. He was probably terrified of how I would react to seeing him like this. "Oh my Connor." I whispered, gently stroking his back up and down. "Oh babe what did they -- I was so worried." Turning, I looked around the room. "Alright, how are we going to get you out of here? You look too big to fit through the window, yeah?"

He nodded and grumbled a quiet "Mhmm." I smiled, glad he could still communicate. I hoped he could talk, but maybe he was being shy because of how different his voice sounded. First thing's first, I figured, get him unchained. His nose was still swollen from the recent piercing, and the far end of the chain was padlocked to the ceiling. The chain itself didn't look very strong. I opened up my duffle bag, produced a pair of bolt cutters, and with a little help from Connor's new, stronger arms, we cut right through it. There was still a length of chain hanging from his nose to about chest level. We'd have to clean that up later.

I turned to Connor and took his three-fingered hands in mine. "Okay, babe. We're going to have to go out the front door." His eyes widened and he shook his head. "No, no don't worry. I've got some pretty good intel. I think we can make it. Just stay behind me." I pulled out my glock and readied it.

As I reached for the knob, Connor let out a mooing "Noooo!" The door swung outwards, and the sound of I don't know how many guns cocking rang through the room. It sounded like a damn watchmaker's convention or a classroom of kids all incessantly clicking their pens. There was a sea of mutants on the other side, perhaps twenty or more, and all of them had some sort of firearm pointing at us. There was really impressive variety. I saw a warthog guy with little tusks sticking out from his lips, a bloodhound guy whose face was all wrinkled, a rhino person who looked like he could knock over a car if he wanted, and many others. But the one I was most interested in was the only one not holding a weapon. Violet stood right in the middle with her hands on her hips, smiling. I quickly leveled my gun at her, but she didn't flinch.

"Come on, now. I think we'd all be a lot happier, and more alive, later if you just put the gun down." There really wasn't much of an option. I came here to save Connor, not get us both killed. I lowered and dropped my weapon. "There we go! Restrain her, boys." Half of the mutants rushed in and started taking away my gear. A pig guy and someone who looked like they had maybe been crossed with a horse wrenched my arms behind me and dragged me out to the main room. It certainly didn't look like some little-used hideout to me. She gestured to Connor, and he stood next to her. "Look at us! Roomies! Together again!"

"Hmpf." I muttered.

"I can't believe you came all the way out here Amy. That's so sweet!" Violet smiled her big toothy grin. "Trying to rescue your princess in the castle, huh? Trying to get some revenge?"

"Look. I just want Connor. Just let us get out of here, I'm going to get infected anyway."

She shook her head and clicked her tongue, "Tisk tisk, so eager to leave when we just got back together! I think this calls for celebration. Two glasses please." True to her word on the phone earlier, Violet was only wearing a shirt, no pants. I finally got to see her weird psudeopenis and balls in all their glory. Something about her confidence with it just hanging out jiggling around as she walked was very intimidating. The dog came over and handed her a pair of champagne glasses. "Now the town ran out of alcohol months ago, but I think we can do better." She stood next to me and turned to Connor. "Connie, do me a favor and present yourself."

Without delay, my fiance turned, got on all fours, and lifted up his tail, giving us all too good of a view of his new equipment. His pussy was large, and was presumably shaped like a cow's, not that I knew what they looked like. It twitched a bit as Violet kneeled down and ran a clawed hand down his butt, not stopping until she was caressing his hefty udder. It must have been proportionate to a full-sized cow, but it really looked quite large between Connor's legs. "I call her Connie now. She's a girl after all, even if she doesn't have boobies in the traditional sense like you and me. I really do like the udder though," she gave it a light slap and it wobbled a bit. Connor shifted uncomfortably. "It's so useful too." Without further ado, she lowered the glasses and wrapped her fingers around one of his teats. With a practiced tugging motion, she coaxed a healthy stream of milk into the glass. It was messy, like how they pour milk into cereal bowls in commercials. My fiance let out a low moo as she relieved the pressure inside him.

"Oh come on. You're one sick bitch! Fondling him like that."

Violet frowned as she stood up, taking Connor's tail between her forefinger and thumb and stroking down its length. It seemed to relax him. "Oh and what, you'd just leave Connie's poor udder to get all painfully swollen? You know how unhealthy that is for cow? You're just going to have to accept that I understand better than you how to take care of her now. Look at how wet she's getting from being like this." It did look like Connor's pussy had started to blush, and I could see a bead of feminine lubricant forming. She sipped her glass of frothy milk, leaving her with a white mustache on her fuzzy upper lip. "MMmm delish! Want some?"

I struggled against the hands holding me in vain. "Fuck off, dammit! No, I don't want to drink my fiance's milk. It's degrading to both of us."

Violet frowned again. "Rude." She made a gesture and my captors pushed me to my knees. "Rude, rude, rude. What are you implying that the fact that she's a healthy, productive, young woman is shameful? Are you shaming her for being who she is? She can't help it, you know. Just like I can't help but be a bad-ass bitch who doesn't take any shit from headstrong,

self-righteous punks like you.” She took a deep breath and pointed to a nearby chair and then to the ground in front of me. One of her thugs pulled it over and she sat down facing me, swirling the full glass of milk as she relaxed. “You sure do look awful mundane for being here in the quarantine zone.” She lifted up her hand and the dog person pointed his gun at me. “Strip down.”

I wrestled my hands away from the mutants holding me, who cautiously let go. I got naked. What choice did I have? Violet twisted her finger in the air, “turn.” She ordered. I turned. “No symptoms showing yet? Well either you did a good job avoiding the plague or we got to you just in time.” She sat forward and took another sip of milk. “Now remember what I told you about the first changes being topical? Connie wasn’t a really good example of that because of just how far she ended up going cow. Surprised even me. But that same principle goes for people who haven’t shown any symptoms yet, such as yourself. Now you owe Connie an apology, so I’m going to give you two choices.”

“Neither.” I said, balling my hands into fists. My nipples were growing hard in the cold, clammy air.

Violet rolled her eyes. “Jeez just fucking listen or you’re going to get both. Okay, option one: You drink Connie’s glass of milk that she so kindly poured for you. Probably not the safest choice, considering how you’ll certainly lose your face, ability to talk, and get an animal’s digestive system. If you’re really unlucky maybe you’ll even lose your lungs. That kind of thing is hard to adapt to, even for someone as strong as you.” She paused, running her paw up Connor’s tail. She reached down and cupped his ass. “Or you can make it up by pleasuring Connie here to orgasm. You can use whatever body parts you want, of course. Your hands, your mouth. . . makes no difference to me. However you go about it, it’ll probably be a lot safer for you and enjoyable for her. Just look at how wet she’s getting thinking about it.” The hyena girl teased around the outside of my fiancé’s generous cow pussy. There was no doubt about it, he was definitely getting horny. “So what’ll it be?”

I paused, thinking. For a little while, I forgot how pissed I was. Now I was thinking about my future. “What do you want, Con-man?” I asked quietly. “Do you want me to drink the milk?”

“Nooo.” He shook his head.

“So. . . you want me to fuck you then?” I asked, uncomfortably.

He nodded. “Pleaase, Amy.” I was happy to hear that he was capable of speech. It sounded different and weird, sure, but he was very understandable. Damn, I thought, Connor always was something of an exhibitionist. He must really be getting off on all these people watching. Hopefully it would help him finish faster. Oddly enough, it was starting to get me going too.

I scooted up to his behind, and started stroking his flanks. He seemed receptive, leaning into my pets. His pussy was practically in my face, and the spicy scent of it filled the air. I had to admit, his ass was pretty nice, even by human standards. He seemed to have lucked out and not gotten the weird square haunches that most cows had. Instead his tail extended from the top of a truly beautiful, round ass. I reached out my other hand and made contact with the base of his tail just as I had seen Violet do. I started stroking it softly as my other hand trailed down his hip and wandered onto his udder. Trying to figure out what would be erotic, I paid careful attention to the area between the base of his tail and his asshole, which was much larger than it had been before. A layer of peach fuzz dusted most of the udder that my left hand was groping, and I found it pretty pleasing to the touch. There was something ultimately non-threatening about the swollen milk-sack between his legs.

My ministrations weren't going unappreciated, either. Although most of Connor's body was white and black, his pussy was blushing a bright pink. It looked a lot more wet and swollen than it had before, and I could feel the heat radiating off it. Still, I was slow to get down to business. I knew from experience that the best way to get a girl to cum quickly was to tease them as long as possible first. My fingers traced a path around his behind toward his pussy, taking the long way. "Ooh Connor. . ." I fake-moaned, resting my face against his ass cheek, "I actually kinda like the new you. . . I could get used to this." Truth be told, the longer I spent next to his now nearly dripping folds, the more I actually wanted to play with it. I felt the slick sensation of my own pussy moistening, and did my best to give into the sensations.

Connor's new lips were long and meaty, and as they twitched a small bead of his lubricant dribbled from the point where they met. I slid my palm against his opening, giving him the relief of touch, but not the satisfaction of full penetration. Without thinking, I raised my hand to my nose and inhaled the scent. I almost cummed right on the spot. The room around me melted away as my world was consumed by the ass in front of me. Suddenly I wanted nothing more than to explore and pleasure that wonderful pussy. Connor lowed in appreciation and frustration. He wanted nothing less than to be filled up completely, and I intended to do just that. I probed a finger along his opening, gathering up his fluids. He was sopping wet. As I reached the base of his pussy, I slowly inserted my finger. There was no resistance.

My finger traced up and down his slit, feeling the edges of his pussy and parting the lips so I could see the bright pink interior. I realized that he must be built to take cocks far larger than any human's. This was a working pussy. It was the kind that could take dicks all day and not be sore tomorrow. I withdrew my finger and this time pressed in with two. They sank all the way to my palm just as easily. Slowly, teasingly, I pulled them out and probed his entrance with three. Now for me personally, this was when things started getting iffy. I could do it, but it took time, and I needed to be extremely worked up. Cautiously, I started to press inwards. Normally I needed to point the three tips of my fingers together in a cone-shape, but Connor took all three in a line like a champ.

“Oh God, Connor,” I moaned “I wish I could fuck you for real. You need a real dick inside you.” This time I wasn’t faking it for his benefit. I was actually dripping wet. Without thinking, I pulled my hand from his snatch and plunged it down into my pants and started fingering myself. Between my own lube and the pussy juices that still coated my hand, I easily got two fingers going inside myself. I worked up a steady rhythm as I moved my other hand into position at his opening. I was almost in a hypnotic state as I went for all five fingers at once. My lover gasped as he felt the increased girth pressing against his sensitive opening. This time my hand made it as far as my knuckles before I had to withdraw it and go again. I cautiously started stretching his pussy open more and more with my hand each time, using a third finger in my own pussy as a guideline. I would press in with both hands at once, and when I couldn’t take the stretching anymore myself, I’d give us both a rest.

After a couple minutes of sinking my hands farther and farther into my and my lover’s pussies, he gave a grunt and pushed back against me. With a pop, my hand slipped in to my wrist. I pulled it out and started fist-fucking him in earnest. I went deeper and deeper each time, and soon my entire forearm was buried inside him. As I felt my own orgasm building, I leaned in to take in more of that wonderful scent. My opening spasmed around my fingers as I ground my clit against my knuckles, and I felt Connor’s doing the same. My whole world seemed to light up with pleasure as we came in unison. The sensation was so intense that I slumped forward into his behind, and my entire face was splashed with his steamy hot juices. It turned out he was a squirter.

When my world finally came back into focus, I started to realize what had happened. I pulled my fingers out of myself as Connor’s tail flopped lazily down onto my back. Carefully, I started withdrawing my arm from his pussy, starting as inch after inch slid out. It almost felt like watching one of those magician’s tissues that are all tied together. My hand popped free, and a torrent of fem juices splashed onto the ground. My arm was absolutely soaking wet in the sweet-smelling liquid.

Connor slumped down onto the ground and rolled over onto his back. I followed suit, hardly believing what had just happened to me. We panted as we rested, our bodies laying against each other. Applause broke out around the room. It was accompanied by the hoot and howl of a dozen beastial voices, all raised in jubilation. I just stared up at the concrete ceiling. Violet’s face came into view above me. “Wow! I am just so impressed.” She smiled. “There’s towels and stuff in Connor’s room, so go ahead and get yourself all cleaned up and rested. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

I heard her toenails clicking on the ground as she walked away. Her voice rang out from the stairs, “Oh, and don’t think I forgot that you didn’t bring me a burger! You’re gonna wish you had!”

### **Chapter 3:**

## **- Picking up the Pieces is Harder With Paws**

Connor and I stayed in the same room that night, which I guess was sort of what I wanted in the first place. Of course we weren't exactly at home, but Connor's little cell was actually pretty comfortable. My fiancé immediately slumped down onto the bed and hid his face beneath a pillow. His udder was squished between him and the mattress, propping up his hindquarters a bit. I sat next to him, hands folded in my lap. There was an uncomfortable silence.

"So. . . that was kind of a good ice breaker I guess." I finally said.

"I am so sorry, Amy," came Connor's muffled response. "that was the worst way to see the new me."

"Oh I don't know." I said, laying my hand onto his exposed back. "I knew what I was getting when I came here. It probably saved us a lot of time. Besides. . . I came too, you know."

Connor poked his face out from the pillow. "You did?"

I nodded "Yeah, I have to admit. . . It surprised me. I don't know what came over me, but I was totally into that."

"It's the plague. It makes everyone soooo horny." He moaned. "Now I infected you."

At this point, I actually felt a little cheated. I wasn't exactly in the best emotional place here. My plans had all fallen apart before my eyes, we were prisoners, and I had just been infected with a plague for which there was no cure. On top of all that, I was struggling to make sense of the orgasm that I had just experienced by fisting someone that was not only a cow and a female, but my fiancé. I wanted to break down and hide my head beneath the pillow, but that would just make the situation worse. And besides there was only one pillow and Connor had it. So I ran my fingernails through his coarse fur and did my best to calm him down.

"Look, it's not like I didn't sort of expect that to get infected. I mean, yeah it's still weird, and I'm still not really to terms with it, but I snuck into the quarantine zone to rescue you. I knew you were infected when I snuck in. Violet was sending me pictures. There was really only one way for that to end."

"Aren't you angry at me or sad or. . . freaked out at me or something?" He asked, tentatively.

"Of course I'm freaking out, you idiot!" I snapped at him. I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down. "Okay look, get this stupid cushion off your head." I threw the pillow onto the ground and turned to look him the eyes. "I know almost nothing about this situation. You have

been infected with the plague for days now. Now that's not a long time, but it's a hell of a lot longer than me. I also have no idea what being prisoner here is like. Do they feed us? Do they let us go outside? Is there public floggings? Rape? I don't fucking know! Like it or not, you are the expert on our predicament now. I get that you're all embarrassed because you're a cow and that you're feeling all guilty because you think you're the reason I'm in here."

"Well yeah but---"

"But nothing, dammit. This situation isn't your fault. You got kidnapped, I came after you. You never made a choice to be here, to infect me, or anything. Not your fault. Next, I just came harder than I ever fucking have before by playing with your weird new cow pussy." His ears drooped down as I said it. "Yeah it's was weird. There's no escaping that, but your body doesn't change anything about why I love you. Besides I'm also going to look weird in a couple days so don't sweat it."

He sighed. "Okay. I guess you're right." The hint of a smile crept across is dumb cow face. "I missed you."

I picked the pillow up off the ground. "I missed you too, Con-man. Now scoot over." I slumped down onto the bed beside him, buried my face into the pillow, and got to crying. Now he was the one stroking me as I freaked out. "What's going to happen?"

Connor answered all my questions as well as he could. His voice was a bit lower and richer than it was before, and he had a bit of trouble with saying long, complicated words, but for the most part communication was easy. "They have been treating me pretty well," he explained. "There's this bed, and they keep it clean, and they milk me when I need it. They gave me books and there's a bathroom we can use if we ask. They even took me on some walks. They're pretty kind and polite." His ropey tail thwapped against the bed from time to time.

I was surprised. "Wait, so they haven't been torturing you? What about all the rape and chaining you up?"

He looked at the ground, "Well it's wasn't really rape. I don't want you to think I cheat on you, Amy, but I have... needs now. It's the plague. You felt it."

"You're trying to tell me you enjoyed all that? Violet having her way with you? I can't believe it!"

Connor nodded. "I know it sounds weird but you'll understand soon. Sometimes I even asked for it. It's just a physical thing now. . . like tonight before she milked me, my. . . udder was so sore. And eating is," he looked away "gross for me now. I eat grass."

“Oh wait, you chew the cud? You’re telling me you have like a bunch of stomachs and stuff?” It should have been horrifying, but for some reason it was starting to really amuse me. I guess I was just happy to be with my love again.

“Yeah it’s true. Violet said she’d let me eat some of the grass from the lawn tomorrow. She said I’ll be able to pull it up with just my tongue.” He stuck his big long tongue out of his mouth at me. I probably should have asked first, but I just reached out and ran my finger along it. It really was rough like a cat’s.

“Violet said she’d let you, huh? What’s with all the power she has? How did she start a gang?”

Connor shrugged. “I don’t know. When I first got here she had complete control over me. I think theres something about her smell that makes men into her slaves, at least for a little while. I think it’s temporary.”

“No shit.”

“Yeah, but I don’t get it so much anymore. I don’t think it works so well on, uh, females. Women seem to be mostly in control around here.”

Poor Connor. I really grilled him for info. We had only been apart for a couple days, but there was a lot to talk about. I laid there and listened to him answer all my questions until his lowing voice lulled me to sleep.

When I awoke it was dark out. It had been one of those sleeps where you blink your eyes and hours goes by, not a restful, dreamy sleep. There was an aggressive banging at the door, and it swung open. Connor was laying on the ground reading, and the noise startled him so much that he fumbled the book in his three-fingered hands and dropped it on his face. The bloodhound thug stepped in with his weapon drawn. His face was all wrinkley and droopy with a canine-like nose, but he could have almost been mistaken for a super-ugly human. Violet was just behind him.

“Amy, hey, hows it going? I hope the accommodations are okay. Oops, looks like I woke you up. Rise and shine!”

“What do you want?” I asked, rubbing my eyes.

“Oh, I was going to ask what you wanted for dinner, refill your guys' water, show you to the showers, and – oh yeah – ask where the fuck Hugo is! Where the fuck is Hugo, Amy?”

“Who?”

She crossed her arms across her breasts “He's got a stupid sheep face. Horns. Big balls. Hooves for hands. You know who I'm talking about.”

“Oh!” I sat upright and did my best to look tough while yawning. “Yeah I kidnapped him. He's hidden away real well. No one's going to find him unless I tell you where he is, so what do you say we make a deal?”

She sighed. “Wow. Kidnapping and ransom. Super honorable for a police officer. Listen, I need that guy. I'm in the mood for a quicky, and he's pretty good for that. The guy lasts like. . . no time at all, but he's good to go all the time. Something about those big swollen ram balls. I can't ask this guy,” she said, turning to the dog-person. “Well I could, but with dogs it's like a whole freakin' commitment just to get my rocks off. I don't wanna have to drag him around with me for the next half-hour. So what are your 'demands?’”

The cow was up in the corner of the room now, not really standing near anyone. “You let Connor and I go and give us a day head start. Otherwise Hugo starves to death.”

“Wowwie. That's dark. You're a huge bitch.” Violet waved and a couple gangsters came in with trays of food. One had a fairly large bowl of grass, the other had a generous steak dinner with potatoes and steamed veggies. “As thrilling as a chase sounds, it would honestly suck for you to be out there all alone, changing. I guess I'll just track him down myself. Hey, dog!” The bloodhound man looked over attentively. “Go find Hugo. Maybe go ask that fish lady he's always talking to where he's at. Make sure to bring the whiteboard.” He nodded. “If you find him before he shits himself I'll give you a treat. Whosa good booyyyy?” his tail wagged a bit. “Now fuck off.”

“You'll never find him.” I scoffed.

Violet rolled her eyes, “Uh yeah, he will. He's like a smart tracking dog. Do you realize what that means? He'll have him in like. . . twenty minutes tops. Anyway, look how cranky you made me with that stunt. Any symptoms showing yet?”

I quickly glanced down and started inspecting myself. I hadn't thought to check to see if I was still fully human upon waking. It wasn't exactly a part of my daily routine. When I got to my fingers I let out a yelp. “Auagh! My hands are wrong!” It was difficult to notice, but there was something a little off about how my hands felt. I couldn't lace my fingers as easily anymore, and it felt all different to rub them together. “They're all. . . thicker. Or shorter. Or something! Oh God!”

“Hm let me see.” She grabbed my hands roughly and turned them over. Her claws scraped me a bit. “Oh yeah there's something definitely happening there. Good! We can take you guys to the compound tomorrow. Shame it's not something more telling. . . short fingers could be just about anything.”

I flung myself into Connor and sobbed. For the first time since we were reunited, I felt fully comfortable touching him. He let out an “Oof!” as I accidentally bumped his udder with my knee.

“Sorry, babe.” I reached my hand down and rubbed the spot.

“Stop freaking out Amy. You should have expected this when you fisted Connie. Your hands are probably toast. Ony like. . . monkeys really have hands. Maybe racoons. Anyway my point is that you should have seen this coming.”

The food was really well prepared, actually. Well, Connor’s was just a salad bowl filled with lawn clippings, but my steak was tender and melted in my mouth. It felt good to get some real food in my stomach. He tried to hide it, but I noticed him chewing again when we were being showed the showers. I’d have to get used to that chewing the cud thing. Later, as I was led to the bathroom, I caught a glimpse of Hugo walking around. So she had managed to find him. Impressive.

That night, I dreamed that I was running in a huge throng of people. I wanted to keep up with everyone, but my clothes kept getting tighter and tighter. They constricted me until my chest heaved for breath, and then finally I collapsed and was stampeded upon. As their many feet trampled over me, I awoke. Connor was making a racket with the salad bowl that his dinner had come in last night. It was upturned on the floor and he was scrambling to pick it up.

“Con-man?” I asked, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. “What are you doing?” It was day. I could hear the chirping of morning birds outside, and stranger sounds in the distance.

“Oh I didn’t mean to wake you up.” His hard hoof-like fingertips made clicking sounds as he tried to pry the bowl from the ground. It was like trying to pick a penny up off a table for him. I rushed down to help him pick it up, but when I reached my hands out I almost fainted. Well I say hands, but at that point they were really more paws than anything else. My digits had shortened dramatically, and my fingertips and palm had grown thick pads on them. Instead of fingernails I now sported new, blunt claws that were firmly rooted by the bone. I tried to waggle my fingers, but I had a hard time moving any individually, and even when I moved them all together they barely had any range of motion. I couldn’t retract my new nails either. They just stuck out dumbly as I prodded my new paws against each other.

“Holy shit I have dog paws!” I shouted, attributing the gravel in my voice to having just woken up. I frantically rubbed my paws over myself searching for new symptoms. The pads and claws scraped against my skin, but I could hardly sense any details in what they were feeling. My fingertips had lost a lot of sensitivity; it was as though I was wearing gloves. Still, I could tell that not all was right with my head. My face felt swollen and cumbersome. I scrambled awkwardly with the stainless steel bowl and held it up like a makeshift mirror.

“Now don’t panic, Amy.” reassured Connor. My reflection was warped in the curved surface of the bowl, but the changes were obvious. The first thing I noticed was that my hair seemed to have fallen out and was being replaced with a new, more uniform distribution of fur. Connor’s hoof brushed over my ear, which surprised me by twitching powerfully at the touch. My ears had grown significantly, rested higher on my head, and were shaped differently. They were pointed, larger, and their inside seemed a lot less convoluted than before. It was difficult to make out the details in my eyes, but they were rounder, larger, and my irises had grown to fill them completely, turning them into large dark pools. A shiver traveled down my spine as I caught the animal gaze of my reflection and realized it was my own.

I patted my nose and mouth with my paws, feeling their new shape. The bridge of my nose seemed wider and dictated the shape of my skull. My cranium felt less prominent, while my nose and chin had extended out into the start of a hefty boxy muzzle. I could just catch the black tip of my nose if I crossed my eyes, but it stayed mostly invisible if I wasn’t looking for it. I looked just like the pictures online that had horrified me when the plague initially struck. I guessed I was turning into some sort of dog or wolf.

“Oh God. . .” I moaned and rolled onto my side. I didn’t want to deal with my symptoms at that moment. I just wanted to ignore that my body even existed. So I just layed there being still while I thought of other things. Connor stroked me for a minute and I heard the clatter of him repositioning the now upright bowl. Breathing through my nose for a while calmed me down. I marveled at how comfortable it was to breathe that way now. Probably a positive side effect of the changes. It seemed that I was unable to ignore the symptoms even when I was trying.

Sunlight peeked around the curtains of the window. It was morning. Connor was hunched over, sitting on the side of the bed with the bowl awkwardly held between his legs. “Whaat ar--,” I cleared my throat. It felt different to speak, like I had to try harder to transition between sounds. There was sort of a low whine to my voice as well, and I wasn’t used to it. “What are you doing?” I asked, finally.

“I’m sooore.” He responded, fumbling with the bowl and one of his teats. There was an errant spray of milk or two on the inside rim of the bowl, but all in all his efforts to milk himself seemed entirely fruitless. His hoof-like fingers were ill-suited to the task of manipulating his swollen, supple teats. I could tell his udder was stretched full just by looking at it. It was larger than I had ever seen it, and hefty veins traced its surface. It looked painful.

“It’s okay, I’m here.” I reassured, scrambling over. I took the bowl from him, kneeled down, and repositioned it in my lap. Now I had never milked a cow or any other animal before, but I was determined to give it my all to help relieve Connor’s discomfort. I reached my paws out in front of me and stroked the udder. It was warm and smooth, but taught like an over-full hot water bottle. My new paw pads had felt rough on my skin, and I imagine they were even more abrasive against the sensitive udder flesh. Nonetheless, I tried carefully grasping one of the teats between my paws and pulling. It was an incredibly awkward attempt and moment, but I

was rewarded with a small stream of milk splashing into the bowl. I continued, working on my technique as I massaged the teats.

The smell of hot, fresh cream filled my new nostrils. It took me by surprise. I didn't really expect a scent that was so closely identified with good food. I found my mouth watering as milk splattered into the bowl. The frothy puddle started to look more and more appetizing, and I found myself growing aroused and wet at the audacious thought of sampling it. Temptation continued to grow, and I was getting frustrated with using my paws. I had already accidentally scraped him with my claws once or twice. Without a second thought, I moved the bowl to the ground and let go of the teat. I leaned in, resting my new paws on the ground. It was disturbingly comfortable the way each pad pressed against the rug. I ran my long, flat tongue sensually up the udder, lapping up a small trail of milk as I went. The taste was incredible, rich, and it clouded my mind in an intoxicating sort of way.

Without further ado, I popped one of his teats into my mouth and began to suck. The giant nipple filled my mouth wonderfully. Soon the sucking-tugging motion of nursing came to me, and I was rewarded with a stream of milk. The sheer amount startled me, and I took a moment to swallow it down before going for another mouthful. I sat there in a trance-like state, drinking from my fiancé. I was starting to drip with how horny I was getting. I rubbed my crotch with an altered hand. My paw felt fantastic and curious against my panties. I wasn't used to the act of masturbating without real fingers, but I found myself intrigued by the new sensations rather than appalled. It occurred to me, on some level, that the body fluids of plague victims were potent aphrodisiacs, but at the same time I hadn't been this calm and content since I fisted Connor. It was a welcome respite from the panic of the past twenty or so hours.

It wasn't long before I started to get full. I let the teat slide from my mouth. Even after drinking what must have been equivalent to a large glass of milk, his udder was only slightly smaller. Connor's head was thrown back in some combination of relaxation and pleasure. There was a puddle of his own bovine wetness spreading on the bedspread under his udder. I stood and pressed my paw against Connor's flat chest, laying him down onto his back with his legs and udder off the side of the bed. If I was going to finish doing all this milking work, I wanted to be rewarded for my efforts. It seemed pretty logical at the time.

Swinging my legs around, I straddled Connor's chest and leaned down over the pink mass, presenting my dripping pussy to him for attention. His elongated neck served him well for reaching my behind as I continued my work milking him with my paws. My breasts rested on either side of the massive singular udder, and I could reach his teats with my paws. The first touch I felt from behind was a warm and powerful snort of breath. Not long after, his rough tongue pressed into my clit and then gently stroked upwards against my vulva and even across my asshole. It was like he was putting out a fire that had been consuming me. I immediately moaned uncontrollably, again surprised by the bestial tone that my voice now possessed.

The metallic ping of milk hitting the bowl gave way to the soft sound of frothy cream flowing into itself. As his udder shrank he continued experimenting with his tongue, driving it gently inside of me for a time, and then withdrawing and teasing my clit with the tip. But what really drove me crazy was when he would remove his meaty tongue entirely and breathe on the wetness it left behind, sending a shiver of coolness into my depths. There was something about the sheer size of the lungfuls of air and the smell of bovine breath tinged with the scent of the metal ring in his still newly pierced snout that made me nearly cum on the spot. It was actually a very meditative position.

The flow of milk slowed and ceased, and as it did, Connor drove his tongue deep inside of me. I reflexively squeezed and massaged the hot length, its spines tingling as I twitched. My world disappeared in a sea of pleasure as I came. I had never before in my life experienced such an intense orgasm. All sensation of my body drifted away for a time before crashing back to earth as I clenched around the bovine tongue. A wonderful afterglow swept over me, and I slumped down beside Connor the cow. His fur itched a bit as I rubbed against it, but I didn't mind.

"That's going to take some getting used to," I muttered as rationality returned.

There was a knock at the door, then it crashed open unceremoniously. "Rise and shine!" came Violet's aggressively energetic voice. "Oh shit! It smells like a barn in here. I guess you two were already up. Oh look, milk."

I sat up. She had a bodyguard with her, but that was it. I thought If I could catch him off-guard, break his wrist, and grab his gun maybe I could. . . Oh yeah my hands were paws. There were a lot of realizations like that for me that day. "Ugh. Go away, Violet." I groaned, laying back down.

"Oh wow, Amy! Look at you! You've got the start of a muzzle, a little fur, and are those paws? You're well on your way."

"How do you have time to torment us? Don't you have administrative duties or something to attend to?"

She crossed her arms over her breasts, and the little tuft of hair between them peeked out. "I am busy. I'm struggling to make space in my busy schedule for you. You should be flattered. Now listen, we're moving you over to the main compound today. You two should be a lot more comfortable over there." She shook her head "But look at this mess. I'm going to need the two of you to leave this room as you found it. Connie come out here."

Connor struggled to his feet and clopped over to the doorway. As he did, a tortoise man shuffled slowly past him and dropped a sponge and bucket onto the floor. He also took away the milk. Connor addressed our captor. "Yes, Violet?" I thought he looked like a meek little puppy. I

was embarrassed for him. Violet reached behind her and removed a large key ring from her belt. It had been attached right at her rear, and I think her tail was threaded through it. She unlocked the padlock on Connor's nose ring.

"Since Amy thought it would be cute to trim your chain, I'm just going to use this dog leash we found. I can adjust how long it is by pressing these buttons, see?" The tortoise guy (he still had hands) helped her attach the little metal latch to his nose piercing. "This is going to be a fun field trip. Staying at the main compound will be a real treat for you guys."

"Uh-huh. What are you going to do with us? Just get it over with. I'm sick of waiting around."

Violet rolled her eyes and flared her big black hyena nostrils. "You are like THE most tiresome person to talk to, you know that, Amy? Follow me." She tugged on Connor's leash and we were escorted up to the garage. The hideout seemed to have a pretty good cache of weapons, but mostly it looked to be done up like a man-cave with more beds and pillows. A lot of the gangsters I saw brandishing weapons yesterday were just milling around entertaining themselves. I heard sounds of bestial sex from one room, but I couldn't see inside. "You two should relax. I'm going to extend a courtesy that few plague victims have the luxury of."

The garage had three escalades in it. Violet and a guard accompanied us into the back seats of one, and a small company piled into the other two. Our caravan rolled through the abandoned streets with an unmistakable aura of power. "We control all the gas," explained Violet. "Amazing what kind of resistance is still possible without it. We've got a lot of the roads cleared and secured too, plus a good communication system between hideouts."

The whole ride felt less like a prisoner transport and more like a tour. Our eventual destination was one of the largest mansions in Los Banos. Despite growing up in the town, I had no idea that such a lavish living space was tucked away between the suburbs. There was a gate and guards as you'd expect from a kingpin's hideout, but there were also a generous number of transformed residents milling about the yard. Violet continued to talk as she led Connor through the front double doors on a short leash. "We have a month's worth of food and water stored for a hundred people, a recreation area, a pool, a sizable arsenal, surveillance equipment. . . "

Violet paraded us around the house, and the tour began to feel very surreal. One second I was feeling like a prisoner that was about to be executed, the next I feel like a potential buyer getting a showing from a realtor. The fact that I was looking in on the domestic lives of dozens of people, and that they were all partially transformed into animals, served to make the experience even more bizarre. The hideout was, in essence, an organized response to the catastrophe of the plague. There were all sorts of accommodations and adaptations that I wouldn't have expected. Wheelchairs, ramps, cushioned rooms, hot rooms, cold rooms, one even had a handful of humidifiers and tropical plants in it. "Some people require special

environments to be comfortable, so we've made due with the supplies could gather." The hotter rooms were extremely uncomfortable, but I found that breathing through my mouth helped a lot.

We were led upstairs to the library next. "We have three doctors and two veterinarians who live here, ready to see anyone who needs them. Medical professionals are in extremely high demand around here, especially experts in animals. They were a lot busier when the plague was just starting, but we still need them from time to time. Valerie here is one of our doctors." She gestured with one of her paws to a sphinx-like mutant who was reading a book nearby. Her head, neck, and breasts were like a normal woman's, but the rest of her body was that of a snow leopard. There was a book propped between her forepaws as she reclined and enjoyed the breeze of a nearby fan.

"Salutations!" She smiled, looking up from her book. "You two must be the couple I heard about."

I cleared my throat. "Hello. My name's Amy. This is Connor."

"It's Connie now, dear," corrected Violet. "Now strip naked! And I don't want to see you wearing any clothes until I say so. Don't make me smack the prude outta you."

"Oh my, Violet. Well it's best to comply with her, Amy. She can get temperamental," advised Valerie.

I begrudgingly shed the black outfit I was still wearing. It was surprisingly difficult to remove, and once it was off I realized how uncomfortable it had been, especially around my shoulders. It was clear that the proportions of my body were shifting while I wasn't paying attention.

"It's actually medically advisable to be nude while the disease runs its course," explained the sphinx woman as she slowly rose to all fours and stretched in a distinctly cat-like manner.

"See, Amy? I just want what's best for you." Violet said, checking a text on her phone. As if on cue, the door swung open and Hugo, the ram-man stepped in. His ears turned back and his brow furrowed when he saw me. Ugly fellow, that Hugo. "Alright I'm going to make myself scarce. You two have fun with your medical exams. I'm leaving Hugo here to keep an eye on you. Oh, and here's Connie's leash." She tossed the plastic handle of the leash to me, and I caught it by clumsily hugging it to my chest. I opened my mouth to complain, but all I caught was her tail slipping through the door.

"Exam?" I asked, fiddling with the clasp attached to Connor's nose ring.

"I'm as surprised as you!" Valerie smiled. With a practiced motion she carefully used a paw to put on a pair of glasses that had been hanging by a chain around her neck. "But I

suppose a medical check-up makes sense, considering how you're showing symptoms of a potentially fatal disease."

My hair stood on end at the mention of the word fatal. "Yes, yes of course." My paws were proving to be completely useless to undo the clasp. I just couldn't grip the little metal bit with the swollen pads that had replaced my fingertips. I handed the leash over to Connor for the time being. "Here."

"Thanks."

"Alright, doctor. What can you tell me?"

Valerie began to circle me, sizing me up as a cat might a piece of prey. Her movements were stunningly fluid and silent. "Oh I didn't mean to scare you. You're almost certainly going to survive, considering how mammalian your changes seem. Still, best not to wear any clothes so we can monitor the development of your symptoms. I've seen shoes break victims' feet before. Not that anything like that will happen to you while you're under my care." With a slight hop she stood on her hind legs. I felt her front paws press heavily into the small of my back to support her. "Yes let's see here. Ears growing, entire skull structure in transition. . ." She moved to my front and stood face to face with me. "Open wide. Stick out your tongue. Say 'she sells sea shells.'"

"Seeh sehls seeh shells," I said, tongue hanging down past my chin. I hadn't realized how long it had gotten.

"Good. Any changes in your senses? Eyesight? Smell? Hearing?"

"Not really. I've noticed I can breathe through my nose easier."

"Mhmm. Yes that's common for most mammals. You may find it more difficult to breathe through your mouth, but don't panic. Now let's see those hands. How long ago were you infected?"

It was reassuring to hear her calling my paws hands. "I think about a day ago now. I got some fluid on my hands and face."

"Mmm. I see. Your hands are in an advanced state. On a positive note we should be able to pinpoint your species by analyzing these. We'll have to have one of our animal experts look at them. My identification track record is less than stellar. Are you experiencing any pain?"

"Not really, no. My joints feel a bit stiff."

“Yes that’s normal. You’re probably going to end up losing some dexterity in your shoulders.” She lowered herself to all fours and sat, as a cat would, on a nearby recliner. Her face grew serious. “Like many healthcare professionals, I was one of the first people infected during this outbreak. The hospital was a dozen times beyond capacity, and we had concurrent outbreaks of staph infection and the flu due to the overcrowding. The morgues were full, and my colleagues and I were working triple shifts. You can imagine my distress when my hands began to change on the third day. Suddenly I couldn’t hold a clipboard or a pen. How could I care for my patients when I needed assistance just to unbutton my coat?”

“I, like many others, spiraled into depression. Disfiguring diseases and injuries are common in medicine, but until very recently there was simply no support for those living with the plague. Humans, which is what we all still are despite the aesthetic changes, rely on the wisdom and support of others when we encounter problems in our personal lives. When we experience some personal tragedy it’s easy to take for granted the shared experience of, say, the millions of other cancer patients or billions who have lost a loved one. It may be frightening to be diagnosed with a potentially terminal disease, but usually the patient will have some idea about the possible outcomes. This plague is different. There is simply so much diversity in the symptoms that there is no wisdom to draw on. As far as I know, I am the only snow leopard ‘sphinx’ in existence. You may also end up with a unique form with its own set of unique challenges. It’s surprisingly difficult to be the first. We aren’t really used to being trailblazers.”

Her words struck a chord in me. There was an anxiety I had been carrying since I first saw Connor’s changes, and it had only grown worse when my own symptoms started to show. Now I could see why. This was a fear more profound than the personal uncertainties I faced daily. I was now headed into the realm of the truly unknown. “I hadn’t thought of it like that before.”

Valerie nodded. “Losing one’s hands is traumatic in the plainest circumstances. Even the most mundane workplace injuries can be difficult to come to terms with.” She looked us in the eyes. “Neither of you are alone. It’s so difficult to maintain a positive outlook, but you have to try. Not to trivialize your situation, but you’re lucky to have been infected so late. Everyone around here has had months to adapt. Compared to us when we were infected, you’re practically drowning in support.”

Connor spoke up after a brief pause. “What’s Violet going to do to us?”

“I’m not sure,” responded the doctor, furrowing her brow as her tail flicked in thought. “She doesn’t usually wait to execute people she plans on killing, and generally I only see prisoners after they’ve been. . . coerced to some degree.” She stood. “Follow me to my office. We’ll get your exam finished up and reports sent out. Hugo?”

“Yes, ma’a’a’am?” he bleated.

“What are we supposed to do with them after the exam?”

“I’m to take them to their cell.”

“Okay then, let’s go.”

We followed Valerie down the hall to a room that looked like a standard doctor’s office. There was a powerful elegance to the way she moved, and I found myself attracted to her on some level. The rest of the exam was more quantitative. She recorded our blood pressure, heart rate, height, weight, and several other measurements. She took casts of my new paws in plaster and had Hugo photograph us against a wall covered in measuring lines that reminded me of the one we used to take mug shots against at the station. We answered dozens of questions about everything from our age to our favorite foods. Finally she announced that she was done, and released us to Hugo. We did not speak as he led us to our quarters.

Our room, again, was well equipped. There was a bed, plenty of natural light, and even a bathroom. I couldn’t shake the uncanny feeling that it was a bit sparsely decorated, though. The walls were bare, and there was none of the clutter that comes with a room that has been lived in. It was as though most of the things of interest had been moved out of it, leaving it rather sterile. There were trays of food set out for us, and the contents left no question as to which one was intended for who. “Are you tired of eating grass yet?” I asked, passing into the bathroom.

“No,” he said with his mouth full. I looked back at the trays. They seemed untouched.

“Did you start -- Oh, gross Connor.”

“I can’t help it! It just comes up suddenly, and I can’t just spit it everywhere. . .”

I sighed and turned to the mirror above the sink. My reflection startled me, and seeing the doppelganger in the mirror react as I did made me uneasy. My muzzle had continued to grow throughout the day without me realizing it. My jaws seemed wider, meatier, and stronger. I wondered just how hard I could bite now. I hadn’t really noticed any difference in the way my mouth felt when it was closed, but my teeth had been quietly rearranging themselves. The canines on the top and bottom of my mouth were much larger than they had been, and my molars were now sharper, less suited to grinding veggies. My new teeth seemed sturdy and dangerous. My tongue was long and flat like a dog’s, and I was frankly surprised I could even speak with it. The whole layout was all wrong and it weirded me out so I closed my mouth.

The skin on my face was changing tone and texture. It was darker and rougher, especially around my nose and mouth, and the coarse fur that this morning only covered my head and neck was spreading across my body and thickening. My nostrils faced forward now and had developed little slits on the sides like a dog. My ears had continued their growth throughout the day and appeared to be migrating up my head. They had an almost spaid-like

shape to them, and as Connor clamored with the silverware they swiveled automatically to face the origin of the noise. The motion, combined with the bestial darkness of my eyes, was absolutely unsettling. For a moment I almost forgot I was looking at myself.

A wave of anxiety started to well inside me. I was burning up, but I wasn't sweating. Panting like a dog helped, but I absolutely abhorred the way I looked with my strange canine tongue hanging out of my muzzle. I decided to splash some water on my face, but my paws couldn't work the faucet's slippery, plastic knobs. It was such a simple task, but the handle was stuck or rusty and I just couldn't get the leverage I needed, even with two paws. My anxiety quickly turned to frustration mingled with self loathing. I caught the gaze of the creature in the mirror and something just clicked inside. I hated how I looked. I hated that I was disabled. I hated that there was one person responsible and I couldn't do anything to her.

"It sure was kind of Violet to give us this nice roooom," Mooed Connor from the bed, "And to introduce us to the doctor and give us food.. ."

I snapped. Without thinking I punched the mirror as hard as I could, but instead of the satisfying shatter of glass I was expecting, a jolt of pain shot up my arm. I simply couldn't curl my shortened digits into a fist, and I had only succeeded in jamming my fingers and twisting my wrist. Connor dashed to the bathroom door, udder wobbling as he came.

"What happened, Amy? What's wrong?" He asked, concern somehow showing on his stupid cow face.

"You! You're what's wrong!" I yelped. "How can you just sit back and take it in the ass like this? How can you just lay the fuck down and feel thankful for all that bitch has given us? You realize she's the one who gave you a cunt, right? And and udder? She's why you're chewing on your own fucking stomach contents instead of mac and fucking cheese back in LA!"

"But I just meant. . ."

"Meant nothing!" I screamed, closing the distance between us so he was forced to back into the room. "Look at me! I'm a monster! I can't even sweat! I came here to rescue you, I fought for you! I bled for you! And you're just ready to live and let live? You're ready to just sit here in this gilded fucking cage and suck Violet's weird dick thing whenever she asks you! Why the FUCK," a strand of spittle landed on Connor's face, "Why the fuck should I fight for you if you're not even going to fight for yourself? Did you notice our window doesn't have bars? Were you even thinking of ways to escape!?"

"Amy, I. . ."

I reached out and yanked on his leash with both paws, painfully pulling him face to face with me. "We could be. . . tying sheets together to make a ladder or something!" I wasn't really

thinking anymore. Adrenaline was surging through my body as I went on my diatribe. I can't even describe the emotion I was feeling. It lit up every nerve in my body, including my pussy. I wasn't exactly horny, but my crotch was pulsing with pressure. "How come SHE has control over OUR lives?"

The flush sensation began to concentrate itself in my crotch. It was as if hot coals had settled themselves in my lower abdomen. There was no pain, but I was overwhelmed by an intense, compelling pressure like I had an itch that I hadn't been able to scratch. It fed off my urgency and frustration. Connor suddenly seemed less like an equal and more like a subordinate. More inferior.

He lowed a desperate response, "What can I dooo?" His eyes were shut tight, and I could see the pressure I was putting on his piercing was turning the tip of his nose pale. "Just tell me what to doo and I'll doo it!"

Hearing him submit lit a fire in my chest. My heart jumped with pleasure. "Tell me who the boss is, Connie. Tell me who's in charge here."

"Youu! You're in charge!"

That did it. Suddenly all my undirected energy shot straight to my pussy and I became hornier than I ever had been before. I tugged the leash again. "On your knees!" He complied. "That's a good cow. If you're going to look like livestock and act like livestock, you may as well have an owner." Connor nodded as well as he could considering his position. I could feel his hot, frantic breath on my crotch. "And that owner is going to be me, got it? Not Violet. Nobody but me. I paid my body for you. I paid my hands for you. I'm gunna take good care of you so long as you're good. Now put that fantastic tongue to use."

I spread my legs a bit and Connor got to work on me. I had never received oral standing up before, but it just felt right to having him kneeling on the ground while I stood triumphantly over him. I closed my eyes and focused on the sensations as his harsh tongue lapped over my pussy. It felt different than it had that morning, but I didn't pay it much mind. His tongue was long enough to touch every part of my vulva at once. I couldn't really tell whether the electric pleasure was focused on my clit or my now sopping wet passage. Everything seemed to flow together.

And then, just as I was getting really absorbed in it, he paused and withdrew. "Uh, Amy. . ."

"Did I tell you to stop, Connie?" I hooked my paws around his ears and pulled his head back toward my aching pussy. "Now get back to it. No more talking until I'm done."

He started back up again, this time focusing on my opening with the tip of his tongue. This was the part I had been looking forward to. At first, he just pressed the tip in. Then he probed me again, this time reaching a little deeper inside of me. Then again, and again. Each time he managed to stretch me open a little wider and reach a little deeper into me. There seemed to be no end to that fantastic organ of his. It was longer and thicker than his dick was as a human, and the way it wriggled within me was absolute nirvana. I would have came instantly if I hadn't been focusing on standing up. My legs threatened to buckle, but I steadied myself by pressing my paws against Connor's head.

Before long, I had reached my limits. His organ seemed to penetrate to my very core, and I lost track of everything around me. Then, as he tried to pull out of me, I bore down around his tongue and trapped it within me. I could feel him trying to pull out, but its texture made that impossible. My pussy began to contract of its own accord as I started to cum. It was the sort of epic orgasm that had a beginning, middle, and an end. It was the sort that grew more and more intense until that fiery orgasmic pulse was the only thing in the universe for a precious few seconds.

As reality came back into focus, I was surprised to find myself still standing. My mind was clearer, and I felt calm and serene. I wasn't angry anymore. Connor was beneath me, submitting to me, and, well, it just felt right. He looked up at me as if he was asking permission to relax. I nodded.

What I saw next was perhaps the most startling and horrifying thing I had ever witnessed. As he started to pull out it seemed as though he brought my pussy with him. That is to say, my vagina looked as though it was prolapsing. At first I thought that his rough tongue had somehow critically injured me, but there was no pain. Soon he was sitting back, and I was staring, mouth agape at my latest addition. It was smaller than Violet's, but there was no mistaking it. There, between my legs, was the start of a hyena's pseudopenis.

I let out a panicked bellow that sounded foreign to my ears. "Aueaaaagh!! What is THAT!?" I darted around the room trying to escape it, but my new dick just wobbled between my thighs. It felt completely foreign and bizarre. I ended up in the bathroom on the floor.

Connor rushed over. "Don't panic! It's okay. You're fine. You're okay. . ." he repeated, sitting next to me and putting his arm around my shoulder in a calming sort of way. I just stared, mouth agape at the thing extending from my crotch.

"Oh my god. Oh shit I can't believe this. What the fuck." I muttered, venturing a paw down to poke at it. The length was dark and smooth. It was about 5 inches long, and the tip was a bit swollen, giving it an almost penis-like look. I gingerly lifted it aside and let it flop across my thigh. There was no longer any trace of my pussy as I knew it. I couldn't find my urethra or vagina or anything. The only thing beneath it was the slight swelling of my new pseudo-scrotum.

"Well," Connor said at length, "At least we know what animal you are."

I couldn't believe it. I sat there staring at it for a minute or two and then slumped down onto the floor. "I'm a such a freeeaak." I sobbed. "Why couldn't I have ended up like that doctor? She's a sexy sphinx, dammit. I wanna be a sexy sphinx. Now I'm just a horrific creep like Violet."

Connor stroked my head. His touch was calming. "There, there. . .at least you're not as ugly as that Hugo guy."

I chuckled. "Yeah."

"And you're not a cow."

I opened my eyes and looked up Connor. He really did look dumb. I sighed. "Yeah well. . . I don't know. I guess everyone has it bad."

"And you're going to live!" He reminded me.

I shrugged. "Yeah that's true. And I guess this is better than ending up like that weird fish lady in the pool. Poor woman. Stuck in a stupid fucking cookie-cutter pool all day." I wasn't really to terms with it at that point, but I was at least comfortable enough to venture another peek between my legs. My dick was just sitting there, doing nothing. I reached down and poked it again. It was sensitive. I tried grabbing it between my paws and pulling. Ouch.

"Jeez be careful!"

"Ow yeah. Oof. I'm not used to having something fragile hanging around down there." I prodded my new balls. They were only about the size of grapes at the moment, but I figured they would grow. I could find any testicles in the sack, and it really wasn't that sensitive at all. I squeezed it. Connor inhaled sharply through his teeth at the sight. "This is just like squeezing my ear lobes. Doesn't hurt."

"Huh. Lucky." he muttered.

A deep rumbling came from my stomach, and I realized that I had been hungry for a while. More than hungry, in fact, I was famished. The food that had been left for me was the same as last night: a pretty standard steak and potato dinner with a side of grilled asparagus. I tried nibbling on the greens first but I almost puked at the taste. "Aah blech! What is this? Are they trying to poison me?" I spat it out.

Connor nibbled on one. "Tastes fine to me."

I had a similar experience with the potatoes. They didn't taste quite as atrocious, but they felt all wrong in my mouth. I had to lick it off of each of my teeth in turn. I must have looked like a dog that had been fed peanut butter. The steak, on the other hand, was absolutely divine. They hadn't left a knife for me to cut it up so I tried just gnawing at it with my teeth. There really wasn't any way to rip it apart without anchoring it to something, though. I found some success pinning it with my left paw (the uninjured one), grabbing the other side with my jaws and tugging. It came apart in large pieces, but they were easy to swallow. I think I downed that steak in only two or three bites. Afterwards I felt just as hungry as before.

"Connie!" I barked, "go get me more food!" His eyes widened and he made for the door while I relaxed in bed. I could get used to this, I thought.

I heard the door open and Connor talking to the Hugo through crack. I didn't pay much attention to what they said to each other, though, it had been a very long day, and I was drifting off to sleep. When I came to the sun had nearly set and there were two large roasted chickens and a glass of water on a platter on the end table. It smelled delicious.

Tearing the chickens apart proved to be difficult. I could rip them into pieces as I had with the steak, but it was really difficult to separate the bones from the meat. At first I tried to get the meat off a drumstick by sucking on it, but I accidentally swallowed the whole thing, bone and all, on the second try. My next approach was simply to bite chunks out of the chicken and try to separate the meat on my plate with my paws. I wrapped my enlarged jaws around the breast of the chicken and bit down, shattering the bones easily. The strength in my mouth startled me. I had expected it to be far more difficult to bite through the bones. I spat the chunk onto my plate and went to work. Before long there two neat piles -- one of bones, the other of meat-- and my paws were absolutely filthy. I downed the meat with one big slurp.

It was a lot of effort, but it had worked. I used that technique for the next couple mouthfuls. Progress was slow. I was starting to feel discouraged. The pile of shattered chicken bones had grown and glistened with delicious chicken fat. Suddenly the bones themselves were looking very appetizing to me. I tried one experimentally. My jaws broke it apart like a crouton, and it was marvelous. I could pick up the buttery taste and feel of the marrow, and I reveled in the wonderful crunchy texture of the bone. In some ways it was sort of like eating a buttery piece of toast. Without further ado I brought the plate up and started scarfing down the pile of bones. Once it was gone, I turned my attention back to the chickens. There wasn't much point to picking it apart now, I figured.

If eating bones could be compared to having toast, the unified mouthful of the chicken meat and bones together was like having a sandwich. It was a more complex, balanced, and delicious experience. It didn't strike me as strange at all. In fact, I felt as though I had just discovered a wonderful new sort of food. I was excited by the possibilities. What would it be like to eat a t-bone steak with the bone in it? Were my teeth strong enough? What about venison? Rabbit? After finishing the first chicken I wasted no time moving on to the second.

Soon I was licking the plates clean. It was much easier and more satisfying with my larger tongue. When I was finished I took a deep breath, chugged the glass of water, and let out a thunderous belch. I glanced around and noticed Connor for the first time since waking up. He was staring at me with his mouth agape, but when I looked over he quickly went back to reading his book. I smiled to myself. I guess I couldn't really get upset at him for chewing the cud anymore.

My stomach was visibly swollen after that meal, and I promptly collapsed back onto the bed and passed out to the muffled sounds of all the other victims living in the house. Connor joined me in bed at some point in the night, and we snuggled together for warmth. It was a very deep and restful sleep, and when I awoke it was only because I had to pee. I groggily stumbled over to the bathroom and sat on the toilet. The touch of cold water on my tip of my clit startled me and I let out an "eep!" Realizing this was going to be harder than normal, I switched on the light.

I had grown. Due to the task at hand, the first thing I noticed was that my new junk had gotten much larger. My clit was startlingly long and thick. It felt like having a log of salami hanging between my legs. I estimated it to be a little under a foot long now. My shaft was proportionately thick as well. My faux-scrotum had really plumped out too. I felt proud. I had always thought that if I had been born a man I would have had a big cock. It felt good to be proven right on that one.

Instead of sitting to piss, I decided to try my hand at it standing up. It took a bit for me to collect myself and relax long enough to get the flow started. It felt really weird, warm, and honestly a bit pleasurable. After all, my urethra and vagina were one in the same now. I squeezed out the last couple drops like I'd always imagined men do. I flushed and nodded to myself.. That was easy enough. Pretty convenient, really.

I turned my attention to the mirror. I hadn't grown any taller, but I had definitely gained a few pounds of muscle in my neck, shoulders, and arms. Coarse, spotted fur was now covering most of my upper body. In spite of it all, I did still look feminine. My hips and breasts were as nice and large as ever, I just looked stouter and fitter. There hadn't been many changes in my face, although my ears were much larger and more hyena-like than they had been. My head seemed to have stopped going hyena around three-quarters of the way there, I'd say. I was stunned at how much like Violet I looked. It felt like I could have been looking at a reflection of her hyena-freak sister or something. After some consideration, I decided that I looked kind of badass. I really wanted to look normal, but there are worse appearances to settle for than badass. I could have done without the paws, though.

The sun was already shining bright at this point. It could have been any time; I hadn't looked at a clock in days. I was energized but restless from sleeping so long. I was up for a challenge. I remember thinking today would be a good day to take on the world.

Connor sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. "Good mooorning."

"Come here, Connie." I ordered. He jumped out of bed and carefully walked over. His udder was swollen and full again. I kneeled down and wrapped my lips around one of his teats. Nothing like warm milk in the morning.

"You seem -- Oh! -- bigger today," he moaned as I drank my fill. When I was finished I laid back on the bed.

"Why don't you take a closer look?" He crawled over and started staring. "Go ahead. Touch it."

He cautiously reached a hand out and stroked my length. "It's. . . very nice. Can you, you know, pull it in? Like Violet?"

"Hmm. I haven't really tried yet." I started flexing all the muscles I could in the area, trying to find the one that would allow me to retract my new pseudopenis. Eventually I figured it out and watched as I drew my shaft up until it was nothing more than glistening opening with balls hanging beneath it. "Oh weird." I relaxed and stared as my new anatomy restored itself. "Pft. Violet. I bet she'll be jealous to see this. I hate how much I look like her."

"You smell like her too." He mumbled.

"Smell like her!? That's enough out of you."

"Oh I didn't mean. . . It's just you do smell like her. Especially this part of you." He sniffed my crotch, almost in a daze.

"Is putting my dick in your mouth the only way to shut you up?" I asked, indignantly. Connor promptly opened up his mouth and popped my length inside. The size of his muzzle allowed him to fit all of me in his mouth. It was warm and comfortable, but surprising. "Oh! Very good. . ."

Then I got to thinking. "Wait, you said I smelled like her? Especially downstairs?" Connor nodded, stroking my enlarged clit with his meaty lips. "Does it make you want to listen to me? Like Violet's does?" He nodded again. I had always heard that men's dicks were mostly sensitive around the glans, but mine seemed to be equally sensitive along its whole length. "Ah. . . I see. . . We're going to have to finish this blowjob later, Connie. Go milk yourself into the tub. I have an idea." Connor let my dick slip from his lips and headed over to the bathroom.

I rubbed the opening at the tip of my organ until my paw had been sufficiently covered in the moisture there and knocked on our room door. It cracked open and sure enough Hugo's nose popped in. "What do you -- Holy shit you look just like Violet!"

I shoved my paw right into his face. "Kneel!"

"What? I. . . " He paused for a moment as if distracted. "Hmm. . . Alright."

My lips curled into a wicked smile. "Awesome. Suck." He leaned in and started to nurse my clit. "From now on, Hugo my little pet, I don't look like Violet. She looks like me. Got it?" He nodded. "Now. Connie and I are going to walk out of here. And we're gonna need supplies. So I need you to bring me two backpacks full of food and water."

"Buuh Violeh saihd" He mumbled around my cock. I pulled it out and slapped him across the face. My claws left red lines in his skin.

"From now on you listen to ME, got it?" He nodded. "Good. Now go."

Half an hour later there was a knock at our door. Hugo had returned with the supplies just as I had ordered. "Good job, little sheep!" I was starting to have a lot of fun being in charge. Connor and Hugo listened obediently as I outlined my admittedly simple plan. "Okay. Hugo, you're going to escort us outside, and we're going to leave. You do whatever you can here to stop them from finding us. Got it?"

"I can do that. . ."

"Thank goodness. Here I was thinking you were completely useless. Let's move out!"

We made our way downstairs. Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at me as I passed by. The operation wasn't nearly as stealthy as I would have liked. The gangsters were whispering to each other. I had the feeling they knew something was wrong, but nobody made a move to stop us.

We had made it halfway through the living room when the front door burst open. Violet and a compliment of armed thugs were on the other side. The nervous energy of the room suddenly went still and silent.

"Well, well, well, Amy. You're looking lovely today." She sneered, stepping forward. "I came as soon as I heard the results of your tests! Imagine my surprise."

"Took you long enough."

"I was busy. Why don't you understand how busy I am all the time? You know what, never mind." My heart was beating out my chest. It was odd, but she seemed like the only one in the house that was a threat. She stepped over and started circling me, examining my new features. "Not as impressive as I thought you'd turn out. You disappoint me."

"More impressive than you," I huffed. I straightened my back and stood taller than her. "Just out of curiosity, what were your plans for us?"

Violet stood in front of me and pressed her face into mine. "Well aren't you impatient? If you must know, I was going to offer you a place at my side. You have a very good set of skills, Amy. Too bad you're so headstrong."

My blood pressure was rising as she spoke. "You kidnapped my fiance so I'd join your gang? How stupid are you?"

She scoffed. "Pft. No. I kidnapped your stupid boyfriend as a show of force. Now everyone in the quarantine zone knows that nowhere is safe from me, not even the outside. I figured if you came I'd force you to join up too."

"Force us? You couldn't force a puppy to piss itself!" I whooped an unfamiliar hyena laugh.

Violet's lips curled, showing her teeth. "You are out of line! It should have been simple, but your 'man' had to go and lose his dick to the plague. You showed up, and I didn't have any leverage!"

"Well what are you going to do about it?" I asked, leaning in. Blood was pumping wildly through my veins, and my clit had grown erect from the adrenaline. Violet's had as well, but mine was bigger.

"Shoot them." ordered Violet. Her lackies started reading their guns.

I rose my paw and shouted, "STOP!" Everything went still as the word echoed through the house. Violet looked around, her face plastered with rage.

"Well? What are you waiting for!?" She shouted. "Go on! Shoot them! Shoot them!" She screamed and spat as she turned to each thug in turn.

I laughed and stepped closer. "Looks like you really don't have any leverage!"

Violet turned to me and unsheathed a knife from her belt. It had a little strap that looped around her wrist so she could hold it. "When I'm done killing you, friend, everyone here is going to get a lesson in discipline!" She lunged at me with a bestial yelp.

My wrist was still injured, and she was armed and I wasn't, but I had been waiting days for a chance to beat the shit out Violet. I was ready for her. Reflexively, I dodged her clumsy stab and wrapped my arms around hers in an attempt to disarm her. She howled in agony as I bent her limb to her side. Swinging round, she managed to catch my bicep in her teeth. As she bit, blood streamed down my arm. Luckily she had only managed to grab onto my skin, and my muscle and bone remained in tact. I howled more in anger than agony, and we fell to the floor.

Everyone else simply froze and watched the fight, eager to see who would win. No one tried to help or intervene. Violet took the piece of skin with her as I writhed out of her grip and pinned her to the ground. Suddenly in a position of dominance, I seized my opportunity, opened my jaws wider than I thought I could, and wrapped them around her shoulder. Working my new muscles, I bit down hard. She let out a horrible bestial wail as my powerful teeth bore down on her. I felt her collar bone snap.

I could have killed her if I hadn't let go. That was clear to everyone who was there. I opened my mouth but kept her twitching body pinned with my elbow.

"Remember how you said that before all this happened you were the man's bitch and now you make men YOUR bitch?" I announced, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Well that's great, but before the plague I WAS the man. I was a cop, dammit! You worked at Wells Fargo. To get your job, you had to learn how to convince people to open savings accounts they didn't need. To get my job I had to scale a six foot wall and get hit with a taser. While you were filling out deposit and withdrawal slips for people because they were lazy, I got into high-speed chases and sent a PCP addict to the hospital with my nightstick!"

I turned her prone body over and tossed the knife away. "Now I'm going to fuck you right here in front of everyone, and you're going to let me. Understood?" Violet closed her eyes, and her erection started to shrink into her. When she was ready I reached down and aimed the tip of my still hard shaft at her opening. All that fucking she had been doing must have stretched her out because my clit sank right into her. Her passage spasmed around my pseudo cock, sending jolts of pleasure through me. As I hilted myself inside her, our balls smushed together. My pair looked much larger when they were right next to each other. I felt like the queen of the world.

"Tell them who the boss is, you cunt." I said, working up a rhythm as I fucked her.

". . . You are," she whispered.

"What was that?" I said, louder.

"You are!" she moaned, loud enough to fill the room. "You're the boss!"

I don't think I have ever been more satisfied with a fuck since.

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It's amazing how quickly things settled back into a routine. Instead of leaving, I opted to take control of the gang. It took me a little while to get the hang of running things. It actually was a lot of work, but there were all sorts of benefits. I had food, power, personnel. . . No one in the organization questioned my authority after word of the fight got out. Violet was bedridden for weeks, and by the time she got out I was ready to let her be my right hand 'man.' We actually got along pretty well once she learned her place.

Connor and I never did end up getting married, at least not officially. Still, I enjoyed his company, pussy, and fresh milk as often as I liked. The symptoms of the plague were permanent, including the increased sex drive. I took pleasure in my wild libido, and with every troop under my command as a member of my harem, there was always some exotic meat at hand to satisfy me.

The quarantine zone was its own little world, and it wasn't long before I was its undisputed queen. As the months passed I worked to spread the disease beyond the limits of Los Banos. After all, the farther the plague spread, the more my influence grew, and I looked forward to moving back to LA.