

The Kickbacks

by: Xerox2

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=Chapter 2=
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The changes were so unbelievable that anyone who saw them would probably think it was some sort of strange prank. Or so Kevin said as he merged onto the freeway, "I figure the labs, the cells, the doctors, the media. . . That doesn't happen until a few days later, when the find out it real all along." Kayla stared daggers at him from the passenger's seat. "--if it happens at all."

"I'm not sure I believe your story about those markings just appearing on your stomach," she said, as she fiddled with something beneath the blanket that covered her lap.

"Oh really, THAT'S the part you're worried about? And don't touch it, you'll just make it worse, trust me." Each time he thought about his fiance's alteration, the hefty sheathe and balls she'd found between her legs, he found himself getting hornier. He wore two pairs of underwear on this trip, just so his juices wouldn't be visible if he got especially turned on. Kayla was wearing a bulky snowboarding jacket with the hood up in order to hide her ears. He could see them protruding against the inside of the hood, but they'd be invisible if you didn't know what to look for.

"It's the only thing that could be fake." she muttered, lifting up the sheet. "I can't cross my legs like I used to. And my. . . balls. They move even when I'm not thinking about them. Like the skin is crawling. or something."

"That's normal," he reassured.

"I think my butt hole is different. I can feel it now, against the seat."

"That's normal too, I think. At least that happened to me when I had a horse's asshole between my legs."

"This is all so fucking weird. How are you not panicking, Kev? I've been going crazy this whole month thinking about you losing your manhood, and here you are driving along as if nothing was wrong."

Truthfully, he was probably just as scared as she was, but he really didn't see any benefit to freaking out, especially while he was driving. "I'm scared too, but I guess I just have more

experience with it. Just. . . keep your head on your shoulders. This disease, curse, whatever it is hasn't injured me yet, and I can still work. Plus, I did get my penis back, for a day or so."

Kayla sat nervously. She seemed preoccupied. "Has it affected your. . . thoughts at all?"

Kevin knew what she was referring to immediately. "You will get hornier, Kay. I imagine you're feeling it double because of. . . well I mean because you've got testicles now."

She blushed as bright as Kevin had ever seen. "Oh and what? Women are just as horny as men are."

"Uhuh. Well I'm not going to get into that argument now. We're here." The Hummer took up two handicapped parking spots in lot C of the University of Texas. "Professor Chavez should be out to meet us in a moment. If something comes up just pretend to get a text so I know to leave."

"What could come up?" Kevin gestured to her lap. "Oh."

Moments later a redhead had approached the driver's side. "You two must be Mr. and Mrs. Baker?" She was middle-aged, but was actually quite stunning.

"Mr. Baker and Ms. Platner," he corrected. "You must be professor Chavez?"

The newcomer stood on her tip toes and peered into their vehicle. Her fair and freckled features barely made it to the window. "Hello there," she waved to Kayla "I must admit, it's very unusual for me to come out and meet people in the parking lot. This better be legitimate."

"My partner has an injury in her leg." He noted. "Climbing accident." They chorused simultaneously. The glove box clicked open, and he handed her a folded piece of paper from it. "See if you can figure out these markings."

The professor sighed. "I'll take a look, but I'm extremely busy. Finals were today and next week's the deadline for grades, not to mention two of my research projects. I may be able to look at it next month." She peered over to Kayla, who was fidgeting with her hood. "Isn't it a bit warm for a jacket?"

Kayla turned to Kevin. "We're prepared to compensate you to expedite the process."

He nodded and produced a wad of hundred dollar bills. The professor's mouth fell open slightly, but he took her hand and counted the bills into it. Kayla fidgeted a bit in her seat as he counted. ".... 47, 48, 49, 50. That's five thousand today, five thousand when you call us with an answer tomorrow."

She was dumbfounded, "I . . . This feels shady. I feel like I'm dealing drugs or something." She looked around and pocketed the money with a smile, "But you guys seem trustworthy enough. Anything else you need?"

Kayla pulled out of cell phone "I just got a text, Kev. We should go."

He smiled. Already? "That's it. Call us when you have something."

"I'll try to hurry, but I don't know. . ." the professor mumbled as the hummer backed away.

Kayla reached over slightly and squeezed the driver's thigh as they pulled out of the lot. She lifted her misshapen feet and rested them on the seat to hide the protuberance between her legs. "That was fast," chuckled Kevin.

"Oh God, Kev," she wailed, "I can't explain it!" her hands slipped beneath the blanket. "She was just so hot. I'm not gay, or I've never felt. . . gay or whatever before but --"

"It's the horniness honey. It messes with your libido, but you'll be fine." He removed one hand from the steering wheel and placed it on her lap. Her member twitched beneath the towel as she gasped, surprised. "We're high enough off the ground, that you can probably lose this towel, babe."

With that Kevin's hand closed around the towel and he slowly began to slide it off of her. Kayla made no move to stop him and in fact seemed to revel in the sensation of the towel being dragged across her skin. She closed her eyes. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her penis extending lazily from its sheath about a foot. It wobbled against the seat between her legs as the car jostled them. Sleek hair now covered her tail and flowed onto the seat beneath her. He wondered if her tail was as uncomfortable as his was cramped behind him in the seat. He lifted his butt and freed the extension from his slacks with a flick. She watched him do this intently. "Your pants." she whispered.

It was only when he peered between his legs and saw his juices spotting the crotch of his pants did he fully realize how horny he'd become. His pussy ached to be filled, and he suddenly became very aware of the sensation of his shirt rubbing against his new, sensitive nipples. They were still fifteen minutes from the house. They had only just entered the forest it resided in. Desperately, he pushed the dirty thoughts into the back of his mind. "That was. . . a bit of an exorbitant bribe, babe."

"Need I remind you of the stakes?" She asked, gesturing to her half-erect penis. It was slightly smaller than a horse's, but it was still almost the size of her forearm. "And you, with your pussy. So strange. So. . . tight " She looked at him with a hazy, sultry gaze "I want to see yours, honey." Kayla leaned over so her breasts rested against his shoulder and slowly drew her hand up his leg and right onto his crotch. She gave it a gentle squeeze with her palm, and Kevin nearly

melted in his seat.

“We’re almost home, babe.”

Kayla leaned closer, and her hood fell from her equine ears. He felt her breath on his neck now and the heat of her body, and he could hear the sound of her misshapen feet shuffling to accommodate her new position. Her penis flopped unceremoniously across the center console; it had grown quite a bit. “Pull. Over,” she whispered.

Only seconds later, the hummer was resting a short ways off a back road in the forest. In fact, with the small, tinted windows, he figured they had a pretty good degree of privacy. Kayla immediately started taking off her coat as Kevin unbuckled. Her cock surged from her crotch, fully erect. Kevin could feel the heat and smell the musk of it filling the cab. Powerful veins traced their way across the pink and white splotched shaft. He marveled at the shape of it: almost gracefully smooth, with a beautiful medial ring and blunted head. She placed her changing equine legs up on the seat as she started to crawl towards him. A tongue which seemed almost a bit too large licked her lips. As her eyes locked with his, her ears twitched backwards in a way that almost looked seductive.

Kevin felt an intense sinking feeling in his stomach, but it didn’t stop there. It went straight down to his loins and his pussy muscles clenched just as they had when he was stuffed with the vibrator last night. His heart was racing in his chest and his skin, especially the new dark skin in his groin, grew flushed. That cock needed to be inside of him. He felt like he should be horrified, but if she wasn’t (and the look she was giving him now suggested she wasn’t), then he might as well enjoy it. He reclined the chair as his partner approached him. After straddling his leg seductively, the first thing she did was help him shed his shirt. He could feel her heavy tail resting on his knee, and the warmth of her plump balls radiated through his slacks. Kayla gasped as she saw how Kevin’s changes had progressed. He hadn’t noticed it, but his lower nipples were developing, and now six of them were the same size as the ones on his chest. The two lowest nipples looked even larger, and forming breast tissue had expanded them into cuppable teats. They each reached out and touched one, caressing the new breasts that sagged slightly over Kevin’s waistband. The nipples were incredibly sensitive, and grew erect in the cool air of the car.

Kayla must have picked up on how pleasurable the touches were to her lover, and when she pinched one Kevin released a very real moan accidentally. She lifted aside the breast she was fondling and lowered her hands to work on his zipper. As she opened his fly, a very strong, musky odor filled the car. If he hadn’t given himself completely to the lust, he would have been embarrassed about the strange new smell coming from his pussy. His lips stood proudly from his groin, glistening with moisture, and the cold air felt like heaven on them. They worked his pants down around his ankles together. The touch of her soft, fuzzy skin as she straddled his leg was intensely arousing. Her balls, which were now as large as peaches, churned directly against his naked thigh. He could feel her asshole touching him further down his leg. It clenched in time

with the twitches of his Girlfriend's cock. His knee brushed against the end of her crack and the start of her tail. Each time her tail flagged, the long strands of horse hair tickled his calf.

Her hand reached between his legs and fondled his triangular pussy. "You're so wet. . ." She whispered, drawing a finger down the crack where the plump lips met. It sent shivers up his spine and to the tip of his tail. Gently, almost hesitantly, he reached his hand down to her crotch and stroked her balls. She jumped a bit, startled, but quickly relaxed again as he slid his hand up and grasped her cock. It pulsed powerfully in his hand as he stroked it, and suddenly she seemed so strong and masculine. After all, her shaft and balls were so large and virile, and he had lost his set completely. He felt a bit ashamed at first, and it quickly faded to fear as he realized she was probably stronger than him at this point. He was at her mercy, but he loved Kayla and trusted her, and presently his fear became relief and submission. Let her do what she will with me, he thought, she would never hurt me. Now he was relaxed and excited, and he opened himself completely to his lover's wishes. On his hand's next stroke, a small spurt of pre dribbled down her shaft and onto his thigh.

Kayla continued to gently grope his pussy, and then began probing at his entrance with a finger. Kevin leaned back against the headrest and gasped as she penetrated him. The finger had been thoroughly coated in his lubricants and so slipped right in. It felt absolutely divine, and soon she slipped another finger along side it, working the pair in and out. His hips undulated in time with her thrusts. "More," he moaned, barely more than a whisper.

She smiled, "What's that, Kev? I can't hear you." She let her three fingers sink in as far as they could.

"Oh, More, Kayla." He looked at her almost pleadingly, "I want to be filled up." He couldn't believe the words coming out of his mouth, but he truly meant them.

His lover obliged him by sliding her pinky in as well. Amazingly, Kevin found himself easily taking four fingers, and as she worked them in and out of his pussy, he strained his new pussy to grip them. Her eyes widened as she felt his passage take inch after inch of her hand. Before long, her palm had disappeared up to the thumb. As lost as he was in the pleasure, Kevin managed to retrieve some lube he had stored earlier in a cubby on the dash. He popped the cap, spilling lube over Kayla's fist, all down his pussy, and onto the seat below. Taking the hint, she gently began to insert her thumb. The moment he felt the tip of her thumb slip inside, he had an incredible urge to grind downward onto her fist. He exhaled and pressed down, working her hand farther into his cunt. And she, realizing what was happening, helped. Time seemed to hang still as she finger-fucked him. Then, with an immense popping sensation, her hand slid in to the wrist.

Kevin saw stars as his pussy contracted with wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure. Kayla gasped and began to withdraw her hand, but he held her wrist until his climax had passed. before long, he relaxed his grip and she slid out of him, leaving his pussy gaping slightly open

and blushing a slightly darker hue. The haze of insane horniness began to leave his mind, but he could see in his lover's eyes that hers hadn't. He casually flicked on the radio and turned it down a bit. Thankfully, it was tuned to a very fitting jazz-funk station.

With no small amount of tripping and tangling of unusual limbs, Kevin managed to crawl back into the back. He leaned over the center bank of seats and gazed behind him, lifting his tail. It wasn't fair to leave Kayla high and dry, was it? As clumsy as it was in the interior, she found the gesture incredibly attractive, and the pussy that faced her was very inviting. Wasting no time, she climbed back, cock bobbing in front of her. She emptied what remained of the lube bottle onto her cock and massaged it around its surface as she moaned. The pulsating hotness pressed against his pussy, and Kevin closed his eyes and raised his ass. The shaft was smaller than a full-sized horse's, and his pussy was certainly larger than any dog's. It fit perfectly.

Both gasped as the broad head of her penis sunk in. Kevin's pussy spasmed, gripping the length inside him in serendipity. She pressed a few more fantastic inches in and stopped, withdrew her cock almost completely, and then plunged it in again. She began thrusting into him, each time sinking deeper and deeper. He squeezed and massaged the length as it filled him more and more. Each clench of his pussy was rewarded with a powerful throb from the shaft within him. As her median ring slipped into his puffy sex, he found the insatiable lust had returned full force. Soon her thrusts starting picking up speed, and before long Kevin felt another climax building. He accepted her deeper and deeper inside of him.

Neither Kevin or Kayla ever wanted it to end, but soon he felt the blunt tip of her cock swelling deep inside his abdomen. The sensation of her penis growing within him was too much to handle, and he toppled into a second, even larger climax. His lover loosed a triumphant moan as she gripped his waist and hilted herself within him. Her flare expanded, stretching his tunnel wonderfully as jet after jet of hot, hot cum started pouring into him. Drop after dollop of excess horse cum slopped onto the seat beneath them, squeezing between his abused pussy and the turgid meat of her shaft.

After what seemed like an eternity, she slumped down onto his back, cock shrinking inside of him. "That was," he panted, "incredible." As she withdrew herself, he felt almost cheated that she wasn't staying in him longer. However, the feeling was fleeting. As the swollen head of her cock popped free, a small waterfall of cum and lube spilled out of his pussy. It was immensely satisfying.

She sighed and collapsed onto the seat beside him. "I can't believe that just happened."

"I could get used to that," he groaned.

"Gross, Babe." She sighed and glanced around. "We're going to need to get this detailed."

Kevin stretched and slumped down onto the seat next her, a fresh dribble of cum leaking from his pussy. He could feel more inside him, filling his passage up. "I'm so full. . ."

Kayla yawned and leaned back in the seat. "Really? I'm famished. Let's go home and get a bite to eat." She leaned over and kissed poor, exhausted Kevin's cheek. "I'm just going to rest my eyes a bit." Seconds later, she started snoring.

Her penis had almost fully withdrawn into its sheath, and she looked quite peaceful, despite her changes. The car came equipped with two blankets in case of emergency. As soon as she was covered and seemed comfortable, he hopped into the front seat and drove them home. Sleep didn't sound like such a bad idea to him either. All they could do now was wait for a call anyway. By the time they got home, they had to lean on each other for support. It was only 6:00, but they were truly exhausted.

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Kevin awoke to a bright, artificial light and Kayla staring down from above. "Espresso?"

He squinted, "Please. What time is it?"

"We slept a full night's sleep; It's 4:00 AM. I for one certainly feel more awake and collected." She stood and walked from the room, "Oh, and I have good news!"

"Was it all a dream?"

"Unfortunately not" she half-shouted from the other room. He could hear the distinct clapping sound of hooves on the kitchen tile. "I woke up an hour before you and got to work."

"What work?" he groaned, shutting his eyes. He knew he had changed more, but for the first time he didn't want to know what it was. He'd have to face the facts eventually, so why not stay in bed a while?

"The professor found our 'exorbitant' bribe very motivating." the clapping stopped as kayla re entered the bedroom carrying a miniature ceramic mug. "She called half an hour ago. I've been following up on her lead." with his eyes cracked, he confirmed his suspicion that her feet had been fully transformed a horse's. She sat on the bed next to him, "Sit up and drink." The scent of fresh coffee filled the room.

Kevin sat up and reached a paw out to take the mug. They froze. It would not be fair to call the thing at the end of his arm a hand anymore. He now had four stubby digits tipped with black canine claws. The new paws were not as narrow or small as he knew they would become, nor were they covered in hair yet. However, their shape was completely unmistakable. He slid

from the covers and found that his other hand had been similarly changed. Both paws hovered in front of his face, and tears gathered in his eyes as he rubbed them together in disbelief. It was a very bizarre sensation. "My thumbs. . ."

"I saw when I woke up." She placed the drink on the end table and grasped his paws in her very human hands. "Don't panic. We live in the era of the mind, and I'll care for you until we get your hands back." Her fingers seemed larger than they had been, and he realized that she was indeed larger than him now. Her breasts had shrunk and were now barely present at all. Glancing down, he saw that her calves were much shorter while her feet were much elongated and ended with a pair of heavy, powerful hooves. Coarse white hair covered almost her entire leg below the knee.

His teats had grown considerably while he was asleep. He was now the proud owner of no fewer than eight pointed breasts that ran down his stomach. The lowest ones were about the size of large oranges, but each pair above was smaller than the pair below. The new breasts jiggled as he ran his paw down his belly. His new paws weren't as sensitive as his hands had been, but the pads on them were smoother than those he had seen on dogs. After all, they hadn't built up calluses yet. He made a very canine whine, and his paws snapped in front of his mouth in horror.

Kayla regarded him grimly, "Come now, stop complaining. We have work to do." She brought the mug up to his mouth, "move your hands." Hearing her call them hands calmed Kevin, and he allowed her to pour the espresso directly into his mouth. When he was finished, she set the mug down and embraced him. The gesture came as a surprise, but he welcomed it. The touch of her very firm midriff against his new teats was strangely comforting.

With his chin resting on her shoulders, he had an excellent view of the new mane of thick hair that ran between her shoulder blades. With a long sigh, Kevin separated himself and rose from bed. Kayla the horse-woman, his lover, stood with confidence on her new hooves and towered more than half a foot over Kevin who still had his human feet. In the back of his mind he found her strength very reassuring. "I hope our researcher found something promising."

"She was able to identify their origin, but we'll need to meet with another expert to decipher them. Oh, and it looks like we have new material to work with!" Sure enough the symbols, which originally only occupied a small section of flesh above his lady bits, had multiplied. The line of ancient text now reached his mid-thigh. His changed skin was taking on a charcoal shade, but the deep blackness of the lettering was still legible. "Well unless you snuck out to a tattoo parlor last night, I suppose the symbols do in fact come with the changes."

"You thought I'd lie to you?" He folded his arms across his chest. Apparently, they had retained their full range of motion in spite of the changes. Now they rested right above his top pair of teats. "You're the only one who knows about my condition and I told you *right away*."

“Our condition,” Kayla frowned. “And don’t get all self-righteous. I had just been betrayed by my own body when I said that . I wasn’t prepared to trust anything.” Every curtain in the house had been drawn for over a month, and now the pre-dawn sun spilled around their edges and teased their attempts at privacy. She turned to them and whispered, “I’m sorry.”

“What?” He smiled.

She faced him again, unamused. “I’m sorry, okay? Don’t dwell on it.” With that she strode carefully to the computer in the next room. Kevin followed behind her, wrapping himself in a sheet for warmth. “The symbols are South American. Proto-Myan or Proto-Incan, she can’t tell which. However she shared a contact who can apparently read them.”

“Can we email her?” He worried. “I think we’re changing faster than I did last month. The curse is accelerating.”

Kayla flicked her ears in a way that seemed agitated. “We’re calling it a curse now?” She exhaled quickly through her nose. “I guess that’s fair. I actually managed to get a hold of her via phone already.”

“And?”

“Brace yourself for bad news. She refuses to even look at anything but the primary source.”

His heart sunk. “That’s absurd. Send her the drawing.”

She shook her head, “Tried. And she can’t be bought either, apparently. She turned down six-figure bribes. Something about being academically principled.”

“So she’s a damn psychopath.” Kevin murmured. “Great. What are we supposed to do, truck me over there so she can oogle me?” He gestured to his groin with a paw. Kayla stared silently. “Oh no.” Dread filled him at the implication of her silence. “We can’t share this with a stranger!”

“Maybe we can afford to show one person. Without someone to corroborate her claims, she won’t be taken seriously.”

Kevin paced. “And if we send her a photo she’ll just think it’s ‘shopped.’” He knew she was right. They could afford to show one person, but was it really necessary? “Where is she?”

Kayla grimaced. “Xinjiang province. On an archeological dig.”

Kevin bounded over and grasped her broad shoulders with his paws urgently. “China!? I

thought she was an expert in South American Languages!”

“She can also dust bones like no one else. Her presence was requested by a colleague. Not due back to the USA for a couple months.”

“Well, shit.”

China was really not the worst place she could be, they determined over a light breakfast that Kayla prepared. With his new proposal, he could justify a short-notice business trip to China as research. “Xinjiang is probably the worst place in China to start factory farming,” he muttered, struggling to load the dishwasher with his new paws. “It’s all deserts. If we go up there, I’m going to have to change the project completely.” The glass he was handling crashed to the floor, shattering. He just stared as Kayla moved to sweep it up. “I’ll be ruined if this proposal fails, Kay.”

She laid a reassuring hand on his shoulder, and a shiver made its way down his back and to the end of his tail. He still wasn’t used to that. “You’ll have to cancel it after the trip,” she whispered. His head drooped in resignation, and he found himself staring directly at their altered bodies. His partner’s penis nestled snugly in her sizeable sheath and the absence of his own manhood. Her hoof clicked against the designer tile as she readjusted her stance. She was right.

“We’ll need to go through Mexico,” he muttered, “I’ll never get through airport security here in the states.”

“And what about me?” asked Kayla, “At least one of us needs to fully-abled to make the trip. My legs are just too much.”

“I might have a solution for that,” he said, looking up. “But you’re not going to like it.” He smiled inwardly. “At first.”