

MONDAY

Darkness had set outside. In the home, only the noise of the television set could be heard, a family hypnotized by its words.

From upstairs came the heavy footsteps of a late teenager fox. Clad in pants meant for someone twice his weight, his undecipherable T-shirt worn nearly like a robe. Both on the verge of falling apart - but that was all the rage these days.

"Jason!" his family told him. "You didn't even come down for dinner!"

"I was in a tournament, mom." he muttered back. "I couldn't just quit in the middle of it, my teammates would kill me and I'd get kicked out of the clan."

"Well, do you want your clan or your dad to kill you then?"

His father entered the room. "I'm done. Let him go, Nancy. You'll yell at him later. Jason, sit down, I think you'll want to know what's going on."

He was pointing at the television set. Jason obliged, apprehensive at his father speaking directly to him for once in a calm manner.

The newscaster's voice was hurried. Instructing everyone to lock their windows and doors, barricade them, do anything possible to prevent anyone from getting in. Do not go outside under any circumstances. Do not show signs of life. Turn off all lights and wait for the authorities. Stay tuned for more information. There will be further reports as they get a better clue of what's going on.

Jason smirked. "...Wasn't I playing a game like this for the past two hours?"

"Jason!" his mother exclaimed before turning to her husband. "Honey, they told us to barricade. Barricade! How bad can it be? What's going on?"

"I don't have any planks in the garage, so no barricade for us. We'll just have to do the best with what we got.

"Shouldn't we get to the neighbors? Robert... Robert's got tools, and beams from his..."

"The bulletin said we shouldn't get out, so we won't. For all we know, whatever's going on might be in the driveway. Anyway I'm sure it's nothing serious. It's not like the terrorists can just show up and invade a town in Massachusetts, right?" He burst out into a roaring laughter.

On the TV, the newscaster gathered his notes and stared somewhere off-camera, the news refusing to cut to another segment - or back to its scheduled program. And then, in a mechanical fashion, he got up from his chair and walked off, leaving the seat behind him unattended. It was the strangest sight a TV could ever display: a newscast bulletin frozen onto an empty chair.

Suddenly, everything went out.

The home, the neighborhood, the town - everything fell in silence and darkness. Outside, whatever remained of the sky's lights came from nearby cities, making this one place like the loneliest, the most forgotten spot in the world. Everything seemed so far away.

The family gathered on the couch, no one daring to speak a word. Jason, his younger sister, his mother, his father. There was no one with enough courage to reach over and take from the bowl of chips on the table. There were only vacant, awkward stares from one set of eyes to another.

"Honey... you did lock the rear door, right?" whispered the mother.

"I double-checked everything, Nancy. We'll be fine."

There was a noise at the door.

"Who can..."

"Shh!"

Something was trying the handle, and then the lock. In the revealing doorway, Jason could only see a silhouette at first. One slender, yet busy, its form blurred out by its movements and complexity. The black shadow stepped forward, having the decency to close the door behind itself and even lock it shut.

He could tell that thing was looking straight at them. It knew they were here, and it walked with a purpose towards a family much too frightened to respond. Fight-or-flight had abandoned them - they could only watch with helpless eyes.

Jason wanted to move, but he couldn't. He tried to move, but he couldn't.

His nostrils filled with an ethereal fragrance. Roses, citrus, dried fruits - and then, somehow, the distinct aroma of his girlfriend whenever she was waiting for him in her bed and wanting him for his body alone.

The creature moved in slow, calculated maneuvers. It was like it was doing a dance. It insisted on walking on tiptoes, arms splayed out a little, as if balancing on a tightrope, looking too casually playful to be entirely sincere about whatever it did. That disconnected, childish aura about it was what was unsettling him the most.

It came into the dim light filtering in from the living room's windows. It glanced in that direction, went over and pulled the curtains to reveal itself.

Jason saw a stunning young woman. A curtain of black hair cascading in abundant lazy waves down to her midriff. A slim body with breasts he could faintly see from behind. Arms, arms and more arms - three pairs tightly packed into a row of shoulders three times deep. Black and white fur in confusing stripes, long and bushy tails ringed with naught but those two colors.

And when she turned to face them again, he got a view of her body's profile. Six long legs.

Her hips were to die for; her rear was out of this world. Her lower body had widened and deepened considerably to allow for those limbs to move in harmony.

She was completely naked.

She came and knelt, crossing a set of arms on the father's lap, grinning and batting her eyelashes at him. All he could do was stare back in shock. His mind seemed to have left him entirely.

"Right, on to business." she whispered in her adorable voice.

She pointed at Jason. "You, get up. Undress for me, please."

He found his strength once more. Enough to stand up and glance at the door, momentarily plotting an escape... but why do it when deep down inside he desired her. Before his entire family staring at him, disbelieving of his act, he stripped out of his shirt. Of his pants. Of black briefs that for once held much too close to his body for his own liking.

He was impossibly hard.

His erection stood an angry red, throbbing with a heartbeat he only now realized was much too quick. He saw her smile in approval, get up close and personal against him, staring lovingly into his eyes. He watched himself take her in his arms, nuzzle her chest, breathe in her complex, her irresistible scent. One part the fancy perfume for a soiree. One part the airy and natural, floral hints of an outdoors girl. One part base, instinct-provoking musk.

She took him in an embrace, pulled him down and got on her back on top of the living room's table. He followed, staring forward blankly with his eyes wide open, having become little more than a spectator to his own actions. Doubt remained, growing increasingly small and desperate with time, his entire being wanting her more and more with each breath he took.

When he thrust into her, when he planted his lips to her own, just before his mind blanked out. He had only one last thought: *Forgive me, Sarah.*

TUESDAY

His mind came back in the middle of a supermarket.

He stopped in his tracks, confused. The lights were bright, his surroundings filled with cereal boxes in glaring colors, his cart transporting nothing but two dozen boxes of Frosted Flakes.

He recognized the place as a local farmer's market - they'd tacked a grocery store right next to it. The artwork was unique, easily memorable. And a full hour away from his home.

He didn't even have a car. He wasn't even legally allowed to drive one.

Stepping forward, he felt an odd sensation. His bare feet on the floor. His hands on the cart's handle. Parts of him bounced and jiggled. Each step felt like a sway, like he was giving himself the tiniest running start before moving forward. His steps had a little bounce to them, far removed from his heavy adolescent lumber.

In fact, he didn't recall himself ever feeling so energetic.

He thought he'd seen a shadow moving, turning the corner around the aisle. He ran. No one.

Getting back to his cart, he took conscience of the two dozen boxes of Frosted Flakes. There was no need to buy this many, but he felt an imperative to do so.

How was he going to pay if he was naked?

Was the store even open?

He thought he had the answers on the tip of his tongues, but they all failed to materialize. Everything was caught in this dreamlike haze, making him wonder if he'd passed out drunk - or worse, done acid for the first time in his life. If this was the hit, he wasn't doing it again.

Maybe he was tripping, yes. Maybe he was still at home and this surreal experience was no more than his imagination. He'd just come out of it and everyone would laugh at him for having put twenty boxes of videogames in a hamper.

He looked at himself. At his arms. At his hands. His six hands. His zebra stripes along his limbs. His bouncing chest. His flat midriff. His wide hips. His six long legs. His six bare feet on the floor.

He turned his head, having caught a shadow. But rather than anyone, he'd only been startled by one of his own six tails. Bushy, floofy and warm, so long that they nearly touched the ceiling.

Come to look upwards, there were more than just his tails signaling a presence. There were others too. One just next isle over.

He tried to speak, but his voice was gone.

Slowly, he inched forward. Every step was an effort, the air thick like molasses. It was like the world itself was fighting against him. He had to put more boxes in his cart. He had to fill his cart. Entirely. Completely.

Defeated, he knelt and gathered whatever Frosted Flakes he could. And when they were all gone, he found enough free space to sneak in a few Lucky Charms as well.

And when he got up, as expected, he could move much, much faster.

But towards the registers only.

He obeyed the imperative. He came out of the aisle and found no one manning the registers. The doors were wide open, most of the food gone from the shelves. His had been the one still bearing some semblance of normality. Most everything else had been strip-mined.

He saw the other bundle of tails moving forward, towards him. He waited.

Out she came. In broad daylight, she was a much more pleasant sight than in the claustrophobic atmosphere of his home. She looked serene, natural, having little heed for him until their eyes met and she stopped.

She obviously couldn't speak either.

He could see her under all her angles. He could watch her six pretty hands fidgeting among one another. He could see her perfect breasts, her tightly-spaced shoulders, her small waist, her wide hips, her deep body, her incredible rear. Her limbs were covered in zebra stripes. Her torso and her face in some more of them, larger and coarser, wearing a bolder and more attention-latching design.

All this put under the guise of a tall, long-limbed and slender red panda. Only the species matched, only the face was recognizable. Past this, the remainder was a compelling icon of exotism. He'd only just begun harmonizing his mind around the cacophony, making out the whole from the parts, the parts from the whole, understanding the creatures both of them seemed to be.

He smiled at her and she blushed.

He took her hand in his, interlocking fingers, six fingers, doing the same for the other hand, losing himself in this moment of staring into her lovely blue eyes.

How much time had gone before he blinked even once?

He broke the gaze. Gesturing, pointing at himself and her simultaneously, he gave her interrogative eyes... She answered with only more interrogation.

This wasn't the creature he'd seen in the living room. The one there had been playful with a mischievous glimmer in her eye. This one here seemed reserved and shy, much sweeter, much cuter.

He turned away, finding the mental ground to assess his situation. Gathering food in a deserted supermarket, meeting a physically impossible alien creature and acting like it was all just another day. Nothing made sense. He shouldn't be so calm about this, yet there he was swimming in blissful acceptance. He wasn't a fox anymore, he was her, he was that zebra-striped red panda - he was in control of twelve limbs, eighteen counting the tails, and it felt like he'd had them since the day he was born.

He glanced at her, her the other red panda, and he found her leaning sharply down to pick up whatever remained of a pile of cookie boxes. Her ass rounded, her tails lifted in the air - he wanted to come up behind her and pound her, fill her, stretch every last one of her holes. He wanted it more than anything in the world.

He bounced on towards her, grabbing her ass with little forethought or planning, grinning the grin of a pervert. Despite all that, she giggled in response. She gave him a coy little look, her response being to make her hind legs stand on tiptoes. All she did was make her ass even rounder, even more inviting.

Glancing down, grabbing her tails, he licked his lips, both of them, simultaneously. He could fuck her, just like that, in the middle of a supermarket. He could get in her and let loose with his seed without any consequence. And from what he saw, he could claim all her holes from himself. He could finally attain satisfaction, finally experience the sensations of a body that had ached for fulfillment. There was no way he could go back to his old life where he had a simple appearance, where having a dick was all it took to experience pleasure. Just one dick, and you were good to go. How lucky he was to have found a girl who could take all of his...

Intrusive thoughts filled his mind. He was and yet wasn't horny. His breathing accelerated, his tails swished, his mind raced. He felt his heart beating harder within his chest - and when he clutched at it, he only managed to grope himself. His eyes darted all over the place, looking for anything, any point of reference, any object or shape to make him believe he was in his own world. But nothing seemed to be in its place. Even the most innocent and random things felt like they'd been placed deliberately by some wicked hand. He felt the air choking him, making him struggle for breath.

He grabbed between his legs, finding more pleasure than he'd know what to do with, erections beginning to fight for space between his legs. He couldn't see them - his growing tits were obscuring his view, threatening to bury him in his own cleavage.

He looked up. His head tipped back. He lost his balance.

It was like he was falling forever.

WEDNESDAY

He woke up in a dark bedroom. The curtains had been drawn over the window. It was cold.

He felt an impulse speaking in his head. "Sarah, are you awake?"

"Hmm..."

She stirred. He felt her hand gliding over his body. Out of reflex, he reached to take it, to reassure her.

The bed was unbelievably comfortable. Light, warm and thick flannel, housed within a cozy bedroom of rustic design. He didn't want to get out. Heaven was under the blankets, and naught but blizzard awaited him outside in the unfamiliar home.

His first thought was to check whether he had zebra patterns on his arm. Glancing underneath the covers, he saw. He dared not look for a moment longer. The alien sensations flooded his mind on a constant basis. He was just barely getting used to it.

"Sarah... Hey, Sarah."

"Hmm!"

"...Can you speak?"

"Just five more minutes..."

"Sarah!"

She jolted awake. An adorable red panda head peeked out from the depths of her pillow. The girlfriend he knew as Sarah had become one of them. Strange, unfamiliar, familiar, attractive, sexy, irresistible.

He took her in his arms. She did likewise.

Without a word, they exchanged a tender kiss. For that one moment, he felt like he was in her bedroom once more, giggling quietly, trying to avoid detection while they got ready for yet another torrid night. He had loved those episodes of his life, those few episodes where he felt alive and bursting with energy. It was all coming back to him in this very instant, making his heart skip a beat. He felt the kiss bring him a renewed sense of purpose.

His mind was clear. Clear enough for him to assess the situation.

"Do you know where we are?" he asked.

"Sweden, I think." she answered. "I woke up in the middle of the night to get a glass of water. I looked outside, there was a huge snowstorm. Couldn't see a thing..."

She was awfully calm about it. But so was he. He didn't dwell on the fact for long.

"Do you know what happened?" he said.

"No. I was in bed; something snuck in and hugged me. I fell asleep. I thought I was having sleep paralysis."

"...You do realize what you are now, right?"

"Yeah. I don't know how I feel about it."

He blinked. "Sorry, what?"

"I have no emotion. I know I should be shocked but I can't form the reaction. It's like I'm just a spectator. I have to think really hard about what I say or do. Nothing comes naturally."

That explained her unnervingly laconic way of speaking. When he looked down at her, he only saw empty eyes staring up blankly, barely a glimmer of conscience in her gaze. It seemed to flicker, trying to escape from its pool of darkness.

"Jason," she said, "Your eyes are really bright."

"Thanks."

He kissed the top of her head. She answered with a smile he knew wasn't sincere, made up because she assumed it was the expected reaction. But in normal circumstances she would have smiled, yes. She would have answered by kissing him on the lips in this hurried and urgent fashion, in a more passionate and heartfelt version of what she was doing now.

He stopped her.

"Look, don't try. I know you're just going through the motions. But I really appreciate it."

"Okay."

As he looked at her, he saw this brightness returning. He saw the very fur of her cheeks setting aglow with a rosy blush that brought a welcoming warmth to her otherwise black and white body. Her hug around him tightened. She took a breath in staccato.

He squeezed her shoulders, he hugged around her waist, he groped her rumpcheeks. He kneaded the abundance of firm flesh, got his fingers lost in her tailbases. She glided her hands down his arms and intertwined fingers. She giggled when she realized both of their polydactylies.

Their hug was so complete that their balls rubbed to one another, many laden sacs brushing together, struggling to find space in an ever changing environment. She grabbed him, got on top

of him, grinded her sheathes among and between his own, grinning a wide, playful and carefree grin above him - the grin of the creature he'd see the first time around.

He grinned back, just the same way. He forgot his worries, his recent panics, his doubts. Sarah was here for him, he was here for her. Being in a lost cabin in the middle of nowhere was just one more thing in a string of wild insanities. Allowing himself a break from thinking rationally wasn't so bad. He's had a rough set of days. He could afford to stop caring for a little while.

None of the two dared lift the covers away. They guided themselves by touch, by scents, by taste. She crawled all over his face and he kissed her nipples as she went, finding three to love before she backed up - turning his head slightly, he could kiss three more. She disappeared under the covers and he found her lips kissing him in turn, three times down, three times up, her head surfacing with a radiant giggle.

He wanted her, no matter how she looked.

He wanted her even more now. He could hug her, he could grope her, he could do so many things and he could do them all. He moved his legs and she moved them against his in a wild tangle. The feeling was addictive. He could've cuddled all day long if it hadn't been for his growing arousal.

But when he reached down to take that matter into his hands, he grabbed lengths plural. Looking to his girlfriend, he saw her grinning shyly all of a sudden.

"Want me to remind you how to work these?" he teased.

She nodded. She joined hands before him. She batted her eyes. "Put them all into me, pretty please."

And he did. He got into her as many times as it took. The sensation was beyond this world, more intense than anything, everything he'd ever experienced put together. He could've sworn there were erogenous zones all over his body. He couldn't understand why he hadn't exploded right there and then.

Each thrust brought on a higher level of pleasure. He became a different Jason entirely, a creature of pure passion far removed from the rebellious teenager he had once been. He forgot everything, he forgot himself in the heat of lovemaking. He was certain he'd sunk well six feet of hard dick into her and yet he could hear her begging, whimpering for more, lewdly stretched out yet desperate to know his real dimensions. Every passing second made him think this was the end, that he couldn't take it anymore. He would lose control in some shape or form. He would either fill her under pressure or go insane trying.

He never noticed the ramifications of his orgasm. He vaguely remembered swimming in a maddening bliss for what seemed like hours on end. The experience left him panting for breath, tongues stuck out, trying and trying again to process all the wonders associated with his body. He and Sarah shuddered, his being still buried into her, their breasts swollen and firm, his girlfriend purring like a kitty with every shot of seed he pumped away. This orgasm kept going

on for minutes on end, any little movement enough to kick things up a little and increase the flow for a while longer.

When she got off him, it felt like she was cleaning him up after a blowjob. Lips that gripped, leaving little to no trace that anything had happened.

He was thinking about how many holes of hers he'd plugged with how many of his cocks - but she interrupted her.

"Okay! My turn."

"Wait, your turn?!"

Too late. With one mighty thrust, she'd made him into her new girlfriend.

THURSDAY

Another wake with a start, another bed, another hazy memory refusing to fade entirely away.

A zebra-striped red panda sat on the ledge of the bay window, overlooking a sprawling city in yet another middle of nowhere.

This wasn't Sarah. He could tell.

"Dubai." she told him. "Lovely on pictures, but really desolate and lifeless at the core. What do you think?"

He shrugged. Gathering his means, he slipped out of bed. Without surprise, he was as naked as she was. He was just like her, and she just like him.

She faced him. She grinned.

"You look adorable as the new you." she told him. "Did you like your experience so far? Don't answer. You really want to say no, but I know you mean to say yes."

He could think clearly. He could speak clearly. "What did you do, exactly?"

"It's straightforward," she told him, "I took the planet and added everyone's being to my own. I got to know their history, their memories, their thought process and their knowledge. I now have doctorate-level expertise in the planet's particular sciences, know how to operate every machine standing in the world, know every corporate secret that is worth remembering, and I can fluently speak any of the six thousand five hundred languages that exist here. Specifically, I know all your life and all your memories. You were just about to finish high school and had no clue what to do at university. You're the boyfriend of Sarah Keller, with whom you were initially a basic fuck-friend until you two got emotional together. Your mother was a pharmacist called Nancy and she's married to your father Robert, who always joked about the fact that he and your neighbor share the same first name. Your younger sister is called Phoebe, she's bi-curious but I think that if she'd been left to her own devices she'd have settled down with a boyfriend after all and put an end to her escapades with other girls."

Jason tilted his head. "So, how did you get in the house?"

"Before I did your home, I did the one of Mr. Lundqvist, your next door neighbor, who had your spare house key. For whoever I couldn't get into on the first shot, I got done with the news station a while later, so I dressed up and posed as a substitute. I told everyone they were free to resume life as normal, and it got a lot of them to open their doors and let me in."

He nodded. "What are you going to do now?"

"I'll repurpose most of the infrastructure. I'll retrofit vehicles with more efficient engines, I'll optimize the factories, I'll do some work around most major population centers to observe a more

sensible and resource-economical layout. I'll restore the vegetation so as to counteract the effect of greenhouse gases, I'll get rid of all restaurants, I'll strip the networks down to just what's needed, and the Internet will be used just as a physical backup of any notes I want to keep. I'll also convert Dubai into a spaceport so that I can ship things back and forth with more ease. The rockets used here are very good, but I know of an engine design that's even more powerful and efficient, so I'll use that. I was lucky enough to stumble on a breakthrough in Switzerland that would revolutionize engine design in every aspect of locomotion on this planet... I think if I hadn't gotten here, this scientist would've gotten intimidated by the megacorporations you've let take over. I'm glad to have shown up. The world was doing both very well and very badly at the same time. I'm not sure how the next years would've gone, to be honest. But anyway, it's all past us now."

Jason could not form any emotion over it. Instead, he only asked further questions. "And... *what* are you?"

"It's hard to describe since we all look different from each other. We have a common base in that we're all drawn around the body of what you know as a red panda, mixed with some cues recognizable from other species you know: girwahffes, cheetwahs, wahntelopes, cwahmels, salwahmanders, okwahpis, gwahzelles, and the list goes on. Further, we're variant in how our body is shaped. We have doubles, triples, quads, quintes, hexes, and a few more. Myself, I'm a hex-zebrwah. There is someone I know not too far away and I hope to introduce you to her tomorrow, she's an octo-girwahffe. She's a total dream of a babe - and she got tentacles!"

He knew he wanted to chuckle at all the strange names, but he realized that she was amalgamating known words of his vocabulary in his own language. Surely they were called something else in her native tongue, but she'd been quick-thinking enough to translate them into imagery he could easily form in his mind.

To think there were others with even more than she had... red pandas built around the concept of seven, eight, nine, God knew how far this could all reach.

He let himself think the information dump over. His home, his entire planet had been transformed and converted into an extension of her being and she'd described it like a mundane project.

"So is everyone...?"

"Gone? No. It's better for me to grab information and experience than destroy them. Think of it this way: you can make something yours, so there's no reason to erase it. You want it instead in the best condition you can find. I took the bodies I found and added them to myself. The minds, I store away and they'll be dormant unless I call them up again. The younger people like you took this really well, so I can summon the likes of you to talk about things - I need minds that aren't my own to challenge what I say and do so I can make progress in my life. There are some others, I think their world will shatter around them if they find out what's happened. I use their knowledge and experience, but I can't let them see how the planet is now, as much as I want to sugar coat it for them. So, as far as they are concerned, they simply fainted when I went about and did my thing."

She smiled. "The short story is that I came in, I made my home here, and I took the collective experience and knowledge of seven billion people into myself. I know all your literature by heart, I can analyze the process of your philosophers, I can build a working car by hand, I can form an idea of how to best use the planet at my disposal and make sure it'll be comfortable living here. My pilgrimage is done; this'll be my home from now on, and I'll arrange and decorate it to my liking. Some other things, like your legal system, are obsolete for obvious reasons. I know the laws of every country in the world, but since there are no longer any countries and no need to enforce laws on anyone, it's become filler material. In fact, there are a lot of structures and utilities that have no reason to exist anymore, so I'll take them down. I'd rather grow plants and trees instead of leaving empty buildings around."

Jason frowned. "We seem like insects to you." he remarked. "You could've wiped the world out with the back of your hand."

"We are built differently." she said, evading his accusation. "It just happens that I do some things you don't, and it's allowed me to do whatever it is I do normally. I'll use the power I've got on hand as I see fit. This is how we expand and get better. Giving birth is how we reproduce and get a mind that's not our own to grow and expand in turn, much like most all advanced species that exist in the universe."

When she got up, he felt a weight coming off his shoulders. He straightened his back, stretched, tested the flexibility of his limbs. And she did the same. He slowly came to terms with the gravity of the situation... yet, as the fact became clearer, it also became more muted. He couldn't help but look upon it all with a certain detachment. Rationally speaking, it was somehow better than the life he'd had before, getting yelled at by his parents, struggling with homework, repeating the same BMX maneuver for the umpteenth time and failing at it. He knew Sarah was alive and well, safe somewhere within that ubiquitous creature. And reincarnated as one of the horniest, most sex-crazed hermaphrodite he thinks will ever be seen on the face of this world. The two had discovered a whole new world within each other last night...

Fine. So perhaps this whole conquest thing wasn't a bad affair. He was still young, and he had no sense of patriotism. No honor to lose, no devotion to a homeland or something worth fighting for. The cards had been shuffled, everyone had been dealt a straight flush, and he was glad for his hand had improved from it.

This process of thinking over, he cleared his throat to get her attention.

"Why did I ask you all of these questions?"

She'd turned around meanwhile, taking her seat at the bay window once more. Her eyes remained upon him, considering him seriously.

"If I had let your mind go free right away, you'd have panicked. You wouldn't have had any question in your head for me, you'd have just stared with no clue what to do. You would've asked loaded questions, or vague questions, or things you could never possibly have gotten a satisfactory answer to. Likewise if I'd just frozen you in place and dumped the whole situation's story on you unprovoked, you would've had to process this big imposing ball however you'd like to, and there was no guarantee you would've taken it the right way. So instead I went between

those two extremes: I made you ask the right questions and this way I got to give you the right answers. In short, I did your thinking for you."

He nodded in understanding, still feeling like he was nodding under her imperative without really thinking about it. Now that he knew, now that he had been introduced to this new life, he kept this apprehension that any time, any place - she might just take control of his soul and leave him to watch as he moved against his will. Hopefully it would never come to that. Hopefully he'd never become a spectator of himself.

She had an expectant gaze set upon him. Even with all those safeguards she'd put in place, he felt like this was a large pill to swallow, let alone digest. He had to forget and unlearn everything about the world.

A silence followed. He spent it by pacing around in the busy, luxurious suite. When he moved away, she turned her head and began staring at the wall, apparently lost in her thoughts.

Meanwhile, he walked for the sake of walking. He felt his heart skip a beat when three feet took a step all together. In his personal silence, he felt himself, felt his body, discovered himself anew from head to toe.

He rubbed his six-fingered hands together, he took them down his chest thrice over, he squeezed his hips, he groped his large bubble butt. He swished his extravagantly long tails, he wrapped them all around his body, he slipped them between his legs and he shivered.

He admired his gigantic balls, and then he felt intimidated by them. He dreaded the sight of his hard-on in broad daylight. From the cavernous sheathes alone, he knew there were impossibly huge shafts hidden within.

When he came back to her, he didn't step in entirely. He leaned against the doorway.

"So, why's my mind my own, right now? Why am I not just another you?"

"Remember what I said about having people to challenge what I say and do? This is it right here. You're not the only one under this exercise. I spent most of the week letting you and some others out in a controlled fashion to see how you'd react and how you would think in your various situations. You are inquisitive and you approach the unknown by staying calm and careful - and once you know everything you want, you throw yourself in with an exceptional passion. It's why you were that good of a guild member on Magic Blade Online. And me, I'm a creature who needs social interaction. I can't be seven billion of myself all alone on a planet; I'll bore myself to tears. I need people with whom to talk, play, and what have you. It's just that now society operates on my own terms. I've stored the bad apples away and kept the good ones. We're going to live in about as close to a practical utopia as you can imagine, and I'll be calling the shots to keep everything running smooth."

She paused, and then gave him a wide grin. "You'll be a great member of that society. You're listening to me and you're not paying attention to the fact that we're both naked. You want to touch yourself but it's not as important to you as finishing our conversation. You want to discover how it is to be someone like me but you know it would be rude to just run off and do

your thing right in the middle of me speaking with you. You also know it would be a stupid idea since I know your every thought and I'll keep you from running away if I want to. Lastly, you thought of all that while I was not pressing an ounce of control on you. You've been left to your devices ever since I sat back down here and you wandered off into the dining room. You think the way I want you to think, and you've done it all by yourself."

She clapped her six hands. "With this said, I think it's about all that you need to know for today. I've done the same with others. If you ever want to go somewhere and visit, I'll put your mind in another body. I hope you liked your night with your girlfriend in Sweden. I thought the backwoods decor was perfect to cause some good friction, and I was visibly right. You got to know how it is to be a girl. It rocked your world so hard you fainted after she came in you."

Jason raised his hand like a school boy. "Speaking of which, where's Sarah now?"

"She's in Tokyo. I left her alone at a hot spring so she can discover herself at her own pace, then I'll set her dormant and call her back up in a day or two. You'll see her again many times over, but get the ideas of girlfriend and boyfriend out of your mind. These concepts don't apply anymore. My kin is more openly, liberally and casually sexual than yours is, and we make love frequently for many reasons simple and complex. When you're ready to do so, you'll signal whoever you're talking to by making your breasts larger, getting erections, and having puffed labia. Afterwards, I don't think I need to explain how it goes. You know your way around."

He chuckled, looking down. "That was way too much information, but thanks."

She moved aside when he looked towards the window. He'd never seen Dubai before. In the flesh, it was a splendid city, a beautiful lifeless work of art that she'd peppered with her own life moving far down below. A cloud of dust rose above the surface some distance away: she was taking out unused buildings and preparing a spaceport in their stead. She was using the middle of nowhere for utilitarian purposes that would've polluted other spots of the world.

He giggled. One of his tails was batting at one of hers. The two appendages hooked, tugged playfully at once another. He heard her giggle in turn.

One by one, soon all six tails were involved in the embrace. She pulled away. Without looking, he heard her run to the other side of the bedroom. And then, he heard her snap her fingers twice, quickly.

He turned around. And she taught him how to use his body.

She took a step forward, arms crossed above her head, arms crossed between her upper sets of breasts, hands on her hips. He mimicked the pose.

She took a step forward, flitting her three pairs of ears. He did the same.

She took a step forward, licking her lips. He did so, and he did with six slender tongues much to his own surprise.

She took a step forward, seeming to idly rub at her midriff. He did as well, his fingers gliding over the six small divots that were each of his navels.

She took a step forward, balancing herself on one leg, kicking three others, doing a modern dance in place, freeform, improvising. And so he answered with his own thoughts expressed raw, his mind to movements, his six legs rubbing to one another, spreading outwards, hopping on his feet, spinning around once.

She took a step forward and she turned aside. She put a set of hands on the foot of the bed and bent over to expose herself. He got to witness the tangle of folds she'd been gifted with. Three pairs across, two rows deep, taking up so much space between her legs, easily visible among the short fur. And the lane between her lush asscheeks, studded with pleasure, six tailholes on a vertical line, pristine, welcoming sex and nothing else.

He could feel himself getting hot and bothered. He did not want her more than anything in the world, like before. He did not feel a compulsion. Rather, he felt like he could jump on an opportunity and help himself. He felt like he could turn around and walk away, but instead chose to remain and spend his time in simple pleasure.

She took a step forward. A few legs straight, a few legs bent, she was slowly crawling on top of the bed, swishing her tails, making them move in complex, hypnotizing maneuvers.

He looked down at himself, watching his body grow aroused, watching every fiber of his being wake up to her beckoning, her subtle fragrance, her open display. He saw his breasts counting the alphabet in teasing shudders, leaving the comfort of their manageable size to become D-cups, E-cups, inching larger and jigglier until he had six massive J-cup breasts, hemispherical areolae capped with nipples so erect, they seemed to be throbbing.

She took a step forward. She purred, she moaned, she stretched. She arched so far back that her head rested on top of her rump. She had those adorable blue eyes for him, this cute little pout that gave her such a convincing look to induce doubt. 'Am I not good enough for you?' said her expression. 'Do I not make you want to jump on this bed and take me?'

His sheathes stretched wide open around the crowns of his dicks. He stared at them in shock, not remembering them being so incredibly thick, taking up so much space. The sheath size hadn't betrayed their true dimensions - and there they were, inching longer and longer with every heartbeat, making him breathe in louder and more hurried intakes as he saw his lengths flare out, show their median ring, let out a thick bead of pre-cum and completely soak the carpet under the bed. He was hung and shaped like a stallion several times his own size. Several times over.

She took a step forward, if only to put some more distance in-between, leaving him the space he needed to rise to his full glory. She was far away, and getting further away. She did glance back, just to giggle at Jason not realizing he was stroking the base of his cocks.

His six cocks. Teased by his own six hands.

He gulped.

"My God, they're... six feet long. How am I supposed to masturbate?"

She gave him an innocent grin in response. "I'm sorry, what?" That question was not meant to be answered.

She had twelve holes to fulfill. He'd have to fuck her twice.

His new way of masturbation had transformed into a team game.

He wanted her to do the same to him once he was done. Maybe be so bold as to propose to trade halfway in.

He sunk into her. Entirely. Disappeared, yet felt every inch. She was bottomless perfection, a busty angel, a tight goddess. He saw her as horny as he was, her six lengths of pure ebony would be her built-in mattress until she'd reach her own satisfaction.

He thrust with reckless abandon, slapping the most of his body weight against an ass that looked to have been made for the express purpose of cushioning against a wild romp like he did. Throughout it all, he found the presence of mind to finger both her and himself a few times over, tasting the pleasure of both sexes at once in a grand harmony better than the sum of its parts.

She clung to him lovingly, and kisses around his neck when he spent the next twenty minutes cumming his seed into her.

FRIDAY

Guangzhou.

The transformation had been so profound, he didn't recognize the city anymore. It had once been the textbook example of pollution, of unrestrained urban spread and decay, of smog so thick that one could barely see beyond their snout. In just four days, she'd rendered the metropolis into a paradise. The atmosphere could hardly be any more perfect: blue sky dotted with cotton-ball clouds, warm air, cleanliness abound, graffiti taken away save for the more artistic murals, a river whose bottom he could see - the list was long. No one could have ever suspected the city of having once been an overpopulated hive.

He found that his new empress had an affinity for tall places. She'd claimed the top of skyscrapers almost exclusively, going so far as to convert now-useless office towers into her personal lofts and condominiums. Thousands of cubicles once used for telemarketing, accounting and executive meddling. All three dreadful practices had been put to an end. He figured he still had much to discover: many of the jobs of his past world had disappeared. The service industry no longer had a use in the eyes of a planet's collective mind. There was only the manufacturing of utilitarian items, and the bodies to use them on. Means of communication had been stripped to their bare essentials. Distant talk was no longer a concept when all it took was the transfer of two minds into two adjacent bodies. All he had to do was think, ask politely within himself, and she gladly took him around.

In just one morning, he'd seen the great skylines of the world. Paris, Istanbul, Adelaide, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Caracas... he'd remained for barely a minute before a flight of fancy demanded he look at yet another. He must've wasted over two hours just testing her patience at moving him around, and she'd obliged without a remark. When he'd asked how she could be so receptive around him, she had reminded him that his requests took a sliver of her attention among the work she did elsewhere in the world.

"You think you're obnoxious because you think in terms of one-to-one." she had said. "But what's really happening is what you do when you load a web page and it's a server who responds to give you what you want. That server satisfies the need of thousands of people at once, and it's not an effort for it. It doesn't take any heavy lifting from me to take you where you want. If you want to see the world all year long and hop every half a second, then be my guest."

In the end, Jason had been one of those who would be himself for the longest. Young, receptive, yet without any ideals. He had no world of his own to see crumble around him, no ten year plan to see vanishing before his eyes. It was just that the days from now on would be different. Sarah had reacted the same way. Several more had. Some others were so young that they wouldn't even recall their past world, and only know of this new one. Yet, she preferred those like him: with a certain history and culture of their own, they served to ground her and provide the best experiments in thought. The younger ones, coming of age, would only know of lovemaking.

His overlord came up from behind, rubbing his shoulders.

"She's here. You ready to meet her?"

Jason gulped. "Why me? I've a hard time believing I'm that special."

She smiled. "She's meeting a lot of people, not just you. And just like me, she's got her own parliament of dissenting opinions to keep her head busy. We here are even better for her and for ourselves: you're about to interact with another planet entirely, one with its own history, culture and ideas. Don't worry, I taught her English when she arrived. You'll understand each other."

Reaching behind himself, he found her hips.

"I guess I'll come around like always," he said. "I just never know if it's because of you or because of me."

Backing away, she sighed. "This should be the least of your worries." She turned away, dismissing him with a wave of the hand as she went to laze onto the living room's couch.

He straightened up, put his feet together, smoothed his fur. Confidence filled him, pushing him to take deep breaths and foresee his meeting as a beautiful, glorious one.

"You're right," he said without thinking. "I think we'll have a lot in common together."

"There we go, that's the Jason I want. Off you go now."

"Yes!"

And he turned away, walking at a brisk pace, his airy shirt and skirt fluttering, his fluffy tails swishing in grand motions yet coming together automatically to get through the doorway. He'd been driven to put something on just to take them off later, fancying himself as a gift-wrapped surprise to unleash upon someone new to impress them and drive them—

When he closed the door behind him, he felt his mind returning under his control again. He *hated* when she did that.

This was surely a way to get under his skin, re-writing him just enough to make him enjoy his next plan of action but not enough to make him completely oblivious to what had happened. His benevolent dictator always had a reminder at the ready to teach him his place again and again. He could voice his concerns and his disagreements all he desired - but in the end, she was the one to make the final decisions.

He hadn't even seen this octo-girwahffe she'd spoken about yet. And yet his first priority was to get inside of her.

Her room was the suite at the very end of the corridor. The door had been left ajar so he could get in without anyone handling the lock. A foreign knowledge drove him to look for her in the living room.

There she was.

The sun shone on a body of unprecedented magnificence. She looked as warm as the light bathing her, small accents and streams of radiant white set among great continents of gold. He counted the way she was in all eights. He counted the eight ears, the eight stubby little horns, the eight arms, the eight legs, the eight tails. He witnessed her casually brushing her long glimmering hair back, giraffe spots even in her regal curtain - straight, unlike the wavy style of his own queen.

He stood as if he was openly defying her. His feet parted, a hand on his hip, a serious expression on his face. Inside, he wanted to make love until he'd faint. Outside, it wasn't his mind moving his body.

She nodded at him, and suddenly the inside and outside matched. The facade dropped, his posture becoming much more humble. She'd seen the good on display, and now she wanted to speak to the mind within.

She beckoned him forward. He took in the details as they manifested. Her hips were those of a giant, her body easily taller than his by a head, everything about her lengthened into a slender and athletic perfection. She was another outlook on anatomy, a fresh difference from the zebra heritage he carried: tight, toned and endowed with hidden strength. Compared to her, he looked almost stocky.

He stopped, smiled and nodded his head. She grinned in return. The introduction had been wordless and it was perfect this way. She spread her legs a little further and patted at the impossibly laden sacs composing her maleness. He saw with much surprise that she was in eights in every place he was six - and even in some places he wasn't. Blushing with initial envy, he saw the four sets of balls fighting for space in just one of her eight pouches. But then he steeled himself. He might have just a pair for each of his own dicks, but his were *better*, end of story. He took pride in how he looked much less busy, his body endowed with careful finesse instead of raw excess for its own sake.

His queen shattered his assumption with but one implanted thought: her kin was mentally programmed at the base level to think of themselves as the superior counterpart. A double was happier with her body and made no wish to be like the deca she'd sit next to, because she figured herself more compact, able to sneak in all places, easy to hide, made for connoisseurs who knew the fine things in life instead of going for just the bundle of huge cocks. And the deca was happier with her body for exactly the opposite reasons.

Just like that, his sense of pride returned. He gave it a brief fight out of habit, and he lost it just like he'd always done even when he gave it his all.

I'll fuck her and show her how proper lovemaking is done, his mind thought to himself.

Every new surprise of her body was a challenge to surmount. He saw her breasts swell pair after pair until all eight globes pushed against one another, making up expansive cleavage despite her nakedness. He saw her eight giant dicks rising by the inch and then by the foot, far longer than he was tall, nearly as thick as one of his legs. And then he saw his own cocks rising just the same, approving of her body.

He climbed her. He made a game out of it. She giggled at his creativity, at how he pretended to be scaling a great cliff with much effort, taking poses of seduction as he stopped now and then to glance around himself at an imaginary landscape, reacting to the wonderful nature around him, rubbing himself against those hard lengths as he closed the distance between himself and his end goal.

When he arrived on top, he gave her a kiss on the slits. On all eight cockslits. He slipped his tongues around and teased her until he heard her moan. And he repeated the maneuver on all seven other of her lengths.

Climbing further, he straddled this imposing plateau and ended the first chapter of their diplomatic meeting. Slowly, he came down to her altitude, having taken all eight of her erections into eight of his holes. The gap between his legs stretched wide, his asscheeks grew larger to maintain a semblance of roundness, his own shafts dribbled steady and abundant rivers of precum. He got face to face with her, still not speaking one word - instead, they hugged arms around and shared a deep and languorous kiss.

She found his hands and overwhelmed his six digits with her eight. She fought his six tongues and defeated them with her eight. She wrapped him all up and he had absolutely nothing to answer with: octos had eight tentacles on their backs. Thick as an arm, strong as two, precise without a fault. Her tails followed suit, making the moment intimate and hidden away, kinky exchange lost in an excess of warm fluff, clad in a commonized Japanese rope made of her own body.

He serviced her just as he'd been taught, and just as his new instincts told him. Exercising the minute control he had over every inch of his body, he worked the walls of his sweet tunnels around her cocks. He squeezed in rippling motions, taking the best of blowjobs, handjob and lovemaking, and he thrust around her. From the outside, the two were in a motionless embrace.

She broke the kiss and smiled at him. Beneath their faces was the shelf of their aroused busts. Some of her hands had disappeared from view, lost somewhere between her legs.

"Nice to meet you Jason." she said in a voice much too casual for the event, her words imbued with a slight accent - she lightly rolled her tongues on occasion. "I look forward to you meeting the rest of the girls; I've been told you got a really good head on your shoulders."

"The rest of you?"

"Yes, but also the rest of us, my kin. It'll take another week to get everything ready but after that you'll be able to explore and get to know some of the others nearby. There's a triple and a duodeca who are close neighbors to your planet."

She must've seen him appear to faint for a moment. She'd said there was a duodeca. Twelve, twelve of everything.

She grinned. "I like the triple. She's all tiny. The duodeca's like looking at a wall, you don't know where to start."

Without realizing, she'd spoken the thought he'd had just minutes before.

Didn't keep him from doing his thing. His new second nature was amazingly easy to put to use. He maintained this conversation while pleasuring himself on top of her poles, not caring that his body was larger on the inside than the outside, not seeming to realize that he was supposed to have an orgasm at some point, maybe scream and moan along with her after a while.

"I'm about to." she told him. "We'll switch places afterwards."

"Alright."

The two broke out in a chorus, and for that one moment they lost their ability at coherent thought. Their bodies became made of their voice, their fluids and their abundance. She emptied countless gallons into him in just one long, massive thirty-minute splurt. She made him juice right back for just as long and just as hard. She saw him cum and splatter his seed all over the ceiling, raining back down on the couple. In all of this, they were ready to think clearly again after just five minutes. And so they continued, exchanging remarks and cultural knowledge while waiting for their climaxes to end, their voices a little higher-pitched from the pleasure bouncing around in them.

He wanted to get in her straight away but she made him wait. She made him endure a little show. She danced and paraded her body until he was distressed and on the verge of begging. He wanted to move but she had told him not to. But... she wasn't the boss of him. She wasn't his queen, his empress or his dictator. She was a good neighbor, nothing more.

When she parted the lips of a few of her pussies to rub at the eight clits tightly set together in each of them, he sprung into action. Breaking the rule imposed upon him, he demonstrated that the only person able to control his mind and manners was his mistress and no one else.

She wrapped her legs around him loosely and she engaged in a playful sex fight with him. He worked the raw power of three pairs of hips in unison, while she offered resistance with her long tentacles. He clenched his teeth, growled at her while she licked her lips and grinned in response. He pushed and shoved, he pinned her onto the giant cushion she sat on, and he proceeded to destroy her from the inside out.

He made her scream first in pleasure, then in need, and finally in frustration as he swiftly and unexpectedly pulled out, turning away from her and letting her gush up a flooding torrent of her juices as she was made to stare at his behind, at the sideboob peeking largely from each side, at the rumbling nuts gathered in his sacs, and at his six cocks shooting cum against the far wall. He stood like he had ceased to acknowledge her existence, a hand on his hip, smug posture of the one who'd just finished proving himself and declaring his own victory.

And when she got up and hugged him from behind, all was forgiven. The two were sweet lovers once again.

She glided her hands down, spreading herself around. Four of them stroked the lip of his sheathes. Four others gently fingered between his sexlips.

She kissed his cheek. "That was good." she said in a whisper. "I'll go pour a bath so I can clean up. You're coming back in ten minutes?"

He turned his head to return her kiss, this time on the lips. "Sure. I'll walk around a bit in the meantime. Be back soon."

He had been as casual as she.

He stayed in place and watched her amazing rump sway and jiggle with her careful footsteps, refusing to look away until she and the great forest of her eight mouthwatering legs had disappeared in the bathroom. He could tell she had leaned over far too much for what was needed. Just another way to remind him it was well within his interest to join her once the bath was full. They had so much to tell one another. Yet this strange love-at-first-sight affair was how they said hello. He would most surely do it again. World to world, planet to planet.

He got himself pleasantly lost in his own head as he killed time. Spotting a door with an interesting glimmer on it, he felt a familiar compulsion taking him. That one too had been left ajar. The temptation was too great: he had to push it open.

He could recognize the sounds, the smells, the aromas of flowers and erotic, exotic musk in the air. He could almost taste it. He hadn't been the only one to make love on this floor.

In the living room he saw his very own and dear Sarah, pounding her own alien girwahffe into submission with just the force of her oversized dicks. Holding the visitor by her tentacles, she'd gotten the creature on hands and knees, doing her doggy-style.

Locking eyes with him, his girlfriend blushed. And then, she grinned.

"...Forgive me, Jason?"