

January 2, 2100, Winnipeg

"Hey, Jake."

"*What?*"

"Telepork me."

She had to wait a full minute for his uncontrollable laughter to come to an end.

"Geez, girl! How am I supposed to get you in the mood if you go and give me horrible word plays like that at ten in the evening?"

"Ten in the **morning**, I'll have you know."

"Right, right, I get you, you got morning wood, you want to get rid of them, and I'm the one who knows your sweet spots best."

"Pretentious."

"Say it."

"Jake, serious, I really really really need your help right now."

"Say it!"

She sighed. "**Fine.** You know my sweet spots best, Jake. Yes, you know them better than Sam and Kacey. They are so going to kick my ass if they find out I said that."

"*Thought you liked spanking.*"

"I don't. Who the heck gave you that idea?"

"*Oh, one or the others.*"

"It's Sam who likes spanking. Get it right already."

She heard him chuckle. "*Forgive me? Come on, Lizzy, I've still got a huge case of jet lag here. I actually should be sleeping right now, I've got to get up at five to drive over into downtown Dhaka and somehow magically stuff my car into a parking spot so I can go figure out what the big emergency is that they need to pull me on over there during the holidays of all things. And anyway can't you just use your hands to get yourself off? You should have two left over if you stick to the sexes.*"

"Yeah, well... we had a bit of a hot session last night and they cuffed me to the bed."

"*The New Year's party was that wild, eh?*"

"My upper arms and my outer legs are out of commission. I've just woken up and I can't find anyone in the apartment, so I guess they went grocery shopping... Either way, they're gone, I don't have a key, I don't know where it is, and more importantly I don't want to masturbate, I want to **fuck**. So please and with a million cherries on top, can you get on with it so I can stop ruining my wallet over making the most expensive long-distance call in history?"

Jake gave her a warm laugh, and she could feel the pressure of his lips on her forehead. *"Sure, babe. You be strong, alright?"*

It didn't take long for him to lock onto her, to send his mind wandering across the globe, gathering around her and snuggling her with his ethereal presence. She felt him all over her, her boyfriend gifted with far more limbs here than in his physical form, his body seemingly everywhere on her. She felt her lips open up, she felt her hard-ons getting snuggled into sweet tunnels, her nipples circled by teasing licks... and she was sure he was groping her ass while he was at it.

"More, Jake. Please, go nuts..."

He obeyed. Within seconds, she felt cocooned, embraced in every way, surrounded and basking in his warmth. Her legs were already forced apart, but she tried what she could to spread them even more, offering herself to his advances. She wanted to contribute, she wanted to jerk off to the event, but her lowest set of arms couldn't get their wrists off the bed. Neither could the pair above. And of the next-to-last one, the only hand she could move was the one holding the cellphone to her ear. In truth, he'd taken full control, and the lovemaking would go on at his pace.

She closed her eyes. In this situation, it was best to simply let her sense of touch speak for the act. After all, there was nothing to see. She focused on the sensations in her arms, down her legs, across her nipples, sometimes tickling at her midriff... Within moments, he was rutting in wild motions into her, rendering her helpless and having his way with her body. Her cunnies were stretched to obscene degrees around his lengths, her cocks pressed tight and made to throb in deep rumbles, their shade moving to an angrier shade of pink. In the all-encompassing snuggle, she needed only mere moments to explode in fluids, in spasms and in voice.

Above her floated ten spheres. Four of them of a pure white, three more off-white, and three were transparent.

"I figured you didn't want to get the floor dirty. Shall I take them away?"

"No, put them into me."

She opened wide, swallowing the four loads of milk. Her seed and her juices shoved into her, leaving it to her wombs to process. As abundant as it was, each taste made her produce feel like rare delicacies.

"Thanks Jake. I owe you one."

"No, you owe me six. You had that many orgasms. Remember, one per sex. So... you give me one quarter of a blowjob when I'm back, and we'll be even."

"Deal. So, you looking forward to that meeting?"

"Not really, but it'll be a piece of cake. They're good business partners; they don't cut corners like most other people do. We'll be fine. It'll just be boring instead of difficult."

"Alright. Talk to you later, okay?"

"Sure. You're not getting out of the cuffs? I mean, you could break them, or lift yourself off the bedposts, you know."

"No, I want to play by their rules. Doesn't mean I won't skirt the line as closely as I can though. I'll make myself all pretty for when the others get back."

"That's my herm! Tell them I said hi!"

"Of course. Good night Jake!"

She set the phone aside and considered her situation. The problem actually wasn't in how she was pinned to her bed until Sam and Kacey returned from God-knew-what, but in how it would take effort to

get herself all prepped and dolled up. She hadn't even begun figuring out how she wanted to decorate herself that already she was complaining of the work involved.

I'm on vacation dammit, I shouldn't have to do all this crap, she thought. Still, if she was to wait like an idiot without moving, she might as well offer the girls a fun surprise for when they get back.

She began by taking a shower. She couldn't focus her entire mind across the world like Jake could but she could very well do so within her apartment. She opened the faucet, let the water run for a while, and once she felt it was warm enough, took a load of it to bring back to her bedroom. Soap, sponge and facecloth trailed behind, floating after the ball of water. She bathed in the warmth of a would-be bath, confining the water to just around her body, pushing hard with her mind to get it past and under her hydrophobic fur. She let the soapy water flow along and around her four sets of arms, her row of four lush breasts, her row of four legs, the full moons of her ass, the three insanely long and thick rudder tails she had... She got between every finger, every toe, still keeping her eyes closed to help retain control over the moving waters. Sending everything back, she placed the soap into its bowl, the sponge next to it, the load of water dropped into the bath and left to drain. With plenty of time on her hands, she allowed herself the luxury of a second ball of water to warm herself up for a while longer. With all said and done, the otter was clean and dry, the only traces of her bath being in the softened texture of her fur and the fragrance of tropical fruits that had been in the soap.

The next step was to do her hair. No need to shampoo it, as she'd just press the reset button on it. She brought an electric razor out of the bathroom, pulled on her blonde hair, and shaved it all clean off.

I think I'll go with pink this time... Sam adores pink.

A wild mass exploded from her head, her new hair color shooting out to become a messy arrangement of wavy, bright pink locks that were quite the change from her usual sporty blonde ponytail. She fanned the style around herself, careful to lay it out in a halo around her head and make herself the centerpiece. She completed the look by growing a fluffy tuft of soft pink hair on the tip of her tails.

Perhaps she could borrow some of Kacey's modular underwear. Lucky her, there were plenty of a pink and white lace set that was as girly as one could ever possibly hope. Why not! The girls might find it refreshing to come up on the tomboy otter in the most feminine look she'd worn in years. A kinky note

will be perfect to provoke double-takes: a golden barbell worn over the bra cups, passing through fabric and flesh alike.

She checked the clock on the nightstand. It was going on ten thirty and still no sign of the girls... Normally this would be just the perfect cue for them to arrive and yell "We're home!" Much to her chagrin, she'd have to find some way to kill time, while keeping her vow of remaining cuffed to the bed.

She opened her cellphone's browser and thumbed through galleries. She needed her fingers to type in the addresses but once they'd been laid out, she could leave the phone to rest against her large bust, her mind precise enough to perform swipes and go from picture to picture. Her middle shaft lengthened in arousal, quickly reaching up to her mouth, and she entertained the two others at the same time, diving the fingers of her four remaining free arms between her pussylips. She willed herself to remain contained, out of respect for Kacey's outfits, and so no milk left her, no juices went anywhere beyond her inner folds... Only her precum flowed, and it did so as if attempting to compensate for everything else. Some of it went down her throat, the girl not making any attempt to swallow, while the remainder poured upwards and landed on the ceiling, made to disobey gravity under her will.

She went through four or five easy and shallow orgasms that way, glancing at pictures she'd seen before, featuring boys and girls already known on an international level: the best in their field, the sort from whom others drew inspiration. She had been lucky enough to bump into what was essentially a Siamese cat version of herself: thousands of pictures featured the svelte young woman, the girl an exotic wonder of white fur that took on a darker shade towards her head and her twelve limbs. The pictures were often taken in quick succession, showing her in the middle of a dance, standing on the tiptoes of four feet, bending over and raising her three tails to showcase the treasures between four long legs, four asscheeks on a lovely row. Close-ups sometimes portrayed her as if she were anonymous, a few of her eight hands fondling her row of four perky breasts, the beestings smoothly growing into floor-reaching globes at a pace most would have found alarming only a few decades ago. She grew other parts of herself on a regular basis: her tails could easily cover the entire room, her clits stood out like huge cocks of their own, becoming prehensile and coiling about the true horsecock above them, jerking them off. Every set was like this. It all began as something artsy and innocent, erotic on the edges, only to explode into a show of pure unleashed sexuality. The unexpected part was when. Sometimes it was only a dozen pictures in. Sometimes it was after an agonizing tease that went on for a whole thousand.

Too bad she couldn't contact that kitty somehow. Just to view the pictures, Lizzy had to register on a website written entirely in Cambodian.

She let her cum pour down her throat and let the valve open for a while, simply recirculating her own produce and leaving herself to swim in the sweet bliss. Like always, it was an exercise that grew old really quick. She thought she had spent a full hour idly masturbating in the bed, but another glance at the clock had revealed she'd only been going at it for five minutes.

In truth, it wasn't an orgasm she really wanted. She wanted a good screw, with all three of her fuck-friends at home together. When it wasn't Jake going to the end of the world on his business ventures, it was Sam out at an art convention. She thought of back when the relationship was at its peak, when responsibilities weren't so high on the list and when the foursome spent days finding ways to make love. Lizzy's favorite by far was when she was the center of attention, when she impaled each of her fuck-friends on a cock and watched them exchange gropes and kisses between one another, or when the three of them pounded her at their own pace and competed upstairs for her lips. She couldn't hide the fact that she loved to feel like a goddess, surrounded by devoted priestesses - yes yes, even Jake! With enough smooth talking and a drink or two, she could convince him to slip into a cute dress for a whole night.

There was even more to it, though. She felt strangely empty on the inside, and no amount of touching herself had done anything about it. The sheer boredom made her think more than she should, that much she was aware of, but even if she was indeed thinking madness, surely it couldn't be all bad, right?

Curious, she dialed Jake's number again.

"Jake, were you asleep?"

"I don't even know. I think I'm quantum asleep. I want to, but I can't. To be honest, I feel like shit. What's up?"

"Jake... I was thinking... What if we had a kid?"

"...No kidding? Serious? Lizzy, that's great news! You know Sam and Kacey have wanted to have one for weeks now. They just hadn't gone through with it 'cause they knew the two of us were still on the fence."

"Yeah. Tell you what: if I'm doing it, are you in too?"

"Yes, absolutely. I think she'll make a great addition to our relationship. And if there's anyone I can trust to carry the baby, it's you."

She chuckled. "Good thing the girls aren't around to hear that."

"They know it as much as I do. They want to have a kid, yes, but they would be delighted if you were to bring it into the world. You've got the best combo of genes, and you've had the most partners in your life so far. It can only mean good news."

"Good. I was thinking of having her right away."

"Go ahead. You'll describe her to me, right? Anyway, you're the mother, it's whenever you're ready."

Lizzy closed her eyes and focused her energies inwards. She felt a warmth gathering within herself, her extremities growing colder, causing her to snuggle herself into her limbs. She took a deep breath, her tails coming out from between her legs to complete the hug, and all of a sudden a crushing melancholy surrounded her, only to vanish in an instant, replaced by a relief beyond comprehension.

Her daughter showed up into existence with a telltale, deafening pop near the bed. Pulling a nearby chair, she caught the newborn as her body collapsed backwards and slumped like a ragdoll. It took a few moments for the child to gather her wits and her body.

"Jake... My God..."

"What? What?!"

"She's... beautiful."

"Tell me, tell me, girl! Please!"

"She's a magnificent great panda. She has white and black fur, and adorable mystical blue markings all over her body. Her hair's indigo, ankle-length too. Huge gorgeous angel wings on her back. Limbs that split just before the elbow and knee. She's got two arms and two legs but four hands and four feet. She looks like eighteen or nineteen years old. I can't see any genitals on her... I'm probing her right now a bit and... wow."

"Lizzy?"

"Hold on, Jake. I'm speechless..."

"What is it?! Tell me!"

"Okay. Two things. She's perfect. She's a prodigy. She took in **everything**."

"...You had sixteen hundred fuck-friends. You don't mean to tell me...?"

"Yes, Jake. Oh my God, it's so amazing. I can't believe it. She has doctorate knowledge in physics. She has a masters in computer engineering. She knows how to drive a formula car. She can disassemble and rebuild a bike. She is an expert electrician. She can speak fifty-eight languages. She knows every major South-American city like the back of her hand. And who knows what else; I'm not even done checking her out. Jake, don't panic now but honestly she puts your telekinesis to shame. It's downright insane what she can do. That was the first part."

"First part?!"

"Yes. Jake... She's a Saint. She's got the grounding of a Stable. She can rewrite herself like a Shifter. She's got the raw expansion potential of a Storm. And she can rewrite us like a Shaper. Permanently."

"Fuck me."

"It's why I couldn't see what genitals she had: she'll just summon them when she wants to and make them as big and as numerous as she wants. No wonder it's taking her so long to gather herself. There's just so much of everything!"

"Lizzy... I'm about to cry. Lizzy, this is the best day of my life. I'm serious. I can't wait to be back home now and say hello to her. You'll tell her one of her fathers said hi, for me?"

"Of course. I'll tell her about you. How about we call her... Maxim?"

"Max? I like that. It's got a real solid kick to it. I say we go with that."

"Okay. I'll give you some news later then. The girls still aren't back so I'm not sure what I'm gonna do now. I already masturbated enough to turn my brain into mashed potatoes, and until Max wakes up I got no one to talk to."

"Would you mind if I caught some sleep now though? I'm feeling it coming. I'll call you soon as I wake up, okay? And hey, Lizzy?"

"Hmm?"

"I love you."

"Love you too, Jake. Big kisses and blowjobs." She giggled. "Talk to you later."

She put the phone on the nightstand, and she heard some shuffling in the corner of the room. Max was finally coming to. The first thing the panda saw was her mother giving her a beautiful warm smile.

"Hi, sweetie." Lizzy told her. "Are you feeling alright?"

Max spread her wings as she got up, checking out their span. She wrapped them around her naked body, wearing the set like a cloak. "I think I'm good. Did... you need help getting out of that?"

Lizzy chuckled. "No, no, it's just part of what my fuck-friends do. The others aren't back yet, but I'll introduce you to Sam and Kacey soon as they're back. And Jake is due to come back start of next week. For now, I'm sorry I can't be of much help, but there's the TV in the living room and plenty of food in the fridge if you want to nibble on something. Books too... video games... not sure what you like."

Max was taking cautious steps around the bedroom as her mother spoke. The panda quickly retracted her wings into herself, finding it unwieldy to carry those large things indoors. She amused herself by shifting into a likeness of her mother's appearance, her body growing to support the complex shoulder blades connected to her eight arms, the elaborate hip structure leading to her amazingly wide hips and her four legs. She'd done it with such casual detachment as to make Lizzy drool with envy.

"Max, you going to do me a kindness and give me the second row of tits I've always wanted? I won't ask for anything else, promise."

Max giggled, shifting her body back into its natural state - sans wings of course. "It's okay! I was thinking we could be fuck-friends too, maybe..."

Lizzy shook her head. "All in due time. We'll tackle that subject once everyone's back. I know I'd gladly take you in, no questions asked, and I'm sure the others will be happy to take you as well, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. We'll have plenty of time to have fun later!"

"Alright. I'll go pour myself a bath and relax for a bit. I still feel a bit woozy... I've got over sixty thousand man-years of knowledge and memories inside of me and I'm still unpacking all that, I think. If I keep standing there, I'll fall over again."

The otter smiled. "I understand, sweetie. Take all the time you need, work at your own pace."

"Thanks mom. I love you." With that, Max disappeared into the bathroom.

Lizzy didn't really notice the next five minutes going by. In a way, Max's shuffling in the bath's waters had a calming effect on her, and it kept her mind busy enough that waiting became less of a chore.

"We're home!"

Finally! Sam could be heard placing groceries on the kitchen counter, while Kacey rushed to the bedroom. "Oh. My. God. Lizzy, I'm so sorry! We got out in a hurry and I totally forgot to untie you! Why didn't you get out of it?"

Lizzy hugged the dragoness with her six free arms. "I thought it was just the continuation of your little game. Sheesh, I made myself all cute and you didn't notice."

"I... Oh! Oh wow, Liz, you look **gorgeous**! Hmm, if we didn't have all these things to unpack, I'd be taking you right now."

The otter smirked at her fuck-friend. "Isn't that a shame. I'd help you put the food away but it seems I am tied to this bed."

"I'll help you out, hang on."

"No no no no no no no, I never said I was in a hurry to get up and walk."

Sam peeked her head into the bedroom. "That's our sleepy head all right. Fine, you two. I put all of them away myself. Don't mind me, I'm just a maid, you can get right back to fucking or whatever it is you do when you wanna skip work. Well let me tell you something, misses. For my hard work, I deserve to be serviced. I am officially on strike until the both of you have gotten a faceful of hot tigress!"

And the said tigress wasn't going to let the couple get away. She stood in the doorway and beckoned Kacey towards her, the two girls snuggling before Lizzy's eyes. She could see Sam diving her hand into the back pocket of Kacey's shorts and retrieving the key to the handcuffs.

Max, freshly cleaned, came out of the bathroom and joined the hug.

"Eep!" Kacey let away a giggle. "Who's this cutie?" The dragoness' expression turned to awe as she began feeling Max's particular signature, its presence overwhelming with its own sheer abundance. She and Sam both turned to Lizzy, only just awaiting confirmation of what they suspected.

"Samantha, Kacey... Say hello to Maxim, our beautiful daughter."

The couple turned to the panda, who was awaiting them with one head apiece. Catching the two at the same time, Max drew them into a sudden and passionate kiss, groping their rears and holding them by the waist with a pair of tails. The end of the kiss saw both of the panda's heads swiftly becoming one again.

Both tigress and dragoness nearly collapsed on the bed's edge, stunned. Max stood before them with confidence and welcoming warmth. Lizzy didn't have to say the details: everyone present knew what they were dealing with, and she didn't even have to ask to know that the foursome had become a fivesome.

She could see four rumps sitting on the bed. Sam, Kacey, and Max who had duplicated her entire self to comfort both girls at once.

The phone rang.

Lizzy answered it and set it to video mode. To hell with the bills. This moment would be worth all the money in the world. She sent the phone to rest against the bedroom's window, and with both middle feet, poked all her fuck-friends to get their attention.

For his bedtime entertainment, Jake would see an otter tied to the bed, a petite and athletic tigress, a wonderfully curvy white dragoness... and now five identical great pandas ready to go to town on everyone present, including herself.

Lizzy only had the time to give Jake an accomplice smile before she got stolen away for the orgy.