

Breeding Frenzy

By Blue Jay

On a salvaging trip, a group of friends uncovers the Old World's last-ditch effort to save itself, and unleashes a force beyond their control.

I love impregnation/breeding stories. I love transformation stories. My fursona underwent an evolution (male to herm, though I'm keeping the male tied up in the closet for future use as needed). There are just so many reasons I had to write this.

Happy Mother's Day.

They would be salvaging from the old physicians' building again. The first time they'd stripped it, they had been pretty thorough, making sure to tear out several of the walls so they could collect the copper. It had taken the better part of the day and the toughness of the walls meant they had only been able to collect a few pounds of it, but copper was valuable, almost as much as gold was, and so they had little choice; besides, they'd been rewarded with extra rations for the effort.

This time around, each of them held doubts they'd be so lucky, but perhaps they would come across some old medicine, instructions on the creation of it, or more medical tools for the doctors back in the village. The second was the most valuable, and they were going to aim for that, even if they didn't easily understand Old World papers and would have trouble figuring out which documents were the right ones. Damn it, they'd find those instructions!

Or at least that was what they had been led to believe.

"But you told us the medicine was probably all rotten by now," Gamble was complaining as the four entered the decaying institution. "Soiled."

"*Spoiled*," the lone female of the group corrected him. She sent a quick, furtive glance over at the smaller male to whom Gamble had been speaking.

Gamble was a tall, muscled young man, his ragged blond hair constantly being pushed out of his eyes. With a body as Adonis-like as his, he had little trouble in mooching money from admirers by posing shirtless for some of the women in the village. They scraped together enough coin and he flexed his stuff before pissing it all away in games held out in the woods. It was how he got his nickname, though the Peacekeepers had been persuaded into believing that it was a bad joke of a choice, that he wanted to gamble but didn't have the guts to actually break the law.

In comparison, Juno was tiny. She stood only five-foot-five to his six-one, weighing in at one-fifteen whereas he was one-fifty, and her hair was black and cut boyishly short, swept to the left. Her slender body was the kind of figure a graceful dancer would kill for, and she moved with a fluid surety that suggested she practiced entertainment arts. While Gamble's future was questionable in spite of his apprenticeship to his construction chief uncle, Juno's was signed, sealed, and delivered: she was to be a handmaiden of the Esteemed Mother, the current head of the village's religious order.

While it was a good position, assuring safety, comfort, sustenance, and learning, Juno clearly was only feigning interest in such a future. It would mean giving up much of her dancing, since the order heavily preferred singing praises to "throwing one's body about like a rat being flayed alive." Worse, it meant losing a dream she'd had for the past several years. She never admitted it to even her best friends, and in fact had taken repeated efforts to make it seem as though she found him unattractive and too withdrawn, but the truth was that she was hopelessly in love with their de facto leader, their third member.

"Of course it's spoiled by now," Perry replied to Gamble. "It's been hundreds of years; nothing we need can last that long, not without extreme protection."

Given the state the place was in, such measures against time and the elements were clearly not present.

"Then why look for a bunch of papers?" Gamble asked, his tone becoming argumentative. "Paper rots too. We should just open more walls, that's easy money."

"Money's only getting us enough to get by for a little while, though, isn't it?" Perry countered. "We get the Old World's knowledge, and we get more than a few coins and blocks of meal. We can get influence within the village and with others beyond, because we'll have something everyone needs and that won't spoil if you don't eat it quickly."

He sighed a little and ran his fingers through his hair, a dark brown that was cut very short. He was only five-nine, and with an average figure, but Juno liked it and she found his intellect to be utterly irresistible. Part of the reason a few of the villagers, particularly his parents, got so annoyed with him was that he seemed to soak up information and then apply it, usually in the form of adding his voice to any arguments erupting between other young men.

Of course, there were plenty of times when his brains were displayed in a more impressive manner: it was said he had yet to lose a game of chess, and Juno, the same as everyone, knew that the ancient strategy game was incredibly difficult to master. She'd tried to watch him play once under the pretense of finding his opponent in possession of a nice pair of eyes, but found herself bored to death. How anyone could stand to just sit there and *think* about moving was a question for the ages, but to have an interest in *watching* people think about moving? Heaven forbid it! The first time trying to watch him play had been the last, and she was astounded at herself for lasting that long. As a compromise, she promised to make it up to him in other ways.

"But why?" Gamble pressed, drawing an exasperated sigh from the shorter man.

“Gamble, fuck, man, just keep an eye out for them, okay?” the fourth and final teammate groaned. Vale was a little taller than Perry and had a similar frame, though he was even scrawnier. His almond complexion and pitch-black hair made him somewhat resemble Juno, and more than a few they’d encountered while out scrapping had asked if they were siblings. While Vale was a nice, funny guy, his laziness made her glad they didn’t share family ties.

“But how are we supposed to know what these things look like?” the larger man argued.

“I don’t expect you to actually know what they look like,” Perry interrupted. “So much medical stuff looks the same to anybody who doesn’t much care for it. I want you to grab what you can find that isn’t completely ruined by time and weather and just bring it to me; I’ll go through them in my spare time and figure out what they are. And be careful when you handle it, okay? It’ll probably be in terrible shape when you find it and mishandling can destroy it very easily.”

Gamble grumbled affirmation and moved ahead. On his back a heavy club was slung, something he’d designed himself to help protect the team in case they ran into danger, be it competition or bandits or wild animals.

As Gamble departed, Vale looked to Perry. “Split up and each take a floor?”

“Divide and conquer is a sound strategy, after all.”

“Gamble’ll pick the top floor or something high up because he’ll walk off his annoyance and then realize how far he’s gotten before just staying put. I’ll go up a couple floors myself. Good luck.”

Vale moved to follow Gamble up the same flight of stairs far down the hallway, and Juno felt her pulse pick up now that she was alone with her crush.

“Just us now,” she said as she turned to him with a smirk. Her experience with boys was minimal, and the idea of practicing with her girlfriends was humiliating. Still, it was now or never. “Where do you think we should look first? They’re getting the upper levels, so should we stay down here? Two heads are better than one, you know.”

Oh God, that sounded so dumb, and she just had to be the one to say it. Maybe she should have foregone embarrassment and just asked one of the village girls to practice lines with her; it would have given her a better shot than trying to quote people much smarter than she was.

She nearly breathed a sigh a relief when he didn’t notice her goof. “I’m going down a level,” he told her. “There might be tools down there, possibly material data sheets to help the chemists.”

Juno blinked. “But you said all that stuff would be destroyed by now.”

“Depends on the preservation methods and the levels of exposure. Even given all the years, if they haven’t been aired out much, or left in unsanitary conditions, then they might be salvageable.”

Shit, her chance was slipping away!

“Okay, then, uh, what do you need me to do?”

Perry hesitated before answering. “Give the floor here a look, but if you don’t find anything, then find me downstairs; I’m only down one level.”

Juno nodded, her spirits rekindled a bit.

Perry doubted he’d find much of anything useful anywhere in the old building. More than 500 years had passed since the collapse of the Old World, and those centuries had seen more than enough weather, looting, and violence to rob the team of any chance at securing rations or, more importantly, success.

And success was something the young man very badly wanted, something he absolutely needed. He’d always been more than a little curious, and his thirst for more knowledge drove him to learn as much as possible. There was this unyielding urge within him to land upon a gold vein, find something that everybody needed and capitalize upon it, ensuring a nice place for himself so that he wouldn’t end up doing hard labor for chicken feed his entire life.

He was smart, oh yes, he was very smart, but his brilliance came with a price. The lawmakers of the village held no real interest for him, so politics meant nothing; the only time he paid them any heed was when he criticized them, but that itself was a rare event. He was good at strategy games, excelling at chess, but most of the others, both as kids and as young adults, preferred less headache-inducing pastimes, physically-taxing sports which he could not compete in. And just playing the older crowd made him feel as if his entire life had already passed him by.

Worst of all was the Church. He didn’t know much about Juno, not personally, and his modest investigations yielded only that she was “fortuitously” chosen to serve the order’s current leader, and for her fate he pitied her. His own experiences with the clergy were sour at best: he’d only attended worship as a child before persistently refusing to go. To the people of the cloth, that had been a rather rude gesture, and his arguments had only increased with them whenever he tried to explain that he just didn’t have the least bit of interest in faith. It had eventually come to a head, the Esteemed Father (back when he was alive and running things) formally blacklisting Perry.

It didn’t matter. None of it mattered. With his intellect and his singular drive, he’d find a way to make things work. He reasoned that, since the Old World had incredibly rare and valuable items and knowledge, if he could get his hands on the right stuff, then he’d become invaluable, and never have to worry about being poor or homeless or anything. He could be comfortable and happy.

At that last thought, Juno entered his mind again. More and more he wondered why she had volunteered to come along with them. He didn’t know when she was supposed to formally begin her service to the Mother, and he was fairly certain she was past eighteen by now, so maybe she had argued for one chance to explore the outside world before being sequestered forever? Certainly she had spent a few days traveling to the decaying building out in the wilderness, and there weren’t any sights like it for miles, and she’d have a few days’ return travel before her life was signed over.

Oh, what did it matter anyway? He couldn't give her whatever she wanted, and certainly not in the time they had left. Doubts were already arising that they'd remain "just friends" over the course of many years, as Perry was speculating to ever-greater degrees about picking up stakes and moving to another village.

Lost as he was in his own thoughts, he almost didn't notice that he'd been flipping through and discarding bits of Old World documents, what looked like patients' medical history papers. He frowned; this was hardly what he sought. And just what room was he in, anyway? Wandering mentally seemed to have sent him wandering physically.

He left the room with a scowl, leaving the aged papers behind. The building was a strange construct: the exterior was thick, heavy stone (or something man-made but very close in composition) while the interior was technological and surgical, designed to house and maintain the most cutting-edge resources and knowledge mankind had at its disposal.

Of course, that was centuries ago, and while the building withstood a tremendous amount of natural abuse, the elements had clearly won out in some places. Windows were at best cracked badly and at worst shattered wholly; various flora crept in and the remains thereof littered the floors; rain had damaged just about everything; and various fauna had scattered, scratched, stolen, and smashed. The sight of it all made Perry sick, the thought of such brilliance snuffed out.

And just what had done the snuffing, anyway? History was taught to everyone in the village, and there was the library and the Mayor's office, but while some things could be gleaned, the exact knowledge of just what had happened seemed conflicted and speculative. A war? Disease? Famine? Severe weather? What happened to the world?

With a shake of his head, he continued down the hall. The institution held no power, not after all these years, and so salvaging was limited to daylight hours unless torches were brought, and since those were not in great supply in their gear, they were forced to work within sunlight's parameters.

Up ahead, he thought he could make out a bright line along the floor, a thin lightness spiting the shadows. Curious and feeling like wasting a little time, he moved to the spot and got to his hands and knees. The area was bare, like many of the walls and floors, no artwork or sculptures of any kind to decorate the boring passages, but that thin, barely-visible light was there, right where the two surfaces met.

The wall suddenly recessed with a hiss, causing Perry to cry out and fall back, scrambling away. In front of him, the secret door slid sideways to reveal a small chamber like a closet, made of sky-blue metal panels with soft overhead lighting.

"Please enter," a filtered, older man's voice asked.

"What in..." the young man asked, blinking. "Who are you?"

"A recording," was the response. "Please enter and everything will be explained."

Not a thing about this sat well with Perry. A hidden door and a “recorded” voice in a ruined building from a vanished society? Yeah, no, definitely not good.

“I’m not getting in there,” he told the voice, “until I get some very satisfactory answers. You say you’re a recording? Then how come you’re smart enough to reply in the manner you did?”

“Artificial intelligence,” was the return. “I assure you, I’m a disembodied voice representing a thinking machine. Come down to the lab and I’ll show you everything.”

“I’m filled with the feeling that stepping into a small chamber is not a good idea.”

“You opened the door, didn’t you? Might as well see what’s inside. And besides, I’m programmed to help people. You have any idea what it’s like hibernating for so long, waking up after everyone you knew is long gone? Give me a chance.”

That struck a chord within Perry. He very much wanted to find out about the Old World, and while he was apprehensive about entering unfamiliar territory, it looked as though he would need to take the plunge this time.

“All right,” he said slowly, “but I want your word nothing will happen to me.”

“I’m a program,” the voice told him. “I can’t do anything I’m not programmed to do. Betrayal is not something I’m capable of.”

Well, Perry supposed that was the best he would get. Entering the small chamber, he watched as the door closed in front of him, and the room shook very slightly; they were descending, exactly as promised. The ride stopped a minute later and the door slid open, and Perry felt his heart stop.

Sprawling away in front of him was a sterile laboratory, advanced machinery and fluid-heavy containers everywhere. From his studies, he’d heard a little bit about computers, and he was sure these were such devices, as top-of-the-line as the Old World could create.

“What...is this place, exactly?” he asked as he left the elevator.

“A laboratory. The United Nations pooled their member nations’ resources into several such facilities. Its purpose was to find a cure for a new disease that had broken out.”

“Is that how the Old World died? Consumption?”

“In a word, yes. It was difficult to pinpoint the origins of the disease, because of conflicting reports on where the first case had broken out. Patient Zero could not be found.”

Perry hesitated before asking his next question. “What effects did this illness have?”

“Terminal effects. Would you like me to elaborate upon the incredible suffering of the infected?”

“No! No, no, that’s more than enough for me, thank you.” Looking around, the villager took in the sight, the potential, of everything. Damn, this was more than he’d ever dreamed of finding! With this lab, he could literally revolutionize human society, hurl it generations forward! “Computer, why is it you sound so human? Were you once one?”

“Audio samples from a famous human were given to me to help me sound less artificial. These samples were taken from a man named George Lopez. Several others were provided, but this one tested best among trial audiences.”

Perry decided the matter wasn’t worth pursuing, focusing on the lab. “What did this particular facility hope to achieve? What were its methods in countering the pandemic?”

“This facility was attempting to bolster the immunity system and increase reproduction as a means of both withstanding the disease and replacing the lives it claimed. The theory was that even if augmented adults were infected, their offspring would have increased resistance or possibly immunity to the disease. Genetic modifications were made from animals of virtually every kind. Unfortunately, when tested upon humans, the serum mutated, radically altering them.”

A knot was forming in the young man’s stomach. “They were killed?”

“No, they survived. All of them had to be put down because they became difficult to control in accordance with the needs of the facility, but the mutations did not harm them.”

Perry thought for a long minute. The disease had apparently run its course, because nobody he’d ever known of had suffered such a fate, and while the mutations sounded highly unpleasant, he still had the feeling he should press for more. If what the computer said was indeed true, then the mutants only became a problem because they had not wanted to proceed with further testing, and clearly that was not going to be an issue nowadays.

“Computer, I want you to provide me a dosage of serum, if you still can,” he ordered. It was all extremely risky, banking on the false-man’s programming to force him to work in Perry’s favor, and then the serum not changing him in such a way that he was useless to the world.

“I have to warn that the side effects may not be to your liking,” the A.I. warned him. “You’ll feel very weird, not quite sick but far from healthy, and the process is irreversible—”

“Yes, I’m fully aware of the consequences,” Perry interrupted. “Give me a vial of the serum to use upon myself, thank you.”

“One moment, please.”

The machines, containers, and tubes came to life around him, sound filling the lab as the order was carried out. After a couple minutes, a hole opened up on the counter ahead of him, a vial of yellow serum held by a simple robotic clasper.

"All you have to do is drink that," the computer instructed. "But I have to warn you again that the effects may be pretty upsetting."

"Duly noted," Perry said.

Picking up the vial, he eyed the bright yellow liquid for a long moment before upending it and downing the contents in a single gulp. It tasted bland going down the hatch, like lukewarm water, and there were no immediate effects. As it settled in his stomach, he could feel it go quickly from cold to hot, warmth spreading through his entire body.

His skin began to prickle and his vision abruptly started swimming. As he blinked automatically to try and clear it away, he swayed, catching himself on the counter. Over his entire body a pelt began to grow, sand-colored for the most part though black portions and spots also appeared.

His eyes were squeezed shut at his mouth pushed outward into a short muzzle; on the other end, a short, bushy tail sprouted from his pants. His fingertips reshaped to accommodate small black claws instead of nails; his ears broadened and thinned; and his feet grew cramped in his boots as claws replaced toenails and pads grew on his soles.

But perhaps the most shocking alterations to Perry's physiology were his widening hips, narrowing waist and shoulders, and increased breast size.

"See what I meant?" the computer asked. "Just thank your lucky stars that the transformations are uncomfortable at best, and never painful."

"I feel..." Perry said groggily, and then realized his voice had also warped, changing to a female's. He took deep breaths as he explored his new body, giving his tits a firm groping and experimentally wagging his modest tail.

A panic shot through him, and he quickly undid his pants and shoved them down, looking over his breasts before sighing loudly in relief.

"Oh thank god," he said as his fear died down, "it's still there."

Of course, the mutation had also claimed his member: on top of his balls being layered with fur, his shaft was now sheathed, and the former human could admit to himself that it looked somewhat good; it certainly would be better protected from the elements. He reached down to fondle it, and grinned appreciatively when it responded, the head starting to poke out. It was red but still had the mushroom shape.

Curious, he slipped his fingers underneath his sack and felt something entirely unexpected. His eyes widened and he gasped softly as his digits encountered his vaginal opening. He ground his hips a bit, his dick waking up more as he began playing with his clitoris.

"The serum makes you...dual-sexed?" he managed to get out as he leaned against the counter, bucking.

“To replenish the world’s population, the doctors attempted to boost fertility and potency. Unfortunately, when the mutation took over, it was discovered that hermaphrodites were the only outcome. Every test subject had to be put down because they wanted to mate with and breed everyone, refusing to return to normal.”

The transformed human was certainly feeling that. The more he stroked his cock and rubbed his clit, the stronger the need to fuck someone became. He could almost see—no, *feel*—the warm body of another against his own, a wet, tight pussy wrapped around his rod as he flooded his partner’s womb with his potent milk.

“If you knew all this, then why did you give it to me?” Even as he said this, it was getting harder to think, the need to procreate rising.

“As I said earlier, I can’t disobey a command. Betrayal, insubordination, deceit, all of that is beyond my capabilities. You insisted I give you the serum, and so I did. The fault is your own.”

Perry wanted to slap himself for jumping ahead like he had. It was infuriating that he hadn’t considered things more carefully, but the die was cast, and now he had to figure out a new plan. With a considerable amount of effort, he made himself stop, grabbing onto the counter’s edge and holding on for dear life until the urge died down.

“What am I? You said samples from nearly every animal were used, so which did I become?”

“Spotted hyena. There’s no way to determine just what someone will become once they’re infected, not without extreme tampering, which is very strongly advised against.”

Perry removed his clothes completely. In the lab, which was temped warmly, the extra body hair added too much heat. In the nude, he still felt completely fine, and decided that from now on, should he have to wear clothes, it would have to be environmentally appropriate, such as heavy layers in winter, otherwise very light/skimpy garb only.

Of course, seeing himself like this fully, having a minute to digest it all, he realized that, being a female-dominant herm, he should probably stop using masculine pronouns to describe himself.

Not a guy anymore, am I? she thought. It would take a little getting used to, but she was confident she’d do it. Not like it was an optional description.

And this thought led to another: what to call herself? “Perry” was a name that meant a helluva lot to her, but at the same time it didn’t fit so well anymore. The herm pursed her lips as she wracked her brain for a feminine name that appealed to her, and after a few moments landed on just the right one: Thalia.

“And now that you’re all taken care of,” the computer said, “what will you do about your friends?”

Thalia felt her heart skip a beat...right before a predatory smile spread across her muzzle.

Oh, yes, her friends...

“PERRY!” Juno called again for the hundredth time, covering a hallway she’d already covered in her search.

She had done as asked, giving a quick look through the first level for anything that appeared important, but it had all turned up nothing save for the usual garbage, and so she had gone searching for her secret heartthrob.

It made no sense that she couldn’t find him. Gamble or even Vale she would expect to move to another spot without finding her, but Perry was not the sort of person to do such a thing. He had made it clear he’d be going down just one level, and that she was to come to him, but just...just what the fuck was going on? Had one of the wild-dwellers gotten him? Everyone knew there were gangs of “independent” people surviving outside of the villages and towns, living as cutthroats and catching or killing anyone they came across.

Oh God, please don’t let that be what happened! Juno thought, her nerves worsening.

Things were already bad enough for her, being forced to serve the clergy, even though she’d begged her parents to let her study dancing and other entertainment arts. She wasn’t much of a planner, so she had had a lot of trouble coming up with an escape scheme, but the way she figured it, if she could get at least one other person, then maybe they could sneak out of the village and head to another together, start a new life.

She’d wanted that “other” to be Perry, and she’d thought that stealing from the Church’s private treasury would help fund them; they could afford to lose a few coins, they had plenty and she didn’t want to be forced into service.

But now it was all going downhill. She cursed at herself for not taking a chance and asking him to run off with her earlier. Goddamn it, she could be so stupid sometimes!

Juno stopped her pacing and took a deep breath. She would look once more and then go upstairs and get Gamble and Vale to help. That was a good plan and it would work, they would find Perry locked in a closet or something stupid-yet-harmless and they’d all laugh it off and go back home. Everything would be fine.

Somebody grabbed her from behind, an arm across her chest and a hand over her mouth. Juno’s eyes bulged almost out of their sockets and she began struggling, but she could barely resist her attacker.

“Stop fighting,” the assailant hissed in a woman’s voice. “It’s me, Perry. Juno, damn it, stop! I need your help!”

The young woman stopped resisting, but wasn’t released, and a part of her knew that she’d only scream her head off if she had been freed.

“Now, I’m going to let you go, but you have to swear that you will not panic,” her attacker said. “I’m completely serious, Juno, I need your help, but you cannot panic. Something happened to me, which is why I look and sound so different, but I swear to you that it’s me.”

Slowly, the arm around her chest let go, sliding away behind her. After a moment, during which Juno did not attempt to strike her assailant, the hand peeled away from her mouth and also disappeared from her field of view. For a minute, she only stood there, shaking every few seconds, but she eventually willed her feet to turn her around.

What she saw made her stare in stark silence rather than screaming terror. It was female, but at the same time not, possessing both a woman’s breasts and a man’s penis. It stood on hind legs that looked very human-shaped, and it had arms and a head and a face, but all of it was covered in fur, and the face was pushed out into a muzzle rather than the flatness of a human visage.

Juno kept staring, blinking, trying and failing to comprehend the sight she beheld. Every time she tried to form words, she could only open and close her mouth like a fish. There was no goddamn way this was real...

...And yet, just looking into this dog-thing’s eyes, she could somehow sense that it was telling the truth. Whatever had happened to him, this was Perry.

“What...are you?” she managed to whisper.

Reaching forward, her hand shaking, she gingerly touched Perry’s breast, the tips of her fingers trailing through the fur. Her friend reacted warmly to the touch, stepping closer, a soft growl emanating from her throat.

“A hyena, for one thing,” came the response. “I also underwent a sex change, hence being a mixture of male and female anatomy, though clearly more of the latter than the former.”

Juno stopped feeling her friend up, blinking. “What?”

A scowl. “I see I’m going to have to use small words for now...Juno, I really do need your help.”

This was where things became tricky. Thalia was smart enough to craft a good lie, and enough of a wordsmith to make it believable, but right now, Juno’s precarious perch between susceptibility and insanity was a narrow edge that even the herm’s cunning found risky to tread. It was a longshot of daunting proportions...but the reward made it worth taking.

Pointing down at her cock, which was just starting to poke from her sheath, Thalia said, “Juno, this is going to sound completely mad, and I’m frankly amazed and very grateful that you aren’t running away while screaming your head off, but in order to help me, we really need to have sex. The infection that turned me into this can be reversed, countered with fresh human cells. The best way to get those cells is sex, because an orgasm produces a large amount of them very quickly, the basic human schematics I need.”

Juno was gaping at her, trying to comprehend. "I don't...sex fixes this? How?"

"I just told you how." She needed to hurry; the more aroused she became, the more likely she was to just pounce and fuck, and she'd much rather have Juno join her willingly. "The cells in blood are the wrong kind, and the ones in the mouth are too watered-down to help me. Juno, I am begging you, have sex with me, or I'm going to be stuck like this forever!"

The human ran her hands through her hair, her breathing picking up as her nerves became more pressed. For a few moments, Thalia thought she'd be forced to assault the girl and forcibly infect her, but then she finally caved to the pleading and nodded.

"Okay, okay, I'll do it," Juno agreed. "But I've never had sex before. I don't know anything about producing cells."

"Trust me, it's much easier than you think. You're going to feel silly at first, but it gets better very quickly. First, take off all your clothes, and then turn away from me on all fours. I can take things from there."

Inhaling and exhaling deeply a few times, Juno did as instructed, her clothes tossed into a pile to the side. She didn't like getting down on the cold floor, and she didn't like the coolness she felt on her bare body, even if it was early summer and good enough for a nudist to enjoy.

But she wanted very, very badly to help Perry, and if it meant a little discomfort, or even embarrassment, or even some pain, then she'd swallow that bitter medicine and keep it down.

"I'm ready," she told her.

Grinning, Thalia got to her own knees behind the young woman, one hand stroking her cock and the other kneading Juno's delicious ass-flesh. Oh god, how had she never noticed such a beauty before? Well, no matter, because here she was now and there wasn't going to be any escape or loss. Juno would be hers forever.

Lining up, the tip of her cockhead against Juno's quivering pussy, Thalia hesitated for only a second before impaling the girl.

Juno collapsed to her elbows, shuddering and whimpering. "God, fuck, that hurt!"

"You're tight enough that you might as well be stepping on my dick," Thalia retorted. "It's going to hurt the first time, just grit your teeth and be patient; the pleasure will come soon enough."

With that said, the hyena pulled out a bit before shoving herself back in, going deeper. She adopted a quick pace right from the go, her cock pistoning in and out of Juno's folds. The other female had pushed herself back to her hands, but her head was hanging, gasps and groans audible.

Thalia only smiled. For her, the sex was great, the stimuli her cock was capable of receiving multiplied wonderfully. She'd masturbated as a human man, and it had been well and good enough, but with the

changes the serum wrought, all of her previous fun fell incredibly short. And she couldn't wait to try out her vagina!

"Oh god, Perry, harder!" Juno pleaded.

The herm wasn't sure if it was more infection or new experience that drove Juno to smash her hips against the canid's. Whichever it was, the young woman was enjoying it immensely.

Looking down at her, Thalia was pleased to see that she was transforming without full exposure to the serum. Since she'd yet to cum, and there'd been no exchange of blood or saliva, then the former human reasoned that exposure to even precum meant high levels of infection from mutated persons.

Apparently completely unaware of the changes she was undergoing, Juno reveled in the carnal bliss. All over her body, fur began to sprout: gray on her back, shoulders, outer arms and outer legs; white on her inner arms and inner legs, her chest, belly, her face and crotch; black around her eyes and on her ears; and a black-furred muzzle once it finished pushing out, tipped with a shiny black nose. Above her anal crack, a nub of flesh two inches thick pushed out, growing longer and longer as Thalia observed its generation. Alternating rings of white and black fur grew along the tail until it was completely covered, the six-foot-long appendage twisting to convey its mistress's ecstasy.

"Magnificent," the hyena growled, not breaking her pelvic rhythm.

She increased the speed of her thrusts, her instincts urging her to complete her mating and inseminate the other anthro. Had she not been so focused on doing such, she would have heard Juno gasping and moaning words instead of vocal assurances of her pleasure, trying to string together a sentence about feeling her new cock grow out and grow hard.

What had started as a nub of flesh above her vagina, at the base of her crotch, had swollen into a fist-sized lump. The lower portion became two spheres as the top formed a short shaft, fur enveloping them as they finished their transformation into a cock, balls, scrotum, and sheath. Presently, Juno's black-skinned phallus, all six inches of it, was doing its level best to reach the ground, copious amounts of precum dripping from the sleek head.

"Ah! God! Fuck, I love this!" the lemur shrieked. "Perry, don't stop! Don't ever stop!"

In Juno's warped mind, this was her purpose in life: breeding. The way Thalia's cock felt as it plowed her, ruthlessly spreading her walls, her knot threatening to wedge into her, and the mere possibility of a large load of cum filling her womb and giving her offspring—it drove her almost mad with delight. She rocked her hips backwards in time to her lover's intrusions, greedily attempting to devour more herm-cock.

Thalia almost laughed, but she continued to fuck with wild abandon, gripping the primate's hips so tightly that, if Juno wasn't so drowned in pleasure, she would have felt the hyena's claws digging in. Closer and closer they came, the climaxes both intersexed beast-women craved.

With a howl, Thalia slammed her pelvis against Juno's ass, her knot just barely squeezing past the lemur's labial lips to lodge itself firmly in her pussy, preventing any seed from leaving and ensuring both herms were committed.

Juno's scream of "Breed me!" was drowned out by her own orgasmic wail, her words becoming distorted and overtaken. Her brain borderline electrocuted by bliss, she only very faintly sensed surges of heat within her loins, Thalia's cream hitting its mark. Juno's own cannon loosed its milk, sperm-rich pearl jetting onto the floor, splattering everywhere.

It felt like a lifetime of orgasmic bliss, basking in the glow, but at the same time it was over too quickly. Juno's tail snaked around Thalia's waist, affectionately hugging her closer before both of them fell onto their sides, panting.

"That...was...great," the ring-tailed recipient said.

Thalia murred agreement, nuzzling her mate's neck. Idly, she began fondling the other hermaphrodite, but paused when she realized something was a bit amiss.

"You've gotten bigger," she said, giving Juno a squeeze.

"Mmm, probably to help feed any young I bear."

The hyena chuckled. "Almost want to compare sizes, above *and* below, but there's more work to do." She tried to pull out, but gave up after a couple of futile tugs; her cock was still knot-locked to Juno's pussy. "It appears that we'll be happily joined in the literal sense for a few minutes more."

"Oh, what's the big rush?" the primate groaned, rubbing back against her lover. "You want me to lick it clean? Or do you want to bend over this time?"

Grinning and slapping the other herm playfully on the ass ("Hey!"), Thalia replied, "Sorely tempted, and I'll need a good breeding for myself later, but right now we need to convert Vale and Gamble. The more members of our new order we have, the better."

Juno huffed. "Oh very well. But what are we, anyway? Gang, pack, herd, pride, flock, what?"

"I'll figure out a name for us later. Just let me withdraw..."

"Crap, this thing is tough!"

Gamble gave up putting his shoulder (and back, and legs, and growing fury) into trying to move the large safe. It was impossible to tell if it was bolted to the floor because of the nature-induced erosion, but the two young men were pretty sure that it was, their combined efforts not even budging the beast.

"Maybe if we had Perry and Juno—" Vale started.

"Like that'd help," Gamble scowled. "He's scrawny for a guy, and she's a girl; they don't have any muscle."

"Which 'they' do you mean, girls in general, scrawny guys, those two in specific?"

Gamble threw up his hands, exasperated. "Dude, come on! We can't knock this thing loose and we can't crack the door. Let's just find the other half of our little gang and hunker down. Man, look—" He waved a hand at a shattered window, through which the setting sun could be glimpsed as it dropped to just barely above the treeline. "It's getting dark out, and it's gonna be cold, and we can't make it very far back home. We should just hold onto what we have and leave in the morning."

Vale sighed, glancing again at the setting sun before nodding. "All right, okay, I'll go find them. You stay here, because they might be on their way up."

"Ten minutes, and then I come looking."

Vale gave the okay sign. "Won't be a problem."

Gamble watched him leave, disappearing down through the doors and down the stairs. The large male sighed, sitting upon the safe, boredom threatening to set in after only a minute of isolation.

Just where the hell had their precious leader gone? And Juno too? It'd been a few hours since they'd last been seen, and while that time had been well spent (or so Gamble figured, he couldn't understand the things he looked at for shit), at no point had anybody come looking for him. Only when Vale had sought him out did the two realize that their other half was basically missing.

"Stupid salvaging," Gamble muttered. "Shoulda just stripped the walls some more, like I said."

Lost in his own ruminations, he didn't hear Juno sneaking up behind him, her new form and mindset granting her a predator's grace. A devious smirk on her face, she clapped her hands over his eyes and cried out, "Guess who?"

"The hell?!" Gamble said, starting. "Juno?"

"You got me," she laughed, "but I'm not removing my hands just yet, not until you've gotten your reward."

"Juno, knock it off," he growled. "Where have you been? You and Perry have been missing for hours!"

"Oh, we weren't missing," she answered, "we were discovering. Perry found what he was looking for, and he went to find Vale while I looked for you."

The young man grunted. "Figures he'd have all the luck; me and Vale only have this stupid safe, and can't open it. Now get your hands off me and let's get moving."

"Uh-uh, not until you get your reward."

“Oh, for the love of...Fine, gimme the reward.”

Juno’s hands peeled away only to immediately be replaced by her tail. She shushed his complaint of blindness, twisting herself down to his waist and around his side, her black-furred fingers making short work of the laces holding the young man’s pants shut. Once she’d spread open the crotch flaps, she licked her lips, eyeing the flaccid cock hungrily.

“Mmm, my favorite,” she said huskily before diving in.

Her kissing and licking awakened his dick quickly, the fleshy serpent writhing to life, his mast standing more and more firmly at attention. Juno paid no heed to Gamble’s throaty moans, or his half-formed compliments about how good her mouth felt: to her mind, this was more important than merely being great sex, it was about *breeding*.

Juno’s eyes became half-lidded as the word, the feeling, entered her mind and her being. Just like with Thalia downstairs, she knew this was the meaning of her life—no, the meaning of *all life*. She had been converted and bred, and would do the same to Gamble, and he would in turn repeat the process with Vale, and after Vale impregged Thalia they would spread like wildfire across the land, until everyone everywhere could experience the joys of being a pregnant herm.

A strong suck from her mouth made Gamble buck his hips, her muzzle mashing against his crotch. The heady scent invaded her nostrils and made her mind swim, stoking her lust.

While the lemur was hard at work sucking cock, Gamble’s body was rapidly changing, the virus spreading swiftly through his system. As his head fell back, another moan leaving his throat, a thick pelt of dark gray-and-black fur grew over every inch of his body, an especially heavy collar of it generating around his neck. His breathing picked up, increasing in pace as his chest and waistline grew warm, the former swelling while the latter contracted.

His feet grew tight, the toes fusing together as they became hooves. Up above, Gamble’s dark fur-covered face grew warm as his mouth pushed forward into a blunt muzzle, and the top of his head felt the same as thick, fuzzy antlers popped up.

“Cum...cumming!” the human-turned-hermaphrodite cried out.

Her large hands grabbed the back of Juno’s head, holding the primate in place as her sepia-colored cock unleashed its load. Jets of hot cum shot down the ring-tailed herm’s throat, a couple of them actually depositing into her stomach while the rest coated her esophagus.

She almost started to claw at Gamble before she was let go, rearing back and panting heavily. Automatically her hands clapped onto her mouth, not to muffle her coughing but to save every last drop of Gamble’s delicious sperm. When she regained control of her breathing, she took a moment to keep her hands in place over her muzzle, licking the insides of her fingers clean. As an afterthought, she withdrew her tail from around Gamble’s head.

“Juno,” the reindeer said, blinking and trying to shake away the post-climax weariness, “I feel...I need—”

“To get knocked up?” the other herm finished. “Just lay back, Gamble, and I’ll do the honors.”

The lemur was quietly surprised at how readily the cervine complied, laying back upon the large safe and spreading her legs; she even reached down and spread her pussy lips.

With her enhanced nose, Juno all too easily picked up the scents radiating from the former male’s snatch, and her cock sprang to full hardness. Growling, she positioned herself at Gamble’s hole, teasing her by pressing against the throbbing labial lips but not penetrating.

“I know you’ve had your share of the village girls, Gamble, but now, you’re going to experience things from their end.” Juno smiled. “You’ll love feeling a woman’s pleasure.”

Her hips shot forward.

Vale’s heart was pounding in his ears as he hauled ass, running for his very life.

Behind him, steadily catching up, Thalia gave chase. She’d appeared before him while he was searching, and at first he thought he was in a staring contest with some kind of dog that wandered in, but then she’d bared her teeth and snapped at him, and he’d taken off like a bolt.

“It’s no use running!” the hyena shouted to him. “I already ate the girl! You’ll be joining her in just a moment!”

Pure terror at being devoured alive coursed through his body, and he flew through the double doors and up the stairs, four at a time. He couldn’t think, could only act, the need to preserve his own life overriding any rationality or higher thoughts he might have had.

Bursting through the doors he’d earlier gone through before encountering the herm hyena, he desperately lunged for something to bar the doors with. His fingers found an old keyboard, and he immediately crammed the weathered plastic into the door handles and turned to find and warn Gamble—

—Only to freeze in his tracks as he saw the two altered humans waiting for him.

“I see Perry chased you right to us,” the ring-tailed one said, and a now-very-distant part of Vale’s mind told him that the creature was Juno, or had been, which meant Gamble was who the antler-sporting beast-person next to her used to be. “He said it’d be pretty easy, just telling you he ate me and sending you into Gamble’s waiting arms.”

The reindeer next to her nodded. “Mmm, yeah, step on up, Vale. I can’t tell you how goddamn great it feels to be fucked like a girl.”

Vale's gaze turned back to the lemur, catching her eyes...and holding. The primate's orbs were shifting colors, a veritable rainbow radiating in rippling rings from her pupils to the whites of her eyes. It was a small, almost subtle thing, but Vale couldn't look away. His thoughts slowed down, growing softer, more malleable, and he felt the fear of being eaten was no longer something to worry about.

In fact, it seemed downright ridiculous of him to run from his friends. Really, what had he been thinking? He should join them, actually, since they were clearly in a good way with their new forms.

"Mmm, good boy," Juno purred as she came up to him, never breaking contact. Gamble did the work of removing Vale's clothes, the long-tailed herm only fondling the young man's flat chest. "Don't worry, we'll give you plenty of curves in a minute."

Vale smiled lazily, his eyes clouded over, his mind her plaything.

The doors rattled, Thalia clearly demanding entry. Sighing and grinning, Juno stroked the human's cheek before stepping around him, Gamble taking her place and guiding Vale to his knees; the reindeer, even transformed, was a huge fan of oral sex, and wasted no time in stuffing her member into the boy's mouth, hips rocking.

"Did you have your fun?" Juno asked as she let her mate in. "Why didn't you just mount him?"

"Because the farther down he went, the greater chance he'd stumble upon the lab as I did. I wanted him away from it until he was turned, and sending him running straight into you two meant we were all accounted for."

The long-tailed one shrugged. "If you say so. I'd have just bred him."

"You bred Gamble, so hush."

"NNNNGGGGHGHGHHHH!"

The pair ceased their chat and watched as the cervine herm rammed her cock balls-deep into the human male's mouth, and Thalia almost swore she saw his neck thicken from the sheer size of the rod.

Of course, the term "human" became more and more inapplicable: Vale's skin grew leathery and green, very dark in some places. His hair fell out completely, a line of long nodes forming along his skull. As they observed, he swiftly mutated from a human man into an iguana hermaphrodite, her long, thick tail lashing in pleasure.

"Oh, I'm going to enjoy being fucked silly by that," Thalia leered, licking her lips. Taking charge, she ordered, "Gamble, turn around and get onto all fours. Juno, on your knees in front of her so that she can suck your cock."

The two gleefully complied, ignoring Vale's confused expression. Thalia came up to Gamble's side and straddled her back, facing Vale. She scooted forward and then laid back, finding the warmth and

softness of the reindeer's fur very comfortable indeed. Reaching down, she took hold of the herm-stag's forearms and then lifted her legs up until Juno grabbed her ankles, keeping her in place.

"Up and at 'em, Vale," the hyena coaxed. "Don't tell me you have no desire to plow my virgin pussy? Fill me with your seed? Make me fat with your eggs?"

The sight and words flipped a switch in the reptile. She rose, bent forward, a look of unbearable lust in her eyes.

"Pu...ssy..." she groaned.

Thalia licked her lips again as she glanced from the large tits Vale sported to the hefty cock, its dark pink flesh throbbing right in front of her eyes. The head was now the size of a tangerine, topping a shaft over two inches thick and nearly eight long, its surfaced lined with bulging veins; the final touch was a hefty sack, its dark-green leather encasing a pair of balls that looked to be as big as apples.

Vale firmly gripped Thalia's tits as she leaned over her, breathing huskily. "Breeeeeeed....."

"Hmm, going to have to look into your effects on people's minds, JunMMMMFFF!"

The iguana's head darted forward, locking lips with the mammal and snaking her tongue into her mouth. In response, the canid's cock, already quite hard, gushed a tablespoon of pre all over her belly, matting her fur.

Vale's cock, lubed with her own juices and Thalia's from pressing against her pussy lips, popped inside the fleshy tunnel. She immediately felt crushed, the virgin honeypot clamping down on her huge cock.

Thalia's back arched, her eyes bulging as she was penetrated. "HOLY! FUCK!" she gasped. It felt like Vale had shoved her fist into the spotted herm's pussy rather than just her cock, and Thalia dared not look, sure that she would see an obscene bulge to her gut.

Inch by inch the hefty meat became buried within her folds, eventually bottoming out. Being stuffed with such a huge tool left the hyena feeling heavily bloated, as if she had eaten a load of rocks—and Vale hadn't even impregnated her yet!

The lizard started to pump in and out of her partner, each withdrawal of her cock feeling like it was going to pull Thalia's womb out along with it, and every inward thrust felt as though Vale was cramming it all back in.

As those two got to breeding, Gamble and Juno weren't entirely left out. The lemur's head lulled from side to side as it hung back, her eyes rolled partly upwards and her mouth slack as her mind grew numb again with pleasure. Below her, Gamble vigorously sucked the ebony pole extending from Juno's pelvis. Her own eyes were closed, swimming in the carnal bliss of both the blowjob and being ridden as sex furniture.

Forcing the words out as she gained temporary control of her gasps and groans, Thalia urged Vale onward. "Come on, fuck me harder! I want you to fatten me up with a clutch of lizard eggs, damn it!"

The green-scaled herm was giving it everything she had, her hips slamming to and fro, her cock racing along Thalia's tight walls. Both were picking up their breathing, their breaths coming shallower and shallower, their hearts pounding in their chests, their balls slapping and aching and churning with the need to procreate.

Vale rammed home, impaling the other herm. She threw her head back, a long wail of pure sexual gratification filling the ears of all present as her lizard-seed roared into Thalia. Lost in a sea of her own physical bliss, the canid could only howl her own ecstasy, her pussy clamping down on the cock, milking every last drop. Her hips shuddered as she received her hard-earned bounty, her gut growing hot and heavy from the large load of reptilian milk. Her own prick burst, jets of white streaking her stomach and chest, a few managing to decorate her face, almost hitting her in one eye.

Behind and below, both Juno and Gamble hit their own climaxes: the reindeer came all over the floor while the lemur unloaded a delicious treat into the cervine's maw; Gamble gulped it all down happily, proud to have pleased her fellow.

Coming down from all their highs, the quartet basked in the afterglow, contentedly snuggling each other. For her part, Thalia was beyond pleased: she'd never felt such intimacy and excitement with another person, and the prospect of parenthood seemed to her an incredible and amazing development. Lazily, she caressed her gut, looking forward to giving birth. And being knocked up again, of course.

"Well?" Juno asked, playing with her tail, using the prehensile appendage to tickle Gamble's nose.

"Well what?" Thalia replied.

"You said you'd tell me what we're calling ourselves when we had some more of our new kind. So, what are going to call ourselves?"

Thalia frowned, turning the matter over in her mind. A series of names came to her, but several of them were downright ridiculous and others didn't quite feel appropriate. After a minute, she reckoned she had a good one.

"How about...*the Horde*?"

The End