

A Tale of Two Fins

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for Skarth

Description

OKAY SO THIS ONE has some disclaimers with it. Don't read this unless you can handle some pretty weird merging and TF stuff! Don't even read the description! You're warned!

Okay, so Skarth wanted me to write up a very short tale about his manadragony self being converted to a strange pair of orca-like creatures. Conjoined in an... odd way. To get an idea of what's coming, you'd have to look at his art here. Like I said—weird stuff! Two bodies, two heads, two tails. All seems normal. Then you put both heads on one body and both tails on the other. Try not to think too much about how it breathes, eats, poops, or anything like that.

This was a \$10.00 per page commission done with a budget of \$50.00. At 4.25 pages, it came out to a final cost of \$42.50. However, there were discounts once again! I gotta get to some full price commissions in!

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SOMETIMES, I WONDER WHAT I got myself into when I accepted the position at the Amalgamated Research Company. Yes, that's the same ARC that is always in the news for being just on the legal side of the edge of the law, and nowhere near the ethical side of the edge of ethics.

The pay's good; the contractual protection of my family from forced experiments is better. And no, I won't say who I am, or I'd lose my pay, and the protection. I kind of like them both.

No, I really just wanted to share this... Well, this incident. We do a lot of weird research in my divi-

sion, but this is, by far, the weirdest bit of research we ever have done.

We had some data shared with us by another lab in our division, and we were asked to do some follow ups with it. Turns out they'd come across some really weird mutagenous compounds that could be easily controlled and manipulated by nanobots.

Yeah, I know—mutagens and nanobots. You can already tell where this is going.

We could transform people and furs into just about anything—it promised to be big bucks in the treatment species and gender dysmorphias. It was kind of fun too. We even did a couple of the team members to have a good mental baseline. Worked great with no mental damage, once I worked out a couple of the kinks in delivery and management. Doesn't help Tom, but we got it worked out.

Anyway, we were trying more and more unusual shifts when the other lab came back with some new info. They'd been using the stuff to try and enhance mental abilities, and they had some cool results on that.

Cue Alex thinking out loud "Hey, what if we could make a hive mind? Like the Z——?"

Well, once you propose an idea at ARC, you have to try it.

Really—it's in the contract.

So, we got our next subject—number 5K-427H—in and buckled up. Not that he put up much of a fight. He might have been a willing volunteer or something. Those do exist, believe it or not.

So anyway, we pick a random target species using a very advanced stochastic system. Yeah, it's a dartboard. Anyway, we pick out the target as *Orcinus orca*. Some people just call them orcas now, but

yeah, that's the 'killer whale'. If you think that name is bad, you should feel really sorry for the family BALAENIDAE and other 'right whales'.

But yeah, I keep digressing. We pick out this species and get him strapped in. And then we let him know what we're going to do to him. Yeah, his response was to actually get a bit horny. That manadragon must have been a volunteer. We get some *weird* people in the labs sometimes.

So we explain it to him and begin the injection. Now bear with me, because believe it or not, things really start to get weird now.

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KEN AND JOHN DID THE STRAPPING this time, and they really went overboard. It turns out that this was not, in any sense, a good thing.

See, the mixture of stuff we applied this time was designed to create nervous system unity (Nanites, ahoy!) while separating the body into two copies, both orcas. Problem was, 5K-427H was strapped down and the bodies couldn't get far enough apart on the guernsey.

Whoops.

By the time we realized the mistake, it was too late. 5K-427H was splitting into two separate bodies, but the two forms were far too close together to separate fully. The two bodies split, merged, split again, and merged again. Essentially, we had created a fluxing pair of orca-like bodies on the table.

We could do nothing except stand back and hope for the best. Contact with a shifting entity would have simply included us in the transformation matrix. There really was nothing to be done but wait.

It took a while for the seething mass of black and white flesh to begin to coalesce into its final shape. 5K-427H was still aroused, occasionally a phallus would poke out of the mass of flesh.

At least once, I think I saw a squirt of semen that was reabsorbed into the mass of the experiment. I made a note to later look up where they found this manadragon, this was a pretty 'out there' reaction.

We did *not* have a great success here. My eyes traced our experimental result. Starting with the head on the right, I could trace a complete line of

orca flesh all the way from nose to nose. Great, some kind of conjoined. . .

Nope, I could trace my eyes similarly from fluke to fluke. Unfortunately for our experimental efforts, there were still two bodies. We had created one body with two heads; we had created one body with two tails.

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ALE! ALE IS WHAT I needed a glass of. That stuff would've made it easy to process the transformation result I had just seen. I figured we'd killed poor 5K-427H. That was when it spoke. I expected it to say "Kill me." or something like that. We had that happen once.

But no, it didn't beg for death, instead it just kind of turned to us and spoke, from both mouths at once, "Hey. That was kind of neat."

Neat? He gets turned into an abomination and says it was neat? *Where* on Earth they find people like this? Actually, forget I asked. I like to imagine it's not on Earth.

We sent Alex in first, since the whole thing was his fault. We had him prod the two bodies and see if he could figure out how they worked, since 5K-427H wasn't just dying right out.

Well, we got some dimensions and basic outer measurements, shined a light through the heads, and got some information on what 5K-427H could feel.

Turns out that the nervous systems of the two bodies were totally linked, he could feel it when they touched the tails. We'd expected as much, as the nanobots were relaying the signals between his nervous systems. Somehow, this worked out even as the proximity caused the separation programming to bug out to all hell.

Well, we'd determined that he wasn't going to die—something was keeping both bodies alive. Knowing that, we figured we might as well take some measurements and see if we could figure out what it was.

Ken started by getting a rectal thermometer and taking the temperature of the tailbody. Quite unexpectedly, he'd no sooner put the thermometer in

than 5K-427H came all over the guernsey. Yes, taking his temperature gave him an erection and caused him to spray semen all over the table.

We all stole glances at each other, knowing that the 'Adult Products' division was going to come up soon. However, we just continued taking measurements, heart rate, brain waves, blood oxygen and blood sugar, etcetera. It all looked pretty good, really. It appeared we'd created something that could survive for a while. Somehow.

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REALLY HAPPY THAT WE had not killed him, we now had the interesting duty of determining what to do with the strange creature (or is it creatures?) that we had created.

That was when Alex—it is always Alex—said something we all regret him saying.

"Hey, why don't we test him sexually? Adult Products might be able to have a field day with this!"

Have I mentioned that Alex is always the one who says things like this? It is always him. Well, now we're obligated to try some stuff on him, so John and Ken suggested that Alex put on a shoulder-length glove and try fisting the ass on one of the tails of the tailorca.

He didn't like that suggestion any. With the whole "Have to try any suggestion." rule, you can imagine where this ended up pretty quickly.

Anyway, Alex grumbled and put on the glove, then gave 5K-427H a pat on the right-hand rump before shoving his way in without much ceremony. 5K-427H was less pent up this time around, but he did grow pretty aroused from the penetration.

The orca was aroused enough to squeal, "Nng! That feels great!"

I looked at Ken and John, and winked. "Hey Alex, make sure you feel up his prostate really well. And check to see if he has two!"

5K-427H squirmed at the thought, Alex huffed and moved his hand around, eliciting more squirming. We put a second glove on him so he could check the other end. It was great, looked like he was giving the tails a big hug. His face was mashed up into

5K-427H's sexual openings too, which meant he had a pair of raging orca erections in his face. Comedy gold right there!

Judging by 5K-427H's reactions, it was pleasure gold as well. Alex didn't need to tell us that the orca had two prostates and was enjoying the double stimulation. He didn't need to tell us, because we figured as much when he got a big splatter of orca pre-seminal fluids in his face.

Well, we were on a role now. Ken told Alex to keep going, and John got some stuff together to make a set of makeshift anal beads. I fed Alex little ideas, like "Try licking the base of the shaft." and "Kiss the head now." This kept him too busy to counteract our ideas and kept 5K-427H horny as all hell.

Once John got the set of beads together, we tossed them in the test room and 'suggested' that Alex try running the whole set all the way through the tail portion.

5K-427H almost came from the suggestion alone, but he held himself back as Alex smeared lubricant all over the massive beads. John had gone a bit overboard, so the things varied from about 10 cm in diameter to 2 m in diameter. Fortunately, whatever was keeping the subject alive made it easy for him to take the first of the twelve balls.

Alex got it worked in and stopped for a moment to catch his breath before pushing in number two. The second forced the first deeper into the connected bowels of the orca. 5K-427H's opinion of this was to cream again, making a huge mess throughout the area.

That was only halfway through the second ball. The third really mashed his prostate up, and soon he was coming in buckets, spraying semen everywhere. Adult products was going to love this, though I am certain 5K-427H liked it more.

Alex was a complete mess by the time he started pushing in the fourth anal bead. 5K-427H was begging for more, more of those beads, more width, more pleasure. We—save for Alex—were happy to oblige him. Ball five pushed enough into his body for ball one to begin pressing on his other prostate.

That really set him off. Sexual squeaks filled the room, and he began to grunt when the sixth bead forced the first to start stretching out his other anal

vent.

It was like watching an oversized egg being laid. First his pucker pushed out, not wanting to open around the bead. Then, as number seven went in, it forced it's passage. He slowly opened up around the hard plastic, grunting and groaning in pleasure as both of his lower orifices was wrapped around a sphere. Finally, the first ball popped out of him, and Alex took another short breather.

We didn't give either Alex or 5K-427H too long, however. We wanted to make sure Alex didn't go suggesting we help or something. Instead, we suggested that pulling the remainder through might be interesting. Alex trudged over to the first bead—now hanging out of 5K-427H's rear—and began to pull on it.

It took a lot of pulling to make 5K-427H's rear give up number two, and even more yanking to get number eight to pass in. By this time, the orca was splattering everything with his semen, especially Alex.

I chuckled as our bad-idea factory struggled for a moment, trying to get three out of 5K-427H, and nine into him. It almost looked like he couldn't do it, but then there was a loud POP! and it fell forward. Alex was caught so off guard that he slipped and fell, pulling the bead out of the orca's rear and jamming number nine right in. For split-second, it appeared that number nine would be too large, but the orca ring gave way and it sank inexorably into his depths. The sound was both lewd and amusing.

Alex managed to get up a few moments later, though the powerful squirts of orca semen certainly weren't helping him balance. It took him a while to balance himself with spray after spray hitting him.

He managed to get his hands on the beads again, and began pulling with all his might. It didn't look like four would be able to work it's way out, the bulge of 5K-427H's rear was pretty large, even as his hole did open up some, making the ball clearly visible, albeit stuck.

Alex struggled and continued pulling, but it just wasn't coming loose. Alex had to really struggle with it to get it out, and eventually he had to get a speculum and use that to press 5K-427H's vent open wide enough for the bead to pop out.

Just as four had been easy going in, but hard coming out, ten was hard all the way around. At this point Alex had to go from end to end on 5K-427H, pushing a bead in, then going back and pulling and tugging and stretching on the other in order to loosen it. That's how ten went in, six came out, and eleven went in.

At this point, both ends of the orca were stretched and bulging from the extreme sizes within him, and nothing Alex did would loosen the beads any further. For all intents and purposes, they were stuck fast in 5K-427H's tail-body.

Alex finally gave up and asked for help. Ken held up a mechanical winch he'd fished out of our supply room. Alex winced, though 5K-427H just kept begging for us to get that last bead in.

Fortunately, 5K-427H held up when the winch was connected to the exit-end and started up. The extra mechanical force was enough to get number seven to pop out, and the consistency of it was enough to pull eight into place without his vent snapping closed. Eight resisted, and twelve strained to enter, for a moment, but the machine ramped up steadily, applying more and more brute force to force the beads through our subject.

5K-427H screamed in pleasure when both rings gave way and a loud slurping sound combined with air popping with each exit. The remaining bead flew through 5K-427H's body, mashing every single sexual sensor on the way.

Twelve got stuck at the exit, but only for a moment. It too eventually popped free, leaving the orca tail-body to recover from the massive insertions and removals. 5K-427H's vents gaped for a moment before finally closing up, and for the first time in a few hours, 5K-427H was not fully erect and aroused.

However, he was unconscious. I am guessing that the extreme, prolonged pleasure of having the beads passed through him was too much, and completely extinguished all of his energy reserves.

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THIS WAS NOT, by any means, the expected outcome of our research. However, our discovery did promise to be fairly profitable once we had fully determined what we were dealing with.

Thankfully, we didn't have to do any more testing on our own. I wiped the come off my glasses just in time to see a couple of representatives of the Adult Products division coming in to pick up 5K-427H and take him away to a sex experimentation lab to really be rigorously tested.

We all got a bonus—300 grand after taxes—for the discovery. So that part was nice. I heard 5K-427H ended up making the company some good money and made a couple of great papers. That's certainly nice too. I'm pretty sure that 5K-427H got some great orgasms out of it as well, which really made it a win-win outcome for everybody.

Well, my sanity wasn't faring so well, but that happens at ARC.

Anyway, there wasn't much for us to do after that except move on to 5K-427I. Alex stopped suggesting things at least—so all in all, it was a good experiment.

