

This is part 5 of an overarching story. You don't have to read them in chronological order to understand what's going on, but it might still be helpful to start at the beginning.

Warning: This story contains foul language and heavy themes of Transformation-as-Sexuality. If that's not your thing, you've been warned.

Enjoy!

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Ughhh. My head hurts...

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I cough and spit some cum out of my mouth. It hits the ground under me like an insult.

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I'm splayed out face-down on the concrete floor in a back corner of this *stupid* lab. Every part of me is sore. I try to move my hooves, and they respond well enough, but I don't have the ambition to try to move anything else. The concrete under me is cool and solid, and it takes more energy than I have to even *think* about getting up...

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But I probably *should* get up...

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I slowly drag one hand to my side and push myself into a kneeling position. All the blood rushes out of my head and I almost pass out. I sit still and fend off the darkness until my heart starts pumping my blood properly. Or blood-analogue, or... whatever. Whatever consciousness-juice keeps rubber anthros alive.

At least I'm not full of *air* anymore. I feel like my quote-unquote "regular" self again, minus the *worst fucking hangover* I think I've *ever* had...

I hold one hoof up to the side of my head and rub the ear I'd been lying on. I look over at Buckeye's unconscious body, and then I look up at the rope still tied to a heavy-looking cabinet and an exercise bike. My memory of the past night is... not great... but I remember the woman tying both my hands firmly to the cabinet, and then turning around to tie Buckeye to the bike. Not that we needed to be

restrained, since neither one of us could move... That was right *after* she'd forcefully turned us into *sex dolls* in a misguided attempt to get information.

I remember how much it tore at my heart, all the absurd *need* that was pent up in that body, and not being able to call out to ask her to *use* me the way I wanted her to. She just... walked away, leaving Buckeye and me to boil alive in our own desire. We were prisoners in our own stupid, inflated, suggestive, inanimate bodies.

Time lost its meaning. I swear I was restrained for eons, tortured by the incessant sensitivity in my skin with no way to sate my thirst. No one around to help. No escape from myself.

Maybe it was hours, maybe years... I noticed I could finally move my arm a little. It wasn't much at first – just a twitch with a soft “squeak”. But I kept doing it, and it got louder. I could feel my arms slowly losing their volume, and my muscle control was coming back. S-L-O-W-L-Y.

I could hear Buckeye squeaking, too. It was the sound of salvation, and I *yearned* for it.

My single purpose became a quest to get my hands out from the rope. I *pulled* – at first too subtle to notice, but soon like a stiff crocodile in a fishing net.

And then I was free.

I didn't think about it at the time, but tying up an *inflatable* only works if they *stay* inflated. I flopped towards Buckeye with the dexterity of a bookshelf.

I went right for the dick. No shame. It hit my sealed mouth and deflected along the side of my snout, but that didn't stop me. Nothing could stop me. Nothing but the touch of Buckeye's cold nose to my slit. That did it. All my need, all my frustration, it all melted with his touch.

But it came back.

God, it came back with a *vengeance*.

It's embarrassing to think about *how long* we struggled to bash our useless bodies together in some vain attempt at sexual release. Just imagine two pool-tubes furiously trying to fuck each other. That's the kind of visual and auditory experience we're dealing with. Lots of bouncing and “sqrk”-s.

The seal breaking on my mouth felt like the fucking rapture. I *immediately* filled it with mountain-lion dick, and I got to *work*. And when his tongue came back... Holy *shit*. We were really getting somewhere. I've never been so focused on one single thing. Well, two things: My tongue climbing around his dick, and his tongue lapping against my clit. The only two things that mattered.

It was *Infuriating*, how the last parts of us to return to “normal” were our voices and our genitals. Our sex just kept ramping up and up and up past anything I would have thought possible. It was *insane*. Not necessarily *good*, just *insane*. Overwhelming. Too much. Buckeye came the instant he had a hole to cum through, and I went off a few moments later. But we just kept going. It was like a porn video stuck on repeat.

And then I woke up *here*.

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I feel like I'm going to throw up.

I stand up on shaky legs and look around. There's a door with the image of a toilet just down the hall. Knowing this place, there's an equal chance it's a bathroom or some stupid magic door that turns people into toilets. I feel shitty enough right now that... you know what? I don't know which option is more appropriate. I lean down to squeeze Buckeye's arm, and then make my way over to the door. I push it open, flip a light-switch, and walk inside.

It's a bathroom. I hold out my arms. I'm not a toilet. That's good, I guess.

I close and lock the door, thinking that "not-yet-not-yet" mantra of all people about to puke. I rush over to the toilet, fall to my knees, and throw up.

And then I throw up again.

I make a note: throwing up still sucks when you're a rubber anth –

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– ro doe. Maybe it burns a little less, I don't know. I bump my head into the side of the seat and groan. I still feel nauseous, like puking didn't even help all that much. I flush the toilet. My eyes follow the contents as they spiral around and disappear out of sight.

I sit there and contemplate my life. But that just makes my head hurt, so instead I climb up onto the seat and try to get my nausea out in the other direction.

I'm about to pee, but – wait. I... haven't done this before. Somehow, I haven't gone to the bathroom since yesterday morning. No, not even... Since the *previous* morning (or maybe I peed in the lake, I don't remember). Probably part of the reason my stomach's upset... Either way, I haven't been *on a toilet* with a doe's – with a *woman's* body before, and it's... weird. How does this work? I feel like I'm not back far enough, but my tail's already squished into the lid behind me. Maybe if I just lean forward...

I stop clenching and hope for the best.

This is *weird*. It works, but it's *weird*. I feel like I should be holding my penis in place with my fingers, but I don't *have* one of those anymore. Well, come to think of it, I don't exactly have *fingers* anymore, either.

I finish, rub a hoof across my crotch, and sigh.

Back to me.

I already know how to poop, so that part's not as weird. *Still* weird, 'cause it's shaped like little balls and my asshole is made of rubber, but it's not *vagina*-level weird.

I flush, get up, and walk over to the sink. A doe looks back at me through the mirror. She looks *wiped*. And she's got dried semen on her forehead. Not a great look.

I squeeze my head under the sink and blast myself with water. When I look back up, the doe in the mirror is dripping wet. At least she's a little more presentable, and she looks like she feels a bit better than she did before. She points a finger – er, hoof-gun at me. "Go get 'em, tiger."

"I am a doe," I correct her.

She rolls her eyes at me. "Stop talking to yourself."

"No, *you* stop talking to myself," I mutter, walking towards the door.

I step out of the bathroom to the sound of Buckeye throwing up into a trash bin. Or maybe it's a tool bin, I don't know. Some kind of bin. I run over.

"Hey," I say, patting him gently on the arm. "Bathroom's free."

He nods in understanding, but holds his focus on the bin in his paws.

I hug his back – again, gently – while he gets through what he needs to get through. I absently coil and uncoil his tail around my arm. We stand there in silence for a minute or two. Then I pipe up.

"Let's never do that again."

"Get non-consensually inflated into living sex dolls?" He winces, turning towards me. "Yeah, Fen... I'm on the same page about that."

"That was bad."

"That was *really* bad."

"Yeah..." I pat the tufts of rubbery hair on his head. "Hey, B... I'm really sorry that some of your first experiences as an anthro mountain-lion are kind of... traumatic."

"This isn't *your* fault, Fen." Buckeye looks a little sheepish. "If anything, it's mine..." He holds my shoulders in his paws. "But believe me, there's *no one* I'd rather be here with than you. You make all of this... okay."

He's known me for less than two days and he already knows how to push my buttons. I bury my face into his chest and give him a tight hug. "Hah," I giggle. "You're *welcome*."

"I just hope *you're* okay, after everything..."

I consider it. "I'm not at that point just yet, but I... I'll get there. Maybe... we just go easy on the whole 'sex' thing for a day or two, though."

We're hugging in the nude, so I can *feel* his dick swell just from touching me.

"How can you *still* be horny after that?" I tease, bumping him with my pelvis.

"Easy for you to judge... You're not *dating* a beautiful doe!"

"*Fuck off!*" I say, laughing. It's annoying how easy it is for him to make me blush. I kiss his nose, which has kind of become my default response to anything he does. "You'll have to introduce me to her. I'd love to be able to brag about my clever *boyfriend*."

He kisses my ear. "You know, I'm only horny because I remembered how funny it was to watch you slam your face into my crotch. ...Well, not at the time, but – "

"*Stop.*" I cut him off, placing a hoof over his mouth. "Too soon."

He hugs me back. "*Fine*, but don't think you're ever gonna live that down."

"We were *sex dolls*. I didn't have much control over what I *did*."

"And you were *very* cute doing it," he says, teasing his paw through my rubbery hair.

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We stare into each other's eyes. This is falling in love... I'm falling in love with this big, dumb mountain-lion. And he's falling in love with me...

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I speak up again. "So... since we didn't really get a chance to talk between sleepin' and fuckin'... How's it feel to be a brand-new moun – "

A door opens down the hall, and the woman steps out. She looks at us, and we look at her.

"Oh, fuck," says everyone. Buckeye and I fall back in surprise.

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"EMRYYYY," she shouts behind her.

Buckeye throws himself in front of me and tenses like he's about to pounce. His tail is erratically flicking back and forth. The woman assumes a low stance in the hall, like she's waiting for Buckeye to attack her.

A short latex anthro lizard (Emry?) pokes his head out of the doorway. "Shandra, what're you – "

Buckeye growls through his teeth, but I've had just about enough of this. I get up and push *him* behind *me*.

"*Listen*, we... I don't want to fight you." I shoot Buckeye a *look*. He shoots a look back, but I ignore it. I point to the loose rope on the cabinet. "*We could* have escaped by now, but we *didn't*. I *want* to talk. Just *LET* us *TALK!*"

Silence. Emry and Shandra glance at one another.

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I speak up first. "*First of all*, what you did to us last night was *not* okay. There was no consent. It was assault. It was a *really* bad experience."

It's subtle, but I notice Shandra and Emry lose their composure. Shandra chooses her next words carefully. "I... I know. It wasn't *personal*, but we *know* that it was wrong. You were a threat to us. You're *still* a threat to us." Her composure is back. "Do you have any *idea* – "

Buckeye cuts her off. "How are we a threat to *you*?!"

I stop him again. "Buckeye, *stop yelling at them*. Please. You have to trust me."

"Fen," he looks exasperated. "You're not taking this seriously. I'm having to take this twice as serious just to make up for it. Do you have any *idea* – "

Now Buckeye is trying not to laugh. I've been making a more and more serious face while he was talking.

" – how much *pressure* that puts on me? Can you even *fathom* the hardships I've had to endure? The pain of love and loss and strife and hardships – "

"You already said 'hardships'."

"*YEAH*, Fen! Because there were *TWO OF THEM!*"

We're both sitting on the floor giggling.

Emry looms over us.

"AAH!" we jump, startled.

"We've made a decision. Put on some clothes and we'll talk."

"Can we negotiate those terms?" Buckeye asks.

"No," says everyone.

"Men's clothing isn't bad," I offer. "You'll like pockets."