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Furry Mokushiroku: Scenery.

By

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Far above the atmosphere it just traveled about, speeds pretty fantastic plus mind boggling too while the computer was going over last transitions it received a hundred years ago, search out a planet fitting the data, find the dominate life form and begin the organic forming forming for the arrival. This vessel found a planet, or at least a data stream around it. It judged it need help as it could not fully decipher the data, too different and too chaotic for it to understand. A lot of computing the vessel turned a bit, hitting the atmosphere causing much heat. Within this vessel something was not quiet right. Perhaps it was it had been centuries since the last transmission, the fact when it was sent out on it's mission it was a large brass spear the size of a car engine now is shaped like a potato and the size of a volley ball or perhaps during entry the heat kind of cooked a good chunk of the electronics within.

Regardless it fell, streaking across the sky. Over oceans and mountain ranges before slamming into some dirt, leaving behind a trail of destruction. The computer on board had gone over the damage it caused, the effect it is going to have on the

local wild life, finding it had lost some of the organic forming payload without programming it. This might cause whatever encounters it might twist it into something horrific. The vessel could only compute one thing.

Whoops.

It has to clean that up later, but first the vessel had to find the dominate life to organic form. First it tried to extend mobile tractor system but found those were gone, diagnostics found ninety percent of its equipment long gone. The vessel figured it had to spread the formula by any means possible. A scan shows there were various creatures within range it can use, but the genetics did not match those on the profile so it has to do some extensive remodeling. It took note of a creature walking by, figuring start now some mechanics emerged from within, aiming towards the creature and sprayed the formula onto it. Soon the formula will take effect, changing around the biology, and even the atomic structure, of the creature and spread it to others within the same genetic make up. The vessel took no chance though, just in case the disbursal system was broken or

other horrible things it also sprayed some another mammals that approached it and, it was not sure what that was but it got sprayed too. The vessel measured the last of the formula effective range and found it was not much. Some clicking and whirring it launched into the air, screeched like a hair band being feed into a lawn mower it burst into a fine cloud that covered the area with the remaining formula.

The vessel, despite it's well meaning methods it failed to realize due to the heavy damage it's logic was horrifically flawed, that the formula it used only worked on the female of its target due to a lot of variables like losing half of the materials over the crash site, the bulk of itself being lost around that gas planet and the rest of the components that effected the XY chromosome burnt up upon entry.

She did not know what animal sprayed her nor did it ever want to encounter it again, the substance was gone by the time it reached the other coyotes. They did not notice this one had been marked, letting her mingle in their canine fashion as they broke apart to find food. The coyote moved

towards the place where masses of food could be found, left by those strange creatures. Occasionally finding something meaty, or sweet but usually tasty.

The strange feeling overcame her at the edge of the land of those creatures, nerves sting and tingled. Lurching forward her paws were farther before her, swelling as her legs stretched. Her mouth felt dry, throat tightening and stretching. Her body was changing, from the sleek coyote form to those of the human. Shock and realization overcame her mind when the notion of humans was known, even further show was she knew what a 'notion' was.

Legs thrash about, shrinking haunches and lengthening limbs with her torso expanding, waist shaping up and her tits slowly merge into a single set. Something felt weird in her fur, she could not explain it even with the new knowledge bestrode upon her. Looking down, her bust was expanding. Slowly from nothing to A cups, B cups, growing as a lump in her throat grew out of terror. They stopped at D cups. The transformation had stopped, breathing hard the coyote woman stood up to stumble through the empty park. Numb

from the experience, stopping to see herself in the reflection of some glass of the map board. Human body, tail, short fur, wide hips, narrow waist, large chest. She was someone's wet dream for sure. Enough admiring herself, she had to find out why this happened to her.

That realization had come over her, that object that sprayed her. That metal potato out there, if she found it maybe it could reverse what happened.

“Holy hell!”

The voice belonged to fellow who was behind her, unseen when she came into the park. His green eyes wide with shock at the sight of the coyote woman before him. She did not know what to do, attack, run away, attack than run away, bawl, brawl, wave arms around and act like a mirage. Her eyes did find something interesting, hot dog. He noticed her intense staring at the hot dog, he smirked while holding up.

“Like this?” he asked, while looking her over. “You can have it, if you do something for me.”

“You mean sex?” She mentally wonder how she knew this? But something had told her that this will lead to food. She

walked over to the man, “if you give me that, hot dog,” she paused to find the word but smiled while pressing up against him. She could feel his excitement through the pants, “I will ride you.”

The man only hand over the hot dog, goofy smile wide. Quickly devouring the hot dog, all gone the coyote woman's hands moved towards the man's pants and quickly pulled them down releasing his hard cock. With a small gasp the coyote woman turn around and lean down, hands placed firmly on the ground and ass up presenting herself. The man wasted no time, figuring she was a different species no condom was needed he just dove in. His cock tip rub against the pussy lips, pushing in a little causing her to mur and oh. He push in, pulling back a little before going back in causing her to gasp as the new sensation flooded over her. Going in all the way the man placed his hands on her hips, thrusting in a rhythm that steady grew faster and faster. Getting pounded make the coyote woman grunt, huff and pant. Her hands curled into balls tearing up some dirt.

An orgasm washed over, rearing her head up to howl just as the man filled her

body with cum, warmth spreading through her abdomen for a moment. He pulled out, semen dripping out of her cunt as she slowly regained herself. Looking back before walking off the man just stood there, wondering what happened but did not question it.

Wondering back into the forest wondering back to the area with the brass potato she saw them, several other coyote women standing around talking to each other, the general question of what happened was the topic before they all took notice of her. They all noticed her.

She was going to have a tough time explaining this one.

He was riding back, the experience of the coyote woman still fresh on his mind and body. He was not going to tell anyone about that, no one would believe him and he did not want to be branded as a loon. Wondering if that weird meteorite and that explosion had anything to do with the coyote woman, figuring she was some kind of alien looking for action?

Could be.

There was nothing else to do except

go finally head home after the long trip and check in on his pad was still in one place. Pulling up there was not much fanfare, most of the neighbors was asleep and only stray dogs was roaming about, a few that usually hung around his back door looking for hand outs was there and got a pat on the head. Inside everything was as it was when he left, wondering to the back there was a small box made out of wire mess and wood. Inside was a fruit bat, still alive so his buddy must had came through. He did not name it yet but figure on giving it to a friend soon, reaching to drop some fruits into a small tray. Next to it was a bird cage, inside was some magpie he was hoping to sell off one day. Reaching in, patting it on the head and changed the newspaper for it.

In the living room he slowly strip off his clothes, they stuck to him after that sexual encounter with the coyote woman, while that was fun, the feeling like wearing a fruit roll up was not.

The noise got his attention, how long he was out was unknown, he did leap up and rush to the back where the cages was. He saw the bat had grown to twice it size, quickly opening the cage door the bat flew

out barely squeezing through. The magpie also has grown, needing to take the entire bird cage apart he saw the bird double in size in a matter of seconds. He just backed away into the doorway, watching what unfold before him.

The bat had shot up, roughly four feet tall as her body twitched and writhe into various ways as the legs was becoming human except for the foot. Her body taking on a humanoid form as her massive hings stayed the same shape, than three extra digits appeared. Her torso formed as her breasts came in, a single set and small, barely above A cups. Her face went from animistic to expressive, eyes turning into a solid gold as a large tuff covered one eye.

The magpie also grew, stopping at nearly six feet which is under a few inches of the man. Her body shook and her legs stretched, taking on more human appearance with a wiry frame, her skin smoothed out. The wings warped around, forming into, he was not sure, hangs, fingers, hands? Feather fingers was the best way to explain it. Her body became hourglass like, as her bust expand to C cups. Full breasts too. He stood there

staring at them, they were so confused and looking at themselves. The Magpie lifted her tits up, letting them fall down and bounce as the bat look at her own with disappointment. They look at the man, than down seeing his cock slowly coming to life. Than back to each other.

“If we,” the bat spoke for a moment, shocked at her own voice. “Uh, I never thought I could speak. Or think like this!”

“If we fuck you hard, will you keep us safe?” the Magpie nudge the bat, who smiled in a nervous way. The man was just too stunned to say much except nod.

The first to have sex was Magpie, Bat was too shy and too shocked by her own sudden uplifting. The bird woman seem to move quickly, first by impossibly wrapping her beak around his cock. The edges seem so lip like, fooling him they were solid and ridged. Her head bobbed up and down, starting fast and furious her massive hand felt down to her own pussy, feeling it with a finger and moaning while doing this. Feeling the burst of cum go down her throat, Magpie climb up onto the bed with him, quickly moving onto the still erect

cock and pushing herself down on it. In the corner Bat was watching, her wings fumbling around with her wet pussy watching the show. Magpie was a screamer, and very rough in her bouncing against his crotch. Cumming inside of her the man was very, very spend and in some pain. Bat crawled into bed, but instead of finishing him off she leaned over to lap up the cum slipping out of Magpie's pussy with her long tongue.

Looking up Magpie laid back as Bat interlock her legs with Magpie's, crotch to crotch she moved back and forth. Rubbing softly and slow at first, Magpie gasp from the pleasure of her very sensitive cunt. The man was getting hard watching this, his hands reach over to grip her breasts and tweak her tits. Bat rubbed faster, harder. Magpie shivered from the attention she was getting, the man straddle her waist with his cock right between her breasts. Squeezing them together they completely envelope his cock, he began pumping against the massive tits, the feathers texture giving him a thrill.

Bat open her mouth, silently moaning in pleasure and nearly orgasm

while the man grunted, his cum shot out into her face and over her chest. Bat orgasm, falling against the bed as the other two collapsed. Barely rolling over the man felt so lucky.

Bat's full experience with the man was in the morning. Laying between Magpie and the man she felt something with the fold of her wing, looking down to see he had morning wood Bat slowly climbed over the cock, her cunt poised and perpetrated. The man woke up, "nice way to wake up."

Bat blushed. Bucking roughly she brush some hair side as he grip her tits, squeezing them causing her to squeak. Magpie might be a screaming, but Bat had a set of lungs on her as her brains was fucked out. Magpie was too tired to do much except watch. Bat's bubbly self moaned, babbled about fucking her harder and how fun this is. The man cum, she quickly pulled herself off letting much of the cum spray over her pussy, thighs and lower abdomen. Bat collapse onto of him, not quick through she slid back on his cock but only slowly moving her hips back and forth as they laid there for a while. He came

twice during this time and was very tired.

She was a hornet, body segmented in soft armor like plates under her ribs, at her hips and her limb joints. Her extra arms hung beneath the primary arms. Her breasts soft to the touch and her stinger reduced to a very stiff tail. The men around her was looking at her, she was a bit scared and pressed flat against the wall trying to cover up.

One man shove a dick at her, placing it into her hand as another came forward to touch her pussy. Fingering it causing her to moan a bit, another came forward gesturing for a handjob by the hornet. Her hands moved slow at first, cocks hard as rocks and throbbing. Her hands became full as the man who was fingering her moved in front of her, picking her up by the waist and sitting her right on his cock, taking her full weight while bouncing her. Her hornet face blushed, the men around her closed in waiting a turn with her. Cum began to cover her breasts and thighs as the handjobs came, the one fucking her hard cum. Pulling out the next man took over, not stopping for a moment she just gripped

another cock and went to it. One after another they lined up, filling her body up and getting rocks off onto her body. When she was done her and the crowd disburse crotch was sore, covered from head to toe in cum and several piles of cash in hand.

She could see another crowd of men forming around her.

Raccoon girl stole the clothes, it was not her goal when entering, as she was just a regular raccoon, but the change over came her and the first thing was to cover her body. Going out the front door of the closed shop things were so familiar and so new to her, like what now. Moving on the sun was slowly setting making the streets more sinister, more dangerous. Looking around she seen a fox woman on her knees in front of a middle aged man with her tits rubbing his cock down the alleyway, another a coyote woman was getting fucked hard by several guys on the hood of a muscle car, two getting jerked off and spurting cum into her face while one guy took her from behind. Moving away not wanting to be seen or get involved. The uplifted seem to be a limited to a few species, and to

females only it seems. She wonder what happened to the males? Why where so many females so horny?

It was well after dark when she reached the suburban area she grew up in, the chaos here was much worse than the city. Far from the free love in the middle of a back alley, here there was bodies, destruction and fires burning in several areas. Whole houses completely gone, fires ether gutted them out or something tore them apart. Down the way was a SWAT van on its side, all her instincts, animal and new ones, screamed to get the hell out of the area.

Going back she witness a Yugo swerve about down the street as the driver screamed, the car cut across the lawn of a two story place smashing into an electrical pole, which landed right on a propane tank outside of the home, causing it to explode and collapsing the entire top floor on itself. Raccoon stood there a bit dumbfounded, scared really. The area cast in orange, the street lamps the only life besides the fire as it sparked, this was so much to handle. Out of the corner of her eyes there was someone waving at her, he was some youth in his

late teens trying to get her attention.

“Hey lady! You want protection? I can give it to you, for a favor.”

Favor, she knew what that meant, and her human mind was formed only hours ago. She was going to walk away, get away from here. The roar caused her to stop, the fire down the street, caused by that explosion, was shifting, movement could be seen. Blob of fire and anger ran into the street, howling, screaming and smashing against the ground. The Raccoon girl was shocked the youth had picked her up, carrying her towards the house but was staring at the things running out of the fire.

“Come on.” Running into a nearby house the fire things were spreading through the neighborhood, once inside he slam the door before showing her to a metal door far back. “Panic room.” The Raccoon girl fell into the room, the youth shut the door behind them. Locking them in.

They were stuck, outside the door there was loud crashing and several lights on the panel next to the door was lit up. Over to the other side was several security monitors showing the creatures running through the house, catching everything on

fire and cutting the feed. They sat on the floor for a moment.

“What a way to go.” He said.

“Henry.” Raccoon girl looked at him, “my name is Henry.”

“I, don't have a name,” she said.

“How about, Roxy.”

“Roxy. Yeah, my name is Roxy.”

Her clothes did not fit, having to tightly button the shirt cover her breasts, it was strained to the point of breaking and she had let out the seams at the thighs just to fit but it was the best she could find in short notice after the change in the police department dog kennel. Hiding down stairs in the record rooms, out of sight the German Shepard everyone called Lola wait until everything was sorted out. Staying behind the equipment files she read the police manual and procedures.

It was quiet, and boring she figure might as well have some fun of her own by unbuttoning her blouse and pulling down her pants, her fingers traveling around her cunt feeling the clit. Rubbing while pinching her nipples Lola closed her eyes, leaning back fingers rubbing. Juices slick

her finger a bit allowing to slip one into her pussy, she smiled a bit. Humming as her finger work faster, nearly beating her clit in fever, juices causing her pussy to be so wet ready for sex. Three fingers going in, stimulating her sexes while she moaned as quietly not to attract attention but release the frustration she has. Lola orgasm, she breath hard while leaning back.

“Nice show.”

Lola jumped seeing the officer who saved her in street clothes, blushing and trying to get redressed the officer just sat down next to her. “Uh, sir, I was.. I.”

There was no real good way to explain this one.

He settle in for the night, spending the morning recovering from the marathon and shopping at the nearby store for some clothes for the girls. Buying some short skirts, tight jeans, shirts and tube tops, Magpie seem to like it, strutting her tight jeans that allowed a nice shape of her pussy. The tube top tightly squeezing her breasts. Bat like her modest clothes, using the strange knowledge to create sleeves of a shirt wide enough to allow her wing hands

through and a short skirt. They all sat on the couch, the girls admiring the marvel of tv broadcasting when the news report came on.

“The nature of this phenomenon is still unknown, as stated it seems according to witnesses it seems animals are, transforming.” The reporter gave someone off screen a dirty look, muttering that cannot be right. “As reported by witness,” the reported repeated with some bitterness, “various species of animal are transforming, law enforcement are at lost. There is reports of monsters – Okay this has to be a hoax,” the reporter launch into a fit.

The man sat there, the girls looking at him. All he could say was, “Huh.”

The Man felt bad leaving them behind during a crisis, with the government agencies and possibly a mob with pitchforks and torches seeking him out staying in one spot might not be a wise idea. With drawing his entire life savings, all two hundred and forty dollars of it, to keep the girls afloat for a while until they found a way to live he did what anyone else

would do.

He punched a panda.

The man really did not like them, being all ball of cute covering their asshole tendencies of laziness, they are so lazy they can even bother mating for survival. One thing he did not figure on was that pandas bite, and very hard. Of course that could be Pandas also don't like being punched so it was fair game.

Getting in was pretty easy as the main gate was broken down, twisted outward in places. One can figure something wanted out. Getting back out was a different story, bleeding pretty badly, some pretty nasty scratches and having some fingers barely attached to his hand kind of made him disorientation. He did take some notice of various things like the bat house was empty when walking through it, the screen mesh that separate the various bats from visitors was torn up, things turned over and the frames twisted around. The reptile house was in similar shape glass scattered everywhere, the metal doors bent outward. The bird house was half empty, some birds seem untouched by whatever was uplifting animals into human form.

The man stop for a rest near the aquarium, not noticing losing a finger into the shark tank, nor did he noticed that some animals was loose and roaming about, well that Cheetah did let him know by taking a bite from an arm causing him to take off like his ass was on fire. Right into the awaiting claws of a tiger, which only manage to claw him lightly. Seeing he was trapped between two dangerous animals there was only one course. Going over a railing he jump, falling down, breaking both legs. Looking up he could see he landed in a hyena cage.

The man could only laugh at how fast his luck changed.

The buzzing in Hammerhead's brain was the cause of leaping out of the water, falling on the floor while flopping around. Lungs were quickly adapting to the air as the body reshape itself. Fins stretch out before forming into hands, the tail splitting in two and the fin becoming strange toeless feet. Neck twisting and turn so her head could move around as her eyes angled themselves to see forward. Her sex and bust took shape she gasp, feeling gills re-purposing

themselves.

Looking around she could see the other shark, at least the females, had the same fate as her.

The hyena stood on its hind legs as the front legs took on the appearance of arms, torso formed as the legs lengthen. Her sex changed, turning into a pussy and her torso reshape itself, two breasts forming before the transformation finished up leaving her and the other hyena females as uplifted. Climbing from the pit they found other newly uplifted milling around, the cheetah and tiger were trying hard to cover themselves, some of the sharks were standing out a bit proud of their new bodies as the pandas were joining the party.

Roxy never gave favors, especially sexual kinds. The Raccoon woman made it clear through out the time to Henry she was not interested in anything like that, and she really wanted to go back being just a regular raccoon. The clock on the wall read about ten in the morning and a week passed since they locked themselves inside, things were tense as each passing day Henry was

trying to get more, friendly he said, and she had to get a lot more unfriendly each time. They did not know what was happening outside as the security monitors were blank with the feed was cut, there was only one way to find out what was happening. Henry was growing frustrated with never getting his nooky, knowing he was no match for the wiry raccoon woman so force was out of the question. Might as well cut his loses, let her out. Moving towards the door he began the exit protocol.

The door made some noise as Henry tap on keypad near it, air hiss through and the door creak open with some effort. The house was long gone, in the stead was smoldering rubble and various parts piles of debris that once was a house. Henry was pretty upset, staring off without moving. Roxy squeeze by, trying hard not to get his attention. The youth was more concern with other things, from the muttering and constant hand flaying it seemed his parents was going to kill him. Roxy looked around the neighborhood, than at the youth with some disgust of that would be the least of his problems. She did not hang around, a week alone with him was enough.

The neighborhood appeared to be the aftermath of some warzone, there was many people here and she was taken back seeing others like her. A bird woman, a large bat, coyote and a few snake women were mix into the crowd sorting through the wreckage. They might be surveying the damage, looking for evidence of what done this or just looting the places there was nothing she could do.

It felt strange to be among the people, Lola walking among the crowd getting both lusty stares mixed with hateful gazes of what she was. The tight uniform barely held together if she did not breath too deeply. She was technically not an official police officer but still had a strip down uniform to keep her from walking around naked in the area, though she noticed a lot of the uplifted had not concern with clothes. Some were using the fur or feathers they had to conceal, barely in some cases, to cover up, those without had to wear clothes if they want into a lot of places. Things were like many uplifted no was completely sure of what to do with them, too many were appearing too fast plus a lot

of people were attached to them. There was a ton of politics going on, too much for her to focus on while doing her rounds of busy work. Handing out “naughty” tickets

Sex was a common thing to see out there, not right up in front but in the corners like alleyways, tucked away places in stores, bathrooms and anywhere that can be considered “concealed” from prying eyes. Of course occasionally there was a couple that could not help themselves and get busy in the middle of the streets, but those are exceptions to the rule. The scientists theorize whatever caused the animals to become uplifted is projecting some kind of pheromones to attract potential mates, there was a lot of jargon involved too. Her belief counters this by that the uplifted is horny, and really want to try out their new body.

The law could not keep up, they just now give warnings, occasionally give tickets. As long as everything was on the up and up and consensual.

“Hey puppy dog!” she heard a man shout across the street, cupping his crotch and thrusting his hips at her. His friends laughed. She stood there for a moment before reaching up, undoing the button and

baring her breasts at them before turning away, shoving them back into her shirt with a smirk on her face and possibly the last laugh on them.

Magpie revealed her impressive breasts to the men, proving they were indeed very real. One grabbed a breast to give it a squeeze before reaching down to hook a thumb around his pants and pull down, revealing his cock to her. His friends a bit surprised at this action, looking around the place wondering when are they going to get into trouble.

“If they're real, rub my dick.”

Magpie smiled, going to her knees to kneed her breasts around this stranger's cock. “Feel real enough?” The stranger let out a sound, his friends taking up one side watching. She moved her breasts around, pre-cum made things a bit slippery as the feature texture caused some pretty new sensations the stranger really liked. Her head move down, tongue licking the tip and than her beak forming a nice seal around it cause him to be taken back, moving up and down.

“I'm gonna cum.” Magpie moved

back, letting her tits taking a good amount of cum all over them, there was a lot of it coating her chest and some hit her face and began to drip down. She got up to her feet, not moving to clean the cum off her body. “Maybe we can, have some more fun, baby.”

“Sounds so tempting,” Magpie wipe up some cum from her beak and licked it. “But I got some stuff I really got to get done, for the landlord. Maybe tomorrow I can show you how my, parts, work.” she walked away from the crowd that formed to watch her exhibition show, breasts still hang out and jiggling from the sultry walk. Lifting her tail feathers to show her ass in motion.

Magpie really had not goal today, she just wanted to have a bit of fun with them without committing fully. Pulling her top back up, wiping away the cum and swallowing it the bird woman got some looks from a lot of the people walking down the street. Let them stare, that was what she loved.

She was being spit roasted by the men, a cock firmly in her throat testing out her gag

reflex as the one pounded her cunt in rapidly. Her hands were full with men waiting their turn with the cheetah girl, her perk small tits covered in nearly a gallon of cum as her ass. The stockings she wore stuffed with several dollar bills, cum sprayed her just as the man released his semen into her throat. Pulling back one man took his place, getting a blowjob from the cheetah girl. The man pounding her cunt filled her womb and left the small alleyway, the other man getting a handjob moved to the back to take on her pussy.

When he finished up, the man she was giving a blowjob moved for his turn with her pussy.

He left the cheetah girl there, panting from the hours of sex. Body buldging a bit from all of the semen pumped into her. Taking a breather she counting her money, enough for room and board for a while so she figured this was worth it.

There was not much work for the recently uplifted, of course it was barely a month since Bat had undergone the transformation so she had nether the education or experience for many jobs. Plus society had

not recognized her as a “person”, that is going to put a crimp on getting a job. There was only one place willing to take uplifted, the brothel.

Technically it was not really a classical “brothel”, just a bankrupt video store cleared out and converted into a makeshift sex place with various sheets pinned up for privacy of many clients who come in. They advertise openly with some cardboard and writing scribbled on them tape to the windows, there was little resistance from the neighbors, sure there was some joker spray painting various insults on the windows or someone shouting them but no one had tried to throw a rock in or attack the girls. No one dared as most of the staff had sharp claws and teeth.

Bat stood behind the counter, dressed with a shirt and skirt that left a lot to the imagination, watching the people outside of the store walking around. A client walk in, he seem to be average and fairly harmless. He smiled, Bat smiled back showing off her fang teeth which did not scare him. “How much for your time?” Ugh, she just knew this was going to be one of those clients.

Her fingers of her wing grip a menu from under the counter. Each one was actually differently priced depending on how the costumer acted, this menu was the most expensive. “ Our prices are listed here, the names and species are listed.”

The man took a minute looking through the menu, finger guiding down to find what he wanted. Reaching the wallet to take out some cash, handing it over Bat had quickly counted to find a huge amount. There was only one here costing that much, Bat looked over to a coyote woman who had not given herself a name. She nodded, taking the counter for a minute as Bat lead this man to the office in back. Inside was a cot and several sex toys and lubes to help out. She started to unbutton her shirt.

“You can leave the clothes on,” his cock was erect as he gripped her waist just below her wings. “It really gets me going.”

Bat blushed. Climbing over him, grabbing some lube and rubbing his cock down before taking a deep breath. Pushing his cock into her body caused some moans, she huffed as her wings wrapped around him like silk and her body shook. Her hips on automatic from her experience with that

man, she licked his neck caused him to grunt and moan too. Hitching her skirt up to allow more mobility he thrust, building up the speed and intensity. Bat became very vocal, shouting while his cock tip reach deep. The release filled her body well, some spilling out over his crotch and onto her skirt.

One satisfied costumer walking away the girls were behind the sheet counting out the money, the deal of the place was five percent goes to the house for things like supplies, and bribes if need be, ten to the group to split and the rest to the working girl.

“Thanks, come again.” Jessifer said leading a different costumer away to the door, she was a wolf, her body was chubby and breast small compared to the other girls in the brothel. Yet she had a stream of repeat costumers coming back nearly every day. Covering her nipples and cunt with her fur she took a seat with the group, laying down their cut while keeping her's in the only thing she wears, a garter belt. “Is it closing time yet?”

“We're just cutting up the profits.”
The coyote woman had counted than

divided up the cash into several neat piles, “take your cuts. Oh, the east side was closed off today, there's monsters all over the place. Anyone who had homes there can stay here if you want.” There was only one or two of the small staff who lived over on the east side, and those places were just a box or abandoned car they called home even before the uplifting. “Well. That's a night, see you tomorrow.”

Bat took her cash, stuffing into a purse she recently got from her man at home on the way out. A quick look around, making sure there was no surprises or muggers waiting for her before she flapped her wing arms. It took some practice getting use to her new body for flight, adjusting for aerodynamics and weight took a lot of figuring and effort. Flying slightly over the rooftops she gained a good altitude than glide. She loved to fly, looking down at the earth below and the sky above she felt kind of at peace.

The basic training was much different, besides the endurance course and seeing how one handles under pressure there was some bizarre weapon of choices.

Blade weapons like swords and heavy artillery, a large variety of hand to hand combat that regular law enforcement would never allow. It was not a full course, just a test to see if they can handle it.

Lola was really uneasy about this, most of this new task force was taking in uplifted women and few men. Some of the “superiors” that was going to be leading these new task force she recognized as “troublemakers” of the force, ones with a lot of questionable activities that no one can fully prove. She was regretting volunteering for this new task force, yet she did not want to back out now.

It did not take a genius to figure this was some suicide force being gathered up both to get the uplifts off the street without causing some uproar, along with some troublemakers too boot, but also handle the monster problem popping up.

The crowd was loitering around the sheet, showing those who had made it into the task force. A guarantee of a place to stay, some cash paid off the books and a little food. Looking through the list, most of the uplifted who had no name was given one, Lola sigh in relief to find she had

made it into the Abnormalities Defense Force.

Magpie heard flapping, looking towards the door Bat came in looking tired as she strolled in before flopping onto the couch. The bird woman look down, “hard day?”

“You would not believe the corny lines people say.” Magpie raised a brow before returning to the kitchen, waiting for the tv dinner to finish.

“I heard a few, like those real, must be air balloons and a few from some real creeps, acting like I was still a bird and talking about, real icky things.” magpie grab some beers from the fridge. Walking back handing one to Bat, she sat on the floor. Bat used her teeth to pop the cap off, chugging down in matter of seconds. Magpie only sipped her's.

Bat laid there for a time, the tv going on and on about the outbreak, uplifting happening in several countries without slowing down, the discovery of most human women becoming barren and other things that does not matter to her. “How your day go?”

“Not worth a shit,” Magpie smirked,

“well that's not true as I did prove these babies were real.” She squeezed her breasts together for a moment. “Got paid for it too by this guy, real nerdy and grateful to be touched.” Bat rolled over for a moment, one leg going over the back and the other the arm of the couch. Magpie crawled over the couch arm, hands pulling Bat's skirt up as her beak open near her pussy. The bird's tongue lapping at the clit causing Bat to shake a bit, smiling while this happened before the bird used her whole tongue against the pussy lips and sucking a little on the clit. Moaned and resisted talking as Magpie worked down there, the woman knows how to push all of the right buttons. It was getting to be too much for her, getting so wet she shivered as she came on the tongue of the bird who continued to lap it up. Pulling away Magpie laid on Bat, her breast squeezed between them as Bat's wing hand rubbed the bird woman's crotch through the jeans. Feeling moisture though the material, her fingers working in circles and rubbing just right making Magpie to mew and gasp in time. Bat's finger work caused Magpie to orgasm, the two laid there on the couch entangled for the rest of

the evening.

On the East side when visiting the mall these things had taken control, building a nest from pieces of itself and various objects found in the surrounding area. Several foolish had tried to go into their den, searching for loot like lost jewelry, electronics, fine clothes, or supplies like hunting rifles, medications and among other things. Many tried, many failed and few succeed. The West side a pure human only community had been walled off the district by junk and makeshift fencing keeping Uplifts out, stationing snipers near “post” and shooting anyone who comes near them. The South was a sinner's playground, gambling, sex and any vice was up for grabs, a no man's land where anything goes. Here in the Northern section was what pass stable civilization, but the undertone of racism and the humans looking down upon the uplifted, barring them work which cause many to turn tricks, steal or cram into special zones like the animals they decent from.

Roxy had experience so much in so little with just the clothes on her back to

show for it.

The raccoon woman was weirded out by the purple hair slowly emerging from her scalp, but found a lot of uplifted shared the same trait. The colors range from typical human like blond, brunette, red and black to many colors. Roxy never notice her own body during this time, even though a lot of others had. Her small frame combined with B cups made few heads turn.

A few street punks had ran right up to her, their cocks in hand, jerking off rapidly and surrounding her, semen burst out and landed right on her from many angles, most was aimed at her face and fell on her breasts while others was aimed at her waist, covering her crotch, ass, tail and stomach, bits had gotten into her mouth when she tried to yell at them. They ran off leaving her stunned and very angry. Cum soaking through her jeans to her crotch and dripping down her thighs, her bikini so soaked her tits was nearly visible and the cum was dripping onto the ground.

Roxy was not staying in the city any more.

Bits and pieces of post apocalypse clichés were everywhere. Building crumbled, planets poked through the streets and concrete from the neglect, power some how magically keeping some places well lit. Sky's blue and pretty pleasant and below streets only had minimal life. Primarily monsters, well one could call those things down there 'Animals', many of the dirt kissers do. There was occasional actual animal before the big change moving about, out running the monsters trying to eat them. Those monsters chomp on the looters when the can't get those animals.

To round out the whole cliché storm was the very plucky adventurer on an errand into the forsaken zone for important object X, in this case it was documents of the history before the change. There was a lot of science and political stuff, most of it bored her head but she wanted the huge bounty those radicals were shelling out.

Leaping across the ledge onto a makeshift catwalk, build by other adventurers and survivors trying to get around, than zip across the skyline like some depowered superhero or over coked game character. Unaware above her

something was trailing her, watching and moving for a moment of weakness. An unguarded second to strike. Keeping some distance so not to alert her. Clearing steeples, tiles and other roof junk there was bits and pieces of the old world to get around like the fallen clothes line, a pile of magazines, the empty booze bottles near a busted sniper rifle. The adventurer was taking a moment, resting while going over the bottles, one after another she found each one was bone dry. Frustrated they were tossed over the edge, making a lot of noise drawing the monster's attention. They investigated, at first they see nothing in the alleyway which confused them. Then came the breaking glass, after another the creatures looked up to guess some kind of snack was up there.

The adventurer had tossed the last bottle, angry there was nothing. She climbed to her feet, the sound and impact caught her completely off kilter, falling to the ground as the backpack was torn free. Sight blurry and mind having trouble putting together what happened, it came together when the large blob was speeding away. Scampering to her feet the adventurer was pissed, too

pissed to scream at the escaping crow woman who just snatched the hard work right off her back.

The crow woman flapped her wing hands, letting the altitude grow along with the distance between her and that adventurer. This was the easiest big money she had ever earned.

The adventurer scramble to feet, shaking her fist. Saying the only intelligence thing she could.

“You asshole!”

The adventurer had to sneak back into the safe zone through the sewage system, which had been put out of commission since the Uplifts appeared. Angry that some bird taken way the hard work, and even angrier on being so careless.

The sewage system was blocked off by some cement, the idea was to prevent any more the infection to travel further into the safe zone which wound up failing miserably. The infection still got in, and a large chunk of women wound up sterilized and some uplifted did appear, the uplifted escaped or thrown out by the council's order as a counter measure. She manage to

get through as a large chunk of the cementing had came apart, leaving a good size tunnel for her to squeeze through with some effort. On typical runs she would wrap a cord or rope to whatever she got, than pull it through. Tonight she had nothing to show for it, perhaps those lab coats working for the council had something else she can do for them, with some restrictions.

On the street she almost ran into the Council's vigil, people armed with massive iron clubs and constantly wearing heavy body armor. Only a small percent of them was actually law enforcement before the change, but those guys ether died during the rioting and looting, left the safe zone or just quit. These people were just someone given some basic training, if they can follow basic orders they stayed. It was best to stay out of their way for now, hiding out behind some abandoned cars watching them roll away in the horse drawn van. The adventurer head to the one place everyone goes to during an apocalypse.

The mall.

They stood around, waiting for the formula

to complete. It was boring as hell so most just read magazines, shoot the breeze or took a nap while the machine specially made for this task analyzed, computed and other science terms of the samples the looters and bounty hounds brought in. With the old government gone they had to resort to letting them take over a piece of the back room, sharing some of their rations, medical treatment, basic needs really.

No real word of what is going on beyond the large walls after society fell three years ago, all they could guess it was savagery where the animal people had carved out a path of death and destruction with the monsters. Reducing the world to a medieval state.

Speaking of which the machine beeped, time for the staff to perform the ritual of shaking beakers at it. It makes look busy, they don't know when the president of the safe zone might be watching.

Their ritual was cut short though when someone happen to be knocking at the front, one scientist poked her head through the open door and saw some punk chick with a trim body and one of the council's vigil members standing behind

her. "Guys, boss is here. Also there's a hooker here, too."

"Let the guard in, leave the hooker outside." The head scientist had pressed the red button, it was hooked to nothing but was fun pressing it. The female scientist had allowed the walking armor in, the punk girl was denied access for a moment. She just stood there for a moment knowing how these deals go down, leaning against the store glass to wait for the bribe to go down.

"I am here on the behalf of the council, to gather a progress report." It sound like a woman was buried beneath the layers of armor and silver visor. "And you better have something good."

"There might be an antidote," the female scientist said proudly. "We manage to secure some material, and thanks to the glory of the council to allow their limited electricity use for our humble existence," the scientist bowed before the council's vigil member while saying that, "we just need an subject to test the safety of our product." They turn towards the punk girl who was oblivious to them and what they planned. The female scientist lean out the store, "Oi, want some food?"

The punk girl was on the defense, just giving her the once over. "What I got to do?"

"Get some injections, see if you live or die, any side effects, that sort of thing."

The punk girl sighed, knowing that no matter what she did death was around. But she was not really sold on the idea of these lab coats turning her into some test mouse. "We also got conditioner and hair spray."

"Sold."

The adventurer never sold her body for food, she never murdered anyone for a bed, she never wonder into a radioactive reactor for gain. But she would do all three, at the same time even, to keep up her punk look. It was the reason she became the urban explorer as the world fell apart, live fast, die young and leave one beautiful corpse.

Lead in back with the armor goon watching the people in lab coats were getting some kind of purple goo into a syringe, another was showing her a box of conditioner. One of the two female scientist took the syringe, wondering over to the adventurer as they rolled up a sleeve to sanitize the injection area. The needle

pierced the skin, and whatever the stuff was injected into her body.

At first nothing happened, which is a mediocre sign as it could mean what they made might not work or they had found the formula for echo coolers. If she had foamed at the mouth and flopped around the room while turning into the thing at least they knew it was a failure. Either way it could have been a failure. The scientist and the council's vigil member lean in close, looking at her. "How you feel?" The adventurer began feeling funny, her crotch tingled for a moment as the room grew a bit chilled.

"Something ain't right."

They smiled as they nodded at each other, it was negative results but results none the less. She tried to get up, grabbing onto the vigil member's armor before falling back feeling her body shiver while breaking out into a sweat. Some of the scientist and the council's vigil member walked away, talking like she was not there.

"Tell them we are on the right path."
the female scientist

"Is it contagious?" the armored

behemoth said.

“Naw, we made sure it only worked on those who were injected.”

The council's vigil member was lead out, still talking about the details of their project as the adventurer body stop feeling so chilled and her sex stopped tingling so badly. Looking at herself, A cup bust, hands and body, they were still the normal flesh tone she detests. She dodged a bullet there. The scientist had came around for a blood sample and a few test. The lead scientist had asked her the important question.

“You good?”

“Yeah.”

“Excellent, get out!”

The scientists had some trouble with the adventure, she cursed, bit, kicked and screamed at them and tried to break free of their grip while they dragged her to the a large modified water slide stolen from the water park near by, they dubbed it the reject slide.

“You bloody assholes! Rotten cunts! You promised me hair conditioner.” She screamed while hanging onto the edges of the slide, hands bloodied and might be broken as the scientists were using their

army boots for stomping.

“How do you think we keep our hair like this.” The lead male scientist shook his hair, looking like he belong on a glam rock album cover. In fact all the men in the lab looked like they belong in a hair metal band, it should had been the tip off something was wrong. The adventurer's hands could not hold out any more, finally letting go into the awaiting Yugo covered in mattresses.

She felt strange, it had been happening on and off all day. One moment she was cold, than warm, one moment her pussy was so wet and she rub out a quicky in some alleyway near the market square to keep herself together, it was followed by strange tingling in her crotch and some shaking that passed. She thought about visiting the head medic, that thought was pushed aside thinking it was just a cold when her shift was over.

The armor was the few downsides of her job, and very happy to get out of it at the end of shift. The other was having to walk naked to her room among the others, they too were naked but it always bugged

her. Perhaps the president emperor gets their kicks from watching from afar, wanking or rubbing or whatever the king president emperor was to the monitors. It some times creep her out.

Before this job she was just average, but after three years of strapping on twenty pounds of body armor and lugging around two ten pound clubs, using them constantly and running around the massive city toned it up. Not six pack abs, just very toned.

The usual gang was there, most of them naked and showing off or having sex, most were men on women, some were just women or man on man. Walking in giving dirty looks no one tried any sweet talk or flirting with her. Something felt off though, sitting she watched the men and women around her moaning, thrusting, fucking with delight.

Something stirred as her hand traveled alone her defined abs to her pussy, she watched these two men. A feminine male being pounded by a strapping man in the ass, his cock sliding in and out of the ass while cum acted like a lube for them. This caused her pussy to become very wet, her fingers playing the clitoris. Moans

escaped her, some men had taken noticed.

“Synder's finally getting hot.” A guy said while approaching, his cock erect.

She looked at him with disgust for a moment, leaning back as her legs spread. Masturbating was not cutting her urges. Synder, not her real name just waved the man off. A woman tried to approach who quickly backed away, she watched the other have sex trying to sedate her own hormones. No one seem to be paying attention to her, they were too busy. Climaxing she felt juices running down her legs and seen many watching, closing her legs together before rolling into bed ignoring them.

Synder felt some seriously off about herself, she could not put a finger on it.

Adventurer was never so pissed off, wasting medical attention getting her hands bandage. Which cut into her special stash of lipstick, the medic man grin widely with glee as he plaster the green shade across his lips.

She was thinking of leaving the safe zone if not for actually being in the city beyond shown the world was full of flesh

monsters and furry women that replaced her. Worse yet she heard rumors from bandit camps and looters that the world beyond the city was truly scary, it was like before the whole change. Which meant she would had to actual work that use talents other than, pissing off authority and stealing stuff. It was very terrifying.

Adventurer gone to her hide out, a small building once a video game store before the riots turn the thing into a burnt shell. In the store room was several clothes, small cooking area powered by propane tanks she found in the forsaken zone and many solar powered tablets filled with various content from the old world.

Climbing out of her parkour gear of tough jeans and thick hoodie, her bandanna mask hung up with care. Funny those lab guys never ask to remove her bandanna. That anger her a bit, what a sucky day she had.

Everyone just called them bandit followed by a number. They had no names, forsaken them after the safe zone went up and everything went to shit. The bandits stayed out of the day and out of sight until most of those vigil members only stayed among the

more popular places, where tons of people gather around for concerts or public executions. Some times they take on somebody who stumbles into their territory. Some times they find hide outs people got, stock piling goods from the safe zone governors ether stored from before the uplifts showed up or some loot jockey go fetch out there. Some times they demand a fee for safety, sometimes they just steal, and sometimes they do much more if the person was hot enough.

Tonight they found a burnt out store with this punk girl, with the black dreadlocks. He could not see her body through the frumpy clothes, no matter the shape it was a clue she's a loot jokey and there has to be good stuff in there. He just walked in, the other bandits moving in smashing the windows and gone into the back room to drag the punk girl out. She dressed in a leather skirt that did not hide her bare pussy or the bikini top that barely covered her C cup. Bandit fourteen had signal his buddies to hold her down against the counter. The punk girl did not look all to fazed as he approached her.

“What you doing, living here all

alone sugar tits?" He said, she squirmed against the bandit's grip. Some were reaching around to fondle her body.

"Looking to party." Punk girl said. Her black lips pulling back in a very awkward smile. "Know any around here?"

"Yeah," bandit twenty reach around to yank away her top. Her bust bare and bouncy as she tried to cover her chest, bandit twenty had his stiff cock ready and grip the girl by her sides while she squeal in fear and kicked at the men. The punk girl did not put up much of a fight as the bandit slid his manhood into her pussy. Shaking and shouting but her face was pure joy. Fighting each time they let go they did not know what was happening.

She coo'ed really, wrapping her arms around bandit twenty. "Shit, she's really into this!" he said as the men stood by watching her ride the man. It seemed the punk girl was really crazy or high, laughing as he thrust in and out of her. Bandit twenty held her hands down while thrusting, he knew a lot of girls who had this kink and usually that was trouble. Cum building up the bandit unleashed seed into her body, pulling out he backed away to allow the

next bandit a chance for fun. She squirmed, switching between yelling out of pleasure and screaming for help, smiling all the time freaking out some of the bandits who had second ideas of going near her.

Looking over the data before sending it off, figuring they had found a way to reverse the female human sterility problem. the team of shop Awesome Mckickass, formally Disease counter measure Task force 20 and the only real lab with real scientists, not good scientists but real ones none the less. The team had found the source of the infection of some kind of biological do hicky of unknown origin, before the safe zone lost contact with the old government they were managing to reverse engineer its abilities. The remaining safe zones they were secretly connected to had the exact same data, not even the rising king holy president emperor of everything know about it. This whole thing was a farce to them, and how they manage to keep those lunatics from ruining everything was surprising.

Soon each safe zone will be able to counter the alien infection and emerge from

the safe zones to retake the world.

The female scientist stood in the bathroom of the shoe store turned into a lab stared at her reflection. Sweaty and tingly, something was not right. It could be a gut feeling, the fact she had lived under the rule of an unseen dictator, working on wing and a prayer standards, the constant threat of death all around. Perhaps it her nose extending as her lip lap under it, her hears moving upwards on her skull at the same time.

It could be that last one.

Running from the bathroom she saw the other female scientists on the floor, the male scientists were trying their best to help or stare freaked out. One had lost her nose as her face came forward, hair falling out, black fur, not black fur but something that ate light, covering her skin as horns sprang from her temples and curled around her long rabbit like ears. Her fingers ended in claws. A long tail grew out of her body, growing and growing until it was nearly as big as she was before it split open forming sharp teeth.

The other scientists shout as her body twisted. Legs becoming animistic as her tail

torn her modest dress and panties off showing her pussy, fingers converting into two digits and a thumb. Her torso remained human but her hips widely, the scientist's head fully changed into what she could tell was a T-Rex, or perhaps a raptor.

She notice her own transformation was going on, her bust swelled to the point of almost breaking her modest shirt, hips grown so much she had to tear apart her pants revealing her pink panties, strange feathers covering her body as her feet turned into claws and long lion tail sprout out. Once glance back at the mirror she could tell, she had turned into a griffin.

Adventurer was so weak from her all night fucking, too weak to stop the bandits from taking her stuff. Including her clothes and make up, her body filled with gallons of cum and her mind reeling from what happened. Those scientists bastards must had screwed her worth than originally thought.

Her body tingled again, this time it was in the arm where they injected her. It was shaking before turning pale, blinking adventurer look down at her body. Her skin

tone was turning pale as she always wanted. It turn from joy to horror when she realize it was fur covering her body, her legs stretching out, twisting into a strange upside down J like shape. Trying to get up but falling her feet had melted into a lump of flesh, before it turned into a solid hoof. Above her ass hairs sprung out, forming a long, black tail. Her arms stayed the same, but her neck began extending itself a little bit, she felt it as her hands grip her throat trying hard to scream. Her bust shrunk, from the large C to a modest yet perky A cup. Unaware of her face being extended, becoming horse like as the single horn emerged from above her brow.

The adventurer somehow manage to crawl to her feet, her body felt like she was born with it in how she moved about. She carefully stepped outside, figuring modesty not a factor when she was a five foot tall unicorn person.

The safe zone had gone completely, silent.

For the first time in a long time there was no riots, no authority clashes, no uprising, no murder, well maybe one or two but that's jukebox boys related. Everyone

was too shocked by the sudden change of nearly of the women in the city. They sat staring down there at the top of the second tallest building in the safe zone unknowing of this fact, and wonder where is the smoke from the riots.

The grand rising king emperor president of holiness ultra stared down at the streets wondering what had happened out there, the mad being rolled around the penthouse as the tubs shook about while the wheels moaned under the weight. Speakers crackle to life, “chief vigil. What is happening down there?”

“They changed, they are changing. There is only two female women left. There's talking about leaving the safe zone too, none of us knows what to do.”

“Let the mutants leave, bring the remaining survivors up here for protection.”

“Yes, wise one.”

Synder did not know what came over her. She really figured out something was wrong when her body had turned a bright red, she showering and looking at herself when it happened along with other other

women with her.

Synder watched as her features morphed, face pulling out, horns growing from her forehead and warping backwards around the frills appearing where her ears use to be. Her A cup busting to C, skin growing stronger as her body refined into six pack abs, her muscle felt stronger. Her tail grew, snapping like a bull whip as she moved it around. Her toothy smile, full of sharp teeth, made her happy.

The others were more afraid of her than their own bodies being changed, another dragon girl slowly backed away from Synder despite being twice her size and stature.

Synder snorted a bit, causing some smoke to rise. She rolled her tongue around, without much warning she spit fire into the skin and was very proud of it. Nobody stayed in the showers at that moment when Synder walked out, grabbing a towel on her way out.

“I'm a fucking T-Rex!” she shouted.

It had been hours since the transformation taken place and nearly every scientist had been going over what

happened. The transformed forsaken their names going by what they appeared as, or picking a new name for themselves.

Toxika, the monster like girl with a mouth on her tail, suggested that. She was currently on the last remaining decent computer going over anything, very few had the guts to approach her as the tail would roam a bit and those teeth freaked everyone out.

Griffin just sat on a chair holding her legs together trying her best for modesty, and failing.

“I'm a fucking T-Rex!”

Toxika, lean back, rubbing her eyes. Her eyes turned into black slits in a sea of Halloween yellow. Sighing before leaning forwards, her tail bobbed.

“Damn!”

Everyone had stopped, the tail talked.

Toxika realized what she done, pulling the tail mouth near eye level. “Did not expect this.” The tail spoke, or rather Toxika did through the tail. Taking in a deep breath, spoke through her normal mouth. “I got what happened.”

“This, thing, had uplifted animals, but only selected ones possibly because of

exposure. That much we know, it's obvious. It had some kind of mix and match, I don't know, anti reality that allowed anything it infected and they touch to become the uplifts. It only affect the females becomes of the chromosome structure, that screwed up human women.

“Our cure undid that whoops, but at the cost of making us monsters, myths and extinct.”

Toxika smiled pretty wide, chuckling which caused everyone in the area to be very unnerved. “The infection had altered the atomic nature of fur, scales and feathers, morphing and changing it. Our meddling had caused it to spread faster and farther, it also allowed, us, to excess whatever this is to the full extent.” she tugged at her fur, or rather tore it off without any ill effect as the sliver merged back into her body. “We got super powers!”

Synder had the bright idea to use the moment of surprise to go to the Emperor shrine, to come face to face with whatever title he calls himself and knock him down so she could take over. The guards, two mass of armor and holding the last function

firearms in the safe zone. They aimed and shouted, then screamed as Synder spat fire at each of them, turning them into balls of flame. No one else dared tangle with her. Taking the elevator ride she look at the open Chinese dress like clothes with a deep cleavage line almost stopping above her crotch. She stole it from some bootleggers who were hording clothes. The elevator dinged, it was time to face the boss.

Synder was shocked when the doors opened, seeing what the emergency president looked like. The massive machinery and chunks of flesh merged into it was not what she expected. Nor the many eyes and massive, hideous mouth. It was a large human torso with a small head, eyes that do not belong there, several cables attached to the flesh and wheels to move around the massive penthouse. All over the place was pulsing strips of flesh, they too had eyes or just hung loose. Synder had done something she never done in her life, she screamed.

Several tentacles had wormed around unnoticed, each one wrap quickly around each limb as she snapped out of it to struggle to break free while one wrap

around her throat while pulling her toward the creature. It's massive maw opening up, for a moment she thought it was going to eat her, the creature's large tongue hung out to drag itself along her legs to her pussy as it licked along causing her stomach to turn. The tentacle around her throat tighten a bit nearly cutting off her breathing, she glared at the creature as it gone for another lick of her body. It's tongue flicking under her dress causing her to regret wearing it, feeling the tip run up and down her pussy made her want to puke.

The mouth pulled away, more tentacles work their way around her body. One slowly wrapping around her leg as the other just hung in the air.

A tentacle pushed into her cunt, Synder shook and scream as it moved about her body. The tentacle move as deep as it could, once reaching the deep it moved out than back in to maximum depth of her body. Tears rolling down her cheeks Synder sneered at the creature while trying to break free, her air cut off by the hanging tentacle going down her throat, the taste caused her to gag as it worked around her mouth as the tentacle working her pussy sped up making

her body betray itself, letting her pussy become wet.

“Silly, woman.” The speakers of the room came to life, echoing around. “Do you think you were the first to come up here to challenge me?” The lump was growing, causing her stomach to inflate a bit. “Many had came before you, males, females, humans, uplifts. I had done this to them all. Uplifts never survive this, humans become a part of me.” Synder clinched her jaw, her body in pain. “I wonder what your kind will do for me.” Synder's Body shivered against the orgasm, the tentacle in her body and mouth filled her throat with liquid.

Synder's fear and rage grew, in a *deus ex machina* moment she manage to take a deep breath through her nose, turning that fire breath into her own body. It was a suicide move but she was not going to allow herself to become a part of this monstrosity, the tentacles thrashed about causing pain through her body falling to the floor coughing, withdrawing the tentacles from her pussy and mouth yet it was too late, they were burnt beyond ash before they were out.

Synder was angered, body shaking with it while the creature screamed from it's actual voice. Synder felt a sudden sharp pain from her back, falling to her hands and knees as something moved within her body. It felt like lump, shifting around. Before she knew it massive leathery wings spouted from her back, giving her appearance of an avenging angel. The creature was in a lot of pain, began to pull her apart at the joints.

Synder did not let the thing have the satisfaction and used her own strength against it, straining every muscle against the creature's childish attempt. More angry it lashed out as well, the tentacles from all sides came to life. Attacking her, whipping from any angle as the creature's many speakers blew in various threats, all of them drawing each other out. One attack chip a horn, another gashed her eye brow, some left gashes across her body. Synder took in breath, nearly impossible to do as the tentacle around her neck was tight as it could be. Taking aim, she had only one shot. The dragon woman spray fire across the creature's massive mouth.

The result was not pretty, melting away to show several faces before the fire

consumed them. The tentacles had released her, sucking in air Synder crawled from the spreading fire, smashing the glass with a piece of machinery. With a leap of fate, Synder tried her wings. Spreading them far she fell for a good distance, figuring what an ending. They caught the updraft and her body was pushed up, gliding some distance showing they worked nicely, taking her well across the Safe zone and into the horizon beyond.

