

Manticore - Outbreak

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After what seemed like an endless day in the lab, Kira was just trying to keep herself from falling asleep at her desk. Her head was resting heavily in her hand, and she was staring blankly at the screen of her computer, at the same paragraph she'd been writing for the past hour, barely able to read through her fatigue. With a sluggish sigh, she put hands to the keyboard once more, determined to at least finish one more page before turning in for the night. It was going to be an early morning anyway, considering she needed to get this done before the end of the week.

Whatever it was that stopped her from hearing the footsteps coming down the hall next to the lab, her mental exhaustion or her focus on her work, she was caught off guard as the door to the outside was abruptly pushed open. Her head snapped up and her heart lurched into her throat for a moment before she recognized the unexpected figure as Doctor Baker, who backed into the room wheeling a heavily-laden dolly behind her. Kira's mentor seemed taken aback for a moment that the lights in the lab were on at such a late hour, but the woman's face lit up with recognition as her perplexed gaze fell on the bedraggled student. "Oh, Kira! What are you doing here so late? Still working on that paper Edison expects of you?"

She gestured at her monitor while trying to blink away her shock. If there was anything to wake one up in the middle of the night, it was brief, confused terror. "Jesus, Doc, knock or something. Yeah, yeah. But I'm just beating my head against it at this point."

The doctor quirked an eyebrow and scoffed. "Well excuse me for thinking there wouldn't be anyone in *my* laboratory at one in the morning. Come help me with these boxes, will you?"

She rubbed a hand over her face. "Yeah, sure. I'm up for anything but staring at this screen any more. What've you managed to dig up this time?"

With a soft laugh, Doctor Baker wheeled the dolly over to one of the broad worktables. "Literally in this case. My findings in Iran finally got cleared for transportation. They just came in, and I wanted to make sure they all made it to the lab in one piece."

There was genuine excitement plastered all over her mentor's face, complete with a giddy grin, and she gladly lent a hand in lifting the heavy, sealed crates, especially since it was likely a miracle the doctor had managed to stack them up by herself in the first place. Short, thin, and mousy, Doctor Baker was the very picture of the scatterbrained scientist. Her soft, brown hair was pulled back in an unruly bun, and she seemed to continuously be pushing her glasses up on her small, pert nose. The only thing she was really lacking at the moment was her lab coat, and Kira was certain that it would come with time.

Of course she wasn't so different. She may have had quite a few inches on her advisor, but she too was thin, almost lanky. Her hair was dark, and was cut short and framed her narrow face in a thin bob. Her jeans were loose and her T-shirt was baggy, not really because they were improperly sized, but because she didn't exactly have the curves the manufacturer expected a woman of her height to have. She suspected that when others looked at her they saw just some boring, twiggy girl playing at being a doctoral student. Though she supposed that they wouldn't have been too far off correct.

When they were done offloading the overloaded dolly, the table was covered in long, flat crates stamped with all manner of seals in both English and a foreign language, most likely Farsi. She dusted her hands and rested them on her waspish hips. It really did feel good to get up and

move around a bit after so long sitting down. She resolved to get more exercise in the future. "Quite the haul, Doc," she mused, looking over the mysterious labels, "Is all this from last summer's trip?"

"Indeed, Kira." Doctor Baker said in what was almost an excited squeal. "It was amazing. An underground labyrinth, walls covered in an ancient script. Huge chambers full of relics as old as civilization itself. It was beautiful and terrifying all at once. I truly wish you could have joined the team."

The doctor had been gushing about it for a full semester, but Baker's enthusiasm was always infectious, and she smiled in spite of herself. "I do too, but I know you tried Doc. I'm just glad we finally get to dig through it. Especially with how much you've been talking about it."

With a self-conscious cough, the doctor drummed her fingers on the nearest crate. "Yes... I'm sorry about that. I hope it hasn't affected the quality of my instruction. My thoughts have been a little preoccupied lately."

She smirked knowingly. "I wouldn't worry about that. You're still the best professor in the department. The turnout for your colloquia is proof enough of that."

"Thank you Kira, but I'm not sure popularity equates to quality instruction." murmured Doctor Baker as she cast her eyes with almost maternal concern over the fruits of her labors. "At any rate, there's at least one more load waiting for me. Could you keep an eye on this while I pick it up? It won't take me more than half an hour."

The breath she released puffed out her cheeks. She'd rather be asleep... "I suppose I could. Yeah, I'll watch it. You want me to pull it out and start categorizing?"

The grateful doctor was already halfway to the door, dragging the empty dolly with her. "I appreciate the offer, Kira, but you really don't have to. You're exhausted. Don't fret over anything; just sit with it until I can get it all together."

"Yeah, sure, Doc." she called after the retreating woman. Doctor Baker must have truly been in a hurry to be so brief. Usually she was much more verbose during their conversations. The door shut with a soft *click*, and she paced the length of the worktable, staring curiously at the boxes. If she just pulled up a chair, she would certainly fall asleep, and she'd only been told that she didn't *have* to start in on the grunt work. It was better than doing nothing and passing out. Besides, the doctor had worked hard to get as far as she had, and surely wouldn't begrudge Kira lightening her load.

She walked to the end of the long table and picked the largest of the crates. It was made of stout wood, and was tightly sealed, but she managed to work a wedge under the lid and, with no small amount of effort, managed to pry it off. The thing had been nailed shut, a fair precaution, and the wood squeaked in complaint as the nails were gradually worked from it. Setting aside the lid, she then pushed aside the packing foam and dug for the first of the doctor's treasures. What she pulled from the box surprised her. It wasn't a carefully-preserved collection of ancient, shattered pottery or some degraded chunk of stone that showed the telltale marks of primitive tools. It was a small figurine.

The gears in her fatigued brain ground against one another as she puzzled down at the small object. It was small, no larger than her balled fist, but was quite heavy. It appeared at first glance to be made from some coarsely-polished stone, but as she rotated it in their cold, fluorescent lights, it possessed a dull, metallic gleam. Something like this should have been sealed in an airtight container for shipping, not tossed in the crate with the foam peanuts without even a layer of bubble wrap to protect it.

Gingerly setting the small statuette aside, she dug through the rest of the crate, withdrawing several tightly-sealed packages more in line with what she expected. Most were labelled with what they contained, the date they were unearthed, and the designation of the individual dig sites. It appeared as though the statue had literally been thrown into the container at the last second with little regard to its preservation. It was wholly unlike Doctor Baker, and if she knew that anyone on her team had done something so careless, there would be Hell to pay.

But why would anyone have done it? Curiously, she turned her attention to the diminutive figurine. It certainly appeared quite old. Standing on an oblong foundation, a rough presentation of a bizarrely-shaped, quadrupedal creature sat. It appeared much like a horned lion, with its head thrown back in a roar, but its tail was incorrectly proportioned, and appeared bulbous in places, perhaps damaged by its improper transport. What set it apart from anything she had seen before, however, were the batlike wings that extended from the statue's back, of which the webbing of one was missing in places, chipped and worn away by time.

Muttering a befuddled, "What on Earth..." she cautiously lifted the figure from the table once again, trying to get a closer look. In spite of the damage that had been inflicted to it either recently or long ago, it seemed to have once been of quality craftsmanship. Certain parts of it, particularly where the beast's feet attached to the base, were more solidly built, and before long she nearly had her nose pressed against it, squinting to see the most minute of details. Perhaps it was her proximity to the ancient-looking piece of statuary that allowed her to hear the noises it began to make. It started with a faint, practically imperceptible crackling, like that of a chunk of supercooled ice slowly beginning to thaw, but she quickly jerked her head back and nearly dropped it when the creature's delicate wing snapped off and dropped to the floor.

"Shit! No... No!" she barked, shocked at her own foolishness. She should have known better than to touch it with her bare hands! Who knew what sort of damage just the oils on her skin could do to it! She didn't even know what it was made of! Quickly, and as carefully as she was able, she set down the figurine and stooped to snatch up the fallen wing, only to watch it crumble to flaky dust in her fingers. Her panicked eyes snapped back to the creature, and widened further in abject horror as it seemed to be dissolving. Beginning with where she had touched it, the material that the statue had been made of cracked and disintegrated, spreading like a virulent disease across what was probably a priceless antiquity.

She could only clutch the sides of her head and hyperventilate as she bore witness to the effects of her own stupidity. The thing just... melted away, going from an old and damaged piece of art to a small pile of sandy material in the span of a mere moment. The flakes of dust it produced were so fine that the tiniest wafts of air, her own shallow, hurried breaths and the subtle current of the lab's air conditioning, were able to lift and scatter them around, precluding any attempt to fix her dire mistake.

But that was only the beginning of her concerns. the powdery grit suspended on the tiniest currents made the air in front of her shimmer slightly, as if she were trying to peer through a localized haze, and while it swirled in apparently random eddies, it appeared to be floating toward her rather than diffusing outward. She was able to confirm this as she took a shaky step back, only to be followed by the cloud like it was a swarm of nearly invisible, predatory gnats. The chill of fear and bewilderment crawled down her spine, and she bumped up against her desk as the nebula of tiny particulate washed over her.

Throwing a protective arm across her eyes, she leaned back, desperately trying to get away, but it was to little effect. Kira could feel it *touching* her. It was as if she was standing on the beach on a windy day. Almost microscopic grains of ancient stone pelted her exposed skin,

her forearms, her hands, and her unshielded face. However, it wasn't until she dragged in her first startled gasp that it did anything more than prickle at her flesh. It burned as it invaded her sinuses. It scratched at her throat and wormed its way into her lungs in a wave of choking dust.

With a dry, hacking cough, she lurched off of her desk and stumbled across the room. Only her arrival at another of the long worktables that she could throw her hands down on saved her from dropping from her wobbly legs and to the floor. She couldn't breathe without being wracked from within by pangs of pain that steadily worsened the more she breathed. Was she dying? Had she just killed herself? It hurt to force every strained gasp past her lips. Where the miniscule bits of destroyed statuette bombarded her skin, it felt raw and irritated, and she imagined she felt it even beneath her clothing, spreading like a vicious contagion.

It was nearly enough to make her laugh in spite of her nearly delirious concern for her well-being. It *itched*. She wanted little more than to scratch at her exposed arms. The fine granules made her skin bristle, made the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. It was more than simply painful or uncomfortable. It felt *wrong*. Kira coughed and coughed, trying to rid herself of whatever foreign matter had managed to infest her body, but all she managed to do was make her voice raspy and broken and further aggravate her condition.

It was beginning to hurt in earnest now. It felt for a moment that someone had poured a vial of acid into each lung. Kira tried to cry out, but nothing apart from a dry, cracked whimper escaped her, and even that was quickly overtaken by her desperate, shallow pants. She couldn't seem to get enough air into her, and she felt with frightening clarity as the deep, aching burn began to spread through the rest of her chest. Threads of needling fire burrowed between her organs, taking root deep within her. And then it crawled outward, bleeding down through her arms. A tiny, rational sliver of her brain wondered if she was having a heart attack on top of everything else that was happening to her. It was certainly beating heavily enough. But any scrap of lucid reason she had left was quickly dashed by shock bordering on hysteria as her eyes latched onto something horrifying.

There was... *something* inside her. Kira could see it under her skin, flowing outward. It was dark, black, and she could see it oozing like tiny channels of viscous tar along the lines of her veins. It spread in throbbing pulsations, matching the pounding rhythm of her heart. Where it went, it seared at her irritated flesh, and she clamped down on her wrist, trying feebly to stop its advance using her fingers as a makeshift tourniquet. It proved to be of no avail, though. The burning sensation and the worrying discoloration of her veins crawled into her hands, standing out against pallid skin as a dark, murky spiderweb formed beneath it.

She was shaking like a leaf in a tempest, shivering like she was freezing to death in spite of the beads of sweat that gathered on her face. She was flushed, hot, it all burned under the unholy heat that had taken root in the core of her being, simmered under her unnatural torment. Her body grew stiff. She couldn't make herself move but to pump her lungs and squeeze pained groans through clenched teeth. Her coughing had stopped, and it had left a metallic tang in the back of her throat, but breaths refused to come easily for her. Wheezing gasps were all she could manage, and even they were intermingled with strained groans, her best attempts at crying out for help.

Kira's heart hammered at her other organs, battered her ribcage with unyielding force. Her blood pressure skyrocketed. She could feel it in her skull, giving her a splitting headache that only compounded her agonies. Blinking the tears from her eyes, she turned when she felt the lines of piercing pain pulse further through her. Terror nearly buckled her legs when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirrored reflection of one of the labs darkened windows. It was difficult

to immediately make out on the shadowed surface, but morbid curiosity forced her away from the support of her table and toward the wall. It was in her face. She could see in the shadowed reflection even darker lines of whatever inky substance had invaded her body creeping up from her neck, across her cheeks, ever up and outward.

When she reached the window, nearly falling in the process, she splayed her hands out over the glass, staring at her own frantic visage. She saw the shock and utter confused fear in her face. Her wide, green eyes looked back at her, as if pleading her to think of something to do to stop whatever was still churning in her innards. But it was clearly far too late. Whatever oily taint was pouring through her veins was burning its way into her skull, and when it reached her eyes, she leaned heavily into the window, able to do nothing but watch as her milky sclera began to darken at the edges. Tiny filaments of black tunneled into the whites of her eyes and spread inward toward her pupils. It took no more than a few seconds for the expressive green of her irises to be surrounded in a sea of glossy, midnight black. She was then held there, transfixed by bizarre self-interest that overrode her body's throbbing pain, as the green of her eyes began to shimmer and shift. It paled, yellowing where it met the onyx corruption that had swallowed the white around it before taking on a bright, metallic shine.

Disks of polished gold peered at her from her reflection, and the small, repressed, neolithic piece of her psyche told her to flee, to run and run and never ever stop. There was nothing human about those eyes, *her* eyes, and if she had been able to move her legs, she may have followed that primal instinct that screamed at her to escape. She was held there, however, transfixed, as her attention was yanked away from her reflection by a fresh wave of seething, vitriolic heat that boiled anew down her throbbing veins.

It coursed through her body, energy, raw, potent, and intense enough to leave her trembling and panting. Kira felt as though she would simply melt from within, either melt, or pop. She felt pressurized; her skin felt drawn and tight on her lanky frame, and the sensation only built upon itself as each second stretched out endlessly. But soon enough, the pain that had dominated her shifted. It hardly vanished, but it changed. It eased up on her, freeing her to experience some of the other sensations that had seemed far less important a heartbeat prior.

The first to stand out were a series of sharp, pinching sensations, centered in her hands toward the ends of her fingers. Clenching her teeth around a stiff grunt, she stared, wild-eyed, at her thin digits, watching her fingernails darken, much as her sclera had, with a slow, creeping stain that bled outward from their roots. With tiny creaking sounds and a spike of breath-robbing discomfort, they grew outward, jutting forth from her fingertips. When a wave of tension washed down her arms, balling her fingers into tight, knuckle-popping fists, fine, new points left thin scratches on the glass. Thickening rapidly, what could only be called claws continued to sharpen into deadly, slightly curved spikes of hard, bony material that had the glassy sheen of polished obsidian.

And then her fingers contorted with a sudden *crack* that rang through her hands. The shock of it threw her head back, forced a shocked, raspy yelp from her lungs, and folded her knees. She fell almost in slow motion, reached out with deformed hands for her fading reflection as if it could save her. Kira's back hit the floor with a *thud*. Blinking through the stars that the impact scattered across her vision, the sterile, white ceiling tiles greeted her before she could pull her hands up to her face to investigate the cause of her abrupt alarm.

Her hands shook, and her fingers stretched away from her palm, thickening in turn. The growth came in quivering spurts that matched the beat of her heart. She watched her darkened veins pulse, feeding whatever force was fueling her metamorphosis. Her once dainty hands

broadened, thick claws scything the air as her digits clenched and relaxed in mind-wracking waves of raw sensation. With each beat of her heart, with each pulsation of foreign corruption through her body, the pain of it dulled, being overtaken by prickling effervescence. It was as if her hands had lost circulation, and were now shaking off the numbness of dulled nerves while outgrowing her delicate, human proportions.

It felt like tiny sparks were dancing over her skin, and it quickly became an almost pleasurable sensation that matched that of the rushes of strained pressure that accompanied her heartbeat. Tingling, nearly numbing, but somehow enhancing the slow, creaking pops of tendons and bone that lanced up her forearm, the changes spread. Twitching veins bulged from her arms, distending to feed the hunger of her body, the monster that had taken her hands and twisted them into bestial, taloned weapons.

The muscle that was wrapped over her forearms surged with sudden vigor, pulling her skin taut over them. Strength she'd never had twitched and swelled into being, aching with pent-up strain that left her convulsing on the floor. It then flooded upward, and her lissome limbs fairly exploded with might unbefitting of her slender frame. Her biceps flexed of their own accord, pulling her arms close against her heaving chest while they rose into knotted mounds, and their accompanying triceps heaved along with them, ballooning outward and splitting the seam of her short sleeves up to her shoulders. Fevered skin pushed free of compromised cloth, and flesh writhed beneath it, bundles of corded muscle multiplying and compounding in turn.

Her darkened veins spread to keep up, the largest of which crawled over the mounting peak of her bicep like a finger-thick serpent. It all felt tight, stiff, but the more she spasmed, the more natural it felt. New muscle worked against itself, straining her body, enveloping her meek form in a coat of steely power. It hit her shoulders, dug through her torso and dredged up yet more untapped potential, and surprise filtered dully through her disheveled mind when her lips parted and let slip the first low, needy moan. Another followed it as with a wet, muffled *crunch* that shot a pulse of delicious euphoria through her body, her shoulders broadened, taking the rest of her torso with it. Her shirt was suddenly drawn disastrously tight on her mutating body. Threads creaked and groaned, and her oversized hands slapped down on her chest to feel her bones cracking and shifting underneath her touch, reshaping, strengthening.

Her traps seized, sucking a gasp between her teeth as they bulged and rose to border her thickening neck. Under her T-shirt, the straps of her bra were digging into her shoulders, the clasp cinching ever tighter around her barreling chest, but a wave of hot, primordial pleasure accompanied her realization that the sensation was simply an accompaniment to another stage of her... rebirth. Her palms fell over the meager mounds of her breasts, and she arched her back and let out a low, long moan when she felt the tiny bumps swelling at her touch, plumping up against her hands.

She forced out a word, a throaty, "Yes..." that lingered as a breathy hiss. Her voice was changing, falling into the pit of her chest as her entire being shuddered outward. It was deep and magnificently powerful, and as her shirt began to sunder around her enlarging form, she put talons to the dying fabric and sliced the pitiful garment open down the entirety of her front. Cool air striking her damp, flushed skin was its own ecstasy, especially as her breasts pushed up and outward into the lower reaches of her vision, gorging on throbbing energy that filled her. Soft, ripe flesh overfilled the cups of her measly bra, spilling out over the top and sides, and it hurt, a glorious pain that pinched in at her tender skin.

Slabs of muscle piled up under the mountains of soft, ripe mammary. Her pectorals twitched and heaved with the effort required to move her massive arms. She reached in, dug a

few fingers into her bra and ripped the meager bits of cloth from her body, letting the domes of her expanding bust bounce free. One hand cupped itself over one of the massive hills of sensitive flesh, squeezing the surging mass while finding her thick, puffy teat between her fingers and giving it a gratuitous tweak, leaving her squirming on the sterile tiles. The other hand slid between the supple mounds, exploring cleavage that she had never once possessed, watching it deepen further as she grew.

Her fingers felt the grooves form between differing muscles as her abdomen rapidly carved itself into the sturdy shape of a brick wall. Each blocky mass of bulging strength flexed with each breath, breaths that only grew more desperate as the last of her discomfort vanished, flashing to pure, mind-numbing pleasure. Kira didn't care to think about what was happening, instead devoting herself entirely to the empowering sensation that burned at her core and throbbed through her organs and arteries. Her pelvis creaked and broadened in time to be lifted higher off of the floor by the swelling curve of her ass. Muscle packed itself onto her sweeping, feminine contours, bracing them, giving them shape and power. Her jeans split down her bulging thighs, and the button and zipper surrendered as her waist thickened with strength.

She could feel herself spreading across the floor, stretching longer, taller. A biting pressure in her head forced her eyes closed, and she lifted a hand from her breast to press it over her temple. A gruff groan filtered from her lungs as her quads sculpted her thighs into flawlessly-defined columns of power. Her calves stiffened, bursting through denim with the loud *pops* of dying threads, and her free hand hungrily sought out the cleft between her legs, peeling away her tattered jeans. Her panties were shrinking quickly on her, but she left them one. She liked how they dug into her enflamed nethers. The idea as much as the sensation of outgrowing them excited her. Feeling her clothes disintegrate around the magnificence of her blooming body made her loins ache impatiently.

Kira used just a finger, pushing it against the front of her panties, grinding them inward against herself. The cloth was soaked, with slick fluids dripping down further between her legs. As the fragile bones of her face crackled like snapping twigs, she moaned. Her shifting mouth distorted the sound, but it could be mistaken for nothing else. Her tongue ran over reshaping teeth as her jaw and nose extended into the beginnings of a bestial muzzle. Fresh spurs of bone painlessly sliced their way out of her jaw, adding a row to the line of razored fangs that formed in her mouth. Her face grew longer, her nose flattening even as her nostrils flared around eager breaths. She toyed with herself while her joyous visage took on a more intimidatingly feline structure. The changes pulled on her ears, stretching them into long, but rounded points and pulling them higher on her head, pushing them up through her mane of wild, raven hair.

Her ankles crumpled wetly in the same moment that a jarring *crack* rang through her skull. It gave her head the chance to enlarge, keeping up with the rest of her expanding proportions, but as her feet broadened and her toenails stiffened and darkened into sharp, feline claws, a pair of glittering, black horns erupted from the apex of her reformed skull. The continual crackling of bone was an unnerving sound, but the gratification she felt, to have the pressure building in her head finally released, left her moaning ever more vigorously. Her horns grew, long and curling like those of some gigantic, prehistoric ram.

While her feet continued to take one an increasingly pawlike shape, a familiar, prickling itch formed in clusters across her supine body. The first thin, fine hairs to bristle up from her skin did so almost timidly, as if they were testing the waters, but they were soon joined by more and more. Disparate patches of fur joined together to roll across her taut skin in a tide of red the color of fresh blood. A coat of glossy crimson hid her flushed, sweat-soaked flesh and the inky veins

that crisscrossed it, but it couldn't mar the definition of her still-building physique. If anything, the interplay of light and shadow between each fur-clad muscle only served to further highlight the power that continued to line her body.

Her tender teats had been left untouched, though they darkened to a ruddy black as her fingers closed around one once again. Thick pads bulged into existence on the balls of her morphing feet, and her panties finally gave up clinging to the girth of her mighty hips. The fabric clung to the space between the mounds of her powerful buttocks, but it sprang away from her drenched womanhood, and she gleefully drilled a pair of fingers into her spreading depths, letting out a delirious, predatorial moan that came out almost as a rumbling growl. Her clit was huge and swollen, and she shuddered as she mashed her palm down on the entirety of her engorged mons.

As if eager just to allow her to more forcefully pleasure herself, her arms bulged again with renewed strength. Muscle draped over muscle, ever more. Her body continued to throb outward. Without thinking, when a rock-hard nodule of flesh bulged from her lower back, she gladly rolled over and pushed herself onto her hands and knees. Her pendulous breasts swung in time with the jerking of her fingers, and she bent her supporting arm, crushing her teats firmly into the floor as she pushed her ass as high into the air as she could. The rigid growth near the terminus of her spine quivered, pushed further from her body, and then, with a *crunch* and a rush of alien flesh, her tail rocketed from her back and high into the air, nearly colliding with the ceiling.

Drunkenly, she peered back over her shoulder to gaze at it. The nascent limb was not that of the enormous, red lioness she appeared to be. Her tail was bulbous and segmented, and armored with a layer of shiny, black chitin. Its rotund final segment was terminated by a thick, curved stinger as long as a small sword, and the tip of her tail swelled with inhuman vitality as a several thick, globular droplets of viscous venom dripped from its point to the floor, where it hissed and frothed like thick, oily acid while eating a small hole into the tile.

"Yes..." Kira growled once again. "Yes... Nnh... Ngh! Bigger! More!" Her broad tongue rolled over vicious, triangular points as another row of serrated teeth split her gums. Her thick tail flicked heavily from side to side, excited, eager. It felt natural, a companion, a limb she had been missing for so long. But she wasn't yet whole. Her eyes stayed back past her mountainous shoulder. The sheets of muscle that coated her broad back were writhing fitfully, quivering as her body ached with the lust for more. Flesh piled up around her shoulder blades, knots of sinew and bone that pushed at her skeleton, forcing it to reconfigure to its proper state, the way she was meant to be.

In a grotesque, noisy display, two spurs of flesh and bone exploded from her back, tendons shifting with staccato pops as muscle flexed awkward joins. Long, fingerlike struts extended from the armlike limbs, carrying with them sheets of ebon hide that caught the air as she anxiously moved the growing wings. Kira spread them wide, flapping eagerly as they agitated the air, sending a delightful breeze down over her body, tempering the urgent heat of her transformation and desire.

Her crimson, feline pelt was darkened with sweat, and the thick fluids drooling from her quivering gash matted it further, made her loins shine with lusty gloss that coated her hand as she plumbed her tender, constricting depths. Her tremulous moans hitched in her throat, turning to stiff, shuddering growls that broke up her intoxicated panting. Jagged lines of ecstasy shot down her spine, ripping through her as her clawed fingers plunged ravenously between her legs. Her voice rose and fell in a gruff, dire rhythm as her bulky physique tensed beneath her fur, straining

as she climbed toward her peak. Bliss pinched her eyes shut, and her lips peeled back from her sharklike rows of teeth in a fiercely pleased snarl.

With a few final, meaty pops, her growth slowed. The throbbing, bulging birth of muscle across her enormous frame fell away, and the last few inches were added to her frame in a terminal surge that lifted her head and forced the air from her lungs in a deep, bellowing roar. A thunderous orgasm crashed through her, something more savage than her shielded mind could have ever comprehended. Her mind-shattering pleasure rattled the windows in their frames, and her entire body seized and spasmed as her clenching walls crushed her pistoning fingers with climactic force. Her hips bucked wildly against her hand, and she caught much of her slimy girlcum as it squirted from her loins, hot and slick.

Kira spent several minutes there, a hand between her tree-trunk thighs, working herself up and down in lingering waves, extending her delirious high until her padded paws were numb from how hard they had curled in onto themselves. Her wings flapped frantically, scattering detritus around the room, loose papers, packing material from the box that she'd opened. Her claws had gouged deep gashes into the tile as she had clenched and relaxed them during her rapture, and her tail had violently battered the table behind her, snapping it in half and throwing a computer across the room.

She couldn't have cared less about the destruction. It felt good to work her body for something, something mindless and bestial. As she blinked the hazy stars from her eyes, she ran her rough, broad tongue over her lips and pushed her front off of the floor. The three fingers she had jammed inside of herself came free with a wet *schlick*, and a shaky sigh slipped from her chest as she dragged a paw beneath her and levered herself onto her feet. When she managed it, she wobbled dizzily for a few heartbeats while casting fresh eyes around the disheveled room. Everything was a mess. There were ruts trown into nearly every surface within reach, a table laid split in half, the windows were spiderwebbed with cracks. The floor was littered with detritus, and her weight alone seemed enough to split the floor tiles as she took a heavy, ponderous step.

Her horns almost brushed the twelve-foot ceilings. The colossal globes of her breasts dominated the lowermost portion of her vision with domed areola and shot-glass nipples poking stiffly out into the void. She rolled a hand over the ripe curves, moaning gratuitously at the tingling sparks that danced across her bust and shot fresh energy between her legs. Her lustful fluids still drooled down her thighs and dripped from her exposed flesh to fall between her paws with muffled *splaps*.

Curious, her other hand dipped lower, exploring the ridges and valleys of her cinderblock abs through her luscious fur. She watched the corded muscle of her arms shift and bunch with each subtle movement, and she let her paws carry her over to the window. She didn't care for her monstrous reflection. She knew the beautiful power that she would find there. She looked past herself, out to the empty night sky, and her wings flexed eagerly. At even the gentlest of her touches, the already cracked glass crumbled, and she pushed out the pane, watching it fall three floors to the sidewalk outside the building. Fresh air flooded over her, and Kira thrust out her chest, gulping it down as it caressed her monstrous figure. She would never fit through the meager portal; the wall would have to go. But it had no hope of standing against her.

It took a simple *push* to crack the wall near the window frame. It groaned and bowed messily outward. She nearly laughed, but instead a satisfied purr thrummed in her chest to accompany her small smile. But... then she turned, the corners of her mouth bending downward into a perplexed frown. She suddenly heard something... new, something other than the hum of the air conditioning and the breeze through the window. Above the murmur of the lab computers,

she heard a faint clicking. *click clack, click clack*, a steady, rhythmic sound that seemed to be drawing nearer.

Excitement filled her chest, silenced her rumbling purr, and bent her close to the floor, as if she could have hidden her bulk anywhere in the trashed room. Footsteps. Something approached, heedless of what waited for it. Her smile returned, toothy and excited, and she spread her wings, lowered her tail, ready to pounce with muscled legs like coiled springs. Elation fluttered in her gut when the door opened and a tiny figure backed through, huffing and puffing while dragging a heavily-laden dolly.

The floor nearly gave way from the force of her leap. She cleared the room and landed not on top of, but *around* the diminutive human. She swept the dolly to the side, its contents smashed against the wall, and her tail slammed against the door, shutting it with force that dented the sturdy steel. Her prey tried to scream, but all that came out was a strangled yelp that sounded more like a squeak as she bore it to the ground and pinned it where with a heavy hand planted firmly against... Doctor Baker's chest.

She hesitated. Of course; she'd forgotten. The doctor looked dazed, blank eyed, but when she finally realized what had happened, she paled, and froze, staring up into the monster's golden, black-rimmed eyes. The poor doctor barely breathed, and Kira cocked her head. Tiny hands were clamped onto her wrist as if the mousy woman could contest with her immeasurable strength. Gently, she shifted her palm off of her mentor's chest, grabbed those dainty, childlike hands in one of her own, and lifted them upward, raising the doctor's arms over her head and pinning them there.

Doctor Baker's perfume filled her sinuses with a pleasantly sweet, floral aroma, and she smiled at the familiarity of it. "Hey, Doc... It's me..." she whispered, dipping her head closer to the source of that lovely smell.

"Wh-wha... K... Kira...?" the breathless woman gasped, struggling to comprehend the events of the past minute. "What's happening? What... What's happened?"

Her eyelids drooped heavily. Baker smelled so nice. She lazily folded her wings against her back while she answered. "Something in the box... Shouldn't have been. It changed me. It's good. I'm better now."

"What? No... No, you... this can't... this isn't... What?!"

Her soft growl silenced the doctor's nearly panicked rambling. That was alright. She was a lot to take in at once, but Baker was a scientist. The evidence on display would get through to her in the end. She was unquestionable, and she had time. She had all the time in the world. Reaching inward with her free hand, she gingerly ran a claw down along the mousy woman's cheek. Her mentor shied away, but there was nowhere she could do trapped as she was. The skin her finger found was soft and smooth, and a... confused hum warbled in her chest. Kira had never before noticed just how... beautiful her advisor was. Bright eyes, delicate features, and full, pink lips.

Curiosity pulled her gaze down, and a single claw made short work of the doctor's modest, blue blouse, cutting the buttons from their holes and letting her gingerly splay the garment open. Baker's bra was a white, lacy thing that lifted Kira's eyebrows. It carried small, pert breasts, but they matched the lean body to which they were attached. A finger traced its way down the tiny woman's belly, and she marveled at the subtle perfection while mourning her past ignorance. The body trapped beneath her looked like an intricate, marble sculpture, smooth and flawless. She just wanted to touch it. To prove to her eyes that what they were seeing was true.

The doctor's breathing was rapid and shallow, it left those delectable breasts heaving in their bra, showed off how her body moved so easily as her chest rose and fell. Kira dipped her head down, pressed her nose against her mentor's abdomen and sucked in more of that pleasant scent. Her tongue slipped between her lips, and she ran it longingly up the professor's body, leaving a broad, shiny trail of saliva along her belly. A peculiar sensation prickled down her spine, shooting to the tip of her tail, and she brought the immense, chitinous limb around, pondering her own wicked stinger. She knew what to do.

Baker tensed and struggled halfheartedly as Kira's curved, daggerlike spike brushed against the skin of her belly, but it took nothing more than a heavy, clawed hand to still her. "Relax," she purred as soothingly as she was able. "It only hurts a little at first. It feels good. So much power. You'll understand."

As if afraid to speak, the doctor merely shook her head frantically, but finally let out a shocked grunt as Kira sunk an inch of her stinger into her mentor's belly, just above the navel. She felt the muscle pumping the venom from her tail tip clenching in a slow, throbbing tempo, and she... moaned. It was a bizarrely sexual sensation. Her mouth began to water, and a flush of desirous heat welled up to warm her skin. When she had injected enough of her precious essence into her one-time prey, she withdrew her tail, watching eagerly.

The wound barely leaked a thin trickle of bright, crimson blood, but even that paltry harm vanished as the skin she had pierced knitted itself back together. It looked almost as if the doctor had been given a bruise, but the dark, black patch began to shift and dissipate, finding veins and arteries and bleeding outward through them in a familiar display. As the growing, inky spiderweb spread across Baker's belly, up into her chest, around her sides, and down into her hips, Kira's anticipation mounted. She licked her lips. Leaning down and lapping up the thin trail of blood that she had spilled before letting her lips linger in a wet kiss at the wound's center. "Grow..." she whispered as the professor's breathing hitched and shuddered. "Big and strong. Grow!"

Pride pushed aside all else as the doctor convulsed in her grip, spine arching sharply. It was happening quickly. She must have been potent, indeed. It had certainly felt as though her own metamorphosis had stretched on forever. Not so for her mentor. Beneath the mesh of darkened veins that networked over Baker's stomach, muscle began to pulse and writhe, pushing up from where her tiny, fragile body had dictated it lay, subtle and hidden. Strain threw her head back and clenched her teeth around a stiff, gurgling grunt, and Kira grinned eagerly, waiting, watching, bearing witness.

With an unsettling, bony popping, Baker broadened. Her waist, her chest, her shoulders, all of it crunched and throbbed wider as veins pulsed beneath her skin, feeding Kira's venom to her starving, changing body. Tiny breasts grew fat on her virility, thrusting up out of their woefully undersized cups as they swelled. She wanted to help, to tear off the insulting garment and put hands to those budding mounds, lips to those plump areolae and a tongue to those aching teats. It took effort to restrain herself. The doctor deserved to experience it all, the heady feeling of outgrowing the remnants of her humanity, shredding cloth with nothing but the force of her metamorphosis.

But that didn't mean she could offer a sliver of pleasure to top it all. Her tongue gladly traced the outlines of blocky, surging abs. One hand held her mentor's wrists above her head, but the other was free to take part in the festivities, and it cradled the curve of a lean hip a heartbeat before the pelvis beneath it creaked and widened, pushing the feminine contour into her palm and sculpting it with layer upon layer of firm muscle. The doctor's shirt lay open, but that only

preserved it from the outward march of ballooning breasts. It quickly drew taut on her thickening frame, the spreading barrel of her deep, powerful torso, and with a pitiful tearing noise, it ripped down the middle of her back, splitting in half.

Slabs of pectoral muscle thrust her breasts up, and the soft, melons-sized globes snapped the clasp of the bra that had still been clinging to life. Kira finished pulling it off, impatient to see the contorting woman's monstrous, beautiful form. And she was not disappointed. Ripe, swollen mountains of tender flesh heaved with each of their owner's frantic gasps, bouncing as they strained outward, hiding the deepening muscle that flexed beneath them. All the while her whole frame was growing outward. Lengthening bones pushed her taller and heavier. Her body began to slide deeper between Kira's legs as inch after inch shuddered into being.

She couldn't see how the doctor's hips creaked outward, splitting her skirt down the side, and she missed thin, lissome legs bulged powerfully, but she got to watch with wide, eager eyes as a wave of explosive growth shot into the former human's tiny, slender arms. Biceps and triceps surged, erupting with volcanic force from the sleeves of the ruined blouse. Huge knots of taut muscle tightened while immense veins crawled over them, only allowing them to continue their feeding frenzy. Forearms twitched and writhed beneath sweat-slicked skin, cutting themselves into flawless definition at the urging of Kira's unrelenting venom.

Her neck thickened as her traps rose to border it, and her eyes finished taking on their proper, golden sheen just as the beginnings of her feline muzzle crunched into being, taking her nose and jaw with it, stretching her lips to hide her triple rows of razored, sharklike teeth. Ears took on a rounded point and crawled up her skull while they became sensitive, concave things. And just in time, fur, patches of deep, blood red hair bloomed from glossy, taut skin that strained and stretched over an ever-growing musculature.

Experimentally, Kira released her hold on the doctor's wrists, freeing her mentor's broadening, taloned hands. It was clear to her in what stage of transformation her mentor was in, because Baker's huge, monstrous hands immediately fell to her immense, immaculate breasts, squeezing and kneading and tugging and pinching. She laughed, a low, bubbling sound, and looked into eyes that mirrored her own, dark, inky sclera and bright, shining gold. She saw in them understanding, knowledge, power, and victorious, overwhelming euphoria, even as they crossed in startled confusion as a sharp, yet familiar, *crack* rang through the room.

While her muzzle finished pushing from her face, the familiar shapes of glossy, black horns lanced up from the doctor's scalp, jutting free of her skull in a crowing curve. But rather than curling in on themselves as had Kira's they simply swooped low over Baker's skull before curving back upward and terminating in a pair of vicious points that her mentor was quick to put fingers to and explore. The self-discovery didn't last long though, because the scent of feminine need was growing thicker and thicker in the air, and shaky, clawed fingers, trembling as fur covered each powerful digit, once more trekked down over mountainous breasts, thick, heavy abdominals, to steal between taut, rock-hard thighs.

With a wet squelch, the doctor dug several fingers into herself, and Kira purred, watching her mentor's bestial face screw up in a mask of intense pleasure. A rounding ass was flexing against the floor, pushing Baker higher, and eventually against Kira's hulking form. Her smile widened, and she let out a soothing murmur as she glided her fingertips over thick, satiny fur and down to where the professor was busily ravishing herself. The shapeshifting woman froze when she pushed her hand between the doctor's and that mound of hot, aching flesh. She pulled trembling fingers from that slaverling, feminine hole, and substituted them with her own, digging in with her yet larger, heavier digits and gently raking claws.

Baker's back bent, golden eyes rolling back as a gruff, grateful growl thundered in her expanding chest. With crumpling pops, her feet bulged further, bursting from her stylish heels while talons scythed from her toes and thick, sturdy pads surged into being. Kira parted her lips, and pulled her shivering advisor up, bringing those full, gorgeous breasts to her mouth. She guided a swollen, fleshy nipple against her tongue, which swirled gracefully around the firm nub, delighting as it stiffened and thickened with its owner's continuing growth.

A heavy, clawed hand slapped down on the broad shelf of her back, clinging to her even as it enlarged and spread near the base of Kira's wings. "M-more..." the doctor said in a throaty mewl. "Please... Hrr... Hrrh! More!" The words came with depth and power and frantic urgency, yet they still carried the doctor's demure tones, though they were drowning in bestial desire.

She lifted her head, letting the professor's nipple drop from her lips and leaving the slightly domed areola glossy with saliva. Yes... There was still more, though the doctor was beginning to look more as she should. Scarlet fur coated skin that clung to heaving muscle. Golden irises parted colorless sclera to stare at her, begging wordlessly. Bladed claws dug at her, kneading her as her fingers pistoned with increasing enthusiasm. Honeyed fluids dripped from her knuckles in steady rivulets, sliming the floor, and her own slick nethers drooled with sympathetic hunger.

Pulling her digits free of the tight, grasping hole that had been flexing around them, she slipped one past her lips, sampling the doctor's sweetened sexuality. Yes. It was good. Strong. There would be time to feast later, however, and she soothed her mentor's slurred moans with a soft, brief growl as she pushed the bulk of her thigh between the quaking beast's, forcing the hard, fur-draped muscle against Baker's burning cleft. It gave the professor something against which to wildly buck her hips, and it gave Kira enough leverage to roll them both over, tucking her wings beneath her and hauling her one-time instructor, one-time prey, now progeny, atop her.

She got a feel for how truly how heavy all that surging muscle was, and her chest rumbled with delight as she felt it growing only heavier. Luscious breasts squished into her own, grinding teat-to-teat as they finally grew close to their proper proportions, and Kira gladly clapped her palms down on the steely, rotund curves of the doctor's upturned ass. She gave it a firm grope, kneading the powerful meat in her fingers, but one hand ventured curiously upward, intrigued by the shocked, confused, alluring sounds that began to tremble through the other monster's lungs. Yes... Perfect.

There, just at the end of her mentor's spine, a thick ball of trembling flesh formed, pushing up against her grip. She tenderly massaged it, purring as it stiffened and swelled. Dark, glossy carapace, quickly split fur, and the doctor's back bent with a rush of euphoria as a segmented, scorpion-like tail burst outward. Each bulbous nodule of the chitinous limb pushed past Kira's hand, through the cradle of her fingers, and she got to feel each swell into being, pulsing with inhuman potency as it thrashed and slung streamers of viscous, black venom from the tip of its curved stinger.

Awed wonder crawled across the doctor's expression as her tail synced up with her mind. Her body shivered, but her exultation lasted a mere heartbeat before she convulsed, eyes wide with more of the same drunken anticipation. She stared down at Kira, tongue coursing over rows of sharp, triangular teeth before she moaned, eyes pinching shut, and dug her claws into the floor, the savage lengths burrowing easily into the tile. Her audience of one merely grinned and embraced her shuddering frame, huge arms wrapping around it and broad hands clasping her shoulder blades, kneading the rock-hard muscle there as it began to twist and writhe beneath velvet fur.

"Yes..." Doctor Baker burbled, words nearly lost to the heady high of her transformation as nubby wings pushed from her back. "C-close... Hngh! B-bigger! Fuh... hrr... Hrrgh... Nngh!"

Kira's ears twitched and her breath briefly hitched as her mentor mirrored her pose, cramming a muscled thigh between her legs. As dark, pitch black wings gathered strength and filled the space above them, flapping clumsily as they grew, their eyes met, and she was overtaken by that familiar sense of dawning realization. Doctor Baker was beautiful, more so now that her proper form was settling across her heaving shoulder. As her venom added the last few inches to the professor's hulking frame, she once again took up that heavy, curvaceous ass in her finger, using it as a brace to gaily grind herself against the powerful, proffered limb.

It seemed only fair, pleasure spiked deep into her mind, and her voice quavered in a gruff groan as she attended the rebirth of her longtime mentor. Leathery wings boomed open to their full extent, nearly crashing into opposite walls as they thrashed. The doctor's body bent in an arch of ecstasy, and she lost herself in her rut, thrusting her girthy, womanly hips in a sharp, irregular rhythm that mirrored the deep, trilling moans that trickled out of her throat. Kira's leg felt soaked by the doctor's copious sexual fluids. They matted her fur and dripped in trails, mingling her own as their bodies twined together in a tangle of limbs like Greek columns, thick and hard and immaculately sculpted.

The fires of transformation were more recently stoked for the delirious doctor, her body more achingly tender, and she couldn't hope to sustain her pace. Kira growled and held her advisor close as Baker's titanic form tensed and flexed under dire, orgasmic strain. She bellowed, bestial maw open, tongue lolling limply between rows of teeth, and her body managed to work up and even heavier gush of scalding, lustful liquids to grind with savage insistence against Kira's thigh.

The professor was lost, bucking with savage intent, rolling her thick hips in every way she was able to extend and intensify her release, but it wasn't with mindless purpose. She spared Kira a knowing, half-lidded glance. She understood from where this mountainous bliss, this unquenchable power had come. She forced a hand between them, between their heaving, boulderlike abs and between their lewdly compressed breasts just to wrap her fingers around a thick nipple, giving it a grateful pinch that sent rapturous sparks through her sire's enormous frame.

With a weighty growl, she wrapped her hand behind the doctor's neck and pulled her down into a forceful kiss. Their inhuman lips met in an awkward press, but she didn't care. Instead, she just offered her tongue, sharing it with her lover as a cataclysmic tempest built beneath her crotch, one that was on the verge of release. Her free hand caressed the generous mound of her mentor's rump, dancing between the extended curve and the base of her insectoid tail while her own wrapped around it in a coil of polished carapace. "Don't stop!" she demanded at nearly a bellow, need strengthening her voice. "Harder! Hurry!"

Baker complied without thought, pushing herself down into her body, grinding and rubbing and kissing. The kiss! Full of tongue and primal, furious joy. Her muscle bunched, bulging strenuously beneath her furred skin enough to lift the doctor a few inches higher. Friction burned at her loins, savaging her enflamed flesh, fueling that inferno. Her heart pounded in her feline ears, thundering in her veins, and she knew that her mentor was experiencing the same unrelenting pleasure.

She screamed, but her voice wouldn't allow something so delicate escape her throat before the ecstatic sound was deepened and strengthened into a biting, *devastating* roar that shook the walls and rattled dust from the ceiling tiles. She came with a fury she could never have

imagined. Her previous had been a candle before the sun. Her body boiled with glorious, inescapable rapture as every fiber of muscle and sinew snapped taut, bending her backward and geysering a plume of sticky, feminine liquid against her lover's leg. Her quivering walls collapsed onto nothing, but themselves, but she needed nothing else. Her loins practically vibrated with the force of it, and she crushed the doctor against herself in a hug that enveloped her enormous body.

She was blind. Heavy eyelids closed over unseeing, slitted pupils as wave after crashing wave washed over her, standing her fur on end and rippling through her musculature in pulsations of urgent tension. After her initial outcry fell away, her voice rose and fell in time with it, and this state of righteous, unforgiving euphoria seemed to stretch on for a miniature eternity, until her strength finally left her girthy limbs and she collapsed, finally fatigued, splaying limply out over the floor as the dregs of her bliss quivered through her, leaving her twitching and panting.

The doctor appeared almost surprised, and she blinked in puzzlement as she peered down at her insensate sire. She might have laughed if she could have made her lungs do any more than pump like enormous bellows. Instead, she lifted a shaky hand and cupped it over her mentor's cheek in a soft caress. Everything was alright. Everything was *perfect*. She just needed a moment or two to catch her breath.

This seemed to placate the doctor, who relaxed and turned her gaze to herself, peering down at them both, truly *seeing* herself for the first time. "Nnh..." she murmured pensively, "So strong."

"Yes..." she hissed breathily, running her hands over the doctor's sturdy physique, from her shoulders down to her toned, shapely backside. Baker understood now. It had been an explanation simple in its execution, and she let out a steady breath as the other bestial woman peeled herself from her chest and tried to get her paws beneath her.

She was first on her feet, leaping nimbly to her toes in time to lend the doctor a stable hand. Baker wobbled on her new paws, tail and wings slashing at the air for stability, but barely a minute passed before she was taking her first unaided steps across the room. Kira watched. The professor swept her new eyes over the familiar space of her lab before turning them on herself. They widened, and an eyebrow quirked upward appreciatively. A clawed hand idly traced a line down her belly, exploring each ridge of her solid, packed abdomen before returning upward and scooping up the massive globe of a huge, jiggling breast. It deformed in strong fingers, and she moaned as she gently groped herself.

Well-used nethers still steadily dripped with sensual moisture, and her entire crotch shined wetly. Her other hand gingerly slid between her legs, and a finger dove between those enflamed lips, if just to see what the inside of her new, monstrous womanhood felt like. She apparently liked what she felt, because another strong digit joined it, sliding in up to the knuckle. She mewled, and Kira took a step closer, intrigued by the unabashed display.

At the movement, the doctor paused, looking her up and down, silently comparing them. They appeared much the same, crimson fur, dark, lustrous hair, though of differing lengths. Their horns were styled differently, but the most telling difference was their heights. Doctor Baker had been a mousy woman to begin with, and now she came barely up to ten feet tall, to Kira's twelve. Rather than stymie her enthusiasm, this realization only seemed to further excite the smaller beast, and she licked her lips while eying her monstrous sire with a warm smoulder in her burnished, golden eyes.

She finished her approach with slow, padding steps, observing as the doctor's attention fell to herself once more. Hands seemed hesitant to leave her most sensitive areas, her ripe bust and quivering nethers, but the taut bunching muscle lining her arm caught her eye. Hesitantly, she peeled her hand off of her thick, sable teat and lifted the girthy limb up, curling it onto itself and flexing curiously, almost idly. The mound of corded muscle that rose up onto itself seemed to surprise her, piquing her interest enough to pull her other hand from her loins just to touch the taut mountain.

She cooed as her fingertips brushed against her own strength, and she more fully devoted herself to experimentation, balling her fingers into a fist, gritting her teeth, and tensing her entire arm. Flesh strained and bulged, and she grunted as tendons in her forearm popped and her bicep heaved, stretching at her furred hide like a steely, knotted obelisk. A thick vein throbbed upward under the stimulation, crawling over the mounded peak, and it was prominent enough for Kira to see the dark, venom-laden blood that pulsed under her scarlet pelt. "Yes..." the doctor growled languorously, to no one in particular. It was said with rumbling pride, a touch of private exultation.

Kira finished her approach with a nod, and draped her hand over the displayed monument to pure, physical might. She gave it an experimental squeeze just to find that it was harder than steel. It had no give to it, even to her probing touch, and the doctor glanced up at her appreciative expression, perhaps searching for approval or guidance. She gave it. She leaned down, pushed her lips over the taut monolith of muscle and caressed its impregnable contour. Strength was their right. Her other hand dropped to Baker's stomach, she felt the dips and hills of abs that shifted subtly with every breath and then danced over and up, feeling her overlapping obliques, every flawless line of her perfect anatomy.

Her lips gradually migrated inward, over a heavy, mounded deltoid and the ascent of a sturdy trapezius toward a neck thick enough to support the weight of the doctor's majestic horns. Eventually her mouth found her mentor's lips, and she lingered there, lazily trading initiative in a long, breathless kiss. When they parted, she found her mouth watering anew with a hunger that was mirrored in the depths of her loins. Before she could make a move, however, Baker relaxed and lowered her arm to wrap it around her waist. "Thank you." said the professor in almost a whisper. There was no hesitation behind the statement, no coy ulterior motive. It was simply an honest expression of gratitude, one said with bright eyes and a patient smile.

"I thought you would like it." she answered, pushing a few fingers through her mentor's mane.

"It's overwhelming..."

"You'll get used to it." Kira muttered with a placating gesture.

"What do we do now?" questioned the doctor as a glimmer of uncertainty crossed her eyes.

Her tail flicked toward the broken window. "Whatever we want. I want to fly. Stretch my wings."

Excitement washed over her mentor's face, erasing all doubt. "Yes. Fly. Take me with you."

Glee tightened her chest, and her fingers stole into the doctor's, taking them up in a gentle, guiding grip. "Come with me, Doc. I'll take you anywhere."

"Kira?"

She hesitated, turning toward the professor with a querying frown. "What is it?"

Doctor Baker's smile deepened, and her hand lifted brush against Kira's cheek. "Call me Sophia."