

My boyfriend is a mad scientist. He gets annoyed when I call him that, preferring the more general title of ‘inventor’, but it’s really the best fit. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not saying he works in a dingy lab in the basement, building a robot army, cackling to himself about how he’ll show up everyone who laughed at him. His workshop is on the first floor, he mostly works on appliances, and he’s far more likely to say, “Hey Emma, come see this!”

The reason I call Devin a mad scientist is that all the things he makes come out weird, and frequently dangerous. It’s kind of cute, to be honest, because he has no intent to be malicious with any of it. He seemed genuinely horrified when, to name one example, I showed him how his new design for a toaster was essentially identical to a death ray. When he realized that he probably couldn’t market a kitchen appliance that could be easily repurposed into a weapon of mass destruction, he was crushed. Devin really just wants to help people, and that’s one of the reasons I like him so much.

Devin is a great guy, and would never intentionally hurt anyone, but I’ve definitely learned to knock first before entering his workshop, even when I’ve been invited over. He gets wrapped up in his work and loses track of time, and you really don’t want to surprise someone who’s working on a combination bread slicer and plasma cutter. If I left him alone, he’d forget to eat and sleep, so I was visiting to force him to take a health and safety break. That, and I missed him. He’d been way too busy recently, and I was feeling neglected.

I was thankful to get a quick answer to my knock, rather than having to keep at it for several minutes until I got his attention. It probably meant he had finished whatever it was he’d been working on lately, so I wouldn’t have too much trouble pulling him away to actually get out of the house. He’d been reading a lot of psychology books lately, which was new ground for him, so I braced myself to hear the “I’m going to revolutionize the world of...” speech again.

What I got instead was a bright, multicolored flash going off in my eyes as I came through the door. I stumbled back a couple steps, squinting and rubbing my eyes as spots slowly cleared from them, revealing a disheveled snow leopard looking intently at me, a crude metal box with several protruding cables in his hand. By now I knew a prototype when I saw one. “That better be a camera.”

Devin smiled at me and shook his head. “Nope! I did take some of the components from a camera’s flash circuitry, but it doesn’t take images of any kind. Nice guess though. How do you feel?”

That was a dangerous question. What the hell had he made this time? With the last colored dots fading from my vision, I could see cables running from his new invention to his laptop, but it was turned so I couldn’t see the screen. No clues about what it was. “I feel fine, I guess. No different than usual. Is that good or bad?” Devin hadn’t made anything that would get tested on people before. Hopefully this thing was safe.

He nodded and wrote something down in his pocket notebook. “Neither, really, but it’s consistent with the other test.”

That meant he had probably used it on himself, too. Encouraging, given that he was still alive and well. “Devin, what is this thing?”

His ears perked up and a grin spread across his face. He loved the reveals. “I call it the Fetish Machine.” I could hear the capital letters.

I squinted my eyes again, this time in exasperation. He could be clueless sometimes; maybe he meant something else. "Tell me you aren't talking about sexual fetishes."

"Of course I am. Though the other meaning of a talisman imbued with magical powers is pretty close. 'Sufficiently advanced technology' and all that." His tail swished as he held up the device, though a clear view did nothing to help me understand it.

I groaned. "So what does it actually do? Show you what my kinks are?"

Devin waved his hands. "Oh no. That's impossible. It *gives* you a sexual fetish."

A chill ran through me. That was a creepy concept to say the least. There was always a chance it hadn't worked, but given Devin's history it was more likely it would work *too* well. I queued a lecture about brainwashing for later, to come right after the one about informed consent. For now I needed more information. "Why would you make something like that?"

He looked confused and cocked his head for a second, like he hadn't considered that question before. "It sounded cool."

That was about all the reason he needed for anything, so it was probably true. "Do I get to know what fetish you've given me?"

"No."

I raised an eyebrow. "No?"

He shook his head. "I need to control for the placebo effect. I can't tell you what it is until it's clear whether it worked or not. I know which one I got, and can already feel the effects, so it's important that you not know. Technically, I shouldn't have told you what the device does at all."

I rolled my eyes. I was frustrated, but I knew I'd never get the answer out of him when science was on the line. He'd probably only tell me if it was actually endangering me in some way. "You mean I have to go through my day worrying that some random thing is going to set me off?"

"Not really. It shouldn't be any stronger of a compulsion than for any other kink, and most people manage to get through the day without succumbing to strange desires." He set his device carefully on the desk and turned back to me. "So what were your plans for today?"

"I *was* planning on going to the mall, but I'm not so sure I should now." I squinted at him. "I might just have to stay home until I know what you've done."

Devin looked hurt. "Really, Emma, don't worry. I used it on myself hours ago, and I've been fine. Going to the mall would be a great idea."

I nodded knowingly. "And since you used that thing, I bet you've just been sitting here working, without much chance to encounter whatever thing you made yourself like."

He averted his eyes downward. "Maybe."

Whatever, I couldn't let this get to me. The device was probably as safe as he insisted, as long as it was used reputably. "Ok, we'll hit the mall. But you're carrying all my stuff to make up for surprising me with this, and I'm counting on you to tackle me if I start acting weird."

He stood and smiled. "Of course."

I wasn't feeling completely confident when we got to the mall. Nothing had set me off on the drive over, but that didn't mean anything really. There were *lots* of people out shopping, and any one of them might have the feature I was subconsciously looking for. Hell, I might end up getting wet over a park bench. Devin had refused to give me even a clue.

He tagged along beside me, smiling widely and looking around at our fellow shoppers. Strangely, he lagged behind at a seemingly random store and I had to pull him along. He could pick up some shoes for himself later, though I was tempted to let him indulge his brief distraction. It was almost impossible to get him to dress fashionably, and it was rare for him to show any interest in shopping at all. But really, a shoe store of all things?

Nonetheless, I was on a mission. I wouldn't change my plans just because of Devin's little gadget, but I didn't want to waste time either. We power-walked down the hall, dodging between slower patrons, until something caught my attention from the corner of my eye.

A lingerie store. In the window was a mannequin modeling a sexy black number. Delicate lace teased glimpses of the breasts, with a curtain of satin hugging the hips, just short enough to give a slight glimpse at the skimpy black panties underneath. In a moment I saw myself in the mannequin's place, black lace contrasting my pure white fur, feline tail raising the skirt in the back, hinting at a brief look at something hidden.

I stumbled, my gut tightening as my whole body seemed to warm up, like I'd been laying in the sun too long. Devin bumped into me as I stopped, and kept me from falling. My whole attention was on the store. The vision of myself in the window, dressed in the sexy lingerie was the only thing I could concentrate on. My nipples damn near tore through my shirt, and I felt the hot dampness build in my panties to such a level that I'd have to take care of it some time soon.

I suddenly had a very good idea what fetish Devin had given me.

He was waving a hand in front of my face, calling my name. I managed to tear my vision away from the window for a moment and shook my head. "Wow."

Devin was looking at me with great concern. "Are you ok? I didn't expect anything like that."

I nodded slowly. "Yeah. I'll be ok, but I have to go inside that store. Lingerie, eh?"

He raised an eyebrow, then shrugged, refusing to comment on my deduction. "Do what you feel you have to do."

As nervous as I was about going into the store and making a further fool of myself, I was somehow compelled to have a closer look at the lingerie. We entered, and I headed straight for the window display. I ran my hand across the sheer satin skirt and shivered, again imagining what I would look like in it. A soft purr reached my ears, and I was only a little surprised to realize it was mine.

A cute fox girl wearing a name tag for the store approached, giving us a big smile. She glanced over at Devin. "Usually the ladies come in here alone for a surprise. You must have been very good."

Devin shrugged. "Something like that."

The fox turned back to me, finding me still staring at the mannequin. "A very good choice. I think you'd look good in it."

Oh gods, she was picturing me wearing it too. My knees nearly gave out as another wave of heat rolled through me, but I composed myself enough to respond. “Y-you do? I might have to pick it up then.”

If she could sense the source of my interest, she didn’t show it. Maybe she knew all along but was just happy to make the sale. Either way, she quickly got my sizes and returned with a box containing my very own set of lacy, sexy garments. I paid eagerly, hands shaking as I tried to suppress my longing to get home and try it on for Devin. I *needed* him to see me in it, more than I would have thought possible. It was clearly not like me, but that didn’t make the feeling any less demanding.

Outside the shop, I shoved the bag into Devin’s arms. I couldn’t trust myself so close to it. I was afraid I might strip down in the middle of the mall and change into it. Another stab of need twisted in my guts, making me halt and almost collapse against Devin again.

He held me and again looked concerned, but his expression also had a tinge of that look he got when doing science. “You sure you’ll be ok?”

I nodded, casting glances around. “Yeah. I just need to take care of something.” There, I spotted the sign indicating a restroom across the hall. “Wait here a sec.”

One rather undignified dash later, I tore into the restroom and slammed a stall door behind me. My panties peeled off my damp sex and dropped to the floor. I flipped up my skirt, dropped onto the toilet, and drove two fingers deep into myself. A long, low moan filled the enclosed space as I clenched tight on my fingers. I had never been so horny without a very good reason, and usually only with the help of a lover’s tongue. If I ever heard someone in a bathroom making the lewd sounds I was, I wouldn’t hesitate to deem them a slut, but I couldn’t help it.

My fingers slid rapidly along my slippery walls, my thumb brushing along my exposed clit. I just needed one quick orgasm, I convinced myself, then I would be ok until I could get home. Then Devin would definitely be getting a lecture, though probably after I fucked him into submission.

I worked as fast as I could, even though it increased the pace of my moans and added to the slick, wet sound of messy female masturbation. Anyone who entered the bathroom would know in an instant what I was doing. I must have hit a sensitive spot at just that moment, because the next thing I knew I was in the middle of one of the most explosive orgasms of my life. My stomach muscles contracted and I curled around my hand, mewling in pleasure as I soaked my hand with my juices, legs outstretched against the stall door, toes scrunched, clawing at the paint.

I collapsed back against the wall, breathing heavily as I recovered. Had I really just done that in a public restroom? I quickly pulled my panties off from where they wrapped around my ankle and wiped myself as clean as I could before stuffing them into my purse. My hands got thoroughly washed at the sink, but I knew it would take a lot more effort than that to fully get the scent of sex out of my fur. People near me would probably get a hint of it for the rest of my stay at the mall, especially if I didn’t get my arousal under control. Even as I walked out of the bathroom, the breeze on my bare, still-damp slit reminded me that I had only bought myself some time.

Devin was waiting for me outside, still looking concerned. “I heard the end, there. I’d really like to get you back home.”

Part of me knew he was right. I wasn't acting normally, and it probably wasn't a good idea to stay at the mall, but I somehow didn't want to leave. I liked being around all the people, and I still felt kind of bad that Devin hadn't gotten to stop at the shop he wanted to yet. "I'm getting kind of hungry. How about we grab something from the food court and see how I'm doing."

He hesitated, but nodded, putting one arm over my shoulder to hold me close as we walked down the hall. I heard him sniff a couple times, and giggled and shivered in pleasure as I realized it was me he was smelling.

I slowly reached into my purse and pulled out my damp panties, moved my arm around his back, hiding my actions from Devin, but not anyone behind us who might be watching, and shoved them into his pants pocket on the opposite side, grinning up at him the entire time.

Devin looked down at me confused, ears tilting back, then put his hand in his pocket to see what I had given them. He pulled the panties partway out, got a brief glance, then shoved them violently back down, blushing furiously. A moment later he looked around, brought his hand slowly up to his nose, and sniffed gently. "I thought so. Damn, what did you do to those things?"

I grabbed him and hugged him closer, wiggling against his side. "Pff, it's your fault, you know. Teach you to ask permission before any more experiments."

He suddenly looked thoughtful. "Huh, I suppose that might have been a good idea. Oh well, good to know for next time."

We arrived at the food court shortly, and Devin, in a rare display of confidence, told me to sit at a table and wait while he got food. I didn't mind really. It gave me a chance to flip my skirt up a little and feel the cool plastic on the bare fur of my rear. I grinned a bit, knowing that it was possible someone might discover my little naughtiness if they looked closely enough. Watching Devin make his way through the line, I wiggled excitedly on the chair. I still felt energetic and a little worked up. There was a good chance there'd be a damp spot remaining when I stood up.

When Devin made his way back with a tray full of food, a burger for him and a salad for me, I rotated my chair and waved eagerly, distracting slightly while I recrossed my legs, giving him a good view of the puffy lips of my still-damp slit.

He stumbled, almost dumping the tray on the floor. I snickered as he carefully walked the remaining distance, a deep blush visible in his ears. He sat across from me and gave me a pleading look.

"Careful, hon. Don't trip over your own feet." I rubbed a footpaw over his under the table, and he jumped like he'd been shocked.

With a shiver, he looked down at his burger, as if trying to take his mind off what I was doing. "Can you please wait on that until we get home?" He raised his hands to take a bite.

That was too good to resist. With a low purr, I traced my paw up his leg, gently ruffling the fur along his shin. "Oh, do you like that?"

Devin dropped the burger and gripped the edge of the table, suddenly breathing heavy. "No comment."

If he wouldn't say, maybe it was because of his little experiment. I gave him a sharp-toothed grin and moved my footpaw higher, toying with the hem of his shorts.

“Have I discovered something?” My salad was forgotten in my new eagerness to play with Devin.

He whined and again looked at me with desperation. “I-I can’t say.” His breath came fast, and I could hear his tail bumping against the chair behind him.

Definitely the experiment, and now I knew I could have a lot of fun messing with him. I went for the gold, lifting my paw and pressing it firmly against his crotch. He was rock hard against my sole, gasping at the intimate touch. I stroked up and down with a toe, exploring his length under the table. I glanced around us, noting all the people in the court who were oblivious to what we were doing. I growled at Devin and motioned to the side with my head. “Wanna go have some more fun?”

He squirmed, but didn’t push me away. “No, we should really go home. This isn’t right.”

“Oh really?” I pressed harder on his crotch with my paw, then started using the other to stroke his leg. It was pretty clear now what fetish he had given himself, and I was exploiting it all I could.

He whined again, looking extremely torn, then quickly stood and, taking my hand, pulled me out of my seat and off down the hall, leaving our mostly-uneaten food behind.

I giggled and followed along, feeling delightfully squishy as we headed for a service hallway. Just before we went through a door marked ‘Employees Only’ I held him up, pinning him against the wall when he turned to look at me. I rubbed against his chest and resumed stroking along his leg with my paw. We were just around a corner from the main mall hallway, out of direct view but not difficult to stumble upon.

Devin groaned as I continued my molestation. “I thought I could get us a little further away, but if this is how it has to be...” He spun me around and pressed me against the wall, flipping up my skirt with one hand while undoing his shorts with the other.

I bent down, presenting my uncovered butt and wet, aching slit to him, wiggling my hips in need. I wasn’t kept waiting long. Without any further warning he slid into me, spreading my slick lips wide around his length. I mrowled and clawed at the wall, feeling like this was what my body had been demanding since I first caught sight of that lingerie. His barbs tugged at me as he retreated, satisfying that primal part of me that loved being with other felines.

He pounded into me hard, severely worked up by my teasing, but that was just fine with me. At the same time, he moved a leg forward, rubbing his larger footpaw across mine, speeding up his thrusts as our paws touched.

I wiggled my toes, brushing against him, and he groaned and pulled me close for a moment. I shifted my hips, driving him deeper into me, and wrapped my tail around him. “Mmm, I should do more of that.”

Devin gasped. “Keep it up and I won’t last long.”

That was fine with me. Something about the situation was driving me wild. I was sure I must be dripping onto the ground, but all I could feel was the continuous impact of Devin’s hips against mine, his cock stretching me wide. I leaned harder against the wall, rubbing my breasts against it for extra stimulation. I moaned wantonly, like I didn’t care who heard us.

Devin’s breath came in the short, sharp pants that told me he was almost done. His thrusts were short and hard, attempting to drive as deep into me as he could get.

As much as I could without losing my balance, I lifted one leg up, stroking up and down Devin's shin with my paw. That was just enough, and he grabbed me tight, pulling my rear back against him as he emptied his balls inside me, coating my heated depths with his seed.

Which was right when a mall employee opened the door to the service area.

The poor mop-wielding guy who caught us seemed more embarrassed than we were. Of course, I was too busy screaming as I twitched and squirted all over Devin to be embarrassed at the time, but it sure hit later. The mall employee recovered fairly quickly and ducked back through the door, giving us a chance to make an escape down the service hallway to another section of the mall. I was glad it wasn't anyone with authority that caught us. It would have sucked getting banned from my favorite mall.

I had a lot of questions for Devin, but held them until we got home. I had the lingerie bag on my lap for the drive back, and just the proximity to it kept making me want to lean over and give Devin a blow job whenever we hit a red light.

When we arrived, my first question to him after cleaning up a bit in the bathroom was to ask when Devin would be able to reverse what he did to us.

His face fell into his look of intense thought, to the point even his tail stopped twitching.

I waved my hand in front of his face. "Oh no, no going into deep thought mode. You didn't make that thing without a way to turn it off, did you?"

He looked sheepish. "That's a good idea. Another thing to remember for next time."

I was angry, but tried to hide it. Solve the problem first. "So how long until you can make something to reverse it?"

Devin counted on his fingers for a moment. "Well, it took me a few months to make the Fetish Machine, but I learned a lot so the reverse should go faster. Eight weeks?"

"I'm going to be soaking my panties over lingerie for the next eight weeks?"

He smiled then, like he was the only one to get a joke. "Ah, you didn't figure it out! Interesting. It wasn't the lingerie, exactly. Your fetish is exhibitionism."

It all fell into place then. It was the exposure of the lingerie that got me hot. It was why I got off when I thought about being caught in the bathroom. It was why I had taken off my panties. It was why I had sex in a goddam mall!

And it was going to continue for at least a couple more months. Shit.