

# THE EXPERIMENTS OF LEONARD BEIGH: PRELIMINARY TRIALS

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Margaret Lane is anxiously examining her face in the mirror. Tilting her head in, pulling a cheek taut, then doing the other side. The skinny young squirrel leans back and timidly probes her face. Was she having some sort of allergic reaction? It's so darn dark in this room, the only light is from the moon, streaming in through the tall windows on the other side of the lab. It would help if she had a bigger mirror, of course... the one above the sink is maybe a foot across.

She definitely knows something's wrong. She's sweating; her heart's beating a million miles an hour and her bushy brown tail won't stop anxiously twitching back and forth. Her cheeks are puffing out; more so than usual, and they're feeling hot and kind of itchy... her whole *body* is, really. She probes her face with her paws again and this electric blue *feeling* forks out like lightning from her fingertips across her face, and her facial fur's falling out, though she doesn't notice it... She gasped, jumped... it was devastatingly arousing. She moans, loudly, and falls back into a chair... her head's swimming. Whatever this is, it's too much for her.

She hasn't noticed either that her legs are doing something strange underneath her skirt- they've fused to each other at the thigh; the line between them is vanishing slowly downwards. But she notices, when she goes to lean her forehead against her hand, that her fingers have shrunk alarmingly and have sprouted, or melted, connecting webbing... she wants to *shriek!* but nothing's coming out of her throat; oh gawd, what's happening to her?

Whatever it is, it means the loss of her elbows- Margaret's arms stiffen away from her, shrinking and tapering off and starting to retract into her body. She's trying to look down to see what's happening below her torso but her neck muscles won't let her; they've all seized up... her tail's gone; her pert breasts are flattening out under her tank top. Her legs have melded- they're becoming stocky; growing up into her body while expanding outward. They don't reach the ground anymore- her shoes and socks have fallen off. A crisp *snap* interrupts the sounds of Margaret's heavy panting and occasional low moan: it's the elastic in her panties, breaking off. Her hips have formed a wide round ridge; above it her soft brown fur is falling off. Her tight T-shirt is under a lot of stress: her torso's expanding and growing into a firm cylinder. There's a low ripping noise when it gives up and splits down the front, in between her nearly-gone breasts, and falls away.

Panicking, Margaret realizes she can't even move her head anymore. Her eyes frantically dart between random points, until through a stroke of luck she manages to see herself in the mirror. A white flash; her eyes go wide. Her fur's almost all gone, her bright pink head has changed shape. She's being forced to look upwards; her chin is melting away into a raised red stripe at the middle... her cheeks have puffed out

enormously and smoothed up into the rest of her rounded, bulbous head. She can't say anything, she doesn't seem to have a tongue anymore- her lips have gone away, and instead of closing after her mouth widens into an O of surprise it's going the *other* way, turning into a vertical slit...

Underneath her skirt- the last bit of clothing she's wearing- her legs finish turning into two enormous, connected furry orbs. Her waistline's a bumpy line where the fur covering her balls ends and her taut, veiny torso began. Her arms are gone, her breasts are gone- below the neck everything's just a big fat shaft, with a firm ridge going down the middle. The skirt gives up too, popping open on the chair- Margaret slides off it to what would have been a kneeling position had she knees instead of an enormous pair of balls. Her backside's exposed to the window: the round globes of her firm butt flatten into the back of her shaft, and the faint outlines of feet can be seen fading into her balls. Her erect body points her face up at the mirror above the laboratory sink, showing her enough to confirm what the unbelievable feelings pulsing up and down her length made her suspect: she's transforming into a gigantic penis.

Her face is rounded out almost completely. The cleft that appeared in her chin points up into the urethral opening that had been her mouth; her jawline has extended around her head to become the raised ridge separating her glans from the rest of her shaft body. Aside from the incredible pleasure, Margaret's other predominant feeling is one of overwhelming *stiffness*; she's trying in desperation to get any familiar muscle to respond but the best she can manage is faint side-to-side wiggling of her enormous, phallic body; she tries to move her lips and the edges of her piss slit twitch slightly. There's a clear, watery fluid flowing from it: she recognizes it as pre-come, it's got to be, judging by the growing, unignorable welling of intense pleasure she felt growing from what could only be described as the huge testicles that had been her legs. Her eyes squeeze shut; she's trying to stop it with everything she has left, but it's not enough.

Margaret doesn't see it when it happens; her closed eyes seal over into the smooth and featureless glans of her now completely phallic body. Another white flash; screamingly bright pleasure overwhelms her as a jet of white come is released from the nutsack at her base: in an instant it rockets up the tube of her body and sprays wildly from the urethra that was her mouth. She can taste it; it's glorious. Great splatters of semen cover the mirror and everything near it.

It streams out in a long jet for a second; Margaret jerks upwards and it stops momentarily. Then there's a small secondary spray; another jerk and Margaret's a little limper than she was. A third, quick squirt and Margaret limply *splat*-s on the floor. She's shrinking on the cold tile but in a slow rhythm, like breathing after intense exercise. The flaccid cock that used to be Margaret Lane, 21 year old biochemistry major at Westmarsh University (minoring in journalism), the attractive young squirrel known for the editorial column she wrote in the *Westmarsh Observer*, is now a roughly 3-foot phallus (she lost a lot of length when she went soft) that lay in a growing pool of its own come.

Another white flash. Out of the shadows at the far end of the laboratory steps a short, skinny green gecko wearing a lab coat, open in the front and exposing his lighter-colored underside, his easy stride all smooth lines and gently curved angles as he walks, narrow glasses covering his large, expressive eyes as

they rest on his flattened snout. He's got a digital camera. He's been taking pictures. He's got a viciously pleased look on his face. He's Leonard Beigh.

Leonard kneels down to take a close-up photo; pausing to run his hand along Margaret's shaft. He grins at the way she quivers, and the faint light reflects off his glasses in a way that makes his eyes strange and alien. Briskly stepping out, and closing the door of the lab behind him, he flicks open his cell phone and activates the speed dial: "Terence? Start the car; I'm leaving now." Clicks it closed and slides it, while walking, into his lab coat's front pocket.

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Leonard Beigh was the shining star of Westmarsh University's nanobiotechnology department. Some would say he was the smartest graduate student at the institute. More would have said he was the most ambitious. Cunning and brilliant, at the age of 26 Leonard was not to be reckoned with in the word of university politics. He's known for his short temper; he's the five-foot-five terror of the department. Undergrads that tower over him, strapping young bucks and bulls, duck for cover in the nearest classroom when he stomps with a scowl on his face down the corridors of the engineers' building at Westmarsh. And he's been known to hold a grudge for any perceived insult- like, say, a scathing review of his skills as a TA in the Westmarsh Observer. Margaret Lane just found that out firsthand.

Everyone fully expected him to make a great technological breakthrough some day. In fact, he already had, two years ago; he just hadn't bothered to tell anyone. To make a ludicrously complicated combination of engineering and programming very simple, what Leonard had done was invent a way for nanobots to intelligently rebuild cells into different types according to the DNA they already contained and a specified program. In other words, sufficiently complex software, combined with a few cheap nanobots, could radically transform a living being. Something like this, Leonard realized, had almost limitless potential. End disease. End hunger. Increase lifespans. With this awesome capability in his hands, Leonard immediately decided on his course of action: he would suppress his own invention, and privately use it to satisfy his secret desires to transform furs into living cocks. Leonard's not really a great guy.

Terence McWatt was a much nicer fellow. Of course, he was not the shining star of the nanobiotechnology department. He was 21, a mediocre student in the second year of a free ride to a degree in sociology (or anthropology, or art appreciation, or something like that- Leonard never remembered) who had attracted very little attention to himself. Terence was a sheepdog, very tall, very beefy, who played on an intramural rugby team and was surprisingly not very good at it. He was a little too timid to really get involved in the big dogpiles, but he had a good time.

Terence was a good-natured dog. He'd just had the dumb luck to decide to sign up to be a graduate student's assistant to make some spending money in his spare time. And he'd had worse luck getting assigned to Leonard Beigh; the guy's got a reputation. He's known on campus as someone you don't want to piss off. Terence thinks Leonard's image as the Ivan the Terrible of the department is largely

exaggerated. After he'd worked for Leonard for a little while, he realized he wasn't as scary as people made him out to be. True, he wasn't very cheerful most of the time, and he got cranky when someone didn't do something right, but he wasn't *mean*. Just had a strange way of doing things. But then Leonard started having Terence help out with some odd extracurricular activities he was pretty sure weren't officially school sanctioned, and, well, Terence couldn't say no, out of some unfortunate sense of loyalty...

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2:08 P.M. Leonard and Terence, having a late lunch in the cafeteria at the engineering building. Leonard, sitting hunched over shiftily and angrily, eyes continually darting momentarily to the back of his head, repeatedly flicking his tongue over them nervously. Pushing some rice and beans around with his fork, remembering to taking a bite on occasion.

Terence, openly ogling a lovely young female housecat that was waiting in line at the salad bar; a few tables behind and to the left of Leonard. Thoughtfully, subtly, nodding his head while he chews on his cheeseburger, admiring the young feline's curvy body and frankly enormous breasts. Covered in gray fur, shining blonde hair held in place with a green headband, tight jeans and a snug-fitting solid green baby-doll T that did wonders for that wonderful rack, those must be what, D cups?

"Are you getting a good *look* at her, Terence? I hope that's your way of gathering *reconnaissance*, because that woman is your mortal enemy. Do you understand that?" Leonard hisses under his breath. Quite perturbed, he stabs his fork into the plate.

"What's the problem with her?" Terence certainly doesn't see any problem at all with her.

"You can't just take my word for things anymore? It's because Sonia over there wants a new atomic force microscope for the undergrad labs, and she's pestering the department heads to get one. I know the ones they have aren't in great shape, but they're *undergrads*. It doesn't matter what they get, they're not looking at anything important. Might as well give the little shits Legos and a magnifying glass." Leonard eats a forkful of rice and chews moodily.

"So how come it's your problem?" Terence cautiously inquires. If Leonard is going to have a bad day, that means he's gonna make Terence have one too.

"Because those things aren't *cheap*. If the department fritters away its money catering to the kiddies they aren't going to be able to buy my new nanolithography etcher!" Leonard's eyes widen and he leans forward.

"Oh. That's... that's too bad." Terence tries to muster up all the sympathy he can; it's not much. "You said her name was Sonia?"

Leonard ignores him. "You have no idea what that a nanolithography etcher is. It's alright, you're an anthropology major. You can't be expected to know anything in the way of actual information." Leonard rolls his eyes; his tail swipes lazily around behind him. Terence begins to protest that he's actually a *sociology* major, but Leonard's not listening at all, instead pensively tenting his fingertips and mumbling to himself. "Better lithography machines mean I can fit better programs onto them... I could improve the process in ways I've only dreamed of." He trailed off and caught himself. "But only if the department

gives *me* that fat sack of grant money and not that damn cat." A sigh of resignation; the dog knows where *this* is going. "I'm not going to lie, Terence. If I play it on the up-and-up, the department heads probably aren't going to listen to me. We've had our disagreements, it's true."

It was very true. Most of these disagreements were regarding Leonard acquiring new and increasingly specialized equipment to further his "research" on the nanobiotechnology department's dime. Leonard failed to see why they should waste money on educating other people when he could just discover anything worthwhile himself.

"So the point is that if I state my case and trust that the department will do the rational thing and listen to me, I will probably be *boned*, Terence, boned. We're not going to let that happen."

"So... what are we gonna do?" Terence asks with no actual tone of inquiry in his voice, in a way that makes it clear he already knows what they are going to do.

"She's dating a strapping young gentleman who plays on an ultimate frisbee team here. Nice kid. A deer. Don't have any problems with him." Knowing Leonard, he's probably been stalking him for a few days now. "I figured, why not give him a present? A brand new foot-long cat cock! Come on, who wouldn't like that?" Leonard's excited words have an undertone of manic glee, he's got both hands splayed out onto the table and he's leaning forward, but then a passing shadow warns him someone's come up behind him, and he swivels his head around as Terence looks up over his shoulder. Well, speak of the devil, it's Sonia Vaarpa herself...

"Well hi there, Leonard. Mind if I have a seat?" She didn't wait for a response; she plants herself firmly in Leonard's booth next to him with her lunch tray and a smug smile.

"Hello, Sonia." Leonard frowns and stares straight ahead into his food.

"So! Guess where I was just before I decided to get a celebratory tuna salad? Go on, guess!" Sonia is excited and perky; Leonard hates excited and perky.

"Hrrmph," Leonard says through clenched teeth.

"I was at the dean's office, Leonard! The *dean's*!" She's enjoying this, squealing in her most excited voice just to irritate him. "And he said he was leaning towards giving me the grant money for the new microscope! Don't you think that's just *awesome*, Leonard? How the school's going to help out us undergrads?" Her face turns slightly malicious. "Instead of all its grad students? I mean, I totally think it's unfair how some schools only focus on the grads. You know?"

Leonard is staring straight ahead in an smoldering silent rage.

"Well, just wanted to give you the good news!" A hearty clap on the back from Sonia and she stands up. She gives Terence a quick acknowledgement. "Oh, hey there. Aren't you in my Monday economics class?"

Terence nods happily. "Yeah, I am. Terence McWatt."

"Oh, neat. Sonia Vaarpa. Well, see you next Monday." She walks off with her tray.

There's a few seconds of silence. Terence doesn't want to be the one to talk first; Leonard looks furious enough to launch into some kind of spastic freakout. Sure, Terence could pin the little gecko one-handed,

but it would still be unpleasant. Luckily Leonard only says one thing after some tense moments: "Don't get too cocky, Sonia."

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Leonard has kicked back for the day and sealed himself up inside his on-campus office. It's in a warm, humid, largely forgotten corner of the sub-basement of the university's engineering building, and he's got it to himself because he'd scared off the two other grads he was supposed to share it with long ago. Sure, you had to go down a few sketchy basement tunnels to get there, and the ceiling occasionally drip-drip-dripped water onto sensitive electronics, but to Leonard it's a cozy second home.

He's seated at his broken desk in a position that looks rather uncomfortable: curled up with feet up on the desk, his knees bent, sitting mostly on his lower back rather than his butt. It's actually quite comfortable to him, though. His tail flicks from side to side. The only glow in the room's coming from Leonard's three monitors and the orange classic-style lava lamp he's got over on a bare metal rack in the corner. The monitors are scrolling through pages of computer code, 3-D models of felines, and inscrutable changing numbers. Oh, and there's a window open on his leftmost monitor playing through an episode of some sitcom Leonard likes; periodically a tall horse with a crazy mane busts in to his neighbor's apartment and eats his food.

Leonard's setting up the program his nanobots are going to run. Getting the bots into Sonia is going to be the difficult part; he hasn't planned that out yet. Getting to watch the transformation will be the orgasmic climax. This was the pleasant anticipatory period beforehand. He's carefully plotting out the changes the nanobots will make. He's decided to make the transformation use three routines he'd designed, running concurrently: one to change Sonia's body into a penis, one to shrink her, and a third to symbiotically connect her with her boyfriend, Stuart.

The end result? Sonia would be out of his way and she wouldn't be able to help but enjoy her new life as Stuart's cock. Leonard figured Stuart would appreciate it; he planned to make Sonia 14 inches long, after all. Her new phallic body would be feline in appearance, including spikes. Leonard's nanobots used the victim's own DNA when they did their work; they transformed cells into new cell types but still used the same basic genetic blueprint.

Tapping some keys and sipping a steaming cup of coffee. Leonard nods. It had been a long night setting everything up, but he didn't really mind, or even notice. He enjoyed his work and he certainly took pride in it. The programming stage is finished now, and he was ready to set up the nanobots. The plan was to contaminate Sonia with the bots; the next time she had sex, the flood of hormones would trigger their programming.

Leonard's sighing to himself. It wasn't that he's not happy with the final result, he is. Oh, he's very much looking forward to it. He's just got the feeling he could do so much more. It's so unfair, the way he's limited by the university's equipment. He imagines the endless improvements to the digestive system transformation and coupling routine: the software modules through which the nanobots transform the digestive system of the victim and attach it to their reproductive system- turning the esophagus into a

urethra and ejaculatory duct, etc. He'd definitely wanted to make some improvements to the internals. He wants to make people into the best cocks they could be, after all.

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Hours later, long after Leonard's gone home for the night, the door pushes right open when Sonia tries it. Took a long time just for her to hunt down our little gecko's hideout; Leonard seems to have engineered it so the university directory lists his office as being in a woman's bathroom somewhere over in the gymnasium. The lights are off and it's quite obvious nobody's home, but Sonja really can't help being curious about Leonard's office. Hesitantly, slowly stepping in, she can't say she's impressed with the digs; it's really a shabby little place with not a lot of effort put into the décor, ragged and short aquamarine carpet cut too small for the office, exposing a cement floor where it meets the walls, cheap particleboard furniture, a desk and some tables, folding chairs, and racks of machines that probably cost the university a pretty penny, wonder if the dean knows all this equipment's down here...

Carefully tiptoeing onwards around the desk, darkly, she doesn't dare to look for the light switch, her attention is drawn to a conspicuous manila folder sitting in the converging glow of Leonard's three monitors; it's full of something, is that a photograph sticking out? It's suspicious, ve-ery odd. Is there some kind of booby trap, will she trip a transparent thread, or break a beam of light far beyond the range of what can ever be seen with even her feline eyes? Will there be alarm klaxons, unnoticed cameras swiveling in place to spill the beans to the little lizard Hades about the kittycat Persephone trespassing in his personal underworld?

There will be none of these things. Curiosity's overlooked the cat, this time. Perhaps Leonard should learn to be more paranoid; Sonja's already rifling through the contents. Photos, all of them, printed by an inkjet printer on standard-sized paper, all taken from roughly the same spot, the corner of some indistinct room, lit obliquely from behind by very bright moonlight, or overhead florescent spotlights. Sonja thinks the room might be one of the biology labs in the old math and science building, but she can't be sure... There's a squirrel near the door, a female squirrel, but she's hard to see from here.

Sonia flips through to the next few photos- they're all of the squirrel, but she keeps moving around, first she's sitting, then looking in the mirror, then sitting again. But as Sonia keeps moving through the ordered pages, she notices that the squirrel has begun to change shape, and not subtly. The squirrel's losing fur, her legs are turning into these big round blobs, and in this next picture she's grabbing at her face, but her arms are turning tubular and shrinking... what on earth is happening here? A quick scrawled note in black pen in the large blank area under the photo: "Adj. testicular formation routine timing?"

In the next few pictures her tail's gone... she's fallen off the chair, her body's weird, different, barrel-shaped, no longer a smooth and uniform light pink but latticed with increeping veins, her clothes are ripping apart, her legs have completely changed into... *testicles*? They do look like a giant scrotum, exactly like one. Realization strikes Sonia, the squirrel's torso is assuming the familiar shape of a penis, but *how*? There's even the little bump going up the underside...

The next photo is better-lit and taken from a closer vantage point, but still behind the squirrel. She's recognizably a cock now, kneeling on the floor with giant, wrinkled balls both with the vague shape of a foot protruding from the back. Her phallic body is pointing her up, you still can't clearly see her face, but her expression is partially visible, a mixture of shock and fear and excitement; her head is morphing now into a glans, her shocked mouth narrowing out and face smoothing away.

The penultimate photo in the stack is clear and close, hard light, obviously shot with a flash. The squirrel is now little more than a giant cock with odd protrusions that suggest the flattened shape of arms and facial features, her eyes are the only thing left and they're tightly squeezed closed in this shot, as she squirts a torrent of semen out of her mouth- well, not really a mouth anymore, is it... The last photo. Her eyes are gone now, and she's not longer erect. Just a big, limp and detached dick lying on the laboratory tile floors.

Sonia's heart is pounding with confusion and shock. Obviously, Leonard has something to do with this... but why, and how? Did he actually turn this poor girl into a huge penis? She debates taking the photos with her, but instead stuffs them back into the folder and quickly makes her way out of the office, stepping as silently as she can down the yellowing hallways with insulated pipes running at right angles overhead. It feels good when she gets back out into the fresh night air, and now she's feeling less scared, but she can't deny that the photos, and the idea of someone changing into a cock has piqued her interest... What's Leonard *doing* down there?

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Here's the abbreviated version of what happened over the next couple of days: Firstly, Leonard and Sonia got into several nasty little inter-departmental sniping battles. It turns out she wasn't lying, the dean did choose Sonia's proposal over Leonard's, and Leonard was not pleased. Leonard yelled and raved and climbed halfway up the wall, no really, it's those sticky little *setae* on gecko feet, but all that commotion failed to change anyone's mind and the order for a new atomic force microscope went out that very afternoon.

Sonia was just insufferably pleased with herself and took the chance, every time she could, to rub it into Leonard's face. She was one of the few people in the nanobiotechnology department to not hide themselves in labs and offices when they see the little gecko coming, no in fact the next day she purposely stood right in his path and when he stopped she bent over and *kissed him* right on the forehead, and then strolled off smiling like the cat that ate the canary. He didn't have any idea she was on to his little private games. Leonard had no idea what she was up to, but the truth is that Sonia's actually starting to develop a crush on the terror of the nanobiotech lab.

Which is making her think twice about the guy she's dating: Stuart, who's nice enough... pretty nice, sure. A nice guy. But he doesn't excite her like this Leonard guy does. Sure, she likes Stuart, and he has nice eyes. Deer often do. A-and Stuart's got a nicer body, well, more *muscular* at least. But he's kind of a... pushover. Not like Leonard at all.

That's what she's thinking right while her and Stuart are having lunch at a cafe on a terrace on the 3rd floor of the University's arts building, right on a balcony next to the building's slippery smooth stone walls. Walls that are absolutely no match for a gecko's unmatched climbing prowess. There happens to be one directly below her, waiting in a bush with an earpiece clipped to his head, scrunched up in a ludicrous vertical tiger-pose, for Terence to give him the signal to proceed.

Terence's over about 40 yards away, standing in a baseball cap and sunglasses- Leonard insisted on going *incognito*- waiting for nobody to be looking at the bush Leonard's in. Honestly, he doesn't care. Leonard's bright green, he sticks out like a sore thumb anyway, hiding in a mostly-brown shrub. Crackling over the walkie-talkie: "Alright, go for it." And a bright green streak side-winds up the sheer wall and shoots over the railing. Terence sighs; there was no way that was less obvious than just going inside. How come Leonard never wanted to do things the easy way?

A couple people notice Leonard's graceless spill over the railing, but he shakes it off. He meant to do that. Alright, he sees Stuart and Sonia sitting a few tables down, and realizes he's not yet thought of a *plan*. He's got a vial full of nanobots in liquid suspension and no way to get them onto Sonia. And then the most marvelous idea comes to him like a shot out of the blue.

Sonia's minding her own business; sipping an iced tea and watching Stuart eat his zucchini sandwich and *achoo!* Oh, gross, did she really just get sneezed on? Turning around, now *this* is a surprise; it's Leonard. He's wearing an unusually big grin. In fact, grinning at all for him is unusual, but Sonia's just kind of startled to see him talking to her. The excitement is tempered by the fact that he just sneezed on her, though, and she's obligated to give him some shit for that.

"Did you just *sneeze* on me, you little twerp?"

"Oh *my*, I *did*, where are my manners. Oh, and you are?" Looking expectantly, pleasantly and serenely, at Stuart. Stuart looks confused.

Sonia sighs. "Stuart, this is the creep that thinks someone died and made him king of the nanobiotech department. Leonard, this is my *boyfriend*, Stuart. I should have him beat you up."

Leonard puts on a beatifically insincere smile and bends to one side with his hands on his hips. "Why, nice to meet you, Stuart! Sonia's a very talented young woman, you know! One of our brightest undergrads!" This act is ludicrous, and he's obviously up to something, but Stuart doesn't notice. Stuart even offers him his hand to shake. Cripes, what a creampuff, thinks Sonia.

Leonard saunters delightedly out of the arts building a few minutes later and meets up with Terence, waiting across the sidewalk. Leonard's using his tongue to clean his eyeballs slowly and at great length while he walks. It creeps Terence out, and also lets him know that the lizard's in a good mood.

"How'd it go, boss?"

Leonard rubs the round tips of his fingers together. He's got a nasty little smile. "We're on for tonight. We shall rendezvous at my office and begin surveillance in an hour." Great. Why'd Leonard always want him to stick around and watch?

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The times Terence begins to question the merits of higher education are the times like now, when he's been sitting in a tree for an hour, in the cold, outside some chick's apartment. If he hadn't come to college, he'd never be in this situation. But now he's sitting in a tree next to an excited little gecko wearing a black wool cap, black turtleneck and even some black paint under his eyes. (Terence wore his brown bomber jacket with the fuzzy neck and jeans. He was criticized for "not being stealthy enough.")

It looked as though their waiting was about to pay off, though. (Terence was momentarily bothered: he was beginning to think of the culmination of these activities as the "payoff".) Sonia had arrived, and Stuart was with her. Terence was really hoping they were in a frisky mood so him and Leonard could get to the good part (god, there it is again, where's that coming from?) and they wouldn't have to sit through them having dinner, watching a movie, etc. Leonard was already enraptured, staring silently through this pair of ultra-high power digital binoculars he had.

Luck was with Terence, it looked like Stuart was going to get lucky right there. Man, you'd think they'd be a little more circumspect about this kind of stuff, what with the huge windows in Sonia's apartment. But they stumble into the bedroom anyways, and Terence sheepishly pulls out a pair of binoculars that he's been bringing out lately.

They're not as good as the high-powered beauties Leonard has. He considers them to be an investment; it's like he's in the room with them, following right behind them as they trip along into the bedroom. Leonard finds himself admiring the couple; they both have lovely bodies. The deer's very well built. Leonard gets a perfect view of his chest once Sonia's manages to get his shirt up and over his antlers, which aren't that big, although it's fairly early in the season, to be fair. Sonia's working his pants off, too. She leaves the briefs on. He's got a nicely sized package, Leonard notices.

They're standing kissing passionately, then Sonia pushes Stuart down onto the bed by his shoulders. Stuart has the goofiest smile on his face; Sonia's smile is more predatory. It sends a shiver of arousal down Leonard's spine. The girl is stunning, he admits, although she's going to be twice as much so as a penis. He finds himself envying Stuart.

Stuart nuzzles into Sonia's stomach. She has her arms draped around him while he pops open her tight jeans and works them down from her hips. He's moving his face lower on her torso, down towards the unmistakable bulge in her panties. Oh yes, it looks like Sonia's equipped with something special down there, and our boys are surprised. Terence sits up (he was hunched forward trying to improve his view) and reels from the shock. Leonard pulls his fancy binoculars down and looks up, alarmed. His big round eyes open even bigger.

"Holy shit, man!"

"Well, this may introduce some undefined behavior into the mix."

"She's got a cock!"

"Yes, Terence, I noticed." Leonard's miffed: he'd not taken this possibility into consideration. It was a remote possibility, but one he probably should have accounted for. Certainly wasn't unheard of or even

uncommon in this day and age. "She's not completely phenotypically female. Genotypically, I really have no idea what the situation is here. Which means I'm, uh, not really sure how the nanobots are going to work on her."

Terence partially knits his eyebrows. "Oh, man."

"Yes, this... could do strange things. I'm not going to lie, this might get bad." Leonard nods, makes brief eye contact with Terence, then immediately sticks his face back in his binoculars. His tail begins to sway back and forth.

Stuart has pulled down Sonia's striped blue panties enough to let her cock pop out. It's not particularly big, in fact it's kind of feminine, in a way. Stuart, holding it, rubs his mouth along the underside, causing Sonia to close her eyes and let out a happy sigh. Stuart repeats this action, up and down, until he takes the tip of her cock into his mouth as she gently pets the back of his head with her paw. He nods his head very slightly on it as he rubs his tongue back and forth on the sensitive area underneath. Sonja's breathing heavily as she looks down at him. This is when Sonia starts rocking her hips back and forth, pushing her cock into and out of Stuart's mouth. The buck closes his eyes and slows down, but continues, the bobbing of his head, reaching around her to grip Sonia's firm ass. He sucks for a while and looks up at her, around her bouncing breasts and into her eyes, and he can tell she's clearly enjoying herself.

More so than usual, in fact. Sonia can't help wondering if Stuart's learned some sort of magic new technique, because it feels really, really good. Her penis feels hot, almost *electric*. She switches to holding Stuart's head by his antlers. She's loving looking down at her boyfriend as he slurps her cock, but she's having the serious urge to flip Stuart over and start pumping his nice tight ass, and she's a little bewildered, 'cause this isn't an urge she has often. (She doesn't usually like to do the penetrating; makes her feel less feminine.) But Stuart's usually up for it when she is, and he gets the idea quickly when she pulls her cock out of his mouth with a soft popping sound. He looks disappointed for a second, but gets the idea when Sonja has him stand up and motions him to bend over the bed.

He's got an open-mouthed smile of nervous anticipation as Sonia pulls down his briefs, freeing his erect penis. Thicker and longer than Sonja's, it sticks out in front of him. She lifts his small, fluffy tail and rubs her penis up and down under it; he stands up and Sonja embraces him from behind, pressing her breasts into his back. She continues to gyrate her hips against his ass, while his hard cock twitches with pleasure. She places a hand on his back to bend him over again and using her free one, lines up her cock with Stuart's hole. Closing her eyes and breathing out her mouth, she pushes forward with a high-pitched squeak, lifting her head. Stuart grunts and pushes back against her; Sonia's quickly inside him fully and she withdraws slowly before going back in, letting Stuart acclimate.

Soon the pair is going at it full bore. Sonia's got her hands on Stuart's hips; Stuart's got his arms crossed on the bed in front of him, using them to stabilize himself as Sonia repeatedly thrusts into him. Stuart's sensing something different, although he thinks he's probably imagining it; they don't do this very often, after all. But he's got to admit, his ass feels unusually *hot*, although maybe that's just because of the

extreme enthusiasm with which Sonia's stuffing him, she's really going at it. He feels *fantastic*. Even where Sonia's rubbing him on his hips, it's great.

Sonja leans further over him and begins to quickly jerk him; Stuart lets out a moan of appreciation. It distracts him sufficiently that he doesn't notice Sonia slowing down her thrusts then stopping them entirely; Sonia doesn't notice it either because she's still overwhelmed with pleasure. She hasn't stopped because she's come, she's stopped because she can't thrust anymore, Sonia and Stuart are now merged together at the hips. But then Sonia keeps bucking, and whatever's going on, it's good enough to keep Stuart's mind occupied.

The grey feline leans down on her boyfriend while humping into him. Stuart's feet don't seem to be touching the floor anymore, and his legs aren't as muscular as they were a minute ago. Nor are his arms, they're *smaller* actually, and rounder; they're shrinking into him... and when Sonia goes to grab his hand they notice something's off when she can't intertwine the fingers of her paw with his, his fingers are webbed together. Just like that, they've connected into some kind of mittenish extremity.

The pair have finally noticed something's very wrong here- Sonia's shocked enough to pull back despite how incredibly good she feels, but when Stuart is yanked back with her due to their connection she has no idea what to do. Stuart's speechless; he's looking at his rapidly altering arms and hands, too busy to look at his legs, which have flown together like melting plastic. His shoes fell right off his feet, he doesn't *have* feet anymore, just two points that are quickly rounding out to join the elongated ovals his legs have become. They're loose, wrinkled shapes approximating spheres with a seam running between them, and what would have alarmed him if he could see was that his soft brown hair is quickly being replaced by a light shade of gray, *Sonia's* exact shade of gray.

Above his waist the fur situation is far different; it's falling away in clumps, exposing his naked pink skin. He's got a nice six-pack, or at least he had one; it's fading away. His arms have gotten stuck to his sides and are quickly vanishing into his torso, despite his attempts to pull them off. Stuart's panicking, but Sonia's a smart cookie. She's made the logical connection between the pictures she saw in Leonard's office and what's going on now; she may not know *how* it's happening but she knows *what* is happening. In a few minutes, she realizes, Stuart is going to be a penis, *her* penis. And she has resolved to enjoy the transformation; there's an evil little smile sneaking onto her face.

Sonia places her paws at Stuart's waist: the buck's torso is rounder than it should have been. Experimentally, she tightens her grip and slides her paws up Stuart's body like she was starting to stroke an enormous cock. Sure enough, it creates a surge of bliss that runs like current up Stuart's underbelly and into Sonia, causing her to let out a deep involuntary purr. Well then, time to start using Stuart like the cock he's becoming, reasons Sonia. The cat's eyes roll back into her head as she uses the same stroking motion but much faster. The feeling is incredible for both of them, but Stuart notices the change in pace and twists his changing body around to look behind him. He moans, shocked, when he sees his legs, or what *used* to be his legs. He's just in time to watch his hooves vanish into the lumpy mass; his kneecaps

flatten out. His legs are only recognizable as a giant scrotum now; still a little misshapen, the balls begin to round out and puff up.

He wants to yell, but he can't. When he tries he only makes a quiet gagging sound and produces some fluid, which splashes down his face. He wants to alert Sonia in some way but then he realizes she doesn't seem to be concerned; her face exudes ecstasy and she's frantically jacking him off, like he's a *penis*... every time she moves up and down his torso with her paws it's like she's bunching up more loose skin that's collecting around his chest... he can't look at this anymore, cause his neck's losing mobility and making him look straight ahead; his field of vision is slowly forced in front of him; his whole world is bouncing up and down because of Sonia's excited masturbatory motions.

Sonia forces herself to look down at Stuart. She's turned on beyond belief and doesn't want to miss a further moment of this. Stuart has no more hair of his own- everything below the waist has changed to match Sonia's shade, and above the waist everything's fallen off, revealing the pink skin beneath, which is slowly tightening up and becoming shinier, and here and there showing a vein beginning to snake upwards. Stuart's torso has become almost perfectly round; she can still find some of his remaining musculature, but it's quickly disappearing. She can feel it being replaced with a pliable bump running along the center of his underbelly; a shiver of arousal runs through her when she thinks about how soon it will be carrying her come... right now, an intermittent stream of watery pre-come is dripping down Stuart's body. He won't stop coughing the stuff up, not surprising when Sonia thinks about what's happening to him.

His head is beginning to change radically; his antlers have been absorbed fully and his muzzle has receded mostly into his face, becoming blunt and round. His lips have drawn together into a tight circle; he's got no more tongue or teeth... and the circle's beginning to expand vertically, seeping clear fluid. His ears folded back, attached to his skull and receded into it in much the same fashion as his long-gone arms; all that's currently left of them is some bumps on either side of his head. He's still got his eyes; Sonia sees them frantically darting around his head.

"Ohh... Stuart, don't worry, just enjoy this..." Sonia softly moans, trying to be as reassuring as possible. "There's nothing I can do..."

That's not what Stuart wants to hear, but there's nothing he can do either. He tries to move, he's *been* trying to move, but his whole body is so stiff, and he doesn't have any control over it any more. He just feels himself jutting out helplessly, swaying up and down whenever Sonia lets go- which she's only twice to reposition herself, but both times Stuart experienced a sense of freefall as Sonia swung him around; he was literally an extension of her at this point. He's spouting precome like a faucet now. He feels a strange shifting and realizes his insides are reconfiguring; cocks don't need many internal organs after all... his intestines, stomach, esophagus, all straightening and simplifying themselves into one long tube that would do the job of bringing up seed from his balls; well, *Sonia's* balls, now...

"Oh god, Stuart, oh my *god*," Sonia moans. Every couple of seconds, Stuart's entire body jerks, and Sonia is wracked by pleasure. She can't help feeling a little bad when she sees how much like a cock Stuart's become; has she gone too far? Should she have tried to do something? But what could she have

done? No, she decides she was right to at least enjoy it... "Stuart, you're gonna be such a good cock." Sonia wants to at least be reassuring, to give Stuart some comfort... "Mmm, it's going to be wonderful..." Harder, faster, she pumps him, rubbing his body against the bed roughly, allowing their balls, so wildly out of proportion to Sonja's lithe and tall body, to rapidly swing back and forth.

Stuart's face is almost gone now; his neck has widened to connect his head and his torso. His narrowed shoulders have tapered off and vanished completely. His cheekbones have raised themselves into a ridge running along his collar; instead of being hard and bony it's pliable and spongy, demarcating the line between the glans his head will be and the shaft his torso has become. His mouth is now nothing more than a piss slit, his nose and ears are just a couple of bumps, and the rest of his facial features are just a few raised lines on his darkening head, which is starting to puff up.

"Stuart, oh Stuart... you'll love being my cock..." Sonia knows from experience that she's close, *very* close, and she doesn't know what's going to happen when she comes, but it's seconds away and there's not much she can do about it. Suddenly collapsing onto the floor at the foot of her bed, she grabs Stuart and holds him tight to her body, inbetween her breasts so that his face is flush with hers. Craning her neck over, she begins to passionately kiss Stuart's urethra, inserting her tongue and swishing her head. Stuart closes his eyes gently, as if he is returning the kiss. It's all either of them can take: Sonja can feel the orgasm overtaking her.

Hot white liquid shoots up inside Stuart; nothing he could do could stop it, if he had even wanted to. The changes complete as Sonja's own semen pours forth out of Stuart's now completely phallic self; the skin of the glans around his eyes puffs up and covers them completely, the last traces of his face smooth out, veins finish twisting around Sonja's new shaft. Sonia's face is blasted with her own come and it doesn't stop coming, Stuart's spraying like a fire hose- and with it he shrinks, continuously. Sonia's on another planet, this is like nothing, *nothing* she's ever felt before, undiluted pleasure... she throws her head back and lets out a primal shriek as she blasts semen all over her bedroom, flowing out of her like she's a fountain... it doesn't show signs of stopping for at least 20 full seconds, when it doesn't stop but slows until it's a trickle, then stops before letting out a final squirt and then Stuart flops over, shrunken to a manageable, but still unusually large, size.

Sonia pants, hard. There are no sounds except her ragged breathing, and the intermittent drip of semen collecting off of her apartment's ceiling. She's definitely going to have to get the carpet cleaned.

She looks down at Stuart, who is now a flaccid pink cock extending halfway down her thigh. Gently, lovingly, she pets him along the shaft- there's a very slight wiggle in response. Still panting, she closes her eyes and leans her head back.

"And I know exactly who I want to use you on first..."

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Leonard's beside himself. He's spent the entire weekend holed up in his sub-basement office; Terence has been bringing him takeout Chinese- that and a couple of forgotten candy bars he rustled up have been all the solids he's had. He's been sleeping in a rolled-up rug on the floor beneath one of his gently

whirring computers. He's been waiting all weekend for the fallout to hit. Nothing's happened yet, and that's lulled Leonard into believing, hoping, that maybe there won't be any repercussions for his maddening mix-up. Maybe Sonia would just chalk up her boyfriend turning into her cock as one of those things that just sort of *happened*, y'know?

"The door's locked, right?"

Terence, poring over his economics notes at a table in the center of the office, sighs. "Yes, Leonard. It's locked." He doesn't look up.

Leonard's had Terence acting as his personal bodyguard all weekend as well. The only person that's been by the office all weekend is the night janitor.

Two glossy green hands grip the top of a monitor and a big pair of wide gecko eyes peer over it. "Maybe we should kill the rest of the lights. I don't want anyone seeing in here."

"*What* lights?" Terence is studying by the glow of a row of green LEDs, and besides, Leonard covered up the only window, the tall one on his door, with black construction paper.

Leonard grumbles fretfully and clicks back to Sonia's student file. He's done some detective work in the long hours he's been cooped up in here, trying to find out everything he can about his adversary. Aside from the revelation that Sonia's a male-to-female transsexual, there wasn't much interesting: merit scholarships, glowing recommendations from all her professors. Ugh. If only he'd done his due diligence beforehand and found out Sonia's little secret, although who could blame him, the girl was very beautiful, he never would have suspected, that is, before he saw the proof with his own eyes; the dainty little cock Leonard admitted was very feminine for a penis, but that didn't matter anymore now that that it'd been replaced with Stuart...

Leonard became aware of a buzzing and a shuffling of papers: Terence's cell phone had gone off. He's standing up and collecting his things. "Hey! Where do you think you're going?"

"To my economics exam, man. It's Monday. We've been in here all weekend."

Leonard responds with an agitated whimper. Terence has already slung his backpack over his shoulder. This isn't good. He can't really stand up to anyone in a fight; he *knew* he should have bought that taser when he had the chance.

"You're gonna be fine, man. I'll check back on you after the test."

Deep breaths, Leonard. Deep breaths. He tries to collect himself and gives Terence what he hopes is a dignified nod; Terence rolls his eyes and leaves. The gecko exhales. He's never been much for all that hippie crap, but he could really use some of that Zen nonsense right now, or whatever it is. He can't really think straight, so he decides now's the best time to do some brainless busywork; he wheels his desk chair over to another table with stacks of paper strewn across it: undergraduate assignments he needs to grade. He pulls out a randomly selected sheaf of papers and starts scribbling down numbers and crossing out equations and proofs with a his red pen at a speed that indicates he can't *possibly* be giving this any serious thought, not that he ever does, in fact he kind of resents having to tend to the throngs of undergrad students, it's *beneath* him and his burgeoning intellect, neveryoumind that's what the university actually pays him to do.

But once Leonard gets into the grading process he always starts to enjoy it. He finds a particularly eloquent and well-argued mathematical proof that nevertheless started with a false assumption: the entire thing is wrong, wrong, wrong and Leonard gets to take great delight in scribbling a bright red X across the whole thing. He decides to give a pity point for partial credit (out of 30; they still fail) but he never finishes the frowny face he draws next to their score, 'cause that's when he hears footsteps padding on down the hall...

Dropping his pen, the gecko straightens himself to an upright position immediately. Is someone coming to see him? Has to be; there's nothing else interesting in this hallway. His body is statue still. Is Terence back already? Couldn't be, it's too soon. And those footsteps are too soft to be Terence, he's a big guy... well, no matter, just stay still, don't make any noise, and they'll go away. But that's when he looks at the door and realizes, oh *goddamn* that dog, he unlocked the door to leave and Leonard didn't slide the deadbolt lock shut; the door's closed but it's unlocked and anyone could just *stroll on in*; Leonard's sweating bullets as the footsteps draw ever closer and *stop* right outside his door.

He doesn't make a sound. He doesn't *breathe*. There's an unbearably long pause. Are they going to leave? Nothing's *happening*. And then the door swings open.

"Wow, Leonard. You sure like to keep it dark in here."

Sonia saunters into the room in a gray haze. "Mind if I sit?" She grabs a loose desk chair and sits backwards on it without so much as pausing to allow Leonard to respond. Not that he would anyway, he's pretty much paralyzed with terror at this point, imagining all the terrible things this cat could do to him. She's bigger than him, and she's got those *claws*, oh no, oh no no no....

She slides over to him on the chair with a look on her face Leonard can't identify, but it doesn't seem as though she's going to tear him into strips of gecko jerky right this second. Separated by Leonard's desk; the two stared at each other.

Sonia is the first to break the silence: "So I suppose I ought to thank you a *little*."

Wait, what? That's not what Leonard's expecting.

Sonia tilts her head to one side and gestures with her hand. "Oh, I like Stuart a lot better like this. Stuart doesn't care for it as much. He wanted me to make you change him back, but... no, I think I'm going to keep him like this."

There is an abiding silence. Sonia has a very subtle smile; she's waiting for Leonard to say something... after a length of time he squeaks out: "You... aren't mad?"

The cat cocks an eyebrow. "I didn't say *that*, exactly... see, Leonard, you probably figured it out yourself, but I'm a transgendered woman, and I've gone to a lot of trouble to be as feminine as I am now." Sonia stands up. Leonard hyperactively nods, oh yes, of course, sorry to cause you trouble... "I mean, just having a cock is bad enough. It wasn't that much trouble when it was just a little five-inch thing, cause then I can tuck it back without any problems, but a foot-long schlong? It's not very subtle, Leonard." She looks down at her pants; so does Leonard. Huh. She's right. She's elected to wear a knee-length skirt today; there's certainly a protrusion in the crotch area. "Stuart's just too big, I think."

Ah, well, that was an easy enough fix. "I can fix that! I can shrink him further, and-"

Sonia interrupts him. She's drawing closer to him, walking around the desk... "Glad to hear it. But first, you know what I was thinking?"

"Uh... what?" Sonja's uncomfortably close to Leonard now. He has to look almost straight up to look at her.

"I was thinking that you and Stuart didn't get a chance to get properly introduced the other day." She deftly unbuttons her skirt, staring Leonard in the eyes.

"I... I..."

Leonard gives the feline a bewildered look; she's staring back down at him, fiery, *hungry*, over the tops of the pert breasts her tight T-shirt is covering, her bare dust-gray midriff, and eye-level with Leonard the V-shaped break in the waistline of her shirt where she's unbuttoned it and the growing strain is pushing it apart: oh yes, that bulge is getting bigger and Leonard's silently taken his eyes off Sonia's face to look at it-she unzips her skirt and says "Mmm hmm; I definitely want the two of you to be *real* good friends."

Sonia can feel Stuart's trepidation; what are you going to do with me? Are you really going to use me to fuck this guy? *Yes*, Stuart, that's exactly what I'm going to do, would you stop complaining? Sheesh. Who wants a cock that gives you backtalk? She'll learn to screen you out later, but right now, Stuart, she just wants you to accept your new life so you can both enjoy it. There's some duties you'll need to perform, of which only the most obvious is going to be stuffing the little gecko in front of you (he's staring at the bulge you're creating, actually, with a helplessly transfixed expression) but surely Sonia will want to entertain herself now and again on lonely nights, so she'll turn to you, freeing you from her loose pajama bottoms so you find yourself staring up at the underside of her breasts and part of a porn-filled computer monitor, not to mention the purely biological functions, like when Sonia's bladder is full and she needs to release it it's *your* job to funnel all that piss into a toilet, or urinal, or when it's crystal-cold-and-clear on a long nighttime walk home and Sonia can't hold it in anymore and pulls you out of your warm nest in her panties and exposes your poor unprotected glans to the stinging wind until, yuck, the hot sharp liquid you'll never get used to comes rushing through your midsection; Sonia holds you like a pen and writes her name in the snow...

Oh god, the *gecko*... Stuart's snapped out of seeing his future life unfurl before him like a repetitive tapestry when Sonia's panties are slid off and he pops free swinging up so hard he almost smacks Leonard right in the face, it's him that's disrobing Stuart's ex-girlfriend and him that's staring right down the length of her solid cock; to Stuart his face looms unrealistically large, a giant peeking over the horizon, Stuart dizzy from the sudden change in altitude, he's so, so hard, and he can only move about his base, where he bobs up and down gently, helplessly, in the absence of wind. He feels energized in a way Sonia's exploratory weekend masturbation sessions haven't touched him in- maybe it's Sonia's elevated heart rate, nearly twice a second he's pumped with another stiffening jolt. And then he feels Leonard's breath, far away enough to be cool, roll over him, and he's awash in overwhelming arousal, the first exterior sexual contact he's felt as a cock...

It's enough to snap Sonia out of paying attention to Stuart's thoughts; she was getting a voyeuristic thrill from the delicious mix of fear and arousal she felt from him- Sonia's got a bit of a sadistic streak that seems to only come out in the bedroom; she's going to *like* this yummy little gecko. Leonard seems to have naturally submitted himself to her, judging from the way he's slowly leaning in towards his cock, his now-hot breath an inch away from... Sonia's impatience, a paw on the back of the head pulling him in and there's no hesitation, he closes his eyes and opens his mouth like he's about to proclaim the Word itself but instead a fat cock goes in, *her* cock, it's enormous and she's not even thinking of where it came from anymore, just about how wonderful it is to have this cute reptile giving in like this and unreservedly slobbering all over it. Leonard apparently isn't a member of the slow and delicate school of cocksucking because he's already got his head oscillating back and forth the whole way down her pole, rotating his head slightly and working that long lizard tongue alllll along the underside. This boy knows what he's *doing*, thinks Sonia as she rumbles a deep appreciatory purr.

Encouraged, Leonard looks up into Sonia's eyes, and that drives her wild, having him look at her while he's working her over with his mouth like this. Sonia's left paw's on his shoulder and the other's on the back of Leonard's head, not doing any actual pushing, because Leonard's already sucking faster than Sonia could push him down. Involuntarily she begins to buck her hips, not really *intending* to facefuck Leonard but that's how it starts to work out anyway. Leonard pauses his vigorous sucking motions and Sonia holds on to the gecko's shoulders to steady herself and *slams!* her newly acquired cock far into the back of Leonard's throat; Leonard breaks eye contact, eyes bulging in surprise, suppressing a little gag.

Leonard, here, is operating largely on pure instinct. Somewhere on some sub-surface level he's still *terrified* of the cat, of course, but when she stuffed her cock into his face most of his conscious thoughts made themselves scarce. All the better to focus on the hard penis occupying his mouth... he's intellectually aware that it used to be Sonia's boyfriend, what was his name again, oh well who cares, Leonard's only worried about Sonia. He'd been sucking on her for a while, but now Sonia's forcefully thrusting in and out of his jaws and at first it had made his eyes water. He's getting used to it now, though, easing up to better allow the lovely feline to fuck his face.

Sonia pulls her cock out of Leonard's mouth; he releases it from his lips with a wet smacking noise and looks up at Sonia, wondering why she stopped. The mischievous grin makes it obvious; she intends to fuck him. Some more of that buried fear bubbles up to the surface, and Leonard gulps, swallowing a mouthful of spit and precome. Leonard briefly reconsiders his decision to make Stuart more than a foot in length, of course he had no way of knowing *this* was going to happen... but sure enough, he nervously pops open the button on his khakis and shuffles them down to his ankles.

The feline purrs happily, sliding her paws up from Leonard's ass, under his shirt and lab coat, feeling his rubbery-smooth back, returning them to his hips as he turns around and bends over, anxiously looking over his shoulder at the tall, dominant cat that's about to stick her new cock into him. But she doesn't oblige him immediately; she steps out of her miniskirt and in one motion pulls her T-shirt up and over her head, casually tossing it into a corner of the office. She's got a black sports bra on underneath, and she

quickly does the same with it. Leonard's always been a breast man, and he knows a beautiful pair when he sees one; Sonia's certainly qualify. D-cups, at least, with nice, medium-sized round nipples that don't stick very far out. Fantastically firm too, they're almost in the same position they were when she had her bra on. Sonia casts a sidelong grin at the entranced gecko appreciating her form while she rummages through her purse, and then, finding what she was looking for, pulls a little bottle of lubricant out of it and drizzles it haphazardly all over her penis, stroking it once or twice to get an even coating. Then, slowly turning, she steps back towards Leonard's prone self, penis bobbing freely in the air as she swishes her hips.

Leonard moans, helplessly aroused, watching Sonia saunter up to him; he knows that she's aware he's totally within her power. He's transfixed by the cock she's got proudly standing out from her crotch, now shiny and slick. The knowledge that her penis is *aware*, that it used to be a *person*, increases his excitement tremendously... he wonders what Stuart is thinking right now; has Sonia's obvious arousal won him over, making him just as anxious for Sonia to slide him into Leonard's ass as Leonard himself is? Or is he a helpless passenger, dreading the moment of insertion but unable to prevent it, imprisoned within his new phallic self, only an extension of Sonia's to do with as she pleases?

Leonard's expression as Sonia bends over him is equal parts worried and *trusting*; Sonia, for her part, can't seem to wipe that mischievous grin off her face. The gecko feels her breasts press against his back; he really wish he'd had the foresight to take off his lab coat and shirt so he could better feel her glorious rack, but here he is now, clothed only from the waist up, his slender legs and tail exposed, along with his erect red penis and defenseless ass... Sonia presses the tip of her penis against his hole and his tail twitches at the base; it's a strange feeling to have something press there, and Sonia's so *big*, he realizes now that this is probably going to hurt, at least initially. That doesn't stop him from gently pressing back, wishing she'd bury that thing deep into him. His tight hole is so sensitive that he can feel the divot in the plump head of her penis where the piss slit is, perfectly aligned with his hole, a few inches below the base of his tail, which he can't stop from automatically lifting up to present all of his assets to Sonia, it's some kind of reflex response, both embarrassing and arousing, because it forces him to confront how slutty he's acting. This feline walks in here with her fourteen-inch cock and giant, perfect breasts under the assumption that she will have no trouble in having her way with you, and you just go *along* with it, Leonard? If all the students you terrorize could see you now, see your eyes strain and squint and mouth silently contort as Sonia pulls you back into her while pushing her penis into you, but they can't, they'll never know the painful, invading, alien feeling of having a deer-turned-phallus attached to the nanobiotechnology department's prettiest undergrad plunged three, four, five inches deep into their asses, and going further...

Eight inches in and Sonia stops, panting. Leonard exhales sharply, a breathy tenor gasp cutting the air. Maybe Sonia's decided to give him a break; he feels like he might tear straight down the middle if she goes much further. Now the cat begins, slowly, to fuck the lizard, enthralled at the powerful new sensations that came along with her new cock, picking up speed as she goes, causing Leonard to hold on to his desk for dear life and moan, in a high continuous whine that rises in pitch every time she reaches

maximum depth; an approaching car that revs and backs up and surges forward again, its engine noise modulated by the Doppler effect: "unnnNNGHnnnnnnNNGHnnnnnnNNGH...."

There's currently not a thought, other than the all-consuming pleasure, passing through Stuart's head; his head is also currently passing through Leonard's rectum at a rapid velocity thanks to Sonia's powerful thrusts. He'll regain his faculties in a moment, but he's a penis now, and he's finding out firsthand that when he's used as the pole he now permanently is, it becomes impossible to focus on anything else, not that he'd want to admit that... not that it *mattered*, given that he was unable to admit it to anyone but Sonia, who was obviously free to disregard his opinion. He hadn't wanted to fuck the gecko at all, he wasn't *gay*, there wasn't anything attractive to him about Leonard's sleek form, his taut, skinny butt or the way he submissively presented himself to be used to pleasure Stuart, but Sonia felt otherwise, and he was part of her body now. He felt the inrush of blood surge through him, stiffening him and putting every nerve in his body on High Alert, he was barely cognizant of himself when Leonard so enthusiastically blew him, but now he's euphorically urging Sonia to go *faster*, pump me *harder*, shove me into this gecko's ass as far as you can go damnit, fuck him! Fuck him *harder*!

He wishes fervently to be all the way in Leonard, right up to the base, and if his thoughts right now could be transcribed they would be an endless sequence of "Deeper, harder, faster," but Sonia won't push him in any further than the ten inches she's worked up to... four whole cold inches not getting to enjoy this magnificent feeling, like getting in bed and leaving your ankles hanging out of the blankets. But Stuart's savoring what he does feel: the delicious friction of Leonard's hole on every inch of him, his tubular shaft body, the dragging force along the ridge of his glans head on Sonia's outstroke, the eager surge forward and in when she thrusts. There's a feeling welling up inside of him, coming from what he's grown to think of as his testicles, building in the lower half of his body; he realizes happily he's going to come soon, he's going to do what he's meant to do, to joyously spray Sonia's seed, hopefully deep into the gecko's ass. Please, he thought, please don't pull me out, please let me come in him...

But Sonia feels it too, feels it just as strongly, and she makes no motion to pull out, in fact she fucks Leonard even faster and harder than the already breakneck pace she was going at, grabbing the gecko from behind and bucking with wild abandon while Leonard holds on for dear life, moaning uncontrollably, the sound buried under Sonia's rising yell, a throaty rumble that grew in intensity until it became a gravelly roar, and now it's an honest scream, she's screaming in pleasure and Leonard winces: she's scratching him, her claws are digging in, and she thrusts forward one final time, burying Stuart an entire foot deep into Leonard, and her scream rises to an earsplitting volume as she lets go and Stuart feels nothing except the blissful imminence of orgasm. Some valve is turned, a floodgate is released, a torrent of semen comes rushing up the straight urethra that was his digestive tract, comes surging forcefully out the tip to cover Leonard's insides; there is nothing for either of them but the single bright point of release and two voices straining together in a primal yell...

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Terence McWatt yanks open the side door of the engineering building, winding his way down the hallways to the vending machines by the stairs; he hasn't had any breakfast yet. He was happy to finally be done with his macroeconomics class, it seemed like the professor went on talking forever. And he hadn't seen that Sonia chick; she wasn't anywhere to be found, even though she'd never skipped before... a flicker of worry runs through Terence's mind, but he quickly dismisses it. Probably didn't feel like going to class after the weekend she had.

Waiting in line for his turn at the vending machine, he's listening to the two guys in front of him talking. The short raccoon with the pullover hoodie is trying to convince his friend, a rotund sheep about something: "I'm *telling* you, man, this building's haunted. It's the ghost of old man Westmarsh or something."

"You're full of shit, dude."

"I heard the ghost, man. This morning in my fluid dynamics class. This real long, loud groaning that sounded like it was coming up from the basement."

There's that uneasy feeling again. Terence looks off to the side, worried... it's probably nothing, but- well, being a sheepdog, there's a certain amount of loyalty and a protective instinct built into his character. He decides to go without the meat stick he was planning on buying and briskly trots off in the direction of the basement stairs, leaving as the raccoon punches in the number for his chosen snack.

As he hurriedly steps down the basement stairs, the cool white light from the ground floor's ceiling gives way to the harsh, bright uncovered fluorescent light tubes installed in the basement, and then, turning sharply to go down a staircase *under* the basement staircase that few ever even noticed, to dim sodium-vapor light that painted the white walls yellow, along with the vascular network of exposed tubes and pipes that ran all throughout the sub-basement. A clanking sound from some machine behind the walls, the hiss of steam releasing... Terence is almost jogging now towards Leonard's office, sharply taking a corner past two busted-in maintenance lockers, and down the hallway to the office, unlatching his keys from his belt loop, and tries the knob while fishing for the office key- huh? It's not even locked? Terence throws it open, barks louder than he meant to, "Leonard?" But there's no carnage in here, no crazed cat clawing at his boss's body, in fact, he looks back and forth but there's *no one* here, he thinks until he remembers to look *below* eye level...

"Quiet, Terence. You're going to wake Sonia."

Poised in the doorway, ready to leap into action, Terence surveys the scene. There's Leonard, and that Sonia too, lying together in a pile on a bunched-up floor rug, Sonia sleeping soundly on top of Leonard, covering all but his head, with her arms around him and cheek pressed onto the back of his neck, a peaceful smile, a low, oscillating purr. Leonard was contentedly flipping through a catalog of electrical components in front of him; now he's looking up with mild annoyance over rectangular spectacles to make eye contact with his faithful assistant, whose tense posture has just deflated, shoulders slumping. There is a pause.

"Good news. You've got the rest of the day off."

Slowly, pursing his lips, Terence nods and backs out of the office, softly clicking the door closed; exhaling in a long, continuous breath as he slowly walks back through the sub-basement with his hands in his pockets. He's on the ground floor when he begins to chuckle softly; who'd have thought Leonard had it in him to seduce Sonia? That's one way to get out of a situation, he supposes. It's one of the reasons he doesn't mind hanging around Leonard; everything always seems to end well for him, and as long as Terence sticks around he seems to be covered by Leonard's protective umbrella. Terence pulls open the heavy glass doors and steps out into the bright sunshine, gaze lingering on a comely young collie walking off in the direction of the student union. Maybe he'll see if he can't go strike up a conversation. The day is young and he's got the rest of it off, after all, and who knows what harebrained plot Leonard's going to send him off on tomorrow...