



Madison dashed through the hallway with her equipment in tow, brushing through groups of people as she raced towards her destination. She cursed the military base's layout as she came to an intersection, instantly becoming even more lost. The wall signs made no mention of the media room, leaving her to guess a path and hope she was right. The picturesque woman realized she could ask someone along the way for directions, but that would require her to find someone. Her chosen corridor seemed entirely devoid of life, though she pressed on regardless. Growing fear became overwhelming relief when she finally found a useful map, where she committed a viable route to memory. Her nerves eased further as she returned to a populated section of the sprawling building, and soon enough a trail of signs led her to her destination.

The communications wing was a complex within itself, but a coordinator found her before she could get lost again. The woman led her through the bustling building by her wrist, dragging her by numerous security doors and restricted areas before stopping at a dressing room. Madison thanked him as he disappeared around a corner, a gesture that brought out an annoyed huff. She brushed off the rude reception as she stepped into the delightfully quiet space, thankful to have what was hopefully the worst part of the interview over with. The woman set her bag on a table and slumped down into a soft chair, then picked up a folder and perused its contents. She had been briefed on her subjects many times, but it never hurt to be thorough.

A pair of pictures slid into her palm when she opened the document, putting a face to the name she had heard hundreds of times. The first was a headshot of Dr. Stella Moreau, one of the project's lead biomedical and genetic engineers. A long list of truly impressive feats came to mind as Madison drank in her features, drawing up a faint undercurrent of jealousy. She had no idea how many stars had to align to create this genius Aphrodite, though she pushed the thought away with a burst of professionalism and self-respect. The reporter mentally rehearsed her questions, imagining varying answers for each and planning how to string them together. The importance of an organic conversation was not lost on her, and getting caught off guard would reflect poorly on her skills. Once confident with the certain aspect of the report, she moved onto the uncertain.

Madison brought the other photo to the foreground of her attention, and her brow furrowed at what it showed. She hadn't been given the feline soldier's name, but she didn't think she could pronounce it anyway. She briefly pondered why the taurs never adopted human names, but pushed that thought aside as well. With a collecting breath, she reminded herself she wasn't here to judge. With the picture in hand, she went over his basic information. Her eyes widened as she scanned over his height and weight, unsure if the error was in the numbers or her expectations. The creature dwarfed even the bulkiest of humans, and a twinge of fear struck her heart when she realized it could overpower the entire room if it chose to do so. Madison put the

papers away before she induced a panic attack, opting instead to find reassurance by reading about the training program used to keep them under control.

The reporter browsed the thick document and centered herself until a knock at the far door signaled the crew was almost ready. She stood from the chair and stretched the stiffness from her muscles, then retrieved her notes and left for the studio proper. The set was smaller than what she was used to, but it used every inch well. A top-of-the-line lighting system illuminated a pair of chairs in the middle of the stage, and an array of expensive cameras watched them from every angle. The set itself was decorated enough to look professional, yet it was understated to not distract viewers from what was being said. Madison visibly relaxed when she realized she wouldn't be confined to an office, and another coordinator found her before she could wander the studio more.

"Ah, Miss Brock, thank you so much for coming all this way for this. You know how it is with security," he chuckled. "Dr. Moreau should be here shortly, along with her companion."

She tried to hide her apprehension, but the coordinator's expression showed that she had failed.

"I promise everything will be alright. The taurs can be a little intimidating to meet for the first time, but once you get to know them, they're just big loveable kittens."

"'Big loveable kittens' don't have super strength or psionic powers," she scoffed.

"Think what you will about them, but they're soldiers first and foremost. They train their operatives well, even if they're not exactly human. I understand your concerns, but I won't have you bad-mouthing this program or its results on camera. Understand?"

"You won't have to worry about that, provided they keep the cat on a leash. I'm just here to talk with the doctor and her creation and get the facts."

The coordinator sighed and squeezed the bridge of his nose. "Maybe you'll change your opinion when you meet hir. Most people seem to at least." He took a calming breath and let it out. "Just go sit in one of the chairs and get comfortable. It shouldn't be much longer until we're ready to film."

Madison shrugged and took her seat as instructed, silently hoping that the coordinator was right. She hardly had time to ease back into the chair before a commotion rose behind her, announcing the arrival of the guest of honor. The project leader strode into the studio with confidence won only through achievement, and behind her trotted the result of her life's work. The doctor was an attractive woman by nearly every standard, but she couldn't hope to draw attention away from the towering feline behind her. The midnight cat was at least twice as tall as anyone else in the room, and every inch of hir exuded power and dominance. Hir feral legs rippled with strength as shi silently padded across the floor, swishing a heavy skirt that obscured hir undercarriage. Hir humanoid half was completely uncovered save for a small tube top,

showcasing a figure earned with rigorous training. Dr. Moreau shook her hand before taking the unoccupied seat, and the un-introduced taur sat on hir haunches between them.

The director shouted something about a countdown, but Madison was far too distracted to pay him any mind. The feline's skirt lost its effectiveness in that position, and she couldn't tear her eyes away from hir four rows of heavy breasts. The reporter covered her mouth to hide her dropping jaw when she spotted hir colossal balls and sheath, which sat heavily on the smooth floor and nestled between hir lowest set of breasts. She mentally questioned the practicality of such endowments, and a faint blush tinted her cheeks when she imagined the accidental tit-fucking shi could get while running. She looked away just in time to catch the feline stop grinning, and she rubbed her temples to banish the lewd thought. Unfortunately, her gesture did not go unnoticed.

"You gonna be alright," the director asked. "We're not doing this live, but I'd still like to get this shot quickly."

"I'm alright," she murmured. "Just distracted. I'll be more put together when we start."

Madison was not more put together when they started.

She took a deep breath as the lights dimmed, then put on her classic smile as the cameras came on. Madison introduced Dr. Moreau and her companion without incident, flawlessly recalling her excessive qualifications and relevant accomplishments. The reporter fumbled for the first time when her monologue shifted to the feline, unable to draw her attention away from hir inhuman endowments. An edge of disgust crept into her voice when she discussed hir recent successful missions, though she smoothed it out at the coordinator's non-verbal demand. She neglected take a conversational tone as she went over this particular taur's information, and she failed to give anyone an opportunity to speak until she asked a question.

Madison addressed the first of her queries to the doctor, which was basic and general enough for anyone to answer. Dr. Moreau responded with much more detail than she expected, going far beyond what she had discovered in preliminary research. Though some of the jargon went over her head, she showed interest in an effort to make the interview worthwhile. The director's expression reflected her success as she moved into technical questions, but it wasn't long before the conversation launched out of her expertise. The engineer's replies seemed to make sense, but she honestly had no way to be sure. She gradually lost interest in the revolutionary techno-babble, and her mind began to wander while Dr. Moreau lectured.

Given the taur's impressive presence, it was only natural that her thoughts would gravitate to hir. She retained enough professionalism to not overtly stare at the imposing feline, but she subtly observed hir features through her periphery. The cat hardly fit her image of a "super-soldier," but the more she watched, the more she came around to the idea. A dense layer of powerful muscle flexed just beneath hir soft pelt as shi shifted hir weight, sending an enticing

ripple through his fertile padding. A faint heat rose in her cheeks when she noticed the hardening peaks of his nipples, and she struggled to maintain an invested expression when they produced a thin trickle of milk. The reporter's focus snapped back to the interview as Dr. Moreau finished her answer, prompting her to follow-up with another question. Unfortunately Madison found herself in the same situation again, though she had the foresight to lift her gaze to his upper half to avoid distraction.

To her dismay, the feline proved to be sweeter eye-candy than expected. His humanoid portion sported wonderfully androgynous curves, perfectly blending masculine and feminine ideals. It was made all the more apparent by his skimpy top, which allowed his glossy fur to radiate his natural beauty. She had to stop herself from licking her lips when she spied his lightly muscled midriff. Madison felt her attention being drawn upwards, and she barely suppressed a startled jolt when she caught his knowing gaze. She scrambled to rein herself in as she sensed Dr. Moreau ending her monologue, and she ushered the segment towards a commercial break at the director's furious signal. As soon as the cameras stopped rolling, the irate man came down on her.

"What the hell was that? I thought you were a professional," he shouted. "We might be able to edit all of your ogling out and save it, but we'll bring in someone else if you can't control yourself."

Madison was still processing her experience on stage but managed to offer him an empty nod.

The director sighed heavily and rubbed his face. "Look, it's about that time anyway, so why don't you take your lunch break a little early. We'll do the same once we look over the footage, so you can take some time to get some food and clear your head. Alright?"

She recaptured enough lucidity to genuinely agree, and she slunk off stage in embarrassment to get lunch. The woman passed through the dressing room and retrieved her things, then reentered the labyrinthine network of hallways beyond. She retraced her steps to the entrance of the communication wing, where a thought occurred to her. The reporter opened her bag and sifted through its contents, and dread washed over her as she patted down her pockets. After a few seconds of fruitless searching, she was forced to admit she lost her keys. Madison spent a moment weighing her options, then decided facing the crew again would be better than cafeteria food.

The slightly frazzled woman jogged back to the dressing room, noting the distinct lack of people along the way. She shrugged and assumed they were getting lunch too as she arrived. Her expression brightened when she considered her keys might be in there rather than on the stage, which would save her a great deal of trouble. Madison let herself in before anyone could see her, and she immediately regretted her haste. A distantly familiar scent wrapped around her as she shut the door, and she found it's source the moment she turned around. The feline super-soldier

was unabashedly sprawled out on hir back, writhing and purring with pleasure as shi held something to hir lower half.

A quartet of feral paws obscured what shi clutched between hir breasts, but Madison didn't need to see to know what it was. She could only guess the size of his cock while shi languidly arched hir back, thrusting into the plush embrace of hir compound cleavage. The scent of sex grew thicker as spurts of pre soaked into hir fur, filling the air with potent pheromones. The reporter forgot her task and snuck around the edge of the room for a better view, giving in to both morbid curiosity and mounting lust. Her gaze remained fixed on the oblivious taur while shi tightened hir grip, eliciting a soft groan and blissful shudder. Madison stopped once she had a side-on vantage, allowing her to survey all of the beast's enticing curves. She froze altogether when she spotted a pile of clothes in a nearby chair. It didn't take much to identify them as the doctor's, and she nearly blew her cover when she put the pieces together.

The taur confirmed her suspicions seconds later, freeing Dr. Moreau from his hug and revealing her nude form. The reporter flinched when the doctor lifted from the feline's underbelly, but she seemed too focused on servicing hir to notice their audience. Madison covered her mouth as she straddled the cat's thigh-thick shaft and slid down its length, settling her plush ass on his furred sheath and rolling her hips. The engineer laid down into hir cleavage and wrapped herself around the pleasantly barbed member, gently rubbing her front along its sensitive underside. She couldn't hope to trap the absurd girth in her cleavage, but that luckily wasn't her intent. She caressed and massaged the pointed tip of hir spire while grinding against the rest of hir length, coating her hands with cloudy, viscous goo and slathering it all over herself. Her mate purred with satisfaction and relished the added slickness between them.

Dr. Moreau disappeared between the taur's generous breasts when she embraced hir spire, then came back into view over hir leaking tip. Desire flared between Madison's thighs when the doctor sensually licked the upper part of hir cock, and she blushed fiercely as she wrapped her lips around its gushing slit. Both the taur and hir consort rumbled with pleasure as her cheeks bulged, and shi affectionately patted her head while she dutifully swallowed hir desire. Shi stroked her hair as one would stroke a pet, ensuring she couldn't pull away even if she wanted to. Madison considered intervening as she stretched her jaw around the taper, but there wasn't an ounce of resistance anywhere in the engineer's body. Her lust-drunk demeanor only changed when the cat tensed around her, coaxing out a muffled squeal of delight as her throat bulged with the first shot of cum.

The taur arched hir back and clutched her to hir throbbing shaft, and hir weighty balls churned with the second blast. Dr. Moreau sealed her lips around the cat's flexing tip to catch as much as she could, but hir output was beyond overwhelming. A third shot of seed rocketed down her throat and filled her stomach to capacity, endowing her with a fluid paunch that sloshed with every move. A fourth rounded her belly even more and overcame her ability to fight its pressure. The doctor coughed and sputtered when excess cum forced its way through her nose, where it

leeches into her senses and drove her to orgasmic depravity. She released his point as she shivered and shook with mind-melting bliss, dousing the cat's sheath with her own climactic fluids. Madison's head swam as their combined scents flooded the room, fogging her thoughts and dulling her flight instinct.

The reporter stood in silence and watched in wonder as the pair rode out their shared climax, which only waned once the cat had painted his upper half white. Shi gave the doctor a possessive squeeze as they drifted into afterglow, and his low rattling purr rumbled through the floor while Madison collected herself. Her hand idly drifted to the crux of her thighs while she mulled over their coupling, but stopped when she remembered where she was. She took a quiet breath and gathered her nerve as she crept to the door, but she nearly tripped over her own feet when someone addressed her. She threw herself against the wall to preserve her balance, and her heart skipped a beat when she found the owner of the voice. The taur had propped himself up and was staring right at her, piercing her with a sultry gaze.

"I've never been in a threesome," shi purred. "I don't think you have either. Why don't we change that?"

The massive taur spun on his feral back and spread his hind legs, showing off his refilling sac and untouched lips. Shi lifted his balls out of the way and wiggled his hips in invitation, tempting the reporter to sample his copious feminine honey. A pulse of revulsion blazed through her, though she found herself unable to look away or decline. There was something uniquely alluring about taking him as a partner, a blend between taboo and exotic. An exhausted moan from the doctor confirmed her experience was as pleasurable as it looked, ultimately convincing her to give it a shot. No one would find out about it anyway, and it might even alleviate some of her problems on camera. A grin spread across the feline's muzzle when she approached, and shi gave her ample room as she crouched between his legs.

Madison blushed fiercely when she felt the heat emanating from his loins, yet another indication of his fertility and desire. She hesitated before mustering the nerve to drag a finger along his slick entrance, which the taur rewarded with a wink and spurt of lust. The feline let out something of a giggle as the arc soaked into her top, and shi drew her attention upwards with a caress from his tail. "You'll want to take those off," shi teased. "There's going to be more where that came from." The reporter unbuttoned her coat and shed the rest of her clothing without a thought, then piled her garments atop the doctor's. She paused again when the weight of her actions inspired a second guess, but she wasted no more time tending to the cat's feminine needs.

The reporter ran her digits along the inner edges of his entrance, covering them with a generous coat of desire before plunging into his depths. His sensitive walls clenched and rippled around the welcome intrusion, though the woman's efforts were little more than a light teasing. "More," shi demanded. "You know how big we are, I can take it." Apprehension flashed across Madison's face, but it dissipated rapidly. She reasoned that she wouldn't want to just be teased

either, and she pushed the rest of her hand into his needy passage. The feline yowled with approval and arched his back at the burst of pleasure, stoking his needs to new heights and coaxing beads of milk from his many nipples. The nourishing pearls grew as her wrist and forearm disappeared under his sac, and adding a line of squelches to his blissful song.

Dr. Moreau stirred for the first time in minutes when a droplet of milk trickled to her lips, waking her appetite despite her recent meal. The feline grinned between his huffs at the needy woman, then lifted her in a hug to his upper half. The doctor eagerly latched onto his breasts and suckled, sating her thirst and granting her lover another source of pleasure. The flow from his breasts increased as Madison drove him towards a second climax, filling the engineer's cheeks and matting his fur. Streams of white flowed through his cleavage as the reporter buried her arm to the shoulder, filling his passage as much as she physically could. It only took a few pumps to push the cat to the limits of his weakened endurance, and a miniature torrent of milk spilled across his body when his inner muscles finally seized.

A cry of rapture echoed through the small room as a feminine orgasm took the reclining taur, screwing his eyes shut with pleasure and sending shivers down his form. Dr. Moreau's belly swelled further with milk as she lapped up everything she could, and what she could not flowed down and around her bare figure. The forceful tugs of the taur's greedy tunnel smushed Madison's chest against his rear, snugging her cheek to the cat's musky sac. Her own needs multiplied in the presence of such potent virility, and she surprised herself by hoping she had the energy for a third round. The reporter gradually withdrew her arm to the taur's protest, fighting against his inner strength and eventually popping her fist free. Her chest fluttered as another overwhelming scent wormed into her thoughts, and she instinctively licked her fingers clean.

The feline sensed her unattended needs and beckoned her to his closer once she caught his breath. Madison stood on lust-weakened legs, then stepped around the recovering taur once she found her balance. Her gaze followed his curves while she walked his figure, only stopping when it came to the doctor. The woman's stomach had ballooned with a mixture of milk and cum, and she continued suckling despite appearing heavy with triplets. A familiar jealousy struck the reporter's chest with the sight, but it vanished when she realized nothing kept her from joining. She crouched down at the taur's unoccupied side and prepared to sample his ivory nectar, but the feline grabbed her chin just short of his breast. She turned her head up towards his own, making no effort to hide a wicked grin.

"You put up quite a fight, you know," she boasted. "I knew there were racists out there, but I didn't think they were allowed to become reporters."

The faintest expression of shock flashed across her face, but it was instantly buried under a wave of complacency.

“I didn’t plan to claim you so soon, but you forced it when you walked in on us.” The cat deeply inhaled and slowly let it out. “Still, we can make this work. A reporter like you could be very useful, and if that doesn’t pan out, I’m happy to have another pet at least.”

Madison railed against hir psionic grasp one last time, but hir influence was already too deep. She accepted hir invitation as the last of her resistance dissolved, then thanked her master with a kiss.

“That’s more like it,” shi purred. The taur clutched the two women to hir chest as shi rolled over and stood up. “I don’t think we have time for another go before the next shoot, but if you behave this time, I’ll let you drink from my cock afterwards.”

The reporter nodded as emphatically as she could without letting go of hir nipple.