

Firsthand Journalism

By Victor Waite

An intrepid feline journalist breaks into a company's research lab to investigate a missing person case, based on a tip from a trusted source. The info proves to be accurate and guides her to her target, but neglected to mention her state. Hybridized and unwilling to leave, will she go with the cat and be a part of her story, or convince her to defect and join Synlink's conservation efforts?

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Female Cat, Criminal Activities, Experimental Breeding Program, Pregnancy, Bondage, Lewd Machinery, Transformation, Sensual Massage, Breast Expansion, Cum Inflation, and a Developing Broodmother.

Stars twinkled in the clear night sky, bathing the world below in soft light. Their presence eliminated the need for streetlights, and while ordinarily pleasant, they proved quite the hindrance to one cat in particular. The feline journalist clung to the shadows and avoided the open as they crept through the corporate grounds. While not versed in the art of burglary, a lead from a reliable and respectable source justified the break from protocol. The informant claimed to have a lead on a high-profile missing person, and she was the one the duty to investigate fell to. The black cat held her breath and pressed to a wall when an errant noise caught her attention. Her tail slowly swayed with concentration while she pinpointed its source, and her breath left in a silent exhalation when she placed it outside of the complex. Her yellow eyes caught and scattered the starlight as she glanced about, vigilant for anything that could blow her cover, and pried herself from the decorative siding once confident she was alone. The fact she had yet to encounter any watchman or camera in her illicit visit raised suspicions, but she wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Not when it came with such a substantial bonus, at least.

The invasive journalist continued her unscheduled tour until she found the entrance described in the tip, hidden between a set of shrubs and away from the road. She approached it with the same caution that had gotten her that far and checked her surroundings once more. Not a single sight sound or smell implied anyone's presence, and she left her cover to infiltrate the building. A simple keypad lock stood between her and the biggest story of her career, and she punched in a code provided by the informant. Her heart skipped a beat when the device let out a beep that pierced the night and unlocked with a heavy clunk, and her reflexes sent her back into the bushes. The feline recovered and remembered her mission before the door automatically relocked, and she slipped inside before she could make a bigger fool of herself. The cat stood motionlessly in a hallway as her eyes adjusted, widening to navigate the darker interior. She leaned against the wall and drummed her fingers on her thigh with impatience until the hall's features revealed themselves. Her claws gently clicked against the tile and echoed into the building's core as she embarked, eliciting a flinch and wince with each footfall until she acted. The cat reached down and stretched her socks over her nails, muffling the contact and restoring her silence. No longer impeded, she consulted her notes and made her way to the nearest staircase.

Her sense of unease festered as the second leg of her journey came and went without guard or camera, though she did her best to remain hidden regardless. The journalist visibly relaxed when she eventually found her next target, slipping through the door with all the silence and grace she could muster. The stairwell was thankfully better lit than the corridors leading up to it, but that convince came at a price. With her ability to remain hidden compromised, she opened her ears and concentrated on her senses. Silence filled the towering chamber with the sole exception of her breathing, and a glance up and down the central column confirmed she was alone. The feline took a steadying breath and started down into the sublevels, careful to preserve the smothering quiet. She referred to her notes once more as she passed the first basement floor, suppressing her curiosity and the urge to peek through. It was common knowledge that this particular corporation had its primary

research lab below its headquarters, and the desire to get the next next big story nearly sidetracked her. The feline backed away when she remembered her objective, however, and resolved to take a look if she had time on her way out. The journalist snuck passed the following levels much more easily, though she lost her momentum when she reached the bottom.

Unlike her entry point, that imposing doorway required a key card. Fortunately, her organization's informant provided. The feline fished it from her pocket and swiped it through the reinforced slot, and a soft beep announced her successful entry. She stepped through and braced against the metal slab to stop it from slamming, though she only mildly inconvenienced it while it pushed her across the floor. Her fur stood up on end as a hollow boom echoed through the lowest basement lab, and her pulse gradually calmed when no one came to investigate. Her notes lost their usefulness in the last leg, however, only vaguely describing one room among countless many. She searched the walls for a map or anything else vaguely useful, and let out a sigh of frustration when she found none. It would be up to her to solve the floor's layout, and though she lacked a hard time limit, the longer she lingered, the higher her odds of her being caught. The feline crept down the central hall and pieced together the lab's layout, then delved into an off-shooting hallway once she had her bearings. Rows of steel doors flanked her on each side as she silently walked its length, and she gnashed her teeth in irritation. The rooms were denoted by name rather than number, reducing her efforts to time-consuming trial and error.

The dedicated journalist thanked her lucky stars she didn't need to dodge security, though their lacking presence still played her curiosity. She shoved those concerns to the back of her mind and refocused. The feline got to work and checked room after room, one by one, until she cleared three of the lengthy hallways. She returned to the central corridor with a defeated sigh, then switched to the other side before she drove herself mad with frustration. The decision paid off almost immediately, and the next room she checked yielded promising results. Faint moans and groans slipped from beneath a door and tickled her ear, swelling her hopes and giving her reason to prepare for the moment. She clipped a video camera to a headband and put it on. She checked its feed through her phone to ensure it worked properly, and after confirming that detail, swiped her key card and stormed the lab. What she found was not what she sought, but it was every bit as concerning and interesting. The feline froze with mixed confusion and awe at the sight, and blazing blush raced across her muzzle when she pieced it together. Near the far wall, bound up in ring of advanced machinery, sat a pair of heavily pregnant hybrids. They appeared to be a cat crossed with a dragon and a wolf entwined with a dryad, and if they knew where they were, they didn't seem to care. They writhed and moaned in unfettered bliss as pumping pistons kept them in perpetual pregnancy, while a smaller rig milked them of their ivory bounty.

Refusing to believe what she saw was real, the journalist backed out of the room, and shut the door.

That illusion became increasingly difficult to cling to as she checked more rooms,

however. Every opened door revealed a mundane species crossed with something fantastic, always bound and in some state of extreme pregnancy. The feline's mind ran wild, scrambling to conjure a rational explanation, but nothing coherent formed. More importantly, the longer she dwelt on it, the more it wormed into her thoughts and turned her on. The journalist fought with every ounce of her willpower to discredit her rising arousal and jealousy, but it was a losing battle. She lingered a little long in each subsequent room as she imagined her in one of their places, and a damp patch of lust slowly stained her pants. Her growing need hindered her ability to sneak, and it wasn't long before her hand crept between her thighs. It was only by luck she found her target before she broke down in shameless arousal, and even then she had to concentrate to stop herself from openly masturbating and perform her duty. It took her a moment to confirm the red panda slime sitting in and filling a small pool was the missing person, but next to a photograph, the similarities were undeniable. The feline wondered what consequences her state would have on her life, but that wasn't her issue to resolve. Figuring out how to transport the hybrid wasn't a much easier problem, however.

The feline's tail flicked with agitation while she searched for anything that could neatly contain the red goo, but her thoughts wandered while the hybrid teased her. She spared no lewd details while she talked about her time in the lab, fucking and breeding all day, stoking sympathetic lusts in her rescuer. The cat couldn't shake the image out of her head. A life of pampering and sexual fulfillment seemed infinitely better than breaking into buildings for her boss, and the notion of defecting grew deep roots into her mind. The final blow came when the hybridized ooze mentioned she could choose her second species, and her resolve to escape crumbled. The cat's tail writhed and twisted around her waist as she shamelessly rubbed her clit through her clothes, and she could hardly ask how to join between ragged breaths. Fortunately, she had already done everything needed to sign on. The slime motioned for her to spin around, and when she did, the room's bright lights flared to life. The cat let out a surprised shriek and covered her eyes, leaving her lust-damp crotch exposed to the secretarial demon standing in the doorway.

"Quite the eager specimen," she teased. "I've glad you've decided to seek new opportunities with us here at Synlink. The hiring process is so much more enjoyable with a willing participant."

The feline nearly jumped out of her skin when she spoke, and the demon silenced her with a wave of the finger before she could interrupt.

"You've already given us everything we need darling, just relax and enjoy your sign on bonus."

A small part of the feline wanted to run and flee, but a combination of her own desires and potent magic rooted her in place. The demon sauntered into the room and shut the door behind her, and her clothing warped and shifted as she approached. Her tight suit and shirt skirt became more and transformed into something suited for her after hours affairs, clinging to her curves and leaving little to the imagination. Her top molded around her

breasts and cradled them in a thin strip of fabric, offering just enough support to keep them in place while concealing almost nothing. Her skirt twisted and coiled around her legs and reached for her ankles as a set of sheer stockings, and a hole opened in her crotch to free her growing cock. The sight of the throbbing member teased out more of the feline's submission, and she found herself powerless to resist its allure. The demon stopped half way to her and beckoned her closer with a finger, and the feline wasted no time obliging. She crawled on her hands and knees to her new mistress, and once at her feet, wordlessly slipped her spire into her muzzle. Taking her to the hilt was no small feat for the former journalist, but she persevered until her nose bumped the secretary's crotch. A hand to the back of her head held her in place and measured her dedication, and once pleased, the demon released her and continued.

With strength surprising for her stature, the demon reached down and picked the cat up by the shoulders, then pressed in against her back and embraced her. The feline's purrs resonated through both of them while she explored her figure and peeled away her pesky clothing, discarding them in a pile by their feet. She only stopped when the cat was bare and exposed, and she took immediate advantage of her partner's nudity. The former journalist melted under the secretary's touch as she raked her nails through the fur of her belly, instilling a deep heat in her core. Its radiance made her all the more sensitive, heightening the pleasure of rolling her hips into the demon's lust. The secretary laughed with her eagerness and migrated her attention to her thighs, where she traced a finger over the feline's dripping entrance. A needy mewl tumbled from her muzzle with the electric contact, and her legs lost what little strength they retained. The demon prevented her from dropping to the floor, however, and she mercilessly teased the cat while she ground against her ass. Rivers of feminine arousal flowed down the insides of her thighs by the time the demon felt it time to move on, which only mildly complicated the task of picking her up. The feline looked up at her partner with lust-drunk eyes when she swept her off her feet, and offered no resistance or reluctance when she placed her on an unoccupied table.

A jolt of surprise shot through the feline when a set of manacles shut around her wrists and lifted her arms over her head. Hesitation flashed across her eyes as she looked to the demon for an explanation, but she only got a mischievous smile. She fell back under her spell with a kiss to the lips, and the secretary's eyes flashed with realization as she pulled away.

"I can see it in your desires. You wish to become one with naga, yes?"

It took the feline a moment to catch her breath, and once she did, she nodded emphatically.

"Then relax, and let my master take you as they've taken us."

The instruction puzzled the cat until another rush of pleasure swamped her thoughts. Unlike its predecessor, that carnal tide did not abate. If anything, it intensified as the feline adjusted, rapidly driving her to the brink of climax but failing to push her over the edge. She squeezed and curled her fingers and toes and struggled against her bindings, not to escape,

but hunt last little touch that would plunge her into orgasm. The secretary approached as if to grant her unspoken request, but the cat's breath caught in her throat when only more teasing came. The demon grabbed the cat's arms and gently massaged her pelt, massaging transformative oils into her skin. The feline bucked and writhed as it transmitted untold pleasure, rendering her entire body as sensitive as her inner lips. Her tongue lulled from her muzzle as the demon moved to her shoulders and chest, though an unexpected sensation tugged at the back of her mind. She only realized what it was as it spread to her chest, and the sight nearly pierced the blissful fog shrouding her thoughts. Her midnight fur fell from her skin in thick clumps, revealing jet black scales beneath. They shown brilliantly in the harsh light, and her panicked struggles turned to throes of delight as the change inched down her figure.

The demon gave a satisfied smile and continued with her work, spreading the transformation and feeding on her overflowing sexual energy. The cat's dangling tongue narrowed and forked at the tip as her muzzle flattened, endowing her with a distinctly reptilian snout. Her eyes retained their predatory sharpness as scales grew in around them, replacing every inch of her fur save for the top of her head and a streak down the back of her neck. Her moans dropped in volume as her voice reconfigured, taking on something of a dry rasp. Her groans drew into long, sustained hissing as innumerable soft scales covered her breasts and middle, blending together in a seamless, plush surface. The former feline tossed her head back in unrestrained bliss when the demon focused her attention on her bust, squeezing the massaging an extra dose of oil into the soft mounds. The effect was subtle, and the hybridizing feline almost lost the pleasant tingle in the ocean of sensations flowing through her, but she managed to pick the growth out from everything else. She looked to the secretary and wordlessly begged for more as the enhancement tapered off, and she happily granted her request with another grope. Her expanding chest squished through the devil's fingers when she applied another layer, and shivers ran the length of her spine when as a small orgasm tore through her.

The hybrid had no time to recover before the transformation reached her hips, where more substantial changes befell her figure. Her muscles locked and jerked as her hips widened with a chorus of pops, far surpassing the width of her shoulders and forming the foundation of her silhouette. Thick muscles swelled below a generous layer of padding and gave her the strength to support herself and drove the development of her tail. The increasingly reptilian hybrid looked down to watch her dream figure take shape, though her enhanced breasts blocked most of her view. The demon pushed her down when she tried to crane her neck up, thwarting her efforts with another chest massage. The combination of pleasures shorted her higher thought, leaving her able to do little more than lay there and revel in them. Despite the distraction, she still felt her legs and tail meld together in a solid, muscular column, then stretch down to the floor as it grew to its full length. The lust-drunk hybrid jumped when her tail tip touched the cool tile floor, and shudders raced up and down her back as it lazily snaked across the ground. The thrill of so much change slammed against her carnal limits, but the demon's influence prevented her from cumming until she traced a finger down her throbbing slit. The newly minted naga let out a silent cry of bliss as release finally crashed over her, and every fiber of her being

thrummed in bliss as she shot jets of feminine arousal across the room. The display managed to impress the secretary, and she spent the following minutes strumming her clit and prolonging her orgasm.

The former journalist's stamina eventually ran dry however, and she reluctantly came down from her carnal high. The secretary ushered her down from her climatic heights and rubbed her hips, filling her afterglow with subtle pulses of growth. The gentle expansion went mostly unnoticed while she recovered, adrift in a blissful haze that only parted when multiple somethings snapped around her tail. She lazily looked up to find herself fully bound, and recognition sparked in the back of her mind as the demon walked around her and tended to the machines.

"We insist that you start your work today. The sooner you get started, the sooner you can earn your bonuses, after all."

The hybrid naga could only offer a breathy murmur of acceptance, which the demon happily took.

"You have nothing to worry about. Mia can vouch for us, if you're not convinced."

The former feline glanced over at the slime, who gave her an enthusiastic thumbs up and distracted her from the machine approaching her hips. Its presence made itself known when the demon lined it up with the center of her hips and guided it in, spreading her lower lips around a thick piston. The entry sapped the strength from the naga's limbs and rekindled her arousal, priming her for its gradual plunge into her sex. The hybrid moaned and writhed against her bindings as it steadily drove toward the gate of her womb, where it bottomed out with a thick pulse. Her chest heaved with need and lust when a spurt of fluid pierced her innermost chamber, and a needy heat bloomed in its wake. Words failed her as she begged the demon for more, and she rolled her hips into the breeding device for that last push over the edge. The secretary let her work herself up to a fever pitch while motherly hormones suffused her, then granted her request with the push of a button. The machine whirred to life and withdrew its length before thrusting back in, depositing a stream of seed with each cycle. The molten heat pooling in her belly coaxed out an instantaneous orgasm, which compounded on itself with each pump. Her belly gradually inflated with the hyper fertile payload, adding a rush of motherly bliss to the omnipotent pleasure dancing on her nerves. She failed to notice the secretary set a timer and step away from the machine, leaving it to do its work while she tended to other matters.

"I hope you enjoy yourself darling. I'll be back in a few hours to check up on your progress."

The naga only moaned in response, too lost in her newfound calling to do anything else.

The head editor sat at his desk in silence, staring at the pictures laid out before him.

They remained the same no matter how many times he looked away and glanced back, forcing him to confront their reality. Reason told him they couldn't be real, but deep down he knew they had to be. Not only did they match up with his informant's latest tip, but the similarities to the missing journalist were striking. Sure, most of her features were buried under glimmering scales or matronly padding, or hidden behind her colossal belly, but he couldn't shake the feeling. More over, a note included in the packet explained everything. It was too far fetched to be published of course, and pursuing legal action against Synlink would cause far more problems than it would solve, but at least it provided some degree of closure. If he was being honest with himself, it included a tempting offer as well.

Head Editor Johnson,

Thank you for your contribution to our cryptozoological conservation program. With your volunteer, we can help preserve the naga species both locally and cross the planes. Unfortunately, nagas are just one of many creatures critically underpopulated here, and our efforts are far from over. If you know of anyone else willing to contribute to the program, kindly point them our way and we'll get them laboring as soon as possible. To show our methods produce results, we've included a set of photos documenting your volunteer's progress and contributions.

*We look forward to hearing from you again soon,
Synlink Industries Research and Conservation Division*