

Hands-on Testing

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A Patreon Vignette for Anon

At her boss's request, a rabbit brings some of her genetic research home to work on. An unexpected mistake and a lapse of focus leads to an accidental exposure however, and the consequences manifest almost instantly, much to her delight.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Rabbit, the Power of Science, Rapid Pregnancy, Orgasmic Clone Birth, a Clone with a Horse Cock, and Implied Breedings

The furious, mechanical clacks of a keyboard filled the small home office, spoiling the air with the endless song of overtime. Sporadic breaks of silence cut its verses each time the rabbit responsible leaned back in her chair, desperate for a reason to abandon her work even for just a moment. Despite her desire for a distraction, however, she kept working. The sooner she troubleshot her research, the sooner she could return to her living room and properly enjoy her weekend. The lapine eyed the gently glowing vial on her desk with contempt during the short spans she rested her eyes, and silently cursed the head of her research division. Out of her hundreds of peers, she was the one stuck with working the genetic kinks out of their latest erectile solution. Perhaps she could have found pride in her work if she was tuning the next great vaccine, or exploring the next stage of evolution, but no. The rabbit rolled her head back and let out a sigh as she skimmed her last line of code, then jammed a set of test vials into the sample stand's base. A beep from her console confirmed their presence and started the fill process, granting her a small moment of respite. The scientist eagerly took advantage and stretched the stiffness from her legs, then left for the kitchen to fetch a drink and snack.

Not long after she stepped beyond earshot of her workstation, a harsh sound announced a critical error. A segmentation fault warning flashed across her screen and the samples ejected, rolling one directly into her seat.

The rabbit returned as the alert timed out and dropped into her chair with reluctant resolve. The tiny vial shattered under her generous rear and exposed her to the experimental mixture, though she hardly noticed. The thin glass failed to pierce her pelt, escaping her notice while she snacked on her sandwich. Eventually, her gaze returned to the console and a deep frown spread across her face. The lapine woman dismissed the warning and combed through hundreds of lines of code, until she found the source of the error. She cursed her choice of career and placed the missing semicolon, then restarted the compile. Her expression soured again when a missing vial alert stopped her from proceeding, and her disdain turned to concern when she checked the sampling device. Three empty vials sat at the base, though the fourth was nowhere to be found. The scientist rolled back in her chair and searched beneath her desk and feet, and her heart sank as it eluded her efforts. Dreadful realization dawned on her, and after a moment of hesitation, she stood and checked her cushion. A small pile of crushed glass confirmed her fears, and panic welled in her core as the implications of her blunder sank in.

Before she could dwell on her mistake too long, however, a faint twinge deep in her belly grabbed her attention. A heat kindled in her cheeks as a wave of bliss followed, suffusing her form with unexpected pleasure. The rabbit's libido spiked with a rush of hormones, and she squirmed in her chair as arousal bloomed. One paw jumped for the crux of her thighs while the other reached for her mouse, and she poured over a library's worth of test data in a search for upcoming side effects. Her concentration quivered and frayed as her carnal need blossomed to unmanageable levels, greatly complicating the task of assessing her state. The scientist's resolve to find an answer eroded as she pushed herself toward a rapid climax, soaking her pants and chair with a tide of lust. It wasn't long before she abandoned the task entirely and turned her webcam on, shifting gears to add to the test

data instead. Once in frame, she stripped down to her fur in the interest of thoroughness and exhibitionism. She spoke in breathy pants and struggled to describe the intense pleasure wracking her form, and her presentation shifted far more to "show" rather than "tell" as orgasm crashed upon her. Her sex quivered in time with every fiber of her being, masking the sensations of her bloating middle.

Set off by her carnal release, the presence in her womb strengthened and grew. Her maternal bump was subtle at first, only just showing through the gentle curves of her pudge, though its growth far outpaced a natural pregnancy. The rabbit raced through trimesters in a matter of minutes, plunging her in a maternal haze that kept her smoldering on the edge of a second orgasm. Her hips rolled and her thighs twitched as her body broadened and softened, adapting to the wellspring of life in her core. Her chair struggled to support her growing weight as her hips widened to proper motherly proportions, and her breasts overflowed with ivory nectar. The lapine's matronly bounty flowed over the rising dome of her middle in thin rivulets, which swelled into substantial streams as her condition advanced. In the back of her mind she realized something was severely amiss, and she did her best to articulate that fact through a haze of persistent lust, though she only managed indistinct murmurs and moans. Fortunately, what her camera saw spoke for itself. Her belly inched beyond the point of figure-dominating, growing until it was as large as the rest of her. The rabbit's paws roamed the tight swell, teasing her sensitive hide until her water broke.

A shout of orgasmic glee rang through the room as her sex spasmed and flexed, flooding her nerves with a rush of thought-consuming pleasure. A subtle pop sounded from her hips as they widened once more, spreading to admit her emerging clone. A muzzle identical to her own poked free from her lips, followed by her head and a pair of hands. The two of them grunted and groaned in harmony as the doplganger lurched and slid to the world, literally dripping with lust. The scientist's webcam watched with unwavering attention as the second rabbit rolled her shoulders free, then pulled her arms and planted her hands on the scientist's thighs. A thick shlurp filled the office as she pulled her torso and middle free, only to wedge her hips firmly in place. Renewed and rapturous cries shook the air as she wiggled and advanced, then gracelessly dropped to the floor. The clone's thighs and calves slipped to the ground with relative ease, and once parted, the lapine pair shared a mutual moment of recovery. The scientist came down from her carnal high and caught her breath, while her clone adjusted to the realities of life. They reclaimed their wits in almost perfect sync, standing to face each other. The original rabbit blushed fiercely and her counterpart grinned as the only difference between them made itself abundantly known.

The clone's horse cock throbbed to its full length as its owner looked the matronly scientist up and down, clearly enjoying the sight. "Since we've already got a camera running, let's make some test data together."

The scientist nodded with barely restrained glee and eagerly spread her thighs, then looked to the camera. "Fertility test 1, session 1," she said, then turned back to her clone. "Begin."