



Freshman Orientation Written by Victor Waite A commission for Echoen



Balros's car gently came to a stop as he pulled into the parking lot of his dormitory building. The driver side door opened, and a slender red squirrel stepped from the vehicle. His back arched as he stretched for the first time in hours, releasing tension built up from a long and unpleasant road trip. It had been a nightmare trying to pierce the cloud of traffic that enveloped the city, and a headache navigating the many dead-ends of the campus. As he looked up and down the façade of his home for the next four years however, the trip earned its worth.

The building looked new and well kept, polished to reflect the university's high standards. The surrounding landscape had clearly been tended to recently, but whether or not this was a common exercise had yet to be seen. Balros's bushy tail bristled as he stepped through the doors guarding the lobby, the cool air within rushing to greet him. The vaulted room was teeming with students, but an oddity quickly made itself known. At least half of the furs bustling about were otters, and nearly identical ones at that!

None of them could have been more than two and half feet tall, but their stature didn't discourage them from helping other students as much as possible. Most of them seemed to be guiding new arrivals through the complex, some carrying boxes while others explained basic housing rules. As Balros worked his way to the front desk, their similarities between them became even more apparent. They all had roughly the same fur pattern, walk, eyes, and from what he had seen so far, personality. The only reason he couldn't assume they were all sisters was their sheer number.

Carefully dodging and stepping over the smaller furs, he managed to cross the room without collision. As he approached the counter, he was greeted by a tabby cat who introduced herself as a student relations representative. Balros returned her courtesy, but he was clearly distracted by the miniature horde that seemed to run the place. The feline appeared to have her mind elsewhere as well, though she had enough of her job committed to muscle memory to ask for his name and student ID. He received his room key after she punched the information into her computer, passing it off to him with a faint blush and stifled whimper. Before he could ask if she was alright, one of the many otters grabbed him by the wrist and lead him back out into the parking lot.

A few more diminutive lutrines joined the pair as he led the way to his car, eager to help one of their new neighbors move in. The instant Balros popped the trunk, they began unloading boxes and moving them inside. Thanks to their combined effort, he would only need to make one trip to collect and relocate his belongings. The brown-furred mob quickly moved through the lobby and between other students, brushing him back by the front desk where he failed to notice the SR rep. Had he paid attention, he would have seen the moaning two-headed otter that had taken her place.

The squirrel managed to cram into an elevator with his squad, and a short vertical trip brought him to his floor. His room was thankfully far from the noisy machinery that accompanied this convenience, but the trip was made without complaint from his helpers. He opened his door with a quick swipe of a key-card, yielding a small, mostly bare living room. The carpet was strewn with flakes of cardboard and other bits of litter common to the moving process, but otherwise clean. The otters stepped passed him with his things and carefully placed them on the floor. With their cargo dropped off, they dispersed as quickly as they had gathered. Balros was unable to get their names before they left, but he didn't think too much of it. They were probably just eager to get settled in, and chances were he would bump into them again eventually.

The door shut behind them, sealing him in almost perfect silence. Faint sounds of muffled affection filtered in from one of the two bedrooms, instilling him with a curiosity he couldn't ignore. His new roommate had made no attempts at privacy, but that didn't mean the squirrel wanted any part of their personal life. The possibility of staying out of the matter vanished as he moved to close their door, however. The motion brought the edge of his gaze to the enamored fox, and he simply couldn't tear his eyes away from what he saw.

One of the otter maybe-sisters lay sprawled out across the vulpine's chest, trapping him in a kiss neither of them could see the end of. She hugged around his neck as his paws roamed her much smaller form, stroking the small of her back and drawing out a string of chirrs. His purrs mixed in to create a concert of quiet lusts, putting their dance of tongues to an intimate waltz. Balros knew he was intruding on them, but he was utterly enchanted by their display. It wasn't that he had never seen two furs entwined in lover's embrace – he had been a part of several – but this one was in a league of its own.

Their intensity was unmatched by anything he had ever seen. The two were completely consumed with one another, so much so they paid their accidental voyeur no mind. The fox grew more bold as his desires were kindled by his smaller companion, his palms exploring lower down the curve of her rear. The lutrine encouraged his advances as their tongues continued to duel, raising her thick rudder of a tail and giving him full access to her lower regions. Balros blushed as she inadvertently flashed him, but embarrassment quickly became intrigue as what he saw sank in.

The otter possessed both male and female equipment, each dripping with potent arousal. Her hips bucked against his chest as the fox groped her ample ass, the sensation of her leaking tip gliding across his fur causing him to seize up for an instant. His partner was more than willing to keep going however, grabbing his muzzle and locking him further into their oral embrace. Balros's vulpine roommate relaxed and resumed feeling her up after a tense moment, but it would soon become clear that more than his mindset was changing.

It was difficult to see in the shadow she cast on his torso, but the fur of the fox's chest was being rewritten. Fluffy white pelt seamlessly melded into a sleek brown coat where her spine

made contact and radiated outwards from there. The otter's paws moved to his newly changed pelt, where they massaged the evidently sensitive area. A flurry moans escaped him as a pair of breasts grew under her touch, lifting her from his chest as she plunged her cock into his cleavage. Balros had an oblique view of the vulpine's muzzle as it shortened, rapidly altering into a mirror image of hers. The rest of his head molded to match, the creaking of facial bones almost audible over their muffled moans. His ears rounded and pulled closer to his scalp as the color of his shifted, completing the illusion of sisterhood.

Similar change swept down his form as they continued their tongue battle undeterred, dying orange fur brown and streamlining it to his body. Balros wondered if this was the extent of the otter's transformative abilities as he approached the pair, but he was unable to take more than a few steps before this hope was shattered. A third voice joined the chorus as the former fox sprouted a second head, causing the squirrel to recoil with shock and fear. A quick wipe of his eyes proved he wasn't seeing things, and a pinch to his arm confirmed he wasn't dreaming. His roommate was indeed warping before him, and like a bad horror movie he couldn't look away.

The newest addition to his anatomy joined in the sloppy kiss without complaint from the others, which seemed to ignite another wave of transformation. The two-headed otter continued to explore his companion's body as his arms began to distort, his biceps widening at his torso before tapering into two repeated swells. The limbs stiffened as flesh coalesced on his elbows, rounding them out into what was rapidly resembling a pair of hips. His forearms expanded to form a matching upper body, and his digits receded as his paws grew outward into a small head. All the while the engine driving his corruption lavished him with affection, convincing him to embrace her improvements.

The next change came quickly as she massaged his breasts, refining the shape of his former arms. Muzzles emerged from the rough spheres of his palms, as well as a pair of rounded ears and vibrant eyes. The figures' shoulders became more defined as a pair of channels grew near the edges of their curvaceous bodies, freeing their arms to explore the rest of their bodies. A similar trench advanced up the middle of his former bicep, tracing out a pair of legs and feet. Again Balros tried to pull himself away from the bizarre sight, and again he found himself unable to do so.

At the same time, his lower body was undergoing a similar transformation. A pair of muzzles emerged from the globes that were once his feet, and his knees were eclipsed by the same localized expansion as his elbows. His thighs narrowed and shortened as divided into a pair of calves, quickly taking on the familiar silhouette of the otters. His radically altered limbs embraced their new shape as modest breasts grew from their chests, explorative paws rushing to meet them. Their hips widened as their rudder tails grew in, capturing the lutrines' interest and guiding their attention lower.

All the while the trio of heads kept up their display of passion. The two joined at the shoulder hardly noticed the physical changes save for an occasional twinge, but they could not ignore the sensations pouring in from their altered limbs. The four pairs of eyes scattered about their warped form glimmered with consciousness before screwing shut in pleasure as they delved between their thighs. A harmonious cry left their muzzles as the collective weight of their desires crashed down upon them, the full intensity of six-fold lust landing squarely on each of them. The mass of otters did their best to sate these feelings, the four outer ones rubbing their clits while the others intensified their oral embrace.

Joined as they were, each lutrine could anticipate and feel exactly what the others were doing. On the individual level each step towards satisfying their lust was followed by five steps backwards, quickly breaking down any semblance of restraint between them. This feedback loop of escalating need and pleasure compounded on the same principles, propelling the cluster of otters towards a supernova of pleasure at frightening speed. The final stage of the transformation took place at the center of this frenzy, the former fox's torso cleaving down the middle into a pair of otters. The bond linking them weakened as the split deepened, loosening the restraints off the rest of the group.

The rising chorus of ecstasy came to a sudden conclusion as the force driving this unorthodox reproduction spent itself, freeing the sextuplet of otters to tumble across the bed. They were identical in every way, six perfect clones, a fact that was reinforced as they looked over themselves and each other. There was a curiosity about them as they studied their bodies, as if they knew they had just arrived but couldn't remember exactly how. All but the instigator wrestled with this conundrum. She was far more interested in the voyeuristic squirrel backing up against the wall.

Balros was still reeling from what he had just witnessed, unable to process that the source of his roommate's corruption was sashaying towards him. Her form filled out in the best of ways as the distance between them closed, replacing the squirrel's shock with a much more potent mix of awe and lust. Her breasts expanded with each swaying step, quickly growing well beyond natural proportions. Her hips flared out in tandem, seamlessly altering her gait as the bottom half of her hourglass figure was realized. The cock that ignited the fox's dramatic transformation gained inches by the second, gliding up her trim middle and burying itself in her ample bust.

The otters on the bed fell in line behind her as they swelled to similar sizes, maintaining the almost perfect illusion of sisterhood. Of course, that term could only be applied loosely once their sacs had finished growing to match the massive spires above. They stroked themselves to dripping arousal as they closed in around the stunned squirrel, flooding the room with a thick cocktail of pheromones. Thoughts of escape began to give way to burning lust, but Balros tried his hardest to resist nonetheless. As enjoyable as the fox's transformation looked to be, the end result did not at all fit into his life plans.

Unfortunately, the squirrel had spent his opportunity to flee battling his rising desires. By the time this occurred to him, the leaking mob had him completely surrounded. With an impressive though admittedly unsurprising display of coordination, the otters swept him from his feet and carried him to the bed. Before the squirrel could react they pounced, pinning him to the mattress with their combined weight. Two of them sat on his chest and fondled one another while four more wrapped themselves around his limbs. He could already feel a faint tingling where their sexual fluids matted his fur, no doubt the first stage of the same fate that had befallen the fox.

His struggling waned as the seventh otter walked up his body to his head, where she trapped him in a muzzle-deep kiss. Her tongue coiled around his as she gave him the same treatment as the fox, infusing him with her passion and guiding him towards acceptance of what had been thrust upon him. They parted after a few short seconds, but Balros' muzzle wouldn't be allowed to idle for long. She positioned herself over his face, teasing him with the view of her slick folds before gingerly sitting down on his snout. The otter's massive sac rested on his forehead as she situated herself, bathing him in the heat of her loins. Without any further encouragement or command, the squirrel began lapping at her crevice.

A soft squeal of approval leapt from her chest as the newest initiate of their clan pressed into her nethers, opening the gates of her corruption. Her heavy balls drug across his forehead as she gyrated her hips, spurring him on with little chitters of pleasure as she submerged him in the undiluted scent of her lust. Her vocalizations hardly made it to his ears, but the flutters of her internal muscles brandished her desires more than well enough. As her influence leached into him, Balros became more receptive to her gifts. Intuition told him he wasn't leaving this bedroom the same way he entered, and what could only be madness coerced him towards embracing his fate.

Whether it was the banishment of mental resistance or a result of seven corrupting otters grinding against his form, the transformation rapidly twined itself around every fiber of his being. He could feel seven distinct patches of brown fur usurping his own, each inch lost priming him for what was to follow. Lost in the whirlwind of sensation, Balros did his best to offer the lutrines the same pleasures they freely gave to him. The squirrel's paws cupped twin handfuls of heated sac, using the soft fur to feel his way into their dripping channels. Two sudden moans of bliss filled the room as he found his marks and teased their hungry lips. No doubt he was only accelerating the inevitable, but that hardly mattered to him anymore.

Balros's abilities to inflict and receive pleasure increased with the extent of his changes. The moans of the sisters perched atop his wrists grew intensified as his palms swelled into the heads of future siblings, replacing delightful finger work with skilled tonguing. The lust-drunk pair doubled over as bliss surged through their nerves, bringing their muzzles within reach of the twin spires emerging from the squirrel's former arms. They sucked off the developing otters with gusto, pushing both parties rapidly towards release. The squirrel's legs underwent a similar

change, however the lutrines pinning him there were in the perfect position to take the emerging cocks into their heated depths. Within seconds he was wracked the sensations of fucking and being fucked four-fold, and had any part of him been lucid he would have worried about his mental wellbeing.

Before the sensory overload could short the his mind out completely, the tide relented. A second head grew from his shoulders, and the mind that accompanied it bore half of the neural flood. The need to breathe rose to the forefront of his thoughts as his mind cleared, but each deep intake drew their pheromones directly into his core. The squirrel's lungs burned with the same fire as their loins, and the inferno only intensified as it diffused through him. The head beside him broke into a heated pant as the wall of lust slammed into him, but fortunately one of the lutrines playing with his breasts was eager to help. She took the same position as the apparent leader, spreading her folds on his muzzle and dragging her massive sac across his forehead. Suddenly finding herself without a partner, the other set her sights on Balros's aching member and hilted him in one smooth motion.

The chemical lust coursing through his altered veins catalyzed the next stage of his change, effectively sealing his fate. The border between squirrel and otter faded away as the bodies adorning him were finalized, now fully individual otters in their own right yet still joined to him at the heel. The little bit of flesh still connecting them served an important purpose however, transmitting their thoughts to one another in addition to bodily sensations. Balros felt dream-like impressions of primal lusts as the other minds brushed against him, but he quickly found himself cast into a sea of raw hedonism as the bond strengthened.

Though the majority of his body had literally taken on a mind of its own, he felt everything as if it hadn't. Paws he did not control stroked over the breasts of another's body, yet he was subject to both sides of the exploration. Every other otter that was a part of him shared these sensations, and the sensory influx rapidly compounded beyond control. Moreover, they could all feel the pleasures thrust upon them by the other lutrines, spurring their change along as if it wasn't already fast enough. The only distraction Balros could find from this almost maddening rush was in the feminine sex grinding against his muzzle. Her impending orgasm gave him something to strive towards, a goal that rose above the carnal ocean he had become a part of.

By either luck or design, his transformation culminated with her cries of pleasure. Orgasmic fluids poured into his open jaw as his eyes screwed shut, the cleaving of his torso proving too much to withstand. Stars burst across the inside of his eyelids as the pleasure center of his brain kicked into overdrive, plunging him into a climax of unparalleled intensity. The five other minds slowly pulled away from him as the links between them were taxed, tugging him into the center. Their draw was inescapable, but their equal strength ensured none got the upper hand. Balros whited out as he felt himself fragmenting, accepting of his fate and curious of what would happen to him.

The otter's eyes opened as the haze clouding hir mind receded, leaving hir in a strange room surrounded by other lutrines. Shi pulled herself up from the soft surface of the mattress, inspecting herself with interest as shi did so. Shi tried to remember how shi had gotten here, but found no memories before this exact moment. There were faint impressions of a past life and ambitions, but they felt like a dream of a dream. Had shi always been like this? Had shi been asleep before now? Shi looked down hir front and groped hir breasts before sliding hir paws down hir spire and sac. This body was strangely unfamiliar, yet shi couldn't imagine herself any other way. As hir attention turned outward shi found five others that appeared to be having similar thoughts.

Something instinctive told hir these were hir siblings, but they felt closer than that. They shared the exact same features down to their fur pattern, which had to mean something more. Before shi could think too deeply of this, one of hir sisters pounced hir and embedded their member in hir depths. Pleasure took root in hir mind as hir partner hilted herself, which quickly bloomed in the fertile soil. Hir body readily accepted hir companion's languid thrusts, each one pushing hir towards something wonderful. Hir arms went slack as the rapturous sensations were etched into hir nerves, blazing new trails shi hoped to use extensively. The new otter was unable to hold herself together for long, and all too soon shi was cast into dual climax. The intense climax unearthed a buried memory, bridging the gap between hir dream and this new form. In that moment, shi knew that this gift worth spreading.

Once sparked, the outbreak tore through the student housing with unparalleled speed. It took most by surprise, though a few had the chance to run or simply offer themselves to the lutrine horde. A staggering number of furs took the latter option once the otters began converting others out in the open. Balros's dormitory had been overtaken by sunset, and it would spread to the rest of the buildings by the end of the week. Most of the faculty remained untouched however, save for the few saddled with the task of watching over the residents.

The school was forced to shut down for the semester due to a lack of students and an "unfit learning environment," but the specific details were largely contained. Most of those who came in direct contact with the epidemic became a part of it, and those spared were paid handsomely to keep quiet. The official reason for the campus's temporary closure was the discovery of a sinkhole, but that hardly explained the hazmat teams scurrying about. Fortunately for the administration, the truth had been discredited enough to only persist through rumors and conspiracy theories.

The offending otters were rounded up over the course of the next sixteen weeks and sent off to numerous labs and research facilities. A multitude of organizations were interested in the properties of their corruption, and figuring out exactly how it worked could lead to massive

breakthroughs in the medical field. What these groups didn't realize is these things are often easier said than done. From the first day containing the specimens proved to be an issue, and a large number of scientists gave into the siren's song. The problem was exacerbated as their subjects grew in number while the teams keeping them in check dwindled, and it seemed that an outbreak on a national scale was imminent.

Hushed whispers of the possible danger leaked into the public through the wonder of the internet, but the vast majority paid it no mind. The rumors were of especially little concern to the university's newest batch of students, particularly a little mouse boy. This white-furred rodent was far too occupied with the oncoming trials of classes and the immediate task of moving in to his new dorm room to even acknowledge them. Of course, the massive cover-up suddenly became relevant to him as he brushed a thin film of sticky goo while getting situated. The rodent promptly washed his hands, but the damage had already been done.

Later that evening as he committed his class schedule to memory, he felt someone nuzzling his cheek. It was a common occurrence between him and his roommate, but he was sitting across the room! Curiosity got the better of him, and when he turned to face the source of the touch a second head looked back at him. The otter caught him in a kiss before he could make a sound, and fear was exchanged for desire as he reciprocated her affections. He could feel sleek fur overtaking his previously snowy pelt as they battled tongues, and as his roommate watched with morbid curiosity the cycle began anew.