

VA-11 Hall-A: The Bird and the Bronco

A slow night at the VA-11 Hall-A bar was the perfect opportunity to unwind and relax with pleasant company. Under the watchful eyes of her boss, Jill was busy making drinks for a few of the bar's best clients. Effortlessly mixing up her third Brandtini of the night, Jill placed it into the metal hands of the bespectacled, blonde haired hacker, Alma. Receiving a thankful nod from her friend, Jill whipped around her black ponytails as she turned towards the drink maker machine to grab an order for her other client. Sliding over a Piano Woman, Jill received a gracious smile from Dorothy, the diminutive, red-headed Lilim. As the robot helped herself to her drink, Jill couldn't stop her eyes from constantly glancing at the pair of bottles placed in front of her.

"I take it you're enjoying yourself?" Dana asked, crossing together her metal and flesh arm as she approached Dorothy.

"Always do, especially when my favorite bartender is around," she replied.

"Mind telling your favorite bartender what you have there then?" Jill asked, gesturing towards the mystery bottles.

Finishing her drink, Dorothy held the two bottles aloft. "What I have here is one of the latest gene splicers not on the market."

"Back alley stuff?" Alma asked, adjusting her glasses to get a good look at the bottles. "Not that I'm the best person to judge, but it's dangerous going around with stuff like this."

"It's nothing like that," Dorothy explained, handing off the bottles to Alma. "They're not on the market because they're still in the testing phase. These were created with the intention of livening up the bedroom, but that doesn't mean many people have been willing to give them a test run."

“What do you mean by liven up?” Jill asked, taking hold of one of the bottles.

“Those two in particular were made for a series called, Fantastical Fantasies!” she proclaimed, holding up her hands like she was a promoter at a side show. “One dose will change a person to mimic a mythical creature and give a huge boost to their sex drives.”

“You don’t say,” Dana said, taking her turn getting a close look at the bottles. “Mind telling me what these do specifically?”

A mischievous smile spread on Dorothy’s face. “That’s for me to know and for you to find out, IF you’re willing to be my guinea pigs.”

“No thanks,” Dana said, handing back the bottles. “Although I think these two would be more than willing to oblige.”

“Wait, are you talking about me and Alma?” Jill asked, receiving a nod from Dana. “You can’t be serious.”

“Come on Jill, pleeeaaase?” Dorothy asked, doing her best impression of a puppy dog face. “This would be a real boon to my business partners.”

As much as Jill wanted to say no, she knew she could only resist Dorothy’s pleas for so long. “Okay, but only if Alma does it with me.”

Swallowing her drink, Alma wiped a stray drop on the back of her sleeve. “Sure why not?” she replied, a slight tint of red on her cheeks. “Not like I have anything better to do tonight.”

“Alright!” Dorothy exclaimed, pumping her fist. “Get out of your clothes and we can start right away.”

“Why do we need to take off our clothes?” Jill asked, understandably apprehensive.

“Oh you’ll see,” Dorothy replied, going over to the lock up the bar while the two of them undressed.

With both of her test subjects freed of their clothes, Dorothy took a moment to look over their bodies. Walking around the pair, she took note of Alma’s distinct size advantage in terms of both height and cup-size. Mulling over the pros and cons of their varied figures, Dorothy finally came to a conclusion.

“Are we going to start or was this just an excuse to get me naked in front of my boss?” Jill asked.

“It can be both,” Dorothy cheekily replied as she approached Alma with bottle in hand. “Just wait a little longer. Alma’s going to be taking the first dose. We’ll do yours after. It’ll be worth the wait, I promise.”

“And you’re sure this doesn’t have any irreparable side effects?” Alma asked, shaking about the bottle between her fingers.

“Only one way to find out. Now drink up.”

Knowing how hard it would be to get a straight answer from the Lilim, Alma put the bottle to her lips and drank. The flavor that clung to her tongue was one of strawberries and cream. It filled her with a sense of lightheadedness, as if she were being whisked away by a gentle wind. Reaching towards her scalp to stop herself from floating off the ground, her fingers recoiled at the sensation of her hair falling out. Just as her eyes dilated and she opened her mouth to let out a scream, she felt something take the fallen strands’ place. Rushing over to her purse to grab a hand mirror, she held it up to her head to see a set of blonde feathers taking over her hair.

“What is this?” Alma asked, plucking out one of her feather and wincing at the sharp pain.

“The gene splicer, silly,” Dorothy replied. “If you’re going to be a harpy, you’re going to need feathers aren’t you?”

“A harpy? What kind of person would want to be covered in feathers?”

Dorothy scoffed. “Your business is on the internet and you really need to ask that question?”

Alma stumbled forward as her body began to shake. Before her very eyes, she watched her buxom bosom recede into her chest. Left with a set of breasts that could barely be classified as A-cups, it took her a moment to realize she had lost two feet in height. Craning her neck up to look at the concerned expressions of Jill and Dana, she barely noticed her glasses fall off her nose.

“How is this supposed to enhance sexual pleasure?” Alma asked, a furious look in her eyes as she placed her hands against her cutting board-like chest.

“Not everyone likes a tall woman with big knockers,” Dorothy explained. “Just look at me. You’ll get used to it.”

“Personally *I* prefer having big tits. So give them back!”

“You’ll get your curves back by tomorrow. The splicer is only temporary...I think.”

Looking over her shoulder and seeing her receding backside get covered up by long, golden blonde tail feathers, Alma wondered if it was too late to back out. She got her answer as more feathers began to sprout along her arms. The plumage stopped just before her metal fists, but still continued to cover her limbs. Her forearms tilted downwards as the feathers layered on top of one another to create a set of bird wings. Giving her arms an experimental flap, she truly wondered if it would be possible for her to fly.

Once again, her thought process was hindered by her body adapting to the gene splicer coursing through her veins. Attention drawn towards her lower body, she saw her legs' soft skin be overridden by a layer of goldish brown scales. The creeping scales seemed to compress her legs to make her match the rest of her lithe body. As the rough texture reached her ankles, her feet morphed into three-toed talons. Nearly stumbling to the ground, she caught herself by gripping her claws into the floor. Swaying about her tail feathers, she turned towards her friends to see the looks of wonderment on all of their faces, save for Dana.

“You’re going to pay for that,” Dana called out to Dorothy as she pointed towards the deep gashes in the floor.

“Yeah, yeah,” Dorothy said. “We’ll get to that later. Bird brain hasn’t finished yet.”

“What are you talking about?” Alma asked, flaunting her golden wings.

“Your body has changed, but that’s not all the gene splicer is supposed to do.”

Alma’s bevy of questions began to vanish as she approached Dorothy. Each step brought a strange sense of empty headedness that harkened back to the lingering flavor on her tongue. As her mind pushed out of most of her unnecessary knowledge, a wide smile appeared on her face. Involuntarily, a slight chuckle emanated from her mouth with a high pitch that made it sound as if she was chirping.

“Alma, are you feeling okay?” Jill asked.

“Oh, soooo much better than okay,” Alma replied, practically skipping around the bar.

“I’ve never noticed how colorful this place is. So many lights and sounds that are so neat to look at. It’s all so wonderful. I just want to...to...”

Backing up a bit, Alma clacked her talons along the floor as she broke into a sprint. Just as she was about to hit a wall, she spread her wings and leapt into the air. Before the astounded

eyes of the other bar patrons, she fluttered around the room with serene grace. The mesmerizing show lasted up until Dana noticed Alma make a beeline towards an open window. Rushing after her, she managed to grab the harpy woman's leg just before she peeked her feathered head out.

"Hold on there, bird brain," Dana said, reeling Alma back inside. "Don't think the city is the best place for you to be right now."

"But, it'll be so fuuuuuuuun," Alma whined. "Everyone will get to see how pretty my feathers are. I might even find someone to mate with."

"Yeah, you're definitely staying in here," Dana said, pulling Alma in and closing the window to prevent any further escape attempts. "Dorothy, mind explaining?"

"Nothing to explain," she replied, already preparing the next bottle. "Like I said, the gene splicers were meant to change a person's body and mind to enhance intimacy. She's acting as intended."

"Well you might want to put a warning label on that one or else we'll have the entire city covered in feathers and other substances."

"I'll make a note, for now let's continue the experiment," Dorothy said, holding the other bottle up to Jill.

"Do you really think I'm going to just drink that after what happened to Alma?" Jill asked, understandably apprehensive.

"You did promise you would drink it if titty hacker did," Dorothy pointed out.

"That was before I saw the side effects. There's no way I'm going to-"

Jill paused as she felt a pair of familiar, metal hands grasp her shoulders and a blanket of feathers brush against her back. Looking behind her, she saw the expectant smile of Alma.

Knowing she was going to regret what came next, Jill held out her hand to accept the bottle from Dorothy.

Putting the bottle to her lips, Jill closed her eyes and chugged its contents before she could second guess herself. What started out as deluge of what tasted like pure sugar water, gradually changed to an aftertaste reminiscent to walking into a barn with your mouth wide open. As she swilled around the strange flavor, it took her a moment to notice the strange glances she was getting from the others.

“What are you all staring at?” she asked, putting down the bottle. “Am I growing horns? A second head?”

“No,” Dorothy replied, a childish smile upon her face. “We just really like your ears.”

Jill’s hands shot to the side of her head, only to feel that her ears had moved higher up on her skull. Finally finding them amidst her black locks, she felt them lengthen to points and gain a thin layer of fur. After some time feeling up the strange shape of her ears, it took her longer to figure out than she wanted to admit what they reminded her of: a horse.

The horse-eared bartender didn’t have long to dwell on this fact before her body began to shake like Alma’s. Turning her head back and forth, she whipped around her ponytails as she tried to figure out what would change first. To her detriment, the task became more difficult as she found herself getting further off the ground. Legs shaking from her head being a few feet from the ceiling, she looked down to see an excited looking Alma staring at up at her.

“Jill, you’re soooooo tall,” Alma commented, glancing up and down Jill’s body. “Have your boobs always been that big too?”

Jerking her head away from her feathered friend, Jill got a front row seat to watch her modest chest swell with added weight. Grasping her expanding mammaries confirmed their heft

and shape were indeed hers. What started out as enough boob to fill out her palms gradually outgrew her hands as they grew in their lusciousness. To her relief, her breasts stopped their growth at something close to a H-cup. Holding her udder-like teats in her hands, she felt a strange sense of satisfaction as she groped them and brushed her fingers across her nipples.

Jill stumbled forward from a shaking sensation in her lower half. As she suspected, looking over her shoulder let her see her rear growing at a rapid pace to match her breasts in size. She only realized something was wrong as her butt continued extending by several feet and a layer of thin, black fur covered her lower body. Moments before she was sent tumbling to the floor, a new pair of legs sprouting from her extended backside helped to stabilize her. Her feet hit the ground with a loud clack, bringing her attention to her new hooves and the realization she had become a centaur.

Waving around her tail of black hair to get a grasp of her new form, Jill felt another strange twinge emanate from her backside. While she couldn't see what was happening, the tingles of pleasure she got as her tail brushed up against her vagina told the story. Each passing second allowed her to feel her womanhood increase in depth and size to match her equine body. By the time she reached a size comparable to a fully grown mare, she was already breathing heavy from the multiple urges to seek out someone to mate with her.

"T-this is pretty strong stuff," Jill commented, scraping her hooves against the ground in an attempt to distract herself from her rising libido.

"Just doing its job," Dorothy added, her eyes focused on Jill undercarriage. "Looks like your almost done."

"W-what do you mean? A-am I going to turn into a ditz like Alma?"

Jill lurched forward as Alma crashed into her side. “She’s probably talking about this thingy,” she chirped, reaching beneath the centaur bartender.

Before Jill could ask further questions, she felt Alma’s metal hands slide across her underbelly until it met something that shouldn’t have been there. It started off small, fitting comfortably between Alma’s fingers. As the new addition grew over two feet in length, the harpy woman’s hand was forced open by an impressive girth on par with an energy drink can.

Desperate to see it for herself, Jill gently pushed Alma away, trotted over to the counter, and retrieved Alma’s hand mirror. Struggling to get the mirror into position, she eventually got it to show the reflection of the flared tip and mind-boggling size of the horse cock dangling beneath her body. Eyes wide as she examined every inch of her new member, she shuddered as Alma returned to her side to slide her hand along her shaft.

“Wow, it’s soooooo big,” Alma commented, continuing to give Jill’s member a thorough investigation.

“Y-yeah,” Jill said, clenching her fingers as she tried to resist Alma’s touch. “H-hey, do you want to...want to...”

“Give it a test run?” Alma bluntly asked, receiving a nod from the pent up centaur woman.

“Nope. Nuh huh. Not here,” Dana intervened. “If you want to figure out how you can fit that huge thing inside of bird girl, do it in the back room, far away from the drinks and chairs.”

Retaining enough control to agree with her boss, Jill slowly trotted towards the back door with Alma in tow. As soon as Jill managed to squeeze herself past the door, Alma leapt in after her and locked them in. Mere moments later, the sound of muffled chirps and neighs could be heard amongst the clatter of things getting tossed around the room.

“Looks like the gene splicers succeeded all expectations,” Dorothy commented, storing the empty bottles as she listened to the euphoric moans. “Can’t wait to get back and tell them about the results.”

“Not so fast,” Dana said, stepping in front of Dorothy with a mop and bucket in hand. “Since this was your little experiment, you’re going to be cleaning up the aftermath. Are we clear?”

“Crystal,” Dorothy replied, accepting the cleaning tools. Taking her spot in a booth next to the door, she waited for the noises to die down. Although the sounds she heard foretold of the massive cleanup job awaiting her, she was more than content with the nights’ results. A little manual labor was a small price to pay for an enjoyable evening for both herself and her fantastical friends.