

A Slobby Transfor-Mare-Tion

In all my life, I never thought I'd be driving up to the building that had gained an infamous reputation over the past few years. Stepping out of my car, I stood in awe at the sign posted above the pristine little shop that proclaimed it as the Biotech Bar. Biotech had set up similar establishments throughout the world, using them as dispensaries for their variety of gene altering cocktails. As I approached the entrance, I could see a few of the shop's customers mingling in with the other pedestrians. People intermixed with the DNA of various creatures to give them the bodies they had longed for or give them a leg up when it came to physical attributes. Everything from the simple animal ears perched atop people's heads to full on body modification evidenced by the burly rhino man doing his best to sidestep pedestrians. Soon, I would be joining them.

Reaching for the door handle, my lingering worries kept my fingers mere inches away. Looking at myself in the reflection of the glass, I scanned over the body that I had been living in my entire life. The scruffy black hair atop my head and making up my beard framed my masculine features. Taking a step back from the door, I took another glance at my average body clothed in a simple black and white striped shirt and a pair of loose jeans. Staring at myself, I went over the same argument in my head if this is really what I wanted. Clutching my hand against my chest, I took a deep breath and recalled the feeling of longing that had been plaguing me for years, beckoning me to seek out Biotech's services. Reaffirmed in my convictions, I pushed open the door with my head held up high.

Waiting for me inside was a sterile storefront, the white ceiling and interior looking right out of a hospital. Along the walls were dozens of shelves containing bottles of multicolor liquids that would look right at home at a bath shop. To my relief, there was only one other customer in

the store, a woman around my age browsing a collection of forest creature themed concoctions. Walking right past the basic wares that were easily available to the masses, I made my way to the front desk to make a custom order.

Waiting to greet me was a Biotech employee that embodied the typical image when someone thought of their creations. The woman had a perfect hourglass figure, her humanoid shape disrupted by a pair of pointy ears and a bushy orange tail with a black tip. Clothed in a white dress shirt, black slacks, and a black vest, the fox woman showed off a pleasant smile on her muzzle as she watched me draw closer. Straightening her posture, she made sure the name Vivian was visible on her nametag before she cleared her throat.

“Hello sir,” Vivian began. “What brings you into our store today?”

Fidgeting with my fingers for a moment, I stepped up to the counter. “I’m here for a special genetic cocktail order. Money is no object.”

The quaint smile on Vivian’s face turned into a sly grin that matched well with her Vulpine appearance. “Then you’ve come to the right place.” Reaching beneath the counter, she produced a smart tablet that listed off a variety of components. “Just tell me what you’re looking for and I’ll be more than happy to put it together. To start, please tell me what kind of animal you would like as a base.”

After many nights spent laboring over which species to choose, I replied with my definitive answer. “A horse.”

“Ah, an excellent choice,” she replied, rapidly scrolling to a full screen of various horse types. “It’s a popular option for men. Everyone likes the raw appeal of a powerful stallion. Being so majestic and threatening at the same time with their visage makes them all the rage for the ladies. Especially considering the sheer girth and power of an equine-“

“Actually I wanted to be a mare,” I interjected.

Vivian lowered her hand and took a moment to compose herself. “Apologies, I tend to get ahead of myself sometimes. Very well, it shouldn’t be an issue. A gender swap is one of the easier ingredients to add to a genetic cocktail. With your slender form and impressive muscles, you’ll be sure to find your choice of partner in no time.”

I slowly raised my hand. “I was going for more of a...plumper look.”

It took a moment for Vivian to figure out exactly what I meant. “I see...well, it is doable,” she said, scrolling through her screen to find the right ingredients. “Sorry if I’m acting a little weird. Everyone has the right to be in the body of their choosing and after all I’ve seen, I have no reason to judge. That’s the entire reason this company was founded. I’ll have your genetic cocktail mixed up in no time.”

I cleared my throat. “I’m...not done. There are a few more things I want included with my new body.”

“What kind of things?” Vivian asked, unknowingly prompting me to unleash the well of hidden fantasies and desires that I had been suppressing for most of my adult life.

I went into extreme detail, not wanting anything to be left to chance. As I continued to describe my ideal body, Vivian’s expressions went through a wide array of curiosity, shock, fear, disgust, and hope as she eyed the growing cost on her screen. I could see in my peripheral vision that the other customer had stopped what she was doing to listen to my request. Each aspect of my new self I spoke made her continue to stare with gross fascination, fiddling with the golden antler pendant attached to her necklace.

Tearing myself away from my spectator, I finished listing off my request. “And that’s everything,” I said, finally allowing myself to take a deep breath.

Vivian took a moment to register that I had stopped. Collecting herself, she added up the needed ingredients on her tablet and sent an order to the back room. After several minutes of waiting, I was met with a bull man from the back room with a bottle of a murky, dark purple liquid in his hands. Placing it on the desk, he stood aside to allow me to admire the very thing that I had always dreamed of possessing.

“It is quite impressive,” Vivian commented, noticing the glint in my eye. “However, I must warn you that it comes with a hefty price tag. If you like, we could talk about several payment plans that will-“

“Just take it from here,” I said, slamming my credit card on the desk.

Vivian picked up the card as if it was a precious gemstone. “Are you sure about this sir?”

“More than anything,” I replied, not even glancing at her as I stared into the purple abyss of the genetic cocktail.

“Very well,” Vivian replied, sliding the card through the register. “Now there are a few side affects you should be aware of,” she said as she bagged up the bottle. “You’ll find a detailed list included in your bag, but I will tell you right now to expect certain ‘urges’ to come up stronger than you’ve ever felt before.”

“That’s exactly what I’m hoping for,” I said, accepting the bag from her. “Thank you so much.”

“Not a problem,” she said, adopting the same customer service smile she had when I first entered the shop. “Feel free to stop by again if you need to make any adjustments.”

“I doubt I will,” I replied as I hurried out of the shop.

Driving through town like a madman, I returned home just as night fell. Running to my bedroom, I made sure all of the necessary preparations were made for my future self. Taking off

all of my clothes to avoid tearing them apart during the transformation, I stepped in front of my mirror with potion in hand. Taking one last look at my old body I put the bottle to my lips and drank every single drop.

A very long and unrestful night led me struggling to free myself from the comfort of my bed. Finally summoning the energy to move and deal with my situation, I pushed the covers away from my body. I was disheartened by what I saw, unable to look at myself for longer than a few seconds before I was completely revolted by it. Shuffling across the floor, I was forced to come face to face with my fate as I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. It was with abject horror and fear that I saw the reflection of my old body, completely unchanged.

Staring into the features I had long grown to hate, I was reminded of the countless sleepless hours the night prior I had spent watching and waiting for something to change. However, I was left staring at my regular self, still the same as the day before. The potion didn't seem to have made any changes, save for a single whisker of my beard turned purple probably due to a stray drop seeping onto my chin. While I was disappointed, there was a feeling that overwhelmed it with its sheer energy that coursed through my veins: anger.

It only took one glance at the receipt included with the potion to send me into a furious rage. With a price tag that would have fit better on a luxury car, I was left with a bottle of useless, awful tasting liquid. My mind made up, I let out a string of curses as I prepared to return to the shop and demand a refund. With the rest of my wardrobe replaced with clothes meant for my transformed body, I was forced to slip into my outfit from the previous day. Taking solace that my attire would help the conniving fox woman at the store recognize me, I slammed the door shut behind me and I drove off into town like a madman.

Halfway through my commute, my anger had yet to subside. All I could think about was the lecture I'd be giving the shop clerk and how good it would feel once I got my money back. My rage began to lessen as it was overshadowed by a rising pressure in my gut. Grasping my aching mid-section, I felt a building pressure the likes of which I had never felt before. My vision began to grow hazy, my grip on the steering wheel growing looser and causing my car to dangerously swerve back and forth.

Straining my mind to focus, I managed to pull over at the nearest open parking spot. Taking one step out of my car, my legs turned to jelly as I was overcome by a series of violent tremors. Struggling to even get into a crouching position, I barely noticed the congregation of people gathering around me. While I tried to call out for help, my voice gave way to pained grunts as the rising pressure continued to build up inside. Unable to take it anymore, I allowed whatever was trying to control my body finally let loose.

A monstrous fart came sputtering out of my rear, causing the gathering of onlookers to take a step back. Recoiling from the scent that filled the air, I could do little to stop another loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from slapping out of my backside. Caught up in the heavy smell and looks of disgust on the people watching, I almost missed the feeling of tightness rising in my chest.

Struggling to get myself into a sitting position, my eyes went wide at the sight of my once loose shirt becoming tight around my body. The culprit made itself known as my stomach bloated out into a sizable potbelly. Lifting up my shirt with its growing mass, the peak of my belly button plopped out just in time to show off the specks of light purple spreading across my skin. The somewhat familiar shade of violet acted as a dampener to the fear I felt as my body continued to shiver with horrible indigestion.

My lips were forced open by a boisterous belch that manage to push away the few who were brave or stupid enough to try approaching me. Wiping a stray drop of drool from my lips, I felt my facial hair flake off. The follicles landed across my chest to be bumped away by a surge of fat encroaching upon it. Drooping within the confines of my shirt, my pecs started to resemble less of man's and more like that of a woman's as they became more spherical.

Any further attempts to explore my developing bosom were interrupted by another surplus of gas building up in my intestines. Clutching my mid-section, my fingers grazed against the thin purple hair that had spread to encompass the entirety of my swelling belly. Sinking my hand into the fat was like pulling the trigger on a high-grade explosion from my rear end. The fart tore apart the seat of my pants, leaving nothing in the way for the gas to enshroud the area in its toxic smell. As the fart petered out, I felt something tickle against the crack of my widening rear.

Struggling to get myself into a standing position, I looked over my shoulder to try and glimpse at my expanded derriere. The bare butt cheeks had already snapped apart my underwear, but showed no signs of slowing. However, my main point of interest was the long tail hanging above the crack. The bare fleshy appendage only spent a few moments grazing my butt before it was covered in long strands of dark purple hair.

Turning back to gaze at my developing breasts and watch my mouth stretch out into a muzzle, I was reminded of the image I had pictured in my head for so long. Reaching past my developing gut, I desperately felt beneath my undercarriage. Paying little mind to the added plumpness of my fingers and the light purple hair that had covered my flesh, my search came to an end as I reached my crotch. There I discovered that the main thing I had wanted so long had been given to me.

Daring to let my fingers grace my newly developed vagina, I accidentally unleashed another cloud of gas from my backside. The smell brought with it a strange twinge of arousal that beckoned me to continue exploring my womanhood. Giving my clit an experimental rub made my flattened ears stand on end and forced a moan from my horse-like mouth that emanated with a distinctly feminine tone.

“What do you think you’re doing?” a rotund elephant man in a business suit asked.

I froze where I was, suddenly remembering that I was surrounded by strangers on all sides.

“Give the poor thing some space,” a woman rose to my defense. “They must be going through their first transformation. Bombarded with all of these new feelings and urges, no wonder they’re acting like this.”

The elephant man huffed. “That’s still not an excuse to debase yourself in public like this.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t control-“

A fart billowing out from my rear interrupted myself. Peering through my own rancid cloud, I could see the faces of pity and disgust looking down on me. All of those eyes glued to my strange form, completely appalled with my sorry state triggered something within me.

Licking my lips, I dove my hand back beneath my belly and started to stimulate myself again.

Reveling in the sounds of shock and awe that emanated from the crowd, I continued my shameful display. Losing myself to the overwhelming feeling of pleasure, I let gas fly from both my mouth and rear as I searched for the right places to touch and tease. Finding success rapidly rubbing against my clit, I filled the area with a combination of horrible gas and my increasing

moans. It was there, with my bare, fattened ass sitting on the sidewalk, expelling gas without a care, and in front of a horrified crowd did I experience my first orgasm as a woman.

Coming off of my high, my body shivered from leftover ecstasy. Taking my sweet time getting up off the ground, my situation became clear to me. Momentarily freed from my body's urges, I pushed aside my dark purple bangs to see that most of the crowd had ran off from my display.

My attempt to stand back up were plagued by my added weight and still shaking body. Barely managing to get myself into a standing position, I was able to survey the plush fat that had been added to various parts of my body. Had I been in the safety of my own home, I would have loved nothing more than to explore each inch of my transformed self. However, I doubted that was a possibility with the dirty looks being cast in my direction.

"Have you no shame?" the elephant man asked, a cloth pressed tightly against his trunk.

"He, I mean, she can't control herself," the same woman as before said, trying her best to defend me despite standing a safe distance away.

"I don't care," he repeated with an aggravated huff. Powering through the lingering fumes, he stomped up towards me. "Well? Do you have anything to say for yourself? An apology for making all of these people have to suffer through your shameful display?"

I opened my mouth to speak, only able to come up with a feminine squeak for lack of anything better to say. Left staring at the impatient elephant man, my head involuntarily tilted down to look at his groin. Without thinking my mouth opened to ask a question, "Do you want to fuck?"

The anger in his eyes dissipated to be replaced with confusion. "What in the world is wrong with you?" he asked, backing away from me. "Are you really that caught up in your self-

indulgence that you would debase yourself like this? Do you have any dignity left? I ought to call the police on you.”

Those words quickly got me to push through my growing desires to regain some clarity. With the threat of further humiliation, public indecency, and possible jail time, I swiveled my head back and forth in search of an exit. Brushing aside my long locks, I set my eyes on a desolate alleyway and started to run. Each step brought with it tremors that rippled through my body and pushed out a myriad of burps and farts. In addition to the sound of my gas, a distinctive clack was heard against the ground as I continued to run. I paid little mind to it at the time, only daring to stop once I was completely alone.

I stopped running as I reached the back of a restaurant. Finding an abandoned billboard sign discarded near a dumpster, I leaned up against it to catch my breath. Leaning against the sign gave me a chance to rest and take a gander at my elongated face in the glossy exterior. Wiping sweat from my forehead, I tried to regain my strength and take stock of my situation.

Given a chance to recollect myself, I lifted up my hefty gut to see that my feet had been replaced with black hooves that had done their part in helping my escape. The remains of my shoes had gone the same way as the rest of my outfit, turned to tatters that had been left behind in my mad dash. Left naked, alone, and confused, the only source of comfort I could find at the time was getting a chance to further explore my body in peace.

Taking a step away from the sign on my bulked up legs, I reached back to give my tail an experimental tug. The twinge of pain that shot through my body confirmed it was real enough, giving me enough reason to let it rest between the crevasse of my expanded butt cheeks. Squeezing my moderately-sized mammaries was something I had only dreamed of, the sight of my plump nipples making me involuntarily lick my lips. Running my fingers along my gut, I was

simultaneously impressed with my growth rate and disappointed with how far I still needed to go to reach my ideal body.

I pulled my hand away at the sound of a ravenous growl from my stomach. A hunger that I had put off since my public masturbation had become exacerbated by my impromptu jogging session. Left to console my unruly belly, I desperately tried to find something to fill it.

My nostrils picked up a whiff of something that smelled simply divine. Stepping away from the abandoned sign, I let my new instincts take control to bring me to the source of the irresistible aroma. As I drew closer and closer to the dumpster, the logical part of my brain was screaming at me to turn back. However, my rational thoughts fell on deaf ears as I discovered a layer of recently thrown out vegetables lying atop the trash heap. Cabbages, potatoes, carrots, and various other veggies were left out due to the overwhelming amount of rot clinging to their outer hides. What would have been a disgusting sight for most, looked like a gourmet meal to my modified taste buds.

Heaving my form over the rim of the dumpster with some difficulty, I landed amongst the foul smelling trash. Picking up a head of lettuce that was well past its expiration date, I opened my mouth wide and took a bite. The taste of rot and leafy greens was like eating pure ambrosia. Without a second thought, I dove into the lettuce and didn't come back up until there was nothing left. Chewing on the last leaf, I paused to let out a burp that reeked of my meal. Enamored with the resulting smell and the pleased feeling of my gluttonous gut, I set upon my feast like a ravenous beast.

Turnips, onions, and cloves of garlic were shoved into my mouth without a second thought. The deluge of food was only stopped to let out a burp or savor the noxious aroma that surrounded me after a fit of flatulence. Given plenty of energy to work with, my body began to

grow again, staring with yet another chin to add to my fattened face and sinking my belly button further into my growing stomach.

Diving through half of the meal, my overworked tongue was yearning for something to help wash the food down. Pausing to glance at the dumpster in hopes of finding some kind of beverage, my gaze wandered towards my breasts. Like the rest of my body, my boobs had gone through another growth spurt to reach the size of basketballs. What drew my attentions were the trickles of what appeared to be milk dripping from my swollen nipples. Catching one of the drops on my finger, I brought it to my mouth to taste it. The flavor was milk alright, but a combination of my own body and the nature of my diet had given it the taste and consistency of curdled milk not even the shadiest of grocery stores would sell to the public. It was just what I was looking for.

Tightly gripping my right breast, I lifted it up to my face. Helped along by my extended muzzle, I wrapped my lips around my teat and started to suckle. The torrent of spoiled milk that sprung forth satisfied my parched tongue and furthered along my stomach's growth and worsening gas problem. Letting go of my boob, I got a whiff of the rotten smell clinging to my breath. Switching over to my left tit, I lifted my rear into the air and let loose the milk-fueled gas inside.

The rest of my feast resulted in a pattern. After several helpings of spoiled vegetables, I would spend time either suckling on my curdled milk-laden breasts or pause to appreciate the foul air that sprung from me. My routine helped me surpass the 500-pound mark, bringing me ever closer to my ideal weight. As I became surrounded in plush fat in exchange for reducing my collection of rotten food to almost nothing, the combination of the musk clinging to my fur, the

warm air caused by my gas, and my constant self-groping led me to momentarily put off my hunger to take care of another need.

Finishing off my meal with a discolored squash, I turned my attention towards my needy womanhood. Getting into a sitting position, I reached my hand past my belly in an attempt to stimulate myself again. My pudgy fingers ended up just a few inches short, the tips of my fingers merely grazing against my labia. Growing more frustrated by the second, I rolled around in the dumpster in an effort to sate my libido. Body covered in a mix of leftovers from my meal and a thick layer of sweat from the extraneous effort, I was left no closer to reaching my womanhood.

Letting out a frustrated snort, I got ready for another attempt. I stopped as I glanced at the same billboard sign out of my peripheral vision. The gears in my head started to turn, my logical side offering up a solution to my wild instincts' need for pleasure. Hauling myself out of the dumpster, there was a noticeable clack as my hooves hit the ground. Waddling my way over to the sign, I got a closer look at one of the smoothed edges. Too far gone to stop now, the decision of what to do next was already made.

Carefully putting my weight on the sign, I was thankful that through the protest of creaks and groans it was able to support my weight. Satisfied with the billboard's stability, I maneuvered myself into the right position to have the edge facing the center of my body. Lifting up my belly, I slowly slid myself forward until I felt the sign grind up against my womanhood. Pushing it up as close as I dared, I dug my hooves into the ground and started rubbing against the sign.

The pent up lust that had been slowly rising over the course of my feast was finally given an outlet as I continued to ride my makeshift sex toy. With one hand keeping a steady grip on the sign, the other was free to explore my body. Digging my fingers into my fat rolls let me feel the

excessive jiggling that took place with each thrust of my hips. Squeezing on my jostling breasts helped to further my pleasure alongside scattering droplets of rancid milk across my form. Pulling up a breast for a quick swig of milk, I released it with the help of a gnarly burp mixed with a moan. Going even faster to reach my finish, my hand slid across the expanse of my derriere. Pushing aside my tail, I found just the right spot to smack my rear. The impact forced out a fart that sent ripples through my body and brought me ever closer to my release.

Grabbing hold of the sign with both hands, I went at it with all of my strength. The rapid thrusting further doused my body in sweat and misplaced breast milk. So absorbed in my rising pleasure, I paid little mind to the feeling of something bouncing against the underside of my belly. Too busy filling the air with a cacophony of burps, farts, and moans, the only thing I could focus on was my ever approaching orgasm.

When my climax came, its force sent me tumbling back onto the ground. Landing safely thanks to my padded body, it took a moment for me to even consider moving. Taking deep breaths to regain my strength and suck up the body odor clinging to my fur, I noticed something in the reflection of the glossy sign.

Shuffling myself closer, I sat with my legs spread out and lifted up my belly. It took a moment for me to recognize what the swollen orbs hanging above my vagina were. Even after speaking in great detail about the addition, I never would of thought that it could actually be done. Nonetheless, I was left staring at the image of a pair of boobs the same size and shape as the ones on my chest nestled in my crotch, right above my womanhood. My inability to reach my groin was more painful than ever as I stared at the reflection, wondering what it would be like to taste the milk dripping from the lower breasts' nipples.

My fascination with my newest addition was brought to an end by my stomach calling out for more food. Struggling to get into a standing position, I lifted my head into the air to sniff out my next meal. Having emptied out the dumpster of anything worthwhile, I was drawn to a similar odor further down the alleyway. Using the scent as my guide, I traversed the backstreets in search of the wonderful aroma.

The trail came to an end as I reached the backside of a grocery store. Waiting for me there were dozens of piles of rotten fruit and vegetables that carried the same allure of filth as my previous portions. Hooves loudly clacking against the ground, I ran head first into the nearest pile to completely lose myself in my desire to go against my equine genes and stuff myself like a pig.

Belly flopping into the collection of spoiled produce helped to seep their rotten juices and my own sweat into my fat rolls. Wrapping my lips around a discolored carrot, I resumed my feasting with renewed vigor. Several apples and oranges added a spoiled sweetness to my mouth that was greatly appreciated. Hauling a watermelon up to my face, I managed to eat the entire thing, seeds and all without any signs of slowing.

My lonely feast was soon joined by a swarm of company in the form of flies that zipped around my growing body. The feeling of them landing across my fur to suck up any leftover juices that I couldn't reach was much appreciated. Their paths through my locks of matted hair to get at the droplets hanging from my flat ears helped to clean off what my fingers were too busy to deal with. A large portion of the swarm focused on my belly, making sure to get out of the way whenever it was jostled around by my feasting or shaken by a powerful gas expulsion. Some were daring enough to help themselves to the milk leaking from my two sets of breasts. Thankfully for their sake, they were more than willing to get out of the way whenever I needed

to take a sip of spoiled milk from my chest. The only unwanted attention were the ones who tried to make themselves comfortable across my gassy, elephantine rear. A quick smack of my tail was enough to send them away, alongside giving my chunky butt cheeks an appreciable smack.

So lost in the sounds and smells of my feast, I barely registered the fact that I was nearing the bottom of the piles. Had I not been overtaken by my unnatural hunger, I would have wondered how I could be going through such a large collection of produce by myself. Blinded by my need to stuff my face, I could only focus on snatching up every last piece of delectable, rotten food I could wrap my mouth around. The euphoria of feeding myself only waivered once a single rotten tomato signaled the end of my feast.

It took several attempts for me to get up on my hooves. Holding onto the wall for support, I dragged my belly across the bricks. Leaving behind a sheen of my own sweat and leftovers from my feast against the wall, I ran my hand along my belly in an attempt to guess at my weight. Thinking it over with the help of a mouthful of curdled milk from my beach ball-sized breasts, I had to estimate I was near or above the 800-pound mark. Letting go of my nipple with a rancid belch, I widened my stance to release a minute-long fart from my backside. The force whipped around my tail and long mane of dark purple hair. As the last of my gas petered out, my nostrils flared at the horrendous musk that clung to my fur. The smell made me turn back to my other need, feeling the twinge of wanting from my womanhood that called out for me to make the trek back to the billboard and ride it until I passed out.

Slowly turning myself around, I froze in my tracks with only my flab daring to move even an inch. The reason I had been able to go through the piles of spoiled food so fast was made apparent by the huge creature finishing up its own feast nearby. In my trance of self-indulgence,

I had somehow failed to notice the hulking beast that had slipped in beside me to share in my meal.

As I continued to stand there in stunned silence, a wayward fart from my rear got the mass of matted, sweaty, brown fur to move. Swinging around its nubby, white tail and massive rear, it looked past its snout and trash juice covered muzzle to stare at me. My eyes looked over its impressive form, starting with the set of drooping pecs hanging from its chest that rested atop a flabby belly just as big as mine. A pair of blunt antlers atop its head, clued me in that it was both a modified human like myself and a male. My second suspicion was irrefutably confirmed by the sight of the massive penis sticking out from beneath his gut.

Neither of us made a move, the alley silent save for the odd burp or fart that came from the two of us. What little of my old self could still be heard in my instinct ladled mind urged me to turn tail and run as fast as my legs could carry me. However, that was all overpowered by a need that still plagued my thoughts. Staring once again at the buck's prominent manhood and seeing the droplets of pre-cum built up from his same struggle to pleasure himself, I licked my lips. Fighting against every rational thought, I staggered towards him.

Falling down on my knees, I lifted up his belly without any protest from him. Wrapping my lips around his tip, I slid his shaft down my throat to properly savor his taste. I moved my head back and forth, completely clueless as to what I was doing. Each swallow and lick of his cock rewarded me with another chance to taste his musk and hear the sound of pleased huffs from above. Daring to go even harder brought forth a gas bomb of flatulence from his rear. I happily sucked up the foul air, using it as motivation to encompass every inch of him.

When he finally released, it was to the sound of an animalistic bellow fused with a deep belch. My mouth became flooded with his seed, his diet of spoiled food giving his semen a rotten

taste that was perfectly suited to my transformed tongue. Pulling away from him, I landed on my back. For a few moments I just laid there, massaging my stomach and re-tasting his seed through a series of burps.

Gradually picking myself up off the ground, I tilted up my head to see that his member was fully erect again. My womanhood still aching for release, I shuffled myself back up against the wall. Lifting up my belly with both hands, I parted my legs for him. Calling out with a mix between a neigh and a belch, I shuddered as he began to stomp towards me. Mesmerized by the way his furry flab jostled with each step helped to put off the worry of whether or not I could fit him inside of me.

Bumping his belly up against mine, he got down on all fours. Crawling beneath my gut left only the tips of his antlers visible. Just as I began to wonder what he was doing, I let out a moan as I felt his lips suckle my crotch boobs. His mouth was hungry, draining every last drop of the curdled milk inside each teat. The milk that spilled out the sides of his mouth trickled across my womanhood. I clenched my fingers and dug my hooves into the ground. Desperate attempts were made to get him to move lower, but my new vocal chords could only let out a series of whinnies and neighs under the effects of my lust-addled mind.

The relief I felt as his tongue dragged down to pick up the misplaced drops was better than anything I had experienced that day. His mouth moved with a hunger rivaling my own, sucking and licking away at my labia without signs of slowing. As he sucked hard on my clit, I flooded the area with a bout of flatulence. It only took several more passes of his heavy tongue to send me into a series of orgasmic tremors and erotic cries.

My womanhood licked clean, I was given a chance to reorient myself. While he had done an admirable job, my vagina was still calling out for more. Feeling his warm breath against my

groin, I could tell he was just as ready as I was. With another whinny, I summoned him from beneath my undercarriage. Locking eyes with one another, I slowly nodded my head to coerce him to proceed.

Slowly standing back up, the buck took his time exploring my body. He ran his face along my belly, reveling in the feeling of the thin fur encasing my fat rolls. Pressing his snout into my stomach treated him to a miasma of flatulence that served to further agitate our libidos. Stopping to get a whiff of the strong musk emanating from my belly button, he lifted up his head and spotted his next target.

Hauling his body over my rolls of fat, he smothered his muzzle between my breasts. Nudging my right teat with the tip of his nose was enough to send a sprinkle of spoiled milk cascading down my body. He latched his lips around the leaking nipple without hesitation. Clearly enjoying my milk, he reached up to grope and squeeze the breast to coerce out more of the spoiled sweetness. I felt every suck and lap of his tongue, only now realizing just how sensitive my chest had become. As he moved over to the other breasts, his immense weight pressing down on my body forced out a burp that enshrouded his head. Unfazed by the horrendous stench, he continued to suckle like a newborn babe, both to fill his stomach and continue my pleasure.

Finally seeing fit to release my nipple from his mouth, he lifted up his head to blow a belch directly into my face. Again the two of us were left speechless. While nothing was said, what came next was only natural for the slobby, instinct driven beasts we had become.

Climbing the rest of the way up my body, he pressed his sagging pecs up against my chest. Whatever milk was left in my breasts splurged out to cover both of our tummies in the rotten scent. Our need to satisfy our lust was enough to hold back our desire to lick up the

precious drops. Several awkward attempts to maneuver his body finally found success as I felt his tip slide up against my womanhood. Retaining some thought from whatever person he was before, she gradually inserted his penis inside of me. I felt every inch, wondering if the depth gifted to me by my horse genes would be enough to take in his entire girth. Reaching all the way to the base, he paused for only a moment to give me a chance to brace myself.

Tightly gripping my luscious love handles, he began to thrust. The motion brought out the culmination of our filthy feasts in the form of a constant deluge of gas from both our ends. Adding to the cacophony of farts and burps was the loud slap of our flesh slamming against each other over and over. Milk spurted out with each insertion, further spreading the spoiled sweetness over our bodies and surrounding us in a murky puddle.

All sense of control was lost on me as he moved his hips faster. Reaching as far as his cock would go was enough to send endless ripples through my flab that carried with it an ecstasy like no other. Our moans became more frequent, nothing resembling a human voice behind them. The animalistic noises that emanated from our bodies along with our overwhelming musk brought us ever closer to the beings of pure hedonism we were trying to become.

The end was coming near, his thrusts becoming more erratic and our bodies losing themselves to the pleasure. Just as I reached my limit, he leapt forward to lock his lips with mine. More than willing to accept his deep kiss, we shared our foul breath with one another as we came to our inevitable finish.

Tightly grasped within each other's embrace, his seed filled and overflowed from my womanhood. Any gas reserves we had left were spouted out in our simultaneous orgasm. Two large gas bubbles forced us to part our lips from one another. Bodies still shaking from the post-sex euphoria, we had no intention of moving from our position. Slumping against my body, he

used what little strength he had left to tilt up his head. Scrunching up my chins, I leaned down to give him one last kiss.

The sound of a door slamming open nearby shook us out of our euphoric bliss. Turning our heads in unison, we watched a man in a green apron stroll out into the alley with his back to the street and a phone to his ear.

“Yeah, yeah, I heard you,” he said, ignorant of our presence, “but I think that asshole had it coming. After he tore down that antique sign for nothing, it serves him right that I toss most of our junk in his dumpster. No, of course not all of it. It’s going to take me several trips to the dump to even get down half of-“

The worker stopped as he turned towards where the collection of spoiled produce once was and instead found us lying on top of one another. Remaining completely silent, he looked over us in an attempt to understand what he was seeing. After a few moments filled with only the sound of leftover gas slipping out of our bodies and the swarm of flies buzzing around our filth-encrusted forms, he put the phone back up to his ear.

“Hey Jace, I’ll have to call you back,” the worker said, putting his phone in his pocket. “Um, hello,” he said with a cautious wave.

“Hi,” the buck and I replied, too lethargic to return the gesture.

“What happened to the food back here?”

There was a moment of speechless conversation between myself and my partner.

“We...ate it,” I replied.

“Oh...thanks, I guess?” he said, not sure of what to make of the situation. “Do you...need any help?”

“We could use a lift home,” the buck replied. “I don’t think we can move very far like this.”

“Sure, just let me go get my truck,” the worker said, walking back inside of the store.

Left alone again, the two of us took on the monumental task of getting back up. Holding onto one another for balance, we carefully maneuvered our bodies into a standing position. Stomping our hooves into the ground, we jostled about our massive forms, sprinkling the ground with leftover sweat and milk. Carefully parting from one another, we grabbed onto the wall behind us while we waited for our ride.

“This your first change?” the buck asked out of the blue.

“Um, yeah,” I replied, not sure if it was better that my logical mind was back in control for this awkward conversation.

“Me too,” he admitted, passing the time staring down at his gut as he tapped his hoof against the ground.

Our savior came in the form of a worn-out pickup truck coming around the corner. Backing up into the alley, the worker leaned out of the driver’s window. “Sorry, but you two will have to ride in the back. I don’t think I can fit you in here with me and, not to be rude, you are kind of...fragrant.”

“Understandable,” I mumbled, waddling after the buck towards the back of the truck.

Using the muscles hidden beneath my bountiful blubber, I gave him a push to the rear to get him into the truck bed. Swiveling himself around, he leaned down and offered his hand to help me up. Grasping his arm, I leapt up into the truck with him. The vehicle noticeably shook as our bodies collided with one another. Toppling on top of the buck’s body, my muzzle got buried

in his neck flab. Extricating myself from him, I found myself staring at an oddly familiar necklace with an amulet bearing a pair of golden antlers.

“Were you at the Biotech Bar yesterday by any chance?” I asked.

“Yeah, although I didn’t intend to actually buy anything. That was until this one guy...” The buck’s eyes went wide. “It was you.” He reached up to slap his hand against his forehead. “How did I not realize it sooner? It’s not every day you run into another gene splicer with those specifications. Can’t think of many others who would want bodies as vile and off-putting as ours unless they’re completely insane.”

I let out an annoyed huff. “If that’s how you feel, then why did you take a similar cocktail?”

The buck fiddled with his fingers. “Because of you actually. You were so sure of yourself back at the shop. It sounded like you’ve wanted this kind of body for so long. You...helped me make my own decision,” he added, showing off a soft smile. “Thank you.”

I returned the same, gentle expression. “You’re welcome,” I said, helping to ease him down with a gentle kiss to the cheek. “What’s your name?”

“Jane, er, I guess John now,” he answered. “What about you?”

I opened up my mouth, the name Jeremy almost spilling out. Catching my tongue, I mulled around in my head for a moment to recall the name I had chosen for this fateful day. “Jessica. You can call me Jessica.”

“Hey,” the worker said, banging on the side of the truck, “where am I taking you two?”

“My house alright?” I suggested to John. “I made the necessary preparations needed for my new body. It should be able to accommodate you too.”

“That sounds...nice,” John answered.

Passing along my address to the worker, the truck sped off through town. Our transit earned more than our fair share of funny looks from the people we passed by. However, my attention was spread between John and appreciating our changed forms. I had not only obtained the body I had wanted for all my life, but in the process had found someone who understood how I felt and wanted to see what our new lives had in store for us.