

Beth at the Shapeshifter Mixer

Typically, the Shapeshifters Society's ballroom was a place where fantastic parties were held for their selective members. However, on this day the room played host to a more casual affair. Strewn about the dance floor were dozens of booths, each one being tended to by people with specific interests in mind. They were all showing off various tools and tricks of their offerings, hoping to entice someone into joining them for a night of pleasure, excitement, and otherworldly experiences.

The scene made the conservative Beth more than a little on edge. After talking to her fellow shapeshifters about looking for something to do with her powers, they suggested that she should come to the mixer. While she had made a proud declaration at the time, it didn't make it any easier as she looked at the offerings around her. Taking a deep breath, she brushed aside a lock of her long black hair, fixed her black shirt and jeans to ensure she looked her best, and then began to wander the booths in search of something to catch her silver eyes.

Beth's stomach ended up leading her towards a platter of delectable looking smores resting upon a pewter platter. Wiping a stray drop of drool from her lips, she tilted her head up to glance at the chubby woman standing behind the booth. She was adorned in a flowery sundress draped by a white apron. Seeing the way Beth was looking at the smores, the woman bobbed her golden curls up and down to entice her to try one.

"These are amazing," Beth commented after taking a bite.

"I'm glad to hear it," the woman replied. "My name is Loretta. While I have various hobbies, my main job in the Shapeshifter Society is coming up with yummy treats for their various events."

“You do excellent work,” Beth remarked, finishing off her first smore only for Loretta to hand her over another one. “Did you set up this booth just to show off a new recipe?”

Loretta put a finger to her lips. “I suppose, but these are mainly to demonstrate the kind of encounter I would like to recreate with a fellow shapeshifter.” Seeing Beth’s bewildered expression, Loretta picked up a smore and held it between their faces. “Do you see how closely the marshmallow and chocolate intertwine? Two sweets fusing with one another to create something greater than the sum of their parts. This is exactly what I want us to become.”

Beth forced herself to swallow her treat. “You want to turn me into food?”

“A being constructed of food, yes,” Loretta cheerily replied. “I would do the same for myself and try to make a living smore. I see that look in your eyes. No, we wouldn’t be being eaten. We’d just enjoy one another’s close company. I like to call this little ritual, Smore Smushing so keep an eye out on the pamphlet if you decide you would like to join me.”

“I’ll...think about it,” Beth replied, graciously finishing off her smore before moving onto the next booth.

Beth couldn’t have missed the next couple even if she tried. While everyone at the booths were dressed for either function or form, the man and woman sitting behind the booth were dressed in leather armor and a bar maid’s outfit that looked right of the Middle Ages. The man appeared stoic with his arms crossed, clashing with the pair of pointed, elf ears flanking his short brown hair. Sitting nearby the muscle bound man was a woman a head shorter but made up for it with a beaming smile. Unlike him, the elf ears that pierced through her wavy brown strands were obviously fake, marking her as one few non-shapeshifters allowed in the Society.

“Greetings fair maiden,” the woman began, making broad hand gestures. “What brings you to our humble booth? Do you seek grand adventure? Marvelous sights not meant for mortal eyes? Encounters with the strange and unusual creatures of the land?”

The man stood up in response to Beth’s blank expression. “She’s asking if you want to join one of our roleplay sessions. Sorry, she can be a little extra sometime.”

The woman slumped in her chair. “It wouldn’t kill you to put a hint of the enthusiasm you use during our sessions into your pitch.”

“True, but that kind of behavior has sent a bunch of possible candidates away from us,” he replied, getting her to momentarily remain silent. Turning towards Beth, he gave a small bow. “Apologies for the out there show, my wife gets a little too into character sometimes. My name is Trent, and this lively woman is Edith.”

“Nice to meet you,” Beth said, still a little shaken by Edith’s display. “What are you looking for exactly?”

“A partner for one of our ‘special’ roleplay sessions,” Edith was quick to respond. “My husband and I have a plethora of different scenarios that we have in mind, but one I believe would be the perfect fit for you is something I like to call, Cottage of the Goblin Sisters.”

Beth raised her eyebrow.

“Imagine if you will,” Edith began, standing up and moving her arms around with renewed vigor, “a small cottage in the woods. A weary adventurer goes inside hoping to rest, only to find a pair of goblin women that will only allow him to stay if he can please their carnal desires.”

“In simpler terms,” Trent spoke up, “she wants to turn you and herself into thick, shortstack goblin women and take turns doing...things to me. All consensual of course.”

“Sounds interesting enough,” Beth commented. “Why has no one taken it up yet?”

“Everyone here seems so obsessed with growing bigger,” Edith answered. “No one truly understands the true joy of having everything focused into such a small and sensual package. Tits larger than your head, with an ass to match. Not to mention how good it feels to have a huge dick shoved up your tiny-“

“Edith, I think that’s enough,” Trent interjected. “Anyway, if you would like to join us, just keep in mind the Cottage of Goblins.”

“Cottage of the Goblin SISTERS,” Edith corrected.

“Will do,” Beth said, making her leave just before Edith got into another one of her scenes.

In a quiet corner of the ballroom, Beth could see a single man sitting at a lonesome booth as he turned the pages of a thick tome. Upon approaching him, he marked his place with an elaborate bookmark taken from his burgundy coat and turned to face her with his bespectacled eyes. He looked so refined and elegant with his slicked back hair and neatly pressed tie. Making it all the more jarring when he asked his question.

“How would you like to become an idiotic ape?” he asked plainly.

“I beg your pardon?” Beth asked in return.

“Forgive me,” he said with a head bow. “Rude of me to ask such a thing without even telling you, my name. I am Professor Donovan Darwin. I work at the nearby university alongside doing some research for the Society on the side.”

“Sounds impressive.”

Donovan sighed. “Yes, but a high intellect and reliability has quite a few drawbacks. You tend to miss the simpler pleasures of life. Something that our great ancestors knew very well. Ergo, why I am offering a method of allowing the two of us to get a taste of what it was like for them.”

“By that you mean...?”

“Something I like to call, De-Evolution Decadence. In simple terms, we will each take a potion of my own design that will gradually revert us to humanity’s great ancestors, starting with Neanderthals and working our way towards apes. I expect that along the way you will experience hair growth, added bulk to your body, and a distinct decline in intellect. However, it will all be worth it, I assure you.”

“I’ll keep your offer in mind,” Beth replied before stepping away from the professor as he dove back into his book.

Not far from the professor’s booth was a man with a similar appearance of intellectualism, albeit with a definitively more unsettling aura. He was clad in a pure white lab coat that went well with his scraggly, grey beard and wide rimmed glasses to give him the perfect mad scientist look. Perhaps wandering a bit too close, Beth jumped back a bit as he showed her a wide grin.

“Greetings,” the man said, giving a polite bow. “My name is Dr. Teld. Are you here to volunteer for my experiment?”

Curiosity overrode Beth’s basic instincts to run away. “What kind of experiment?”

“One designed to bring the subject pleasure through optimal stimulation.”

Beth eyed up and down Dr. Teld. “I appreciate the offer, but I don’t really think I want to do that kind of thing with you.”

“Oh, no, no, not me, but my latest invention.” Pulling out a box from beneath the table, he opened it up to reveal a mass of rubber within. “What you see before you is my prototype Self-Stimulation Suit. It is designed to provide release to those who wear it dozens of times over through the use of vibrations.”

“It’s like some kind of bondage suit?”

“By kind of bondage suit you mean skin-tight material laced with transformative chemicals meant to give the wearer male genitalia, then yes.”

Beth stared wide-eyed at the doctor. “It would give me a penis?”

“Correct and then proceed to use it as a focal point for sexual release. Furthermore, your level of pleasure would increase with each load of sexual fluid you fill the suit with. Admittedly, you’ll be left with a sizable expansion of both yourself and the outfit, but it will be worth it for both a new kind of experience and my research.”

Dr. Teld’s fervent smile faded a little upon seeing Beth’s reaction, forcing a sigh to escape his mouth. “I know it doesn’t sound the most ordinary thing, even for the Society’s standards. However, I assure you that my research is sound, and you’ll come away from the experiment with an unforgettable feeling of euphoric bliss.”

Seeing the genuine look in the doctor’s eyes, Beth chewed on her lip. “I’ll...think about it,” she said, beginning to wander off.

“Most excellent,” Dr. Teld replied, bringing back his former smile. “Just look for the Self-Stimulation Suit on the brochure. You won’t regret it, I promise.”

Wandering her way through the booths, Beth was eventually drawn towards the sweet smell of honey. Following the fragrant odor brought her to a booth being watched by a woman with dark skin, and her black hair tied up in a pair of afro puffs. Clad in a yellow shirt marked with horizontal black lines, she cheerily looked towards Beth and waved her over.

“How are we doing today? My name is Keymah,” the woman said.

“Fine, just a little overwhelmed with all of these different options.”

“I see, I see,” Keymah replied, nodding her head. “Tell me, how do you feel about bees?”

Beth looked at the jars and got an inkling of what was about to be proposed. “Are you going to turn me into a bee?”

“Partially yes,” she stated. “However, it will be more than just for pleasure. I work alongside Ms. Bevoin to create concoctions only capable of being created from the Society. If you decide to sign up, you’ll be expected to either serve as a queen of sorts or one of her workers to extract as much honey from the queen’s body as possible through whatever means necessary. And I do mean whatever means,” she added with a sly smile.

“Sounds...interesting,” Beth replied, her opinion being swayed by the prospect of extra cash in her bank account. “I’ll keep it in mind. What’s it called?”

“Busy Bees,” Keymah was eager to answer. “Both the event and our brand,” she said hoisting up one of the jars. “If you have any further questions, feel free to ask Ms. Bevoin. She’s just a few booths down from me.”

“Thank you,” Beth said, taking her leave and making her way towards one of the few people she knew in the Society.

Sifting through a large crowd and long line, Beth was relieved to see the freckled face and brown hair of her friend, Betsy. As to be expected, the farm girl was dressed up in a set of overalls that showed off the toned figure she got from regular farm work. Less expected was the meek looking gentleman sitting beside her, wearing an oversized version of Betsy’s overalls and with his short brown hair dripping with sweat after handling an onslaught of possible volunteers.

“Hello there darlin’, good to see you,” Betsy said as Beth approached. “Don’t know if you’ve met’em, but this is my assistant Arin.”

“Nice to meet you,” Arin replied, shaking Beth’s hand. “Have you come to volunteer for one of our farm programs? We have plenty of options from trash disposal, produce harvesting, milk production, or—“

Betsy silenced Arin by scuffing up his hair. “Appreciate the help, but I got something special in mind for both her and you.”

“Like what?” Arin and Beth asked with similar cause for anxiety.

“I’ve had a few run ins with Arin using a bunch of cattle-based elixirs lately. It’s got me to tinkering up a new set that’s bound to make the perfect bovine duo.”

“That sounds surprisingly quaint,” Beth commented. “So, what kind of cow girl would I become?”

Betsy couldn’t suppress a giggle as she shook her head. “Nah, you wouldn’t be the cow girl. Arin would be.”

“What!?” Arin and Beth once again asked in unison.

In response, Betsy pulled out a box to show off a pink and blue set of bottles. “These potions are designed to fill a person to the brim with different bovine hormones. If everything goes according to plan, it will turn you into a muscle-bound bull man and Arin into a plump cow girl with more than enough cushioning to handle however rough you want to get with him, er, her.”

Beth was slightly less shaken considering this one of her friends and this wasn't the first person that evening to ask if she would like to have a dick. Arin was visibly more shaken, looking back and forth between himself and Beth. Seeing this, Betsy was quick to calm him down with a few whispers into his ear and a rub of his shoulder.

“So how bout it?” Betsy asked to a motionless Beth. “Should be fun to see what it's like as other side, don't ya think?”

“Well...”

“Don't think you have to pick me just because we know each other,” Betsy explained. “Consider your options first. Never know what kind of urges awaken during these mixers. But, if you want to take up my offer, just ask for Cattle Coupling. I didn't put it in the brochure because I wanted to save it for someone I knew.”

“Thank you,” Beth said, taking a bow. “Pleasure to meet you Arin.”

“Same,” Arin replied, trying to calm himself down by the time the next person approached the booth.

Reaching the end of the allotted time, Beth swiveled her head back in forth in search of any other offers that caught her eye. What she found was a familiar face of light brown, pudgy skin

and a braid of black hair. Approaching the woman adorned with a red and orange sari, Beth was happy to see an inviting smile as she once again met with Netrani.

“Good to see you Beth,” Netrani said, reaching across the table to greet her with a comfortable hug.

“Same to you,” Beth replied as they parted. “It’s been a while.”

“Yes, since the Grand Gathering, I believe. What brings you here?”

“Same as everyone else. I’m looking to experiment a bit and find something new.”

Netrani’s smile grew wider. “Then let me set the scene for my event, The Serpent Queen. Tell me this, have you ever looked into a snake’s eyes? Have you ever felt that their gaze was trying to put you in a trance? To make you their unyielding servant to do whatever they wish?”

The obvious answer that came to Beth was no, but over the course of the evening she had learned better than to assume the obvious. “We’d be turning into snakes?”

Netrani laughed. “No, not fully and only myself. The Serpent Queen is a bit of a persona I put on for these sessions. I use my powers to become a gigantic lamia from myth and through the use of hypnosis techniques and my partner’s cooperation, we have fun with a little roleplay.”

“Does the hypnosis work?”

“Only if you allow it,” Netrani replied with a nod of her head. “Regardless, you can expect an unforgettable evening in the queen’s grasp,” she said, reaching out and caressing Beth’s hand. “You’ll be left without any thoughts, except for the desire to please your master. If you do a good job, you will be given equal attention under the title of the queen’s loyal servant. How does that sound?”

“I-interesting,” was all Beth could muster as her body shivered. “I’ll definitely keep it in mind.”

“Then the Serpent Queen awaits your arrival,” Netrani replied, giving Beth one last hug before sending her on her way.

Walking past a group of workers going in to take down the booths, Beth made her way towards the exit. On her way out of the Society’s building, she pulled out a sheet of paper she had scribbled on during the mixer to mark down the booths even a modicum of intrigue in.

- A) Smore Smushing: Female Weight Gain, Food TF (Marshmallow and Chocolate), and Fusing.
- B) Cottage of the Goblin Sisters: Female Shorstack Goblin TF and Sexual Content
- C) De-Evolution Decadence: Male and Female De-Evolution (Caveperson and Ape TF), Strongfat Expansion, and Sexual Content
- D) Self-Stimulation Suit: Female Cock Growth, Leather Suit Cum-Inflation, and Sexual Content
- E) Busy Bees: Male and Female Bee Person TF, Honey Expansion, and Sexual Content
- F) Cattle Coupling: Male to Female Fat Cow Girl TF, Female to Male Muscular Bull man TF, and Sexual Content
- G) The Serpent Queen: Female Lamia TF, Giantess Growth, Hypnosis and Sexual Content.

Looking over the options again, Beth had to ask herself what had possessed her to write down a few of them in the first place. Putting the paper back into her pocket, she made her leave. When she returned home, she would go to sleep in hopes of waking up and making a rational decision on which irrational experience she wanted to participate in.