

Chemistry

Nextro Corp has always been on the forefront of medical innovation. From lifesaving equipment to bio medicine designed to fight cancer, the mega company had its hands in many pies. There wasn't a single product in the medical field that couldn't contribute one of its attributes to the company's cutting edge research and engineering.

But our story isn't about some medical device company with a well-funded PR department. No, this story is about something far more potent than profit and corporate espionage. As interesting as that might be, there was something far more important going on behind its walls than just nanobots and hands free surgery machines.

There was a blooming love.

Nextro's office spaces and research facilities were state of the art and modern. The building a series of Plexiglas rooms and balconies supposed to put forward the illusion of transparency, but it was what was happening in the basement that pushed the bottom line. Down below the facility was just as modern and welcoming to help ease the consciences of the bio engineers that worked there.

The basement walls were pixilated monitors that glowed with images of parks and sprawling meadows, but a simple touch would change the wall into a computer screen with formulas and notes scrawled across it, the employees fingerprints the keys to their files. Everything was white and all the solutions had some sort of die to indicate spillage. A safety feature designed to prevent outbreaks and spillage.

This is where our story takes place, with a particular duo of engineers that had great...chemistry.

“Hey, Ari, babe? Can you come over here?” Chance motioned for his partner in both science and life to come to his side.

“What is it Jersey Boy?” Ari’s thick Bostin accent came through clear as day as he came over to his boyfriend’s side. Chance was hunched over a microscope, the husky doctor was twisting some dials before setting them into place. His dark wavy hair was beautifully slicked back to keep it from his work, but one strand always found its way to land on his forehead for that Clark Kent look.

“I think we finally got a specimen to take and reproduce with the correct genome,” Chance stood and looked up at Ari, the big Hispanic Bostin man had a few inches on the Jersey boy, his tight afro kept trim on his head and yet was still thick and full.

“Have I told you that you’re beautiful today?” Ari smirked, his thick lips cracking into a sly grin, his fingers coming up to brush that lock of hair on Chance’s brow back up into his gorgeous wavy locks.

“Were you even listening to me?” Chance sounded a bit annoyed, but his cheeks bloomed with a bright pink blush.

“Yeah, just marveling at my man’s Henry Cavil good looks,” Ari leaned in and pressed his lips on Chance’s forehead for a tender kiss. “And his big, beautiful, smart guy brain.”

“Okay, Sinatra, save it for the crooners at the bar,” Chance playfully brushed Ari off him while guiding him to the microscope. “Come on, check it out.”

“I’m already checking something out,” Ari bounced his brows at Chance as he eyed him up and down. His boyfriend wore a black turtle neck, red pants that clung to his thick thighs and glutes before exposing his ankles just before his loafers. On top of it all was a pristine white lab coat. The husky guy had a powerful body that pushed his pecks out and his little gut under that sweater.

“Could you not be horny for two seconds,” Chance rolled his eyes, but all Ari saw were those dark eyes gleaming with those long lashes and the slight smirk on those velvety lips.

“What now? Sorry, you distracted me with those lashes of yours.”

Chance huffed, getting a little annoyed at his big strong man of a horny partner. Chance gripped Ari’s ear and pulled him gently down with a few protests from the big guy.

“Hey, careful,” Ari chuckled. “Don’t make me submit a complaint to HR.”

“So long as you don’t make me submit one for sexual harassment,” Chance smirked and forced Ari to look into the microscope.

“I get it babe, I’ll keep it in my pants,” Ari smirked and focused his chocolate eyes on that microscope. He furrowed his brow before adjusting the slide and the dials. “The specimen does seem to be reacting the way we want. It could be a fluke or even something align to what we’re looking for, but we need to run a few more tests before reporting this as a find.”

Chance never got used to how Ari could change from horny beast to professional at the drop of a hat. It was Chance’s turn to look his man over. The Bostonian doctor was widely built, his body thick and strong. They both worked out together, and were very similar in stature, but they both loved their dirty bulk too much to change their diet. They were built like strong men, and Ari was clearly the stronger of the two. He wore a blue button down and slacks, but his arms filled out his lab coat so well that it forced it taut. He was so wide his shoulders bunched up a little. He really should just get a bigger coat, but Ari knew the effect it had on Chance.

“So, you think we’re on the right track?” Chance asked.

“I think it’s a huge breakthrough, babe,” Ari pulled away from the microscope to look his man in the eye. The Jersey boy was standing with his arms crossed, his dazzling teeth biting down on his lower lip to cause his smirk to slant as he looked the Bostin brute up and down.

“You need a bigger coat,” Chance commented, his eyes feasting on the thick slab of man before him.

“I do?” Ari rolled his shoulders, causing the coat to bunch up, the sleeves pulling back to expose the cuffs of his shirt. “I didn’t notice – Pa POW!” Ari quickly struck a pose, his arms up and straining the fabric of his coat as he flexed both his arms and did a side lunge like some superhero showing off.

“Yeah,” Ari continued as Chance chuckled at his goof of a man. “Feeling a little tight.”

Chance put a hand over his grin as he tried to stifle his chuckle, but failed to do so as he came to his man. Chance remembered the first time he noticed Ari’s thick arms. He asked so nervously if he could feel that bicep the first time, but now, he brushed his hands over those solid peaks. He ran his palms over those biceps and Ari flexed a little bit to make Chance’s hand bounce. Chance smirked as he ran his hand down that arm before lacing his fingers between Ari’s.

“You’re such a fool,” Chance took that hand and rubbed his cheek against it, the gruff callouses from his workouts brushed against Chance’s stubble as he nuzzled his cheek into the back of that hand. Ari smiled warmly as he turned his hand to cup Chance’s face, his thumb brushing against that soft cheek.

“Only for you baby, only for you,” Ari’s eyes glittered with the warmth he had for his man and he leaned in for a kiss. Chance didn’t stop him this time as Ari’s powerful lips came to Chance’s soft ones. It was tender, it was sweet, and it felt like they simply folded together when their lips touched. Ari’s free hand went to the small of Chance’s back, softly guiding him closer, not to control, but simply to

invite. Chance accepted and leaned into his man's chest. The smell of Chance's cologne and shampoo filled Ari's senses. A mix of pine, sandal wood, and cedar.

Chance gave a soft sigh through his nose as Ari pulled him close, the two sharing a sweet moment he didn't want to end. Ari smelled of charcoal and mint, the light musk he had mingled with the other to make a smell that was beautifully unique to Ari. An aroma that made Chance feel safe, loved, protected, and free all at the same time.

Ari gave a little surprised huff through his nose as Chance bit on his lip. It wasn't hard, it was a simple little bite, but it sent shockwaves through Ari.

"Now who's horny," Ari's voice was low and husky, his breath holding the slightest hint of his afternoon coffee.

"You can only tease me for so long before I start to tease back," Chance smiled, their smiles pressed against one another like their own joyful kiss before their lips came back together. Ari's hand on Chance's cheek rolled back behind his head to cradle it as he tenderly kissed his love. Chance's hands roamed over Ari's chest, his strong fingers surprisingly soft as he brushed over Ari's sensitive spots. Chance's hands ran over Ari's pecs, his fingers brushing his sensitive nipples that were always on display due to the cold nature of their job.

"Okay," Ari breathed as he pulled away. "I think you've had enough-"

Chance silenced Ari with another kiss, their lips smacking as he wrapped his arms behind Ari's powerful neck.

"You're not getting off the hook that easy, baby," Chance's voice was sultry and smooth, his breath sweet from the mints he took. Ari was going to protest, but Chance silenced his concerns with the thick smacking of their lips. Chance parted his lips, inviting Ari to slip his tongue in. Ari knew he

shouldn't, but he could never deny Chance what he wanted, not for long anyway. So this time, he cut to the chase and accepted Chance's offer.

Ari's tongue slipped into Chance's parted lips, finding his partners waiting and wanting tongue. Ari's pink tongue rolled with Chance's ruby velvet one, the two daring the other silently to go deeper, harder, further.

Ari gripped Chance's back and pulled him close as they made out, his hands roaming further down and gripping the thick and powerful ass cheeks of the man he loved. Chance threaded his fingers into Ari's hair and pulled himself up to really let Ari take him.

Chance gave a little surprised yip as Ari gripped his ass and lifted him up onto the counter. Chance was going to protest, but he realized he didn't care. Instead, he draped his arms over Ari's shoulders while pulling himself closer to him by wrapping his legs around his waist.

"You know we shouldn't be doing this," Ari moaned into Chance's neck as he pulled that turtle neck away to brush his lips against that hot flesh.

"Then you shouldn't have been teasing me," Chance huffed, his cheeks going from a pink to a glowing red as Ari pressed his lips against his neck.

"You know we should really get back to work," Ari breathed into that neck as he tenderly kissed it.

"Who'll rail me then?" Chance smirked and ran his fingers through Ari's hair and gently pulled him closer to his neck. "Come on, I'll even let you leave a mark or two."

Ari gave a low, lusty chuckle and nipped a particularly sensitive tendon. Chance gasped, a shudder of pleasure ran down him as though Ari had plucked a string that hummed from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes.

“Don’t mess with a hot blooded Latin man if you’re not ready for the fire.” Ari hummed his words against Ari’s ivory skin, his tongue like a brush against canvas as he painted entire sonnets with that tongue. Chance was an instrument he knew how to play well, and he couldn’t help but love the way he tasted. The sweetness of his sweat, the bitter bite of his cologne and the hint of his allspice scented lotion. He was a perfect blend of savory and sweet.

“Oh Ari,” Chance’s toes curled in his loafers as his man played with his neck. One of Chance’s hands raked against Ari’s back, his lab coat bunching up while he dug his other fingers into Ari’s scalp. Ari opened his mouth and bit down on Chance until he heard him hiss through his teeth in pain. Ari immediately let up and kissed every tooth mark left there before pulling away and rolling the turtle neck up over it.

“I think that’s enough for now,” Ari chuckled and tried to pull away, but Chance kept his legs locked behind Ari. “You sure big guy?”

Ari heard the distinct clatter of Chance’s loafers hitting the floor. Chance rubbed his bare feet over Ari’s ass, those large soles warm from being confined in those shoes. Ari felt his spine tingle.

“Fuck babe, you don’t play fair,” Ari bit his lip, but he couldn’t keep it together, his knees buckled and he slid down. Chance’s feet were pristine, but Ari knew that. He frequently cleaned and manicured Chance’s feet for him. He said it was really for both of them in the end, and the effect his feet had on Ari wasn’t lost on the Jersey boy.

“You can’t play with me like that and expect to get off scot free,” Chance smiled, lifting his leg up, his thick sole rising before being placed on Ari’s face and pushing him further down. Ari was fully on his knees as he took that foot and kissed each toe. They were warm, each one a bright pink, and laced with the thinnest layer of sweat. The saltiness quickly gave way to the bitter tang of the lotion he used to keep them soft, allspice and rosemary. Ari’s thumb dug into those soles, those feet already slick from their natural oils and moisturizers. The bones deep in that foot cracked as Ari took his time giving that foot the attention it deserved, all the while Ari’s cock throbbed in his pants and threatened to have his pre darken his slacks.

“Hey Ari! Hey Chance!” Leah greeted the two as she entered. The two’s coworker, a whooping crane, tall and elegant in her stature, came sauntering into the research lab. “I’m here to take over for...what are you two doing?”

“Oh...um...” Ari’s face burned, thankfully his tawny skin didn’t show it much. Chance was the one who came to the rescue though.

“I thought maybe I stepped on some glass and Ari was checking my soles.”

“Oh my,” Leah fluttered over, her tall lanky form needing to bend over to get a better look. “I’m so sorry. Was there a broken beaker or something. We would need to report a potential bio breach.”

“No, nothing like that. I think I maybe have stepped on something during lunch and somehow it found its way into my shoe.

“Yeah,” Ari grabbed Ari’s loafers and handed them to his lover. “Looks all good. Must have just been a pebble in his shoe or something.”

“You don’t feel any glass shards or anything digging into your foot at all?” Leah asked.

Chance hopped off the counter and did a little dance, his feet tapping against the pristine white floors.

“Seems like it,” Chance chuckled and then threw his loafers down and hopped back into them.

“Oh my, grand performance,” Leah chuckled and patted her feathery hands together in applause. “If that’s everything, you can draw up your reports and go. I’ll take over monitoring the specimens for the night.”

“Thanks Leah,” Chance beamed a warm smile as he patted Ari on the back. “Come on big guy. Let’s get out of here.”

“Um...yeah, of course,” Ari shook his head and composed himself. “Thanks for taking over Leah.”

“No problem, now you to get out of here and enjoy your nights,” Leah waived them off. The two gave her another quick thankyou before practically skipping out of the room. Leah rolled her eyes.

“Do they really think no one else sees they’re a couple?” Leah turned and set some files down before noticing one of the microscopes had tipped over. She frowned and pulled it up and noticed the slide that was pinned to it had jostled loose and split on the counter.

“Huh...” Leah grabbed some cleaner and sprayed it down. “Those two are such dorks.”

She didn’t think anything of it. Maybe if she had all of this could have been avoided, but that wasn’t the fate of the two lovers. No, that one little spurt of passion unleashed something that would be far more binding than either of them would have ever thought.

Their night was just beginning.

“Fuck, get these damned shoes off me,” Chance groaned as he kicked his loafers to the side, the confines of those shoes almost felt too tight. That’s what he gets for being on his feet all day.

“Oh baby, can’t have those feet getting overworked,” Ari grinned and scooped Chance up into his arms, the big husky guy able to just barely pick up his big boyfriend.

“Holy shit Ari!” Chance gasped, his spine tingling at the princess treatment as he was carried to the living room. Ari huffed from the exertion, but he made it with no more than a light glisten on his brow.

Ari set his man on the couch gently before going down to his knees and grabbing Chance’s aching soles. Ari smiled and kissed each toe before digging his thumbs into that foot and cracking the muscles and joints in that deep tissue.

Chance gave a light moan before gripping his turtleneck and peeling it off. Chance’s natural musk, sweat, and cologne filled the air as he tossed that sweater away. He was wearing a basic white shirt underneath, but the pits were damp and the front was clinging to his chest as the ravine between his husky pecs grew translucent with his fresh sweat.

“Fuck, usually I don’t sweat so bad. The lab is so cold that I forget how hot it is outside.”

“Don’t worry babe,” Ari smiled as he cracked his lover’s toes. “We can take a shower later.”

“That does sound nice,” Chance gave a light sigh as he leaned back on the couch. “Though, you seem to liking what you see.”

Ari’s hands never stopped working over those perfect feet, but he was mesmerized by the matted parts of Chance’s shirt. The dark crevice of thick chest hair showed through that shirt where that sweat had taken root. Given, it was only a little bit between his pecs and his pits, but that little

translucence was hypnotic to the hot blooded Latin man sitting before the object of his desires and daydreams.

“What’s not to like?” Ari smiled and kissed his loves big toe. Had he been less distracted he may have felt the way it pulsed and twitched against his fingers, extending and widening ever so slightly. Though there was one thing that specifically hit him as unusual.

“Have you been using a new lotion?” Ari asked as he looked down at Chance’s foot.

“Why? Something wrong?”

“No...it’s just that...they smell...different,” Ari was very well acquainted with his man’s smells. Especially with how clean and fresh they all were.

“Well, the only one who lotions my feet is you, so I don’t think I have. Why, do they smell bad?”

“No, they smell...well...better?” Ari’s brow furrowed as he wafted the air to his nose like a good chemist would.

It was warm sugar, allspice, and wildflowers. It filled his lungs with a bubbling warmth that tingled in his chest. It was like there were small fireworks going off around his heart, fizzing deep inside him like some sort of airy cocktail. The light earthy smell and tender musk of those toes sent waves through his lungs. It was like that aroma was rolling through him like a fog, down into his limbs. His legs felt warm and heavy, his arms light and airy, and his head was getting a light buzz. It was like he was on his way to being drunk, like one shot before you get down to the binge.

“They smell really good,” Ari was going to try and assess things, but Chance smirked and gently pressed his foot against Ari’s face.

“Oh? You really like them that much huh?” Chance chuckled before realizing the throbbing boner in Ari’s pants. “Oh, you *really* like it, don’t you.”

Air opened his mouth to say something, but as he breathed in, that flavor tickled his tongue, his nose already rife with that tantalizing aroma. It was an earthy musk that was warmed by the sweet smells of allspice and caramelization. He simply had to. Ari’s tongue moved forward and ran over that soft sole. The tip of his tongue came back into his mouth and the salty sweetness of that sole filled his mouth. It was like taking something spicy, the initial flavor hit, and then it bloomed and evolved into complex rolling waves. The bitter tang of perfume from the lotion, the warmth of that aroma filling his mouth, and the way it somehow had a mild sweetness was too much for Ari.

“Oh fuck, Chance,” Ari’s mouth hung open as he licked along that sole, his thick tongue lulling over that foot and flicking over those toes. He wrapped his lips around each toe, giving them a tender suckle and extending the blooming flavor of sweet earthiness, the salty from the hint of sweat, and the bitter from the tang of the perfume from the lotions.

“Ari, you really enjoying yourself, huh?” Chance pressed his foot over Ari’s face, letting the big guy lick and suckle on his toes. “Take your dick out for me big guy.”

Ari didn’t need to be told twice. The only thing that made him angry about the whole situation was that he couldn’t worship that foot fully while also undoing his pants. The jingle of a belt was quickly followed by the sound of it being thrown and smacking against the wall. Ari undid his slacks and his cock was already popping out of his pants. That thick seven inch monster slapped his husky belly, that gut rippling with its healthy layer of fat.

“Good boy,” Ari smiled and moved his free foot down to Ari’s dick. The Bostonian didn’t stand a chance.

Ari's head flew back as the air hitched in his throat. "Oh fuck..." Ari huffed, his breath hot on those toes as his dick was stroked. The oils from Chance's lotion and the light sweat mixing with the pre that dribbled from his cock head. That foot slicked up and down that shaft, stroking the underside of that thick, uncut Latin meat.

Had Ari been in any right mind, he would have noticed that more of his dick fit between Chance's toes than normal, and that foot covered more of his dick than before. But that aroma and flavor were potent and almost hypnotic.

Well...more than almost.

Chance's feet cracked and extended, getting larger, thicker, stronger, the muscles and tendons flexing. To Chance, it was just a slow warming experience. Each crack of his bones or pop of his joints sent rolling pleasure through him. That shirt started to ride up his gut, becoming more translucent by the second as Chance felt that heat blooming about him. His head was getting fuzzy and his muscles almost ached in their warmth.

"Fuck...Ari, one sec..." Chance pulled his feet away from Ari and his man had to focus really hard not to just jump his lover, but he realized that Chance was in distress.

"What is it baby?" Ari got up and got a good look at Chance and he furrowed his brow. "You don't look so good."

Ari came forward and placed his hand on Chance's forehead. It was damp with sweat, but he was also very warm.

"Oh babe, you're burning up," Ari sighed and pulled up his underwear to put his cock away, but ditched his pants. He wanted to change anyway. "You're sweating like a hog and you're burning bright red."

“Really? I don’t feel...so bad...” Chance tried to protest and stand up, only for him to sway and fall into Ari’s arms.

“Babe, you rest, I got this. Don’t you exert yourself like that or you’ll be no good for anyone.”

If Ari wasn’t so concerned about Chance, he would have noticed that despite him having stumbled over, they were almost the same size. Instead he just guided him to the couch again.

“Wait here, I’ll go get you some water and find the thermometer,” Ari said before dipping out of the living room.

“Fuck, and that was so hot too...” Chance gave a little sigh as he gripped the hem of his work pants. They were far too tight. Must be the sweat. He gripped his pants and kicked them off, his boxers a darkening black from his sweat.

Chance gave a defeated groan and peeled his shirt off too, the clothing smacking the floor as he laid back on the couch. His ivory skin was ablaze with warmth, a red blush having rolled over his entire body as he breathed heavy. Chance frowned as he turned and shifted on the couch. Normally he was the perfect size to lay right on it, but now he had to prop his feet up on one end while resting his head on a pillow. He itched the spot between his pecks, the dark chest hair matting down with the heat he was giving off.

“Ari...could you grab me a blanket too?” Chance thought maybe his sinuses were inflamed as his voice got deeper.

“Sure thing babe!” Ari shouted from somewhere in the apartment.

“I think I might be a cold or...oh...” Chance gave a little moan as that warmth bloomed over his body, his bones cracking, his body expanding, his toes extending further, his legs pushing his feet down

further on the couch. Chance sank further into the couch as his muscles flexed and expanded. The fat on his stomach was starting to fade, little by little as his body stretched.

“Holy shit...” Chance gave a light gasp as he felt that warmth roll over him, goosebumps prickling his skin. Chance’s cock was rock hard in his boxers, the fabric tenting from his swelling shaft. Normally he would be smaller than Ari, but now that dick looked to be ten inches and throbbing with growing virility. The blush on Chance’s skin got deeper, more forming into a splotchy rash than a blush. The skin there cracked, looking dry as it split to form crimson scales as Chance’s body continued to expand.

“What the...” Chance had lifted his hand to see the crimson scales shifting into reality on the back of his hand while his nails simultaneously grew dark and sharp. “That’s not gooooooohhhh fuck.”

Chance moaned as power surged through him, the changes coming on faster and more aggressively. It was almost as if acknowledging the changes made them move faster. Chance’s spine cracked, his body growing taller, his boxers getting tighter and the elastic popping as he grew wider and taller, taller and wider. Corded muscle lashed onto his neck, his shoulders bulking up and flexing into stronger blocks of muscle. His pecs rolled forward, flexing as his black chest hair rolled over them in dark mats. His pink nipples grew darker until they were as red as his scales, his pecs pushing them down further as the warmth revealed itself as a rolling pleasure.

Chance’s dark chest got darker, the scales beneath his hair darkening from crimson to a plum until they formed an inky black. Chance shuddered, his body changing with that shudder as his body was fully enveloped by his scales. His hide was crimson while his underbelly was an inky black. He felt some changes shifting in his cock, the scales running over his nuts, but bunching up around the base of his dick without moving forward.

“Oh fuck,” Chance groaned, his cock head changing shape in those musky boxers. The mushroom head flexed and pushed forward to a powerful point that found the opening in the front. That dick slipped out of that underwear, the long red dog dick was thick and powerful and throbbed larger with every passing moment. Chance thrust forward, his knot slipping out from the confines of that underwear as his balls churned in his armored sack.

Chance gave a little shout of pain as his jaw snapped and his nose simultaneously flattened and shunted forward. Chance gave a deep snarl, his throat glowing as flames fluttered between his teeth. Powerful horns cracked out of his skull, sweeping up over his head as his muzzle cracked violently into a squared and powerful jaw. The Jersey boy’s good looks were made more angular and powerful with the writhing muscle and bulking size. Chance now kept his head on one side of the couch while his knees hung off the end of the couch. Chance’s spine shifted out, a tail reeling into existence and forcing him to arch his back as it thrashed like a whip before flexing and filling out with muscle.

Despite being covered in scales, he was still his hairy self. The dark chest hair was thick and rolled over his pecs, making them look thicker and deeper, his shoulders, arms, and legs were still covered in a healthy mat of dark hair, the tops of his feet the same.

Chance gave a low rumble, the feverish heat inside of him persisting as he sat up, his tail naturally thwumping onto the floor as he did so. He could feel his body burning with a pleased heat as it expanded still. The beastly man had transformed into a powerful, imposing seven foot tall drake.

“What the fuck?” Chance’s voice was deep and rumbling. It caused the apartment to shake.

“Come on baby, quit your gripping. It can’t be all that bad...” Ari was about to enter the living room when a powerful smell hit him. It was the smell of those feet only magnified a hundred fold. It was

potent, it filled his lungs with fire crackers that fluttered in his heart. His cock was so hard it ached for a place to seat itself.

Ari let the glass of water and blanket hit the floor as he was drawn into the living room. There, the hulking form of a drake sat on the couch, his body pulsing wider, thicker, stronger, and more powerful with each pulse, and with each pulse, that smell got thicker. It was strong and earthy, musky and sweet. It was a perfect pheromone made just for Ari and his...his...

Mate...

The word felt so right to Ari. That was his mate's scent. That was the special aromatic moniker of his man.

"Chance?" Ari shuffled into the room, his fear muted by the drug like effect of those pheromones as they soaked his brain in a mounting need. Each breath he took plunged him further and further into the depths of his desire.

"A-Ari..." Chance panted. "Fuck...I...I don't know what's going on."

"Fuck you're so sexy..." Ari gasped as he shuffled forward, his own bare feet brushing the hardwood as he came over to his massive mate.

"Ari...do you see this? I'm not going crazy, am I?"

"Fuck baby, you're so fucking hot," Ari crumpled to the floor at Chance's feet. "You smell...so fucking good."

Chance took a moment to realize what was happening. This was his project he was working on. A virus that infected its host and healed its DNA. It was used to fight cancer by adding in elements of animals that were resistant to cancers and specimens with self-rejuvenating properties. There were

several other animals that were added to stabilize the compound, but he had no idea it would be so violently efficient...and feel so fucking good!

“Ari...I need you to listen to me, oh shit,” Chance groaned as his cock throbbed. Chance smelled something very specific. It was Ari’s musk. The mix of his pine and charcoal scented soap sent shivers down his spine. “Ari...I’ve been contaminated. We need to call work...oh fuck...and lock down the...fucking apartment.”

Chance was finding it harder and harder to concentrate. His cock throbbed, his pre dripping off his dick and dribbling down onto the ground to form a growing puddle.

“Fuck work,” Ari groaned as he kissed Chance’s thick and powerful foot, the smell the most potent there. “I want to fuck my man.”

A dark thought rippled through Chance’s mind. He knew it was wrong, and he couldn’t be entirely sure it wasn’t the virus coaxing him, but the thought was born of a deep desire.

Infect him...

“No, I can’t, he’ll change...”

So? Who cares? Look how fucking sexy you are. Imagine a specimen like Ari being exposed? He was always bigger, stronger, manlier than you in every way. How do you think that would be augmented? How he would be made into a perfect mate for you.

Chance was frozen as his own mind worked against him, or at least the mind that was throbbing between his legs. The idea sent shivers down his spine. A dark smirk cracked on that dragon muzzle, flames licking between his teeth.

“Fuck it,” Chance rumbled, his mind shifting to become more aggressively submissive. “Hey baby,” Chance fanned his toes, the thick pheromones wafting up between them and smacking Ari with a thick hit of that love drug. Ari groaned, his back arching as he pressed his lips against those massive clawed toes.

“Yeah baby?” Ari groaned as he lulled his tongue between those toes as best he could.

“Come here,” Chance’s tail moved like a tentacle, completely prehensile and strong, and lifted Chance’s face up to look at. Chance’s dark eyes were amber now, the reptilian slits made him look vicious, but that warm smile and look of mischief softened it out. That’s how Ari knew it was still Chance despite that sensations coursing through him.

Ari hated the idea of leaving those feet, but he knew his mate needed him for something more important. He lifted himself up until the powerful hands of that drake pulled him close.

“You know that shit we’ve been working on?”

“Y-yeah?” Ari could hardly follow. He felt like he used a keg of beer to wash down a bottle of Viagra. He was feeling those pheromones strong and potent.

“Do you know how its supposed to infect people,” Chance smiled.

“Of course...we used the rabies virus...so...it’s in...saliva,”

“Yes,” Chance leaned in, his powerful nose nuzzling his love drunk man. “Do you want to be like me?”

“No one is like you babe,” Ari murmured as he hugged that thick dragon neck. “You’re one of a kind.”

“You’re such a fool,” Chance chuckled.

“Only for you baby,” Ari pressed his lips against Chance’s, and Chance accepted the kiss. The drake huffed through his nose, warm jets of breath rolled between them as Ari made out with that muzzle. It was a little awkward as Chance didn’t know how his muzzle worked just yet, but it slowly got smoother.

“I feel warm...” Ari huffed.

“That means its working baby, just keep kissing me – Fuck!” Chance hissed as Ari’s thick fingers gripped that dog dick and stroked it while he pressed his lips against him, swallowing that curse as they made out. The wet smacking of their lips filled the room as Ari tasted his mate’s desires on that tongue, the need for a man that could take him. Chance loved being in charge, but he also loved when Ari’s beast came out, and he was going to pull the beast out of Ari in a whole new way.

With the virus having a more suitable host than a glass slide, it had grown strong and virulent. Ari already felt sweaty and feverish as his body ached, trying to fight off the aggressive virus.

And failing miserably.

Ari shuddered as his body glistened with sweat. Chance smirked and gripped the shirt Ari was wearing and tore it away, his new claws making short work of the fabric. Already Ari’s chest was bunching up, his muscles flexing involuntarily as they expanded and twitched larger by the second. The Bostonian’s husky gut was flexing, that keg of power shrinking as he continued to expand. His first row of abs formed on the top of that gut as he continued to grow.

Ari felt weak despite his growing form, he slouched against Chance and he moaned, his body burning with his fever as Chance caught him.

“Don’t worry big guy,” Chance rumbled, his new deep voice still very much his own, just deeper and more guttural. “I got you. Where did we leave off last time?”

Chance slowly lowered his man down to the ground on his back. The red drake gave a sly grin as he lifted his massive feet, those thick and powerful toes fanning as he flexed them. The pheromone laced musk tinged the air as he lowered them down onto Ari.

Ari was panting as his body was ravaged by the transformative infection, but something cut through the hazy fog. Chance’s sole, the massive black scales of his soles pressed against Ari’s face. The soft scales were smooth and sweet, laced with a bit of sweat. Ari gasped, that pheromone fizzing in his lungs and mind, causing his dick to jump to attention as Chance rubbed that sole over Ari’s face. He was gentle, but would press his toes against a few spots as Ari continued to expand. Ari was in a hazy heaven, or at least he thought he was until he felt his mate’s other foot reach his rod. Now this was heaven for the Boston man. Ari moaned into that sole, those toes brushing his lips as that musk and aroma filled his lungs. Ari wrapped his lips around those toes as Chance continued to play with his dick.

Chance leaned back on the couch, his hands behind his head, his hairy pits exposed as he stroked his man’s twitching, expanding shaft with his toes and played with his face the way he liked. Ari’s tongue ran up between Chance’s toes, the sweet salt of those digits tainting his tongue. Chance flexed his toes, pinning that tongue between those clawed digits. Chance smirked and lifted his foot, that tongue running between those toes as the flavor was imbedded in that thirsty appendage.

Ari groaned, writhed, and humped up into those toes. Each time he thrust, those toes covered less and less of his shaft, but that just meant Chance was stroking it faster, his toes slicking with the pre that was dribbling from his shaft. The mixing of musks caused the aroma to change. There was a much manlier smell emerging from that aroma. It was a smell only the two could perceive, but it was getting stronger by the second.

Ari rumbled, his body lurching upward, his spine elongating and cracking, his frame packing on muscle. Every one of Ari's muscles flexed, striations forming and rolling over his body before solidifying into powerful muscle. Ari's body slid across the floor as it grew, the rug beneath Ari felt like it was shrinking as his lats spread out behind him on the carpet, his ass getting more muscular and forcing his back into a deeper arch as he was played with by those toes.

"Fuck," Ari turned his head to release Chance's toes from his mouth as it cracked and reshaped. His teeth clenched as they shifted shape, becoming more predatory. Fangs formed on those teeth as his jaw squared off before shunting forward, his nose turning black as his muzzle took shape. Mottled fur started creeping over Ari, starting mainly on his face, but also radiating from his crotch where Chance continued to stroke that need.

"Chance...fuck..." Ari groaned as his jaw snapped, his voice dropping lower with each shunting growth. Ari was almost the same size as his mate, but just when Chance thought it was about to taper off, Ari's body flexed and his growth accelerated. The beastly man before him gave a growl, deep and beastly as his muscles lashed onto his neck, his delts and shoulders coming into stark relief as his collar bone was revealed with how shredded his muscle was. His pecks formed multiple peaks, his biceps and triceps doing the same. His keg had evolved into a solid eight back, his teardrop thighs writhed as the striations in them found purchase, his veins rolling down into his calves as his own feet cracked and formed a mix between feet and paws, his large toe shrinking and riding up to become a dew claw while his other toes all flexed longer and thicker, dark claws forming on each as the nails thickened and grew out.

"Holy shit, Ari," Chance was looking over his mate with wide eyes as he continued to evolve. Natural eyeshadow bled onto Ari's fur before adjusting into more of a raccoon mask, his shredded

definition was softened as creamy fur ran over his underbelly while his hide became a deep chocolate. Ari's ears shrank and rose to the top of his head to form rounded ears.

Chance felt the next change before he saw it. He suddenly felt something brushing against his sole as he stroked Ari's dick. He looked over to see that barbs were forming over that thick shaft, the massive cock growing to a full foot long before continuing to defy nature and flex larger, that thick foreskin wrapping tightly around an angry pink head. Chance's toes got slicker as that cock became more productive, those balls each shunting to larger sizes, each looking like they tried to break out of his sack before rolling into place and churning out more virility.

Chance went to move his toes to those balls and Ari arched his back, his hips pushing up against those toes.

"Fuck, baby!" Ari growled, his voice so deep it caused the windows to rattle.

"Fuck, did that hurt?" Chance asked.

"Don't fucking stop," Ari raked the ground, his nails forming into vicious claws that could tear flesh from bone as he pushed up against that foot.

Chance smirked and moved his foot over those nuts again. Then he felt a lump. Normally he would think there was something wrong medically, but that lump was accompanied by various other fleshy nubs. Those balls churned, as thick udders grew on those nuts. That sack a pouch of such virile masculinity that they needed a new way to release on top of all the added spunk.

"Oh, Ari," Chance bit his lip with a wicked grin. "You're going to enjoy this."

Chance got off the couch and straddled his man, Ari's growing form causing the dragon's thighs to widen with each gentle pulse of growth. That wouldn't deter Chance though. He leaned in and kissed

and nibbled on Ari's under muzzle, that powerful jaw clenched as the emerging beast came into his new body. Chance's feet moved down to run his toes over those balls, those powerful dragon digits flexing and then gripping those udders before milking them slowly while his soft heels worked over that barbed shaft.

"Chance!" Ari had a blaring moment of clarity as the shock of all that pleasure caused him to thrash, his body lurching upwards before his tail shot out of his spine and down between his legs, that muscular and wide appendage made for paddling. Ari had evolved into some raccoon otter hybrid.

"Someone finally ready to take this shit to the next level?" Chance put his hands on Ari's shoulders as he arched his back, the dragon looking down with his amber eyes into Ari's brown ones.

For a brief moment Ari knew something was wrong, that something was terribly wrong and that they should send out an alarm to their work that there was a containment breach.

But then Chance's toes wetly worked over the oozing udders on his nuts and every thought other than railing his mate flew out the window.

"Fuck, Chance!" Ari snarled and gripped the dragon by his shoulders. "I feel like I'm about to bust a month's worth of nut, and I want every FUCKING drop to be deep in that ass of yours."

"Do you really have to ask?" Chance smiled, his toes wetly working over those balls, his toes a slick mess of the oozing pleasure from those udder balls. Like a cat playing with yarn, one foot would fan, strands of that virility linking between those toes like streamers, while the other flexed and pulled, those nuts rolling back and forth as Chance played with his mans over sensitive nuts.

"Baby, I ain't going to fuck you if you don't want it," Ari smirked, his face twitching as he tried to contain his lust. He was a gentleman after all; he wasn't just going to make his man into a piece of means...even if he wanted to. He wanted nothing more than to pin his man down and violently rut him

into next week. The thought of fucking him so hard the floorboards cracked crossed his mind, his cock lurching and splattering a thick wad of pre on Chance's ass.

"You can smell my need filling the fucking room and you think I don't want it?" Chance smirked down at his man. He didn't want a gentleman to fuck him. Chance wanted a beast. He wanted the Ari that shook head boards, broke plaster, and drained his nuts raw and deep. He wanted that beast and he could already see the breaks in Ari's mask as he played with those balls.

"Fuck, Chance...you really want that dick, don't you."

"I want more than that dick, I want you to fuck me like you hate me," Chance leaned in and kissed his lover, their tongues lulling around one another until Chance smiled, their fangs pressed against each other's. "All while you tell me you love me."

"Baby, I could never hate you," Ari winced as his cock throbbed.

"You sure about that?" Chance slowed his stroking of those nuts to an almost painful pace. Chance was grinding his way up and down, his own foot long a hot slab of meat on the bottom row of Ari's abs.

"Holy shit, what did you just do," Ari's entire body flexed. Chance stopped and looked down and saw a few bright pink teats forming on his lowest row of abs. Chance smiled and continued to grind over his mate, his own thick dog dick smearing and brushing over those sensitive nubs.

"You got a few new buttons to push now, don't you," Chance smirked as he continued to tease his man.

"Fuck you Chance," Ari had a sly grin, his Bostin accent coming on thick. "Two can play that way."

Ari brought his hands up to Chance's heaving pecks, only to find them soft and pillowy. Ari furrowed a brow as he laced his claws in that thick chest hair only to find that those pecs were swollen with more than just muscle. Ari gripped those pecks and Chance threw his head back and groaned as milk leaked from his tits. His pecs lurched forward into massive hairy breasts. Chance's tongue lulled out as his tits pissed milk, sweet cream that made his tits feel like they were pissing cum. His entire chest flexed and that milk squirted out as his cock throbbed and oozed.

Ari couldn't resist. He sat up, his maw latching onto that tit and slurping. His fangs nipping at that teat as he sucked and gulped down that sweat cream as his other hand got soaked in his mate's milk. It dribbled between Ari's fingers and knuckles, soaking down his forearm as his thick Adam's apple gulped down powerful jets of his lover's milk.

Chance was a moaning mess, grinding back and forth as that hot cock slapped around his ass cheeks, his toes twitching on those udder balls Ari drank deep. Drool dripped from the dragon's maw as his new love pillows were drained by that powerful muzzle. Ari's tongue flicked over that teat, swirling over it as he nursed on that sensitive nub for all it was worth.

The drake found a flash of clarity and moved his hands to Ari's chest, his fingers finding a duo of thick, fur covered breasts. He gripped them, the teats leaking milk as well. The otter's lips smacked as they came off Chance's teat to moan. Milk dribbled from the corners of Ari's maw as the last gulp of sweat cream was left in his muzzle from that moan. He quickly swallowed it and gave a deep growl, griping his mate by the hair and forcing him into a deep passionate kiss.

Ari winced as their breasts crushed together. He had to adjust to let their girls have room, but he managed to make it work as their lips smacked, their tongues danced, and they both savored the flavor of the last few drops of Chance's milk.

Ari let go of Chance's head and brought his hands down to Chance's thick muscled cheeks. He gripped those globes, the muscle behind them pushing back against his claws as he spread those cheeks to get to his prize. Ari's dick had already oozed so much pre that the crevice was glazed in his need. With masterful control, Ari lifted Chance up, his augmented size and strength making the massive drake feel almost light in his arms.

Chance felt his man taking charge and smiled into their kiss.

"Bout time big guy," Chance rumbled.

"You love the dance, you big tease," Ari growled lustfully as he found that pucker.

Chance smirked and his tail came around to grip the base of that dick and line it up with his needy hole. The tight pucker flexing already in anticipation of that massive beastly member.

But nothing could have prepared him for it.

Ari pressed forward and Chance gasped, his entire body tensing as his walls tingled from just the tip brushing his pucker.

"You okay," Ari paused. Chance had never wanted to strike his man, or anyone for that matter, but in that moment he wanted to claw his man's eyes out for not just taking him. Instead, Chance gripped the back of Ari's neck and forced their foreheads together as he snarled, flames licking between his teeth.

"Just FUCK ME!" Chance roared and tried to push back. Ari would have teased the big drake, made him work for that dick more, but Ari lost his grip with how slick he had already made that ass.

Chance threw his head back and roared. It was loud, it was powerful, and flames roared across the ceiling leaving scorch marks. Chance's ass slammed down and he immediately pulled back up, his

thighs quaking as he started to ride Ari. Every barb, every vein, every fucking twitch of that cock felt like it was MADE for Chance. His ass quivered, his cheeks clamped and gripped that dick as he bounced on that rod. Chance gripped the otter's thighs with his powerful claws and leaned back to slam himself down over and over on that dick.

Ari groaned as his cock was milked by that ass, that hole a tight velvety place where his dick belonged. Nothing had ever felt better against his dick, and nothing ever would ever again. He wanted to fucking live in that hole, and Chance was smacking his ass down like he wanted that dick to never leave him. Ari almost didn't notice that Chance's nuts had formed udders as well, his cock flopping and throwing strings of pre in every direction as he continued to ride Ari for all he was worth. Chance's tits jostled painfully and dribbled milk, but it didn't matter. The pain was just another layer of depth to the pleasure as he rode that cock, those barbs hitting every sweet spot and that cock head brushing over one of the most sensitive buttons he had ever felt.

"FuuuuuUUUUUUUCK!" Chance screamed as his cock lurched, thick wads of cum shooting out as his ass clamped and slurped on Ari's cock. Ari felt his mate orgasm on top of him, and he almost busted right then and there, but he wasn't done with his mate, not by a long shot.

Ari gripped Chance by his knees and forced him onto his back, Ari forcing those legs back behind his head as he angled himself. Ari snarled, his cock twitching like made, that ass already quivering for more of that dick. The otter didn't ask for permission or for reassurance, he just started fucking.

"YEEEESSSS! ARI! FUCK ME!" The drake roared, his deep voice rumbling through the apartment complex. Chance gripped his cheeks and forced them further apart

“FUCK YEAH BABY!” Ari roared back. “I’m going to fucking breed that ass. I’m going to bust my brats deep inside you.” Ari gripped those legs and forced them to his chest, forcing those feet into his face as he continued to fuck.

“Fuck yeah Ari! Fuck me full of your babies, or pups, or whatever! Just don’t you dare pull out! Fucking drench me in your cum!” Chance’s toes fanned, flexing and pressing into Ari’s face.

“Fuck yeah babe, you’re going to look fucking hot with my litter inside you! I’m going to blow that ass up with my fucking kids!” Ari huffed, that powerful pheromone making his body burn with desire, his nuts churning and ready to bust.

“That’s right! Fucking rail me! Make me your bitch! I’ll make you a DADDY!”

“FUCK YES! KEEP TALKING DIRTY, BITCH!”

“Fuck Ari! Bust inside me! Flood me with your kids! Don’t stop fucking me till I’m fucking gravid with our brats!”

“Fuck yeah baby!”

Each time they spoke, Ari’s hips thrust harder, faster, deeper. The two were fucking like there was no tomorrow.

“Fuck, I’m so close! Play with my nuts! I want you to feel them make you a fucking mother!”

Chance didn’t know how to grip those balls besides to have his tail go up and tug on them as they slapped his ass. Chance didn’t have the best control of his tail, so he missed.

Or did he?

Ari snarled and thrust forward as Chance's tail sank into his pussy. Ari's taint had split into a bright pink, puffy peach, and Chance's tail sank into it, glazed with his need.

"Don't you DARE pull out of that hole," Ari snarled as he smacked harder. "Deeper! Fuck me DEEPER!"

Chance could hardly comprehend what Ari was saying, but he complied and wriggled his tail deeper into that wanton hole, the slick walls twitching with each flex of Ari's cock.

"FUCK! TAKE MY BRATS YOU BITCH!" Ari roared, his balls bouncing and his udders spewing seed as his cock throbbed deep inside his mate. His pussy squirted, spraying his cunny honey all over that tail as he unleashed jet after powerful jet into that needy hole.

"Holy shit Ari," Chance groaned, his ass flexing around that cock.

"I didn't tell you to fucking stop," Ari snarled in Chance's ear as he started thrusting again, his cock still hard as steel. Chance saw stars and it took him a moment before he could comply.

And comply he did. Hundreds of noise complaints were filed, but no one dared to disturb the two in their rut. The fucked, sucked, drained, and mated for hours, as the building rattled from their love making.

The two didn't stop until the sun started to rise, the world blanketing in amber light.

"Ari..." Chance moaned, his ass a dripping mess of cum, gallons of the stuff had soaked the floor and was causing stains on the ceiling in the unit below as it seeped between the floorboards.

"Yeah?" Ari huffed, his cock resting on the ground as Chance curled up and rested his head on those massive love pillows Ari was sporting.

“Do you think we’ll still have a job after all this?” Chance chuckled.

“I don’t know, but I say we just enjoy the weekend and let the hazmat crew sweat the details.”

“Sounds...good...” Chance moaned as he nuzzled up to his mate.

“I thought you’d like that plan.”

“Did you call hazmat?”

“When would I have had time.”

“True...” Chance smiled and closed his eyes.

“Don’t worry babe. We’ll figure it out. We always do.”

“I know. This is just going to be a huge mess to deal with at work.”

“Yeah, usually I’m the mess you’re cleaning up,” Ari chuckled.

“Fuck, you’re such a fool,” Chance didn’t have the energy to say anything else as he rested in his man’s arms for a well-deserved rest.

“Only for you Jersey boy,” Ari gave Chance a tender kiss on his head. “Only for you.”