

A Slut at the End of the Universe

It started with darkness and a small grunt. Air breathing into lungs with a gasp as the naked man could feel his exposed rear against a cold, metallic floor. Moving around, he sensed his hands and legs were restrained, a material similar to the ground cuffing everything together. His teeth chattered, and for a moment, he almost forgot his name.

Skyy, that's right. Where was he? Why couldn't he see anything, and what-

Three lights above him flashed on, blinding the man as he yelled from the sound. When his eyes adjusted to the brightness, he could see a mirror in front of him, showing white skin, blonde hair, and a perplexed expression. Average body, average height, and a six-incher flopped between two rather used testicles, as if he had quite the time last night. Though, the post-alcoholic headache in his mind fogged his memories.

There was a crackle above him, the androgynous voice of someone with restrained rage in their voice. "Good. You're awake. *Finally.*"

He opened his mouth, as if to speak back, but the words failed to reach his lips, mostly groans of displeasure as the more he looked around, the more he could see that he was surrounded by more mirrors, as if *Skyy* was in the cube of one. The ground was the only place his body did not reflect. He could see hickies on his neck, benign claw

marks along his back. His dick felt so sore, and all he wanted to do was lay on the floor and pass out.

Skyy knew at least he was on a space station. Stay on one for so long and you can *feel* the artificial gravity well. "Listen, let's get to the part where you tell me what I'm doing here, and I'll get to the part where I demand you let me go."

Over the intercom, the young man could hear a snicker before a reply was given. "It was that overconfidence that landed you in this situation. Do you even *know* why you're here?"

Musky whiffs of air went up Skyy's nose. "I'm guessing I pissed off the wrong person? Said some insult to a rich asshole about his daughter or however it goes?"

"I'm not here to tell you your hollow memories. I'm here to tell you what the consequences are going to be for your actions."

The naked man rolled his eyes. Then how *would* he know why he was here?

"You best understand it like this. These few seconds of awareness were a blessing. So you understand *why* you'll look so different. Plus I'm told by our psychologists it

wouldn't be healthy for your new mind to be so unadjusted." Were they smiling as they talked?

Crossing his arms, Skyy talked with a hidden fear in his voice. It was best to act like he wasn't affected by all of this. "What in the hell are you talking about?"

"You owe us."

"I owe what? I can pay whatever I did."

Skyy heard a crackling laugh. "You're here because of that simple problem. Last night, you bought an abundance of food, countless bottles of alcohol; keep in mind you used protein de-acetaldehyders to keep drinking, and hired strippers and prostitutes alike. You passed out, and at the end, there's nothing in your wallet, and no credits in your Galactic account. You're broke."

Well, yes, he was. But he was working back on the funds. A transfer was going to happen... soon. He just needed a little more time. "A-"

"No more talking Skyy. The Directors have already made their decision. You're going to repay us what we're owed, along with *interest*."

He couldn't just sit back and force some kind of debt collection onto him. Skyy tried his best to stand, but something magnetic engaged in the cuffs, keeping him close to the floor.

"We're in need of a... *special* service. Someone who can provide clients more outlandish experiences. You don't have the body for it, but... you will soon."

"How-" The words were cut short as a painless needle shot into his back, immediately getting to work as he felt unable to move his lips. Some device had lowered itself so quickly from the ceiling that he hadn't noticed it.

"That soon. We can't wait to see how many millions you make us. Sure, a few thousand is what you owe, but the interest is, well, you won't be able to think about how high the percentage is here soon."

There was first a burp, something so innocent and random. Skyy brought in a deep heave, staring at himself in the mirror. Like a flash flood, his cock, while not gaining even a single inch of girth in rigidity, began to leak heavily. Out from the orifice on his tip, a clear, salty liquid poured onto the floor like a kitchen faucet on a low setting. He winced, trying to reach towards it in order to nurse it. Instincts in his mind told him to jerk, but his body did something completely different.

Skyy pushed in. With two thickening fingers, the man pressed his cock up against the front of his groin, feeling the pleasure meat lose its shape and unfold. Foreskin detangled itself, the rod almost *sticking* itself to the skin of the crotch. He wanted to stop, even though there was no pain, the pleasing numbness was so unnerving. But he compressed, pressured, **forced** his appendages and digits in more and more until something opened. Something that allowed his fingers a proper entrance, a resounding and wet sounding **POP** alerting him that his sex had now changed.

Angling his bound hands, Skyy moaned like a bitch in heat, watching in the mirror as his discharging groin became green and a pale yellow, a rough texture forming there. Like scales on a lizard. His mouth was quivering, the idea that he couldn't stop his hands from reaching inside the new hole of his deconstructed male genitalia, and from how something behind him was now touching the floor. It was an entirely foreign sensation.

Moving his head to examine it properly, he could see it, he could... *smack* it against the cold floor. A thick tail that looked like an overstuffed potato wedge that tapered hard at the end, it swayed back and forth without his permission. A cloudy fog was dampening around his mind, as if his head was the peak of a large mountain with a rainy valley below.

Skyy's neck bulged like cardboard tubing, vertically rising like a giraffe as his wrists and ankles felt the metallic pressures of the cufflinks. He tried to touch his new neck, just to feel the width of it all, but his hands wouldn't stop fingerpainting his new cunt, the whole thing getting larger as the slit was big enough for an entire human hand to playfully wrangle with. The man's feet grew talons and inflated, the soles there getting horizontal bands from left to right as the toes slimmed towards the ends, becoming heavy and reptilian.

The changing man's eyes took on a yellowish hue, the pupil flatlining into a predatory slit. Skyy's brain was going through similar changes as the skull refigured itself, his entire head lengthening in all directions as something that could be called a muzzle pushed outwards, the whole nose and front of his face moving along with it. The neck was taking a certain shape, one that was more or less becoming an easy to miss strut that connected body to head, as if it almost never existed at all.

The cuffs popped, the metal not strong enough to hold any of the mass that accumulated onto his body. Before the weight could pin him, Skyy got on up on his feet, finding his body impossible to stand straight up with as his back was now hunched, almost like he was closer to the ground but without a need to plant his front hands onto it. Not that he could. The arms were wilting, getting larger than they were before, but dwarfing his body, becoming near useless. No thumbs, and without a way to even scratch with his new nails because of how far everything else was.

Everything took a more rounded shape, belly like a barrel as fat drooped downwards from all locations. Gullet, gut, and groin, all sagging in the direction of the ground as a loud, rippling noise, something similar to purrs were made from Skyy's new throat. Opening his mouth, he roared like an ancient predator, sharp, arm-sized teeth opening as wet, globby spittle struck the mirror in front of him.

His brain was decomposing. Mathematics, science, memories of even last week were disappearing. The transforming beast only roared to scare off the threat in front of him, not even realizing it was his own reflection.

Yet, with a cunt you could stick a whole man up until his head breached the womb, it was hard to see Skyy as anything other but a good girl, a very good girl, a *clever* girl. Six breasts the size of intelligent flying mini-cars were ballooning on her chest and descended downwards like stairs towards the belly. Seven, if you included the stomach, spherical objects just hanging there as mammalian milk production caused the teats to squirt dairy out similar to a ketchup bottle. Had Skyy had any more wits about her, she'd understand that the biological oddities on her growing, scaly body were more or less still parts of her former human self combining with the features of a reptile. If evolution was to be believed, that mammals were once lizards, then Skyy was more or less devolving.

She was still there, somewhat. Her muzzle was beyond incompatible in speech, and even though liters of saliva was falling from the jowls of her Tyrannical snout, eyelids half-closed, there were human thoughts trying to make sense of everything. Trying to stop the instinctual behaviors of a brain that decreased in size yet was much heavier, a few less pink wrinkles here and there. A human she was no more, but a multi-titted T-Rex with a fat ass. It was like every part of her body was made to enhance and entice. Her thick and curvy rear, the cunt with two clitorises just to make the bitch moan more, and how heavy she was now. Her height had nearly tripled, and the weight was multiplied way past the point of being calculable in her mind. The arms of the female dinosaur were perfect though for grasping, playing, and teasing those pizza-sized areola, nipples bigger than a man's jaw, something he'd had to stick his lips inside to drink from.

Skyy took a few uneasy steps around the room as the scales were nearly finished spreading around her body. The T-Rex's thighs were wide and quite bulky, her rear so bouncy she felt it tap the tail and back legs. The room shook with every plant of her three-toed feet, and she was lost just staring at the unrecognized reflection. The skull was so large, almost the size of a tank, and it felt just as heavy as one. Although, Skyy might not have noticed whether that was because her head felt so stuffy or the actual weight. From dinosaur instincts telling her to charge at the mirrors along the walls to escape, to the human notions that tried to reason a way out of this, it was too much, and the serum coursing through her blood was only making the fogginess worse.

"Skyy? Are you there?" said the voice on the intercom.

The female lizard looked up to the ceiling. *What's causing that noise? What is that?*

"Is your brain funny? Nod your head if you can understand me."

Skyy thought for a moment, trying to parse the words. Slowly, after a few seconds of stupidity, she bobbed her head up and down.

The voice cleared their throat. "You're going to be a real party animal. We have all the VODs from last night. We're going to make sure you're just as pleased as every other associate here was from your raucous actions.."

Having two clitorises made Skyy a frantic bitch, feeling the two nubs the size of oranges rubbing up against each other with every step, it was like she was going to cum just from walking. It subtly trained her to keep still.

Very suddenly, which spooked the dinosaur, two clamps came down, slamming around Skyy's neck, hot metal fusing from rapid metallurgy to create a cybernetic collar

that was tight and snug, making her uvula gag from the pressure until it naturally formed and fitted.

“This collar will help you plenty. It’ll redirect those instincts so you don’t devour our clients, and it’ll help you communicate now without a proper mouth. And I *guess*... it’ll give you back a little bit of intelligence. Though just enough to interact with your buyers.”

Skyy opened her muzzle, watching the one-hundred pound tongue flop out, slime covering it to a ridiculous degree. Her whole body was crafted for sex, every part lubricated and willing. Even the concept of consent was erased, as if the word no was not in her vocabulary.

“Go on,” the voice said. “Try to speak using your thoughts and the collar will talk for you.”

Utilizing that information with her small yet heavy mind, Skyy used much of her brain to think of what to say, noting that she no longer saw other animals in the reflections but herself, as if the dumb and predatory instincts were put on pause.

“SLUT IS TALKING.”

The voice was almost grating to her new ear holes. Robotic, simple, not even said like a sentence but words awkwardly spoken and spliced together. There were so many

better apps on the market that could make her sound like a perfectly normal person, yet here they were using this archaic software. **“SLUT IS NOT NAME!”** Skyy found that

it wasn't using her name! She tried merely the word. **“SLUT. SLUT. SLUT.”**

“Having fun there *Slut*?” The voice towards the ceiling was mocking her now. “Skyy isn't your name anymore, you best get used to what we're telling the clients what you are now. A big, dumb, female beast that wants to have sex with you just as much as they want. They won't even know you were a person. Hell, it even brings us in the freaks who want to fuck animals. As far as they'll know, you're a creature from some faraway planet we hooked up with basic human intelligence, pulsing up those libido glands to heighten your sex drive, making you only want sex, and your name will only be known to them as...?”

The female dinosaur tried her hardest to scream her old name. **“SLUT!”**

“That's right. Good girl. Your next client has a thing about virgins, so he wanted to get the first piece of you. He traveled so far on such short notice. Give him something good won't you? But... don't worry, even if you don't feel like it, we'll **help.**”

Another prick was made in Skyy's scales, something from inside the collar injecting a content of some kind into her?

"A nanobot is making its way to your brain. It'll leave a chip there for us to monitor you, make sure you can't escape. Though I'm not sure how you would with your size, and your... peculiarities." There was a laugh, and Skyy couldn't help but look down and notice her six breasts. The floor would need a good mopping between her drool, milk, and girlcum. "Plus, it'll allow us to regulate your predatory instincts. Just, like, this."

Skyy's eyes widened, both in surprise of the mirrors lifting up to reveal a vast jungle before her, but also her vagina flushing with fluids as the simple commands that her animal brain thought of like 'find shelter,' 'eat,' and 'breed' were replaced with a very basic order. **'FUCK' 'FUCK' 'FUCK.'**

"Your client is in there Slut, over in that biome, waiting for you. Give him a good time."

Licking her lips, her nose smelled a foreigner. The jungle was not large, more like a large city park, yet a huge window to her left depicted the space outside, a black void with millions of stars in view along with an ever turning black hole. An interesting mood for sex on a station.

With the stance and movement speed that'd make a person piss themselves if they saw it rushing them, Skyy charged into the thicket, her blocky head rubbing against the canopy of green. Closer and closer the aromatic scents of a furry man snapped at her senses, pushing aside trees with her body until she saw it. An orange-furred fox that stared back at her with agape and shocked eyes. He was completely naked, and his knotted dick was rising from its sheath the more they stared at one another.

She could barely hear him as he spoke, the rumbles in her esophagus loud enough to stun the small furry into silence. "H-hi," he said slowly. "Y-you're a pretty big girl aren't you? Slut right?"

A buzz was playing in Slut's head, the slits that were her pupils widening as she growled, with each step coming closer to the fox, the more he winced, his body thumping. Somehow, somewhere, water in a cup was shaking.

Being so close to him now, Slut could notice just how small he really was. Barely five feet tall, one of her legs was higher than him, hell, thicker than him too. She got as close as she could, giving his entire body one great lick. **"SLUT CAN HELP COCK.**

WHAT SHOULD SLUT DO?" As she stared, droplets of milk fell like condensation from her teats.

The robotic voice coming from Slut's collar was incredible at cutting the tension, making the fox almost laugh from how unintimidating and silly it was. His cock was already hard, powered through kink, fear, and a kink of fearing for his life. "Heh-heh, can you even suck me off with a mouth that big?"

That question was hard for Slut to answer, she had little idea on how such a small fox, with an even smaller phallus could get off with the goods she had. The chip in her brain put her intelligence into overdrive, and with eyes and movements that looked like they belonged onto a sex-bot, Slut spoke. **"SLUT WILL PUT OUT TONGUE,**

YOU FUCK TONGUE." In an instant, that intellect was stripped, and the dinosaur brought her slimy appendage out, the tip so large, yet so squishy.

The fox held the moist end tight with both of his paws, breathing in and out as he guided it to his cock, folding the tongue in half like a bun to his pulsating red hot dog. His teeth clenched, watching pools of spit slide down, almost like this bitch's entire mouth was holding oceans of saliva. It coursed over his penis, and he began to thrust as if he was fucking a vixen in heat.

“You’re so fucking big!” He said through his fangs. “I”m your daddy. You’re my bitch, my slut; say it!”

“SLUT IS YOUR SLUT.”

“That’s fucking right.” He moaned. “You’re a goddamn queen of this jungle, and I’m just a small fox! And look at you! What am I? Say what I am slut!”

The Tyrannosaurus Rex tilted her head. **“YOU ARE CLIENT. SLUT HELPS**

CLIENTS.”

There was a chortle from the male, sprays of pre mixing into the spit to create clouds in the waterfalls that were drenching his paws. “Yes. Yes I am a client. But I’m your master. Say it bitch. Say... it.”

The animal did as it was asked, even if it did not understand what the words meant completely. **“YOU ARE SLUT’S MASTER.”**

His eyes shot up into his head, the fox's mouth shaking as his own tongue slithered back and forth. Within the mind of this male, the idea that something so large, a beast that could devour him instantly was subservient to him, it was too much to bear, and he couldn't resist his cock's pleas.

Slut found it interesting that her client, no, her master was screaming, yelping as she felt the tip of her tongue battered with barely felt taps, the pitiful orgasm of a creature's seed that her stomach would barely register. It went on for quite a while, as if the man was given additives to not only increase pleasure, but the quantity of cum as well.

The fox slowly wandered backwards, holding his head. "Fuck." It was the only word he could say for nearly ten seconds. "That was good." He was speaking between labored breaths. "That was really, really good."

Slut and the fox were surprised at hearing a new voice, this one coming from a speaker on the collar. "Mr. Berkal, we know what your fetishes are. You signed the forms."

A nervous smile crept onto the fuzzy man's face. "I don't know if I can take much more than that!"

Even Slut knew the fox was oddly lying. He wanted more, she could *smell* it. Looking at his balls, she could notice they were dangling there, and very pliable. They weren't even close to being empty.

"Mr. Berkal, you paid for your allotment, you'll get your allotment."

"Oh but-"

The voice cut deep into the excuse. "Mr Berkal," whoever was speaking was getting tired of saying that moniker, "you will get what you wanted."

The fox gulped, a solid golf ball of spit struggling to slide down his throat, his cock going into overdrive, spasming a new load.

"Slut." It was as if the voice was speaking directly into her reptilian cranium. "Fuck him. Fuck his whole body."

The female dinosaur's head had been rewired. There was no pause, no pondering. She received an order, and like a robot, the order would be done. Lifting her tail and turning around, the fox's ears were brushed by the underside of her back appendage. Those ears then fell as a droplet of feminine juice the size of his hand hit

his face. It took him a second to refocus his eyesight, but as his mouth opened in shock, he could see very clearly what kind of act was about to come next.

Slut's agape vagina, slick falls of pre-ejaculates hitting the floor near him, was hovering above the fox. His dick rose like a lance, falling only for a few inches before rising again, and again, and again. Second thoughts were in his head, but as the drugs in his blood revitalized his genitalia, he'd have to be ready. With a gulp, he'd hoped he was ready.

Not a moment more was wasted as she slammed downward, her entire vagina swallowing him up as the giant lizard roared out in a feminine scream, the tip of the fox's snout scratching and stretching open the entrance to her womb, causing a frenzy in the dinosaur's already mangled brain.

Using him like a floor dildo, Slut went up and down on his body, Berkal enjoying a second or two of the light he could discern with his eyes covered in vaginal fluids, his entire coat of fur now drenched in the heat of the fairest sex. When he entered, his cock was bent downward, allowing it to slide against the inner cave walls of Slut's cunt before she popped out of him, the dick rising stiff and erect as if it was going to fuck a similarly sized vulpine pussy, only to be smacked back down by the limited space that the fox took so much of.

Slut was a bitch designed for sex, her orgasm close yet paused, and Mr. Berkal was experiencing a cocktail of drugs influencing his libido. Unbeknownst to the both of them, he was experiencing his fourth orgasm while having his whole body fucked. The refractory period non-existent in this moment.

The stickiness of the whole situation, the mess, and all of the liquids soaked into his fur made it so the next press onto his body scooped him up all together. His nose could smell the innards of her baby-maker, worried in a horny panic that he might be stuck inside if he was in there any further.

Yet, during his seventh ejaculation, each more powerful than the last, he could feel the chamber he was stuck in fill with fluids. Someone, somewhere, was pressing a button, giving Slut her release. Striking instincts and feelings, some of the most astounding to undergo, a pleasure and privilege only animals like her could experience, was driving around her body in explosions of atomic proportions. Lights in the ceiling flashing off and on from the decibels emitted from her maw, the throat shaking and spittle flying, shooting fluids off into the wild yonder of Slut's habitat.

Mr. Berkal held his breath as his fuzzy form was dunked underwater, and he followed the wave like a sewer pipe, landing on the dirt with a hard smack as gallons of female lizard lube splashed against him. He had definitely swallowed parts here and

there, blinking in shock as even several baths would not take away her scent marking his fur.

The two were there, idle in their minds as another orgasm flew from the fox's cock, hitting his chest and belly as it came back down. Slut had done her job, and was instructed to walk back to her pen, to allow the cleanup crew to do their business. Mental support was offered to the fox, as something like that would've affected anyone.

But for Slut, who was given raw meat as a reward from a chute in the ceiling of her room, it'd be her role for a long, long, *long*, time.

Months had passed. Many clients were pleased in a variety of ways. Any remnants of humanity were already gone, and the memories of what Slut's life was before had been obliterated. It was hard to say whether or not she'd ever be turned back, for the customers kept coming, and the more she was used, the more popular she had become. Individuals with power and money came from all parts of the galaxy to experience the one, the only, Slut, the big multi-titted dinosaur you can fuck to your heart's content.

Slut was called from her pen, a loud, obnoxious buzzer and red, flashing light alerting her that the next client was waiting. As food was only given from a successful job well done, she did not hesitate, swaying like a predator for the doors to open, only for her to rush out into the jungle.

The smells told her that three individuals were her quarry. She had gotten good at getting to them quickly. The more she could fuck, the more she could eat, and the happier her little peanut brain would be.

In an open clearing, dirt all around marked with her feet, she saw three burly bear folk in three-piece suits, their chests nearly popping their undershirts. One white, one brown, one black, they all had similar builds, and each in that order were from largest to smallest. In all of their hands laid a tonic that in sync, were all uncorked and downed at the same time. Slut's large head tipped over in confusion.

There were no words said by anyone. The bears saw a wild animal at their mercy and they *liked* that feeling, something so defenceless. Soon enough, the dinosaur could see why. Her role, her title, her most powerful asset, was being stripped from her. She would no longer be the predator here as the sizes of the bears increased.

It started with a pop. Buttons flying into the dirt as their bodies expanded in all directions, muscles bulging, fat pockets extending, their frames looking hilarious before

proportionally taking the same scale they had in their original forms. Sharp shoes, jewelry and watches, the most expensive of items, all gone. Destroyed simply for the fact that these bears were now *larger* than her. Their uncut, musky cocks dangling in the wind, slowly getting more erect with every second.

They moved towards her, Slut's eyes wide as she gulped. The brown one, the most furred of them all, grasped her throat with a thick, and commanding hand, nearly wrapping around her entire throat. He grinned, puffs of hot smoke blowing the female in the face as she was unable to move. The lizard's feet were being lifted off of the ground as the polar bear traced his claws along her scales, raising her tail out of the way to sniff at her slit, placing his tongue between her two clitorises and slapping between them.

The last one, the black ursine, found his mark underneath the lizard, playing at her breasts as they squirted out like a male virgin excited for his first time at sex. The ebony hide was soon marked, but he didn't care, wrapping his arms and legs around Slut as he dragged her down, pinning her on top of him. The brown bear letting go, and the milk squeezing, rocketing, being sent everywhere else. The dinosaur was restrained, her valley of sextuple breasts throttled with the darker bear's cock, riding through it like water in a canal.

Slut roared out, feeling her already well battered pussy struck with twelve inches of scaled up polar cock, filling her deeper than anything ever had before. Her poor mind,

which was more or less completely animalistic at this point, was struggling to contemplate this outlandish situation. However, her open maw, even with all of the sharp teeth that lay within, was not prepared when the wood-colored ursine stuck his uncut penis *deep* into her mouth. A gag had been silenced, the rest of the retches being physical only as if all noise from Slut was completely shushed.

Each heave made the loose skin around her gullet shake, that queasy going down towards the rest of her body as all three bears were into their element. With the black bear holding her down with his hug, she was unable to do much other than just exist, a completely docile, and subservient animal. This deviant trio would never once imagine that she used to be a human, an intelligent man, and honestly, neither did she. In these last few months, the false memories of her hatching were being implanted in her mind.

In a way, wouldn't it be morally wrong at this point to strip her new form just to reveal she used to be human?

These thoughts would not be for her, as her eyelids descended, and all she could do was hear the animalistic grunts of the bears, thrusting into her pussy, stretching it out permanently as the sloshing and slick plaps of her rows were slashed at again and again by the black bear's giant rod of meat. The internal gags only she could hear as the male in her mouth was rough. All of them did not hold back, believing that an animal like Slut had no emotions or feelings. A bitch made for sex. There was a mercy in her new

body that these penetrations, while normally painful for some, would be nothing but numb at the worst, and insurmountable pleasure at the best.

The person controlling Slut's orgasms was already hovering the big red button, waiting to enact the clients' special request. An orgasm, all shared at the exact same time.

Slut was already soaked in several liters of fluids, both foreign and her own. Energy was being sapped like these three ursines were a group of gruff succubi, draining her essences as she gave up and went limp, ready for her whole body to explode from the abuse they were giving her.

Finally, after several more minutes of this, a relief was given. All at once, a storm shattered, yellow-white bear ejaculate being released all at once, the loins of the dinosaur joining them as her eyes were trying to crawl into her brain. In her mouth, the overwhelming taste of tang and salt splashed into the crevices of her gums, shooting down into her stomach. Her womb filled instantly as the white tsunami flushed out into the dirt, landing on the polar bear's toes as her own lubricants were combining from the orgasm she experienced. Slut felt like she was about to go deaf all of the roars as her mind went in and out of consciousness, darkness hitting her eyes as the pressure and strain on her heart was too much, tons of fireworks bursting around every synapse her body contained.

But the black bear could not be forgotten, his ejaculate splashing against her breasts which swung in the air like church bells, some sun-pearl ropes from his tip hitting the bottom of his jaw as he dug his claws in as deeply as he could into her scales. Having hugged her breasts for so long, his entire chest was white, and with him finally releasing his grip, he hit the floor with a thud, exhausted.

Waves of fatigue hit all of them, the tonic's worst side effect as the other males collapsed, their flaring cocks pulsing out echoes of their orgasm as they huffed and puffed, muscles constricting. Slut herself was so tired, she wanted to give up and join them. But small electric shocks told her to go back to her pen, so the crews could do what they always did. Another set of high-class clients were satisfied, and the debt... well, *what* debt was there?

Slut was just a Class-III carnivorous animal. A Tyrannosaurus Rex from the planet Kriech, created from a cloning project to bring back the old Earth animal. For that's what she really was, an animal. One genetically edited to be given breasts and other assets, as what was said on her dossier. Whoever, whatever, however a human male called Skyy might've been, they were last witnessed on the farthest reaches of the galaxy, said to be exploring beyond the rim, never to be seen again.

Brutus was shuffling through paperwork, his cock still sore from the events of last month. The brown bear's libido had never really died out. Even now, with his big, burly body in his office, one made for the CEO he was, his penis throbbed in flares of pain under the desk. So many pairs of underwear had been ruined, but with the money he had, there was no added stress.

What did stress him out was reading the most recent story developing on the news. Some other powerful individual, one on a planet halfway across the galaxy, had created a biological panic. A fox of esteemed standing, a governor of a planet transforming into some kind of large lizard, just like that one creature he'd fucked not too long ago. That whole world, all of those inhabitants. A land of foxes, all changed into horny scaled carnivores.

How exciting! Brutus coughed, holding his throat as he scratched there, feeling a new hard roughness that he ignored. All they had to do was quarantine the planet, and... figure out a cure. Things would be fine. *Wouldn't it be nice if you were there? Laying eggs?*

The ursine coughed again, this time more aggravatedly. Ever since this last week, these, *degenerate* thoughts would not leave his mind. They kept coming, and they wouldn't stop. At all hours of the night Brutus heard the same words again and again just in different terms. *Be a slut!* NO! He... he...

Brutus's teeth clenched, his face making the expression of someone with a terribly upset stomach. He tried to reach down to where his cute knobby tail felt throes of insufferable pain. Something was wanting out, and he was trying his best to let it.

Moving his chair back, he stood up, unable to take the pressure. Merely squatting, holding his paws tight in a fist, he pushed, and pushed, and pushed until a loud rip was made from his fancy suit, something *green* swaying behind him with heavy wags. He craned his neck around, gasping in horror as he saw a lizard-like tail. In a flash, his eyes adopted the pupils of slits, and the saliva in his mouth intensified.

Calthor moved between high-tech computers, attempting to reach his boss to discuss an important aspect of the company. As the black bear approached, he hit the yellow button on the side, watching the metal entrance swing open, his sight taking a second to register what he saw.

On top of an ornate wooden table, a hybrid lizard with spots of brown bear fur vigorously fingered its crotch with shortening arms. The male genitalia there getting smashed and shoved deep into a cave discharging entire streams of spurting girl cum.

The beast looked up with a smile and a snarl, rushing forth as Calthor screamed and fell to the ground. In an instant, the beast ripped off his pants.

Coworkers of all ages rose from their chairs, watching the black bear's penis being ridden like a mechanical farm animal, as the ebony ursine in question felt a reptilian daze take over his mind. The changing girl continued to growl around, sending the pheromones of sex to everyone who was witnessing this act of public exhibition.

The infection had begun. Bearish men and women both took little time to start masturbating to the situation. Scales harmlessly growing and shedding furs of all colors as within minutes, the entire building was full of sex-crazed dinosaurs, willing and intending to make the entire planet of ursines their new home.

A home of horny Sluts.