

Bedside Picnic

By Abe E Seedy

Samantha burrowed under the blanket as the overdramatic theme kicked in. It was almost midnight on the Saturday just before Easter, and she and Erin were *still* not talking about how Good a Friday they'd just had. Neither of them had intended to get drunk, and neither of them really *planned* to escalate their friendly flirting to actually sleeping together. But that had happened, and now they were both sitting in the apartment they shared, trying to avoid talking about it. Given that, filling the deafening silence with a B-movie marathon seemed like a good idea. Something like that was perfect for the exact amount of not thinking that they were after.

As the blood-red letters of the title dripped onto the screen, Erin turned to speak. "You ever think about how long it took them to come up with these concepts?"

Samantha snorted. "What, the Zombies from Outer Space? Like, five seconds."

"No, seriously", Erin replied, patting Samantha on the leg casually and making her brain short circuit. "Maybe not *this* one, but most of these are like, seven crazy things on top of each other. Killer alien vegetables that are also time travelers, or robot vampires fighting nuclear insects. I wonder if there were people whose whole job it was to think of just the wildest shit possible."

God. Erin was so cute, but no one beat her for talking like she was stoned despite never having smoked in her life.

"I think maybe they just started with whatever costumes they had lying around, and tried to string together something new from that."

"Huh". For a moment she looked sad, making Samantha wish she'd played along. Like most of the clouds in her life though, she let it pass quickly. "Well, anyway, I'm sure they had fun with it."

"No doubt", Samantha answered. "I don't think you can play around with alien magic science nonsense and *not* have fun."

Erin nodded, and then put her hand back on her own thigh as the awkward silence flooded back between them. Torn between thinking of something else to say and just sinking into the movie, Samantha was almost thankful to be interrupted by the bright flash outside.

Eerie green light bathed their apartment, washing in from the opposite window and completely drowning the glow from the TV. Erin stood up, entranced. She'd been looking towards that window before it started, but the sudden flare hadn't hurt her eyes. Instead it was almost comforting, a soothing warmth that demanded attention without bringing pain. She walked towards it, while Samantha looked on from her chair. Before Erin reached the window or either

of them could discuss it, things escalated. The light peaked, and in an instant both women felt rather than heard a single word.

Eggs

It wasn't a command, but it also wasn't a question. If it was anything it was a prompt, something for them to latch onto and interpret in whatever way made most sense to them. For Erin, what sprang to mind was the inflatable rabbit toy that her family would surround with chocolate eggs on Easter morning. Samantha meanwhile had been raised out on the edges of suburbia, and she thought first of the little lizards she'd encountered while roving the dusty hills as a child. More specifically, the image that filled her imagination was the little den she'd uncovered once, filled to the brim with shining white spheres as she gawped with quiet wonder.

Some time later they'd both be asked why, when prompted with eggs, they didn't think of chickens. Erin at least had the time of year to blame, but Samantha would simply shrug. The light they were swimming in was a pale green, and that had given things a distinctly reptilian framing. Be glad she hadn't thought of dinosaurs, she'd warn her interrogators, or things could have gotten even further out of hand.

The prompt faded from their minds, but the light remained. Erin stumbled sideways onto the other couch, sweat beading on her forehead as she stared into the eerie brightness. Samantha moved to her side, genuine concern overcoming any lingering reluctance to hold her by the hand. "Are you okay?"

Shaking her head slowly, Erin gave a distracted smile. "Yeah", she said softly. She ran her fingers through her long blonde hair, itching absently at her scalp. "Just feeling a little... light-headed."

There was a sudden noise Samantha couldn't place, somewhere between a pop and a squeak, and then her eyebrows shot upwards. Erin noticed her expression and tilted her head in curiosity. "What? What is it?"

There was a moment where Samantha considered lying, but the second pop-squeak made it clear that wouldn't be an option. Instead she fumbled for her phone, turning on the selfie camera and handing it to Erin.

Erin was one of those people who had a pretty high floor for how good she looked. Her smile lit up the room even when she hadn't plumped her lips with her signature cherry red lipstick, and her green eyes sparkled whenever she laughed. She was pale enough to seem a little ethereal without looking unhealthy, and her long legs would let her play a convincing femme fatale if that wasn't completely against her personality. But now her artful silhouette had been disrupted, as two long, white ears stuck straight up through her blonde hair. They looked like simplified rabbit ears but the texture was wrong, and when Erin brought a hand up to check her fingers dragged

across the surface slowly, sticking to each piece like they were made from latex. And yet all the same she could still hear the 'sqwwrk' noise she made perfectly, even if it was slightly muffled like it was coming from within her own body.

A sudden gasp from above wasn't enough to distract her attention, but the consequences of Samantha losing her balance certainly did. She'd managed to shoot her arms out and lessen the impact by bracing on the couch, but even so the chest-to-chest collision knocked the wind out of her. But instead of escaping through her mouth, somehow the air inside Erin just shifted, like one part of a balloon swelling when another area is pressed.

With an audible 'fwoomp!', Erin's head expanded forwards, her facial features shifting in an instant at the sheer pressure behind them. She was still holding the phone out to the side so she could even see it happening; her nose and mouth swelling together into a muzzle, while her skin took on the same shiny white sheen as her ears. Even her hair somehow solidified and lost its normal texture, becoming more like a puffy decoration on top of an inflatable doll. Her open-mouthed expression meant she could see the changes to her teeth too, the top front set growing down while the rest lost their prominence.

Erin stared at her new face in a daze, looking for all the world like some kind of inflatable rabbit woman. Samantha shifted her weight slightly, presumably trying to get back up, but the movement provoked another brief set of changes. Erin's upper lip released the tension in a series of short 'plinks' as one by one a series of nylon whiskers shot outwards. "What are you *doing?*", Erin asked breathlessly.

Samantha's response was little more than a low moan. She'd managed to flip over, lying with her back against Erin, and whatever restraint she'd had previously was gone as she fully rested on her rather than the couch. Angling the phone downwards, Erin saw that Samantha was now focussed mainly on trying to remove her jeans, which she succeeded in doing with a triumphant growl.

Given that they were long-term friends and housemates, Erin had a pretty good idea of what Samantha's body was like. She was definitely the shorter and curvier of the two, but when she'd bothered to dress up she knew how to emphasise her assets in a way that had always made Erin blush. There was a shamelessness to her that could be really intoxicating, and her showing up in a low-cut dress to their chill Friday drinks had been a key reason why what had happened, happened. But now that shamelessness seemed to extend to Samantha peeling off her clothes while lying on top of her, and suddenly Erin realised even her new-found knowledge of her body was out of date.

First of all she was sopping wet, and while Erin now knew Samantha could get herself to that point, she couldn't imagine it happening *that* fast. And maybe it was that eerie alien light that was still pouring through the window but it didn't look right - her slickness seemed thicker and *greener* as she pressed her hand against herself, stretching in thick strands between her fingers as she raised them up briefly before lowering them definitively downwards.

Her urgent activity shifted Erin's focus, and she realised in the awkwardly-held phone screen that Samantha's slit was different too. She couldn't claim to be as familiar with it as the rest of her body, but it certainly hadn't been dusted with light green scales when they were together last night. Even as she watched it changed further, the soft pink of her lips darkening as that colouration washed over it. If Samantha noticed she didn't let it slow her down, her fingers circling her clit in such a frenzy that Erin only belatedly noticed her nails had lengthened into something closer to claws.

All of this was happening while Samantha laid on her chest, but even though she had long ago stopped trying to hold off her weight, Erin didn't feel uncomfortable. An absent shift from her housemate sent another ripple running through her own body, making Erin turn her attention back to herself. Looking down, the first thing she saw was a pool of liquid whiteness spreading out over her collarbone, smoothly overwriting her flesh with sheer latex. It reached her chest just as Samantha ground her tailbone aggressively against her crotch, and something between that movement and her own blushing reaction made her breasts swell dramatically. She'd never been anywhere near as busty as her housemate, but after a few seconds of dizzying inflation her breasts were large enough that Samantha could comfortably rest against them. Although just at that moment, another movement from her erstwhile partner made it clear that she wasn't interested in simply lounging back.

Samantha's thoughts were melting. Yes, it had been kind of hot to just force the issue between them by lying down on Erin and starting to jerk off, but something that intense would never normally have occurred even to her. Instead there'd been an urgency inside her that she couldn't place, let alone sate, and all of this was the closest she could come to desperately fulfilling that demand. There was something ricocheting around inside her head, calling back to that original external input, but she couldn't concentrate long enough to put things together. All she could do was grind her crotch slowly along the chest of her housemate, hissing in satisfaction as her scales spread further. Then her breath caught in her throat, her back arched, and once again her body dramatically changed.

Her new tail stretched outwards in a single, fluid movement, landing fully-formed on Erin's face just a few seconds after it appeared. Already it had reptilian heft, something almost the size and shape of a crocodile's tail swaying absently behind her. Samantha was dimly aware of Erin's faint protests, but the scales that had coated over her core defended well against the feeble fingers that pawed at her. Soon though she noticed another facet to their connection - with every thrust of her fingers inside her slit the movement echoed down her long tail, but each time it slapped down on Erin's face it in turn provoked another pulse of inflation to rock her body. The first things to change were her hands, plumping outwards one after another into inarticulate paws. That sent the phone she was holding tumbling to the floor, and Erin's instinctive struggle to catch it only rubbed Samantha's sensitive scales further. It did raise a good point though, she *had* been neglecting her partner here.

She spun easily, the slickness of her crotch pairing well with the smoothness of Erin's new skin. With another flick of her wrists she sent herself sliding to the floor, her claws leaving little wrinkles in her artificial flesh as she gripped Erin's upper thighs. A momentary glint caught her eye, and Samantha realised the phone had wedged itself in the folds of the couch. The camera was still running, so for the first time she saw how much her own face had changed.

Maybe it being in a phone made it a little easier to deal with, because in a way it felt like a filter. Her face was still *there*, it was just... heavily decorated. She could recognise the structure of her cheekbones, even though light green scales now covered every inch of her skin. There was still the suggestion of her familiar nose, but it was flattened significantly, with her nostrils the most obvious remaining feature. Her hair had changed shades from brown to a rich sea green, and sat in a natural curve around her head like a cobra's hood. She smiled at her reflection, then grinned further as her long, forked tongue slipped between her lips. Now *that* would come in handy.

Sweeping inwards, she paused just before reaching her destination. Whatever was overwriting their bodies was clearly just about finished, and she was happy to wait her turn while it swept over Erin's crotch. She worried briefly that it would seal up her pussy entirely, leaving her closer to the toy she resembled, but fortunately that didn't come to pass. As with her hands the change simplified Erin's body, her complicated curves merging into perfectly round slit. A testing trace of Samantha's claw provoked a full-body shudder, demonstrating that despite the changes the red-rimmed latex was at least as sensitive as what came before.

She briefly considered backing off to give Erin a chance to recover, but when two inarticulate hands curled around her hand and pulled her downwards, she knew what she needed to do. Her tongue slipped inside Erin's pussy like it was made for it, tickling both sides of her tunnel before curling up to tease delicately around the edge. The last of their changes slid into place almost unheeded beneath them, Samantha's clawed feet peeling back the carpet while Erin's rounded paws bounced absently on each side. With that distraction out of the way Samantha dove further into her work, only to be stopped by a sudden stiffness bouncing against her snout.

Pulling back, she saw dark shapes just barely visible inside Erin's body. They were only a few inches long, but there were several of them, all funnelling inexorably downwards, making Erin stiffen as they congregated at her crotch. Samantha licked her lips clean reluctantly, looking up at her partner with a sly grin. "I think-", she started to tease, only to be suddenly gripped by a pressing demand of her own. She fell backwards, her tail knocking over the coffee table before it found the angle to prop her up, letting her press back against it as her claws spread her slit. It certainly made her feel better, but her body scarcely needed the encouragement for the next step.

Her pussy stretched desperately around the first egg, the shining white sphere emerging slowly before sliding along her twitching, scaled thigh to the floor. The orgasm it provoked was overwhelming - if her tail hadn't been wedged behind her it would have flailed wildly at the uncontrollable sensation. In between gasps Samantha managed to look up and take in Erin's

experience, seeing her shudder as a brightly-patterned egg parted her lips with an audible 'pop', before yet another quickly followed suit. All the while Erin's stiff fingers mashed desperately at her crotch, seemingly rewarding her efforts with enough pleasure that her mouth was frozen in a senseless 'o'.

That was as much as Samantha could take in before her own pressure grew too great, and she turned once again to the task of coaxing another of her eggs through her slit, hissing in mad triumph as it gave her yet another orgasm with its freedom. And there they each stayed while time lost all meaning - Samantha crouched against her tail as the slick pile beneath her grew ever higher, while Erin lay back and decorated the couch with a seemingly endless supply of colourful eggs.

The movie finished quite a while before they did. They were each barely conscious by the time the alien light withdrew, having long ago slumped bonelessly to the floor. If it hadn't been for the sudden wind that perked them up they might not have noticed that the receding light somehow took their eggs with it, leaving their apartment ever so slightly less of a mess. Their bodies however, remained as they were now, a fact that they would likely have more energy to deal with in the morning. For now, Samantha cuddled into Erin's soft chest, welcoming the arm that curled around her shoulders like a pillow.

"Happy Easter", Erin mumbled eventually. "Sorry we don't have any eggs left for ourselves."

Samantha gave her answer with a flick of her tongue. "Oh, I think maybe we can rustle up a few more."