

Corruption 101

By Abe E Seedy, illustrated by ShySiren

Sabrith straightened her back with an audible click, resting for just a moment after lifting yet another box. "How many more are there?"

"Uh, a couple of dozen", Tayelle answered, flicking her eyes up from her long list. She paused, then caught Sabrith's truly sour expression on second glance. "Sorry babe. That's the price we pay for going on adventures. The orders stack up while we're gone."

"But we're *adventurers*", Sabrith pouted. "We're *supposed* to be out adventuring!"

Tayelle could only shrug. "Yeah, and you'd *think* that would pay the bills, but it turns out lifting curses and undoing transformations gets pretty expensive."

"Yeah", Sabrith answered ruefully. "And it's never as fun as getting those curses in the first place."

Tayelle nodded. "So, until we can get a haul that *doesn't* come with some costly-but-fun side expenses, we've got to keep the lights on with this alchemy day job. And that means..."

She gestured at the crates of valuable reagents and mixtures around them.

"Yeah yeah", Sabrith sighed, shaking out her aching muscles. "You'd think at least we could afford to hire an assistant to help us out with all this."

"If you can find one that's fine with periodic accidents that turn them and/or us into hypersexual fiends, then you're welcome to hire them."

"See, that should be *on* the job ad", Sabrith shot back.

Tayelle's response was cut off by a loud noise from the next room. It was almost like an explosion in reverse, a ringing boom that became louder over time before it suddenly stopped.

The two of them looked at each other wordlessly, and Tayelle realised that Sabrith somehow already had an oversized axe in her hands. "Do you know what that was?", she asked.

"No", Sabrith answered, "but I bet it's more interesting than stacking boxes."

She darted forward, and Tayelle could just see the end of her tail as she disappeared through the door. A moment later and it stood straight up as if in shock, before almost immediately relaxing downwards.

"Uh, Tay?", she called. "You should probably come take a look at this..."

Judging from Sabrith's tone, whatever was going on was more curious than dangerous, so Tayelle stopped her frantic look for her spellbook and followed. Sabrith made room for her, letting Tayelle step fully into the room to get a good look at what was going on. It was... not something she would have guessed.

Their storage room was a mess, with boxes and components all strewn outwards from a circular space in the middle of the floor. It was a minor miracle that nothing appeared broken, but to be fair she didn't have much time to confirm that, as what was in that circle was dominating her attention.

Arcane runes that certainly hadn't been there before were smoking and glowing, while sitting calmly at the epicenter of the mess was a demonic woman. Tayelle had seen more than enough demons to recognise her as a succubus, although in her case it wasn't particularly difficult - the fact that every inch of her smooth grey skin was on display was a pretty big hint. And yet, she wasn't quite what Tayelle would have expected. Yes, she was invitingly proportioned, with a sizeable bust and an even larger come-hither smile, but she was also wearing a stylish set of reading glasses, and had her dirty blonde hair done up in a complicated bun. She had expensive looking golden hoops through her pointed ears, while the same elegant jewelry was put to much more direct use in piercing her bright pink nipples. A thick stud decorated her tongue, the metal clicking absently against her fangs as she ran it back and forth in time with the spade-tipped tail swaying behind her. Her whole look was like she had tried for 'sexy librarian', but couldn't be bothered with that level of restraint, and just settled on 'what if aggressively naked but also smart?'

In short, it was quite a sight, and it was certainly understandable why Sabrith had called her in. Tayelle cleared her throat, and the demon looked up at her eagerly.

"Uh, hello?", she tried.

The succubus' eyebrows shot upwards, and for a moment she clapped her hands to her shining black lips in evident surprise. "It worked!", she gasped eventually. "Drawing the circle in reverse really worked - I summoned myself right to *the* Sabrith and Tayelle!"

Hearing their own names was yet another thing Tayelle hadn't been expecting. If anything that made Sabrith grip her axe a little tighter, but the demon either didn't notice or didn't care. Before it got to a fight, Tayelle decided to be a little more direct. "Why are you here? And who *are* you?"

That seemed to register as needing a response. She once again looked up at Tayelle and nodded, wagging her finger as though reminding herself of something.

"Ah, of course, where are my manners?" She stood, raising herself to her full height before sweeping low in an elaborate bow. "I am... Demona."

Tayelle shared a wordless look with her wife before eventually Sabrith spoke up. "Demona, huh? That's... direct. Am I right in that you're new to being a succubus?"

Demona nodded, absently running a finger through her hair and out over her short, curved horns. "How could you tell? Was it these? I'm still growing them in."

There was another tactful pause. "That was... one of the things." Changing the subject, she added, "and how did you become a succubus?"

"I read a book."

"You read a book", Sabrith echoed flatly.

"It was a very good book", Demona answered, a little defensively.

Exhaling sharply, she turned back to Tayelle, who gave a shrugging, 'well, her story checks out' expression. Before Sabrith could do more than process that, Tayelle stepped back in.

"What are you *doing here* Demona?"

She clapped her hands together, loudly enough that Sabrith visibly jumped. "Right! Well, so I'm new at this, right? And this gig is like, everything I could have ever wanted, obviously, but there's still a lot to know. And it's not like they write books about this sort of thing. I mean, obviously there's *some* books, but they're not big on specifics and details. So I thought to myself - Demona, what you need here is a mentor. But who? All the other demons just want power or magically binding soul contracts or whatever, so there's not a lot of willingness to help out the new girl there, right? So I figured, what I wanted was someone who has a lot of experience with demonic sex, but who isn't a demon themselves. So I asked around, and the two of your names got mentioned. Like, a lot."

Tayelle was speechless. She looked over to Sabrith, who was inexplicably *grinning*.

"Demons talk about us?", Sabrith asked. "What do they say?"

"Mostly that the two of you have spent so much time in demonically corrupted states yourselves that they're considering declaring you honorary members of the club. That, and the fact that there's never been a demon in charge of corrupting you that you haven't wound up sending home with an ice pack on their crotch."

Tayelle's mouth fell open. "Really?"

Demona shrugged. "Well, with at least an ice pack on their crotch. Some of them need two or three in a few different places, depending on how things go exactly."

Nudging Tayelle with her elbow, Sabrith was all but laughing. "See, you always said we needed to get a reputation."

"Yeah, for our mercenary work!", she spluttered. "I didn't think we'd end up being the talk of the demonic planes!"

Stepping up to the runes at the inner edge of the circle, Demona cut in. "But see, that's exactly why you're perfect! You've beaten demons at *being demons!*"

Seeing that the two of them were still hesitating, she snapped her fingers, and in a flash a satchel appeared beside her.

"I'm not asking you to do this for free. Just give me some good tips, and I've got a whole load of rare and powerful ingredients you can have."

Tayelle couldn't help herself from showing interest, her feline tail stiffening suddenly as she locked eyes with the bag. Before she could even ask for it Demona tilted it forward, letting her look through what was inside. "It's good stuff", she reported happily.

Begrudgingly, Sabrith lowered her axe. "Well, if Tay says it's worthwhile, then maybe we have a deal. But to make this work, I think we're going to need one more thing. Tay?"

She pulled her wife aside, muttering a few things into her ear as Demona looked on patiently. A blush grew on Tayelle's cheeks as Sabrith whispered to her, but she nodded definitively and started rummaging through their inventory to put something together. Eventually she whipped up an inky black concoction, but before she'd put it to use she turned back towards Demona.

"We've got something useful for the demonstration here", Tayelle explained, "but to give it a real kick, I'm going to need a drop of your blood." She brandished a thin ritual dagger, giving the succubus an apologetic look. "Would you mind?"

Demona sighed, even as she held her hand out obediently. "Of course. It's always blood with demon magic, isn't it?"

Finding that she was able to cross the runic circle herself without problem, Tayelle pricked Demona's finger, drawing a single drop of black blood into the shimmering potion. "Thank you for your contribution", she said, putting the dagger away. "We could get most of the way to where we needed with what we had, but a fresh connection with a willing demon will make this even more powerful. And now", she added, handing the still-bubbling potion over to Sabrith, "sit down and enjoy the show."

By the time she'd accepted the mixture from her wife Sabrith had already set her axe down in the corner of the room, and she paused for a moment as she considered setting aside any more of her clothes or equipment. "Ah, the hell with it", she said eventually, drinking the potion as she was and shaking the tension out of her limbs. "It'll be a more authentic experience anyways."

Meanwhile, Tayelle had taken up position sitting cross-legged just outside the summoning circle. It seemed like whatever ritual Demona had used to bring herself here was keeping her bound within its confines, and she was kneeling right up against the barrier, her eyes locked on the scene in front of her. Tayelle could reach across though, so she casually tapped her grey-skinned shoulder. "This is the best part", she said, gesturing back towards Sabrith as she started to tremble slightly. "Or, wait, the sex is the best part. Or..."

She paused. "There's a lot of good parts", she concluded thoughtfully, "but this is definitely one of them."

A tearing sound ended that conversation, and both Demona and Tayelle stared upwards as Sabrith's clothes started to come apart. "Ffuck", she exhaled slowly. "This is a big one."

She grimaced a little as her whole body tensed, then stiffened as she gained an inch of height. Briefly it seemed like her clothes might survive after all, but suddenly there was a dramatic spike in temperature, and everything around her burned away.

Tayelle shielded her eyes reflexively from the flash, and by the time she looked back Sabrith had changed. Her skin was almost purple, the muscles of her chest even more defined as she caught her breath. Her fingernails had become sharp black claws that she ran appreciatively up her body, while her newly forked tongue flicked between her pointed teeth. Her stance shifted a little as the soles of her feet slid upwards, while another few moments of melding change left her with three-toed claws flexing against the ground. Her ears stretched upwards dramatically, becoming almost bat-like as they rose further above her, and as she shook her hair loose a pair of foot-long, dark horns curved sideways around her face, framing her lips as she smiled invitingly.

This last part made Demona pout. "Show off", she muttered.

"Well yeah", Tayelle answered as she gave her a quizzical look. "Isn't that the point?"

She sniffed. "Well. Still."

A sharp crack drew their attention back to Sabrith, who had her hands on her back as she stretched out her spine. At first Tayelle assumed she was merely showing off her increased bust, but a movement behind her quickly revealed itself to be a pair of bat-like wings, growing large enough to curl forward and meet beneath her breasts like a particularly elaborate low-cut top. Finally a spade-tipped tail unrolled itself from her rear, announcing its presence with a whip-like crack.

Once again, Demona looked put out. "I was told new starters weren't allowed to have wings."

Tayelle just shrugged. "Like you said - we're not exactly *new* at this."

Sabrith finished up with a long, low bow, lifting just her head to lock her shining eyes onto Tayelle. "Thank you for your patience", she purred, "and now to properly begin, I'm going to need my assistant."

Grinning from ear to ear, Tayelle stood. "That's my queue", she said quickly, padding over to stand next to her partner. She looked up at her, feline ears flattening a little involuntarily as she felt Sabrith's possessive glare drilling into her. "So, uh, what's the plan?"

Her answer was more felt than heard, a growl that cut right through her body and made her want to obey instinctively.

"Oh, I'm not going to just *tell* you the plan, that would spoil the fun. Besides, you're the demonstration. You're not the one I need to explain myself to."

She curled one hand under Tayelle's chin, turning her around to face Demona while she simultaneously pressed her down to her knees. At the same time, a sudden burst of energy from Sabrith's palm undid all of Tayelle's clothes, leaving her completely naked as she knelt on the floor. "Say hello to the audience, dear. She's who I'll be talking to while I use you for this presentation."

"Okay then", Tayelle said weakly, closing her eyes and rolling her head back into the comfort of Sabrith's embrace. "Whatever you think is best."

"And that's your first lesson", Sabrith said to Demona, snapping her own eyes up from Tayelle to the enraptured succubus. "Your subjects always have a choice about whether or not to obey, but if you act like their obedience is an established fact they'll be only too happy to follow your lead."

Demona nodded. "So, be confident, basically."

Hissing through her teeth, Sabrith reluctantly conceded the point. "Yes... but confidence is nothing if you can't back it up. So, lesson two - the follow through."

She waved her hand in a complicated series of motions, before placing two fingers on the side of Tayelle's temple. "This is purely for demonstration purposes you understand", Sabrith said in an aside. "I don't exactly need to reach into my wife's mind to know what she likes. But if you're not using your demonic magic to bring the purest fantasies of your target to life, then you're missing out. Plus, it lets you give them a little push..."

Her fingers twitched slightly, and Tayelle visibly swayed for a moment, a shudder running through her even though her eyes were still peacefully closed.

"...until their deepest desires are all they can think about, and you can helpfully let them indulge."

She moved to just in front of Demona, turning back towards Tayelle as she kneeled facing both of them. Despite her having stepped away, Sabrith's shadow seemed to remain where it was, holding together just briefly before collapsing into a formless dark mass. And then, with a commanding nod from Sabrith it began to spread outwards, reaching slowly up out of the floor as though something was pulling itself into existence.

It never gained much more visual distinction than simply a shifting purple mass, but clearly the way it looked wasn't important. What was important was how it felt as it stretched and grew over Tayelle's body, sending long, slick tendrils curling around her limbs. Her eyes opened dreamily, but even when she registered what was going on all she did was lean into it, settling back against the growing pressure behind her as it started to move forwards.

"How's it feel babe?", Sabrith asked.

"Good", answered Tayelle hazily, her breath hitching as one of the tendrils found its way inside her slit.

"That's good", Sabrith replied, "because things are only going to get more intense."

Tayelle's response was barely audible over her open panting. "Yes... please..."

Without needing any further instructions Tayelle braced herself firmly with her hands on the floor, as yet more inky tentacles poured out over her back. They wrapped around her chest, constricting her just enough to make her shiver, then built up still further towards her head. All the while she was being pressed into from behind, now with enough force to make her start rocking back and forth. Eventually she was lifted off the ground entirely, tilted upwards into a standing position as she relaxed into Sabrith's magical embrace.

Her mouth fell open, and the darkness took advantage of that to sweep in further. She went limp as a slick tendril slid between her lips, her only independent movement an off-rhythm twitch as she swayed slowly, utterly lost in the overwhelming sensation.

For some time, Sabrith let this play out, sitting back with an appreciative eye on the scene. Eventually she turned to face Demona, and was gratified to see her eyes locked on Tayelle, her sharp fangs biting distractedly into her black lips.

"I'm glad to see you're paying attention", Sabrith purred, "but so far this is nothing. Any enchanted plant with a flower full of pheromones can get you lost in a good tentacle-fucking. *Real* corruption involves going further."

She walked back to Tayelle's side, lightly dragging her claws along the length of her spine and drawing out a stifled moan.

"The real trick to corruption is to get your target to want to take it further. They have to be willing to trade parts of themselves for more of what you're giving them - they have to *beg* you to let you take them over just to feel it more. That's why I like transformation magic for this."

She paused, and considered things for a moment.

"Well, I like transformation magic anyway, but it's certainly a good fit for this scenario."

Kneeling down, she pulled the tendril from Tayelle's mouth, making her gasp hungrily as it slipped loose. Taking her mind off that, Sabrith scratched her softly behind the ear. "Having fun dear?", she teased.

Tayelle nodded, struggling to put anything into words.

"That's good. So, I'm going to give you a choice. You can either finish up as you are, and we can get back to doing all that work that needs doing, or..."

Her grip tightened, her claws pinching just a little into Tayelle's skin as she grabbed the base of her jaw. "...we can take this even further."

The response was almost just a whimper. "F...further", she managed eventually.

Sabrith grinned. "It's not free, unfortunately. That's not how demonic magic works. There's no way to do something like what I'm planning without payment."

Just in time, Sabrith caught sight of Demona opening her mouth to speak, and a flash of her eyes kept the beginner succubus silent.

"I think what's needed here is a trade", Sabrith continued. "Let's say, I can take things further, if you agree to give up... your hands. What do you say?"

For a while Tayelle just continued to moan incoherently, until eventually Sabrith rolled her eyes and turned back to Demona.

"Ordinarily this would be the point where you ask your subject to confirm they're willing to give up what you're asking for. *But*, given that I know my wife, let's just take how she's so horny that she's lost the power of speech as a 'yes', shall we?"

Demona nodded quickly, only slightly overshadowed by the rapid and energetic nodding coming from Tayelle herself.

"Good girls", Sabrith finished smugly.

The tendril behind Tayelle surged forwards, not just pushing her back to all fours, but making her hands scrabble on the ground to keep from collapsing. She wasn't helped by her rear being raised upwards by yet more of the tentacles, although by the way her tail lifted too she was perfectly happy to encourage it. Even so, the thrusts were powerful enough that she had to fight to keep steady, but no matter how much she shifted she never seemed to be able to find a stable position. There was always some other angle she needed to search for, some extra little bit of leverage that she could never find that would finally let her scratch the itch she couldn't shake.

From the expression on her face, it was clearly a relief when her hands started to change into paws. At last they could take the weight that she needed them to, and all the little shifts and adjustments just let her lean even more into exactly what she wanted. As she sunk down on her haunches the tendril behind her finally managed to line up just right, and her mouth fell open once again as she panted in satisfaction.

Looking on from her vantage back by the summoning circle, Sabrith put her hands on her cheeks. "Oh no", she gasped in mock surprise, "it looks like things have gone even further!"

She pointed, and Demona could see that the tongue that was lolling from Tayelle's mouth was longer than it had been before. In fact, her face seemed to be pushing forwards slowly, her nose becoming bright, pink and wet as it shifted slightly towards a canine muzzle.

"We'll have to stop", Sabrith continued. "If we go any further, well, I can't be held responsible for what might happen."

At that, Tayelle audibly growled. It lasted for just a moment, but the brief flash of bared teeth was enough to convey how much she wanted to keep going.

"Well, okay", Sabrith answered, her tone still a sing-song of faux restraint. "But if you keep going, I'm going to have to take something else from you. And not just making you a canine - that's already a given I'm afraid. No, there's only one way this path is going to end."

She crouched down, making sure she held eye contact even as Tayelle continued to be rocked back and forth.

"All this fierce rutting you're doing, all the dark corruptive energy that's pouring into you, it's going to need an outlet. So, if you *insist* on keeping going, then I'm going to need to change

your equipment. Because really, I think I'm going to need a very particular kind of pet at the end of all this, and that's going to be one that has a big, eager cock."

Tayelle's eyes had drifted closed, and seemingly without even moving Sabrith was right up next to her again, grabbing her firmly by the still-growing muzzle and snapping her back to attention.

"Would you like to be that pet for me?"

She whined fruitlessly in response, but the way her newly canine tail wagged got her point across.

"Good girl", Sabrith said again.

With that agreed, there was no pretence at subtlety. Tayelle was pushed almost face-first into the floor as the tendril behind her surged dramatically, pulsing as an unrelenting tide flooded into her. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her ears at first flattening and then starting to droop as they lost their feline stiffness and became more dog-like. But the biggest reaction took place at the other end of her body.

Her legs shifted around, at first simply to keep herself off of the ground despite the forceful thrusting she was enduring, but then as a consequence of her hips changing to lock her in a four-legged stance. A long, low whine escaped her as Demona could barely see her slit sealing closed, the tendril withdrawing reluctantly as it lost its point of access. The lack of further penetration might have offered some respite, but it was clear from the way she gritted her teeth that there was some unyielding pressure still echoing inside of her, some weight that was pressing desperately for a release. Until, finally and climactically, a thickly knotted cock stretched out from her crotch, falling into place with a weight that bowed Tayelle's legs even further.

There was almost no time between its appearance and Tayelle's release. Her whole body was so undeniably pent-up that she couldn't even attempt at restraint if she wanted to. Instead she threw her head back and howled, her hips bucking frantically as her new cock sent pulses of thick cum onto the ground beneath her. The tendrils only encouraged her, with one tracing teasingly around her mouth, while another took a more direct route and wrapped itself around her shaft, allowing her to milk herself further with every thrust.

By the time her orgasm subsided she was a drooling mess, and the rest of her body settled into place with the last trembling pulse of her cock. Despite how much she had changed, the surprising thing was how recognisable she still was. Even with its flat pink nose and floppy ears, her face was almost the same as it always was, although her blissed-out smile wasn't an expression her alchemical customers would recognise (unless, of course, they were very good customers). Her pink hair had swept over much of the rest of her body, forming shaggy fur of much the same hue, although with a notable bare spot over her chest and crotch. The biggest changes - aside, of course, for her dangling dog-cock - were her hands and feet. Each of those

had been replaced entirely with big, flat paws, ill-suited for any complicated technical work, but perfect for giving her four-legged leverage and power.

"Now, it might seem like a lot of effort for not a lot of change", Sabrith opined, clearly intending to continue her lecture whether Demona was asking questions or not. "But here's the thing about transformation. The best approach is to leave your subjects *just* changed enough that people can still recognise who they were. If their partner can look at them and have a belated moment of recognition in the sex-crazed beast that's pinning them to the ground, or if they can look at themselves in the mirror and see *both* who they used to be and the horny animal they are now, then that means that tension never quite goes away. Fighting for restraint when pretending they're their old self, revelling in the moment where they cast the cloak aside and unleash their unstoppable urges..."

She kissed her fingers in satisfaction. "That's the goal. Any idiot can change someone into a big sexy beast once - the *real* victory is getting them to live on that line, and have to deal with crossing over it again and again and again."

Tayelle sat back on her haunches, panting heavily as she slowly recovered herself. Within a few moments her head tilted downwards, almost as though drawn by an invisible leash, until eventually she was staring at her still-stiff cock and licking her chops. She looked up at Sabrith, and gave a brief whine.

"Go ahead girl", Sabrith answered. "You put on a good show, you can enjoy yourself."

She fell forwards immediately, pressing her shaft into her mouth and working it over frantically with her tongue. Her movements were completely haphazard and uncoordinated, but what she lacked in technique she made up for in enthusiasm, not to mention how perfectly suited her body was for this approach.

For some time Sabrith just watched while a series of loud, sloppy noises drifted over from Tayelle's side of the room. Eventually she sighed happily, and asked over her shoulder, "any questions?"

There wasn't any response. Confused, Sabrith turned, finding Demona sitting with her eyes almost closed. Thin streams of her own dark energy stretched out from her hands, caressing her body diligently as she worked inexorably towards her own release.

Licking her lips, Sabrith grinned hungrily. "Oh well, if you enjoyed the show that much, then allow me to arrange an encore."

She snapped her fingers, and instantly Tayelle's head snapped upwards. Pointing a single finger at Demona, Sabrith didn't even bother to say anything. She simply snapped her fingers a

second time and Tayelle scrambled to her feet, bowling the distracted succubus over with an ungainly pounce.

Just as when she was focussing on herself, there was no subtlety involved. The longest delay was in lining her awkwardly large cock up with Demona's slit, and once that was achieved she mounted her powerfully, all but dragging her across the ground with every thrust.

With a distracted wave, Sabrith dismissed the barrier keeping Demona within the summoning circle. "Now that you're part of the show it doesn't seem right to keep you penned in", she explained. "And besides - I think you're going to need some room to stretch out."

Demona's glasses were knocked almost loose, pushed to one side as Tayelle's heavy paw scrabbled for purchase. The expression on her face was hardly any more composed, with her mouth hanging open and her hair little better than a loose ponytail as her bun was knocked free. She curled her tail instinctively around Tayelle's rear, drawing her close and teasing her fur with its tip in equal measure.

Sabrith regarded all this with satisfaction. She knelt down, bringing herself to Demona's eye level. "See, we can give you all the instructions you want, but it only *really* sinks in with the practical lessons, doesn't it?"

With a muffled growl, Tayelle shuddered, and Sabrith saw Demona's eyes roll back in her head. "And speaking of sinking in...", Sabrith added wryly.

For a while all Demona could focus on was Tayelle pressing her down from above and filling her up inside, but eventually she realised that it was getting easier to keep herself steady on all fours. With difficulty she blinked her eyes clear, and with some effort focussed enough to register that her hands were starting to shift. They'd already begun to plump up, her fingers losing definition as they thickened and softened. What remained of Tayelle's own hands were right beside hers as she held herself over her, and the two right next to each other made the comparison clear. With every pulse that Tayelle sent into her, her own paws were growing in.

Before she could process this fully, Sabrith spoke once again. "It's already started", she whispered. "And we both know you could choose to stop it if you want to, but we also both know that you're not going to. Because it feels *good*, doesn't it?"

Her left hand was entirely a paw now, with shaggy grey fur starting to sweep up her arm. For as much as Demona tried to clear her head, the only thing she could think about was how much more leverage it gave her to press backwards onto Tayelle's cock. She gritted her teeth, then nodded quickly.

Sabrith swept her claws along her spine, and Demona's eyes shot open wide at the unexpected bliss that provoked. It was hard to even hear her words clearly, but at the same time she

couldn't *not* hear them. "That's good. But remember, to really make this happen, you have to be the one to lean in. All of this - letting you watch Tayelle turn, having her pin you down and fuck you, then letting you slowly watch the changes spread over yourself too - this is all the introduction. The only way this goes further is if you explicitly sign off on it."

Demona gasped, the breath catching in her throat as she struggled to form words. "How?", she managed eventually.

Suddenly there was a piece of paper in front of her, crowded with densely written text except for an obvious space for a name at the bottom.

Sabrith didn't need to explain further. Demona reached up with a flailing hand, and with a tiny spark of her own power, left her elaborate signature behind as she scratched her claw across the page.

Even before she lowered her hand back to the ground it had shifted into a paw. She leaned into it eagerly; a long, low howl rumbling through her throat. She rocked back into Tayelle's cock, willing herself to sink ever deeper into this wild lust. The rest of her changes came on in a flood, the simple canine features that swept over her dragging her new coat of fur in their wake. Her tongue felt long and flat as she panted heavily, and with an audible 'whoomph' her tail exploded with thick fuzz, wagging just as rapidly behind her as Tayelle's still did.

Still, there was one last thing left, but by now Demona knew well enough to expect it. When she felt Tayelle start to withdraw she gritted her teeth, embracing the overpowering sensation eagerly. All that heat and weight reached a tipping point, and she lost her footing as it finally came loose. She fell forwards, hips bucking against the ground while her new cock stretched out, utterly slick and overstimulated already as she rubbed it over the bare wooden floor. Soon she was panting and howling incoherently, cumming again and again into the puddle growing beneath her.

From a few feet above her physically and ten thousand miles away mentally, Sabrith nodded in silent approval. She pulled the piece of paper Demona had signed up to her face, inspecting it with a critical eye. "And it looks like this is... an invoice for the next shipment of beakers. Well, that's your next lesson - never let a lack of props get in the way of the moment."

A scratching noise drew her attention back to the ground, and she saw Demona's front legs clawing absently as she rode out the last waves of her orgasm, her eyes screwed shut with how lost she was to the world. "I guess we'll cover that one another time", Sabrith said to herself.

Eventually Demona tired herself out, seemingly uninterested in even standing up after such an energetic exertion. Sabrith could hardly blame her, but she also didn't want to just wait for the two of them to sleep it off. "Come on!", she called, clapping her hands for their attention. "We've still got plenty of boxes to stack, remember? Best get on it pets!"

Demona gazed up at her placidly, while Tayelle added a few pointed looks downwards from her spot curled up a little to the side. Confused, Sabrith followed her eye line, until eventually recognition dawned.

"No one else still has hands. I... made it so that no one else can do the work except me, didn't I?"

Tayelle yawned, settling down on her paws and closing her eyes lazily.

Sighing, Sabrith mimed rolling up her sleeves, a flash of fire spreading out from her gesture and covering her in a seductive, low-cut outfit. "Time to recruit some more help then. Let's see how far an honest job ad can get us after all."

She painted an imaginary sign in the air. "Wanted: a strong back and a good pair of hands for some hard work."

Reaching down, she stroked affectionately over the top of Tayelle's head, drawing out a contented rumble.

"Must love pets", she added.