

The Spy Hards

By Abe E Seedy

A dull thumping pulled Carla awake, the noise only reluctantly separating itself from the pounding in her head. With great effort she opened her eyes, nearly falling off the stiff wooden chair she found herself sitting on. Blearily, the room came into focus.

It was... it was basement room 3A. She recognised the lingering scorch mark on the far wall almost immediately, directly opposite where the camera they'd planted 2 weeks ago had gone dark. She couldn't help but spin around to satisfy her curiosity and - yes, just as she'd put in her report, they'd covered its location with caulk. She'd *told* them that crack was too visible, and anything that a half-decent homeowner would fix was way too much of a liability for the team to-

She was in the room. She, Carla was. She was supposed to be in the van, safely secured behind the screens where she could monitor the situation and call for help. She couldn't *be* that help; she wasn't trained, prepared, or even built for that. Her boss had made it clear that her only skill for field work came from being so visually unremarkable that she could blend into the crowd in an empty room, and once you stopped being a support agent that didn't cut it anymore. But if they'd taken her out of the van, then she was in real trouble.

Another muffled thump drew her attention. Finally Carla properly registered that the tube that took up the majority of the rear wall of the room was occupied, as someone pounded their balled fists on the plexiglass. She blinked once or twice to deal with the reflection from the harsh fluorescent light, then her eyes widened in shock. It was Gwynn.

Gwynn was a field agent. Gwynn was *the* field agent. Her toned body in her compressed frame always managed to surprise her opponents in a fight, but agency legend had it she'd never been in a fight while on the job. It's not that she seduced her way through difficult situations either, although she certainly had the curves for it, and when she went all-out with her makeup she had the round almond eyes and cherry red lips of a 50's-era starlet. No, her real trick was in how she made people feel. Just by listening to you talk she made you feel like the most important person in the world, and people would do just about anything to keep that up. Doors opened, logins were shared, irregularities overlooked - Hell, Carla had had one lengthy conversation with her and come away feeling like she owed it to the world to become a field agent herself, despite how badly *that* turned out.

But now she was trapped, with no one else around for her to talk her way out of things. If *Gwynn* was in the tube, just how out of control were things?

Carla jumped as the snap-hiss of a recorded message starting echoed around the room. "Greetings agents", a dry, male voice intoned. "We apologise for the inconvenience in your accommodations, but having grown tired of your meddling we decided we needed to make an intervention. Sadly, we can't be there with you in person, but we've gone through so much trouble to secure this room that we can't risk our presence or even a live connection. You'll

have to make do with this series of recordings, but I promise you'll want to listen to what we have to say."

From inside the tube, Gwynn rolled her eyes theatrically. Carla realised she was in her infiltration gear - skintight black leather that could just about pass for stylish streetwear for someone good looking enough to pull it off. In contrast, a glance downwards reminded Carla that she was wearing jeans and an anime t-shirt, an outfit that even Gwynn would probably struggle to make look cool. Probably.

Mercifully, before she could go much further down that train of thought, the voice continued. "We have your agent Gwynn secured carefully in one of our proprietary devices. For the agent from the van, you'll notice a computer to your left."

Carla did notice that. Her chair was bolted to the floor and a heavy manacle sat around her ankle, but a laptop sat open on a small table within arm's reach. She also noticed that they didn't seem to know her name, which was pretty standard for anyone working alongside Gwynn.

"You have 30 seconds to enter your login code, so we can find out exactly how much data your agency has gathered on us. Should you choose not to, well, we'll just have to use your lovely Gwynn to give you a demonstration of our work so far."

Carla's eyes bulged. That... that was... oh...

A sudden thump refocused her attention. Gwynn was looking at her, but instead of an expression of desperation her eyes were set in a steely glare as she shook her head slowly and emphatically.

"Of course, your colleague probably has some choice words about their situation, so we've programmed her microphone to turn on... now."

There was a sharp click, then Gwynn bent down slightly to place her lips over the speaker in the glass. "Carla? Carla. Don't you dare, okay? Sit right there."

For a moment Carla was frozen. Not by what Gwynn had said, but by the tremor she'd heard in her voice. This was a woman who'd followed her instructions on how to disarm a bomb without breaking a sweat, but she was definitely feeling this. This was *real*. She couldn't just sit back and let this happen, she had to-

"Hey!", Gwynn's voice snapped Carla's hand back from the keyboard. "Don't", she said firmly.

"But-"

Gwynn cut off Carla's protest before she could put it into words. "No. We can't let them win. We have to-"

Suddenly it was Gwynn's turn to be interrupted as the voice started again from the speaker. "If you're hearing this, then the 30 seconds we gave you have passed without you inputting your code. Given *that*, we have determined that you need some confirmation of our capabilities. And so..."

A small slot opened up behind Gwynn, shooting out a small dart that landed squarely in the meat of her thigh. It cut through her clothes without problem, and Carla could see the reservoir of bright green fluid draining smoothly into her teammate's body. After the initial shock of the impact, Gwynn played it off casually, waving her hand as she scanned the room for a camera. "Pfft", she scoffed. "You'll have to do better than... that..."

Her dismissive attitude faltered as her hand started to shake. She ran it over her forehead, shaking off the sweat that had started to bead on her skin.

"Wow, that... that has more kick than I thought..."

She leaned back against the rear wall, needing to take the pressure off her suddenly trembling legs. For several moments she just rested there and breathed heavily, until eventually Carla noticed something was happening. Her leggings started to stretch and shift, pushed aside by movements of her muscles and flesh. That seemed to be distracting enough, but then she suddenly slid down to the floor, her feet slipping out of her boots and tilting up against the glass as she fought for a pose that felt comfortable.

"Oh fuck", Gwynn hissed through gritted teeth. "It's... gnnhh!"

Her face screwed up as the intensity of the situation hit her, but it was nothing compared to what happened to her feet. After a brief moment of stretching to their limit her short black socks tore open at the tip, carried upwards slightly as her feet grew downwards. Only they weren't her feet anymore; fluffy brown fur spread out from beneath the torn fabric, following in the wake of black pointed claws. Her toes flexed individually as small pads plumped out beneath them, pressing heavily against the glass as she fought for a way to sit comfortably against all this sensation. A few moments later and the remains of her socks almost exploded against the awkward, raised angle her feet had re-set themselves into, revealing things much closer to canine paws than human feet. Her leggings held a little better, but even there Carla could see the fabric stretching a little as fur bunched up beneath it, not to mention the tension that came from her muscles straining and expanding.

Through all of this Gwynn was sweating bullets, shifting around uncomfortably in a vain effort to find relief. When she raised her thighs she afforded Carla another surprise; a distinct bulge forming between Gwynn and the ground, causing her to lift her rear slightly in an effort to remove the obstruction. It worked after a fashion, but only because the tight hem of her pants snapped downwards, letting her new, wolf-like tail burst up behind her back and flop heavily against the wall. The relief must have been emphatic because Gwynn all but curled up on herself, her legs still twitching as she panted into the air.

It took Gwynn some time to recover herself from that position, shifting herself awkwardly to avoid pulling her new tail as she settled back onto the ground. After that it took her yet more

time to regain her footing, presumably being very careful with her approach to avoid ripping the leggings that were so far managing to contain her dignity.

"Ha, is that all?", she said to the room in general, sliding her back slowly up the wall behind her until she was standing almost confidently on her unfamiliar paws. "Come on, I thought you were mad scientists! I could take care of this with a razor and a good pair of shoes!"

Almost perfectly on cue, the recorded voice started up again.

"The doctor tells me that's long enough for the serum to have an effect on even the most resilient subjects. I'm sure you've had quite a profound demonstration by now, hm?"

Gwynn snarled. "How could you-"

"As I'm sure you've guessed, we've engineered the serum to amplify Gwynn's very core. I wish I could see how it took effect, but I'm confident our chemist did his job admirably."

There was a pause as Gwynn considered her body. "I don't know which way to be insulted by this exactly. If you think the core of my being is some kind of dog..."

"Wolf", Carla answered without thinking. Gwynn gave her a look that forced her to elaborate. "That tail is more like a wolf than a dog. I, uh, volunteered at a sanctuary."

With her typical grace, Gwynn accepted that without question. "Oh, they think I'm the Big Bad Wolf, huh? Well that's more like it." She ran a hand through her fluffy tail, then shook her head. "But anyway, Carla, this just proves you can't give in. If *this* is the best they can do, then there's no reason to give in."

"But you're..." Carla indicated helplessly at Gwynn's reshaped lower body. "Isn't that... a lot?"

"I mean, it's not *idea*", Gwynn said quickly. "Obviously it's bad. But we can't give them what they want! Think of what these people could do if they got free from our investigation!"

Carla tried not to, but it was hard to stop thinking down that path. She had to dig her fingers into her thigh to pull her back into reality. "Okay, but what do we do then?"

"Try hacking the computer", Gwynn answered. "These guys aren't smart, surely you can handle it."

Right. Right, yes. Obviously Carla could handle it. She turned to the side, bypassing the prompt they'd left open and trying to get into the rest of the computer. A login screen appeared, and unfortunately they weren't amateurish enough to have saved their details. "Any ideas?"

Gwynn thought for a moment. "Try Moreau for the username. Password... Wells?"

After a moment of typing, Carla hit enter. There was a quick beep of an error, then the recorded voice started up again.

"You'll only hear this message if you tried unsuccessfully to break into our laptop. That means you need a... stronger method of coercion to see things our way..."

Suddenly, another slit withdrew in the wall behind Gwynn. Before either of them could react, a nozzle started spraying into her chamber, enveloping her head in a hazy green mist.

"Oh fuck, that's the aerosolized version", Carla whimpered. She turned back to the computer, flailing desperately, but without knowing the password there was nothing she could do.

From inside the tube Gwynn coughed, waving her hand to clear in front of her face without much success. "Don't", she managed to say. "We know... this won't kill me... after all."

Carla's eyes bulged. "But we don't know what will happen to you! How far you'll go!"

For someone struggling to breathe, Gwynn did a surprisingly good job of affecting a nonchalant air. "Come on... we know these guys... have nothing on me."

By the time she finished speaking the mist had obscured her head completely, leaving heavy condensation on the glass as it filled the space. After a few seconds it dissipated enough for Carla to see Gwynn again, but already she looked different. Her nose had stretched outwards, the bone of her upper jaw rising up to meet it as her face pulled slowly forwards. By now she wasn't even trying to wave the gas away, it almost looked like she was trying to breathe it in faster, sending slight swirls outwards through the vapor as she inhaled deeply. Her eyes had rolled back in her head, her mouth twitching as the mist sunk into her lengthening tongue. A sudden sneeze rocked her forwards, and when she came back up her teeth glinted in the fluorescent light, already sharp enough to leave imprints on her thickening black lips. She scratched absently at her cheek, her fingers tracing the growth of long whiskers that sprouted from her bulky, growing muzzle. Fur followed inexorably in their wake, starting as tufts beneath her slowly rising ears, then growing downwards along her jaw until it developed into a fluffy collar around her neck.

Her head lolled as she took long, slow breaths. She still looked human enough that she could probably still pass this off as an elaborate costume, but when Gwynn leaned against the glass the shift in her stance revealed a more dramatic development from earlier. The waist of her leggings slipped downwards, exposing an inch of bright red inch of flesh that stood stiffly in the air. The tip quivered visibly, already trailing a slick strand that connected it to her clothes below.

A thump on the glass drew Carla's attention back upwards. Gwynn's tongue was long enough to hang from her snout by now, almost meeting her fist as it flailed impotently against the glass. She withdrew it between her jet black lips with considerable effort, struggling to clear her head against the sensations that threatened to overwhelm her. From the back of her throat a low growl began to emerge, something so deep and animal that it reached deep into Carla's subconscious and made her knees weak.

"Grrrrrr... can't...", she managed, forming the word with evident difficulty around her sharp, canine fangs. "Can't... give in..."

The growl transitioned into a whine, ramping up in tempo as she pressed her increasingly flat, wet nose up against the glass. At the same time her hips also unthinkingly moved forwards, leaving a long, slick line as she ground herself up against the tube. That same motion also peeled her clothes back further, revealing enough of her new flesh to make its nature unmistakable. Not only were several inches of bright red cock poking up from her body, but the base of it, peaking out just below her waistband, was a distinctly canine bulge.

She didn't just have a cock. She had an animal cock, and from the slick mess that Carla could see beneath her tented and ruined underwear, she'd already cum with it once, and was right on the verge of doing so again.

Another growl emerged from Gwynn's throat, and this one was so powerful and urgent that Carla couldn't help but look back into her face. Her eyes were a deep, rich yellow, almost glowing in the reflected light, and her head spun as she struggled to stay coherent. "Can't... fight it", she panted. "Rrrgghh... harrdd... to... talk..."

Her tongue lolled from her mouth for a few moments, almost lapping at the glass as she struggled to control herself. Whatever resistance she was offering was clearly not helped by the traitorous hand that fell down to her waist, pawing and groping at her cock as though her own body was trying to tempt her to give in. Her panted breaths fogged the glass, her eyes losing focus as her voice slipped away. "Grrrhhhh... rrrhrrr... huuhhrrruuhhh... HOOWWWooo!"

The moment she howled her whole body seized up, her hips pressing hard against the glass as her cock shuddered and came. Her tail wagged happily as she leaned into it, absolutely losing herself to animalistic bliss. Ropes of white cum spurted over her top, marking the last human part of herself as it soaked slowly through the fabric. Her head fell to the side for a moment and left her making eye contact with Carla as she sat open-mouthed in her chair, and a twinge of shameful recognition sent another trembling pulse out from her cock.

Finally though, that seemed to be enough. Gwynn seemed like she visibly deflated as she settled back down against the rear wall, seemingly present enough to avoid eye contact.

Carla swallowed, her mind filling the silence with a thousand questions at once. "Gwynn?", she tried cautiously. "Are you still there?"

There was a nod, but a long drawn-in breath rather than a response. Eventually her mouth opened tentatively, but she was interrupted by the recording.

"I trust you're satisfied with such an elaborate display of our work, yes?" At last a mocking tone crept into the previously flat voice as it added, "what's that Gwynn? Speak up!"

A rough bark emerged from Gwynn's mouth, seeming to startle even her. She paused and tried again, her mouth going through the motion of forming words but only barks, growls and

whines actually emerging. Soon she stopped and looked away, a faint glow of burning red barely visible through the fur on her cheeks.

"Of course, this is just the start", the recording continued smugly. "After several rounds of treatment and conditioning even an agent like Gwynn might lose the ability to speak human words entirely, instead of just adding a growl to her voice! Hahahaha!"

Carla looked at Gwynn. Gwynn looked at Carla.

"Well... well... uh...", Gwynn flailed desperately, immediately realising that she'd already made it worse. Eventually her shoulders slumped as she sat back against the rear wall. "Fuck."

The awkward silence was broken as Carla burst out laughing. At first that caused Gwynn's cheeks to flush even more red, but as soon as Carla noticed she threw up her hands in protest. "No, I-"

"I'm sure our demonstration is quite persuasive", interrupted the other voice again. "Now if you-"

"Ugh", Gwynn snorted as she stood up. "Can you shut that guy off? Their account is just admin/admin, embarrassingly."

"Oh, yeah, hold on", Carla answered, turning to the laptop and tapping away while they both ignored the monologue continuing from the speaker. "Oh my god, they haven't even locked the system down fully. I can just mute the audio without even having to log in, watch..."

The voice stopped instantly, leading both women to sigh with relief. "Fuck me, what absolute amateurs", Gwynn sighed.

Carla nodded, then paused. "But then, how did they catch *you*?"

There was a beat, and Carla could see Gwynn's pride fighting with her embarrassment. "They didn't", she said eventually. "Or at least, they wouldn't have, if I hadn't let them. I..." She took a deep breath and leaned against the tube before continuing. "I've been assigned to this group for awhile, yeah? At first they just seemed like kooks, but then I started reading their results and the more I dove in the more it made sense. Not whatever their big powerplay is obviously, but just like, the ground-level stuff. The ideas they were playing with sounded... interesting."

Her forehead rested against the glass as she spent another moment breathing, and then when she spoke again the rest all came out in one big rush.

"My whole career, my whole *life* feels like it's about what I can do for other people. I make people feel good, so they'll let me in. I use what they tell me to help the agency. Whenever I talk to people I'm always agreeing with them and supporting them, and even when I'm manipulating them it's not for anything I want. When I saw in the reports that they'd developed a drug that made their testers get wild, monstrous traits and lose themselves in

their base urges, taking exactly what they wanted and not caring about what anyone else thought I... started thinking a certain way about that..."

A drawn-out squeak attracted both of their attentions downwards. Gwynn's cock was slowly stiffening against the glass. She fought back another blush before she added hurriedly, "I still did keep tabs on them! And I stopped them from taking any involuntary human subjects! But just when I heard them talking about their plans for if they ever caught the mole in their midst I..."

Another squeak, and a deeper red filled her cheeks. "I may have let myself get carried away."

Carla's brain was furiously kicking at her mouth to speak up, but she just couldn't manage to get the words to come out. Gwynn filled the silence by staring down at the ground, her voice something between a mumble and an apology. "I'm sure this seems just... *insane*. That's the best explanation I've got though. Let's just get out of here and then we can get the lab to-"

"Same", Carla managed finally. Gwynn looked up at her for the first time since she'd started explaining, her face radiating hopeful confusion. "Not exactly the same", Carla clarified quickly, "but like - I also requested this assignment after seeing what they were up to, and helped shield them from getting shut down hard. I had no *idea* I wasn't the only one..."

"You want to be in here with me...?", Gwynn said softly.

Carla shook her head. "No. Well, yes, kinda, but not - not exactly. I..."

She breathed out slowly, clenching her teeth as her mouth fought back against forming the words. But she couldn't chicken out now, not after everything Gwynn had already done. "I'm the support. I'm *good* at being the support, but I'm never the center of attention. No one..."

She screwed up her face and pushed through. "No one is slamming me up against a wall and taking me like an animal. But when I read that description of that case-"

"Oh my god, subject 9?!", Gwynn cut in. "I was so jealous of subject 9!"

"I was jealous of the researcher in the room with subject 9", Carla countered with a wistful smile. "The fact that they had to turn on the fire suppression system to get them apart..."

"Ffuck, I know, right? I just about signed up on the spot!"

They both laughed, cutting some of the tension in the room. "So you see-", Carla started.

A click and whirr caught their attention as another slit opened up in the wall behind Gwynn. Carla scrambled for the laptop to shut it off, but Gwynn threw up a hand. "Wait", she said simply, wincing slightly as another dart embedded itself in the small of her back.

Carla swallowed. "Are you sure?".

Gwynn shrugged. "Well, too late now either way", she answered, already pulling off her top, unclipping her bra and peeling away the remains of her leggings. "We may as well see how this goes."

With both of them watching in open anticipation, the changes felt like they took longer to kick in. Slowly the fur that had previously crested around her waist began to creep upwards, leading Gwynn to scratch absently at the downy white fuzz that tickled over her chest. Her nails slid steadily into claws as she drew them across her body, her hands plumping out as pads grew in beneath them. The change in sensation that provoked seemed to be distracting enough in itself, but then Gwynn's trailing fingers stopped abruptly, tripping against something that made her eyes go wide. Dedicated investigation quickly revealed the cause, her thumb soon circling around the nipple that had grown out from her chest. Her other hand groped outwards, uncovering in short order the three full rows that were stretching out below her original breasts. They were certainly smaller than her human pair, but the nipples on each were easily large enough to show through the fur on her chest, marking her yet further with yet another distinctly animal trait. Gwynn leaned into that enthusiastically, her tongue hanging happily from her snout as her thick paws ran up and down along her teats, panting and whining as her tail slapped heavily against the wall. All the while her cock stiffened back upwards, trembling a little harder every time she teased her breasts until it was once again dripping with barely restrained enthusiasm.

From there she didn't have much left to go. By now fur had washed over the last of her visible skin, and with her tail, paws and shaggy, lupine head she looked at least as much wolf as human. Gwynn the elegant, accomplished field agent was gone, replaced by this feral, canine woman, eyeing Carla impatiently as her stiff cock sent a constant little river of slickness sliding down the glass between them. But even so she remained where she was, a frustrated bundle of desire held reluctantly and temporarily in place.

Carla swallowed heavily. She'd let them capture her after all. Why stop with a show when she could go all the way? Shaking so badly it took her three separate tries to open the right folder, she navigated to the containment controls.

Gwynn's eyes narrowed as she watched her, her hands barely pausing in the constant cycle of stimulation she'd kept herself in since her changes finished. When she spoke her voice was barely more than a growl, but regardless Carla could make out the word she was roughly framing. "Contagious", she said simply.

After one long centering breath, Carla opened her eyes and returned her stare. "I know", she answered, clicking the button.

The walls of the tube retracted into the floor with a pneumatic hiss, but they hadn't even withdrawn before Gwynn stepped over the obstacle and strode towards her. She didn't bother to open the chain around Carla's foot, merely pulling her upright then stepping down hard on the chair itself, shattering the wood in a single blow. Then without a word she wrapped an arm around Carla's chest, securing her in the crook of her elbow as she lifted her bodily across the room, pressing her back firmly against the wall.

"*Want*", Gwynn snarled, her lips tickling Carla's ear as her hot breath washed over her neck. Carla just nodded, fumbling with her belt until Gwynn grew impatient and tore her jeans aside herself. Her underwear didn't even get that courtesy, Gwynn's slick cock soaking the fabric in moments, leading them to simply rip open at the second insistent thrust. And then, braced in the muscles of this powerful creature and with her ears filled with wordless demands, Carla felt her lips pressed slowly open; the thick, round head of Gwynn's cock stretching her deliciously as she was filled.

She couldn't tell when her own changes started. Her mind was adrift in the overwhelming sensation as Gwynn ramped up her tempo, her hips struggling to keep up as she bounced in the rhythm. But eventually the heat inside became something she couldn't ignore, and she pawed desperately at the wall in a vain attempt at relief. Belatedly she realised that that was right, as the hands in front of her weren't quite hands anymore. The digits had shortened slightly and soft pads had emerged from the underside, bracing her enough that she hadn't noticed her nails sharpening into claws. Even as she watched a wave of bright black fur swept down from her shoulders, wrapping up each paw and leaving her new animal nature in no doubt.

Gwynn must have noticed the distraction in her rhythm, and she reacted by grabbing at Carla's face with a domineering growl. Only where she grabbed was new and different, Carla's mouth and nose collected together into a snout of her own. Gwynn turned it to one side then another for her inspection, nodding in approval as she ran a claw slowly over Carla's lips.

It was really sinking in - she was an animal now too. No one could look past her sleek black coat, and the way her previously modest chest had already torn through the remains of her old shirt. Every thrust made it worse, made *her* worse, and Carla's lengthening tongue fell from her muzzle as she leaned into it eagerly. She didn't know if she was becoming a wolf like Gwynn or something else, but she knew she felt *good*. Her smooth fur felt slinky, seductive yet powerful, and she felt just uncontrollably hot. Beneath her she felt Gwynn begin to tense and something inside her echoed that pressure, leading her to slam her hips forcefully against her partner's sturdy waist. There was one last, long moment of deliciously riding that line before finally a slickness bubbled up inside her, Carla's own shuddering orgasm echoed by the release of her new tail bursting outwards.

Her new fur was matted and dripping when Gwynn finally lowered her back to the ground. As much as she wanted to stay wrapped up in this embrace Carla couldn't help but fight free, seeking out the abandoned mirror she'd clocked in the room earlier. She padded over, almost reluctant to look at first, and then surprised by the sight that greeted her. A quick spin confirmed it - she was a skunk, her lithe black body bisected by a single white stripe that went all the way along her large, raised tail, the whole thing giving her an air of almost cartoonish seductiveness.

"Want a wolf-whistle?", Gwynn asked with a mischievous grin. She was leaning casually against the wall, looking her up and down approvingly. Carla blushed, but at the same time she couldn't stop smiling. She slunk back over, raising Gwynn's arm and nestling back into the space she opened up for her.

Time passed. Eventually Carla opened one eye and looked up. "I guess we quit, huh?"

Gwynn shrugged. "I don't know about that. But hey, I'm pretty sure we know at least one group that would like to hire us if we did, hmm?"

She leaned down for a kiss, and the rest of those concerns melted away. There would be time for thinking through the consequences later.

Much later.