

# TF Club, Part One

By Abe E Seedy, illustrated by Angrboda

"So", Veronica said, "we've got a few new members here today."

Almost all the dozen women in the room turned to face Betsy, who in turn affected an air of aloofness. She pretended to busy herself inspecting one of her hands, but given the translucency of her body she was still aware of just how many people were staring at her. Eventually, she sighed.

"I'll go first then, shall I?"

Veronica yielded the floor with a nod, and Betsy flowed upwards from her chair, sliding out into the centre of the room. She adopted another self-consciously relaxed pose, acutely aware that all eyes were now unmistakably on her. After a brief pause she placed her hands on her hips and arched her back, subtly increasing the volume of her tits as her cock stretched upwards from her waist.

"Any questions?", she said simply.

The rest of the club looked on silently, even the other post-TF participants taken aback by her straightforwardness. After a few moments, Veronica took it on herself to take the lead.

"So, let me start with the obvious question, is-

Betsy cut her off. "Yes, it's cum. You've had googirls in here before, right?"

Veronica nodded. "One or two."

"Well, a cumgirl is a googirl that isn't a coward. We all *know* that's what it's about, right? Why not lean into it? Why just go halfway?"

Veronica took a moment, but couldn't quite concede the point. "Well, some might disagree with that being *entirely* what it's about, but"

"-but they're cowards", Betsy interjected.

Veronica put up her hands. "Well now, I appreciate the enthusiasm, but the point of this club isn't to say that one experience or form is objectively the best. It's to show people options and let them pick what's best for them."

"Hm", Betsy registered that with a slight tilt of her head. "Well then, this experience is for people who aren't cowards."

Finally, someone else in the room piped up. From almost the opposite side of the circle of chairs from Veronica, a mousy-looking woman named Katie raised her hand. "Uh, do you *have* to have like, a cum fetish to enjoy it?"

That gave Betsy pause. She looked herself up and down, brushing her shining white hands over her dripping wet chest. "Well", she said eventually, "my whole body is made of cum, I've got a demanding cock and over-enthusiastic balls that keeps wanting to make more, and I'm pretty sure the only thing I've eaten since I changed three days ago is other people's cum, so... yeah. I think you could say it helps."

Another hand shot up from someone else in the circle. This one belonged to Denise, someone who looked so much like a scientific professional that when she first joined Veronica made her sign a waiver that she wasn't just subtly conducting corporate research. "But, wait, if you're made out of cum, and you've been taking in other people's cum, does that mean that there's a... mixing or replacement going on? How much of you is still *you*?"

Betsy rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I don't want to get all Slut of Theseus on this. We all eat food. Same thing. I'm just being more direct about it. Any more questions?"

Katie's hand rose again. She waited until Betsy nodded in her direction, then steadied herself with her hand on her chin. "Isn't the cock *and* balls *and* all the cum like, a little much?"

"Yes", Betsy answered simply. "That's the point. Allow me to refer you to that 'for anyone not a coward' comment from earlier."

This time Veronica cut in. "Okay, we might be getting caught in a loop here. Let's make sure we cover the important stuff then. So Betsy, please tell us how you TF'd, and what that was like."

Betsy nodded. "Yoga", she said flatly.

The whole class was silent, waiting for more information, but none was forthcoming.

"Yoga?", Veronica prompted.

"Well, *hot* yoga."

Veronica fought to keep her head out of her hands. "And what was it like?"

"Hot", Betsy answered with a shrug.

"Right well, thank you Betsy", Veronica said quickly, clearly hitting the conversational eject button. "Everyone, give Betsy a hand, and let's keep in mind her option of, uh, hot yoga and a fully embraced cum fetish."

Betsy bowed, taking advantage of the motion to make one last pitch by bending so emphatically that her mouth was level with her cock. She gave it a quick kiss with a mischievous wink, then slid backwards seamlessly until she was sitting once again in her chair.

Turning back to the rest of the room, Veronica opened her palms. "Who wants to go next?"

From the other side of the circle a hand was raised, and in the silence of the moment the group could all hear the distinct 'sqrk' of latex rubbing against itself as the shining black arm went up.

The woman sitting right next to the latex-clad one spoke up. "Oh, I suppose it's our turn now. Hello, I'm Imogen, and this is Mille."

They made quite a pair. Imogen herself had an air of graceful elegance; tall, tanned and confident, her long legs crossed as she folded her fingers together in her lap. Millie meanwhile, probably would have been the center of attention if Betsy hadn't been here. While Betsy was over-the-top in a very simple and direct way, Millie was instead dizzyingly complicated.

To begin with, she was wearing what appeared to be a full-body latex suit, her skin completely sealed away behind that shining smooth material. Molded high heels tilted up her feet, while a black and white dress crinkled around thighs. A splash of white drew attention to her chest, the pattern making it clear that her outfit was some style of maid getup, but the sense of delicate care that that implied was thrown off by the elaborate gas mask that enveloped her head. No part of her face was visible through the tangle of valves and hoses, with even the glazed glass eye pieces shining so bright as to be opaque. The only part of her head that escaped the mask was her brown hair, but even that looked to be intertwined with the thick trail of tubes that ran backwards from her face and snaked down her spine. A long enough inspection revealed that they reconnected beneath the suit at the base of her back, just in front of a large, stiff tail that stuck straight up behind her. That tail was for the most part shining black, but the crisp white line that ran down the centre gave a clear implication of a skunk theme. The recognition of that prompted the audience to realise that the gas mask did seem to sit a little further forward on her face than would be normal, and the gloves sitting over her raised hand were capped with cute little rubber claws and paw pads.

After giving the group enough time to fully regard Millie, Imogen opened her hands to cede the floor. "Any questions?"

As was often the case, Veronica led off. "So Millie, do you want to take us through the general, uh, situation here?"

She gave a stiff nod, then turned slightly towards Imogen and started making a series of expressive hand gestures which quickly revealed themselves to be sign language.

"This is a new one for me", Imogen translated for the room, "but I started this yesterday as something for this group and it has been quite the experience so far. There's a..."

She trailed off as Mille's hands stopped signing and instead ran along the length of her chest, the long, slow squeak that provoked sounding louder in the silence.

"It's hard to explain", Imogen resumed as Millie returned to signing. "The all-encompassing nature is quite intoxicating, the way that every move you make reminds you of just enveloped you are, how even breathing is an act akin to supplication."

Imogen paused, then shot Millie a glance as her hands increased in tempo for a moment. "No, I know you didn't say 'supplication' exactly. It just seemed a better word, so I - yes, okay, I'll stop editorialising. Fine."

Looking back out to the rest of the room, Imogen quietly rolled her eyes. "Perhaps some more direct questions would be useful?"

Denise quickly raised a hand. "Am I right in assuming she can't talk in that mask? Can't she take it off for this conversation?"

"Ah", Imogen said, starting her answer even before Millie began signing. "That's part of the effect. If she removes the mask she'll revert back to normal, so she can't remove the mask."

Denise frowned. "Wait, she doesn't want to remove the mask, or she *can't*?"

"Yes", Imogen answered simply, backed up by an emphatic nod from Millie.

That seemed to be the end of that, so after a few moments of silence, Katie coughed. "Uh, it seems like there's a lot of like, uh I mean... is it all just like, a *smell* thing?"

Millie and Imogen looked at each other, and Millie gave a half-shrug before starting her response. "*Sort of*", Imogen relayed, "but maybe not in the way you might think. It's more like... if you have a smell that makes you think of something, a scent so deeply and intimately connected with a feeling that it registers on an intrinsic, physical level. Imagine suddenly discovering that there was a perfume that could just slide all the way inside your head and flip all of your switches without any conscious thought on your part, and then imagine being enveloped by it, subsumed blissfully beneath it every time you merely breathe."

Imogen turned away from Millie for a moment, differentiating her own voice as she added, "also, may I add that there's certainly a domestic hypnotism element to all this, so the 'fetish maid' aspect is rather accurate. Isn't that right?"

She said that last question as she stroked her fingers up Millie's neck before gripping softly at the top of her throat, and no one in the room missed the way she melted obediently into Imogen's hand.

There was a significant period of silence following that demonstration, and eventually Veronica took it on herself to break it. "So, what is the impact of this on your day-to-day life, would you say?"

Imogen let Millie go, and she sagged just a little back onto her heels before gathering herself up to respond. "Significant", she said through Imogen. "Just existing like this is horny, and doing anything adds to that. This meeting here is about as public as we would want to get with this given that, so there has been a fair few steps to adjust our lives to accommodate this for as long as we have. So this is certainly a full-time situation, and should be treated as such."

Veronica looked like she was going to ask a follow-up question, but before she could Betsy threw her arm up and almost shouted, "yo, how do you cum in all that?"

The response from Millie was fast, but it took Imogen a few moments first to acknowledge it, and then to pass it along. "She just says 'constantly'", she relayed with a roll of her eyes.

There was a pause as Betsy looked her up and down. "How can you tell?"

"It's not as... emphatic as you might be", Imogen replied, once again speaking on her own rather than waiting for Millie to sign. "But I'm given to understand that when the standard erogenous zones are... subsumed, shall we say..."

Her fingers reached out, and even with the mask in the way the whole room could see Millie's face contort as Imogen tugged gently but insistently on her featureless crotch.

"...the whole area becomes sensitive. She might not have what you would consider a 'classic' orgasm, but I believe the teasing and stimulation is quite enjoyable, wouldn't you agree dear?"

Millie's slow, shuddering nod needed no translation, but Betsy looked unsatisfied. "Hmph. I'd take a 'classic orgasm' any day over teasing, but sure."

Before it could become an argument, Veronica interjected. "I think that will do for the demonstration girls, thank you. One last question though - what does the TF involve?"

"We've already done the hard part, so if anyone wants this option, all they'll need is to inhale some of Millie's..." She paused. "...Fumes? We probably need a sexier name for that."

There was some frantic signing from Millie, and Imogen's shoulders sagged in the heaviest sigh yet.

"My wife wants me to say the following - 'if you want in on this horny trance, all you need to do is huff my dank juice.'"

They both sat down, and Imogen shot Millie a look. "Thank you very much for *that*, honey."

Before that could devolve into a whole other argument, Veronica clapped her hands brightly. "Well, thank you for that girls. So, who's next?"

"Shall I go next?"

Again, attention in the room turned to the next speaker, but this time people were surprised to see who had raised their hand. For someone who was supposed to be talking through their transformation, she looked decidedly normal. Behind her round glasses and beneath her bobbed brown hair she looked even mousier than Katie, which was borne out by the fact that unlike Katie she'd remained entirely silent until now. But despite all this she rose to her feet as Veronica gave her the floor, drawing herself up to her full height (about 5ft 3, it seemed), and spoke in an unsteady voice.

"Um, so, I'm Audrie, but my friends call me Dee."

She paused, and the group mumbled a belated "hi Audrie" in an effort to get her to continue.

"So, I bet you're wondering what my, uh, thing is."

From the other side of the room, Betsy all but yelled, "yes!" A few faces turned in her direction but she refused to be embarrassed, and eventually despite that Audrie carried on.

"Well, it's... it's kind of hard to explain. I might, uh, can I just show you? Even if it's a little, uh...?"

She left the question hanging in the air, but it wasn't hard to see what she was driving at. Veronica was just forming an answer when Betsy beat her to it, pre-empting her gentle encouragement by simply gesturing at her whole body and saying "yo. You're fine."

Straightforward as it was, that did seem to give Audrie the permission she was after, and she curled her fingers beneath the hem of her long skirt and lifted it upwards. The first realisation for

the group was that she wasn't wearing anything beneath that, but that was quickly overshadowed when her crotch itself came into view. The whole area around her pussy seemed to be dripping with slickness, and a moment later the source of that came into view, as some kind of slimy, blue grey tendril unfolded from inside her. She visibly shuddered as it slid along the inside of her thigh, leaving a slight trail behind it as it withdrew back within her slit.

There were several seconds of silence as the group regarded the still-almost-entirely-demure-looking woman with open mouths.

"Uh, any questions?", Audrie said eventually.

This time, Veronica managed to get in first, but even she wasn't entirely able to keep her reserved composure. "What - what was that?"

Audrie's expression was somewhere between a sheepish grin and a shrug. "I can't say that I know for sure. Maybe it's an alien? Maybe it's an escaped lab experiment? But I can say that it's benign. Or like - what's that word for like, a good parasite?"

"A symbiote", Denise answered, a little too quickly.

"Yeah, exactly", Audrie said with a nod. "It's ah, mutually beneficial."

Before the rest of the room could jump back in, Veronica took control. "I think if we just left this to open questions we'd probably be here all night, so why don't you just take us through, well, everything about this. If you don't mind Audrie?"

Audrie nodded again, the gesture managing to both signal assent and let her break eye contact as she spoke. "Uh, right, that's probably fair. So I've had this for... I think about three months now?"

That got a reaction in the room, with even Millie giving a little choked gasp from behind her mask. In turn it was clear that that response made Audrie blush a little, but she managed to keep from stumbling as she continued.

"I was, uh, *introduced* to them by a good friend of mine then, who gave me the rundown. She said all that about them being a benign, uh..."

She pointed, and Denise supplied "symbiote" again on her cue, and with that Audrie nodded and kept going.

"She said that what they do is find a host and then, uh, meld with them. And from there they, well, they... hijack the host's reproductive system, and induce them to periodically lay eggs. And

from *there*, more, um, well, she called them 'sex worms', and I haven't really been able to think of any better names. I'm open to suggestions though!"

"Horny slimers?", Betsy volunteered, more or less instantly.

Audrie made an attempt to politely consider this, but her face showed her discomfort. "Uh, no, maybe not that name, if that's okay."

Before Betsy could throw anything else out, Veronica finally managed to speak up. "Do you mean to tell me you've had this thing, in your own words, 'hijacking your reproductive system' and 'forcing you to lay eggs' for *three months*? And this is a good thing? How are you not swimming in these things?"

"Oh!", Audrie straightened upwards, her hands grasping meekly at her skirt as she looked personally scolded. "No no no, it's not like that. The eggs aren't fertile unless you run a blacklight over them. I'm not sure why exactly, but somehow that like, activates them. If you don't do that, then they just sort of... dissolve after about an hour or so. And even then, the worms only merge if you're like... okay with it? It's hard to explain exactly, but there's like - the sense of a question being asked at the outset, but without words? It's... um. I'm sure it's all okay."

Veronica pursed her lips, but it was hardly the most reckless thing she'd heard in her few years of running this group. At least there wasn't any sort of demonic pact involved. Probably.

Out loud, she asked, "I presume you brought a blacklight torch with you for today?"

Audrie blushed. "Uh, I, actually, there's an app on your phone? I kinda... downloaded that a while back, just to see what it was like to have more than one of these things at once." Her gaze drifted off to the middle distance for a moment. "Turns out it's... a *lot*, in like, a *way*, but it's not exactly a long-term thing."

"Okay, that's the practicality worked out then", Veronica said, bringing Audrie back into the room. "Why don't you give us the pitch then. Why should the people here pick your option to try out? What's good about it?"

"Oh, er, wow", Audrie answered, falling back to her seat heavily as she struggled with the question. "How to explain it. Um."

As she thought, it slowly became clear that her skirt was shifting just a little as she sat there, a small bulge sliding from side to side independently of her own movements. Eventually, Katie raised her hand.



"Given, uh, that", she asked, pointing at the raised area of her skirt, "couldn't you just wear tighter clothes if you wanted to go unnoticed?"

Audrie shook her head, genuinely seeming taken aback by the suggestion. "Oh, no. No, that's actually the point. *That's* what's good about it!"

Katie blinked. "It's good to have it be just a little bit visible, when you're out living your life?"

"Exactly!" Audrie stood back up, finding her footing in her pitch at last. "Okay it's like, sometimes I'm on the train, and it's a long trip, and I'll *feel* it just start, there's a like, a heat, then an urge, and I'll know that my creature has decided that it's time. And I can fight it back if I have to, I can cross my legs and grit my teeth and wait till I get to my stop so I can rush to get home, and even *that* is a really, really great way to tease yourself into a great time as soon as you get in the door. But then there's other times when I can't fight it, or I don't want to, or whatever, and I can feel it stretching up beneath my skirt, the eggs building up unstopably until I just can't help but have them slide out into my lap one after another. And then sometimes people see, and I can see them seeing, and I have to just deal with that, or maybe it gets them interested too, and we find somewhere to take things further..."

She drifted off again, and this time it was Betsy who brought her back into the conversation. "Well, that does sound like a good show. Do you think you could break us off a piece of that now?"

"Er", Audrie blushed, somehow more so than she already was. "Uh, no, actually. When I said that it had hijacked my reproductive system, I kinda meant the whole thing. I... can't actually provoke it when I want to. It just happens when it happens, and I have to roll with it."

Veronica raised an eyebrow. "If it takes an egg to share this with someone else, does that mean you might not be able to provide for anyone in the group who decides to choose your option?"

The blush deepened further. "Yeah. It helps if I get horny, so I figured it was pretty likely, but I can't *guarantee* it, no."

"We have *one* rule - bring enough to share", Veronica muttered to herself, but she managed to keep that quiet enough that no one else heard it. After clearing her throat to reset herself, she nodded amiably back to Audrie. "Thank you Audrie, I think that's enough there. So, I believe we have just one more person left to make her pitch. Let's see... Felicia, if you would be so kind?"

About four people to Veronica's right, a white-furred arm was raised. "Hey", she said simply.

The group looked her up and down. She was, as everyone had clocked as soon as they walked in, a catgirl. Soft white fur covered her entire body, while a thin tail twitched back and forth out

the back of her chair. Taking a moment to lick the back of her hand and rub it behind her stiff, pointed ear, Felicia then scratched between her whiskers as she lowered her clawed finger back down to her waist.

"So, how do you transf-", Katie started.

"Eating pussy", Felicia answered quickly. Seeing the rolled eyes that provoked, she added, "no, really. There was like, a curse, or a blessing, or something, and now it turns out that this is a thing can be spread by oral sex. I think there was something about how it's undone by like, anal, but who has time to even find that out."

That addition didn't do much to quell the incredulous stares across the rest of the room. "Really", Imogen said flatly.

Felicia just shrugged. "I dunno man, some magic folks have like, their pet things. And one of them is encouraging oral sex. Or maybe they thought they were *discouraging* it, but they sure as hell missed the mark if that was the case."

"Weren't you here last time?", Denise asked.

Again, Felicia shrugged. "Look, someone has got to rep for pussy-eating catgirls here. Might as well be me."

"Right!", Veronica said quickly, clapping her hands to regain control of the space. "I think that covers everything. How about we break for snacks, and then when we come back everyone can make their decision of who they want to-"

She was interrupted by a sudden gasp. All eyes turned in Audrie's direction as she all but slid off her chair, her hands scrabbling at her waist as her knees hit the floor. Any questions the group had were answered as she managed to lift her skirt upwards, revealing the tentacle-worm-thing greatly increased in length and volume. It swayed lazily from side to side as Audrie's head lolled backwards, her hips jerking forwards as the tendril began to swell and convulse. Then, with a full-body shudder, a series of slick oval shapes began to emerge, the tip of the tendril depositing each egg carefully in the growing puddle of slime beneath her.

The whole process took only a few minutes, although from Audrie's blank-eyed expression through it all it wasn't clear if she even registered the time passing. Eventually though the eggs stopped descending, and with one last dramatic shudder the tentacle withdrew, slipping back inside as her legs closed absently behind it. As she slowly regained her footing, using one elbow to lever herself back up onto her chair, it was hard not to notice her free hand instinctively pulling out her phone and flicking open the blacklight app.

"It seems like we were lucky enough to receive a demonstration after all", Veronica said dryly. "And I see you've brought enough for everyone too. How generous."

If there was a snide tone there, Audrie didn't register it. "Yes, yes absolutely", she answered distantly, already steadying the pile of eggs between her shoes as she played the light from her phone over them. "Wouldn't want to not have enough."

Veronica raised an eyebrow. "Quite. Well then, it seems like we're all set. Let's take that break now, and when we get back, let's see who picks what, shall we?"