

# TF Club, Part Two

By Abe E Seedy

Veronica looked around the room, noting the new clusters of people sitting together. "Welcome back everyone, I hope you enjoyed the snacks during the break. So, I trust everyone has made their decision about what they want to experience?"

Sitting by herself, Betsy folded her arms together with a wet slap. "You're all cowards", she sniffed.

"Yes, quite", Veronica answered. "Perhaps next time, when people are more used to the idea. I would argue that you came on too strong."

Betsy raised an eyebrow, gesturing to her flowing, white body. "Is that a pun?"

"No, and I look forward to the moment when puns like that are all behind us. But, moving on, who wants to go first?"

Denise raised her hand, her speed and rigid motion attracting the attention of the group. She was sitting next to Millie, the latex-coated skunk maid, whom no one else had apparently chosen. "Can I start?", Denise asked. "I think it will be interesting to spend some time in this elaborate setup."

Veronica looked to Millie for approval. In turn, she looked to where her wife Imogen was sitting before starting her response in sign language. "That's fine by me", Imogen translated.

"Very well then", Veronica conceded, given an open gesture with her hands. "You may proceed, and everyone else, please enjoy the show."

Before going any further, Denise insisted that her picture be taken standing next to Millie. She claimed it was just a memento, but Veronica found it hard to shake the idea that she was recording a clear before and after. Still, she'd certainly seen worse in her few years of running this group. It was probably even odds whether she was genuinely trying to do some sort of research or just disguising her own enthusiasm behind a screen of scientific detachment, but in the end it didn't really matter. She wasn't being disruptive, so if she wanted to document her transformation, then that was her business.

She probably wouldn't have seemed so suspicious if she didn't look so much the part of a corporate researcher. The long white skirt and suit jacket she was wearing was close enough to a lab coat that the comparisons drew themselves, and her carefully tied-back blond hair

furthered the image of practicality over fashion. That wasn't to say that she lacked for elegance - she was almost 6 feet tall, and her long legs and artfully thin-framed glasses gave her an air of sophistication. All that was undercut by more pragmatic concessions though, like the fact that she wore comfortable sneakers rather than the inch-high stilettos that some stereotypical scientist-seductress might.

She made for quite a comparison next to Millie, who certainly was leaning fully into stereotype, even if it was several different ones at once. The 'sexy maid' in her frilly black-and-white outfit, the obedient sexpot with her high heels and full-body latex suit, and then the more niche element of a heavy gas mask, tubes and the stiff skunk tail behind her. If Veronica had to guess why Denise had chosen this particular avenue so eagerly, she'd probably venture that it was to let her lean into something fetishy and indulgent without restraint, but without the shamelessness that Betsy was offering. Yes, there was an element of exposure to Millie's approach, given that anyone looking at her could very easily see exactly what she was about. But there was still that quite literal mask to hide behind, the ornate gas mask that kept her features perfectly obscured. It was one of the lessons she'd quickly learned running this group - people will be comfortable having all kinds of wild sex stuff on display if you just let them hide their face at the same time as they're showing the world their metaphorical dick.

In any case, the photo had been taken, and as Veronica had vetoed the recording of the whole procedure (it was hard to make people feel comfortable with what went on if there was the prospect of videos floating around, at least still images could be specifically controlled and edited), there was nothing else to do. Denise stood beside Millie, placing a hand on her black-clad shoulder and looking down at the considerably shorter woman. "So, how shall we begin?"

Millie responded wordlessly, detaching one of the tubes that fed into her mask with a crisp hiss and turning the end of it towards Denise. Veronica half-expected some thick green cloud, but if there was any colour to the air that emerged it was closer to a vibrant pink. It dissipated quickly - which was helpful to know, so they weren't going to have to all deal with an accidental group session - but it had an immediate effect on Denise. Her knees buckled slightly, her hands coming forwards to grab the tube. At first it looked like she was simply steadying her legs, but the way her head drifted forwards made it clear that it was more than just that. Her eyes drifted closed, and everyone in the room could tell that she was inhaling deeply, a pinkish haze surrounding her head.

"What does it smell like?", Katie asked.

"Good", Denise answered dreamily, her voice a slow drawl. "Smells good."

The first visible change was the most unremarkable, her tied-back hair coming loose and falling against her neck. But something within it kept moving, and a slowly spreading blackness became visible on her scalp. In moments it gathered in mass and flowed down the length of her

hair, slicking it together as it smoothed it out over her skin. All the while her face was blissful, her head tilting backwards as the constant cloud of soft pink enveloped her.

"Mluh", she slurred, whatever she was trying to say lost in the relaxing haze and the demand to keep letting whatever this was seep in.

Suddenly her knees gave way, and she only avoided crashing to the floor because Millie reached down to catch her. Denise didn't even seem to notice, merely taking advantage of her increased closeness to pull the tube right up next to her. The end of it seemed somehow wider, having grown from about two inches across to eight, a thick rubber ring swelling into existence around its rim. The reason for that quickly became apparent as it lept forwards, latching itself firmly over Denise's mouth and nose.

The whole room started at that, but Millie raised a calming hand to steady them all back into their seats. Denise too seemed unconcerned, after a brief stiffening at the moment of impact she'd sunk forwards into it, her weight now almost completely supported by a combination of Millie's hand and the tube itself. The equilibrium was not quite steady though, and she wound up slowly leaning forwards. That gave the rest of the group an excellent view of the blackness oozing over her shoulders, easily overwriting both her flesh and her clothes as it spread outwards. Every second brought a new element of the copied pattern - a crisp, frilled collar around her neck, then a large white apron as it poured over her chest. Her upper arms were wrapped in shining black as her fingers still twitched around the tube, until seamless white gloves sprouted just above her elbows and raced to envelope her hands. As the lines of latex met over her fingers they plumped up into soft-looking paws, and one after another they capped themselves with harmless little rubber claws.

By this point she was almost down on all fours, even Millie having to bend downwards to keep her steadying hand beneath her. That gave the group the perfect vantage to observe the latex converging at the base of her spine, wrapping the hem of a dainty skirt around her waist as it moved to concentrate behind her. It seemed to pause there for a moment, gathering its mass before ballooning upwards - quite literally, as the stretch and tautness of the material certainly brought that comparison to mind. Denise shuddered as it grew up and over, a stark white line rolling out along the middle of it while the tip flared outwards in a slight, stylised curve.

Suddenly Millie fell forwards, but fortunately she was so close to the floor that it made almost no difference. Her hands were forced forwards to brace herself, and her claws made the most adorable little squeaking noise as they skidded against the smooth tiles. The tube didn't lose purchase on her face with the motion however, instead it seemed to come free on Millie's side, whipping like a snake behind Denise and burying its free end into the still-malleable base of her tail. Denise's whole body tensed at the sensations it provoked as it settled into place, the writhing of the tube clearly visible as it bulged beneath her tight suit. In fact, it quickly seemed to be bulging in too many places at once - in a long line the length of her spine, between her tautly contained breasts, up and down her thighs as her feet finally lifted into carefully molded high

heels. The tube must have been propagating itself somehow, and soon many tendrils of it at once swirled up her neck, connecting to the mass of her initial muzzle and building it outwards. It stretched longer and wider, forming into the same skunk-like shape that graced Millie's head, while at the same time it plumped into a similar elaborate gasmask form over her mouth, and twin pieces of shining glass obscured her eyes.

She'd been panting earlier, but now, as the last of the mask clicked into place, it transitioned into a slow, deliberate hiss, valves extending and contracting mechanically as her body settled into shape. It seemed like there was one last twitch of a buried tube delving towards her crotch that provided her a final climax, but it was only a few moments later that she began pulling herself to her feet. Once she was standing the group could observe that she was almost a perfect copy of Millie - if it wasn't for the clear height difference, and the fact that Denise's blond hair was still visible tangled up with the tubes compared to Millie's brown, even Imogen would likely have had difficulty telling them apart.

Veronica allowed the group a short time to catch their breath, then cleared her throat. "Well Denise, how do you feel?"

Her only response was to look down towards Millie, and if something passed between them it went unseen by the rest of the group. A moment later and she looked back up and gave a big thumbs up sign, her new fingers squeaking a little in protest as she moved them into position.

"Well", Veronica shrugged, "I've seen less emphatic reactions. If there's nothing else, let's move on."

With the floor ceded, the group naturally started looking towards the biggest cluster of people. Audrie blushed at the attention. "Uh, so, that's us then?"

Veronica nodded. "I suppose so. Are you ready?"

No one had been more surprised than Audrie to have three people choose her option after the break, and now she looked a little lost. "Uh, I suppose so. I guess we just, uhm, go for it?"

That was always the problem with first-timers coming in with something to try, Veronica reflected, they weren't over themselves enough yet to be comfortable sharing. Normally people spend a few sessions just watching - like the several people sitting carefully to the side right now for example - getting used to the idea of letting their most intense selves out on public display. And even that was just to get up to sharing someone *else's* experience. It's no small thing to take something someone else is offering and agree that you might like it, but volunteering something of your own was a big step up. Then everyone gets to look at exactly what you've deemed exciting, judge you on your taste and proclivities, and then you *still* have to try and explain to other people why it was hot and worth playing with. It's hard to be comfortable

enough with yourself to be able to do that, let alone make a coherent pitch out of it. That took time, not to mention experience seeing other people do it and being able to judge how to make pitches at all, knowing what would go down well and what needed to be worked carefully towards.

Or you could just be like Betsy, sweeping into a room of strangers holding up two creamy-white middle fingers and saying "who's got two fingers and the horniest possible transformation option? This girl!". Which, sure, hurried things along, but it certainly wasn't for everybody.

No, much more common for first-time pitches were people like Audrie here. Mousy-looking things with shy smiles and bangs they could hide behind; neat, flowery dresses they could grip and twist in both hands as they confessed that, gosh, wasn't it exciting to have a tail or dainty paws or somesuch, as they contemplated whatever fun dare had put them up to this. Except what this particular Audrie had brought to the group genuinely was exciting, or at least out of the ordinary enough to get people interested.

Part of running a group like this was being prepared, in the very special way that involved having a few very particular specialists on standby, including one with a teleport spell rigged to bring her and a few orderlies over at the push of a button. And yet, Veronica had hardly ever been as tempted to put out the alert as with this Audrie girl. She conformed to the first-time stereotype to a tee, and yet here she was, with a writhing, semi-independent, egg-laying tentacle cock between her legs, somehow both eagerly and reluctantly pitching to share it with others. All that conflicted enthusiasm couldn't be normal, and Veronica was far from convinced that thing was entirely a symbiote rather than a trickier-than-average parasite.

Still, people had chosen, and she wasn't going to scare them all off just based on an uneasy hunch. But it was hard to shake the feeling that, at best, there was going to be a *ton* of paperwork to do tomorrow.

The group that Audrie's pitch had attracted were a pretty diverse bunch. There was Imogen, who had apparently jumped ship from her wife during the break to try this out. Perhaps two obedient latex maids in one household was too much, or maybe her tastes just ran in different directions. She certainly looked different from her wife (or at least, had on previous visits when Millie's features had been visible) - not just tall where she was short, but dark-skinned to her wife's fair, elegant and statuesque to her partner's more demure practicality. Then there was Katie, almost a carbon copy of Audrie herself in terms of her quiet, unobtrusive nature, and one that Veronica would have expected to take at least another few sessions to try anything as intense as this. Perhaps the pitch had a particular attraction to the shy and self-contained, letting them express their inner horny weirdo while simultaneously allowing them to cross their legs and pretend to still be normal.

That said, rounding out the group was Mya, idly flicking her messy, bright-red fauxhawk out of her eyes as she scrolled through her phone. On the one hand, her many piercings and tattoos

had provoked some complications for the group before, so Veronica was glad she'd picked an option that seemed to require less physical shifting, but on the other hand, Veronica couldn't put it past her to just go around laying potentially infectious eggs in as many places as possible, all the while writing off her hastily-torn clothing as her latest punk fashion statement.

Definitely a whole lot of paperwork after this one then. Well, best to get it over with.

"Whenever you're ready then Audrie. You saw Millie, just do, well, whatever it is you do."

Audrie nodded, biting her lip. "Uhm, okay then. Well, here's the ones I prepared earlier."

Digging about in her purse, she pulled out what looked like several blue-grey slugs; thick, slimy and writhing, weaving in and out between her fingers as she eyed them with a noticeable air of excitement. "Are you all ready?", she asked, not quite clear exactly to whom.

Somewhat inexplicably, her human volunteers all appeared to be. Their faces were a study in differing reactions - Mya expressing casual interest, Imogen a sort of performative, dignified restraint, and Katie full, red-faced embarrassed enthusiasm. But regardless, they all accepted the creature they were offered, and allowed them within their spread-open legs as Audrie instructed. And as for the creatures themselves, they seemed to require no more encouragement than that.

Their movements were a lot faster than their slug-like shapes led the group to expect. Within moments of being placed on each person's thigh they jolted into action, slithering quickly past whatever clothing was in their way. That particular barrier varied by person too; while Imogen had worn something simple and loose-fitting and Mya had absolutely nothing beneath her short pleather skirt, Katie was wearing dainty, flowered underwear that she had to hastily pull to one side.

There followed a series of short gasps as each of the creatures pressed their way inwards, everything from absent clicked tongues behind clenched teeth to a quick, unsuppressed moan from a distracted Katie. But the intensity of that initial moment passed quickly for all three women, and as several seconds went by the whole group found themselves turning to Audrie for more clarification.

For her part, she'd pulled her skirt entirely open, and was idly running her hand up and down the length of her own symbiote as she watched the proceedings play out. "Just wait", she said after eventually noticing everyone looking at her. "It only takes a little while."

Mya reacted first. Maybe it was because hers had gotten in the fastest, or maybe she was just the most amenable to it, but her sudden jerked movement drew the focus of the room back to

her. She'd shot back in her seat, sitting stiff-backed for a moment as her whole body twitched, a bleary smile spreading over her face as she slowly drifted back forwards.

There was a noise, something that took the group a little while to place, but eventually they realised it came from a rapidly growing slickness deep in Mya's crotch, amplified by the way she couldn't seem to stop rubbing her thighs against each other. Those directly opposite her could catch a glimpse of the slow tide of slime starting to ooze from her pussy, every pulse of that thick fluid seemingly accompanied by a sympathetic twitch of her spine.

"They have to make themselves a suitable nest, you see", Audrie continued to everyone, or possibly just to herself. "As well as making sure they're anchored in properly, of course."

Before anyone could process that statement Imogen started twitching too, a stuttered moan coming from her lips as her head lolled to one side. Soon she was locked in the same dream-like rhythm as Mya was, her legs sprawling open again as she too was filled with eager slime.

As eye-catching as that was, the group found themselves following Audrie's lead and turning towards Katie. Her face had turned an almost fluorescent red, sweat beading on her forehead as she licked her lips nervously.

From across the room, Veronica leaned forwards. "Do you feel okay Katie?"

"Y-yeah", she answered. "Does... does it always happen like that?", she asked Audrie.

In turn, Audrie gave a slow, considered nod. "Sometimes it takes a little longer for them to get settled, but yes." She leaned forwards, lowering her voice to a stage whisper before adding, "and you know, the longer it takes, the more deliciously overwhelming it is."

Veronica raised an eyebrow. That was a half-decent tease, especially for a woman who couldn't fill out her entry form without blushing. Maybe all that shyness was an act. Or maybe that thing between her legs was feeding her more than just urges.

Katie didn't seem to register any of that though, being far too caught up in the situation to analyse Audrie's change in behaviour. Her hands slid slowly down her own body, keeping one eye on the women next to her as she clearly charted out what lay in store for her.

Seeing the opportunity, Audrie continued. "The feeling of something entirely else inside you, this slick, *other* creature curling and pulsing, filling you up, over and over and over again..."

A loud moan broke the train of Audrie's tease, and the room turned to see Mya slide off her chair, landing with a wet thud on the ground. Her only reaction to the drop was to spread her legs wider and brace herself with one hand as she arched her back, the other curled around

inside her skirt and furiously working over her slit. A few moments later and everyone could see her pussy press open, the tip of her newly-joined symbiote emerging once again, this time already swelling with fresh eggs to deposit beneath her.

Another sudden gasp caught the group's attention, attracting their attention to Imogen as she struggled to keep herself seated. She seemed to be having more success keeping it together, and instead of openly playing with herself she was gripping her chair with both hands, her own symbiote somewhat contained beneath her slightly more restrictive clothes. But even so, her wide eyes and trembling body made it clear that there was a lot going on beneath the surface. Soon that was taken even further as with another shuddering jerk of her hips a series of bulges began to appear within her clothes, building up at her waist before sliding slowly down her legs, a slow trail of her own eggs finally dripping out at her feet.

There was a pause as the two women caught their breath, something Audrie took advantage of to turn towards the increasingly tightly-wound Katie. "So there you are, now you know exactly what's going to happen to you. You're *going* to be filled and cum and lay, your only choice is whether you let it happen openly or pour your slick new eggs out along the inside of that pretty dress of yours. So, which would you prefer?"

Katie's only response was to pant wordlessly for a few moments, but then her eyes widened as the internal part of the process clearly started for her, and that must have broken the last of her restraint. One desperately clawed hand all but tore her undergarments aside, exposing her already wet pussy as her fingers frantically got to work. Soon her head was in her chest as she leaned into it, teeth gritted tight as her hips twitched and jerked.

"That's it...", Audrie cooed softly. "Listen to your new urges and you'll be rewarded oh so well..."

The strangled yell that came from Katie's throat was so loud that Veronica was glad she'd paid extra to rent a soundproofed room, her back arching almost enough to push her off the chair as slime *poured* down her thighs. A moment later and the blue-grey length of her own symbiote emerged, grasped eagerly in her dripping hand and stroked frantically like a new cock. She quickly joined Mya on the floor as it began to pulse, a rapid rush of eggs pressing through it again and again, each one making her cry out as her whole body shook with trembling ecstasy.

It took some time for the chorus of all three of them to die down. Audrie managed not to join in - whether she was still in a refractory period or just more content to watch Veronica wasn't sure, but she was happy at least to have less to clean up. Although, when they were all finally done and Audrie was patting them on their back and helping them to their feet, she was pleasantly surprised to find Millie and Denise standing just to the side of them, each of them having somehow found mops to get to work with. Apparently either the maid outfit wasn't just for show, or they were planning on taking that aspect of the play seriously. In any case, Veronica was hardly about to turn down the assistance after a session like this.

Once it was all cleaned up, there wasn't time for anything else but to finish up and send the group home. Veronica was stacking the chairs when she felt a tap on her shoulder, and turned around to find the white-furred catgirl Felicia standing behind her with an expectant expression on her face.

"Forget something?", she asked.

"No", Veronica answered, "I just wanted to make sure all these new people got their turn today."

"Oh yeah? And what about my turn?"

Veronica smiled, putting her arms over Felicia's shoulders and slowly pressing downwards. "Oh no, however will we find time for that...?"