

THE BLOG

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY

Ugh, finally got the internet working in my new place. Welcome back world! Sitting in my new, mostly empty apartment for two days waiting for it to get connected wasn't much fun.

And I don't know what the deal is with the people upstairs, but it sure seems like one of them loves to stomp around all the time. The soundproofing is pretty good at least; it really helps with the sense of privacy that made me go for this place to begin with. Still, it seems oddly loud for just footsteps.

That said, the neighbors here aren't all bad. Yesterday I met the girl just across the hall from me, and I swear to god she is the hottest thing I have ever seen. She's just so... sweet; with short red hair, the loveliest smile, and the type of cute little perky breasts I just love (not that I was looking, mind you. Well, not much).

We didn't actually talk much though. I just introduced myself as the new girl to the building and she said hello and told me her name was Caitlyn. Maybe I'll get to talk with her for longer next time. I hope so.

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The people upstairs are stomping about again. I could have sworn I heard a moan or two as well. Man, if they're moaning loud enough to get through the carpet, sound proofing and floorboards then they must be having fun.

Oh well, even if they're being annoyingly loud about it I can't begrudge them too much for enjoying themselves while I'm not. Makes me wish I was having some fun myself, but I should probably wait before I do anything about it.

I know the thought of having someone else get off from noises I'd made would make me a little uncomfortable, so it's the least I can do. That's what being a good neighbour is all about, right? Speaking of good neighbours though...

No, I should go have some dinner. I shouldn't fantasise about someone who lives next door to me. Not before I even know their last name, anyway.

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Geez, was Taco Bell always this bad?

-Next Entry-

The shower in this place is weird. I think something's wrong with the plumbing, the water doesn't come through with as much pressure as it should.

I have to stand right under the head to use it. At least I have my own bathroom again, so for that I'm willing to put up with a lot.

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Great news you guys! I ran into Caitlyn again today, and we got to talking for a bit, and she mentioned how she'd broken up with her girlfriend a few months ago. I have a shot!

I mean, it's not great news for her, obviously, but... I mean, it's great news for me at least. See, this is why I'm glad at the time I just nodded and gave her a sympathetic look.

Still, I hope things turn around for Ms. Conway, hurr hurr hurr.

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I can't believe I'm actually looking forward to starting work again here. I'm starting to get bored out of my skull just sitting around during the day watching Oprah, and it's going to be another month before my contract starts.

I thought I would have enjoyed having the time off, but with everyone I know being either back east or busy during the day there just isn't anything to do.

I haven't managed to find the right time to ask Caitlyn to do something yet either. The biggest thing I did today was have a shower for, like, an hour.

I dunno, the plumbing still feels like it's a bit out of sorts, but there are definitely some good things to be said about soaking in a long, soft spray of water.

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Hey, was anyone else in the area really hot last night? I ended up sleeping naked with all the covers off my bed and I was still sweating. Was that just me?

I hope I'm not coming down with anything. Then again, I suppose better now than when I have

something to do during the day.

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I had the weirdest, most intense dream last night. I can't remember the details exactly, but I remember it started out as just an ordinary sort of dream, and then it suddenly took a turn for the, well, erotic.

Someone was sliding their hand up the inside of my thigh, but it wasn't a hand, it was cool and wet and slick; and somehow... I don't know, moving independently?

Whatever it was, this touch moved up between my legs and it felt really good. It paused for a moment when it got there, then slipped inside my... inside myself.

I'm sure I woke up at that point, but it's hard to tell because I still felt so hot, the tail end of the dream was still making me gasp.

I... well, let's just say I'm glad I was still sleeping without clothes or covers, because otherwise there would be a lot more laundry to do today.

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I must be coming down with something. I'm just so ceaselessly hot. I've been sitting around naked all day, just because I can't stand to have anything on.

And I'm still sweating. But the weirdest thing is that despite all that I didn't actually feel ill, just... hot. I felt pretty good sometimes actually - my hands wandered south more than once.

I kept thinking about Caitlyn, much as I tried not to. When I heard her come home from work I just couldn't help myself; the thought of her being just across the hall while I was pressing myself against the door. I moaned once audibly while she was putting her keys in the lock, and I think she must have heard me because she stopped and listened for a few moments.

Honest to god I couldn't tell if I was horrified or insanely turned on. I bit my lip and after awhile she carried on inside.

This is getting creepy. I've never been hit so hard by random lust before. It must be a combination of this fever and a friendly face in a new place, and somehow I'm imagining her as all the best parts of my previous girlfriends all put together.

But mostly I just can't stop imagining fucking her.

Time for a long, cold shower and then tomorrow I'm asking her out so I can move this along, one way or the other.

-Next Entry-

...I don't know quite how to put this. Dear diary, last night I grew a cock. I know that doesn't make much sense. Believe me; I'm as confused as you are. I'd think it was a hallucination if it hadn't gone on for hours by now.

It happened last night. I was dreaming about someone, but it wasn't Caitlyn this time. It was some other girl I didn't recognise, someone I'd never met; probably just someone my mind threw together to serve as a fuck toy. And yeah, we were going at it.

I remember we'd started making out again when she abruptly pulled away, leaving me lying naked on my back. Then she smiled and moved down out of sight, and the next thing I knew she was running her tongue slowly along the inside of my thigh.

Only it wasn't her tongue, it was more than that, bigger and wider too. I remember drifting out of the dream as she moved upwards, but the sensation was still going.

I looked down and saw this thing slithering up my leg, some sort of blue-purple foot-long... thing. Looking back on it I should have been scared, or at least surprised, but I was still just waking up from the dream so the surrealness of it all seemed okay.

It reached my sex and brushed against the opening, and it felt so warm and wet and wonderful that I came a little just at that. That seemed to encourage it enough to press its way in, slowly at first but soon with increasing urgency as I quivered and thrashed around it.

It felt like the best sex toy ever; wriggling its way fantastically inside. I'm not normally one to orgasm simply from being filled, but this was something else. When the last of it disappeared inside my slit I threw my head back and came, playing my hands against my body as much as I could just to increase the feeling.

I came once and shuddered to a stop, then came again unexpectedly. I didn't know what was going on down there - I didn't know much about anything at that point - but the feeling was electric.

I felt it pushing upwards, a pressure focussing itself on my clit, and then finally after a pause of only a few seconds it pushed outwards in a fantastic surge. My clit grew dramatically, stretching out to a good 6 inches, the tip flaring out slightly and developing an open slit.

And then I came, I clutched the sheets and came hard, and with a final pulse of pressure my new grown cock erupted, sending a stream of hot wet cum arching onto my chest. I lay there, shuddering through the afterglow, for so long that eventually I went back to sleep.

It was only when I woke up again and my new anatomy was still there that I started freaking out.

Right now I don't know what to believe. The penis is about a foot long (is that normal for them on guys? I honestly don't know), and it stands out from my tanned skin with the same blue-purple color that whatever that slug-thing was had.

Even beyond the color I'm pretty sure it's different from guys' penises because it lacks foreskin, it's just one solid shaft, sticking out from my crotch.

It certainly responds the way guys do though, because in the retelling of all this it's gotten itself aroused. It feels good to touch too; I mean, so I know it's definitely a part of me somehow.

I don't know what to do. Weirdly the main thing I feel right now is tired. I just want to sleep. Maybe this is all some weird fever dream, a really long one, and when I wake up it will all be fine. It must be.

Guys, if I don't post again in twelve hours, could you call an ambulance or something, because after that point this fever must have gotten to me. No reason to do that now though; I feel, I don't know, fine.

-Next Entry-

I'm still here, so don't worry about the ambulance! Bad news is that so is the - my - cock. It seems like it's bigger too, although I can't really tell for sure.

I suppose I should call an ambulance myself, but I don't know what I'd say. "Hello, 911? Penis emergency!" It's... I should, and I will, but just, not right now. I don't feel bad, after all.

Quite the opposite, to tell the truth. I had a long shower after I got up again, and obviously the cool water agreed with it because it started getting hard again. I'm not really a fan of cocks (you might have been able to tell), but it felt good to touch, and rub, and caress.

I came after only about 5 minutes, loving the feeling of letting loose thick spurts of cum against the shower wall.

Sorry, it just occurred to me that I don't normally go into anywhere near this much detail on my public blog. Well, I suppose no one really believes this anymore anyway. I should really go to a

doctor, but that can wait until the morning, I'm sure.

It doesn't seem bad right now, and for the moment I'm just taking this as an interesting experiment. A view from the other side, you know?

Except I get to keep everything else as well, which is nice because I've always loved fondling my breasts. Playing with my cock with one hand and my nipples with the other is, well it's certainly an experience, let me tell you.

-Next Entry-

I did try to go to the doctor today. Honest. But just when I'd gotten myself all nicely tucked away in a long skirt and respectable coat, I stepped out my door and ran right into Caitlyn coming the other way.

I'd almost forgotten about her, but when we pressed up against each other in the hallway I swear some fuses blew inside my head and I just couldn't think of anything else besides how absolutely amazing she looked. And felt.

She was wearing a short little skirt and a tight top, looking like she'd just stepped out from one of my fantasies. She bounced off with a laugh, blaming herself for not looking where she was going, giving me the cutest shy smile as she did so.

I felt my skirt begin to push upwards instantly. I opened my mouth to make some response, but suddenly it was like I had too much tongue to speak with because I couldn't even begin to form coherent sounds. Thinking quickly I covered my lips with my hands and faked a coughing fit, but that just led her to put her arm around my shoulder and ask if I was okay.

By this point I'm sure that my skirt was bulging noticeably, and I desperately needed to keep Caitlyn's attention on my face, but I still couldn't get my tongue to work properly. In the end I nodded, mumbled something incoherent and hastily went back inside my apartment, closing the door quickly behind me.

I swore to myself for a few moments, and then looked out the keyhole in time to see Caitlyn look totally confused but shrug and walk away.

Gah. And I'm still so horny. Time for another shower, I think.

-Next Entry-

There's definitely something going on with my tongue. It's longer now, and more flexible. I found out as I worked myself over in bed this morning that it could reach down just far enough so that I can bend forward and tease my nipples with it.

I didn't use to be able to do that before, but now I can barely stop doing it. I'm so crazily horny, the slightest thing will set me off, some stray thought or sound from upstairs, and then before you know it I'm pressing myself against the shower wall and cumming wildly.

This entry has taken like 10 minutes to write because I keep stopping to finger myself - I love that I can have one hand working my cock and the other slipping into my pussy, but that doesn't leave much to type with. It's making a bit of a mess too, but I don't mind. It tastes too good to lick my fingers clean for me to worry about that.

-Next Entry-

New development. My skin appears to have changed overnight. The color hasn't changed but the texture has - I feel smoother, lither and almost slippery. It feels great with my plentiful cum rubbing all over it. I've stopped wearing clothes; obviously, they'd just get in the way and wind up a mess.

I don't know when I casgihgb;iafhdb

brb

-Next Entry-

God, that was intense. Well, dear diary, I just laid an egg. I started to feel it coming right in the middle of that last entry (hence my sudden departure), and I hurriedly made my way back to the bathroom and leaned up against the wall of the shower.

My body felt like it was on fire with a thousand different signals, but a dramatic pulse of pleasure brought me to my knees and there I stayed, moaning and pawing at myself as I slowly pushed out an egg. It came together with great orgasms, my cock spurting thickly every time I pushed, until finally it slipped free and I sat back with relief.

It was about the size of my two fists put together, so I would have thought that would have been too large to fit, let alone feel good, but it certainly did. A : would do again

I didn't know what to do with it though, and I still don't. I've left it in the floor of my shower for now, as it's covered in a sticky mess so I wouldn't want to try to move it. Then again, more and more of my things are covered in my sticky mess, given my cumming to cleaning ratio at the moment.

It wouldn't hatch or anything, right? It'll be fine, you'd need two people for that, I'm sure.

-Next Entry-

Whatever is happening must be happening faster now. You'd think I'd be frightened with how my whole body is actually changing, and rationally I'm amazed that I'm not, but really I just delight in waking up to find out what new thing I have to play with today.

And today was a real doozy. I woke up feeling oddly uncomfortable lying on my back, only to find that I had a whole other appendage getting in the way there. I thought it might have been a tail, but when I got up and went to the mirror I found out there were actually two of what I can only describe as tentacles.

They're long and lithe, colored the same blue-purple as my cock. They sprout side by side from my tailbone, and while it's taking some getting used to I can move them both independently. They're not like octopus' tentacles, they're more rounded than flat, and they each have a discrete tip from which comes, well, I'm not exactly sure.

Some fluid, that looks like cum but is colored a sort of sticky blue - the same color the egg was, come to think of it, and just a few shades lighter than they are.

They can reach all over my body, and it feels fantastic to suck gently on one while the other works its way into my sex. It's like they ejaculate too, if the mouthful of fluid I got after my first session is any judge.

God, I still can't believe that about a week ago I was just waiting to start my new job, and now I spend most of my days masturbating wildly with my cock and tentacles while laying eggs on the living room carpet. There's a small pile of them there now, because eventually I stopped bothering to move to the bathroom every time.

I think there's a chance I may not be getting my deposit back on this apartment.

-Next Entry-

I'm surprised this keyboard still works. I've been going at it for what seems like hours all over the apartment. I don't know ho-

Someone's knocking at the door. its Caitlyn. oh no, I think I must have forgotten myself and started making noises. Shes asked if Im okay, and Ive told her Im fine, Ive just got the flu. I love that she's concerned, but I honestly don't think I could see her right now without just jumping on her. That seems to have worked thhhhhh



oh. shes asking to borrow some eggs, if i have any spare. the thought was so thrilling i came at the mention of it. ill have to go talk to her. Wish me luck. brb

-Next Entry-

Well. Things have calmed down now finally, so I'll relate to you the story of what happened. You should probably not be at work for this, by the way.

I opened the door for Caitlyn just a crack - anything more and she'd be able to see the state I was in - and managed to make myself reply "sorry, I don't have any."

She seemed disappointed, and gave a little sigh that made her chest heave just so. I was practically licking the door handle in impotent lust.

Then she said "really? Well do you mind if I come in and have a look for something I can cook with instead? If you want I'll share whatever I make with you."

There is only so much a person can resist, and at that I nodded dumbly, stepped back and opened the door. She stepped in without looking around, heading straight to where the kitchens are in these apartments.

"Thanks", she said as she walked in, "I'm sure I'll be able to find something to use if I look hard enough. I forgot to go to the shop so my kitchen's practically empty, while I'm sure yours..."

She'd gotten halfway across the room before she even started to notice her surroundings. The carpet was a sodden mess, various items about the room were liberally drenched with multiple colors of fluid, and she'd only stopped walking because one of her feet had come up against a cluster of eggs.

She turned around and saw me for the first time, helplessly stroking my eager cock and staring at her with a furious lust, sucking needfully on one long tentacle and the other working its way against my sex to fill my aching body.

She looked at me with wide eyes just as I came, a sudden spurt from my cock jetting out to land just in front of her. She ran.

With a great amount of willpower I stepped out of her way, but she'd closed the door behind herself automatically when she came in and she fumbled for the door handle before she could get it open again.

After a few long moments she tried to turn the knob but her hand slipped off as she went to yank the door open, causing her to fall flat on her back. She struggled up but couldn't get her footing with all the slipperiness I'd made, winding up with her hands against the still-closed door and her feet skating on the slick carpet.

She was wearing a short skirt and it had wound up hiked up over her waist by her actions, so I could tell that she wasn't wearing any underwear.

And just then, when I thought things couldn't get any more unfairly tempting, she abruptly stopped trying to get up, sighed loudly and said in an exasperated tone "oh for pete's sake would you hurry up and fuck me already!"

I believe there actually was a second where I stood still in shock. I snapped out of it quickly though, and I was on her in an instant. I didn't waste time removing her skirt, pausing only to push it aside before thrusting my aching cock deep inside her sweet folds.

I pressed against her, groping her breasts through her shirt while settling into a rhythm of powerful thrusts. She wanted to be fucked, and I had every intention of making sure she was fucked hard. She moaned, leaving her mouth hanging open in absent pleasure, something I quickly took advantage of by sending a tentacle snaking past her lips.

She took it with a grin and began teasing the tip with her tongue, I responded by moving it in unison with my cock, leaving her filled from both ends. She thrilled with a shuddering orgasm and the sensation was enough to tip me over the edge, thrusting powerfully into her one last time as I came inside her.

My tentacle erupted also, sending thick jets of sweet blue liquid down her throat, so much that despite her valiant attempts to swallow it all she was left with no small amount on her lips and chin.

She relaxed and slowly pulled herself free, moaning faintly at the sensation of my cock slipping out of her sex, but I was not done yet. I could feel something shifting inside of myself, and knew there was something else that I had to do.

I pressed forward against her again, pushing her down so that she was lying on her back looking up at me. I'm told I gave her the single neediest, unaccountably horny look she'd ever seen - even biting my lip for a bashful expression - and mercifully she propped herself up on her elbows and leaned in to give me a long, passionate kiss on the mouth.

I could taste my cum still coating her mouth, and somehow that drove me even more wild. I pushed her down flat against the floor and this time she stayed there, content to let me take the lead. I

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moved quickly, operating on unformed instinct, tearing aside what clothes had managed to remain on her so far and moving down her body until I was sitting astride her sex.

I threw my head back and moaned myself; I could feel something building inside of me, the tidings of some great oncoming pleasure, and I was content to move myself to where I knew I needed to be. My second tentacle, the one that had not yet been drained, wriggled its way lithely up her body, making its way between her breasts and slipping again inside her lips.

It didn't stop just inside her mouth as the other one had previously, but went further, snaking down the back of her throat. She smiled, amazed at how much she could take without feeling any discomfort - the cum from our first session must have prepared her for this somehow so that she felt pleasure instead.

It stopped only when there must have been more than 15 inches inside of her, leaving the tip some way down her throat. I felt a pressure in myself then and shifted my position slightly; squatting down to get a better purchase on the ground, until finally I felt something push from the base of the tentacle.

Looking down I saw a bulge move along its length, quickly followed by another and another, each accompanied by a heady thrill as they came. Caitlyn first felt them coming as they pressed through her bust, the pleasurable sensation of them massaging her breasts only a minor precursor to what was to come.

Finally the first of them slipped between her lips, her eyes widening as her mouth bulged to accommodate the mass. Then suddenly it had reached the tip and I cried out as it slipped free, feeling not only an electric orgasm from the physical sensation but also intense feelings of lust, satisfaction and power as I took her so utterly.

The eggs - for that is what they were - gave her no less pleasure than I as they crowded inside her; one after the other after the other in an unstoppable tide that left writhing uncontrollably on the ground. She tensed in orgasm and shuddered in release several times beneath me, and each time I rewarded her by pressing more eggs into her.

Eventually I felt myself verging onto climax but it felt different from how it had been before, and instinctively I clamped down atop her so that our sexes were rubbing against each other. I cried out again; a great, wordless moan of lust, pleasure and fulfilment as I felt the final, larger egg begin to make its way through my vagina.

I pressed against her feverishly, holding her close in this awkward position so that I could push this one last thing inside her. I must have lifted one of her legs aside and slipped between them - my mind is understandably fuzzy on the details here - because I know that I was laying this egg directly

inside the folds of her eager sex.

The rush was amazing; like it was the single greatest climax crystallized into a physical form and then shared directly from one person to another. My cock came again in sympathy, covering her front with my cum, while my remaining tentacle orgasmed wildly over both of us.

Caitlyn's eyes screwed shut in delirious ecstasy, and I remember she made the cutest muffled moans as she rode orgasm after orgasm from the eggs that were pumping into her on all sides. Finally the last of the large egg slipped inside her and my tentacle withdrew from her mouth, and I sat back to simply watch her.

She was covered with my fluids, great masses of sticky blue clustered around her mouth and sex, and the parts that weren't dotted with blue from my flailing appendage had been coated by my cock. She did not lie still as I watched her, even as I withdrew she had replaced my attentions with her hands, apparently somehow still driven with lust even after I had finished.

She rolled onto her side suddenly, curling herself around her hands as she worked them over her aching sex. I noticed that she was developing a rhythm of urgent thrusts, and with each one there was a response from just above her tailbone.

I watched with interest as a tail begin to emerge from her lower back, surging in time with her pants and moans as she pleasured herself desperately. It grew to be long, straight, smooth and thick; the type of lizard tail you see on pictures of dinosaurs that stand on two legs.

A sudden gasp drew my attention back to her face, and I saw that her tongue was hanging much further outside her mouth than would normally be possible. I licked my lips in anticipation, my own lengthy tongue sliding easily down my chin, but it seemed she had an even greater surprise in store for herself.

Her whole body shuddered as her tongue stiffened abruptly and then thickened until it was almost too wide to fit inside her mouth. Then with an almost delicate slowness it seemed to divide itself from the tip backwards, each part pulling away to become an independently moving tentacle.

There were five of them in all, and they each secreted a constant flow along their entire length of the same blue slime that came from the tips of my own tentacles. When the division was done Caitlyn finally relaxed and exhaled, resting her head against the sodden carpet.

This rest did not last long however. She started struggling to stand up, a difficult process with her changed anatomy, so I gave her a hand to help her to her feet. Her skin had become smooth and hairless - although all the hair on her head remained fortunately, she just wouldn't be the same without her bright red locks - giving it the appearance of being halfway between normal flesh and

smooth lizard scales.

We both realised as she stood that the structure of her lower body had been altered too - her hips had changed so that she now stood with her torso thrust forward and her tail sticking out behind her for balance.

Even as we watched her leg muscles shift to accept this new configuration and, more dramatically, her feet flowed into a three-toed claws with a raised rear like a high heel shoe. She flexed her new toes experimentally and swung her stiff tail briefly behind herself, then gave a smile of approval.

She started to say something (or at least attempt to say something through her altered tongue), but was stopped as she suddenly bent almost double and clutched at her stomach. I rushed to her side to support her, terrified that something had gone wrong, but it soon became clear that she was riding through one last orgasmic effect.

Her tail began to swell alarmingly, concealed areas of folded skin stretching out to more than double its original girth. It grew with a rhythmic, throbbing motion while Caitlyn was able to do little more than thrust her pelvis dreamily at nothing and give muffled moaning sounds around her flailing tongues.

Finally the expansion stopped, leaving her tail as wide as her torso, as well as having taken on a curiously ribbed but flexible structure. It looked, I eventually realised, like the ovipositor of some insect queen.

Just as I made this connection Caitlyn arched her head backwards and moaned, settling her body down into a squatting position as the first egg emerged. It was covered in sticky goo, a light green color this time, and placed delicately on the ground from the flexible tip of her tail.

Whether she'd altered those I'd put into her or produced her own from the raw materials I provided I can't tell, but it was certainly larger than any I'd ever made. More followed immediately - an endless surging rush as she clutched first at the wall and then to my body for support.

I could tell the feeling was intense, her sex was dripping from her continuous orgasms, and she shuddered pleasurably in my arms as each egg emerged. After no less than a dozen eggs she was finally done, her tail folding back in on itself to allow her to be properly mobile once again.

And with that, panting and gasping in each other's arms, we were finally done.

So, as you can imagine, it has been quite a day. Caitlyn (once she figured out how to talk with her new tongues) gave me some explanation behind all this.

Apparently it had started with the girls in the room directly above mine, and these lust-crazed transformations have been spreading slowly through the building since. Caitlyn is vague on the details because while she was intrigued by the prospect she felt too shy to present herself to them directly.

She admitted to liking me ever since we first met (excuse me a moment here to say: wooooo!), and when she found out what was happening to me that was the final straw for her to make the first move.

Oh, and how did she know what was happening, you ask? Well, it turns out that after I dashed off from her in the hallway she started thinking something could be up, and she knows someone who knows someone I knew back east. Through them they got my blog details and, you guessed it, she's been reading my blog ever since.

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go. Caitlyn is making eggs.