

# Trifeggta - The Future

By Abe E Seedy

"Hello, and welcome to Saturnalia - the planet where you can take a vacation from *you!*"

The bubbly blonde woman recited the resort's tagline almost as soon as the door to the private shuttle had opened, and with surprising enthusiasm for what must have been the millionth time she'd said it. Her eyes flicked down to the pad she was holding for a second before she continued.

"Doctor... Zania Simms, yes? Did I get that right?"

Zania nodded. "That's me, yes", she said simply. She'd probably have said more, but she was distracted by how... overt this woman in front of her was. From her bright blonde hair, to her pink plush lips, but *especially* her outrageously curvy, tanned body, she looked - well, she looked exactly like the stereotype you'd imagine to go with the phrase 'sexual fantasy'. 'Teenage sexual fantasy', even, if you wanted to be more accurate. With her own almost aggressively average build, her no-nonsense short brown hair and sun-starved pale body, it almost felt like this woman was looking like this *at* her.

She noticed Zania looking her up and down, but instead of being embarrassed or defensive, she struck a pose, putting her hands on her hips and thrusting out her chest, emphasising even more how much she was already straining the skin-tight fabric of her top. "I see you're checking out how I look", she said chirpily, "well, that's like, kinda the point!"

She *sounds* like a fantasy bimbo too, Zania thought, barely able to stop herself from rolling her eyes. Wonderful. Out loud she said, "what's the point, my dear?"

"Here, let me show you something...", she answered, tapping down at the pad for a few seconds. Activating the holo-display, she brought up a picture between them for Zania to see. "Okay so, that's me before I came here, okay?"

Squinting forward, Zania looked over the picture. She looked... pretty much the same. Maybe a little less over-the-top busty, and while she was still wearing pink lipstick her lips weren't as exaggeratedly plump, but otherwise it was very much in the same line as how she was now. "I, uh, I'm not sure I can really tell the difference, to be honest."

"Exactly!", she laughed. "See, I was already leaning into this look pretty hard before I came here, but the thing about this place is - here, you can *be* the fantasy. And it doesn't matter how dumb the fantasy is, so long as it's *yours*. If it's your fantasy, it's important, and you can totally be it!"

There was a pause as Zania ran through several emotions and responses. She had a lot of objections, but when she went through them internally they all just broke down to 'but that's so cliché!' And really, who cared if it was? She seemed happy and comfortable, and that was the important thing.

"I'm sorry for being taken aback", Zania said eventually, holding out her hand. "It's nice to meet you, Miss...?"

"Staxx", she answered, taking Zania's hand in both of hers and pumping it. "Busty Staxx"

Zania's eyes widened in silence, until eventually the other woman burst out laughing. "I'm just messing with you. It's Janice Smith."

"Oh thank goodness", Zania breathed reflexively, before hastily adding, "not that choosing to call yourself Busty Staxx isn't okay too."

Janice smiled warmly. "Yeah, for sure. And don't worry about it! There's a reason why they bring me out to greet most of the new, professional types. It's a good way to break down the thoughts and assumptions of new folks that mightn't be used to like, letting their hair down. If I'm okay with being me, maybe they can be okay with letting themselves be how they want to be, at least just for here, yeah? Speaking of which..."

She looked back down at the pad, swiping away her old picture and bringing up a map of the resort. "Shall we get you set up?"

There were a lot of things to run through before Zania was safely in her own private room. And it was private too - Janice had been very clear that the walls were completely shielded from cameras or microphones, as blackmailing clients was far less profitable than just letting them come back again and again. She could *opt* for a room with recording equipment though, "in case you want a nice way to relive the memories at home", but Zania had politely declined. So they went to a standard room instead, which, as it turned out, just looked like a fairly nice hotel room. Except, noticeably, the floor was all warmed linoleum rather than carpet. That was "easier to clean", apparently.

Once she was settled in, and Zania had directed her luggage to store itself away in the cupboards, Janice clapped her hands brightly. "So! What do you want to do?"

Despite how much she'd been working to prepare herself for this moment, Zania's eyes bugged slightly as she tried to say something. "Maybe... a massage?", she managed eventually.

"Yep, that's definitely something we offer!", Janice answered. "We can do everything from nice and easy to like - well, basically just fucking but with more rubbing. Any idea which end of the spectrum you're up for?"

Zania blushed furiously. "Uh, I mean, maybe we could *start* with the nice and easy, and then... see where we're at?"

Janice gave her a warm smile and lowered the pad she'd been flicking through. "Tell you what, why don't we try this a different way. You don't actually *need* to tell this to me - the computer system is smart enough to just like, totally take care of it all by itself. So maybe instead of having to talk to me about it all, you can just select the options on this."

She snapped the pad onto a station on a table behind her, and once again the holo-display activated, only this time it showed a menu of potential activities. "Think of it as like, browsing for something you want to see on the exonet, yeah? There's a button if you need help, but otherwise it should walk you through everything you need. Sound good?"

"Thank you", Zania answered with genuine relief. "That sounds like a really good idea."

Nodding at her, Janice gave another quick smile. "What can I say, I'm a pro! But I'll leave you to it - now go have fun!"

It took a few more minutes after Janice left until Zania actually got up and checked out the menu. She *still* couldn't tell if she was actually excited for this, no matter how much her coworkers had insisted she use the vacation time they were making her take on a long weekend here. "It'll take your mind off work", they'd said. Well, they were right about that - she hadn't thought about the hospital once since she'd been trying to negotiate all the sexual fantasy stuff this place had thrown up at her. So, they had that right, at least.

When she finally did get up to look at the menu, she was immediately struck by the intimidatingly long list of options. Scrolling through what must have been hundreds of incredibly specific fetishes; things she'd never even thought of, didn't see the appeal of, or didn't even understand. But, after she'd flicked through several pages, an option appeared on the right of the projection, a button that simply said, "Walk Me Through It". Lacking any better idea, she pressed it.

The menu disappeared. In its place was a simple question. "What kind of experience sounds good? Select one below for more details."

Some more buttons appeared as promised, but this time they were only six general categories, rather than the hundreds of highly specific options from before. "Being Powerful", said one, while another was "Being Submissive". These she could understand, even if they didn't all

appeal. Looking over the list for a few minutes, Zania eventually bit her lip and managed to select "Being Filled"

That button floated up to the top of the projection to become the new heading, and a new set of options settled in below. Again, there were only a few of them, although she quickly realised that the 'Other' option at the bottom of the group led to another distressingly long set of options that she immediately wrote off. Besides, the ones already on display were more than enough.

The first option was "Being filled with multiple cocks", which felt like it could be... complicated. Also, was it worth coming all the way out here just for group sex? She could have gotten that at home if she really wanted. Yes, all of that was a perfectly logical set of reasons for why she was looking past that option and going on to some of the others.

"Being filled with fluid" sounded messy and uncomfortable, "Being filled with tentacles" sounded like... a lot. "Being filled with eggs" was - hmm.

Her finger hovered over that button, and a small popup appeared to the side. "Guests can have their body temporarily modified to produce eggs. The experience is similar to using egg sex toys, and the size and intensity can be modified as desired."

Zania jabbed her finger forward, making the decision for herself before she'd even really thought it through. Why not, right? What else was she here for? And besides, that didn't sound too overwhelming, at least.

Once again, eggs drifted up to the top of the image, and more options appeared beneath the question "What kind of eggs?" She dismissed "Alien/Monster", "Bird" and "Reptile" as sounding too weird or intense, but couldn't help but stop at "Rabbit". What?

A new pop-up appeared to explain. "Old-Earth rabbits apparently reproduced by laying eggs, a trait which was exceptional enough to be celebrated in the unrelated holiday of Easter. This is a good option for if you want to mix the sensation of eggs with the cuteness of bunnies."

Zania pressed it with a shrug. That sounded alright, and certainly better than braving the scariness of the Other menu for something better. This time the heading became "Being Filled With Rabbit Eggs", which was not a setting she probably would have picked from the outset, but somehow it was where she'd ended up when walked down towards it slowly.

A brief description appeared below the heading. "Your body will be temporarily modified to allow for the production of eggs. The intensity of the eggs can be controlled with the Intensity of Eggs slider, while the amount of changes to your body can be controlled with the Degree of Changes slider."

Sure enough, two sliders were displayed below the text, with the top slider starting at "Minor Intensity", and the bottom starting at "Minor/Invisible Changes". Below that was a green button that simply said "Start", and another one in red that said "Stop".

She read it all carefully, stopped, walked away, got completely undressed, put her clothes away, returned to the projection, left again, came back with a few towels from the bathroom and laid them down on the ground beneath her. After all that, and after making sure both of the sliders were set on their minimum positions, Zania braced herself, and hit Start.

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There was a green ping on the screen, and the Start button was replaced with "Running". A small metal armature extended from the ceiling above her, the end of which held a medical-grade hypospray. As it pressed up against the flesh of her rear, Zania felt the 'slissh' of the fluid inside being ported into her bloodstream, and the tingling sensation of it filtering outwards as the injection took hold.

"Okay then", she said to herself quietly. "Let's... let's see how this plays out."

Surprisingly, she didn't have to wait long until she started to feel some effects. It started as heat, localised to the injection site at first, but gradually becoming a little more widespread. It wasn't unpleasant, just noticeable, enough that she could tell that something was happening. Within a few moments there was a new feeling, a growing fullness somewhere she couldn't place exactly, but it certainly wasn't in her stomach. Once again, despite the oddness of it, it didn't feel bad. If anything it was surprisingly satisfying, like scratching an itch that she hadn't even realised was bugging her.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed, Zania shifted her stance to better inspect herself as she tracked the sensations with her hands. She tried to put her professional curiosity out of her mind, trying not to think of things in dry medical terms, and instead focus on the way it made her feel. It was... good. There was a pleasurable fullness near the entrance of her v- inside herself, working hard to just sit back and relax as the sensations progressed. It really did feel like using some good, custom-made sex toys. Even though she hadn't inserted anything into herself this time, she could feel something pressing softly against her inner walls in a rather enticing fashion.

For a few moments she just held her breath and concentrated on that, the way the fullness moved and stretched inside her, the way that it soon felt like there were two distinct masses sliding against each other pleurably, with the distinct hint that yet more were building up behind them. Well, she thought with an absent grin, if there's more to come then I should probably make some space.

She applied stimulation with two careful fingers, first circling her clit to build up momentum before sliding them slowly inside herself. Surprisingly she was already wet, and she shivered as her fingers slipped slickly inwards until eventually she felt them brushing up against the soft side of what could only be the eggs.

"Mhmmm", she breathed, pressing the edge of the nearest one back and forth slightly, each little movement provoking another slight tremble as it stretched her walls wonderfully. "That's... that's quite nice..."

Suddenly something gave, whether from her prodding or from the building pressure behind them, and she felt the masses inside herself start to move. She withdrew her fingers hastily, focussing once again on her clit as she spread her legs open, luxuriating in the feeling of the eggs making their way down her body. Soon, in a series of short, emphatic shudders she felt them slip free, a succession of dull wet noises marking their impact on the towel she'd hastily moved up with her to the edge of the bed.

Zania gave herself a moment to just relax, breathing through it as she wound herself down. That was, well, it was *nice*, but it was hardly the 'ultimate relaxation' that the brochures had promised. She hadn't even cum, not properly, but a quick look up at the projection confirmed in glowing green letters that it was "Experience Complete". At the same time, she caught sight of the eggs nestled in between her thighs, realising that they were all bright primary colours - pink, white and blue, and the ridiculousness of it all just hit her so hard in that moment that she couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Okay, fuck it", she said to herself once she'd recovered. "If I'm going to be doing something so stupid, I might as well lean into it."

The projection had a convenient "Go Again?" button, which she pressed. This time when sliders came up she set the "Intensity of Eggs" slider up to a little under halfway, and, after a few moments thought, the "Degree of Changes" up to just a notch or two below that. Then, without allowing herself any more time to think herself out of it, she hit Start.

The hypospray was once again quick and professionally applied, although this time it felt like the heat from the injection took a little longer to diffuse. Zania took the time to clear herself a space, putting the eggs delicately on the ground on the other side of the bed, so she wouldn't have to deal with getting a butt full of yolk (probably??) if she lost track of things and sat down somewhere she shouldn't. That done, she sat herself back down on the edge of the bed, closing her eyes and letting whatever it was that was going to happen, happen.

Before too long she felt the heat building up inside her, except this time instead of being dim and at least mostly within her lower body, now it felt like it was all over. She found herself sweating, wiping at her brow absently as the heat built up to an almost uncomfortable level, and she'd just started to worry that maybe something had gone wrong when there was something

else. There was a ticking inside her nose, a weird, twitching sensation that made her shake her head and sneeze, and when she recovered she felt... different. There was a full length mirror standing next to the bed, and when she looked over at it she realised that her nose had flattened, pushing up and out into a cute little pink bunny nose, complete with long white whiskers that twitched right at the edge of her vision.

"Oh... kay", Zania said slowly. "I guess that's- !"

Her words cut out in her throat as her eyes bulged, her legs spreading unconsciously as the other part of the experience kicked in. Last time it had been nice and pleasant, this time it was urgent. Her hands fell down to her pussy as she stimulated herself reflexively, circling her clit with two rapid fingers while her other hand teased at the entrance of her slit. The building pressure inside herself was almost overwhelming, her eyes nearly drifted shut as she focussed on the feeling of it, the rich, wonderful fullness that built up so rapidly and irresistibly, making her feel so deliciously heavy. She could feel the eggs moving around inside herself; three, four, five of them even, all of which were pressing and stretching and teasing her mercilessly. She couldn't help but drop to her knees with a desperate gasp, working over herself feverishly as she rode this wave.

As Zania sunk to the floor she caught sight of herself in the mirror once again, and she finally realised her nose wasn't all about herself that had changed. The heat across her body had built up into a layer of fluffy brown fur, and even as she watched she could see her ears moving up through her hair, stretching outwards slowly but insistently until they stood almost a full foot out from her head. Beneath that she noticed her upper teeth sticking into her lip just a little, giving her a hint of cute, bunny-like buck teeth. Looking back down at herself, she saw her fingers shorten slightly, her hands plump up a little to make them look closer to paws, while behind herself she felt her feet stretch and grow into oversize rabbit's feet.

It was all a lot to take in, but despite all of it, somehow she just kept coming back to the feeling inside herself. The eggs, the weight and urgency of them, it just felt so good, so pressing - there was nothing else that mattered right now as much as the sensation of them pressing at her internal walls, and the way that even now they were gathering pace for the inevitable climax. She drifted unthinkingly forwards into a squatting position, her stubby fingers still playing over her clit as she held her breath, feeling the pressure building, the eggs moving, the moment coming...

"Ah- ahh!", she gasped desperately, her whole body trembling as she came, and egg after egg tumbled from her slit. It was blissful, a crashing wave of pleasure that built and released and built again, over and over, as she held herself up as best she could on her newly-lengthened feet, her whiskers twitching feverishly at every jerk of her hips.

It lasted what felt like several minutes, and judging by the small pile of eggs that built up beneath her, it very well could have been. The final moments of the experience were marked by

an oddly different kind of pressure, and after a few more panted breaths there was another kind of release, as a short puffball of a tail sprouted just above her rear.

Struggling back up the bed with her elbows, Zania collapsed backwards, stroking her new fur absently as she recovered. "Now that... that was something", she said eventually.

After Zania had laid down for quite long enough she got up and stretched, working the kinks out of her muscles that had built up after everything they'd been through. After getting some new muscles, even, she added to herself, as she inspected her feet. She looked herself over in the mirror, and, surprisingly, despite the weirdness of it all, decided that she looked pretty cute. She was a little rounder, a little fluffier, but mostly she just looked like a cute bunnygirl version of herself. Which, she supposed, she was. She went to the bathroom and cleaned herself up, put the new pile of eggs over with the others, and then sat down on the end of the bed, tapping her hands lightly against her knees. The projection, as much as she tried not to look at it, said "Experience Complete", with the button for "Go Again" flashing discreetly in the corner.

To her credit, it took about 15 minutes before she gave up, mumbled "oh, fuck it", and pressed it, setting each of the resulting sliders to maximum before taking up her position standing at the foot of the bed.

There were two injections this time, one in each side of her rear, and they took even longer than before to have an impact. Zania tried to keep herself worked up and horny while she waited, but after a while of just sitting there she found her attention starting to wander. It took long enough that she was almost considering checking up on her messages from the hospital, and then finally she felt that familiar heat starting to build up inside her. Once it got started it seemed to ramp up dramatically, and in moments she was back on her hands and knees, sweating profusely.

"Woah, okay", she panted, "maybe this was a mista-ahh!"

There was a jolt, and she staggered forwards as it felt like her whole body ballooned backwards dramatically. The feeling of it was indescribable, an endless array of new sensations as whole new parts of her body grew out and developed in the space of moments. She only regained her balance as a second pair of feet hit the ground behind her, and when she straightened up she was somehow several feet taller. Taking advantage of a brief respite to look herself over, she realised that while her upper body was mostly the same - except for perhaps being once again a little rounder, a little fluffier, and with her hands being even closer to paws - her lower body was a different story entirely. It was... it was hard to get her head around exactly, but it was like she was a centaur, except if instead of her lower body being a horse it was somehow a rabbit. Which, okay, that probably did qualify as the most intense change. Although, now that she looked down her waist, she couldn't even see her vagina, so how in the world were the eggs going to-



She was interrupted as her legs bowed under the weight of a bulge that she could *feel* travelling back through the length of herself. It was all she could do to shift her stance, her hands clenching on the edge of the table as she planted her feet firmly, her tail raising up as she felt her newly-repositioned slit start to drip behind her with anticipatory slickness. And then it was on her, a massive, overwhelming egg squeezing and pressing out of her, making her knees buckle as it stretched her wide. It was so big, so unthinkably intense, her thoughts slid away as she couldn't focus on anything aside from the feeling of its progress, and the almost painful pleasure as she moved from being achingly full and towards blissful release. With a wordless, guttural moan she felt it slip free, falling to the ground with an audible 'thud', but even before it hit she could feel another one working its way along behind it.

She desperately wanted to work herself over too, but with the way her slit had been repositioned to just under her tail she couldn't even reach herself even anymore. But beyond that, as much as it was a quiet kind of torture that she was so *frantically* horny and she couldn't finger herself, in a way that somehow worked. Because without her normal masturbation techniques to fall back on, she had to rely on just the sensations of the eggs moving through her, had to lean into them as much as possible, learning to lower herself down on her haunches as they moved close to her slit so that they would stretch the roof of her pussy, each one dragging itself slowly and slickly along the base of her clit as it fell from her body. And that somehow was perfect, distilling her entire world into being just about this endless chain of eggs, with her whole body being so completely changed that not only could she handle such a size and volume of them, it was *all* she could do. The only way she could cum was to lay eggs, and she couldn't help but cum as she laid them, and all that made her gasp and moan even harder as she shuddered her way through one messy, dripping clutch of eggs after another.

It went on for some time. The details of it all kinda faded out for Zania after a while, becoming just an endlessly repeated rhythm; the urgent motion of pressing, leaning, and blissful, dragging release. More than once she had to shift her back legs awkwardly to accommodate the growing pile of eggs beneath herself. Eventually though the tide subsided, and she all but collapsed down onto her side, forgoing the bed for the ease of just lying on her flank. She was only pulled out of her recovering stupor at the sight of an insistent flashing yellow light on the projection, which, when she managed to focus her eyes enough to see, was a message reading "It's just about time for dinner! Would you like to put in an order?"

Flailing weakly at the Reply button, Zania eventually managed to catch it with her rounded thumb. "Uh, yeah", she said slowly. "I'm thinking... salad? But just... no eggs, please."

She looked around, taking in the ludicrous number of brightly coloured eggs she was surrounded by.

"I may be good on eggs for a while now, I think."