

DESTINY EXPLORER

**SHORT STORIES OF OVERLY
CURIOUS CREW AND OTHER
SHIPBOARD SHENANIGANS**

BY SHETIRA ANWAE

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SHENANIGANS

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ONE

A NEW UNIFORM

“You will have to forgive my hesitance,” T’myne remarked with a considerably greater degree of skepticism than she typically displayed toward the latest crazy ideas that crossed the glossy black surface of her neatly kept desk. “This... this really just doesn’t seem like the grandest of ideas, does it?”

Perhaps it was the fact that she no longer had the luxury of so large a desk that was making her so unenthusiastic about being in close physical proximity to such an outlandish idea. There was much to be said for a bit of extra distance between herself and the bizarre concepts that seemed to require her approval on an almost daily basis. Strange ideas that her former staff had always seemed quite happy to demonstrate right there in her office with nary a safety barrier in sight. It was

something of a miracle that she'd never fallen victim to an accident during these truly perilous displays. Quite a few of her younger and more naive marketing staff hadn't been nearly so fortunate.

"I mean... is it *really* necessary?" T'myne inquired as she studied the transparent one-piece swimsuit that had been placed atop the small desk in her shared shipboard office. "Can't we just play waterball in our normal attire?"

"Oh, hell no!" the slender leopardess laughed as she pushed the rumpled layers of clear gelatinous rubber a little bit closer to the recalcitrant mitanni. "We've got to do it in style! Like, you know, rubber blow-up doll style!"

"I still don't understand what that has to do with me," T'myne replied with a deep, sonorous sigh as she eyed the faux-seams that made the suit look like it had been cut out from a dirt cheap rubber blow-up doll. This, she knew, had been a very deliberate choice on the part of the suit's designer. It was supposed to make its wearer look cheap and artificial. So artificial, in fact, that it made her own neck-to-hoof coating of perfectly polished black biogel look vibrantly alive in comparison.

“Because you’ll look so flaming hot out there on the sand as our new team captain, that’s what!” the young leopardess replied with a giddy whip of her long feline tail as she leaned over and looked the mitanni in the eye. “Everyone’s going to go wild when they see you shaking that inflatable ass of yours all over the beach. Seriously!”

“I signed up to serve as the ship’s matron, Mirri,” the mitanni continued as she found herself wondering about the young leopardess’ sanity. “I definitely did not sign up to be an inflatosuit model, let alone a waterball playing inflatosuit model.”

“Well, everyone I talked to thought you’d be the best out of all the available candidates,” Mirri replied with just the sort of silly grin that made it quite clear just who’s idea it had been to add an unathletic forty-six year old mitanni to the list. “By a long shot too. A *really* long shot.”

“Really?” T’myne questioned, looking up at last year’s local solo beach waterball champion with a very skeptical raised eyebrow. How anyone could think she’d be good at any sport was beyond her reckoning, let alone one requiring such a high degree of dexterity. “This is all just a joke, right? A prank? I has to be a prank. I couldn’t play mitanni

rules waterball to save my own ass... and that's the whole point of trying to actually win, isn't it?"

Mirri just smiled and shrugged.

The perplexed mitanni couldn't help but wonder if the young leopardess really was trying to pull a prank on her. The girl had only been with Gelitech for two weeks. If she was pulling a prank, then someone else almost surely put her up to it. Perhaps it was intended as a bit of kinky payback for the demanding demeanor she'd always had toward new models at the Gelarium. Or, perhaps, for her considerable talents with regards to getting staff to agree to doing the most unusual and permanent of things to their own bodies for the sake of bringing in truly impressive profits. Or maybe someone had just decided that it was high time that she started to practice what she preached. But then, that *was* the whole point of her going on this new adventure, wasn't it?

"Quit fussing," Mirri cooed as she reached down and poked at the matron's new swimsuit, causing the rubbery rumples to crackle and snap as they rubbed against one another. "Get your girl on and suit up. We've got to start practicing soon if we're going to have any chance in the qualifiers for the Inflatogames tournament this fall."

“We?” T’mayne inquired as she gingerly picked up a pair of shiny transparent biogel socks that had been tossed onto her desk alongside the swimsuit. “And how am I supposed to play waterball with balloon feet? This *has* to be a joke!”

“Those are for your horns,” Mirri remarked with a hearty chuckle as she plopped herself down on the glossy black biogel padded chair opposite the mitanni with a loud *squiiiiip!* “I picked them out special for you ‘cuz I thought they’d make you look extra super hot!”

“That’s definitely a matter of... personal opinion,” T’mayne responded with a deeply displeased frown as she laid the horn socks back down on top of the inflatosuit. In her eyes, of all the products she’d overseen the development of, those of the inflato-line were among the least physically attractive. She could never understand why they were so absurdly popular, or why girls seemed to have so much fun applying them to their bodies. Or why girls who went partial inflato always seemed to get an urge to go more and more until they wound up going all the way and completely turning themselves into living inanimate blow up dolls.

“Come on. Stop stalling,” Mirri asked with a mischievous smirk. “Just put it on. It’s going to feel awesome!”

“Why do I have to put it on right now?” T’mayne inquired as she began to question just why the young leopardess was being so insistent. Did she really think playing tournament level waterball with a ponderous middle-aged mitanni was a good way to keep one’s ass intact for more than one match? Or... was she really up to something else? Something more... mischievous? “Surely I can wait until I’ve had some time to... you know... adjust myself to the idea. Think about it and all that.”

“Oh, don’t be so silly,” Mirri replied with a sly smile. “I mean, isn’t the whole point of Gelitech to just do crazy things without thinking? So stop thinking and get that big hot bod of yours into that sexy little suit!”

“What about you?” T’mayne responded as she pondered the situation. She didn’t have to put the inflatosuit on. She didn’t have to be captain of the waterball team. Those were the young leopardess’ ideas. The young leopardess who was supposed to be part of that very same team. “Aren’t you supposed to be wearing an inflatosuit as well? Why

don't you get yours and put it on while I finish some work, hmm?"

"Oh, mine's right on the desk beneath yours," Mirri replied with a clearly feigned nervous expression on her face. "I... uh... figured you could help me put it on once you're done with yours."

"Can't you just put it on yourself?" T'myne inquired as she turned to her holo-keyboard and tried her best to make it look like she was doing anything other than thinking of some excuse that might convince the insistent leopardess' that she should go pester someone else into going along with her little game. "I have some important things to do here that can't really can't wait."

"I'm way too nervous to put it on myself," Mirri answered with a light, giddy tone that very much suggested otherwise. "I'm definitely going to need you to help me get into it."

T'myne rolled her eyes as she called up her day's scheduled task list. She hoped that someone had added a meeting or something that she could use to excuse herself long enough for the leopardess to get bored enough to go looking for someone else to captain her waterball team. Instead she found the exact opposite. Much to her surprise, not to

mention her considerable consternation, the remainder of her day's schedule had been cleared. So too was her next day's schedule, and then the day after that.

Clearly, someone above the ruffled mitanni in the ship's rather nebulous pecking order had decided that she had nothing time-specific that needed her undivided attention. Not that she ever had many tasks of that sort, though. A ship's matron's job mostly consisted of general duties whose nature typically defied any form of scheduling.

The puzzled mitanni's days hadn't been reassigned to personal time. She was definitely still meant to be working. But what was there to do besides making sure the slowly growing crew complement weren't all bored out of their skulls while they waited for the ship's maiden voyage to commence?

On the positive side, there also wasn't anything present in her schedule to indicate that anyone other than the persistent young leopardess expected her to join, let alone lead, the waterball team. Her assigned role was still simply 'Ship's Matron'. In her mind, that virtually confirmed that the young leopardess' efforts to get her to put on the inflatosuit were almost surely just a prank. A

very misguided prank if actual waterball was involved. However...

T'myne had a single new personal message waiting for her in the system. It was a quartermaster's account update. *Assigned, for personal use*, she read in silence. *Custom inflatosuit set, to be selected from existing stock and delivered by junior hand Mirri Lurrah. Confirmation of personal use required. No charge.*

T'myne signed and shook her head. The suit had been assigned. Not requested. Assigned. But... by who? And why was confirmation of personal use required? Did that mean she *had* to put the suit on? Or did it just mean she had to show that she hadn't just given the suit to someone else?

"Well?" Mirri inquired as she stood up and picked up the pair of horn socks. "Are you ready? How about we start with these?"

"Mirri!" T'myne exclaimed as the leopardess danced herself around the small desk while swinging the socks around in a playful fashion. "Why must you be so rushed with all this? Why do you even think I want to..."

"Because you do," Mirri replied as she stopped behind the mitanni's chair and opened up one of the

horn socks with a sharp, rubbery crinkle and snap. "Come on. Admit it. I heard you talking all about how you wish someone would just do something crazy to this sexy body of yours. Without even asking. Just go ahead and poof, you're not what you used to be and you're going to take it like a real mitanni girl and like it no matter how insane it is."

T'myne sighed. "You know, when people talk about their kinks, they might not actually be expressing them in terms they expect to be taken literally, right?"

"Some people, yeah," Mirri purred into the reluctant mitanni's ear. "But not you. No. You meant every single word of what you said."

"And how do you know that?" T'myne retorted as she turned her head just enough to give the leopardess a questioning glance over her left shoulder.

"Because you aren't trying to stop me," Mirri giggled as she took the mitanni's right horn in one hand, while slipping the opening of the sock over the tip of her left horn with the other. "And you won't. Because you're a real mitanni girl and you're going to take it and you're going to like it no matter what."

T'myne tensed up as she realized the forceful young leopardess definitely wasn't just playing. Clearly, the girl meant to have her inflatosuited team captain whether the mitanni liked it or not, and she definitely didn't like it one bit. "Mirri. Must you? I really don't think this is a very good idea. I need time to think about it."

"What did I say?" Mirri replied as she began to pull the sock back over the mitanni's horn tip. "Stop thinking. Relax. Let it happen. Trust me. You'll love it!"

Despite her youthful naivete, the leopardess had clearly gauged her target quite well. T'myne was very much a real mitanni girl. She did exactly what any real mitanni girl would do when caught indecisively between serious displeasure with the leopardess' intentions and an innate desire to prove her physical courage on the other. Like a deer caught in the blinding glow of rapidly approaching headlights, she simply froze.

"That's a good mitanni girl!" Mirri cooed as she drew the sock up and around back of the stunned mitanni's curved horn with a symphony of rubbery squips, crackles, and squeaks. "You're going to look so awesome with inflato-horns! I'll bet you'll sleep way better too! Built in head pillows!"

T'myne said nothing. She just sat there, frozen in place, with a slight, placid smile on her face. Her eyes quivered with nervous anticipation, though her eyebrows suggested she was in a neutral, almost contemplative mood. She hadn't been enthusiastic about putting on the inflatosuit, but now that the decision had been made, it seemed almost as if she was actually warming to the idea.

In reality, the mitanni was stricken with such a confounding mix of feelings that her expression simply fell into a natural default. It was a vapid, uncaring look that she would retain no matter what might be taking place to her body. This was accompanied by a slow, almost artificial breathing rate and a neutral pulse that would simply refuse to vary no matter how extreme the experience. It was all about as close to a set of 'system error' messages as a living organic being could express without facing potentially dire consequences.

This strange display was far from unique to T'myne. When faced with extreme physical experiences, many mitanni would fall into such a state, even if the whole affair was entirely voluntary. In a very large part, this reaction was the source of the idea that even the most skittish and easily disgusted mitanni were so physically brave that

they could face literally anything with a pleasant smile. In truth, a locked up mitanni didn't have much choice in the matter. Nor did they generally have the capacity to understand that fact until they actually experienced the state themselves, at which point it was far too late to actually act on the second thoughts that often came along with it.

Though T'myne was unable to act, that didn't mean that she couldn't still feel what the leopardess was doing. The sensation of the gelatinous rubber sock sliding onto her left horn was both silky smooth and singularly dull. She had expected it to feel far more... fizzy. That was how biogel always felt when it was actively doing transformative things to one's body. There was no pain. No discomfort. Perhaps some pleasure, if one was particularly lucky. But the fizz? There was always the fizz.

The fizz was what happened as cells were dissolved and absorbed by the biogel. One would have thought any such process simply *had* to feel excruciatingly painful, like being doused in acid, set on fire, slashed with a billion paper cuts, and sprayed with liquid nitrogen all at the same time. But it didn't. Something about the biogel inhibited the affected nerves from sending signals. All that

got through to the brain was static. Neutral, fizzy static.

But the sock? The sock just didn't feel fizzy going on. Then again, there wasn't much in the way of nerves within T'myne's big ram horns. They were meant for bashing into other similarly endowed heads, after all. It would have defeated their purpose if it hurt like hell every time they were put to use. Then again, it also meant that injuries often went completely unfelt until someone else pointed them out. Injuries, caught leaves, perching birds, and even the exotic effects of things such as biogel.

"Almost there," Mirri cooed as she drew the sock over the top of the horn's curve with yet more rubbery crinkles, squips, and snaps. "It's about to do its thing. Are you ready?"

T'myne definitely wasn't ready, but she didn't have the ability to show it. She just sat and smiled and cringed inside as she felt the little snow leopardess' fingers in her long deep violet hair, seating the rim of the sock right down where her horn met her forehead.

With one final snap, the leopardess withdrew. The glistening sock was now fully in place, hugging

its horn in a perfectly form-fitting embrace. For a brief moment, the sock seemed to be totally inert.

Oh hells... is it... is it actually fake? T'myne thought as the sock just sat there, gently squeezing her horn. *Was this really just a prank?*

The hopeful mitanni's momentary sense of relief was dashed by a sharp, fizzy sensation that began to bubble around the base of her horn. It quickly began to spread upward, leaving the place where it connected to her forehead feeling very, very strange. *Oh... that feels... so... weird!*

T'myne's horns had always been so rigid. So solid. So damnably hard that every brush and bump was transmitted directly into her thankfully thick, armored skull. Others might joke about the diminutive size of mitanni brains, but were it not for all the padding beneath the bone combined with a neck capable of taking forces that would kill any lesser humanoid outright, she would have been concussed or whiplashed to oblivion long ago, just on account of accidental whacks on low doorframes alone.

Now, however, her horn was starting to feel as different as different could be. The fizz was starting to rise along its surface, accompanied by a constant

cacophony of soft, rubbery sounds that weren't so much entering her ear as they were being transmitted through her skull itself. The base of her horn was starting to feel quite soft and malleable. This sensation spread upward, following the fizz as it accelerated along the curve of her horn. A few seconds were all it took for the spread to go over the top and start down the back. A few more and it had rounded the bottom. Another fleeting moment later, it had finally reached the forward facing tip. There it fizzed quite furiously for a bit before vanishing with a final rubbery pop.

“Awesome!” Mirri purred as she wasted no time in moving to the mitanni's other horn. She slipped the remaining sock over its tip and began to tug it along as quickly as she could get it to go. “Oh... oh girl! I can't wait to see you with the whole suit on! You're going to look amazing!”

T'myne certainly thought otherwise, but at this point there really was no going back. Her body began to relax. Her long, tufted tail twitched. She slowly turned her head to the other side, making it a little bit easier for the leopardess to pull the sock all the way up and over her horn. But... her expression didn't change. Her breathing didn't vary.

Nor did her pulse. She was very much locked 'in the zone', with no clear way out.

Crinkle, squip, squeak, snap! The leopardess pulled her fingers out from within the rim of the second sock. It sealed into place around her mitanni's horn. "So... cool!" she giggled as the transformation commenced, again after a few moment's delay.

T'myne felt the wash of fizz travel up and over her horn. She could feel her horn getting all soft and squishy as the wave progressed. A shudder ran down her spine as the rapid transformation finished with a soft, rubbery pop.

Mirri wasted no time in taking the mitanni's shiny new balloon horns in both hands. "You're steering's a little squirrely now," she mused as she wiggled the soft, supple horns from side to side. "But damn... they looks soooooo good!"

All that T'myne could manage in reply was a soft sigh as she felt her horns do things that nature had never intended horns to do. They definitely felt far more like pillows than horns now. Inflatable pillows that someone had seen fit to glue to her forehead with a layer of glistening black biogel. Squeaky rubber pillows that she could actually *feel*,

somehow both outside and inside all at once. They had a strange kind of pressure in them. A pressure that changed as the young leopardess squeezed, twisted, and pressed them up against the sides of her head.

The mitanni quickly became so focused on the sensation of her inflatable rubber horns that many of the conflicting emotions she was experiencing faded into the background. With these went much of the internal resistance she'd felt toward the idea of 'going inflato'. She still didn't like it one bit, but despite her feeling less frozen up, she just didn't have any willpower left to fuel renewed resistance to the leopardess and her shiny inflatable dress-up game.

The blowup doll dress-up game continued in the form of a pair of small wrist bands that Mirri was now toying with. "These always look so weird," she remarked as she reached down to lift up the mitanni's right arm. "But that's just part of the inflato look, right?"

T'myne slowly inhaled as the leopardess picked up her arm and began to slide the little clear rubber tube up over her hand and wrist. She watched as the young woman pulled it into place over the lower third of her forearm. The moment the girl withdrew

her fingers, the band sealed into place over the glistening black biogel.

This is insane, T'myne thought as her arm began to feel fizzy. Then she softly gasped as the black biogel seemed to collapse inward beneath the clear band. It got thinner, and thinner, and thinner, until there was nothing left but the clear outer shell and a glistening black surface where her arm above ended, and where her wrist below began. The faux seams in the band were atop and beneath her arm, and these stretched and twisted along with her wrist in a strange, almost entrancing way.

Within the wrist band, T'myne could feel the same sort of pressure as she could feel within her balloon horns. It was empty, of course. The only thing inside the clear looking space was pressurized air. Still, her wrist felt quite a bit firmer than her horns.

How can it possibly stay straight like that? the mitanni asked herself as she stared at her transparent forearm, so caught up with it that she hardly noticed the leopardess applying a similar inflato-accessory to the other. *Won't it squish? Bend all the way over? What if it pops?*

T'myne couldn't help but want to have an immediate answer to her curiosities. She pressed the air filled section against the arm of her office chair and it squished inward, pulling on the rest of her arm in a really weird feeling kind of way. Then she grabbed the chair arm with her hand and pressed down at an odd angle. The inflated section held firm for a while, but just as her second wrist band was snapped into place, it suddenly gave way.

"Ah!" T'myne exclaimed as her inflatable arm suddenly bent as if it had been broken. All she felt, though, was pressure and a twisting of the rubber. The moment she pulled her arm away from the chair, her hand popped right back into its proper place.

"That's soooo weird," Mirri giggled as she watched the mitanni's left forearm shrink away beneath the new band with an intensely curious expression on her face. "It's gonna be so funky moving around in the whole suit, isn't it? So funky and fun, I'll bet!"

While the transformation of her horns had certainly left T'myne feeling quite strange, the sheer insanity of her forearm's ability to twist and bend in such a crazy fashion had made the completely artificial nature of the change both

vividly and intimately clear. The mitanni was stricken with a sudden flash of intense, and deeply unpleasant awareness. She was no longer the vibrant, living woman she'd been only a few short minutes before. She was part object now. Part thing, and not in a way that served any useful or necessary purpose.

I can't believe I just let her do this to me, the mitanni silently lamented as her mind finally cleared enough for coherent contemplations. She watched the young leopardess pick up the inflatosuit from the desk and shake out the rumples with a rubbery swish and twang. It sent a shudder down her spine. I just... why? Why did I just let her do it? And... I just... I just can't stop it. I hate it. I hate every bit of it. But I... why? Why do I feel like I just have to keep going?

T'myne inhaled sharply as the young leopardess plopped the one piece inflatosuit on her lap. She couldn't even begin to imagine what it would feel like once the entire core of her body had been transformed. Everything that made her a woman would be reduced to thin layers of gelatinous rubber. Stripped of fertility, her body would become little more than a walking, talking, routinely reusable condom.

“Go on,” Mirri cooed, gently squeezing the mitanni’s left inflato-horn as she made a vain attempt to pull her chair back from the desk. “Put it on. I’ll bet its going to feel great!”

Why? Why? Why? T’myne thought as she took the suit in both hands and gazed into her reflection upon the suit’s glossy back. Her beautiful reflection, permanently marred by her pair of horribly cheap looking inflatable rubber horns.

Why do I feel like I have to do this? the perplexed mitanni asked herself as her eyes fixed upon the inflatosuit’s horrible looking faux-seams. They ran around the base of the suit’s narrow neck and around its modestly proportioned waist. Up and down the plain, almost vertical sides. Around and over the fronts of the disappointingly small breast cups. *This is so... ugly. So disgusting. So... so... I just don’t understand. Why do I feel like I actually want this?*

T’myne bit her upper lip as she parted the suit’s back seam and lowered it down so she could slide her legs through the provided openings. She couldn’t help but fix her gaze upon that narrow stretch of jellied rubber that would soon be pressing up between her legs. There was nothing there to hint at the unspeakable things that its

touch was going to do to her womanhood. She found that almost as unsettling as the effects she knew it was going to have down there in her most precious of places.

This is just so... easy, the mitanni thought as she pulled the suit up until it was all ruffled up around her thick, muscular thighs. *It feels so smooth. So silky. Maybe... maybe it isn't actually so bad.*

T'myne stood up and pulled the suit right up over her hips, waist, and chest without really thinking about it. As she slid her arms in to the arm holes, the end of the open seam on the back of the suit pushed firmly up beneath the base of her tail. She adjusted the loose neck opening and wondered just how she was supposed to re-seal the back seam.

Despite her key role in approving the whole inflatosuit product line, the annoyed mitanni has been so disgusted by the idea that she'd gone well out of her way to avoid the things as much as she could. In fact, she'd only watched two girls put on bikini style suits during the initial demonstration in her office. She'd never seen the one piece style suits in action, let alone the numerous other variations and accessories that the crazy marketing team had come up with over the past couple of years. Well, not until now, at least.

Come on, the mitanni thought as she tried to hold the two sides of the suit together behind her neck. *Do something.*

As if on cue, the open seam sealed shut from bottom to top with a soft, supple *swiiiiiiip*. T'myne gasped sharply as the suit gently squeezed her body from neck to crotch. It conformed to her shape quite comfortably in most places, though its small breast cups proved far less inclined to accommodate her large chest.

Dammit, the mitanni thought as she looked down at her tightly squeezed tits. They weren't pressed flat so much as forced into jutting, bulbous shapes by the surprisingly inflexible faux-seam that formed a ring around their base. To make matters even less comfortable, the vertical seam of each breast cup wasn't particularly flexible either. It created a deep crease down the front of each breast as it tried in vain to force them to conform to the suit designer's preferred proportions.

Seconds ticked past as T'myne waited for the suit to begin its terrible work. A strange, nervous anxiety began to build up within her. With each passing moment, it got stronger, though one never would have known it from the pleasant look that nature still saw fit to freeze upon her face. Five

seconds. Ten seconds. Twenty seconds. The wait was absolutely interminable. Then, after almost a full minute had passed, and without so much as a hint of a warning, the entire area covered by the inflatosuit began to fizz with sharp, pins-and-needles fury.

T'myne inhaled sharply as she felt the fizz shoot down the full length of her long tail. Almost immediately, the last few centimeters ballooned out a bit. A hard, knobbly, and completely numb shape formed on its very tip. A cap through which her air filled body could be inflated, or deflated, virtually at will. Someone else's will, no doubt, but the shuddering mitanni didn't have time to contemplate her future. The sensations of the present were rapidly becoming far too overwhelming.

For starters, a wash of rubbery sensation was spreading up T'myne's quivering tail. As with her horns and wrists, what had once been solid flesh and bone was being rapidly converted into a pressurized rubber tube. The pressure forced her tail into a disturbingly inflexible, shallow upward curve as the transformation progressed. There was nothing she could do to force it to shift from this completely inanimate shape. As the moments passed, she found herself becoming more and more

desperate to make it move. No matter how hard she tried, however, it simply wouldn't budge.

"So... cool!" Mirri huffed as she watched the transformation spread all the way up to the base of the softly gasping mitanni's tail.

The one thing T'myne wanted right now was a chance for her mind to catch up to what was happening to her body. The inflatosuit, however, wasn't about to give her even a moment's respite. Just as soon as her tail was completely ballooned, it began on the rest of her suited body.

"Ah!" the mitanni moaned as she looked down to see her black biogel coated chest shrinking away beneath the inflatosuit until they conformed to the diminutive shape of the suit's breast cups. As to how the shrinking actually felt...

Within the confines of the inflatosuit, T'myne's skin had ceased to be living flesh coated in glistening blackness. It wasn't even the blackness itself now. No. Just as with her horns and wrists, her skin was the material of the suit itself. Dull, rubbery, and with considerable internal pressure. What was happening within this shell? For the moment, at least, she couldn't feel one bit.

The astonished mitanni had been so focused on her shrinking chest that she hadn't even noticed that the whole of her inflatosuit confined body was rapidly vanishing. The glossy black biogel was subsuming her flesh as it bubbled, writhed, and evaporated into the pressurized air that replaced it. It all collapsed around a strange, rumply tube that stretched from just beneath her jaw, all the way down to her abdomen. There, it split into two branches.

One passage led a terribly cheap looking blow up doll anus. The tube ended on T'myne's new mono-butt in a spot that even the least discerning connoisseur of credit shop rubber dolls would describe as being in 'about the right place'. A tight seam surrounded the tube, scrunching it up into a comically bad imitation of a sphincter.

The other passage led to roughly where one might expect a woman's genitalia to be located. In what had to be just about the ultimate expression of pure, unfettered cheapness, it was virtually identical to the anus. It only differed in its apparent inner tightness. After the first couple of centimeters, the tube was much narrower.

"Aw.... Yes!" Mirri exclaimed as the blackness sizzled around these inner tubes for a few short

seconds before completely boiling away, revealing that they were just as clear as the rest of the suit. "You... you look sooooooooooooo hot!"

T'myne had very different things on her mind than her appearance. She again found herself frozen in place, unable to move of her own accord. However, it wasn't that she *couldn't* move this time. Now, she was simply too afraid to.

Absolutely nothing about the confused mitanni's body felt right. Her neck, torso, and abdomen were just as completely inflexible as her tail now. They also felt dull as dull could be. Dull and tight against the internal pressure.

To make matters worse, T'myne's entire sense of balance had been completely and utterly destroyed. She'd gone from weighing almost a hundred and forty kilograms, straight down to seventy. She had no real sense of her center of mass anymore, as her torso and abdomen were now mostly just air. Every little movement of her head or limbs seemed to have a grossly exaggerated effect on her balance. It seemed almost impossible to lift an arm, or take a step, without sending herself crashing to the floor.

"I... I can't..." T'myne stammered, cut short by the strange sound of her voice. It was still much the

same as it had been before, but it had a bizarre, rubbery twang to it. A bouncy flutter that came from that inner tube that was now serving in part as an air reservoir, allowing her to speak despite her lack of lungs.

“I... oh... this is so...” T’mayne again attempted to speak. This time it wasn’t the sound of her own voice that brought her up short. It was the effect of having her speaking tube directly connected to her blow up doll orifices. “Hell! That... makes me feel so...”

The vibrations caused by her speaking were stimulating something down there in the rubbery rumples. It was making her... horny. But it didn’t feel like anything she’d ever felt before. The tingle. The tension. None of that was there. There was just... something. A weird, twangy feeling of emptiness. A feeling that there was supposed to be something filling at least one of the holes. Only then would the vibrations be blunted, and speaking wouldn’t make her feel so strange.

T’mayne slowly reached down to run the fingers of her right hand over the place where her pelvic bone used to be. She pressed into its softness as she slid her fingers further back, toward the faux-pussy that felt so strange. Nothing seemed to stimulate it.

Nothing, that is, until she actually pressed her fingers into the opening.

The tube offered no pleasure in response to the probing of the mitanni's fingers. At least, not pleasure in a sense that she was familiar with. It simply felt nice. Pleasant and very comfortable, in a dull, almost distant kind of way. And, much to her confused displeasure, she actually kind of liked it.

The longer her fingers lingered down there, the more T'myne wanted to have something much more substantial jammed up her fake blow up doll pussy. Something big. And hard. And maybe even a little squirmy. It really didn't matter what, as long as it fulfilled her desire.

Seeing that her fingers were hardly up to the task of satisfying her, the aroused mitanni withdrew. As her fingers departed the tight rubbery sphincter, the unlubricated folds pulled out a bit before snapping back into place. This sent a sharp vibration shuddering up the tube. Though it was hardly comparable to an orgasm, it still felt quite nice. Not so nice as having her rubbery innards filled to the brim was sure to feel, though.

“I just wanna squeeze you!” Mirri chirped as she hugged the mitanni from behind. “You’re so sexy and soft!”

“Mirri! I...” T’myne responded as the leopardess squeezed with all her might until the mitanni’s waist was almost half its normal size. “Stop that! I can barely stand... oh... oh hells...”

“What’s the matter?” Mirri asked with a silly smirk as she released a bit of pressure.

“Talking,” T’myne answered as she instinctively turned her head to look at the giddy young leopardess. Her neck proved to be quite a bit more flexible than she’d thought, but moving it was like working against a very strong spring. The moment she stopped trying to hold it where she wanted it, it pulled her head back until it was facing straight forward.

“What’s the matter with talking?” Mirri inquired. “Your voice sound so much sexier with that rubbery sound to it. And your breath... so... latexy!”

“The vibrations,” T’myne replied as she found twisting her waist to be much more difficult than her neck. There was so much more springiness to work against, and nothing particularly solid with which to do the working. “They make me... feel

like... hells... like I just have to fuck. Like... like I just have to.”

“Really?” Mirri giggled. “That’s so awesome! Come on! Do me now! I wanna feel what it’s like!”

“Mirri... I can barely stand up straight,” T’myne replied. She couldn’t understand how other girls could possibly have so little difficulty adjusting to inflatosuits.

“Then sit down and I’ll sit on your lap,” Mirri replied, pulling the surprised mitanni back down into her chair with a loud series of harsh, rubbery squips.

“Mirri!” T’myne exclaimed as the leopardess promptly stepped around the chair and plopped herself right onto the mitanni’s lap.

“Oh, get used to it,” Mirri replied, turning to playfully lick the mitanni on the tip of her nose. “We’re going to be doing lots of cuddling now that we’re sharing a bed together.”

“What?!?” T’myne exclaimed.

Mirrie giggled. “Yeah. This assigned pod-mate thing is pretty cool, huh?”

“I... well... whatever,” T’mayne responded with a deep, sonorous, and very rubbery sounding sigh. There was no point in arguing at this point. She’d already let the young leopardess have her way with her in ways far more outrageous than anything that might happen in bed aboard ship.

“This is going to be so much fun!” Mirri laughed as she started to rummage through the bits of clear gelatinous rubber that were still piled up on the mitanni’s desk. “Alight. Wrists? Ankles? How about the thigh piece I got for myself? It’s your choice! Which one do you want to put on me first?”

TWO

GOOEY

There was something deeply unsettling about the strangely serene chamber. Something that made the hair on the back of her neck stand upright. Something she couldn't quite put her finger on. But what could it possibly be?

Despite her growing misgivings, the pretty violet ashiri took a step forward. It was all she could do at this point. The door was locked behind her. There was no going back.

The perfectly polished black floor was pleasantly warm to the touch of her bare feet. So far as she could tell, though, it was the only thing that could be described as warm about the sealed chamber. The air was as cool as the icy impression presented by the featureless, pearly white walls. These seamless surfaces curved upward and inward in the

fashion of a natural, wind blown ice cave. At their peak was a small, luminous circle that cast its warm white luminescence down upon the chamber's only real feature.

The nervous ashiri took a deep breath. She bit her lower lip. She took another pensive step forward.

Before her stood the reason for her presence in the sealed chamber. The mechanism through which she was expected to fulfill her contractual duty. The alchemical artifice that would take the very physical substance of her tender, living body and... do something to it. Something inscrutable. Something unknowable. Something... outrageous.

A rising sense of trepidation took hold of the ashiri as she gazed upon the open topped tank which rose up through the glossy black floor at the center of the room. The tank's walls here a half a meter thick and as chilly looking as the walls of the chamber itself. It was filled to the brim with a strange, translucent fluid.

She took another step forward and looked into the milky-white surface of the strange tank's shimmering contents. She had no idea what the bizarre substance might be. They'd declined to tell

her anything about it. They'd said it would interfere with the process if she knew too much beforehand. Something about expectations affecting the experience, or something like that.

What they had been willing to say was that the substance's mysterious effects would feel unlike anything she'd ever felt before in her life. All she had to do was relax, and slide into its embrace, and willingly surrender herself to its genuinely transformative powers. If she did that, then it would be something special. Something truly amazing.

In retrospect, taking them at their word was clearly the most ridiculously foolish thing she'd ever done. Somehow she'd wound up getting shuffled into the line with others who thought it sounded like a good idea. She hadn't wanted to look afraid in front of so many brave girls. When it came her turn, she just smiled and signed the form right along with the rest of them.

It had all been so easy. So perfectly routine. She was going to do something interesting. Something that only the 'real' girls dared to do. What that really meant hadn't hit her until she was locked alone in the antechamber, taking off her clothes.

The slender ashiri nervously toyed with her long, deep violet hair as she contemplated the strange substance within the tank. As she contemplated the realization that so many had entered the chamber before her, but none had ever come out. They had all surrendered themselves to the substance, but then what?

She took another deep breath and gingerly settled her modestly endowed rump upon the rim of the tank. The more she thought about it all, the worse it made her feel. Whatever was about to happen to her, she clearly wasn't coming back. It was the end of the road. The end of everything she'd known in life. Whatever came next would be something so separated from the life she'd lived that it seemed beyond even the wildest flights of her admittedly rather recalcitrant imagination. Assuming there actually was a next, that is.

A soft, squishy sound caught her long, pointy ear. It was a wet sound, like one might expect from a thick syrup being poured onto a hard surface from a height. Her back went stiff as a deep sense of impending doom filled her already quivering heart. Goosebumps began to cover her body from neck to toe. She slowly turned to look over her left shoulder.

The gooey sound stopped. The surface of the fluid within the tank was perfectly still. Had she just been imagining things?

The shuddering ashiri turned away. Little beads of sweat began to form on her brow. She knew there was only one way forward. Only one path to escape the fear that was threatening to take control of her. The quicker she started down it...

Again, soft, sloppy sounds filled her ears. Again, she slowly turned to look over her shoulder. Again, the surface of the strange substance was perfectly still. Or was it?

The horrified ashiri inhaled sharply as she perceived the slightest of undulations upon the surface of the milky fluid. Something was clearly happening. Something that she wasn't supposed to see. But... what?

Obviously, whatever the substance was up to was totally irrelevant in the long run. She had no real choice but to let it have its way with her. Still, she couldn't help but shift herself sideways, drawing her left leg up onto the rim of the tank so she could keep her eye on the insidious liquid. Moments turned into minutes. The liquid remained still and silent.

The puzzled ashiri sighed and did her best to still her thumping heart. Glistening beads of sweat had formed all over her silky smooth skin. They drizzled and dripped down onto the rim of the tank, and onto the polished black floor.

She knew she had to do it. To slide herself over and let her legs slip beneath the milky fluid's surface. To push herself off of her perch, and let herself sink into the abyss. But... she just couldn't force herself to go through with it. She was too nervous. Too... afraid.

Did the brave girls ever felt the same way when they actually had to do the crazy shit they claimed to be infatuated with? Did they ever freeze up and find themselves recoiling from the things they got off to every night? Did they ever feel like walking away, even when their friends were all doing it with a smile?

The quivering ashiri didn't know. All she knew was that she had to calm herself down. She had to get herself into the right state of mind. She had to stop caring and let nature take its course.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. And exhale. Inhale. And...

For the third time, her ears were treated to a sloppy, gooey serenade. She opened her eyes and stared at the surface of the milky goo. This time there was no mistaking it. There were ripples all over its surface.

The nervous ashiri held her breath. She stared into the hypnotic maze of pulsing undulations. There was something strange about the continuously shifting patterns. The longer she looked at them, the more they entranced her, in a deeply disturbing kind of way. She felt as if she was being enticed. Enticed by something dark. Something sinister. Something...

She gasped as dark, wavering shapes began to form beneath the goop's milky surface. There were countless little fronds, waving too and fro like kelp hovering just beneath the surface of a gently heaving sea. They danced about like so many hellish little tendrils, whirling, twisting... and slowly rising up toward the surface.

SCHLLLLLOP!

All at once, the myriad tendrils of glistening demonic blackness burst forth from the surface of the milky goo. The terrified ashiri gasped as they rose up a meter and more above the surface of the

translucent slime. She tried to scream as they came together into a twisted mass of liquid obsidian, covered with firm looking nodules, pulsating bubbles, and bits that looked almost... bony.

In an instant, a dozen thick tentacles had burst forth from this hellish beast. They reached for the mutely gasping ashiri. She wanted to get up. She wanted to get away. But she couldn't. She was frozen in place by a horrid kind of fear. A fear borne as much of terror of the unknown as it was a fear borne of the equally terrifying prospect that she might actually find what was about to happen as entrancing as the patterns that had put her completely off guard.

They came at her all at once. In a flash, they had wrapped around all four of her limbs. Cool, wet, and disgustingly sticky black goo ensured that there was no possibility of escape. Another tentacle wrapped around her waist. Yet another wrapped around her neck. She gasped and huffed and choked upon the expressions of sheer panic that she so desperately wanted to utter.

The tentacles yanked their helpless captive off of her cold, hard perch and lifted her up over the core of the glistening black monstrosity. She struggled against their hellishly adhesive grip, twisting and

writing in vain as they held her aloft, facing upward and forcing her to gaze directly into the warm, throbbing light above. She began to feel faint.

The whole world seemed to pulsate along with the light, coming in and out of being as horribly intense physical sensations began to overwhelm her. The wet, stickyness of the tentacles was spreading out from where they gripped her, coating her flesh in a harsh, fizzy feeling sheen of glossy blackness. The monstrosity itself was now pressing into her back, spreading its twisted, corrupted features into the slowly spreading goo upon her back and around her sides.

There was nothing the slowly corrupting ashiri could do but squirm as her body was covered with firm lumps, pulsing bubbles, and hard, bony features. At first all this demonic cladding weighed upon her body like so many rocks, sticks, and sacs of fluid glued to her skin. They grew and grew and grew as she faded in and out of consciousness, until there was almost nothing left to see of her besides her terrified face.

In one barely lucid moment she could feel a popping sensation between her quivering butt cheeks. A hard, bony something was forcing its way into her anus. Pressing deep inside without so much

as a passing regard to the subject of its hellish attention.

The next moment of consciousness came with an abrupt spreading of her womanly folds. A hard, ribbed something thumped its way over her clit and into her captive vagina. She began to feel aroused, even as the corruption began to spread over her eyes. It grew over her mouth. A moment later it had covered her face entirely.

There was nothing the helpless ashiri could do as she twisted and squirmed in her coating of vile black corruption. There was nothing she could do to resist the arousal that came upon her hard and fast as the monstrosity sought to snuff out her life. She had heard of such things. Such terrifying pleasures that came with equally terrifying consequences. Just the thought of anyone trying such things was beyond revolting to her. Insane, even. But given her circumstances, there was simply no avoiding it.

As she struggled and writhed, the bony penetrations shifted and pressed against her tender inner flesh in deeply uncomfortable ways. As her mind began a long, slow, final fade into nothingness, even that horrible discomfort seemed to shift into something strangely pleasant. Even as the beast probed deeper and deeper into her

innards. Up and through until she could feel it pressing its lumpy substance up her throat from within.

The slowly slipping ashiri gagged and convulsed as the penetration pressed up and out of her mouth to merge into the corruption covering her face. Her whole body began to feel fizzy. It was pins and needles everywhere, but not for very long. After a few short moments, the fizz faded away, and with it the body she had known since birth.

In a moment of terrifyingly intense clarity, the completely corrupted soul could feel the substance of the monstrosity as if it were her own body. She could feel every twisted shape, even as the beast drew what was once her own body into its own hellishly warped mass. She could feel... and then she couldn't. The entire world seemed to vanish, leaving her as nothing more than a seemingly disembodied mind.

If the captive soul had thought the monstrosity was done corrupting her, she was sorely mistaken. What it had done for her body, it would now do for her mind. A darkness borne straight from the bowels of the Nine Heavenly Hells began to fill all of the voids that had been left when she had been stripped of all sensation. Slowly it began to eat

away at the vibrant, living mortal. Memories of the past were stripped away and replaced by visions of magnificent horrors so disturbingly sexy that they could enthrall even the most resistant of minds.

Gone was the fear, and the horror, and the weakness of mortality. In its place, a deeply corrupted imp was being crafted. An imp to serve not merely as a familiar to those who dared to accept its demonic service, but as clothing to offer its mistress the constant temptation of dark power. An enticement to spread the corruption, and the dark pleasures that came along with it.

Before long, the imp began to feel like it had a physical form again. A little lump of writing tendrils held captive in a milky white sphere. This gob of goo seemed to oppose its intentions with promises of healing, and protection, and all sorts of positive powers the likes of which the imp simply couldn't even begin to understand. Was it a prison meant to keep it captive and controlled? Or was it something else? Something meant to entice victims into the imp's corrupting influence, perhaps?

There was no way for the imp to know. It would just have to wait, and hope. Little did it know, it wouldn't have to wait for long...

THREE

COMING SOON...