

He'd heard stories about what happened to people who took those pills. Granted, they weren't exactly *sold* as much as they were *procured*, given that they were immediately pulled off the market the moment their effects on people were found out; since then, they'd remained as a sort of Holy Grail for transformation enthusiasts, albeit one that, while *extremely* difficult get a hold of, *was* possible to obtain... at great personal expense. With their manufacturing plant having been forcefully shut down and the company sued to oblivion, what remained were the few packets and boxes that hadn't been recalled and taken for incineration, very rarely sold by someone who deliberately held onto their supply until such a time as demand was high enough that they could make a small fortune off of a handful of those pills. Despite health authorities' best efforts to counteract this illegal trade, very few results were actually achieved, and as such the steady trickle of people who deliberately turned themselves into mindless, semi-synthetic versions of themselves carried on into the present day: from perfectly functional human beings into sex-doll-like animal facsimiles, the thing of internet kink artists made manifest. No one quite knew how those chemicals were supposed to work, but what they *did* know was that the people who took them never went back to their old forms, and yet were the happiest they could ever be; for Jeremy, this was all he needed to know.

For years he'd fantasized about transforming himself, and as soon as he heard the stories about the forbidden pills, he'd become fascinated by the prospect of lucking into having a few for himself. It was nothing more than a dream though, as he lacked the spending money to drop several thousand on a single packet, and even if he did, he doubted he'd be able to just *take them* knowing they had cost so much... even if the whole point was to give up worrying about his everyday life and surrendering to pure carnal impulse. He entertained himself with these self-contradictions whenever he was linked an auction by a friend in the community, or happened to stumble onto an article talking about yet another "victim" of the "dangerous" banned medication; it was the only thing he really had, as otherwise he'd have to actually think about the fact that this was an experience he would never go through. That is, of course, until he received a call from a friend of his one night; it was past three in the morning when he heard the phone ring, piercing through his sleep and rousing him from it, leaving Jeremy so groggy that it took him a couple of minutes of having to listen to the blasted ringtone before he remembered how phones worked. When he saw who was calling him, he almost felt like screaming, but picked it up anyway.

"Are you drunk again, Bill?" he asked, not even bothering to hide how annoyed he was at being woken up like that.

"I got the pills. The tee-eff pills dude!"

It was a testament to how much Jeremy's brain was slow to wake up that it took him a few moments to process what it was he heard, and a few more to put everything together in a way

that made the slightest amount of sense: tee-eff, T and an F, that means transformation, and “pills” were things he took in order for the chemicals inside to do something to his body... which could only mean...

“You’re fucking kidding me.”

“Am not, *dude*, I just got home from a friend’s place, the guy was fucking *wasted* and bet the fucking things when we were playing poker,” Bill rattled off as quickly as he physically could, “lost the hand, passed the fucked out and guess who’s got the fuckin’ pills now! I thought about selling them, but like, I know how you were talking about them and all so like maybe I could sell, like, half and the-”

“Bill,” Jeremy interrupted, finding it harder to remain irritated now that he knew that his life was about to be changed for the better, “shut up. I’ve got a day off tomorrow, so go home, go to sleep, and then come around whenever you can, alright? It’s three in the fucking morning.”

The way that Bill replied, giving out a short, seemingly genuine “Oh” as if he just wasn’t aware of how late it was, made it even more difficult for Jeremy to keep up the facade, which was why he decided to give him a curt goodbye and then hang up the phone, placing it on his nightstand and then going back to sleep... or at least trying to. Of all the things he could’ve been told, *this one* was absolutely not what he was expecting from a three AM phone call, and wouldn’t he know it, his brain refused to rest now that it knew what was coming down its way. How could he possibly go to sleep, when the timer for his transformation had begun to count down the hours until his new life arrived? He was lucky enough to be able to sit still, let alone go back under, and so, with a sigh, Jeremy got up, resigned himself to the knowledge that he’d need to function on barely four hours of rest, and then went to his living room in order to pass the time in front of the television, huddled up in a blanket cocoon.

He’d wake up with the sun shining on his face, his body sprawled over the ground and feeling exactly like one would expect after sleeping for goodness knows how many hours in the most uncomfortable position possible. At least his head was clear, clear enough that he could hear the banging on the front door and Bill’s voice calling out to him, probably what had woken him up to begin with; dragging his feet, Jeremy slowly made his way over to the entrance of his apartment, stopping along the way to splash some water on his face to try and wake up properly. Once the door was open, he had maybe a second or two before hearing a “Catch!” and instinctively moving his hands in front of him, perfectly catching a small, nondescript packet of pills: the transformation pills, the ones he’d lusted for, *fantasized* over for years, right there in his hands. Suddenly, the outside world ceased to exist, so much so that Jeremy failed to notice that Bill gave him a pat on the head and then closed the door on their own face before heading out, having realized their friend was effectively paralyzed and it’d be a waste of time to wait for them

to come to; for Jeremy himself, the only thing that mattered anymore was the small collection of life-changers he had in his hands, right there, ready for him to take and shed his old life like a discarded coat.

He turned around, body acting on its own; his mind was no longer the one in control there, or at least not the parts of it that were ruled by any semblance of logic or caution. Jeremy's id had taken over, working hard to suppress those voices telling him that he should probably sit down and think things through first before going the full mile in downing a whole mouthful of highly dangerous, extremely unpredictable pills that would irreversibly transform him into... wait, why were they telling him that again? Was that not exactly what he wanted? Why were they trying to hold him back, he *should* immediately crack open that packet and take the pills as quickly as he could! And so he would, as soon as he cleared the center of the living room, as it was important to give himself the space he needed to truly appreciate his transformation into his brand new and glorified body; better to make sure there were no sharp edges around while he still had *some* degree of control over what he did, rather than hoping that his brainless self remembered not to fall over and potentially injure themselves. God almighty, just the thought alone was enough to get him going, the understanding that he was finally going to give himself up to the purest pursuit of pleasure, that he was, at long last, about to let go of all earthly concerns that had hounded him up until then. Would he need to adjust to an entirely different lifestyle, potentially even to the point where he'd have to leave his house and start crashing at friend's places? Absolutely; but then again, his friends probably wouldn't mind having him around, especially not after the pills had time to properly turn him into something *better*.

It took Jeremy only a few minutes to clear out what he deemed to be "enough" space, at which point he... stood there, staring down at himself, at the pills in his hand, wondering whether he should take his clothes off, whether he should think about his body shape beforehand, or a dozen other things that he never thought of before; it was easy enough to fantasize about the transformative process when it happened to other people and he was just there to jack off to it, but now that it was within reach, he was suddenly assaulted by a whole array of doubts, since he technically had no idea how to go about... *doing* the whole thing. One thing was for certain though, the moment he swallowed the meds was the moment his fate was sealed, so honestly, why even care anymore? Better to break open the packet and drop every individual pill into his palm, fighting against his own apprehension all the while, fueled purely by his own idiocy, lack of concern for his personal safety, and that madman's energy one gained when deliberately doing something one knew was against one's best interests. His reasoning tried to fight back against it, screaming at the top of its lungs that he should stop before it was too late, waging an all-out war against Jeremy's impulsive behavior, but it was too late; the young man brought his hand to his mouth and tipped the pills inside of it, gulping them down and coughing as the dryness of that lump hit him a moment later. He was used to it though, and just a couple of dry heaves later, the small pellets were well on their way to his stomach.

It was only then that Jeremy remembered he didn't actually know the specifics for the transformation itself. He'd read articles, sure, but there was never any recorded video evidence of the process itself, only the aftermath; it was supposed to be very fast-acting, but what exactly did that mean in practice? Minutes? An hour? Would he have to walk around pretending things were fine when he was practically bursting at the seams to develop some seams of his own? Hell, he could barely even walk *at all* with how much his legs were shaking, his poorly-contained excitement shooting straight through the roof as soon as he began feeling a tingling spread through his leg... only to then come down after recognizing it was just an itch. He was stuck in this state for some time, unable to move, unwilling to give up hope, the awful possibility that the pills might've been duds creeping up on him; if that much was the case, he was going to have words with Bill and promptly cut him off from his life for a while, at least until they found some way to apologize properly, presumably by finding and buying some proper transformation meds.

All of these thoughts and more were rendered moot once Jeremy raised a hand to his head in order to wipe some sweat from his brow and failed to feel his fingers as he should; rather, what slapped against his forehead was one big, indistinct mass, not unlike a large blunt object with so little weight that it felt made out of styrofoam. As soon as he dared to look to his side, and saw that his right hand and forearm had somehow fused together into something that looked like an inflatable's paw, that's when he finally breathed a sigh of relief and every muscle in his body relaxed at once; there was the evidence that he needed to know that everything would be alright, that the pills *were* the real deal, and that all of his concerns had been for naught. When he opened them again, the transformation had begun to creep up towards his shoulder, replacing his skin, muscle and bone with... whatever was inside that thing, because his right arm was now mostly just a balloon-like limb with the imprint of a paw "drawn" on it, with all the utility (or lack thereof) that it implied: it was patently useless, unable to do anything other than swing around and smack against stuff, but it was still *incredibly* sensitive to the touch, and any attempt on Jeremy's part to keep it still only resulted in him fidgeting around and ending up rubbing it against some part of himself. Which, fortuitously, helped to spread the "contamination" to wherever his "paw" tip happened to brush up against; thankfully, the issue of his clothes turned out to be utterly unimportant, as they were just as easily assimilated and repurposed as his organic self, helping in fact to create brand new "fur" patterns as his transformation progressed.

Honestly, it was the best outcome he could've hoped for, and as he began to lose sensation throughout most of his body, replaced with the overall feeling of numb warmth that he'd read about so many times, Jeremy finally allowed his final defensive barrier to fall, and his sexual arousal to come to the forefront. It felt so ridiculous to deny it for any longer, especially considering there was a strong chance it might very well be the last time he got to experience it in the same way he had his entire life; those transformations had a tendency of flipping a few things around and leaving the people who took the meds with radically different bodies than the

ones they had started. This was all-but confirmed once a spike in heat focused around Jeremy's chest, and when he peeked down to see what was going on, saw two bumps pushing against his shirt from within, heralding the growth of a brand new pair of breasts that he was certain he was going to spend a significant amount of time playing with. Curiously, looking *down* was becoming harder than it should, and not just because his skeletal structure was being replaced with plastic; it took a bit before he realized what was actually going on, but his *lips* were also bulging outwards along with the rest of him, encroaching on his field-of-view in ways that he never once thought possible.

At that point, Jeremy figured he could just give up completely, throw himself onto the ground and let it all happen, because he'd already won: the pills were real, his body was transforming into an inflatable facsimile of something resembling a mix between a vixen and a human, and the longer he tried to think about it, the harder he found it to hold onto any one thought in particular. Like water running between his fingers, he *knew* the ideas were there, half-formed and fluid, but whenever he tried to keep one on the forefront of his conscious mind, all he got was a hazy mist, an afterimage that would inevitably vanish from existence, leaving behind nothing but a warm, comforting emptiness that he could experience forever and ever. He was still in there... somewhere, deep underneath a thick curtain of lust and primal instincts whose sole purpose was to make him appreciate his new body in the most direct way possible, but much like he'd willingly surrendered his old self to the chemicals turning him into this odd synthetic creature, so too did he give up his ability to think properly for the sake of pure, unadulterated, unfiltered *bliss*. So what if he wouldn't be able to formulate any thought more complicated than wanting a cock to suck or to shove between his new tits, or the desperate need for someone to fill his newfound slit or ram a thick, hard phallus in between his burgeoning asscheeks? He wouldn't *need* anything more than that, not after people found him and took him in to wherever he might be wanted... and given the sort of noises Jeremy was making, he was sure *someone* would try and check up on him. He couldn't be sure if he'd remember to leave the house after the transformation was complete, so the best he could do was just to keep moaning whorishly and hope for the best.

Not exactly hard, given the sort of things he was feeling at every single waking moment. He might not have a spine anymore, or at least he assumed he didn't, but he could still feel the tingling firing up his back and straight into whatever counted as his brain in this new form of his, overwhelming what remained of his thought processes and leaving him unable to do anything but drool as he begged the universe for more; given the sort of lips he was given, permanently pursed and puckered, so bloated that he could feel the top one pushing up against his brand new muzzle, this resulted in a heaping dose of saliva dripping onto the floor, as he completely lost control of its production and ended up slobbering all over himself. This, of course, only served to heighten the sensations he was already experiencing, especially once he remembered to bring a paw over to those pillowy cocksuckers and spent a good few minutes just stroking them, unable to do

anything else; they were so plump, so fat, so *meaty*, even though he knew that they were mostly comprised of air (probably), that he really couldn't help himself, and soon enough he'd find them opening and closing as if begging for something to suckle on, something long, hard, musky and ready to fill him with as much cum as his new body could take. The rest of him obeyed this mindless pursuit of pleasure as it wrapped up the changes wrought to him: no more cock and balls, but a perfectly-formed, tight slit between two *immensely* thick thighs, framed by motherly, flared thighs and perfectly complemented by an ass that could easily serve as a small seat all on its own. It certainly served to cushion the fall once Jeremy was unable to hold himself up with his own legs, too far gone in pleasuring his lips with one paw, and his fully-formed, perky pair of breasts with the other, sending whatever remained of his old, conscious self down the drain and fully replacing it with his new, much better and utterly instinct-driven self.

This was his life now. Spread-eagled on the floor of his apartment, moaning like the slut that he was, body transformed into something that barely resembled anything he might have once been, paws (not hands!) busy rubbing whatever part of his new form he could remember to pleasure. He could honestly just spend days on end like that without the need for anyone else to step in, and frankly, he just might; now that he was fully rubbery, it was doubtful that he'd have the need for sleep or nutrition that he used to... or at least that's what his new mind was telling him, to just ignore self-preservation and focus entirely on maximizing pleasure at any given moment. Was it potentially dangerous? Did it matter, really? His dreams had come true, so all he had to do was keep going, keep pushing against his lips to feel their squishy softness, keep groping his tits as much as his new graspers allowed, keep rubbing his deliciously fat thighs together in just the right way to give his new apparatus some much-needed stimulation. Everything faded into a nebulous, malformed series of flashes and mental images that were just barely strung together by the most tenuous of awareness, the last vestiges of Jeremy's old self desperately, and hopelessly, clinging on to whatever semblance of sense and sanity they could find. This was their last refuge: trying to make *some* sense out of the endless torrent of heightened sensations that coursed through his body from second to second.

And so he kept on... doing the same. There wasn't much of a reason for him not to, and with no one come to check up on him, why should he ever stop? No matter how many times he climaxed, or at least went through enough of a spike in gushing and trembling that he assumed he had orgasmed, Jeremy never felt tired, never felt the need to stop or slow down, maybe even grab a drink, regardless of how soaked his floor was getting from the perpetual shower of femcum raining down on it from between his legs, or the copious amounts of drool that kept pouring out of his swollen lips. He failed to notice how the Sun outside slowly moved across the sky, rising towards noon and then falling below the horizon, followed by the Moon taking its place; hours, hell, time in general held no meaning for him now that he didn't need to ever stop, only the ever-present pleasure, the constantly heightening flashes going through his nerves, or whatever that plastic body had to replace them. It was a vicious cycle that couldn't ever be

broken except by outside help... or, as luck would have it, by Jeremy being such a klutz that he ended up tripping over his couch when attempting to lean over it in a misbegotten attempt at a brand new position, landing back-first and *immediately* being shocked back to some semblance of a reality.

Then again, there wasn't much to do there beyond going back to a position where he could return to pleasuring himself. *Or*, as a random whim happened to tell him, he could try something different: he could try to go find someone to fuck! A chance glance outside revealed that it was already night, and though Jeremy didn't quite put two and two together to realize how long it had been since he first took the pills, some part of him remembered that people had a tendency to be home at night, and if that much was true, then he could easily find someone to stick a cock into his cunt if he just looked hard enough. Even better, he already had someone in mind: that cute twenty-something that lived on the other side of the hallway, who Jeremy couldn't help but have developed a certain attraction for... or at least that's what he assumed was the truth. It could very well be that his new brain just scrambled for someone to latch onto, and it just so happened that the poor guy was the first one he thought of, but ultimately, this was just a meaningless detail; assuming they were open to the prospect of fucking an anthro vixen made mostly out of hyper-sensitive plastic with a pair of lips made perfectly for sucking dick, then everything else was just window dressing. All that said, moving from place to place was an absolute nightmare; it was one thing to roll around, or drag himself into a seated position in order to get ready for the next bout of self-ministrations, and quite another entirely to have to move from point A to point B without spending an inordinate amount of time pleasuring himself during the process... well, he said inordinate, but really, was it anything other than perfectly natural for him to spend most of his waking time trying to stick his paws into his slit, only to continuously fail and be forced to rub it instead? What was his normal state of being if not desperately smushing parts of his body against other bits in the hopes that it would make him even hornier than he was already? All this made it nearly impossible to walk a straight line to the front door, despite there being no obstacles in the way; in between rubbing up against the walls, using one of the lamps as an improvised pole, even resorting to something as desperate as sucking on the doorknob just because it happened to fit his huge lips in the *perfect* way, it took Jeremy almost an *hour* to walk from his living room to close enough to the front door where he could operate it, whereas before the "trip" would've been a few seconds at best. And even then, he still spent quite a while trying to make the most use of that slab of varnished wood as possible, leaving stains of femcum and drool all over it in the process. In the end, he didn't even properly open the door; instead, the transformed Jeremy just kept banging on it and moaning as loudly as he could, hoping that someone would come close enough to want to inspect what was going on.

Gods, he could *smell* it: the scent of manhood, right on the other side of that door. Whenever anyone with a cock passed by, he could tell, he *knew* when they were so close that, if not for that damned piece of wood, he could reach out and grab it... and yet, none of them ever answered his

calls, not one dared to stop when he shouted at the top of his lungs that he needed someone to come stuff him; though, given the sort of lips he had, this might have something to do with the fact that every word he tried saying ended up sounding like a mixture between a raspberry and someone spitting for several seconds straight. This didn't help; indeed, with the polished surface of the door so close, it didn't take too long before he was slobbering all over it, not because it was particularly suited for the task, but just because it was *there*, leading to yet another cycle of him, using whatever was around in order to pleasure himself, be it his own body, the walls *again*, or any sharp object he could try to angle in order to rub his slit against, hoping, *desperately* hoping that it would help satisfy that intense, burning need he was feeling. Nothing would, of course; the one thing that no one truly knew, nor could even know, was that the transformation into this sort of rubbery synthetic always came accompanied by such an immense upsurge in libido that, no matter *what* anyone did, they would never truly feel sated. They would always want more, always crave higher and higher stimulation, and the only way to stop that would be to have someone, or more accurately a group of someones, fuck them silly until they could either no longer function properly, or hit a theoretical limit on stamina. It was still up in the air whether or not that was even possible though; no transformation victim had ever tired out yet.

As for Jeremy, he stopped paying attention to the outside world after a while, at least to the degree where it wasn't absolutely necessary; sure, he'd still try to make good use of his house in order to satisfy his ever-increasing need for stimulation, eventually wandering into the kitchen to use whatever blunt object he could find to help stuff his slit with *something*, only to end up breaking most of them with just how powerful his motions were. He progressed to the bathroom, then his bedroom, then back to the main living room, all while moaning as loudly as he could, half-complaining to the world about being stuck somewhere they couldn't leave with no one in there to keep them company. Things became hazy and hard to put together, enough that Jeremy failed to notice that someone *did* reach his front door and *did* try to get his attention; were it that he still had his wits about him, the transformed young man might've realized that his friend Bill had come to check up on him, courtesy of the many phone calls they made having gone unanswered. Had Jeremy still the slightest ability to process reality, he might've heard the frantic knocks followed by attempts at breaking in, right before Bill realized they kept a spare key in their car that Jeremy had given them some time before. And had the vixen the slightest amount of true awareness of the outside world, they would've seen Bill walking into the living room and yelping in surprise as the shock that it truly was, rather than an invitation for them to drape themselves all over the newcomer and beg for them to do something about how empty they felt. But there *was* no Jeremy in there, or at least none that mattered; nothing remained but the most primordial of lizard brains, nothing but his raw, gluttonous id, one that could never be sated regardless of how much it was fed. He would throw himself at his best friend and try hopelessly to yank their clothes off, only to fail and then have to whine for them to do it themselves; he would push his tits against their face, rub his slit over their crotch, make as many noises as he could possibly think to do in order to make it well-known what he intended and what he truly



needed. Because, ultimately, this wasn't Bill he had there, but a man with a cock, and that was all that truly mattered in the end.

Eventually, Bill would acquiesce, if for no other reason than because part of him really, *really* hoped things went down the way they did. And together, the two of them would spend a few hours in one another's arms, like animals, fulfilling their most base of desires. And after that?

Well, there were always other lovers now that the front door was open.