

Chapter 21 – Hard Questions

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Katinn tried their best to keep their mind focused, and a stern look on their face as they watched their dozing colleague, Janfred. Or at least, the Figura shapeshifter who had replaced their colleague Janfred. The two reptilian Schen scientists had been working together for years, so it wasn't difficult for Katinn to notice Janfred had begun acting oddly ever since they had come back from that sample-collecting trip to the planet's surface two weeks ago. People had always described the pair as being like reverse mirrors – superficially they were almost a swap, Janfred's grey scales and red stripes closely matching Katinn's red scales and grey stripes. And yet, beyond the superficial differences they had always been the same, almost of one mind.

And so, it had been difficult for Katinn to fill Janfred's lab with sleeping gas an hour ago. Difficult, but necessary. Certainly, the Celopi agents ought to be informed of a Figura infiltrator, and would be, but Katinn needed answers first. What had happened to Janfred? What were the spy's plans for Katinn? Nothing good, certainly. Katinn had noticed the odd comments of late – the lewd jokes, the almost flirty playfulness. The changes to Janfred's attire, with far more skin being shown than they ever would have dared before. And most embarrassing, Katinn had even noticed Janfred trying to hide erections several times these past few weeks – erections while staring at Katinn. Perhaps this was subtle by Figura standards, but Katinn knew better.

As Janfred stirred in the chair they were strapped into, Katinn once again regained their focus. "Kat...Katinn? Kat, is that you? Was there some sort of accident?" Janfred blinked, before trying to move and then finding the cables holding them in place. "...What's going on here?"

Katinn tried to put steel into their voice. "I believe that's my line...spy. I know what you're up to. And I have questions."

Janfred blinked again. "Spy? For Purity's sake, what are you talking about? You know me!"

Katinn shook their head. "I know Janfred. I don't know you, Figura."

"Is...is that what this is? Why in hells would you think I'm a Figura? That's ridiculous!"

"Is it? Then why have you been acting like one? The comments, the outfits, the...physical behavior?"

Janfred paused, and Katinn knew the walls were already starting to come down. "I'm...Kat, if I was a Figura, the Celopi would be all over me. And then they'd do a psychic scan and know I'm not! So what's this really about? I mean...I really don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't? What's this, then?" Katinn leaned over and traced a line down from Janfred's shoulder to the top of their left breast, then followed the cleavage down until their finger hit shirt.

And it was quite a long trip. Janfred had always had a large chest – matching Katinn as they did in so many ways – but with this new sense of fashion recently you'd think they'd doubled in size. Or perhaps they had, another Figura trick.

Janfred stammered. "That's...that's regulation uniform rules. I'm not breaking any regs wearing this!"

"The most extreme end of the regulations, perhaps. And who actually wears it so low-cut? Certainly not Jan."

"You seriously tied me up over a blouse? This is ridiculous."

"Not over that alone, of course. You can't deny what I've seen and heard. The comments lately about how good I look all the time. The glances. And then just yesterday I caught you trying to hide an erection while you were standing behind the chemical workbench. Just return to your real form and drop the act."

Janfred's jaw dropped. "You saw th – I mean, an erection!?! From...looking at a colleague? That's...that's insane. You must have been seeing things. It's impossible."

Katinn sighed. It was time to step the interrogation up a notch. They needed the spy to break the act, and tell them what happened to Jan. And so...extreme measures were called for. "Impossible, then? Then I suppose this would have no effect on you."

Katinn shrugged off their work jacket, and began slowly unbuttoning their own blouse, working their way down from the top. They puffed their chest out for effect, straining the fabric as more of Katinn's red scales came into view. The prisoner's eyes began to bulge in disbelief.

"Kat...Kat, what are you doing?"

"Nothing...if you were a real Schen. If you were a horny fuck of a Figura shapeshifter though, there'd be a noticeable swelling of the...and, well, well. Look at that." A bulge had begun to form in the prisoner's pants, and Katinn leaned over to give it a playful bap, in case they were considering denying it. Not to mention that the position gave the fake Jan a full view down Katinn's blouse for added effect.

"That's – that's an automatic, biological response! Anyone would react that way! Look, I'm sorry if I've embarrassed you, but it's really nothing I've been doing on purpose!" Despite Janfred's protestations, the bulge in their pants only continued to grow, the closeness of Katinn's cleavage perhaps doing its work too well. Or perhaps...more than too well. Janfred clearly couldn't be this large, could they? Surely there was Figura shapeshifting at work here! Pouncing at the chance, Katinn leaned over a little more and slid Janfred's pants off in one quick motion.

“Automatic? Well then what’s – this?” The penis that sprung into the air then was indeed larger than any Katinn had seen, but it appeared entirely Schen in nature. Had the spy covered their tracks so well?

“It’s a cock, for crying out loud. You’ve got one yourself, if I’m not entirely mistaken!”

Katinn was almost lost for words for a moment, before they could pull their eyes away.

“Not...not so large as that. That’s...not normal for a Schen.”

Janfred chuckled. “I’m flattered, but I think you’d be surprised. Haven’t you ever...well, you know?”

“No! But...I can prove that this isn’t normal! Just...just give me a minute.” Whatever Katinn may have had in mind for a plan seemed to go out the window as they found themselves pulling off their own belt and pants. Certainly, they had had erections before, but a little concentration had made them go away quickly enough. Even at full mast though, surely there’d be no comparison, right? A moment later Katinn front themselves looking down at their half-erect crimson cock, wondering where to go from here.

“...Have you tried stroking it?”

“I know how it works! Just...give me a minute, I said.” Katinn spat on their hand and began stroking the warm organ between their legs. There were enough videos of Figura behavior for Katinn to know the routine, but the actual sensation of it was something entirely unpredictable. Even so, the awareness that they were exposing themselves in front of a spy pretending to be their friend made the situation...awkward.

“...Seems like you could use a hand.” Katinn just rolled their eyes in response, and Janfred tried again. “...Okay, look. I’d like to get this over with, so...if I can prove that you’re as well-endowed as I am, will you accept that I’m a real Schen and let me go?”

Katinn narrowed their eyes suspiciously. “I’m not untying you.”

Janfred grinned and licked their lips. “...There’s other ways.” Katinn had seen those videos too and could guess what Jan was referring to. The suggestion hardly made Jan seem less Figura-like...but if it helped bring this episode to a conclusion, then perhaps it was worth rolling with it.

“Fine. Just...no funny business.” Katinn carefully brought their semi-flaccid organ over to the tied-up reptilian, and the prisoner eagerly took it gently between their lips. Just as Katinn wondered if they were about to seriously regret this, the tongue movements began. Despite the situation, Janfred seemed almost at ease now, their eyes half-lidded as their head bobbed back and forth. If Katinn had been worried about teeth a moment ago, those worries vanished as smooth, wet tongue wrapped itself around the top half of Katinn’s growing shaft.

"You...you seem pretty good at this. Suspiciously good." Janfred didn't respond with words, but Katinn could almost see the sigh in their eyes as they picked up the pace. Katinn could feel their cock head pressing against the back of Jan's mouth, and then even slipping just a little bit down their throat. Odd sensations of pressure started to build up inside...and then Jan pulled back with a pop.

"There. Hah, see that? Even larger than mine. Perhaps you're the Figura here." Katinn almost couldn't believe it as they looked down at their slick cock, then at Jan's, but it was indeed just a slight bit larger than the grey-skinned Schen's. It certainly felt swollen enough to be five times larger, and Katinn was sure they'd never had an erection like this before. Pulling their eyes away from the pair of cocks, Katinn looked back at Janfred.

"Jan? Is that...really you? Purity, I've fucked up, haven't I..."

Janfred shook their head. "No, it's alright. You are right, I've been...admiring you lately. Flirting. Having...impure thoughts. I should've said something, maybe, but I thought you'd reject me, or turn me in, I don't know."

Katinn chuckled. "Maybe I would have. But now I just feel stupid. If there's any way I can make this up to you - ahh, let me untie you!"

"Uhhh..." Jan interrupted. "Actually, Kat, I don't mind it so much...and you could make it up to me by, well. I mean, we've already come so far..." The sizable grey rod between their legs twitched up at Katinn, and a flurry of ideas flooded through their mind. After all, hadn't Kat just broken the rules a moment ago? Why not one step further? And the feminine slit below their cock was feeling...needy.

"...To hells with it. Alright. Let's...let's do it." Katinn stepped over Janfred, straddling them on the chair, and leaned back to line things up with one hand. Just the sensation of that cockhead sliding along Kat's folds was enough to make both their eyes roll back, but then Katinn let their weight drop down, and they entered a whole new world. "...Wow. I've never...I had no idea."

Katinn lifted themselves back up, and their own cock slipped between Janfred's chest and their blouse, trapped by the fabric. If the sensation before had almost been too much, this was just pure bliss. Slide down, and Katinn felt themselves filled by Jan's warm flesh. Move back up, and Katinn's cock slid along Jan's belly, lubricated by drops of precum spread by the movement. The pair didn't speak for a while, but just shared in the cycle of pleasure. Up...down. Up...down.

Katinn wrapped their arms around Jan's head, as the feeling of internal pressures return. "Jan, I...I think I'm going to...you know."

"Go for it. It's alright...me too." Katinn doubled, no, tripled their speed, feeling nothing more than the wet friction of flesh against flesh from both inside and out. Finally, that pressure reached too high, and Katinn could almost feel their insides emptying out as hot fluid spewed forth, covering

Jan's stomach in globs of sperm. That emptiness didn't last long though as Jan responded in kind, unleashing their pent-up lust of the past few weeks inside Katinn's cunt, spraying the entrance to their womb. Katinn nearly lost control then and fell against Jan, only sealing them closer together with the sticky evidence of their shared rule-breaking.

"Ah...oh, Jan. I'm so sorry I thought you were a Figura spy." Janfred paused before responding.

"...Well, I told you I was really Janfred. Which is true. I didn't say I wasn't working with the Figura, though..."