

# SPEED DEMON

ZMEYDROS



ART BY FOXINUHHBOX



Dee, and the fox spirit that she shares her body with, are on the run from the cops. The good news is that Dee can go fast, ridiculously fast. The bad news is that the more she taps into her power, the more hung she gets. Being a fox herm, her libido's already a problem. And she doesn't need any more problems when the cops finally catch up to her.

Read this story to see how Dee uses her speedster power to combat badged baddies and meet up with a huge herm dragoness who isn't afraid of the hyper cock that takes up residence between Dee's legs.

\*\*This series of stories is going to be treated like seasons of a show, each episode with a soundtrack. This first season is all character introductions that establish the world and the characters.\*\*

# Speed Deemon

~TubePunk Witches: Season 1 - Illicit Introductions~

By Sadie Singlais (Zmeydros)

(Edited by Mae Singlais, Tiliquain, Akikotigress)

Track List:

Season 1 theme: The Warning - XXI Century Blood

Episode theme: Rage Against The Machine - Know Your Enemy

First Speed Power Scene: Christie Linée - Raining a Miracle

Fight Scene (Dee's Theme): My Chemical Romance - Planetary (Go!)

End Sex Scene: Metric - Detour Up

Season One Credits: My Chemical Romance - Destroya

Spotify Playlist Link:

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/4uYYwGBWU5FhU1HbEZVmn?si=7c6a0ccad3ce43e6>



The sky was streaks of blue and white. To her sides were streaks of green, gray, brick red, blue, yellow, and off-white. Under her paw-padded feet was a rough, dark-gray surface that she knew was a city street. The street's pair of yellow stripes went off into the distance and were centered under her footfalls. The streaks on the sides were segmented by dark stripes. Dee knew she was probably passing street after street, building after building, car after car, but she couldn't make out any of the individual features.

The air felt thick, like it was fighting her every step. The fur on her floofy fox tail was getting whipped around violently along with her triangular ears, whiskers, and long, dark red-to-magenta hair. Her tits, now twice the size they'd been before she became a fox chimera, were testing the elastic in her sports bra as she zig zagged around objects she couldn't see. Her tits were also testing her tank top, which was pink and had a detailed illustration

of an anthurium ivanportilae leaf on the front. The leaf looked like a fantasy sword with frilly edges, which she thought was pretty badass as far as leaves go. Her bust was distorting the leaf while lifting the tank top up just enough to see her white belly fur.

Before the streaks started to shorten, she felt her body jump over six turning cars and dodge what must've been a delivery truck.

While the world was coming back into view, Dee turned her attention inward to the source of her extreme velocity and the effervescent tide of magic that was welling up within her. "Ea, you did it again. I have no idea where we are."

To Dee's mind's eye, Ea looked like an amethyst purple fox whose image was faceted, but also swirled like the waters of a turbulent forest creek. Control and chaos, a battle fought constantly in

nature, was being fought in Ea's very form. Ea was the reason why Dee's left eye was purple instead of green. Also why Dee was now a fox chimera and had had a dick in addition to her pussy not too long ago. Dee wasn't sure where her dick had gone and was hoping it would come back. There was so little she knew about her new form, and Ea for that matter.

"Building with special phone. I find." Ea sat, her tail curling around her four legs.

Dee had to widen her stance because she could feel her heartbeat in her clit. It was pressing against her panties a lot more than she remembered it doing before her latest, blindingly-fast run. "Could you warn me the next time you do that?"

Ea nodded.

"Thanks." Dee pet the base of Ea's ears in their shared headspace.

Ea pushed her head against Dee's paw-padded hand and let out a happy fox chirp. Their headspace looked like a very overgrown tropical forest with roots from a giant banyan tree competing with ferns, vines, orchids, and big-leafed aroids competing for space on the forest floor and the sides of trees. It was a lush and vibrant space they both felt at home in. Earthy and floral fragrances mixed in a way only a truly healthy forest could achieve.

Outside their head, the sky was filled with scant scattering of tiny, puffball clouds that rarely provided more than a couple minutes of shade as they drifted east toward the mountains. The winds that powered their movement weren't being felt on the ground, making it an oddly still summer day for Los Angeles. The sun was beating down on the orange fur on Dee's upper arms as well as the black fur on her tail as she walked between an abandoned brick building and a brutalist office complex on a cracked city street that needed some serious TLC.

Dee was glad that the building she was supposed to enter was the brick one because the brutalist complex had dangerous-looking cracks in its concrete slab walls. White paint had been applied to the brick building's walls a decade ago and was in various stages of peeling off, creating patterns like those on the trunks of eucalyptus trees. She smiled: the tip she'd received was looking ever more promising. Though the power lines had been cut to the building, a phone line still dangled from the telephone pole.

As she got up to the brick building, she looked down at her manila-colored short shorts. Her clit still felt odd, like it was jutting out from between her pussy lips. There was a slight tent in her shorts, making her cheeks flush as she noticed it. That tent was throbbing ever so slightly. She started to reach toward it, but stopped because she knew she didn't have enough self control to avoid going all the way right now.

Putting her hands back at her sides, she thought about how to get inside the building. Many of the windows had broken panes in them, but it was very likely she'd get cut if she tried to enter through one of the gaps. The door facing the street was boarded up, like the ones she'd seen on the north side. Climbing up to the roof was both conspicuous and dangerous, a last resort.

The west-facing wall that had a door that opened up to the alley. However, the area with the door had been completely taken over by a trumpet vine. A hummingbird, whose throat feathers flashed a vibrant purple, sipped from one of the cone-shaped orange trumpet vine flowers as Dee

approached. The bird didn't care about her and kept drinking nectar as Dee observed the vine had broken branches. Thankfully, someone had cleared away just enough of this vine to get to the door.

As Dee was about to enter the building, the hummingbird made a high-pitched trill as it flew to one of the thin branches on a Chinese elm tree, twenty feet away, and perched. The tree was right at the far corner of the west wall, its roots causing the wall to warp. Bricks that were no longer part of the wall were scattered across the tree's offending roots.

\*Tree winning against building. Joy.\* Ea's voice had a light and energetic sound to it, matching her vulpine personality. She nuzzled a white and lavender orchid sticking up between some rocks in their foresty headspace and then sneezed.

\*Nature always wins.\* Dee grinned.

\*Only if helped. Humanity evil.\* Ea's eyes were narrowed and a snarl was on her lips.

\*Well, whenever humanity leaves something behind, nature takes it back. But you're right, nature doesn't stand a chance in many cases.\* Dee reached out in her mind and scooped up Ea from the forest floor, stroking the ephemeral fur on Ea's head.

Ea went limp before hugging Dee. It was faint, but Dee could feel Ea's paw pads tugging lightly at the fur of Dee's upper arms.

Happy with her ability to comfort Ea, Dee turned her attention back to the door.

It had no knob and the wood was sun damaged with water stains near the base. She pushed the door open, the hinges complaining loud enough that her ears folded down. The inside of the building was dim, like a fox's den, and was a wonderful respite from the blinding



summer sun.

Her nose wrinkled immediately from the acrid scent of newspaper ink that permeated the entire space. The ground floor was open except for eight I-beams which held up the floor above. Once she spotted the phone in the far corner, she closed the door, cringing at the awful creak it made.

The floor was poured concrete, uneven in a few spots where the smooth top layer of concrete had broken away from the heavy aggregate layer below it. She stumbled on her paws a couple times, not liking the way the concrete chips felt against her paws on her way to the phone.

Another throb between her legs got her to gasp and clench her thighs together. Her clit was definitely pressing against her shorts now and she had to take a couple deep breaths to let the urge to play with it pass.

Taking the receiver off the wall, she tried to put the phone up to her ear and missed because her fox ears weren't quite in the same spot as her human ears had been. She giggled to herself, feeling amazing about all the vulpine additions to her human form.

It was one of those ancient phones with a crank you had to turn to ring the other end. She cranked it a few times until a recorded message played static and then "Not in service" in an even feminine voice.

Dee took a deep breath and counted five repeats of the "Not in service" message before saying, "Four two five nine two."

There was a click at the other end. "Operator, what can I do for you?" The voice was low, with a bit of a growl.

"Oh, hi! I just became a chimera yesterday and I'm being chased by the cops. Someone said your organization could help." Dee bit her lip, having no idea how this worked.

"I have to scan you to make sure you're legit. I will not pry into your personal thoughts or memories beyond what I need to verify what you just said. Hold the receiver up against your head, relax when you feel a tingle across your scalp, and breathe evenly. If you want to prevent a bad headache, don't fight the flow of thoughts I bring to the surface." His words sounded practiced, but they were heartfelt and not mechanical. "Do I have your permission to scan you? It is required for us to move forward."

"Yes." Dee swallowed, hoping she wasn't making a huge mistake.

A tingle danced across her scalp like steam from a warm cup of tea. Events from the past day bubbled up bit by bit, including the black cat chimera drug dealer friend who had given her the code for this phone call and let her crash on her couch. The magical explosion that had destroyed the botany lab and given her Ea seemed of particular interest to the operator as well as the resulting fox chimera transformation. The images stopped after he pulled up the first time she'd accelerated and ended up in a forest a couple miles from the lab.

"Two things. One, being combined with a spirit that powerful is a very challenging adjustment and I'm glad to see it's going well. Two, the help we provide doesn't come for free. We'll get you settled

and make sure you're safe. But once that is the case, we expect you to work with us to find a way you can help dismantle the system that you're running from."

Ea gave an excited fox scream as Dee got an image of Ea sinking her teeth into an Usonian cop's throat.

"That sounds like a really good deal to me." Dee grinned and pet Ea's back in her headspace.



"Khorosho. I don't see a need for immediate extraction since running away from problems is an incredibly viable option for you. Do you think you can make it to a safehouse if I give you an address?"

"Yeah." Dee played with the phone cord, wrapping it around her index finger.

"Alright. There are two safehouses in your general vicinity. One a mile away and another four miles away. Use the one further away as a backup in case the first one is compromised. Do not open the door for anyone unless they rattle the door knob three times rapidly before knocking." He gave the addresses of both. They were in nicer parts of town than this abandoned industrial area. "If you need anything else before we retrieve you from a safehouse, look for abandoned buildings with the phone lines still intact and call us again. At six PM, the code you used will expire. The next code is five five three eight one."

"Thanks!"

"The nearest safehouse is an adobe-colored apartment complex on the outer edge of a chimera slum. Go into the chimera slum and meander a bit through it to get to that safehouse. The farther safehouse is a two-story home divided into five dwellings. It's deep in another chimera slum that's

bigger than the first, so how you approach it is unimportant." His voice was so patient and calming. "Any questions so far?"

"No, I think I got it."

"Khorosho. At the first safe house, ask for Terance. At the second safe house, ask for Philomena. Once one of them is in front of you, ask to speak to them alone and then deliver the phrase 'Pigs are good for their bacon, but I question their opinions.' If they respond with anything other than 'Bacon shouldn't come with opinions,' you need to get out of there immediately. Got it?"

"Yes." Dee nodded while trying not to laugh.

"Good. If you write any of this information down, do it on a small piece of paper you can light on fire or easily chew and swallow. There are hundreds, sometimes thousands, of lives at stake. Since I'd prefer you don't write anything down, let's review."

They went over all the details she was told with the operator, making sure she got everything right. When she went over the safe house addresses, she screwed up one of them due to her pussy clenching right while she was repeating the second address.

"Finally, to prevent an empath from stealing this information, think about the stakes involved, the people that will get hurt. I want you thinking about chimera getting rounded up and shot in the head. I want you to think about years of incarceration while being forced to live as a human. Get angry, think about apparatchiks using the information you have to gain access to chimera they can abuse to heighten their status. I want you to think about broken bones, weeping sores, chimera being forced to fuse in government labs, and chimera children being taken away from their parents so the state can indoctrinate them. All of this will be your fault if you cannot associate enough emotional weight to the information you now hold. If you don't get sick to your stomach, you're not trying hard enough." His voice was urgent and harsh.

"Okay, I will do my best." Dee visualized everything he mentioned to the point that Ea whimpered and their stomach was churning.

"You feeling really uncomfortable?"

"Uh, huh." Dee gulped.

"Khorosho. Remember, without extremely specialized training and magitech equipment, empaths can only do deep reads if they have line of sight. If you feel anything like what you felt when I was scanning you, break the line of sight with everyone in the vicinity, focus on the sickening amount of responsibility you now carry, and run. If you can identify the empath, usually the person with a furrowed brow staring intently at you, punch them in the face and then run."

"Okay, will do." Reaching out, Dee put her free hand on the wall. She was dizzy. She couldn't get the thought of chimera children getting indoctrinated by the state and ending up killing their parents and siblings out of her head. It had to have happened more than once.

"Keep the phone up to your ear and keep thinking about the stakes involved. I'm going to create a scanblock around the information. No, it is not foolproof and you need to heed everything I said

before this point. The scanblock needs to get rooted in strong emotions and I will know whether you've provided fertile ground for it or not." He paused.

The receiver got warm and then there was a bunch of static that sounded like a strong wind through tall pine trees. Ea curled into a ball between two big banyan roots and shivered. Frigid fingers of magical energy reached out into her head, giving her a cold headache for a brief moment while the colors in what she was envisioning brightened. The effect trailed off for a few seconds before the static ended and Dee felt her warmth returning.

"Good work. You may hold the receiver more naturally now."

"That was..." Dee couldn't find words to describe it.

"I apologize, but helping individuals like you is actually our highest risk activity. Empaths powerful enough to pull information out of people's heads are rare, but it only takes one to ruin everything." He sighed. "Is there anything else I can help with?"

"Are you part of The Coven?" It was the chimera terrorist group that never seemed to stop being mentioned in the news.

"Hon, you already know the answer to that." He chuckled. "Anything else?"

"No, I think that's it." Dee's smile was starting to come back. She never thought she'd feel this prepared.

"May you walk in the light of the moon with the breeze to your back, propelling you ever forward." The connection clicked when he hung up.

What that operator had said was far better than "good luck." The vibe she was getting was everything she could've hoped for. Ea yipped, zipping around in their headspace, full of excitement. Dee bounced on her paw pads, giggling. It was nice to see Ea had recovered from the nasty imagery they'd had to pull up.

She walked out of the building, a skip in her step, as she headed west, toward the first safehouse. It wasn't normal skipping, though, because her clit being longer made it so she gasped if she overdid it.

Her immediate surroundings had depressingly few trees, making it desolate and overly urban, even for LA. A few blocks ahead, Dee could see palm trees standing taller than the surrounding buildings. They were non-native palms, and not much of an improvement, but at least there were more living things and less desolation.

With a steady, quick pace, Dee made it to the chimera slum near the safehouse. Sparse vegetation and industrial buildings had given way to apartments, shops, and trees of all kinds interspersed with eclectic, brightly-colored houses where none of them were single family homes. To her right was a grove of parched bamboo that was making a wall all around a property and extended all the way across the neighbor's lot too. In fact, borders between properties were a lot less clear, bushes, trees, and edible gardens extending across property lines. Water was being used incredibly

deliberately and drought-tolerant grasses or pebble beds served as yards. Even the bamboo was a species that didn't need much help to survive hot and dry LA summers.

Everything was pruned for maximum food production, not for looks. In fact, it was clear, in general, that practicality ruled over everything else, especially looks. Many of the houses and apartments had been repaired with pieces of other buildings and structures creating a hybridized look that matched many of the chimera that lived here. On the left street corner, there was a greenhouse packed with green growing things grafted onto the side of the multi-family home. The house one down from it had red wooden siding on what looked like a repurposed trailer home that had been attached to a brick house as an addition. Things went on from there, jumbled together and surrounded by plants that had been fostered to be as productive and vibrant as they could be. The result was what could only be described as an urban forest.

To Dee, this wasn't a slum, it was a thriving, eclectic community she already felt at home in.

On the left side of the street, two feminine, snow leopard chimera were standing in front of a loquat tree. They both had horizontal lines of dark blue dragon scales on the backs of their hands, fingers, forearms and legs. The shorter one looked to be in her early teens and had a five-gallon bucket. Her late teens, early twenties sister was using her extra few inches of height to pick ripe, yellow-orange loquat fruits with practiced ambidexterity. Their tails were draconic, but fluffy on top due to luxurious snow leopard fur.

\*Snow kitties! So fluffy!\* Ea's excitement was contagious. She was standing on a jumble of banyan roots, her tail wagging softly.

\*Let's go talk to them. I need directions anyway.\* Dee trotted in their direction.

\*Yay!\*

"Hey there." Dee smiled, her tail wagging softly.

The ears on both snow leopards turned toward Dee before they turned around. They had dark blue scales under their chins that ran down their fronts. They were both wearing flowing light green blouses and blue jeans.

The younger sister responded while the taller one grabbed her sister's light green blouse and kept her eyes down. "Hey! Haven't seen you before. Is there something we can help you with?"

"I need directions, actually." Dee gave them the address and then clasped her hands in front of her, hoping she wasn't putting these girls in danger by talking to them.

The younger one's brow furrowed and her ears folded down as she thought hard. Then she looked up at her sister with wide, pleading eyes.

"Oh, I know that place. You running from the militsa? No judgment, just want to make sure you lose them." The older one didn't meet Dee's eyes as she spoke.

"Yeah, I only became a chimera yesterday and I'm already in trouble." Dee sighed.

"Being a chimera at all gets you in trouble." The younger one clenched a fist in annoyance.

"True." The older sister paused as she thought for a moment. "For the best, most concealed route, go straight two blocks and then make a left, then go four blocks and make a right and walk two more blocks. When you see an empty lot and an ugly, unfinished attempt at gentrification across the street from you, the apartment building on your left will be the place you're looking for." The tall one grabbed a handful of loquats from the bucket and held them out to Dee, finally meeting Dee's eyes. "Here comrade, my name's Petra and you probably need some calories and electrolytes."

"Oh, thanks!" Dee took the loquats, which were perfectly ripe, into her paw padded hands. Petra was such a nerd, the kind of kid she'd love to raise, and it was brightening her whole day. "An unfinished gentrification attempt?"

"It's a high-concept concrete house that is butt ugly and doesn't fit in with anything in the entire area. Some feeble-minded apparatchik thought they could start putting in high-priced houses like it and push us out. A couple molotov cocktails in the middle of the night was all it took to get the bourgeois running scared." The older one smiled, showing her teeth. She looked ready to burn the whole world down if it meant a better future for her and her sister.

"Petra, don't just spout stuff like that to strangers." The younger one was now the one acting shy, her body language closed off.

"She's not a stranger, she's running from the cops. That makes her family." Petra gently grabbed her sister's chin and pointed her sister's face at Dee.

\*New friends!\* Ea zoomed around in their headspace.

\*Oh, absolutely. I think we're going to end up with a lot of new friends.\* Dee took a bite of one of the loquats, enjoying the mixture of pineapple, pear, and apricot flavor that its peach-like flesh provided. "Oooh, these are good. Thanks for the directions and everything!"

"You're welcome! Just do us a favor and don't kill any pigs in our neighborhood." Petra frowned. "If you do, they'll get approval to be extra cruel to us and they're a lot more likely to up your threat level. Getting seriously maimed, however, just makes them look bad."

"Got it, I'll be careful if I run into them."

"Thanks. Spend as little time in intersections as possible so you stay out of sight and may the wind be at your back, pushing you ever forward." Petra's tail swayed calmly behind her while her sister's tail relaxed a bit.

"Travel safe!" Petra's little sister met Dee's eyes with a small, cautious smile on her muzzle.

"Same to you! See you later, Petra, Petra's little sis." Dee met eyes with the younger sister for a moment. Then she passed them, following the directions she'd been given.

When they were within a block of the safehouse, Dee picked up radio chatter with her fox ears. There were two police cars in front of the apartment complex she was supposed to find refuge in,

the rotating reflectors of their police lights making wide stripes of red and blue on their surroundings. One of the cars had a coffee cup sitting on the trunk.

The apartment complex was in the Spanish Revival style with arched doorways, balconies, and windows as well as a terra cotta tile roof. Adobe stucco made the complex look like it belonged in the middle of a desert.

She stepped behind a giant fig tree and peeked around it to see three male cops talking to a chimera family. The cops were in their typical Usonian Union uniforms, washed out dark blue with Usonian maroon accents. The Usonian flag, which was a red flying star with a gold hammer and sickle in it on a blue background, decorated their right breast pocket and police hat.

The mother of the chimera family was a border collie, the father was a black panther, and there was a twelve year old child being held fast by the father, his hands clasped over the child's shoulders. The child was an interesting mix of feline and canine, with patches of black and white fur. All of them looked scared and the father was pointing back at the complex while trying not to yell and only partially succeeding.

Dee could only catch some of the words and gathered that the cops were trying to implicate the kid in a crime of some sort. The cops wanted to search their apartment and the father was absolutely not having it. The fourth cop, a woman with curly hair, sat in the nearest cop car while explaining the situation to her compatriots over the radio. Dee tilted her head for a moment as she noticed all the cops had coffee cups in their hands, so the one on top of the cop car was out of place. Her cooch twitched powerfully, reminding her that it needed attention, making her gasp and spread her legs.

Watching the argument between the chimera family and the cops for a couple more minutes, Dee determined it was a stalemate and looked past the apartment complex to the street that crossed in front of the complex.

It was a four-lane thoroughfare that was definitely one of the arteries of this neighborhood. The front of the complex faced the more peaceful street she was on. On the opposite side of the street, kitty-corner to the apartment complex, was the building Petra had told her about. It was an ultramodern, concrete house that had never been finished. From the top, the house looked like a semi-circle while from the side it looked like five asymmetrically stacked shoeboxes. There'd clearly been a fire in it and all the windows and doors were missing. It was next to an empty lot. Both it, and the lot, were blocked off by a six-foot-tall chain link fence that was losing a battle with a magnolia tree while being overgrown by California honeysuckle, blocking much of the view behind it.

With the cops here, it was tempting to go to skip the first safe house, but Dee wasn't sure she'd last until she got there. Her clit was pulsing incessantly between her pussy lips while her panties were soaked and it was only a matter of time before the crotch of her shorts was soaked too. Ever since the call, she'd been smoldering down there and trying not to think about it. If she didn't play with herself soon, she'd be a distracted mess. Her sex drive had been bad enough when she wasn't part fox, but now it was a force of nature. Instead of going to the second safe house, she needed to find somewhere she could get off right fucking now.

That hideous burned-out house seemed like the perfect place for a quickie and maybe when she was done the cops would be gone. Dee backtracked ten feet and turned right.

\*Go fast. Safer\* Ea got restless right after the first turn, making Dee feel a bit lightheaded.

\*I don't know how. I can't even see what's going on when you give us extreme zoomies.\*

\*Try together this time.\* The purple glow from Ea in their headspace intensified as the turbulence that made up her form swirled violently.

The other times Ea had done this, she became blindingly bright in an instant and Dee had lost track of everything. She could sense Ea using her knowledge of the streets of LA when it happened, but even that was too fast for her to fully keep up. This time, however, she felt magic crashing into her like monstrous, frothy waves. But she and Ea weren't acting as a shoreline. The waves were rebounding off of her, adding more power to the next wave. It felt like her body was in front of a skyscraper-sized subwoofer.

She gasped as the reverberations made her cunt feel incredible. So, as she powered up and her fur got a purple glow to it, moisture built between her legs. It seemed her sex drive and her changed body would make just about any situation lewd, which suited her just fine.

The wind gusted, rattling the leaves of the many trees surrounding her. A store receipt danced down the street, past a smaller fig tree than the one Dee had been hiding behind. A yellow Chrysler LeBaron passed that fig tree at about the same time, nearing the intersection.

The purple glow in her fur brightened, and every sound deepened, as the sensation of the wind blowing her fur became much more gentle. It appeared as though the driver of the LeBaron was gradually pressing the brake pedal while the receipt got more and more sluggish. The engine noise dropped in pitch, the firing of each piston sounding like individual gunshots.

The leaves of the trees were no longer rustling. They were swaying back and forth like someone lazily waving their hand. Dee's muzzle fell open as she marveled at a world where things that normally happened in one second were taking a whole minute to transpire. It was like the world around her was now an aquarium, things drifting languidly from one place to another.

\*This is amazing!\* Dee jumped excitedly, her tail whipping back and forth. The air resistance on her tail's floofy fur was much greater, leading to a sensation of being submerged without any wetness.

Ea squealed, darting around their headspace.

Dee walked at a brisk pace to get a couple blocks down the street. As she went, she felt alone in a unique way. The wolf chimera driver of the car, a giraffe chimera pruning her lemon tree, and a yellow dragon kid on a bicycle were all moving so slowly there was no hope of interacting with them. The startled gasp of the little kid made as she passed sounded like a long, deep drone. The kid's hair floated as it got pushed back by the wind Dee's velocity was generating.

The air was much harder to push through than normal, giving her the sensation of running on the bottom of a pool. Turning right, toward the big street she had to cross, felt really weird. At first, she slid a bit, finding she had far more momentum than she expected from walking. The result was she couldn't turn as quickly as when she was actually walking and had to make a bit of an arc. All that made sense as she realized she was going incredibly fast.

How she was able to push through the air and turn despite the increased forces involved was a mystery, but she felt incredibly strong. Powered up to go fast, she felt more fit than she'd ever been.

When she got to the four lane street she had to cross to get to the ugly house and overgrown chain link fence, she paused a moment. Four cars were on the street, two Pontiac station wagons, a Toyota sedan, and an Isuzu delivery truck. Every other time she'd crossed a street, she'd been at the mercy of traffic. This time, she could cross the street without a care in the world.

As she got to the middle of the street, her clit was on the move again, pushing against her panties and shorts incessantly. When she looked down and saw a sexy tent in her shorts, she blushed under her fur and lost track of everything else.

A lanky guy in a white Ford Torino honked at her for being in the middle of the street and she blinked, perceiving the world at normal speed once again. While passing her, his eyes dropped to the tent in her shorts. She grinned. She didn't know why her dick was coming back, but welcomed it. Nothing felt quite as perfect as being a herm and it felt good to show off, but she needed to get out of the street before someone far less appreciative honked or cussed at her.

She ran to the corner of the empty lot and then walked along the chain link fence, away from the busy street. There was a big magnolia tree just ahead of her, its roots causing a pitch in two of sidewalk slabs. It was around those pitched slabs that there was a gate in the chain link fence. Though it was locked with a chain and a padlock, someone had bent the bottom of the gate pretty severely.

After waiting for a small pickup truck to pass, she darted to the bent portion of the gate. Her tits, now bigger than they'd been before she became a chimera, almost didn't fit and getting them through caused her nipples to get flicked painfully. Then her plump ass just barely made it, her huge clit getting pushed down as she wiggled through the gap. It hurt a bit, but the moment she was through the fence, her clit's throbbing wasn't painful at all. Quite the opposite.

It throbbed the entire time she looked at the weathered concrete pad in the empty lot which was surrounded by bright orange California poppies, and scrubby germaniums with tiny purple flowers. Some rye grass was in clumps too. Dandelions were coming up through cracks in the concrete pad in addition to surrounding it.

\*Forgotten place. Nature takes over.\* Ea made a happy squeal before pushing a moss-covered rock in their headspace with her muzzle just so she could watch it roll.

\*Yep, exactly!\* Dee squealed back as she grabbed Ea and cuddled her. Then she set Ea down and gasped as her snatch clenched, soaking her panties.

On the other side of the fenced-in lot, Dee spotted the entrance to the terrible eyesore that was the ultramodern house. The curve of the second floor's concrete slab was counterpointed by stacked rectangular forms in a disjointed way that she hated. Entering the building through an open doorway, she found a pile of random refuse just inside the door and to the right. The building had been burned out and there was soot on the ceiling. The smell of the fire that had burned was faint, but Dee's vulpine nose could pick it up quite well.

At least the floor plan made more sense than the structure's outward appearance. She was in a hallway that connected the garage in the back to the rest of the house. As she walked toward the front of the house, she found a large, open room to her right. Her cunt clenched again, making her double over as her clit pressed painfully against her manila-colored shorts. As she recovered, she looked at the far corner of the living room. It was relatively clean and, if she crouched down and made her way over there, she could sit in a spot where no one had eyes on her. She needed some quality time with herself before she'd be able to focus on anything else.

As she stepped over some charred wood and melted plastic, getting to her corner, she lifted her head just enough to peer through a five foot by five foot window opening. She could see the cops still outside the house, all four of them, and that extra coffee cup that still baffled her.

The guy that passed her in the Ford Torino must've lived close by because he was busy parallel parking his car in a tight spot in front of the house across the street from the apartment complex. That house had patches of bamboo growing, and lots of succulents amongst river rocks, along with a couple eucalyptus trees towering over everything. Watering the succulents and pulling twigs out of the rocks was a gorgeous red dragon chimera in a frilly orange sundress. Though she was bottom-heavy and her thighs looked ready to crush heads, her bust looked to be quite the handful too.

To complete her draconic traits, she had graceful ivory horns that swooped back from just above her forehead and a nice, thick tail. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was being managed by a celtic braid that held the sides back while letting most of her hair fall naturally. She was massive, over seven feet tall with well defined muscles.

Knowing she was being dangerously gay, Dee took one last look before slipping out of sight of the window. She pressed her back up against the corner so no one had a direct view of her. Taking off her moist shorts and soaked panties, she sighed in relief. Her clit was a good four inches long and was taking on the shape of a canine cock. She wrapped a paw-padded hand around it, yipping quietly to herself. With her other hand, she found her folds and rubbed at them.

Pleasure warmed her whole body as her hips bucked of their own accord. Her fox muzzle opened for quiet gasps and her fluffy tail curled as she shoved two fingers inside herself. Finally, her clit was pulsing in her paw-padded hand again. Finally, she was dealing with the wetness between her legs.

She felt a clenching in her womb as testes swelled into being and then divided off from her ovaries. Then she gasped as she pushed, feeling them travel down the front of her satiny canal. A bud of sensation, a new clit, separated from the base of her shaft and settled into place between her pussy lips. Then folds of skin formed at the base of her cock bunched up into a sheath and a fur-covered sac formed right in front of her pussy. It wouldn't be long until she had balls and a nice big cock again. She let out a breathy screech at the thought, pushing her balls closer to their home.

Her ears turned toward the wall opposite the window as she picked up the muscle car engine sound of the white Gran Torino that was parked out front of the sexy dragoness's house. With her fox ears, the distinctness of each car engine was far more apparent. She briefly wondered why the guy was leaving so soon after all that trouble to parallel park before a powerful wave of pleasure from her dick growing knocked all other thoughts out of her mind.

The lack of lubrication had her shaft starting to chafe, so she pulled her right hand away from her cooch and got girl juice all over the paw-padded palm of her left hand. Then she went back to stroking, groaning at how good it felt. Her prick was aching, just cresting five inches long and becoming increasingly canine as she fucked her fist. When she went back to playing with her pussy, she added a third finger, wishing someone's dick was there instead.

Her heart started to race as she felt her balls park just above her sac. Inside her length, an intense feeling of penetration from the tip to the base caused her to buck her hips. A yip escaped her throat as pre poured out of her brand new cum hole, adding ample lube to her self love. This hadn't been the greatest idea. Her vulpine heritage made her a very vocal lover and keeping quiet enough to not be discovered was a constant battle.

Burning pleasure radiated from her labia, all the way to her womb. Her cunt was quivering, on the edge, while her shaft felt like it was going to explode in her hand. She knew if she pushed her balls into their sac, she'd go off like a pile of grenades.

Reluctantly, she took her hand off of her dick and pulled up her pink tank top, exposing the light blue, too-tight sports bra that was for her old bust size. She was sick of it squeezing her tits, so she pulled it up out of the way. Then she bunched up her tank top and stuffed it in her muzzle. Her tank top was now tugging at her armpits, stretched to be in her muzzle, but she didn't care as she went back to stroking.

She pushed hard, feeling her nuts fighting some resistance, but winning. Just before she ran out of breath, they popped into her sac. She was forced to inhale, causing a sharp gasp instead of a scream as her pussy milked her fingers and her shaft jumped in her hand. The moment her gasp ended, she let loose a fox scream that got muffled quite well by her



tank top. Potent bliss from a wonderful herm orgasm caused her senses to sparkle. Tingles spread out from her groin, muscles twitched, and her entire body felt like it was drifting on warm, pleasurable winds.

Instead of cum, ropes of pre shot out for the first few pulses, but then one, satisfying rope of pearly white came out. It made a beautiful streak across the puddle of pre.

It was all over too soon, leaving her panting and wanting more, especially from her cock. She frowned. It had felt amazing to be extra hung and she missed it. Her dick was only a bit over five inches and it had been over double that before. Her balls were no bigger than grapes and they'd been much bigger too.

Not hearing anymore conversation or police radios from across the street, she peeked out the window. The cop cars were still there, but the cops were all missing. A knot formed in her stomach as she bent over to pick up her shorts and panties.

She heard the clanking of chains from the direction of the empty lot and then the crunch of someone stepping on charred wood just on the other side of the doorway that led out of the living room and into the entryway.

Dee dropped her pants and panties as a pointy-faced cop, not one of the four she'd already seen, came around the corner with a Makarov pistol. The cop had young, perceptive blue eyes and was pointing the gun at Dee's center of mass.

"Hands up!" His gaze had the intensity of an eagle about to dive.

She put her hands in the air automatically.

\*No, no, no, no.\* Ea was shivering in fear, crouching down low.

Dee reached for her in their headspace and Ea growled, showing her teeth. The fox that had been Dee's friend over the past two days was now all instinct and no thought: a fox caught in a hunter's crosshairs.

Ea's fear was so potent that Dee's stomach was churning as the cop led her into the hallway. Then she felt a tingle across her scalp. An empath!?! Dee grabbed onto the sense of responsibility the operator had given her as it felt like she was getting a cold headache.

The cop behind her gasped and his gait became uneven as his empathic sense hit the scanblock like a frigid brick wall.

Dee took the opportunity to run out the door, only to find the other four cops. They were all standing in the empty lot, pointing their guns at her.

The female cop's eyes immediately dropped to the couple inches of Dee's dick that were still out and then back up to Dee's face. Despite the crazed look her blonde, tightly curled hair gave her, her grip on her Makarov never wavered. Next to her was a cop with hideous, dark brown sideburns. Then there was a cop with dark eyes and horribly-cut bangs who also took a moment to ogle Dee's modest package and a cop who was freshly clean shaven and had perfectly manicured fingernails. To

distract herself, Dee gave them all nicknames. Curly, Sideburns, Bad Hair, Manicure, and the one behind her who had a sharp face, empathic powers, and a piercing stare, Prick.

"Hands behind your back, face the wall." Sideburns motioned with his pistol for her to turn around as he pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

\*Ea, I know this is frightening, but if we had zoomies, we could get away or fight them.\* Dee approached Ea in their headspace, keeping low to the ground and as unthreatening as possible. \*If we get locked up, it'll be years before we see a forest again.\*

Ea was trembling and curled in on herself. She wasn't even growling at Dee anymore.

"I said, hands behind your back, face against the wall!" Sideburns pushed his gun into Dee's right shoulder forcefully.

Dee let the momentum from the cop pushing his gun against her shoulder carry through as she turned to face the concrete wall. Then she pressed her front against it, turning her head to the side so her left whiskers were pressing against the smooth, manmade stone surface. She was sluggish about putting her hands behind her back.

\*Ea, don't you want revenge? Humans like them destroyed your forest. Hurt you so bad you had to join with me to survive.\* Dee dug up a bunch of images that made her angry. Acrid smoke from a steel mill, dead fish in LA harbor, a whale that beached itself, dead birds from an oil slick, and a forest being burnt to the ground to make room for farm land.

Ea's form became a blinding light as she screamed. All Dee could feel from Ea was rage like the heat from a bonfire. Waves of magic reverberated around her, filling her with immense power in a split second. She almost lost track of what was happening, but her earlier experience with Ea's gift helped her follow the flow just enough to maintain awareness. Time slowed to a crawl as Sideburns grabbed her wrists and pressed the cuffs to them.

Dee stepped to the side and pushed off of the wall. Then she grabbed the cuffs out of Sideburns' hands and pulled his hands behind his back. It was a bit hard because his body armor restricted his ability to reach backwards and the mechanism inside the cuffs didn't want to operate at her accelerated speed, but she managed to get both hands cuffed. As the other cops all trained their guns on Dee in slow motion, she stepped in front of Sideburns, putting him between her and his compatriots. She stole Sideburns' gun and billy club.

Prick had been standing in the doorway, barring Dee's escape back through the house. He was the only cop with an angle on her, and the biggest threat, so she threw the billy club at his face as hard as she could. It felt like she was having to push the billy club through molasses when she threw it and it only moved away from her at three feet per second from her accelerated point of view.

Then she aimed the gun at Prick's center of mass and tried to fire two shots, which took forever. Though she could line up the shots quickly, it took forever to pull the trigger and the gun taking sixty times longer than normal to fire a shot felt really bizarre. With the first shot, she wasn't expecting the slower movement and didn't even have the gun trained on him by the time the bullet left the muzzle. On the second shot, she kept herself lined up with the center of his vest.

Bullets traveled fast enough that it took only a second to hit him. The part that was bizarre, however, is that he didn't react at all at first. The body armor started to deflect, threads ripping as it entered, then his chest started to deflect, then there was a delay before a look of shock spread across his face. Just after that look of shock had taken hold, the billy club smashed into his forehead and left cheek, knocking him backwards.

She turned her attention to the three other cops holding Makarovs. Reaching around Sideburns and looking over his shoulder, she fired a shot center of mass on each of them, starting with Curly, since she seemed the least surprised. Each shot hit their body armor, compressing their torsos.

Just after the last shot hit, she felt pressure in her groin. Magic was pooling down there, a pervasive, needy warmth. She moaned as her prick throbbed to full hardness and her balls stretched her sac, getting heavier. It was a ridiculous juxtaposition of sex and violence and she lost concentration, looking down at her shaft as it gained another inch of length.

Time started passing normally, Prick's groans of pain no longer sounding like whale song. Curly, Manicure, and Bad Haircut needed a moment to recover before fanning out, working to get clear shots on her while Sideburns was trying to knee her. She pulled up her knee, blocking his attempt before switching legs to knee him back. Hers actually connected. She took another shot at Curly and then at Manicure, but there was no way she was going to be able to keep all three of them at bay.

She tried to focus, to regain her temporal superiority, but nothing happened. \*We need zoomies again.\*

\*Trying. Not easy. Heat.\* Ea was panting with horny energy.

Dee had no idea what to do and her dick was now cresting seven inches long, growing with every beat of her heart. Bad Haircut was almost in position to shoot Dee from the side.

Dee closed her eyes and focused on Ea, reaching out toward her in an instant. \*We can't let the humans win. Focus.\*

Ea glowed, the swirling energies inside her vibrating as magic cascaded around, and inside them.

As Dee opened her eyes, she winced, seeing Bad Haircut had already squeezed the trigger. Dee stepped to her left so that Sideburns was in the way of Bad Haircut's shot and then shoved Sideburns at Bad Haircut with all her might. Even though it felt like she was trying to push him through molasses, the amount of force behind her push was many times what she was normally able to produce.

\*We're strong!\* Dee smiled at Ea.

\*Need for going zoom!\* Ea let loose an adorable fox laugh.

Dee spun around to find Curly in the middle of trying to fire at her, she ran in a semicircle to Curly's side and pulled out Curly's billy club. Then she brought the billy club down on Curly's right forearm as hard as she could. She felt something snap and Curly's grip on her gun faltered.

Not wanting to wait ages for Curly to drop her gun, Dee dashed over to Manicure and brought the billy club down on his forearm, getting another satisfying snap. Grabbing Manicure's handcuffs, she handcuffed his hands behind his back. His right wrist was definitely broken.

She was feeling hot, really hot, but that heat was rushing southward. Her prick swelled larger, surpassing ten inches while her balls were over an inch and a half in diameter. Panting, gasping, she scooped up the guns that Curly and Manicure dropped before chucking them at Manicure and Curly's heads. As she let go of Curly's gun, time resumed its normal pace and she got to watch as Curly and Manicure got a pistol to the side of their heads nearly at the same time.

A long, smoldering breath came out of her as she felt her balls hang lower and her shaft thicken.

Glancing over at Sideburns and Bad Haircut, she found Bad Haircut in a crumpled heap with Sideburns on top of him. Dee shot at their feet, getting them in the leg and foot, making them yelp in pain. Bad Haircut was still holding his gun, but Sideburns was on top of his shooting arm.

Curly and Manicure were hissing in pain from their broken forearms and were struggling to stay upright. Prick was fumbling, trying to get his gun and aim it at Dee. Not needing speed at the moment, Dee went up to Curly and grabbed her handcuffs. Curly was suddenly aware of what Dee was doing, so Dee used Curly's handcuffs as improvised brass knuckles to punch Curly in the jaw. Then, as Curly's arms went limp from the bash to the face, Dee handcuffed Curly's hands behind her. Her right forearm was badly broken to the point her right hand was hanging from it.

As Dee pointed her Makarov at Curly's head, Ea's rage mixed explosively with Dee's. They both wanted to kill these cops, make them pay for their subjugation of Chimera, their support of a system that fucked over anyone that was different and abused the natural world.

Tingling across Dee's scalp caused her to whip her head in Prick's direction. He was trying to see through the blood leaking from his forehead. She tried to aim her gun at him. She could feel the fingers on her right hand loosening the grip on her gun as her scalp and right hand started to burn. No matter what she did, she couldn't point the gun at him and it felt like someone had put her hand in a fire.

Dee's eyes went wide. The pressure from Prick's mind was unbearable and she was going to drop the gun.

Ea cried out in agony as pain blistered up Dee's arm and into her chest.

Anger brighter than the pain flashed within Dee. Prick was hurting Ea. No one would hurt Ea ever again without repercussions. Not on Dee's watch.

The pain was bad, but nothing compared to the cramps from Dee's first period. Luckily, the pain hadn't made it to her left arm yet. She growled as she grabbed the gun with her left hand and shot Prick twice in his right leg. Then she aimed the gun at his head.

It would be easy, so easy with the training her gun nut trans friend had given her, to put a bullet in his head.

Remembering what Petra had said about killing cops in their neighborhood, she changed her aim to his left leg and put a bullet in it. Then she turned toward Bad Haircut and Sideburns.

"Hands in the air!" Bad Haircut had deepened his voice for extra authority.

Dee put her hands in the air, still holding the pistol in her left hand. She felt goofy because her dick was about a foot long and dripping pre while her balls were two inches in diameter. Her sac had a very satisfying bounce to it as she took steps toward Bad Haircut.

"STOP!" Bad Haircut ordered as he pulled himself out from under Sideburns and sat up.

\*Damn it, we should've run.\* Dee's heart sunk, she was panting from all the exertion and the heat that her body was stricken with. She didn't feel that they had any more zoom in them.

"Toss the gun." Bad Haircut motioned with his gun for Dee to throw hers.

Dee threw the gun off to the side.

\*Well, this is it, Ea. I'm sorry I got us into this. And fuck, no one should have to go to jail when they're this horny!\*

\*No. No jail. Human smells like fear.\* Ea was grinning like a fox that had caught her prey.

\*You beautiful, amazing vixen!\*

Dee sniffed the air, finding that salty, acrid scent of human fear.

"You've seen how fast I am. Do you think you pose any threat to me at all?" Dee showed her teeth as she started walking toward Bad Haircut.

"Stop right there!" Bad Haircut's aim wavered as his face blanched.

"No." Dee didn't hesitate, now within eight feet of Bad Haircut and Sideburns. Dee felt like she was queen of the fucking world staring this cop down while her massive boner and big, fertile balls were on display. "If you pull that trigger, I'm going to snap your wrist. You'll need physical therapy to shoot again. Just like Curly and Manicure over there."

Bad Haircut looked at Curly and Manicure, his eyes widening as he connected her nicknames to their features.

"Toss the gun, hon. Toss it right now or I'll grab your billy club and break both your wrists before you can blink." Dee motioned for Bad Haircut to lose his gun.

Tossing his gun to the side, Bad Haircut held out his hands. Dee walked up to him and then reached down and grabbed his handcuffs. Then she felt her scalp tingle as a shot rang out. She turned toward Prick, accidentally smacking Bad Haircut across the side of his head with her cock so hard that she winced in pain.



The amount that Dee wanted to fill Curly with more bullets made her being burn with murderous intent. Curly was so stupid. So self righteous. So unfixably indoctrinated. It would be a kindness taking Curly out of this world. It would end her fruitless struggle to make a place for herself amongst the very people that were oppressing her for having two X chromosomes. As Dee walked calmly up to Curly's crumpled form, Dee showed her teeth, pointing her gun at Curly's head.

\*Yes! Kill her. Kill them all!\* Ea growled.

Time resumed its normal pace now that the threat had passed.

\*I want to, so bad.\* Dee started squeezing the trigger, her chest tightening as she realized she was about to end Curly's life. Her ears folded down in expectation of her gunshot. It would be so satisfying, vengeance would feel amaz—shit!

She'd made a promise to Petra. Releasing the tension on the trigger, she changed her aim to Curly's left hand, and then pulled the trigger all the way back. Curly's cry of pain satisfied some of her bloodlust.

"Whatever shit your government told you, there's a reason you're the only woman on this entire squad. Maybe someday you'll realize that the system you're fighting for is oppressing you too." Dee took Curly's key ring to make sure she wouldn't be able to free herself.

A cacophony of police sirens blared in the distance as Dee went back over to Bad Haircut and cuffed him. Then she made sure she had every cop's key ring and sidearm. She had to put her fingers through the key rings and hold the guns against her torso with her right arm because she had no pockets. As she walked out the open gate she'd once had to squeeze through, she spotted a long-handled bolt cutter. Well, that explained what she'd heard earlier.

The luscious red-scaled dragon chimera with a curvy mom bod and glorious biceps, which her sleeveless orange sundress was putting on display, was still tending to her garden across from the complex that had the first safe house in it. It was odd that the gunfire hadn't caused her to take shelter. There wasn't anyone else outside.

As Dee approached, the dragoness's eyes darted to the seven inches of dick that were still out of Dee's sheath. When her eyes made it back up to Dee's face, Dee smiled.

"Community donation!" Dee tossed all the guns and all the keys down into the storm drain.

The dragon smiled wide and nodded, the end of her thick tail curling.

Then Dee grunted and hunched forward as her prick throbbed to full hardness.

The dragon came up to Dee and asked, "Did you kill any of those cops?"

"No, but they're all going to need a trip to the ER." Dee smiled as her tail swished.

"Good. Very good. So, stop me if I've got this wrong, but you look like a freshly transformed chimera in need of a Coven safe house."

"Yeah, but not the one across the street after what just happened."

Dee shuddered as her prick gained another inch, her balls feeling full as they got heavier. The police sirens were getting closer and Dee was considering taking off, but her dick was a huge distraction.

The dragon grunted as her sundress got a tent in it.

Dee's eyes widened as she wondered just how big this nearly-eight-foot-tall goddess's herm parts were. She could smell a floral, citrusy tang to her pussy and a musky papaya-like scent from her dick. Dee bit her lip and stifled a moan as her package got yet another growth spurt.

"No, they'll expect you to flee the area and that's not the actual safe house, my house is. We don't give out the actual addresses of our safe houses. It's always for a place across the street, kitty corner, or otherwise visible from the actual safe house so we can make sure no one tipped off the militsa or did anything else stupid with the address that was given to them. So, you're in the right place and I encourage you to stay." She held out one of her massive hands. "Plus, it looks like you desperately need quality time with another herm."

"I can't argue with any of that." Dee took the dragoness's hand and was easily pulled along. The ample curves on either side of this woman's thick tail had Dee's cock aching. "What's your name?"

"Shaela, Shae for short," she said. "What's yours?"

"Dee. Mine's already short."

"Okay, easy to remember. The fox with a short name and a very long D." Shaela laughed.



Dee couldn't help but laugh with her as they got up to the beautifully weathered, blue-stained siding of Shaela's home. The walnut-colored front door was charming and old with squares carved out of it, but in such a way where there was a raised circle inside each square.

Once she opened the door, she nudged Dee inside. The hallway was covered in images of Shaela out at neighborhood events with a busty femme wolf chimera that was a decade older than her. Interspersed between them were pictures of Shaela with a kangaroo chimera who had a small bust and massive hips. She also had a rather impressive package that was hinted at in many of the pictures. Surprisingly, there were no pictures of the three of them together. All the frames were made out of driftwood and the walls were painted a soft shade of yellow.

With a groan, Dee shuddered. Magic was still sloshing around under her fur. Her pussy wet her thighs as her cock got even larger.

\*Need to breed.\* Ea was panting, her prick hard as could be.

\*Shaela seems eager to roll around with us, so I'm hopeful.\* Dee bit her lip.

Ea yipped.

Just after shutting the door, Shaela called out, "Brought home the hot herm fugitive who's the reason for all the gunshots. If the cops come by, tell them she ran south and, if they ask about me, tell them I'm at the farmer's market."

Shaela's height being north of seven feet made this hallway look far smaller than it should. Her footfalls made the floor vibrate as she took a couple steps down the hallway, nudging Dee forward.

The middle-aged wolf from the photos peeked out from a little bedroom-turned-office to Dee's right, green-rimmed reading glasses sitting elegantly on her muzzle. Her red, black, and-pink plaid short-sleeve shirt that was a bit loose over her heavy bust while being tight against her pregnant belly. "Woah, did you beat up cops while airing out your challenge dick?"

"Yep!" Dee blushed.

Ea screeched while zig zagging around in their headspace.

"You're prime rib, girl." The wolf smiled.

"Thanks, you're not too bad yourself." Dee smiled back.

"Tell me more. Compliments will get you everywhere with this wolf."

"Stop being cute, Maude, or you're going to steal my catch." Shaela booped Maude's canine nose.

Maude looked down at Dee's dick. "I'm afraid I'd have to toss her back in the water."

"Since when have you known your limits?" Shaela raised an eyebrow.

"Since you put a baby in me." Maude grinned, laying a hand on her swollen belly.

Shaela and Dee laughed. Then Shaela guided Dee further down the hallway.

"Have fun!" Maude called after them.

"You know I will." Shaela called back before tugging Dee around a corner.

Shaela stopped in front of a linen closet and opened the door. Then she reached into the back corner of the second shelf and pressed something on the back wall, just under the second shelf. There was a solid click.

She pulled on the doorframe and the frame swung on hidden hinges, revealing an eight by ten room with a skylight but no windows. There was a brown, blue, and teal carpet that depicted leaves and segmented, geometric shapes made out of triangles. It tied into the walnut dresser, the closet door, a door she didn't know where it led, the bed frame, the bluegreen leaf portraits on the walls, and was contrasted by the room's soft yellow paint. Interrupting the paint in a checkerboard were brown squares of sound-absorbing foam. This room looked like it could be a recording studio, or a good place to have raucous herm sex without waking the neighbors.

Dee let out a hot breath as her snatch clenched. She could smell Shaela's cock and pussy so clearly in this small space. The papaya and floral notes in her scent were driving Dee insane and she was wetter than ever. Her dick felt like it was going to explode at nearly sixteen inches long and her balls were now like softballs. She forced herself to take in details of the room while she waited for Shaela to walk in and close the door.

On one of the walnut nightstands that flanked the bed was a bottle of hand lotion and a box of tissues. A dark brown rotary phone was on the opposite night stand along with a wrought iron lamp with a blue shade. Together, it looked like a hotel room, but someone had sat on the corner of the bed after it had been made, causing the brown comforter and green sheets to become askew.

"This room might feel claustrophobic if you have to stay here more than a couple days, but it's got everything you need short of food." Shaela went to the door that wasn't the closet door and opened it. It was a tiny, but efficient, bathroom with a blue-tiled shower and tiny sink. The sink was above a toilet and had a hand soap dispenser as well as a hand towel hanging on a ring in the wall. "I'll make sure you're well fed and if you need to escape at any time, you can go through here." She closed the bathroom door and pulled up the corner of the rug to reveal a door that was flush with the hardwood flooring and had a ring pull handle. "It lets out in the garden."

"This is so cool!" Dee turned toward Shaela, her dick whacking Shaela's thigh. "I'm more interested in you right now, though."

"I've wanted to show you what was under this sundress from the moment I spotted you." Shaela closed the bathroom door. Then she bunched up her dress, crossed her arms, and pulled it right off.

Under it, she had no bra or panties. So far, four inches of dragon shaft had emerged from her hefty sheath and her balls were an impressive two inches in diameter. The whole of her was big. Her tits were big, but they weren't nearly as voluptuous as her ass and hips. Her toned biceps and forearms were nothing compared to her incredibly powerful legs.

Dee let out an excited squeal as she pulled off her tank top and sports bra. Then she grabbed Shaela, burying her muzzle between Shaela's tits and her cock between Shaela's smooth, scaly thighs. Shaela chuckled, running her blunt claws through the fur on Dee's back as her prick poked Dee in the belly. The moment Dee looked up, Shaela dove down with her muzzle to give Dee a kiss.

Shaela was a fucking tease, not opening her muzzle or deepening the kiss for a good thirty seconds. Then, she dug her claws into Dee's back and shoved her dexterous, forked tongue into Dee's muzzle. Her tail wrapped around Dee's length and squeezed rhythmically, making Dee's hard on even worse.

Dee licked into Shaela's maw with her long, smooth vulpine tongue, finding Shaela's sharp front teeth very fun to flick her tongue across. Shaela had to turn her body to the side so her girthy shaft didn't push Dee away from her. Then she kissed even more deeply until Dee moaned into her mouth.

As Dee was panting with need, Shaela picked Dee up by her armpits and tossed her onto the bed. Dee's tail wagged as Shaela crawled up to her and wrapped her tongue around Dee's shaft while putting a hand on Dee's sternum to hold Dee down possessively. Then she took Dee's cock into her muzzle, bobbing her head as her tits swung enticingly. Shaela's scents were now wonderfully intense. Dee wanted to know just how big Shaela's dick got, but all she could see from this angle was Shaela's scaly head and ivory horns that hooked elegantly backwards.

Dee grabbed those horns and started thrusting her prick into Shaela's mouth. Shaela moaned around Dee's cock, getting even more into giving head and kept at it for a couple minutes until Dee was breathless.

Then she pulled her mouth off and crawled up Dee's body. "I'm going to need to be extra wet to take you, dear."

"What? I'm like a foot and a half long. How—"

"I'm a big girl, hon. And chimera sex is on a whole 'nother level. We've got magic running through our veins and humans have nothing on us." As she spoke, she positioned her pussy above Dee's muzzle while lifting her plump scaly sac out of the way.

Dee was in awe of Shaela's cock, which she stared at intently as Shaela positioned herself. The thickest part of the shaft was about two-thirds the way up where there were ridges on the sides. Then it tapered just a little before an incredible knot. Bumps on the underside of her shaft came in pairs on either side of the midline.

Shaela's snatch was a very full mound that was a bit wider at the front than the back and her clit was part of the reason. It made a big wedge at the front that was slicked up by her juices.

Dee flicked her tongue across that attractive clit a couple times, getting wonderful gasps from Shaela, before she dove in. She pushed her tongue in as deep as it would go and lapped at Shaela's snatch like she was drinking water from a tropical spring. The papaya and citrus blossom flavors were grounded by a sweet tanginess that Dee couldn't get enough of.

A deep, rumbling moan came from Shaela as her pussy clenched around Dee's tongue. Then she let her balls drop and rocked her hips, grinding her pussy against Dee's muzzle. Her tail fumbled

between Dee's legs, and then slipped under Dee's balls, before the tip found Dee's pussy and pressed inside.

Screeching into Shaela's pussy, Dee's tail curled and her prick drooled precum down her shaft. She couldn't see a thing because Shaela's plump sac was covering her eyes, but she appreciated the warmth from it and the softness of Shaela's scales. The heat in her grew until it was scorching and she was having trouble concentrating on licking Shaela out.

Shaela must've realized Dee was beyond desperate at this point because she got off of Dee's muzzle and moved backwards while pulling her tail out of Dee's snatch.

"Time to show you that I'm not all talk." Her tail grabbed the base of Dee's cock and aimed it at her pussy as she backed onto Dee's shaft.

Dee kicked her foot paws a bit due to Shaela's hot, wet tunnel enveloping her massive shaft. Her prick had never been more sensitive even though she could feel Shaela stretching for her, there was no doubt that her thickness alone was testing the dragon's limits. Shaela gasped and grunted as her prick spat precum onto Dee's belly fur. Each time her cunt clenched, she was forced to wait before she continued to take more of Dee inside her. During these moments, when Shaela was forced to be patient, she worked her tail into Dee. This gave Dee unique sparks of pleasure because Shaela's tail was flexing back and forth as it entered, touching Dee's inner walls in a new, and fantastic, way.

It was unbelievable that this was happening at all and Dee was both worried and turned on that she could see the bulge her dick was making in Shaela's belly. As the disbelief passed, she started playing with Shaela's tits, digging her fingers into them and squeezing her big nipples. Shaela moaned as her boobs were played with, more pre dripping from her shaft as she returned the favor and played with Dee's tits.

Soon, Shaela had managed to work Dee's shaft in up to the knot and, as Shaela shoved backwards, popping Dee's uninflated knot inside her, Shaela tugged on Dee's nipples. Dee yipped, nearly cumming on the spot. It was like she'd never had sex before. Everything about being with another herm was better. It felt so right that Shaela's rock hard dick was against her belly and that both of them could knot the other's pussy and leave a nice creamy load inside. This was the most natural thing in the world. This was exactly what she'd needed all her life.

She lubed up her paw-padded hands using Shaela's ample pre and then started stroking. Feeling Shaela's ridges and bumps slide across her paw pads made her snatch twitch with desire. Having a rock hard dick in her hands while she was deep inside a velvety muff added another layer of delight to her herm euphoria. And that euphoria turned her on to the point her knot started swelling.

Shaela's scaly hands became clumsy as she popped Dee's knot in and out, over and over, her pussy leaking her nectar all over Dee's huge balls. It was like she was in a trance. She pummeled her own cunt as both of them barely managed to keep up with their breathing. Dee knew this couldn't go on long, her knot was getting bigger and she could feel Shaela's scaled cooch stretching tight before it popped in each time. Dee felt her whole body heat up a pressure built in her abdomen, just behind her cock. There was no holding back, she had tingles shooting up her legs.

"I THINK I—NNGGGHHH!" Dee cried out as her cock thundered from base to tip and her snatch clenched around Shaela's tail.

"Haaaahhh! Dee! FILL ME UP!" Shaela cried out, slamming back one last time as her cock and pussy throbbed rhythmically.

Cumming was still new to Dee who had only had a cock since yesterday. The contractions running up her shaft as her seed was pulled from her overfull prostate to her cock tip were accompanied by an intense, instinctual urgency. The pleasure was sharp, like an electrical discharge that hit multiple times in a row. She felt the ache of this pleasure all the way to the tips of her toes and ears as it radiated out from her core. And it got more intense as her knot engorged to lock them together. Then she screeched as the first gush of cum left her shaft and splashed into Shaela's depths.

Shaela's dick spurted gooey goodness across Dee's tits, belly, chest, and muzzle, coating Dee in Shaela's tropical scent. Dee grasping the knot at the base of Shaela's length got Shaela to shoot even harder and every shot of cum was accompanied by a clench of Shaela's cunt.

The familiar waves of pleasure from Dee's pussy were accentuated by Shaela's tail writhing as Shaela's pussy tugged on Dee's cock, trying to get as much of her creamy goodness as it could. It felt incredible to be inside something so responsive, something so smooth and yet muscular that could take Dee's insanely huge length. They both, while still moaning and gasping, got wide eyes as Shaela's belly got rounder and rounder from Dee's ridiculous productivity.

Seeing Shaela look several months pregnant from the combination of her thick dick and her voluminous load gave Dee overflowing joy. Joy so potent that she got another peak to her orgasm. Keeping one hand on Shaela's knot, Dee felt Shaela's belly and reveled in the lewd surreality of chimera sex.

Shaela fell to the side, face to face with Dee as she panted to catch her breath. Her yellow eyes gazed into Dee's, the gentle curve of a smile at the edges of her muzzle. She put a hand on Dee's cheek, wetting her hand with her own cum. Her dick was between them, still hard, bumps on the underside pressing against Dee's fur.

No words came to Dee as she reveled in the sensation of having Shaela's tail inside her while she was knotted to her. Her first time with another herm was already the most fun she'd ever had. She suspected she'd be giggling with happy, girly energy if she wasn't working so hard to catch her breath.

"You really tested my limits, girl. I've never been this round after sex before." Shaela brushed the whiskers on the left side of Dee's muzzle in the direction they went.

Dee let out a little yip as her tail wagged. "Herm chimera sex is my new favorite thing."

"Just wait until we get up to round two." Shaela grinned as her ears perked up.

"Round two?" Dee's tail wagged harder, smacking loudly against the bed, her ears perking up as well.

"Your needy pussy scent is keeping me as hard as steel, dear, and we both know my tail wasn't enough to sate it."

Dee gasped as her snatch clenched. Ea squealed excitedly, her arousal going through the roof as she zoomed around in their headspace. It made sense Ea was excited since she had always wanted a pussy, but didn't have one until she found refuge in Dee's body. The result was that Dee was now impatient for her knot to go down.

"Will you end up pregnant?" Dee's head tilted.

"You have to stay in your chimera form for a few days before you're fertile and then you need to stay in it during your pregnancy." Shaela touched her belly as she spoke.

Dee put a hand on Shaela's belly, feeling how taut her scales were. A warm feeling washed over her as her heart got fluttery. Ea stopped running around and just sat calmly, pressing herself against Dee.

\*Maybe someday, when our life is more calm and soft, I'll help you experience being a mom.\* Dee pet Ea, pressing firmly to give her deep relaxation.

\*Yes, please.\* Ea let out a soft murr, pressing back against Dee's paw pads. A warm, content feeling welled up from Ea.

Dee's eyes got wet as she felt just how happy the thought of motherhood made Ea. It was a beautiful feeling of nurturing, being part of the cycle of nature, and wanting to leave a piece of oneself behind.

"Are you okay?" One of Shaela's dragon ears fell in question.

"Yeah, the fox spirit that's part of me really wants to be a mommy someday." Dee sighed, still petting Ea in her headspace.

"Aww, do you want that too?" Shaela smiled.

"I think so, someday. I'm kinda young and in a really hectic part of my life. Now would be the worst time to have a child." Dee chuckled and then stopped as she thought for a moment. "You didn't even blink when I mentioned a spirit was part of me. Is that normal?"

"You just immobilized five cops on your own, dear. I figured you had something extra up your sleeve and fusing with spirits is rare, but not unheard of for chimera." She sighed as her eyes looked far away. "So many of us have been through more trauma than we can handle without splitting. Others of us have fused with another in a way that's hard to reverse, often forcefully in a government lab. Let's just say crowded headspaces are far more common in chimeras than in the general population."

"Do you have a headmate?" Dee tilted her head.

"No, but Maude does and when her alter Trisha is fronting, their body changes into a roo. I'm told that since Maude was fronting when I got them pregnant, we're going to have little dragolfs." As she spoke a big, relaxed smile formed on her muzzle

Dee's muzzle fell open. That explained why the pictures in the hallway never had both Maude and Trisha in the same picture.

"It's a lot to take in, I know. I love them both oh so much and I think I'm going to let Trisha be the one to give me children so she's included too."

"Roo dragons? They're going to be so cute!" Dee's tail wagged madly. "And you're all herms?"

Ea let out a fox laugh as she rolled around next to Dee. They both were trying to imagine how the dragon traits would integrate with the roo form.

"Maude is female while Trisha is a herm." Shaela leaned in, as if to tell a secret. "Trisha has a horsecock that's two-thirds the size of your cannon. And being a roo, has some very nice hopping muscles." Shaela winked.

Dee blushed, pride at her impressive, post-zoomie size welling up within her. Then she realized she forgot to ask about something. "You mentioned staying in chimera form. Do I need to worry about changing back?"

"No, you won't change back spontaneously, but like every chimera out there, you should learn how to change back. It will help you survive longer in a world that sometimes hunts you down and, well, it's very good birth control." She paused as she thought. "The hardest part is actually learning how to maintain your human form. It takes practice to hold it for any length of time."

"Honestly, that's all good news to me." Dee smiled.

"Almost as good as the fact I think your knot can come out now." Shaela pulled her tail out of Dee and then licked Dee's juices off of it before it reached for the drawer on the right nightstand and opened it.

Her tail came back holding a big silicone plug. As she lifted herself off of Dee, she positioned the plug just below her pussy and the moment Dee's knot popped out, she stood up quickly. Grunting as she clenched her pussy shut to hold all the goodness inside until she got the plug in. During the process, she lost enough cum to further soak Dee's thighs and balls, but her belly was still looking five months pregnant.

A blush was burning on Dee's cheeks and the insides of her ears as she looked at Shaela's round belly and thick dragon cock. While Dee squirmed from how hot Shaela looked, Shaela put her muzzle between Dee's legs and nuzzled under her balls. Licking deep into Dee's cunt, Shaela growled, vibrating Dee's nethers. Dee squealed, her body going ballistic with a need to be bred. Shaela's tongue was a lot more delicate than her tail. The forks her tongue could move independently and Dee never quite knew which way she'd flick it inside her. It led Dee to make tons of squeaks and gasps. When Shaela grabbed her clit with her forks, Dee felt a wave of bliss wash over her as her back arched. Her cock started getting hard again as she came.

Dee couldn't take any more, she grabbed Shaela's horns and pushed her back so she was sitting. Then she straddled Shaela's dick and fell onto it, impaling herself. Ea cried out in delight along with Dee as their pussy opened wider and wider. The upper third of Shaela's length disappeared into them and they reached the thickest part, the part with the most ridges. That part slipped inside and

they fell onto the rest of the shaft, gasping as they worked it in. The bumps and ridges caused tingles all the way up to the tips of their ears.

Shaela was caught by surprise, growling and moaning as she felt their tight snatch stretch for her thick pole. As they got near her knot, she grabbed their hips and pulled them down. Then she wrapped her arms around them and scooted off the bed.

Dee and Ea moaned loudly, unable to avoid making a racket only to yelp when they were suddenly lifted off the bed and pushed up against the bathroom door. There, Shaela rutted them right into the door, her fat nuts slapping against their toned ass. Their dick got rock hard again, leaking precum as Shaela's powerful legs delivered a pummeling that fit their body's needs perfectly.

*\*Breed! Harder! More!\** Ea's delight was giving everything an extra instinctual dimension that added depth and beauty to what would've otherwise been just a hookup.

Dee immersed herself in Ea's joy about them having a womb, that Shaela's knotted prick was deep in their pussy, and that they would soon be full of Shaela's cum.

There was no way they'd last long like this and they didn't care. They tilted and wiggled their hips, their legs gripping Shaela's hips to give her even more leverage. She used it to go even harder and they could feel the bulge she was making in their belly move. Shaela was so tall that her tits were in their face and they started licking and sucking at her nipples. Her thrusts became more erratic and her knot started swelling.

Their dick was rubbing against Shaela's belly scales and up between her tits, getting thoroughly stimulated. The feeling of her knot going in and out was making their clit send sparks of pleasure through them. It felt good to be stretched like this. Oh so good!

"I can't help it, I have to knot you!" Shaela cried out as she lost control of her hips.

"DO IT! BREED US!" Dee yelled back as her pussy convulsed around Shaela's dick.

Shaela slammed her knot in one last time, pressing her whole front against them and dipping her roaring muzzle down to the head of their cock. As Dee's prick exploded, Shaela wrapped her tongue around it and drank down the load. Her own load flooded their depths, giving them a permeating warmth to accompany powerful waves of orgasm. Their prick and their pussy went off again, but this time they were seeing flashes in their vision and they were crying out so much that they got light headed.

Ea was crying in happiness as their belly got rounder and rounder from Shaela's seed. Dee couldn't help but shed some tears too, feeling so connected, so cared for by this big herm. She clutched Shaela like she never wanted to let go, squealing one more time.

Then she was drifting on a happy cloud, her belly round and pressing against Shaela's, her whole body feeling soft and sated. Ea was so content she was just curled in a ball, crying softly in joy. Dee hugged Ea against her, wetting her fur with her own tears. Ea was the best thing that had ever happened to Dee and she knew the reverse was true as well. Someday, they would go on the adventure of motherhood together, but until then, they'd fight to make the world safer for their future children.



Dee's cock, having powerfully gone off twice, started to recede. It was just as well, she was now exhausted, a warm pile of fur.

"Let's stay knotted for a while and then I'll give the coven a call and get someone over here to pick you up. Sound good?" Shaela grinned. "You can come back and visit anytime."

"Sounds perfect." Dee nuzzled Shaela. "Can't wait to beat up more cops and fuck more herms."

Ea let out a triumphant fox scream.

#### *END OF EPISODE*

I'd like to acknowledge my \$20+ patrons: Arkona Kothe, forestwolf98, Longhauer, LambChopSoldier, Navajo Demar, Tiliquain, Warialinth, and Xaziana Tenebris for helping make all this possible. Thank you! Thanks to all my other patrons as well. Every one of you rocks!