

Chapter 6: A Chance For A Cure

2,300 words, intelligence gain and subsequent loss, clinic visit, grinding through clothes, female on male, messy cumshot.

When Cass awoke from her sweaty, contented slumber, Kaede was still asleep, snoring softly. The shemale's length was still half-hard inside the kaithrit's clutching slit, having spent itself inside numerous times inside the cum-slickened canal. Regretfully, Cass eased herself out from under her friend's slumbering form and tried not to giggle at the feeling of her friend's seed rolling down the inside of her thighs. She was absolutely stuffed with it! The spunk was thick inside her womb. It clung to her insides like an anxious lover, just the way she liked it.

Cass dressed as quietly as she could, chewing her lower lip nervously. She didn't really want to wake Kaede. She wasn't sure what to do with herself, to be honest. The repeated orgasms had left her clearheaded for once. Her pencil-thick nipples weren't demanding her attention. Her spunk-bathed lips weren't aching to be played with either. They radiated a feeling of contented fullness much like her stomach after a wonderful meal. For once, she could think.

Sighing, Cass couldn't believe she had just fucked her childhood friend. No, fucking was too mild a term for it. They had rutted like beasts - indulgently mated until the whole of the apartment smelled like sweat and pussy. A thrill of pleasure radiated up Cass' spine, either from the observation or the press of the slinky, onyx fabric against her swollen netherlips, sealing Kaede's cum deeply inside her, where it belonged. That seemed... wrong somehow, but she could not deny how powerfully right it felt.

Cass zipped the Xenogen Biotech branded suit up past her nipples, hiding the glistening areolae under the thinnest veneer of modesty. There was no hiding them now; they stuck out much more prominently now than before her tryst. Perhaps they were inflamed from the constant, rhythmic tugging that she had indulged in time and time again, or perhaps, they were simply growing even larger. If this kept up, her tits would have swollen teats in no time.

Oh shit! The treatment! It came back to Cass in a flash, and now that she was modest (or as close as she was going to get today), she remembered what she had meant to do all this time: see a doctor. She could beat this. She could get the treatment halted before it progressed any further. All she had to do was ignore the nagging reassurances from her breasts that they would feel even better if they were bigger - ignore how wonderful her shrink-wrapped form felt.

Cass silently slipped out the door. She wasn't sure how long she would keep her wits about her, and the clinic was just down the way. Doing math to keep her mind off how her twat squelched with every step, stuffed with Kaede's gooey love as it was, she lost herself in abstract calculations that would have seemed a foreign language to her an hour ago. Old knowledge was resurfacing left and right, floating up like driftwood from a wrecked ship after a turbulent storm, only this driftwood was aloft on a sea of sensation and desire.

Her hips still swayed, rocking back and forth as she walked. It was as automatic as eating or breathing. The envious, lustful gazes that followed the hypnotic motions slid off the sides of her awareness, beneath her notice. She was lost in a world of numbers and figures, rattling through her multiplication tables, exercising her mind like a long-dormant muscle. The awkward laughter of teenage boys did not even disturb her, even if their somewhat masculine

voices activated temporarily sated glands in her pussy. Her snatch got wetter inside the jumpsuit, not that she could tell with all cum inside.

"Can I, uh... help you with something... miss?"

Cass nearly jumped out of the tightly-sealed suit in surprise. The clinic's receptionist was staring at her tits, both awestruck and a little disdainful of how the well-formed mounds were put on display. Smiling, Cass brushed her hair from her eyes to buy herself time to put her words together, wincing as her pinky brushed against a sore spot on her forehead. *"I... I need to see a doctor. I got dosed with something called 'the treatment.' It's a mutagen from Grand Teh that turns you into a big-titted cow bimbo, and I need to stop it before I wind up mooing and tugging on my teats all day!"*

The receptionist's mouth worked while her hands shuffled forms about. She eventually found what she was looking for and passed it Cass' way. *"Okay... uh, just fill out this form. I'll let you know when someone can see you."*

Cass took the printed paper with a frown and turned to find a seat in the waiting room. She wasn't prepared for how crowded it was. Every single chair was filled with a different species suffering a different malady. The tables, normally magazine-covered, had each been turned into seats for aliens, some sick, some mutated. Tavros was filling up with planet rushers, and the medical staff were finding themselves increasingly overwhelmed with all the injuries and body-twisting infections.

Chewing on her a puffy lip (when had it gotten so big?), Cass filled out the form as fast as she could. She knew damn well that treatment victims weren't supposed to be this lucid. Kaede's hard-fucking cum-injector had left her with a probable pregnancy and the faculties to save herself. All she had to do was list off everything she could remember about her medical history and the treatment itself, then hope the staff here could do something to halt its advance.

The pen she had been provided with scrawled across the page as fast as she could move it, heedless of punctuation or spelling mistakes. The only thing that mattered was getting the facts down before her oversexed body sent her into another, slutty spiral of cock-craving debauchery.

Cass' tongue sensuously licked her plump lips. A minute later, she caught herself scrawling the dots on her 'i's as little hearts. Clinical terms like 'vagina' and 'penis' gradually morphed into pussy and dick, then cunt and cock. She breathed heavily. Her legs spread, but she finished the paperwork.

Her hips swayed obscenely when she walked back up to the counter, this time of her own volition. She liked the way the other patients looked her. Even a way a doctor stumbled through a sentence as he admired her. Cass groaned and tried valiantly not to imagine the nurse at the counter naked. It didn't work. The girl's nipples looked perky to Cass. A simple flick would have her peeled out of her top and in the kaithrit's mouth, getting nice and hard. Her own sprang to attention under her jumpsuit, visibly engorging as the paperwork changed hands.

Mentally, she didn't notice her priorities shifting. She couldn't tell that her neurons were dynamically reorganizing or that her blood was filling with sex hormones. All she knew was that everyone around her was taking on a whole new light. The kui-tan in the corner's fur would be so much fun to play with while she bounced on his cock, emptying his swollen balls into her until he passed out or pushed her off. Even the middle-aged ausar veteran in the corner seemed to have

his own charm. Sure, he wasn't fighting fit anymore, but there was something to be said about experience. The look in his eyes told her that he could teach her a thing or two.

"Miss?" the nurse at the desk asked the doe-eyed cat-girl.

Cass realized she was about to start drooling and shook her head, vainly attempting to master herself. She managed to do was toss her hair into a fiery halo instead. Since that didn't work, she just opened her mouth and said the first thing to find its way out. "*Yeah, cutie?*"

"*Have a seat. We'll call for you when we're ready for you,*" the blushing woman explained. "*You've been standing there wasting time for almost two minutes.*" The blush quickly faded as the nurse tried to get the slutty-looking kaithrit to comply.

"*Oh, sure thing!*" Cass chirped as she spun on her heels. There was no considering the commands she had been given. She simply obeyed them. Had she been thinking more clearly, Cass might have wondered why she was so willing. Instead, she let the nurse's order be her purpose. And why not? The nurse was in a uniform. You're supposed to listen to uniformed people.

Cass' brow furrowed with a new problem. How could she take a seat when all the chairs were full? Her pussy, wet with her own lubricants, seemed to provide the answer. She could sit in a lap! But whose lap to sit in? She looked around anxiously, her tails flicking behind her, then settled back on the kui-tan. It didn't look like there was anything wrong with him, and the front of his jumpsuit had a gorgeous-looking bulge that sent a pleasant ache through her body. Both sets of treatment-enlarged lips started to drool. It helped that he was staring at her tits, too spellbound to realize that she was leering right back.

Sauntering up to him, the curvacious kaithrit batted her considerable eyelashes. Gosh, they were long! The words tumbled out of her mouth in a river of sugary sweetness. "*Hey there, babe. My legs are awful tired from waiting around this place. Would you mind if I sat in your lap a little while, just to rest up?*" She chewed on her lower lip, a gesture that her treatment-boosted subconscious calculated would look incredibly cute. Watching his pants start to strain confirmed it.

"*U-u-uhhh... sure. I guess,*" he stammered, obviously a little uncomfortable but too enraptured by the body in front of him to turn down a chance to feel her pressing against his swelling crotch.

Cass bent over to kiss him. She had meant to plant it on his cheek, but it found its way onto his lips instead. Whoops! Since she was already lip-locking him, she went ahead and let her tongue slip inside, giving him a hot, wet french. His hands went to push her back, but they found her tits instead. His resistance melted into gentle, accepting groping, and Cass was happy to let him. Hands felt so good on her sensitive chest, and her nipples were so desperately, achingly hot. They fizzed and sparked like live wires the whole way up into her brain. It felt very, very right.

Still, she had been commanded to have a seat, and unless this smiling stud told her to fuck him right now (she would), she was going to sit. Cass languidly broke away from exchanging saliva to mouth, "*Thanks.*" Then, she promptly spun in place, tearing her tits out of his hands, and planted her ass directly into the kui-tan's tenting crotch. Despite there being two layers of clothing between his tumescent boner and her lush ass, he sighed and his dick jumped. She squirmed, feeling his tip press against her tailhole on its way through her

well-rounded cheeks. When had they gotten so big and so sensitive? She resolved to check what they looked like in the mirror later.

Cass squirmed from side to side as she tried to settle in. His lap was WARM, and best of all, his cock felt fucking hot against her backdoor. A quiet moan sounded from behind her, accompanied by a few unsubtle twitches from below. Smiling mischievously, Cass just kept going. She'd squirm down, up, then side to side, dragging his dick along for the ride. The kui-tan's hands fell on her waist, but she picked them up and put them on her breasts, guiding his hands to her nipples.

Now that felt right! What had she been so worried about when she got here? Her lips pursed in a vacant smile, her eyelids lowered, and her hips danced on the male's lap, driven by a subconscious autopilot. Cogent thoughts came apart under static charges of pleasure from her nipples. Worries dissolved into a puddle of arousal before oozing out into her pussy. She placed her hand on his leg, high enough that should could feel his balls swelling, and let the ecstasy occupy her.

Time lost all meaning to the thoughtlessly grinding cat-girl. She certainly didn't notice the reddish bumps on her forehead getting a little more noticeable. Instead, she floated in a euphoric, smiling haze. Her neighbors were watching her, rapt, making her slit that much wetter. One had even surreptitiously slipped a hand inside his trousers. Somehow she remembered to smile at him and fondle the kui-tan's expanding balls at the same time.

His cock started jumping underneath her at the same time that Cass' name was called. She didn't want to stand up until he finished, but the nurse at the door seemed pretty insistent. Cass rose up, her cum-soaked clit so swollen that a blind man could spot it from fifty yards out, and looked over her shoulder, pouting. Her former seat was weakly thrusting his hips up into the air, twitching wildly, launching huge globules of seed into his pants. A damp, wet stain appeared as his hugely swollen nuts dumped their virile load against the fluid-resistant fabric. They never stood a chance.

The left pant leg flooded faster than the right, but both inflated with steaming-hot jizz in seconds. Globules of semen spurted out the top of his waistband and into his shirt. The easy-breathing fabric wicked it up immediately, turning the chest of it partially transparent as spooge rolled out of his bottoms and drenched the shoes below. Feeling a little bad that she didn't squeeze it out of him herself, Cass gave him a thank you kiss before sashaying towards the nurse holding the door. Her victim was still squirting out more when it closed behind her.