

State of Emergency - Beth

The state of emergency had been declared for two weeks now and the authorities had just started to get the worst situations under control. The big problem now was trying to prevent further spread of the bizarre sexually transmitted mutagen. There had been several cases of people's hidden desires giving them deeply unpleasant abilities and the police - those still in a position to serve in uniform - had been hard at work trying to deal with them.

I worked in a 24 hour news room as a camera operator. Most of our building had avoided any contact with any people infected with the mutagen, and our employer had swiftly enacted a policy banning people who had been affected from the building. One janitor had been caught by security already; he had been able to disguise his python-like cock for most of the day, but when he had passed an intern in the corridor it had woken up and leaped at her, despite his best efforts to hold it back. He had been rapidly removed by the guards in their new airtight uniforms. The intern had unfortunately been sacked as well, clearly she had encountered some bodily fluid during the attack as she began to sprout tentacles all over her body within minutes of the event. I didn't know what had happened to her after she too was escorted from the building in hysterics.

I trained my camera on Beth, the anchor as she read the last of the headlines; unsurprisingly focused on the current state of affairs. As she finished the news and the lights went down I panned the camera off to the logo. Another week finished. After all the usual bureaucratic bullshit had been finished I went to Beth's dressing room, met up with her and walked down to the car park.

"Drinks this week, Bobbie?" she asked me as we drove through the heaving streets. Every day there was a new diversion after some odd person grew block-sized breasts, began compulsively grinding up asphalt between their thighs or, in one particularly well documented case, grew to fifty feet tall and collapsed the street into the sewers. I declined the offer of drinks and went up to my apartment when Beth dropped me off with a friendly hug.

Declining the offer of drinks was rather unusual; Beth and I had welcomed the weekend in with a pair of tequilas each almost every week since she got me the job at the News Centre. It still felt a little odd walking up the stairs to my apartment at six instead of at eleven but, when I got upstairs my guest had already arrived and was waiting for me at the doorstep. Even though she had told me what to expect, I couldn't help staring in shock at the sight of my cousin Emily. As she turned to face me it was obvious that she had eight breasts growing down her front, the top pair were truly enormous, stretching her button-down shirt almost to bursting point while the others grew steadily smaller ending in a comparatively tiny pair at the bottom. I subconsciously rearranged my blouse to show off my own breasts, although they could never compete with my cousin's mountains. When her face was revealed I started involuntarily when I saw her mouth and nose had been altered into a small pink vagina, neatly bifurcating her face. Her eyes showed a little weariness, clearly she had encountered reactions like this for the whole two weeks since she had changed.

"Sorry Em," I hurriedly apologised and opened the door, ushering her into my little bedsit.

"Don't worry about it," she replied, the smooth labia folding together like a flower opening and closing in one of those speeded-up videos as she spoke, "I've had much worse reactions so far." She sat on the edge of my bed as I poured us both a glass of water from the bottles in my

little fridge, most tap water now being contaminated by the lady who was producing rivers of milk every second at the local beach. Watching Emily drink was an education in itself.

"So, are you looking to risk a change yourself then, Bobbie?" she asked after we exchanged the usual pleasantries; how was your mother, has granny stopped by this year, and so on.

"Yes," I replied, so suddenly that I surprised even myself.

"So what do you think is going to happen to you? I've heard some really strange things have happened lately: my new boyfriend has a pussy where his ass used to be and my girlfriend keeps fucking us both with her new eight-inch cock. But you always seemed so vanilla, Bobbie. What sordid little perversions are you hiding away?" she teased me like she always had, but for the first time I didn't really mind.

The virus, or whatever it was, appeared to give you your secret innermost desires, which were apparently a lot more diverse than anyone was willing to admit, even to themselves. "I've been really thinking about it, this whole two weeks, and I'm reasonably sure that I'll be changing software more than hardware. Are you going to help me, Em?"

Emily's mouth-vagina quivered in an odd way that I realised was how she must smile now, "Of course I'm going to, Bob-bob. We're family after all..."

Now I hesitated, unsure of how to proceed, "Er, thanks... Erm... What should I do?"

She chuckled at my prudishness and stood up in front of me, we were face to face, she grabbed my face and leaned forward and kissed me as best she could. I balked as her soft folds wrapped around my nose, but I steeled my resolve and thrust my tongue into her. I brushed the little nub of her clitoris at the base and she shuddered slightly. After a couple of seconds I pushed her away, and breathed heavily.

"How will I know when it's worked?" I asked her.

"Well, with me I sort of spaced ou..."

"...bbie, are you okay, you fell over there?"

I was lying on the floor, looking up at Emily crouching over me. My head ached softly, I supposed I must have bumped it when I fell. "I guess it worked, then?" I asked my cousin, tentatively as she helped me to my feet.

"Definitely," Em said, "you may have been intending mainly software changes, you big nerd, but you seem to have touched up the hardware a little too, have a look." She led me to my full length mirror to see what had changed.

As I gazed into the glass, I was amazed. While I'd never looked old, I had always seemed a little older than my 28 years would suggest. Now however my skin had smoothed out, my hair flowed like silk instead of frizzing like a toaster and my breasts were suddenly much perkier. I couldn't be sure but I thought they must have grown too. While I didn't know it at the time, my hair had also changed colour to match the dark red I always dyed it.

I turned to look at my cousin, eyeing her up and down. She smiled back at me, "Did you get what you expected then?" she asked. I took stock for a second before nodding.

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Emily stayed the night, talking about what I had been hoping for and generally catching up in the ways cousins do, then left early in the morning with a kiss on the cheek and a cheery good luck. I went inside and, after screwing up my courage, I called Beth and asked if she'd like a coffee seeing as I had missed the weekly drink the night before.

While I sat waiting in the Starbucks I seemed to be the only person in there who had mutated, although no one else could tell. At the moment there was a feeling of segregation, although all the experts said that it couldn't last; cases had begun to be reported in other cities on the East coast and it probably wouldn't be long before it spread overseas.

When I looked up Beth was walking in the door. I had first met her in college, when I did an exchange program with my university. She was studying journalism and I was doing television production, and we both signed up for the same tour of a news room. We hit it off and started hanging out together. We stayed in touch after I went back to Britain, she came to visit me over the Summer Holidays and I showed her around London, then I flew back to the States and started looking for work as a camera operator. Somehow Beth managed to land herself right where she wanted to be almost as soon as she left college, and had made it to news anchor in record time. I, on the other hand, was struggling to make ends meet as a freelance camera. She pulled in some favours and got me a job in her newsroom.

This woman, just entering the coffee shop, with her effortless poise and style, was a perfect, beautiful lady who had been more than a good friend to me over the years we had known each other. I had been in love with her for as long as I could remember now, but there had been a major problem. We were both completely straight women. I didn't have any sexual attraction to her, but I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her. I had never had the courage to even talk about this with her. Until now.

Beth walked over to my table and kissed me on the cheek affectionately, "Bobbie, you look fantastic," she said, in that wonderful way she had of putting everyone at their ease, "Did you get that new lipstick you told me about? It really brings out the colour in your face."

I could feel myself blushing at the compliments and brushed them off hurriedly. We sat down and I passed her the coffee I had bought for her. We passed the time of day, she asked why I'd canceled drinks last night, I told her my cousin had come to visit; technically true, although I didn't say that I had invited her. When a pair of boys on the other side of the shop hesitantly began kissing in that first date sort of way we both commented on how cute it was. Throughout the conversation I caught my eyes running along the curve of her leg, stretched out from her chair, or the plump swell of her perfect lips and I knew that what I had hoped for was true. I had wanted to become bisexual so that I could stand a chance with my soulmate.

"Beth," I said, hesitantly, "We've been friends for so long now... I just wanted to let you know how much you mean to me... I love you, Beth."

"That's sweet, Bobbie!"

"...and I was hoping... Perhaps we could take our relationship..." my throat was getting dry, and my knee wouldn't stop jiggling under the table, I seemed to be dissolving into a mess of clichés, "... Take our relationship to a new stage?"

Beth stared at me in shock. I forced myself to maintain eye contact, noticing for the first time how sexy her crystal blue eyes were. After an eternity, or it could have been half a second, Beth asked, "Are you saying... That you want a romantic relationship with me, Bobbie?" I nodded, somewhat shyly and she continued, "Perhaps we should go somewhere more private..."

We didn't speak in the car as Beth drove us through the streets, didn't exchange a word until we walked into Beth's uptown high class flat. We stood in the living room gazing at each other; I admired her graceful curves, for the first time feeling lust at the same time as love. Now was the moment that would reveal whether I had changed enough.

"Bobbie... I've never had the least sexual urge towards another woman before, but I will admit that I do have strong romantic feelings for you," Beth swallowed nervously, something that I found irresistibly sweet compared to her usual calm collection. Then I noticed it, her eyes darting down towards my cleavage, which was certainly a little larger than it had been, while she tried to think of what to say next.

"Before..." I said, walking slowly towards her, rubbing a hand lightly across my breast. Beth swallowed again. "But now you aren't so sure?" I closed the distance between us and held her steely blue gaze.

Barely audibly, she responded, "No, not sure..." I reached out, stroked her cheek lovingly and kissed her. I felt her respond and drew her into a hug as the kiss deepened, my big, soft breasts pressing up against her petite frame. Her hands slid down my back and rested on the curve of my buttocks, I sighed heavily but had to stop it there.

"Beth," I said, disengaging myself reluctantly. "Before we go any further," I looked down at her dishevelled body and swallowed, "and I really want to go further... I have to tell you... I have the virus..." Beth looked at me in surprise, so I continued: "I've loved you for years, but I've never been able to desire you like I wanted to... So last night I asked my cousin to do me a favour. She came over to my room and gave me the virus... It didn't change much about me physically, I look a bit younger I guess, and my breasts have grown a bit, but the main change is that I became bisexual..." we were still stood inches from each other and I smiled wanly, "I finally understand what is so appealing about boobs," I finished, looking at her small pair with admiration.

"You risked your job for me?" Beth asked, eyes wide, "You've seen what's happened to some of these people, you could have ended up in real trouble!"

No, I couldn't," I replied, "I was only ever going to become the one for you... I love you too much for anything else to happen."

Beth gasped, but leaned down and kissed me again. My strong facade melted; I folded into her arms and the pair of us sank onto her sofa, arms entwined around each other. The kiss got slowly more intense and I began to fumble with Beth's blouse. I heard her panting faintly as I popped it open and seeing her bra and taut stomach for the first time I instinctively dropped my head and began kissing the beautiful milky skin. I slipped off of the sofa and knelt between her legs, which she opened for me as if we had done this a hundred times before. Beth ran her

fingers along the back of my neck, tracing small circles with her fingernails. I kissed along her hip bone, down to the button of her trousers, then moved my head and kissed the inside of her thighs through the cloth, teasing her as I moved tantalisingly close to her crux. I could smell her excitement and hear her moaning softly already but as I pulled my head back and began undoing the button her emergency phone began to ring. She deflated with a disappointed sigh and got up to grab her phone from her bag. I took the opportunity to perv on her body some more.

Beth was slender and petite, at only five feet tall she had been the shortest person in our dorm at college. She didn't have huge curves, but she had one of those perfectly shaped arses, which I had envied for years, but now I just wanted to grab, squeeze and touch. Her shirt fluttered around her body as she paced the room, flashing her toned stomach and pert, little breasts bouncing gently in her sensible white bra. Her blonde, almost white, hair was cut in a bob, beautifully framing the part of her that I had fallen in love with. She had a natural pout to her lips, a button nose, which flicked upwards gently at the end and those piercing blue eyes. I caught myself rubbing myself through my trousers as I watched her and chuckled happily.

"There's been a confirmed case on the West Coast," Beth said, hanging up the phone, "Some guy with an aeroplane fetish or something, began in-flight refuelling and when they pulled him off at the other end the police and baggage handlers all got drenched in 'fuel,' if you know what I mean." she slotted the inverted commas neatly around the word fuel, "They want me to go in and cover it as breaking news." I must have pouted because she walked over and ruffled my hair, before hugging my kneeling form against her perfect abs. "Don't worry, whatever you did last night has clearly made me as bi as you are. I suppose I should be angry at that, but right now I just want to get this news done so you can get back to the more important business."

She sent into her bedroom to put on one of the skirt-suits that she wore on air, while I nipped into the bathroom to straighten out my hair and clothes.

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There was still the usual chaos cluttering the streets, which everyone had got used to. We passed a group of police trying persuade a woman who had grown breasts over every part of her body not to jump off of the side of a building. One of the policewomen clearly had had the virus, she was a hunched troll-like being about twelve feet tall and she reared up as the bosomy woman fell, catching her perfectly. It was good to see that some people were using their new abilities for good and not just selfish reasons like me.

Once we got into the newsroom Keith, our misogynist floor manager hurried Beth into place. I hopped on the second camera automatically; normally the weekend ran on only one camera. While Beth read the breaking story about the spread of the disease to California I glanced sideways. Normally Keith would loom over my shoulder claiming he was monitorin the scene, but really so he could ogle me while I filmed; with my newly enlarged cleavage and my weekend clothes exposing more of it than he had ever see before I expected to have him attached to my hip. When I lined up a constant shot I risked a glance sideways. He was stood behind Paul, the other camera op, in exactly the same position he usually took with me. What's more, unless my eyes were deceiving me, the bulge in his trousers suggested he was enjoying the view even more than he had enjoyed me.

After Beth had finished reporting; LA had declared its own state of emergency very soon after the first case arrived, we got hurried out as the regular news began. I slipped my hand into hers

as we walked once again down to the car park. Once in the car I voiced a suspicion that had been beginning to form in my head.

"I think what's happened to me, as well as shifting my sexuality, is that I'm somehow altering everyone around me's sexuality as well," I said, "Keith was all but humping Paul in that filming session..."

"And I was having trouble concentrating everytime you leaned forward on your camera," Beth interrupted me with a sly smile, "I suppose that you were subconsciously aware that even if you turned gay, I'd still be straight, so when you started changing this virus thing found some way to alter the sexualities of people around you."

We drove back again and went up to her apartment where Beth led me to the sofa. Once I'd sat down she walked over to a side counter with various glasses in it. She opened the counter and bent over to get some glasses from the bottom shelf. I stared over at her, as she paused, bent over in front of me with her short skirt riding up flashing me a view of the sexy panties she was wearing. I felt myself starting to get wet while she poured us both a glass of wine, then came over to the sofa and sat down with one arm around my shoulders. I drank a couple of sips of my wine before putting it on the coffee table and kissing her. Beth sighed and ran her fingers into my hair. I slid my body up to her and straddled her lap, looking down at her beautiful face suddenly nestled between my breasts, "I believe we were somewhere like this before we for interrupted?" I asked her, pulling my tight sweater off revealing my new, improved tits, currently squashed into a bra that was quite too small for them. Beth had a broad smile on her face and began kissing the bulging flesh, I felt her hands fumbling with the strap and threw my head back as the bra fell away, exposing my nipples to Beth's exploring kisses. The tiny woman wrapped her arms around me and crushed me to her as she sucked on my boobs, my eyes rolled back and I smiled, stoking her hair.

I stood up from the sofa, gently pulling Beth to her feet and then into another hug. Her cheek rested against my shoulder and I slid my hands up the back of her legs, up her skirt and cupped her perfect buttcheeks, pulling her close to me. Our lips touched again and I slipped my tongue into her mouth. Beth undid her shirt and threw it into a corner, slipped off her bra, her little boobs gently rubbing against my much bigger pair. I slid my hands up her skirt, cradled her perfect arse and lifted her into my arms. Beth wrapped her legs around my waist, and I could feel the moistness from her sex as she rubbed herself against my stomach. I kissed her neck as she arched her back, pressing crotch hard against my stomach. With Beth in my arms I walked into the bedroom, seeing for the first time her kingsize bed and full length mirrors lining one wall. Beth was sighing in my arms, still grinding against my hip bone. I leaned her back until she was laying on the bed, with her legs still wrapped around my waist. I jokingly thrust a few times, as if I were fucking her and she giggled. While she lay on the bed she slid her hands up and down her body, squeezing her boobs and pinching her nipples. Just watching her was turning me on even more; I reached out and lifted her skirt, exposing some gorgeous lacy underwear. I could see a well groomed tiny little snatch, glistening through the sensuous cloth, awaiting a lesbian deflowering. Beth stopped touching herself, hopped up onto her elbows and watched as I slid my body down and kissed her through her panties, rubbing against her sex I drew a shaking sigh from her.

While I nuzzled her I hooked my fingers around her underwear and pulled it down; I swooped back in, kissed her pert clit and her whole body shook with a louder moan. Her body tensed as I began sucking on the tiny little lovebud and my long, thin fingers began tracing the outline of her moist entrance. I felt so horny, I was soaking through my panties and humping the air while i

plunged a finger into my lover; she squeaked and one of her hands gripped the hair on the back of my head. My tongue flicked out and traced back and forth across her clit while I slid a second and third finger into her. Her moans became sharper and, when I started thrusting my fingers into her, became screams of ecstasy. Beth's little legs clamped around my head as my tongue lashed her and my fingers stretched her, I could still hear her screaming louder and louder through the muffling of her thighs pressed against my ears. Her scream reached a fever pitch and her whole body spasmed as she came hard, soaking my chin with delicious girlcum. Her grip with her legs slackened off and I pulled back, rubbing the three fingers I'd been fucking her with against my pussy through my jeans. I crawled onto the bed and lay down next to her.

I lay on my side, watching Beth breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling in smooth motion. She rolled over to face me and smiled widely, "that was wonderful, Bobbie..." she gasped as she propped herself up on her elbow. She put her hand on my shoulder and pushed me back then threw her leg over me, grinding my hip and slid herself down my legs. I sat up as she lowered herself over the side of the bed, undoing the fly on my jeans as she went down. "Beth," I said, putting a hand on her shoulder, "You can't, I'm infected. If you eat me out you'll get infected too." I sighed heavily, of course I wanted nothing else but for her to go down on me. Beth looked back at me with an inscrutable expression on her face before leaning up and taking one of my sharply erect nipples between her teeth. I gasped in shock and leaned my breast against her as she nibbled and sucked on my teat. I felt her fingers undoing my trousers and slipping them down, while I began groping my other breast, realising that it was even bigger than when I had first changed. Electric shocks were starting to run through my body as her fingers rubbed hard against my lips and brushed my nub while her lips pulled hard on my nipple, I moaned loudly and suddenly I felt Beth push me onto my back. Before I could think about trying to stop her her head fell between my legs, she had flung my underwear into the corner and I felt a strong tongue penetrating my cleft; I moaned again, unable to consider stopping her now. Beth grabbed both of my ankles, lifting them and spreading my legs as wide as she could reach, exposing me completely to her mercy. I could feel the sensations building in me, I groped my beautiful tits and squeezed them as her tongue slipped deep into me and her nose flicked from side to side against my throbbing clit. I moaned, in huge panting breaths, getting louder and higher with every heaving of my chest. Feelings of pleasure were zapping through me and deliciously an orgasm racked my body; I went rigid and shook, screaming in cut off little bursts while Beth ran her tongue around inside me. I lay there shaking, vaguely aware of Beth standing up and saying something I couldn't understand.

As I came down I looked at Beth. She was starting to phase out, her eyes unfocused and she was wobbling on her feet. Sitting up I reached out to grab her hand. I stared at her body as changes began to occur.

Beth's breasts were swelling slowly with her nipples erect and proud leading the way, but more noticeable were her legs, which were extending much faster. I smiled as she grew past my five feet seven, clearly her height had always bothered her. Her beautiful tits had stopped growing at a little smaller than mine, but now her arse was growing, projecting backwards into an enormous shelf. Her weight started pulling backwards and I tightened my grip as the huge buttocks stretched out beyond two feet behind her. I leaned around to see what was happening, this butt was larger than anything I had seen before and was still growing quickly. From the underside of the growth ten small nubs were beginning to form, which began to push their way out. I suddenly realised that they were toes and the feet were beginning to follow, and inexorably out stretched a second pair of long, slender legs.

The weight from her new lower torso was too much for me now and she began to sag backwards, her new feet touching the floor. For a moment I thought I was going to drop her but the new legs straightened and she stood under her own power. Once I was sure that she was going to be able to stand alone I slowly paced around her observing her new shape. From the front she looked exactly the same as she had before, except that she had much longer legs and now stood at five feet and eleven inches tall. As I stepped around her though it was as if an identical copy of her had bent over, in that provocative 'oops, I dropped my pencil pose' and been fixed to the base of her spine. It was like a centaur where the lower half was identical to the top... Her lower torso was about four and a half feet long from where it joined the upper torso to its beautiful arse, presented for display. I got around to the back just in time to see a second moist pussy opening itself between her rear legs, the lips pouting gently and exposing a second tiny clitoris to the air. From just above the buttocks a length of pale blonde hair was growing, arching up and bobbing into a literal ponytail. My eyes got drawn to the underside of her lower torso, I knelt next to Beth and watched as a pair of nipples melted onto the front end of the torso and at the rear end a huge length began to form. The nipples led a pair of breasts, slightly smaller than those above. The length began to form into a cock. A huge cock that hung like a horse between Beth's rear legs. My mouth dropped open in awe and I gingerly reached out, stroking the monstrous phallus, only imagining what it would feel like if Beth tried to fuck me with it.

"Bobbie?" Beth's voice came, slightly nervously from her new height, "What happened? I feel taller..."

I walked back around to her, stroking my finger along her lower spine, and spun around to hug her, my hands resting on what used to be the small of her back. She looked down at me from her new height.

"Let me guess," I asked, playfully rubbing my hands along the join between her two bodies, "You felt insecure about your legs? Thought you were too short?"

"Wow..." was all she could say, looking down at me from her new lofty height, before a frown crossed her beautiful face, "What else has changed, my ass feels weird?"

I led her over to a mirror, observing how she seemed to walk without any problems despite the new legs.

"Holy shit, what the hell happened there?" she exclaimed as soon as her new body trotted into view, "I look like a bald horse!"

"You look far sexier than that," I replied, brushing against her nipple with my nose. She sighed and noticed her much bigger breasts, "But you do have something in common with a horse, and I'm hoping that you'll use it soon..." and with that I sucked her nipple into my mouth, sliding my hands down the side of her epic legs. Sure enough in the mirror I saw her huge cock begin to engorge and extend to a ludicrous twenty inches long. After a moment or two Beth appeared to notice what must have been alien sensations to her and glanced in the mirror.

"What the shit? I have a cock? Why do I have a cock? Why do I..." she stopped when I put my finger to her lips, and released her nipple with a popping noise.

"I imagine you have such a wonderful cock because you wanted to fuck me hard and I'm really hoping you will..." I sat back on the bed, pulling her close so I could resume kissing her tits and

then further down her body. She hopped her front legs into a kneeling position either side of me, forcing me to lay back.

I spread my legs wide and wrapped my arms around her lower body as she knelt down over me, pushing her hot pussy onto my face. She trembled the same way as she had before when I again licked her clit and I could feel the monstercock bumping against my thighs. She seemed to have some control over its movements so I reached down and offered it some guidance. Once it rested at the wet folds of my nether lips Beth thrust herself forward, impaling me on the terrific member. I screamed in agony and ecstasy as my insides were forced open and accepted the monstrous invader, screamed until I ran out of breath and then, panting heavily, I thrust my face back into Beth's labia and forced my tongue into her. I heard a groan from her height and she began thrusting into me hard, fucking me just how I wanted it. I could feel all of my internal organs being pushed to the side to accommodate the more important new organ's onslaught. Her lower tits pressed against my huge pair, her pussy ground into my face and the whole time her horsecock fucked me. I couldn't last long in the face of all these pleasures and soon I was cumming hard and fast. As my pussy clenched around her cock she grunted and thrust harder and harder until suddenly I felt her cum, pumping me full of her lovejuice. I came again, and again as I felt the liquid filling my womb.

I wrapped my arms and legs tightly around her lower body in delight and she suddenly raised herself up, lifting me clear off the bed. She manoeuvred herself onto the bed properly, every step she took shook me on her cock, which was still semi-on and easily enough to fill me. I gasped and moaned and then let go, dropping onto the bed, sliding off of the perfect sex toy. Beth tried to slump down next to me but took a couple of moments to work out how to lie down now. I propped myself up on my elbow as she finally found a comfortable spot with her upper body lying on its side facing me and her lower body at a slightly awkward angle on the end of the bed.

"Tomorrow," I said, stroking her breasts softly while she traced her fingers through my hair, "we're going to need to find a bigger bed for you, and probably some custom clothes."

She giggled back at me and kissed the tip of my nose, "I've no idea how I'm going to put trousers on now."

I smiled back at her and pulled her into an embrace, my legs entwining with her front legs, breasts pressed close together and looked her deep in the eyes. "I've waited eight years to feel this way about you, Beth. I love you so much."

"I wanted this too, Bobbie. I love you."