

## State of Emergency – Beth Part 2

Sunlight was streaming through the curtains and directly onto my pillow. I rolled onto my side, but the damage was done and now I had to wake up. I sat up, the thin sheet slithering off my breasts, and I looked around. I wasn't in my room, there were two sets of clothes scattered across the floor and just across the room was stood the woman I have loved for more than eight years, after finally consummating our feelings for each other. She was stood naked in front of the mirror observing her body. This wasn't because she was vain, or perpetually horrified that she was putting on weight, but because last night during our passionate lovemaking I had given her the mysterious new virus that was sweeping through the city. A virus, which altered your body and mind in various, often-bizarre ways. In my case it had just made my body younger, inflated my boobs (I still wasn't sure how much bigger they were now) and made me bisexual, so that I could finally pursue a romantic and sexual relationship with Beth, the woman I had fallen in love with. Beth, on the other hand, had undergone a unique physical transformation, growing a second pair of legs that were positioned on the end of a second torso, which joined her first one at the base of the spine. She had a vagina between both sets of legs, an enormous penis nestled under the rear legs and a small pair of boobs at the front of her new lower body. Her original boobs had swollen to almost the same size as mine, and her legs, all four of them, had grown eleven inches, making the previously diminutive lady taller than me. Lastly she had a white-blond tail above her perfect arse that she was currently flicking from side to side, apparently unconsciously.

I slipped out from between the sheets, as silently as I could and sneaked up behind her. I knelt behind her, only able to get this close because Beth was completely absorbed trying to take in all the changes she had gone through, moved my face forwards and kissed her rear vagina. She jumped so much that her front legs left the ground and she squealed in shock. As soon as she settled down I pushed my face forward again and began eating her out.

"You are... Ah... The most... Ahh... Evil..." she tried to say, before she began to get lost. My tongue pressed around her tiny, tight little lips, brushed over her beautiful button clit, making her shudder all over, and her tail flicked my face as her moans increased in frequency and pitch. I began rubbing her clit and stood up behind her, slipping the first two fingers of my other hand inside her. She gasped, louder and ground her hips back against me; in the mirror I saw her reach down to her other pussy and begin rubbing her button too. This was incredibly hot, I slid another finger inside her, rubbing her clit harder and grinding my crotch against her leg. Beth was beginning to scream now; she'd slid one of her fingers into herself and was frigging herself madly while I slid my little finger in as well. Despite the tiny size of her snatch it stretched around me, tight and strong as I slid all four fingers in and out and a wicked thought gripped me. I pulled back a little further, carefully positioned my thumb and then slowly pushed my whole fist inside. Her screams reached a crescendo as her beautiful labia wrapped around my wrist, I felt a pulling as Beth tensed her kegel muscles and I slid my arm forwards.

Beth had given up on masturbating now, both of her hands were splayed against the mirror-lined wall and she was arching her lower back to push back against me. I admit I was a little shocked when my arm disappeared to the elbow, accompanied by another orgasmic scream from my lover, but I took it in stride, thrusting my arm back and forth inside her. As she came to another loud climax her pussy clamped around me tightly holding me in place while she shook all over. When she relaxed I slid my arm out of her, her brutally stretched lips springing back to their tiny original state like elastic.

I was sat on the bed licking my fingers clean when Beth turned to face me on four shaking legs. "Good morning," I said, smiling up at her, making a popping sound with the finger in my mouth.

"I'll say," she replied, sinking to her knees and resting her head on my lap. I stroked her hair, smiling down at her. After a moment of relaxed bliss I stood up, recovered my panties and put them on before pilfering one of Beth's button-down shirts from her wardrobe. I put the shirt on, liking the way my boobs stretched it so much. I leaned over in front of Beth and kissed her deeply, both of our hands tangling into the other's hair.

"As you can't really go outside until we work out some temporary clothing for you," I said, teasingly, "Why don't you get some breakfast on, while I go pick up your Sunday Paper from the postbox?" Beth swatted at my legs playfully, got to her feet and trotted through to the kitchen. I didn't bother with my jeans, figuring I wouldn't be too long; I picked up the hefty paper, filled with the news of new cities reporting cases of the virus everywhere and turned back up the stairs. Just before I made it back to Beth's apartment, however, I got caught.

"Oh, I say," a slightly quavering voice called. I turned and saw an elderly black lady with curly white hair and a knowing smile on her lips. "We knew that Beth had got a wonderful new lover, but I never expected that you would be such a dishy young lady. You certainly made a big impression on her, we've never heard her make that much noise before. I didn't realise Beth was gay."

I didn't really have a chance to respond, apparently there was a look of shock across my face because the little lady hurried on with an explanation, "Oh, don't worry, we don't have any problem with people being gay. Back when Percival and I were getting married there were plenty of people saying that blacks and whites shouldn't marry. We've been together for more than fifty years now," she smiled vaguely, before finishing, "Well, give my regards to Beth, young lady."

I walked on to Beth's door and she gave me a gentle spank as i passed her, winked at me and then vanished into her apartment, chuckling to herself. I went back into Beth's feeling baffled, and saw her in the kitchen. She had put on an apron to cover her front while she cooked some pancakes for breakfast. I walked in and ran my hand along her back before sitting down at the table, dropping the newspaper on it unceremoniously. She looked over at me as I told her about the little old lady outside.

"Mrs. King," she said, looking a little uncomfortable, "Yes, she's what you might call a Mark 1 Fiesty Old Lady." She served us the pancakes, kneeling on the floor next to me. After breakfast Beth showed me to the bathroom so I could have a shower, then I went to get dressed while she had hers. I sneakily looked through her underwear drawer for some clean panties and found an erotic looking g-string. I'd never had the bum for thongs before but it suited my new cheeks pretty well. I was just buttoning up the shirt again when she called from the bathroom. I walked in and found her stood in the bathtub, trying to turn at her upper waist to clean her extended rear. With a weary expression she looked at me and said "Help..." in such an adorably frustrated voice that I had to laugh. Beth blew a raspberry at me and folded her arms sternly.

I began slowly unbuttoning the shirt once more, flashing tantalising glimpses of flesh with every button, shaking my hips to some non existant music. When I finished unbuttoning the shirt I turned my back on her, bent right forwards and arched my back up, flashing her my bethonged rear and sliding the shirt slowly down my arms. I turned back to face her, to see that she was really enjoying the view. Beth was biting her lip and her cock had started swelling. Topless, I

walked over to the horse girl, took the sponge from her unresisting hands and began to rub her down, cleaning her lower back and her rump. I started washing her rear legs with the sponge in my right hand and with my left I grabbed her swelling cock and began gently rubbing it back and forth. Before long it was standing at its glorious, inconceivable full length, hanging past her knees and gently swaying with my grip. I finished cleaning her body while masturbating my lover and, once she was squeaky clean I slipped off my panties and knelt in the bath underneath her. Taking the twitching member in both hands I lifted its great, swollen head to my lips and kissed it, grinning at the muffled moan from up above. I kissed again, this time slipping it past my lips so I had the whole head filling my mouth. I took a deep breath and pushed my head forwards, relaxing my throat as it got stretched by this new meal. Beth stamped her front foot behind me and moaned again as half of her enormous member disappeared down my throat. I sucked hard, slipped my lips up and down her and wanked the base with both hands, listening as Beth moaned harder and harder. My hands were blurring when I felt her cock begin to twitch in my throat and I slid it out, holding the head in front of my face with my mouth open and waiting for my reward. Moments later she came, launching a huge load into my mouth. A second spurt splattered across my face and I dropped her cock in in surprise, while the third covered my breasts. Spent, her cock began to retract, while I swallowed the mouthful I had caught Beth got out of the bath on shaking legs. I stood up in the bath, facing her and boosting my boobs together, I licked the semen off of my tits, wiped my face clean and swallowed as much as I could. Beth hugged me once I was done.

"I've had several orgasms this morning and you haven't had one," she said with a pout, "That doesn't seem fair to me..."

"I'm saving up. The more I pleasure you this morning, the harder you'll have to fuck my brains out tonight." Beth grinned nervously and kissed me deeply, lifting me out of the bath and handing me a towel. I picked up my shirt and thong as we walked into the bedroom together. This time I managed to keep them on for more than five minutes

In the bedroom it took us about an hour to work out how to fully clothe Beth's new body. She put on a shirt, like the one I had borrowed from her, so we both had the 'going to burst a button' look, and I managed to get a pair of jeans on her rear legs, although they had to ride a little low because of her tail. She pulled some tights up her front legs, but they weren't going to stay up without being able to wrap around her waist; in the end she had to settle for one of her longer skirts, which hung down in front of her and bunched up on her lower body. I had the brainwave of wrapping a sheet around her lower body, covering her boobs and her cock, and then putting her front legs through the armholes of an eighties' styled bodywarmer which I then zipped up along her back to hold the sheet in place. She put on the two pairs of trainers that she owned, "I'm not ready to risk walking in heels on fours yet... Plus I don't really need them anymore..."

Her clothes looked a little hodgepodge, but servicable and appropriate for the outside world. It was certainly a better effort than some of the newly infected had been making at least. I pulled on my jeans and together we left the apartment. Barely outside the door we got pounced on by Mrs. King so quickly that she must have been waiting at the door for us to come out. She drew up short when she saw Beth.

"Oh, I say," she said, after the briefest pause, "Well, that surprised me, but I suppose you always wanted to be taller, didn't you, Beth?" Beth nodded her agreement and Mrs. King seemed to recover her poise, "Anyway, the reason I came to meet you was because Percival and I wanted to ask you over to tea tonight."

Once we'd agreed to that Beth and I walked down to the street hand-in-hand. We already knew that we weren't going to be able to take the car, there was no way that Beth would be able to drive it in her new body, and I couldn't drive at all. We got the bus to the mall, incurring more than a few funny looks, although no one commented. At the mall, there were a few obvious examples of people who had been infected; a woman, who had clearly read too much Roald Dahl, was bright blue and obese, while an older man appeared to be largely made of a liquid filled skin, moving through strange currents of his liquid innards. There were several more mundane cosmetic changes, and a number of regular people who were more or less evenly split between avoiding all of us freaks and those who seemed curious, but not quite enough to approach us. A girl, who looked about four years old, in a nauseatingly pink princess costume tried to pull away from her mother as Beth and I walked past, anxiously trying to touch the 'horsey-lady,' before being pulled away by her mother. Beth smiled in amusement and we walked to an independent women's clothing shop.

They did top quality bra fittings; not something that Beth had needed before, but they had helped me out a couple of times getting into my old C's. Inside the store it was bedlam; half of the larger size bra shelves had been completely cleared and there were curtains set up in the middle of the floor. Most of the damage appeared to be done though. We were the only customers in at the moment. A young brunette in the uniform walked over to us with a smile. In response to an unasked question she said, "I think most of them are at church, praying for it to go away or to thank god for the new body. I think I can guess how I can help you two, new bras all around?"

Beth and I agreed and the young lady, who introduced herself as Sally, led us behind the curtains. "We had to put these up," she explained, "Too many people came in with different body shapes or just with breasts too huge to fit in a cubicle. One lady had grown until they were taller than she was: I don't really know if she expected to find a bra that size..."

Being the easier option I shed my shirt first, while Sally popped around me, deftly applying the tape measure to determine my new measurements. My hips had swollen, up to thirty-eight inches around; my waist hadn't changed much, still twenty inches; while my chest was a thirty-four with E-cup breasts.

"I don't think I was this big when I first changed," I mentioned, casually but with a slight feeling of worry, "I think that they've been constantly, but slowly growing ever since."

"That could prove tricky," Sally nodded, "I think I could probably negotiate some sort of frequent flyer discount of you do keep needing replacements though."

"I hope you stop growing soon babe," Beth chipped in, as she began taking off her shirt for her fitting, "I may only have been into tatas for a day, but I'm fairly certain that you're about perfect that size."

I smiled, put my shirt back on and waited as Beth was declared to be a thirty-two D, with a swoon worthy eighteen inch waist. Her hips, obviously presented a problem. Measuring just above the join, Sally suggested that Beth could wear a suspender-belt instead of tights. This met my approval, to Sally's amusement. Beth then asked about getting her other breasts measured. Sally was curious and, while Beth put her shirt back on I helped her off with her makeshift body jacket. Sally stared in awed shock at Beth's undercarriage, measuring Beth's thirty-two Bs, then turning to face us.

"You must have trouble finding condoms for that thing," she said, gesturing excitedly to Beth's member; Beth blushed slightly.

"I only changed last night, we hadn't really thought about it yet," she said, looking slightly uncomfortable. We left the curtained off area, while Sally helped us pick out some underwear and bras. We got a collection of erotic lacey numbers and more functional ones without annoying underwires. I also invested in some silk panties. When we got to the checkout, with more than a hundred dollars worth of new lingerie between us, Sally put the whole transaction through and, once we paid, chimed in again.

"The reason I asked about the condoms... Is because I could help out a little," she said, cockily. She reached under the desk and pulled out a long, thick dildo. She sat on the desk facing us and said, "Watch this," putting it to her mouth. Instantly she began to shrink, her whole body melting away. Her lips flattened around the silicone penis, her head shrinking around it; her legs absorbed into her body, which in turn began to flatten. Last of all the hand that was holding the dildo lowered it onto the desk and vanished into the flesh coloured layer that surrounded the sextoy just like a natural condom.

I picked up the dildo and looked at it closely. I passed it up to Beth who held it in shock.

"That is, without doubt, the second most erotic thing I have ever seen," I said, as the condom began to extend legs, a body and arms before Sally was stood there, still clothed and removing the dildo from her throat.

"Only the second?" the human condom-girl said with mock offence.

"Last night I watched Beth here become the sexiest woman in the world," I responded. Sally smiled and fished around under the desk.

"Well, if you'd prefer we do also sell these magnum sized condoms," she showed us the variety of plus-size preventatives they had on sale, "But if you ever change your mind, here's my number... Unlike these, I never split."

We bought a supply of the condoms before saying goodbye to Sally and going on to the next stage; trying to find some clothes that would fit Beth. This met with less success, we found some more bodywarmers, and some low-rider jeans, but for the most part the people in those shops weren't as excited to see a horse lady as the Sally.

Once we'd got everything we were likely to find had been bought I led us into a sex shop for a special treat. We walked out with the biggest novelty strap-on they had; the ones never intended to actually be used, just to be a freaky ornament. Given that I had been elbow deep in Beth this morning I thought we might be able to use it to some advantage.

We went next to a used car dealer, where Beth negotiated a special deal in exchange for her brand new Mercedes that she obviously wouldn't be able to use anymore.

Later that evening, both dressed in smart casual dress suits, we turned up on Mr. and Mrs. King's door. Mrs. King answered in a floral dress and ushered us in. Mr. King met us in the dining room, a short, old gentleman with grey hair. He stared at Beth's body in surprise, before chuckling. "You were a fine figure of a woman, young Elizabeth. Now you look like the fine

figure of two!" he turned to me and smiled, "And this is your young lady? You make a beautiful, if a little noisy couple."

Beth and I blushed, as Mrs. King bustled in with the first course, scolding her husband for embarrassing us. We sat down at the table; Mr. King, or Percy as he asked us to call him, had set up a chair and a stool so that Beth could sit at the table without too much difficulty. The food was delicious, Joyce kept bringing out course after course until I was stuffed, it looked like Beth was too as Jouce brought out one last dessert. Conversation had covered how Beth and I met, how Joyce and Percy had met. Percy had seemed especially interested in how I had gone to get the virus so that Beth and I could have a chance together. As the four of us sat down with a glass of fine wine, Joyce cleared her throat.

"Percival and I were wondering, Beth, if you'd be able to pass on your... Ailment to us?" Joyce asked, running a questioning finger along her lips. I must have looked as shocked as Beth, because Joyce hurriedly continued: "I don't mean we want you to have sex with us... Just that you could give us something that can give us that virus. We've talked about it a little before we saw you had changed, but we weren't sure how it worked, so we didn't want to risk it. Now we know... We're both nearly ninety years old, and it's been a while since we've been able to have sex. We do miss it."

When we got home after saying goodbye to the Kings we were more than a little tipsy after our fourth glass of wine. Beth knocked a lamp off of the table with her tail before stumbling into the bedroom, trying to fumble her shirt off. I followed with equal grace, and helped strip her, taking advantage of the chance to cop as many feels as I could. Before I could get to any serious petting though I got grabbed and pulled in front of Beth. Face to face with her awesome rack I couldn't resist, sucking a nipple into my mouth I looked up at Beth's face as she tried to look stern at me.

"Bobbie, this morning... Ahhh... You fucked me and sucked me very hard... Oooh... Without any concern for yourself. I'm now going to punish you for that."

I bit gently on her nipple and drew a squeak. "At least let me put a condom on you," I responded with all the dignity I could muster, "We can use your cum to help out the Kingeseses."

I grabbed one of the supersize condoms from the bedside table and dropped below Beth as she pawed the carpet impatiently. Her cock was already at half mast, and I remembered the best way to get it the rest of the way. This time I pushed myself further, as the thick member slid down my throat, I swallowed further and further until the full twenty inches were inside me; it was a great feeling, as I pulled back and watched the magnificent beast pulling out from between my lips. I opened the condom and put it on my lover as quickly as I could, eager to get to my 'punishment.'

"I think I've worked out exactly what happened to me," I said as i resurfaced, standing face to boob with Beth again. "I've basically become the perfect woman for you; I'm bisexual, my boobs only stopped growing when you told me they looked perfect, and I can take that cock of yours without any troubles..."

"Good," Beth exclaimed, spinning me around and pushing me onto the bed, "So now shut up and let me fuck your brains out with it!"

My sexy fat arse was sticking right up in the air, Beth flipped my skirt up and pulled my panties down, leapt her front legs onto the bed and hooked them over my shoulders, forcing me down on the bed as she mounted me doggy - or I guess horsey - style. I gasped in shock, and then delight as her cock found its own way to my pussy lips. Looking up I saw Beth throw her body down onto the bed, grabbing the bedstead with both hands; I could see her wonderful tits bouncing as her cock pounded all the way into me, her hips slamming against my well-padded buttocks. Undoing my own bra, so my knockers could swing freely I screamed as I took the whole length inside me again. I could feel the massive organ inside from my wet and throbbing pussy up to the base of my tits!

"Tomorrow morning," I gasped, just before my first orgasm overtook me, "You have to try fucking me in the arse!"