

** The following is an erotic story based on a world created by Dexter Sinister and expanded upon by Reim krig. If you are not of an appropriate age to be reading such material please close this document, delete it, empty your Trash folder and go watch Adventure Time.*

State of Emergency: The Beginning

Part One: For Science

Friday, July 24, 2012 2:18am

Dr. Adam Turner leaned back, removed his glasses and rubbed his tired eyes. For the last five hours he had been staring down the glossy barrel of a microscope at the source of his frustration, a tiny speck of an organism which simply refused to behave it should. Swiveling in his frayed and ratty office chair, Dr. Turner surveyed his basement lab/office hybrid in weary dismay. Sleek medical equipment occupied most of the tables but the space between the humming machines was an absolute mess. Papers were strewn over desks, dishes piled up in a small corner sink and complex medical texts lay open and piled on the floor. On a far wall several rows of mice scampered around in their cages

"Irene is going to kill me." He muttered to himself.

Dr. Turner turned back to his computer, activated a webcam program and began to speak.

“Friday, July 24th. Sample MU-239 is incredibly erratic, with chimeric mutational strands emerging from the main host at a near constant rate. As a virus it’s not very mobile, since most of its body is designed to carry and deliver a complex string of chromosomal DNA but when introduced effectively to foreign cells the effect is astounding.

“It seems that, instead of repairing damaged cells according to their original DNA MU-239 simply builds new parts from scratch, seemingly at random. Sometimes it replicates chromosomes, adds new forms of cilia or simply creates an unknown structure. In one instance I noted a mouse cell with two nuclei. Two! It’s unheard of for a mammal to have two nuclei.”

Dr. Turner took a moment to pause and reorganize his notes.

“Thankfully the infected cells have stopped dying, unlike those infected by previous MU strains. What strikes me as odd is that they actually seem to multiply at a far faster rate. Perhaps MU-239 is compensating for its lack of mobility by using the host cells to travel? It certainly would explain why infected cells seem so eager to move towards uninfected cells. Infected cells seem to spread the virus easily when they come into contact with uninfected counterparts.”

The doctor cracked a thin smile and remarked, “I doubt MU-239 will be the miracle agent of healing that we’re aiming for, but it certainly makes the prospects of human cellular manipulation... interesting. I’ve introduced the virus to a single mouse specimen out of curiosity. I’ll check back on Monday to record the results. ”

Dr. Turner switched off the computer, stood, stretched, and then headed upstairs to bed. As the lights switched off the soft motor of the centrifuge hummed in the dark.

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Irene Turner lay in bed with her back to her husband, mortified, as he slipped under the covers beside her and quickly sank into a deep sleep. She wasn't mortified by his absence (for that she was hurt, angry and a bit jilted), no, she was terrified that her husband would cuddle up behind her, press his body against hers and feel the large dildo which was inconveniently protruding, stout and proud, from between her soft butt cheeks.

When blonde, bubbly law student Irene had met Adam for the first time at Harvard he had enraptured her not with his well-built 6'1 body, handsome face, tangled brunette hair or brilliant smile but with his charismatic persona. Adam could be passionate about anything. From a walk in the park to chromosomes and the mysteries of DNA, Adam spoke with such exuberance and enthusiasm that Irene knew instantly what she wanted: she wanted him to be that passionate about her.

At 5'4 with cherubic features and firm, bouncy C cup breasts, law-student Irene had no problem snatching the attention of pre-med Adam. Although she hailed from a fairly conservative family, college quickly uncovered a ravenous libido in Irene, one which she took every opportunity to sate with Adam. It was not uncommon for Adam to wake up in the early morning and find Irene's luscious little lips wrapped tightly around his manhood, slurping away with enthusiasm to bring him off before class. Sexually, Irene was satisfied and happy with Adam's modest five inches. His love and devotion for her was more than enough to suppress her more...interesting fantasies. When they graduated from college Irene and Adam both accepted jobs at Emergence Pharmaceuticals; she as an in-house attorney for their corporate offices and he as a head researcher and medical specialist. They wed and immediately got to work on making a pair of beautiful twins, Helen and Daniel. Their life was, to put it simply, a perfect recipe for the American dream. Happiness was guaranteed.

Or so they thought.

Irene had known when she married Adam that he was a dedicated man with immense love to give. What she hadn't realized was that Adam just didn't know how to ration that love amongst the important things in his life. His latest project had consumed his attention, and when he was around to interact with his family he didn't know how to turn scientist Adam off and husband Adam on. Adam and Irene hadn't had sex in week. The last time the two were intimate he had stopped mid-thrust while pounding her from behind to reach for a notebook and pen. Suffice to say that when he had started to write notes using her sweaty, heaving backside as a table, Irene was not amused. Since then it had been night after night of Irene eating dinner with the teenage twins alone, watching T.V alone, preparing for bed alone, and sleeping alone while Adam toiled away in the basement laboratory. Irene was lonely, and consequently this loneliness is what brought Eduardo into her life- and into her ass.

Softly, so softly, Irene pulled off the covers and slid out of the bed. Naked, she did a slight duck waddle into the bedroom's adjoining bathroom and closed the door. 'Eduardo' made a wet slurping noise as she slid the toy out of her anus and turned on the sink to wash it off. The dildo was enormous to Irene- nine inches of polyurethane molded glory. She shivered at the thought of how much effort it had taken to get it inside of her, soft grunts and little gasps muffled by a pillow as she slowly inched the invader up her rectum. Anal had always been one of the fantasies Irene's upbringing had forced her to shove (no pun intended) into the back of her mind, and after the last few weeks of lonely masturbation Irene had finally worked up the courage to purchase a toy and give it a try. After all, she had thought to herself, it's just me up here so I might as well have a bit of fun.

Lost in anal ecstasy, butt in the air, hand moving slowly back and forth, with her face pressed tightly into her pillow, Irene hadn't heard Adam come upstairs until he was right outside the door. By then it had been too late to pull the obscene object out of herself, Irene was forced to dash under the covers and feign deep sleep.

Now, as Irene stood in front of the bathroom sink and looked into the mirror, the thought of her close call extinguished the warmth in her loins and left only a deep pit of sadness in her heart. Why should she be afraid of discovery in her own home? Why should she have to hide her desires from her own husband, who couldn't even be bothered to give her a goodnight kiss on the cheek? And if it was dildos today, what sinful, nasty things would her dark lust have her turning to next? As a wet droplet of lube escaped from Irene's anus and rolled down her soft thigh, she sniffled and let a single tear drip down her cheek.

Sunday, July 24th 2012, 5:30pm

"I'm telling you, he's not down there. He hasn't been home all weekend. He just ran in to grab some papers and then left back to work like twenty minutes ago. Your ultra nerd stuff will have to wait."

Helen spoke from the kitchen table as Daniel walked past, slurping up a plate of spaghetti while her head remained buried in a Cosmopolitan magazine.

"It's not like you would've noticed him leaving, you've had your head buried in that teeny-bopper bimbo mag since you walked in the door." Shot back Daniel, ignoring his sister and typing in the key code for his father's basement laboratory. "Besides, don't give me that nerd crap, we both know you're just as much a chem geek as I am a bio nerd."

"The difference isn't smarts, brother-dear, it's *suitors*. I've got a date tonight with Jason Stranahan--"

"Who's a douchebag!"

"--Who's a *hot* douchebag, and I need myself at least 25 of these 50 sex tips to make him screeeeam."

Daniel got the door open and grimaced. "Ew! Dude! You're my sister!"

As he made his way down the dark staircase and into the basement he heard his sister's voice taunting cheerfully: "Suitors Daniel, suitors! Stop fawning over Amy and start getting laaaaid."

Daniel still couldn't wrap his mind around the idea of his sister as someone who actually dated. At 5'6 with a fairly slim body and perky B-cup breasts she wasn't exactly a knockout compared to the vast majority of girls at Glenview High. Their mother's genes had all but skipped Helen over in the curves department, manifesting themselves instead in her luminous blue-grey eyes and a face that could only be described as adorable, with twin dimples and a crooked smile complimented by the smallest of overbites. Her hair was brunette, like their father's, but bouncy and curly like their mother. Helen's gawkiness from freshman to junior year had been a big setback to her dating life, but the summer before Senior year she had begun to come into her own. Guys who wouldn't have given her a second glance years before began noticing her bubbly attitude and beautiful smile as she bounced down the school hallways. The older and wiser seniors guys saw Helen's cuteness, smarts and adventurous attitude as a much needed change from the hoards of bitchy, emotionally damaged 'hot girls' they had been mindlessly fucking their way through for the last three years. Helen loved every second of the newfound attention.

Daniel, on the other hand, was not having a very successful high-school love life. Sure he was handsome, at 5'9 he was tall without being intimidating and possessed his father's slim limbs without the excess lankiness, but Daniel was missing a very key component in the attraction department: he had no idea how to talk to a woman. Daniel's awkwardness and anxiety around women was so severe that he tended to end up fixating on one girl a year who he would try desperately to talk to, usually driving them away with his awkward advances. Often times Daniel would lay awake at night thinking of some horribly

embarrassing encounter that he had had with the female species and wishing desperately that he could just attract girls without ever opening his mouth. Life, he thought, would be so much easier.

Instead of dating Daniel immersed himself in knowledge, taking advanced and college-level biology courses. He had a (perhaps naïve) dream of someday following in his father's footsteps. On this particular day Daniel was trying to write a paper on gene splicing and had run into a nasty case writers block. He was hoping his Dad could give him a few tips to push him along.

As Daniel made his way down the dark basement stairs and into the messy laboratory he was hit with a wave of disappointment. His sister was right, the basement was devoid of his father's usual shuffling and bustling noises. The soft hum of electrical equipment provided a pleasant ambiance but other than that the room was silent. Daniel made his way to a desk in the middle of the lab, stepping over books and scribbled notes. *Maybe I can find something interesting on Dad's computer* he thought to himself. It was just as Daniel leaned down to sign in to the terminal that he heard the thumping.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Daniel whipped his head up, spinning around and searching for the source of the noise. It was then that he spotted the rows of plastic boxes set against the back wall, every box occupied by a scurrying, furry inhabitant. Every box but one.

As he cautiously approached the cages Daniel caught sight of what he first thought was a rabbit crammed tightly into two cages. Upon closer inspection he realized that the 'rabbit' was a huge, furry mouse that had apparently grown too large for its cage. Half of the mouse's body had expanded through the cage wall and into the container of its neighbor, and its tail, trapped between its legs, made a loud thumping as it frantically thrashed back and forth.

Holy crap, thought Daniel, *If that thing stays in there any longer it's going to die, or at least seriously injure itself. Dad will pissed if one of his experiments dies.* He searched around for a solution. From one of the back tables, by the centrifuge, he found thick rubber gloves. Under sheet in the corner, surrounded by cleaning supplies he found an old cage made of steel wire which looked much more capable of holding Mousezilla.

Daniel returned to the cages with the gloves on and a grimace on his face. Taking a moment to steel himself he propped the wire cage open at his feet and hovered his hand above the mouse cage latch.

Here goes...1...2...3!

Daniel flicked the latch and deftly shot his hands into the cage, gripping the mouse in an iron grasp hardened by countless nights of masturbation. As he pulled the squirming creature from the cage he turned it over to reveal a head and stomach unlike any he had seen before.

"What the fuck...?"

What Daniel had at first mistaken to be a tail was in fact the mouse's huge, turgid penis. The swollen tuber was throbbing and twitching with such force that it had been thumping around inside the cage, desperately seeking more space to spread its girth. Now, in open air, a wave of calm washed over the super-sized mouse and it relaxed, sprawled on its back in Daniel's hands. Its mighty member unfurled to a full four inches long and continued to bounce and sway with muscle spasms like a cobra weaving itself back and forth before its prey. After a moment, Daniel noticed the mouse also happened to have four eyes.

“Wow little buddy,” Daniel reached a gloved hand up slowly to prod the mouse cock. “Whatever Dad did to you you sure seem to like- HURGH!”

Like a creamy Mt. Vesuvius, the mouse ejaculated, spewing semen up into the air, on itself, and across Daniel’s face into his open mouth. Stunned, Daniel stood shaking, mouth gasping open like a grouper fish with cum dripping from his forehead to his chin. The mouse looked up at him with as close a look of supreme bliss as a mouse face can muster.

Daniel’s shock was quickly dissipating as the reality of his situation saturated itself into his psyche.

“Ew.” The gentle snowball of a massive freak out was slow to start rolling.

“Ew, ew, ew.” He gently, *gently* placed the mouse in the iron cage.

“Ew, ew...oh god...” A trembling hand reached up to slick a fat glob of bubonic love juice off his nose.

“...FUCK!! FUCK FUCK FUCK THIS IS SO FUCKING GROSS! AGGGGGH!!! A FUCKING RODENT CAME ON MY FACE!”

Helen had roughly 2.3 seconds to glance up from her Cosmo as a screaming Daniel blew out of the basement door, through the kitchen and up the stairs to the second story bathroom.

Huh. She thought. Cum on the face. That might be fun.

6:02pm

As the scalding hot water of the shower ran down his face Daniel dry-heaved again. The spunky mess on his face had been washed away quickly but sticky strands still glued his bangs in knots and the after-taste refused to vacate his mouth. He felt sick. Stumbling out of the shower he grabbed a towel, but had to steady himself against the bathroom sink as a wave of nausea passed over him. His throat tingled. He stumbled from the bathroom to his bedroom and collapsed in a soggy, shaking heap on his blankets. As stars began to blossom in front of his eyes and shivers rocked his body he let go of consciousness and fell into a deep and troubled sleep.

8:22pm

Helen giggled as she pushed Jason Stranahan’s cock up against his stomach slowly, letting it go to bounce lightly in the air. She reached out and grasped it again, pumping slowly while softly taking it in her mouth and savoring the salty taste of pre-cum. She was discovering a very real and very powerful love of cock, the thought of which made her face flush and loins dampen. Jason was splayed out in the drivers chair, his head tilted back, eyes closed in obvious delight. With a classic football-player physique, blond hair and sparkling blue eyes, Jason embodied his stereotype fully with a sizeable dick and shrunken intellect. Still though, despite his mental shortcomings Helen had no qualms with jumping him in the car after their bowling date and whipping out the object of desire she had been so eagerly awaiting to see.

Withdrawing from the 7” shaft Helen continued to pump, observing the one-eyed fuck-stick like a kitten waiting to pounce on a ball of yarn.

“What does it feel like?” she asked, coming close again to gently suck on the glans in wiggle her tongue around the cock-slit.

“Ugh,” grunted Jason, “Good, it feels so good.”

“No silly, that’s not what I mean.” Helen took the thick meat up and started stroking with two hands, soft fingers moving deftly up and down, picking up a steady rhythm. “What does it feel like to have a dick like this? To feel it fill with blood and get so thick and hard. Like you. You’re so hard for me. Do you want to cum for me Jason?”

Jason offered a squeak of consent as Helen plunged her mouth down on the tip of his dick, still working her hands up and down. She gulped and slurped like a woman drowning, drenching her prey in saliva and delicious sensation. Jason started to shake and buck his hips, his grip tightening on the wheel. With a throaty yell he started to shoot his load into Helen’s mouth.

As the first wave of salty spunk hit her throat Helen knew she was in love. Not with Jason of course, but with his hard yet softly delicate member. She gulped and swallowed his spunk and then withdrew, allowing the rest of his load to land on her face, gasping and smiling as she felt the last dredges of his warm baby sauce land on her cheeks and trickle into her dimples. With her fingers she scooped up the cum and licked it off, then meticulously cleaned the remainder from Jason’s cock with a long, sensuous slurp. Jason could only look down in disbelief as she finished, tucking him back into his pants and sidling up beside him to plant a sticky kiss on his cheek.

“That was fun.” She said, adjusting her yellow polka-dot dress and wrangling her bouncy brown locks of hair back into place. “We should do that again sometime, but I’m ready to go home now.” Her nipples, nestled like hidden gumdrops in the padding of her bra, were aching hard. She couldn’t wait to curl up in bed and frig herself into orgasmic bliss while remembering the taste of the sperm she had just swallowed.

“Uh, okay, yeah. No problem. That was uh...that was fun.” The still flustered Jason replied. Helen giggled again at his oratory genius and wondered briefly if she had perhaps sucked what remained of his brain out of his dick itself. She reached down to wind her fingers between his and squeezed gently. Even without being very bright he was still sweet, and she readily looked forward to the hours of fun she would have playing with that wonderful penis of his.

Then again, a thought suddenly crossed her mind. His isn’t the only penis in the world. There are lots of penises. Lots of penises to play with.

She shivered and squeezed her legs together in delight.

8:45pm

Irene let herself into her house and shed her coat, hanging it neatly on the rack. She felt a brief twinge of guilt at having missed dinner with the kids. It couldn’t be helped though, she had been having such a good conversation with Vivian Skaffold, her neighbor from down the street. The two had met for drinks and ended up staying out for dinner. Who would have guessed that a new friend had been living just down the street for the last five years. And to think that they had children who were the same age... Irene and Vivian had joked that they should try to set Vivian’s daughter up with Daniel.

As Irene walked upstairs she noticed that both of the twins doors were closed, odd considering it was still fairly early.

Oh well, the kids are probably just doing homework. She knocked on Daniels door.

“Daniel, honey?” Silence for a moment, and then a muffled groan. *Oh no*, she thought, *he did go to bed early*. “Daniel, I’m sorry to wake you up honey, but can you be here tomorrow after school? Vivian from down the street is sending her daughter Amy over with some cooking ingredients.” Silence.

I guess I could always leave a post-it.

Monday, July 25th, 2:35pm

Daniel's emergence from sleep was slow and laborious. His whole body ached, the sour taste of morning breath and plaque sticking to his dry tongue like a fungal mold in a petri dish. The lymph nodes in his throat felt strangely swollen, and his stomach was bloated and full. His first lucid thought was the realization that he was probably recovering from having the flu. The second was that, according to his bedside alarm clock, he had missed most of school and would probably be marked down for not turning in his biology paper. The third was that he badly needed to pee.

With a heavy sigh Daniel dragged himself to the edge of the bed, kicked his legs over the side and slowly hefted himself into a sitting position. With effort he hoisted himself up and began the slow trip down the hall to the bathroom. He wasn't worried about being naked, his sister was off at school and his parents would both be at work. With his left hand he rubbed the sleep from his eyes while his right hand scratched his ass and rubbed his smooth, swollen belly. His cocks created a symphony of slaps and thumps as they swung heavily and bounced off of his thighs, each other, and-

What?

Daniel was suddenly very much awake. He slowly looked down, trying to see what was sending the strange sensations from his groin only to find his view blocked by a stomach that would have looked more appropriate on a woman who was 4 months pregnant. Reaching below his belly he grasped a dick far longer and thicker than anything he had felt before. Electric sensations of pleasure coursed upwards from his dick, and the penis he held twitched, wriggled, and then wrapped itself around his wrist.

The run to the bathroom was short and painful. Two minutes later Daniel was laying spread-eagle on the cold tiles with a handheld mirror in his hands feeling like a freakshow gynecologist. His crotch had transformed into a late-night Discovery Channel special. A trifecta of penises, each a foot long and seven inches thick, were arranged around what appeared to be a tight ring of muscle that Daniel's limited experience led him to suspect was a vagina. The cocks were hard but extremely flexible and as the newly transformed teen focused on his loins he found that he could move the tentacles, curling and flexing them with relative ease. Caught up in queasy fascination, he stretched out one tentacle cock, wrapping the shaft around the handle of the mirror and manipulating the reflection to see his new anatomy better. Over his pregnant stomach (*Was he pregnant? Would he give birth to disgusting mouse-human hybrids?*) it looked like a pale squid was emerging from between his legs.

What the fuck happened to me? Was Daniel's first thought, quickly followed by *How the FUCK am I going to hide this?*

The cock holding the mirror throbbed. Although they were flexible, the penises were still receiving stimulating sensation, and having three of them suddenly alerted Daniel to the fact that he was ragingly horny. His heart beat fast in his chest and his hands nervously rubbed his taught belly as he contemplated jerking off with his new anatomy. It was so strange and new and weirdly...it turned him on. During plenty of sleepless nights rubbing out load after load Daniel had fantasized about fucking all the girls he knew he would never have a chance with, sliding deep into one after the other, going from one to the other and sampling their tight pussies with his dick, enjoying the texture of all of them while they clamored and crawled over each other to get at his manhood. Daniel's eyes closed as recalled the pleasant fantasy and thought about how much fun he could have with his new anatomy. Now he could fuck as many as three girls at once. His body was heating up, his cocks undulating slowly, seeking out someplace warm and wet to push into. His skin prickled with miniscule beads of musky sweat. He had someplace warm and wet for them all right. His new pussy was warming up, heat and moistness emanating from his

slit, his hips gently thrusting. He had soooo many cocks, they would feel so good in a pussy, in a mouth, in-

Daniel started as something brushed his lips. His eyes shot open and he gave a slight yelp as he saw one of his dicks bobbing his front of his face. The tentacle was the same thickness, but had apparently grown from 12 inches to a whopping 25. The mirror lay forgotten on the floor as his two other cocks stood poised at the entrance of his slit, coiled and ready to plunge into their den. In his fervor Daniel almost let them dive in, but the thought of him fucking him...he wasn't used to his new changes yet. Maybe though, some manual stimulation? *You have to start somewhere* he thought as he reached out and grasped two tentacles firmly, holding them still and beginning the process of slowly jerking them off. As the heat built again, Daniel could barely contain his ecstasy as the skin of not one but two shafts was roughly handled. Little gasps of pleasure escaped like exuberant cherubs from his mouth and as the inevitable tidal wave of orgasm rose the small part of Daniel that was still noting such things was slightly alarmed by the high-pitched, feministic tones his vocal expressions of pleasure were taking. The wave was coming in fast, and just as Daniel (and his body) were about to be submerged in glorious release...

Ding-dong

"Fuck!"

Ding-dong

"Coming! I'm coming!" Or not.

Great!

3:10pm

Ding-dong-ding-dong-ding-dong

"Chill out, I'm here!"

Daniel finished cinching his father's bathrobe as he bounded down the last few stairs. His stomach wobbled (was it tighter?) but remained fairly discrete in the fluffy white folds of the large garment. His cocks were wrapped tightly around his thighs, still throbbing with pent up sexual energy. Daniel took a second to make sure everything was covered and then reached for the doorknob. There was a post-it attached to the knob, and he ripped it off, glancing at it quickly as the door swung open.

Daniel, please be home around 3, Vivian is sending over-

"Hey."

Amy.

Daniel's body ordered up a triple shot espresso of adrenaline while his mouth locked open and his brain went into overdrive, spinning in circles until it burned out its tires and decided to shut down altogether.

Standing on Daniel's porch was the subject of every fantasy he had had in the last eight months, the literal girl of his dreams. Straight blond hair framed face that possessed sharp angular beauty, with crisp blue eyes which were currently regarding him in the same way a bird watches an insect it doesn't particularly want to eat. Amy had been a dancer since the 4th grade, and this muscled svelteness showed everywhere except her chest. Round D-cups, pushing against a tight baby-blue sweater graced the chest of the petite girl and balanced her wide, sculpted tush, which was currently wrapped in black yoga pants.

She stood several inches shorter than Daniel, but right now her presence overwhelmed him. She was a goddess. She was adorable. She was sexy. She was-

“Dude!” Right now she was snapping her little fingers under his nose. “Earth to Danny, Earth to Danny. The mothership has decided to present a peace offering.”

“Uh...” Daniel managed a gurgle.

“Look! Banna bread!” And indeed, as Amy hefted up a sizable loaf of banana bread she flashed a smile that could melt the heart of the hardest criminal and brighten the day of the saddest man.

“Apparently our moms are besties now, so they’re cooking shit for each other. Can I put this somewhere?”

“House!”

That didn’t come out the way he wanted. Daniel tried again. “Uh, house, yeah, in the house. The kitchen part. The kitchen. You can put it in the kitchen.”

Amy looked at him strangely for a second and then pushed past him into the foyer.

“You know, it’s so weird that we’re neighbors, I never even knew you lived over here until today and I know we’ve had some classes but...oh man, is you I’m smelling?” She stopped as she brushed past Daniel.

“Huh? What smell?” The confused teen was a hop-step-and-a-skip away from a panic attack.

Amy’s face was flushed and her eyes dilated, appearing even more luminous inside then they did on his front steps. Her brow wrinkled with slight confusion as she breathed deeply.

“Dude, you’ve got to lay off the cologne, it’s...whew...it’s good but it’s *way* too strong. And what’s with the robe?” Despite her discomfort Amy cracked another smile and suddenly erupted with a riotous, twittering giggle. “Oh my god! I get it! You had a Hefner day!”

Daniel’s brain, still rebooting, was too slow to pick up on the reference. By now Amy was bent double giggling with glee.

“You put on the robe, douse the cologne, probably smoked one of your dad’s cigars and spent the day jerking it to old playboys didn’t you?”

“What! No! No way, I don’t-“

“Hey, it’s all good, I have three older brothers, I get it. A man’s got to have some private time every now and then. Don’t worry Danny, I’ll keep it on the down low, deal?” Amy was suddenly in front of Daniel, looking up into his eyes and breathing deeply. It was almost as if she were trying to drink the air around him. Daniel was terribly confused. Her cocky confidence seemed to be slipping on and off, and the Amy looking up at him with rosy cheeks and subtle vulnerability seemed to be winning a battle of personalities. Daniel was quickly realizing that the fantasies he had had in his head usually didn’t involve talking. Amy didn’t tend to act so...familiar, especially around other boys at school. Then again, they had never hung out before, so how was he to know how she acted?

His musings were interrupted as Amy gently laid a hand on his chest.

“So, umm...Where is the kitchen? I’m kind of hot and I’d really like some water.”

Their proximity brought into sharp relief how horny Daniel was, and with a horrified lurch of his stomach he noticed that one of his new tentacle cocks had been slowly pushing its way out from under his robe and was seconds away from rubbing against Amy's thigh like a meaty cat, desperate to be stroked and loved. She hadn't seen it though, as focused on him as she was, and with intense effort he willed the overly friendly tuber back under his robe. Daniel cleared his throat.

"Kitchen is right down the hall."

"Thanks!" Cocky again. And in a flash she was down the hall, blond hair swishing, wide hips sauntering, tight butt bouncing.

Daniel followed, three dicks aching.

3:25pm

Adam Turner was trying to find his wife. Wandering around the legal department with a bouquet of flowers was getting old fast. He could splice genes in his sleep, but trying to be a good husband, that was a subject which always made him feel stupid. He was really hoping the flowers would win him some bonus points, but now he suspected he would lose serious credibility for not even knowing where his wife worked. Grabbing the arm of a passing red-head (*my god she's tall*) he quickly asked where Irene turns office was.

"Irene? Hmm, actually I think Mindy is her assistant. In which case her office is right here."

A confused Adam turned in a circle, seeing rows after rows of cubicles.

"Right here, but one floor up. Let's get you to an elevator." Before he could reply the towering ginger moved off, long legs carrying her through the corporate landscape. Adam sighed and followed.

3:30pm

Amy's head was so warm and fuzzy that she wondered for a split second if she had mistakenly worn a parka instead of a sweater. She needed water. *Oh*, she thought, *I'm drinking water*. It was true, Amy was gulping water from glass, head tilted back, tiny droplets running down the side of her mouth. The whole world seemed to be moving in a slow motion, the cool water running down her throat released a sunrise-slow glow of endorphins. She gripped the sink and inhaled deeply, her need for liquids sated; it gave rise to another need that she was all too familiar with. The last time she had felt like this...a rave, summer of sophomore year. Amy's friend Jessica had picked up some E and...and they had danced, grinding against each other, getting closer and closer until...

Amy's hand brushed her heated groin at the thought of wet teen lips connecting, slurping, tongues probing open mouths and hands grabbing in lusty greed. Her tight yoga pants were soaked and her legs turned to jelly as her fingers brushed her clit. If only she weren't in Daniel's house she could-

"Oh my gosh! Daniel!" She said as she spun around, jerking her hand away from her crotch. She had been masturbating in his kitchen! But looking at him now, god he was sexy. She had never really noticed before, but he had beautiful eyes. Bright...so bright. And his height...perfect, not too tall, not too short. She would just love to be swept up in his strong arms, to wrap her legs around his waist and hold on tightly while he bucked and pushed deep into her moist center. Amy's hand was being naughty again, this time rubbing and circling her lips. What she wouldn't give to feel him in her mouth right now. But no, that would be inappropriate. *Okay* she thought to her insistent hand, *just a nibble*. It was too late

though, she was already sucking hard on a finger in her mouth. Maybe they could just... they couldn't do what she wanted to do of course, they had just met, but maybe just a kiss. A kiss had never hurt anyone, had it? The lust drenched teen realized she was in front of him again, looking up at his eyes, his lips. They were moving, but slowly, so slowly. They looked good. Plump and firm. *And that SMELL...*

"Daniel...? I want...I need..."

Her hands reached up, grabbed the back of his head and drew his lips to hers. There was a tiny *pop* in the back of her skull as her inhibitions imploded

"I need you to fuck me, *now!*"

.....

"Amy are you okay? I can get you a seat if you-Mmmpf!"

Amy's lips were soft but her hands were strong as she pulled his head forward and devoured his mouth. A startled Danny left his eyes open for the first kiss of his life, and was even more concerned when a panting Amy pulled back and declared:

"I need you to fuck me, *now!*"

"Now!? I mean, wait, Amy something's wrong, let me call your mom, we can--"

"NO!" The short girl was pulling her black pants off, revealing soft, round ass cheeks cradling a bald pussy with moisture dewing on it's lips. She grabbed Daniel's robe and pulled him forward, turning to face the sink and grabbing onto the rim. He stared in shock as she spread her legs and began gyrating her ass at him, the smell of her wafting up into his nostrils. She looked over her shoulder at him, biting her lip helplessly, a lock of hair falling over one eye. "Fuck me now Danny! Fuckmefuckmefuckme, *please.*"

Daniel's pupils were dilated and his face flushed as his body and brain fought an intense and painful war between logical worry and the desire to breed. The brain threw a right hook (*she must be sick, she needs help*), but the new and improved body countered with an atom bomb; Daniel's thick, pulsating cocks erupted out from beneath his robe, two wrapping around Amy's glistening thighs while the third plunged deep into her pink slit. The battle was over, and to the victor went the spoils.

Daniel's head lolled backwards, eye's rolling up into his head as enhanced nerve endings and wet, spongy tissue worked together to send rainbow bolts of molten pleasure into his head. A sound emanated from his mouth, the sort of primal vibration which danced back and forth between a groan and throaty shout, Amy joining his melody with her own high-pitched grunts. Zombielike, he shuffled forward until his bulging stomach was pressed flush against Amy's heaving back. His mutant anatomy, pumping dutifully in and out of his partner, shortened in length as he approached, reeling him in until he could begin to thrust his own hips in the rhythm of their copulation. The tiny blond pushed her weight backwards into him, gasping with effort, needing to cum and cum and cum again but being held back from her climax by something she could not explain. Meanwhile, Daniel's two remaining cocks writhed around her pneumatically pumping thighs, using her sweat as a lubricant to squeeze and rub the soft flesh, holding her close as their host had his way with her dripping snatch.

The sensation of three dicks all rubbing, sliding and thrusting was good. It was great. Actually, thought Daniel from a warm nook deep within his brain, it was fucking fantastic. On the outside, the teen boy was a mindless fuck machine, the whites of his eyes visible beneath hooded lids as drool dripped from an open mouth, but on the inside, deep inside, he had found peace. There was nothing but moist

warmness and the comfort of flesh. But behind the serenity rose a mighty tide of cum, and Daniel knew that within seconds it would wash what little sanity he had left out into a sticky, churning sea.

I don't have balls anymore. The thought drifted lazily through his mind. *How am I even going to cum?*

Behind him the vast white wave rose and began to crest. His stomach rumbled.

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"I don't know. I think he likes me but seriously, who can tell with guys. I mean, is he just smiling at me to be nice? Or is he smiling at me to be flirty? Or what if he's not smiling at all, and it's really more of a leery creeper smirk because he's just thinking about getting into my panties? I don't want my first time to be like that. What should I do? Helen? Hey, earth to Helen, honestly..."

Helen blinked and tuned back in. For the last block and a half her sbbffl ("It's super bestest best friend for fucking life") Allie had been prattling on about her latest G-rated tryst with the boy from locker 64, conveniently located across the hall from the locker the two friends shared. Last summer Allie, a staunch virgin all through high-school, had experienced a revelatory episode involving mushrooms and a traffic cone that convinced her now was the time to lose her virginity. In the last couple of months though it became apparent that virginity had been less of a choice and more inevitability; Allie, for all her charm and wit, was a bundle of anxieties and absolutely self-sabotaging when it came to relationships. She would have three different translations for a simple 'hello', the most extreme being 'Hi, you're terrible and ugly, please stay away from me.' Helen, on the cusp of ascending into womanhood herself, was beginning to find Allie's obsessions a bit frustrating.

Not that Allie couldn't get a guy if she just relaxed about it. Helen stole a glance at her friend as she tried to remember what they had even been talking about. A round face surrounded by shoulder length strawberry-blonde hair. B-cup breasts which had allowed them to share bras for years. Allie was a bit thicker than Helen, but in a good way. A soft feminine padding of fat covered her stomach, usually kept hidden by baggy sweaters. She had wide hips and a shapely, juicy ass that Helen knew received glances from plenty of boys when they would go to the mall. Allie oozed girl-next-door, and when she smiled she melted hearts. If she really wanted to, she could have men lined up down the block. In fact, if you dressed her up in something silky, with a nice thong to show off her pale booty she would look fantastic crouched on her knees, lips wrapped around a hot, throbbing-

"Helen! Dude, you are like not even listening to me!" Allie had stopped with her hands on her hips, pouting.

"Sorry, sorry, I'm just...distracted today. I've got a big test coming up." Something big was coming up in Helen's head, and it had been coming up far too often. She was getting a little concerned by the frequency of sexual thoughts that had been flashing into her brain since her night with Jason. "Why don't you just go talk to him tomorrow? He seems nice enough."

Allie groaned and rolled her eyes. "Of course he does! All serial killers and rapists were probably sweet little things until they, you know, raped and murdered!"

"Are you saying he's a--"

"No, I'm not saying he's anything like that I'm just saying he could be totally terrible! What if he picks his nose? Or pees the bed? Eww, what if he pees on *me* the first time we have sex? I don't want my first time to be like that."

The pair stopped outside of Helen's house.

“Look Allie, just go home, run a hot bath and think on it, okay? I’m sure he’s not nearly as bad as you think.”

“Ugh. Okay. I’ll see you tomorrow, yeah?”

“Definitely.”

Allie bounded down the steps and bounced off down the street. Helen watched the juicy orbs of her butt bounce and wobble in her tight jeans. She wondered what it would be like to peel her underwear off with her teeth and slid a dick into her steaming hole, gripping her hips and rutting like an animal.

“What the *fuck*.” Muttered Helen, shaking her head. “I need to get laid. And a sandwich. I’m starving.” Helen gripped the doorknob and entered her quiet house. *I hope Daniel isn’t home so I can frig off for a bit.*

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It was funny, thought Daniel, how his body could feel so warm and fuzzy while his ears could hurt so much. So weird. Not that he minded much. The piercing klaxons were just barely reaching him through the gray fog that blanketed his brain, echoing as if being projected through a tunnel. He could feel them getting louder as he drifted closer and closer to consciousness, even as he fought to stay in the warm grey of slumber he knew it was a lost cause.

Sticky. His cheek was sticky. *Everything* was sticky. Daniel blinked blearily as he lifted his head up from the cold linoleum and tried to get his bearings. First things first, what was that awful noise? Rolling onto his back had just seemed to make the sounds worse. Dragging his torso upwards Daniel wiped goo (the hell is this? A Nickelodeon teen choice contest?) from his face, blinked his eyes, and nearly fainted again.

His family's kitchen, once pristine, now resembled a deleted scene from a Ghostbusters movie. Thick, viscous slime (Daniel was still very much in denial about what it really was) covered the floor, the counters, parts of the window above the sink and the unconscious, bare-bottomed teenage girl lying facedown on the floor in front of him. Curled up in a corner, sobbing frantically and trying to dial her cell phone, was his twin sister. Daniel had a light bulb moment as he realized that her screams must have awoken him. Reaching for his discarded bathrobe he tried his best to cover his mutated genitalia and stumbled to his feet.

“Helen? Who are you calling Helen? Helen!”

“Oh, let me grab this real fast, it’s Helen.”

Irene lifted the cell phone to her ear while Adam looked over his menu. The nice little Italian place they had chosen for dinner (late lunch, early dinner) was right by work, and he was looking forward to a little face time with his wife.

“Oh honey, slow down, I can’t understand a word you’re saying. What? What did Daniel do? Hello? Helen?” Irene lowered the phone looking troubled.

“Everything all right at our little home on the Prairie?” asked Adam, lowering his menu and reaching for a roll.

“I’m not sure...Helen sounded hysterical, she was yelling something about Daniel.”

Adam laughed at this and bit into his roll. “She’s been yelling about Daniel since the day they were born. He probably just borrowed a brush or used her computer or something.”

Irene smiled at him and relaxed. “You’re probably right. I couldn’t hear them very well but I think she was calling him a mutant or something. It’s probably nothing. Okay honey, what should we get? Honey?”

Adam was frozen with a bread roll to his lips.

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Helen and Daniel wrestled on the cold linoleum while she frantically tried to reach the phone had had knocked from her hand.

“Helen, CALM DOWN. It’s still me, Daniel!” He yelled, barely managing to keep her from scratching at his eyes.

“Get off of me you freak! Get off! What the fuck did you do to Amy!? You’re going to eat her brain right, oh my god you’re going to eat my brain too!” Daniel got a hold of Helen’s wrists and tried to restrain her.

“Jesus Christ Helen! I’m not going to eat your brain, all Amy and I did was have se- OOF!” Blinding pain struck Daniel as Helen kneed him in the stomach. It was like being kicked in the balls, multiplied by ten. He was on his side in an instant, and Helen darted up, made a mad dash for the back door and slipped on the mess in the kitchen.

Daniel was hurt, but he still cringed at the sight of Helen slamming face-first into the thick puddle of spooze that covered the linoleum. At first he worried she was unconscious, but his fears were alleviated as he saw her roll over and clutch her face. Helen was crying again, this time in pain, little bubbles of semen burbling out of her nose.

“Helen...” Daniel rasped, stomach still too sore to move. He hated to see his sister in pain.

She ignored him, getting up and, slowly walking out of the room. Daniel heard thumping footsteps up the stairs to the second floor. Rolling over onto his back he surveyed the ceiling.

Well. There’s really no way this day can get any worse.

Amy groaned.

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The water was cold as Helen splashed it over her face. Standing in lacey pink underwear she surveyed herself in the bathroom sink mirror and tried to see if she had any more goo on her face or in her hair. She had spit out slime about twenty times and thrown away her toothbrush after going over every part of her mouth. Her clothes were in the waste basket. No way was she ever wearing those again. Great. The side of her face that had said hello to the floor was swelling fast. To top it all off, Helen felt hot and dizzy. Offhandedly she wondered if she had a concussion. The world seemed much brighter than usual. Maybe she was in shock. And why was it so hot in here? Her bra felt tight. Maybe she should take it off. She took it off. Her perky pink nipples looked tiny.

“Gurgh!” Helen bent double over the sink as she felt her insides shift. She thought she was going to throw up. Stars blossomed in front her eyes as she clutched the sink. Her unrestrained chest jiggled, the

“Yeah dad, I am. Is that okay with you?”

Ah teenage sass. There was definitely nothing out of the ordinary here. “Okay, okay, I’m leaving.” Adam lifted his shirt and tucked the gun into the waistband of his pants. His adrenaline was beginning to settle, but he was only done with one of two, and it was Daniel he was worried about. He closed the door softly and moved down the hall towards his son’s room.

Helen waited for her father’s footsteps to fade before wetting her finger, folding the corner of her current page and placing Sartre to her side. Sensuously she pushed her legs out across the bed, simultaneously undoing her robe belt and arching her back, letting the soft fabric slide off of her body. She palmed her smooth, nipple-less tits for a moment, bouncing them and feeling the liquid within shift and slosh before reaching towards her nethers. Licking her lips she grinned and hefted her swelling meat towards her face, hips bucking slightly.

“Come to mama... You and I are gonna have a loooooong night.”

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The first thing that struck Adam when he gently cracked open his son’s door and performed a subtle survey of his room was the sheer scale of mess that covered the living space. As he pushed the door open to its fullest the purpose for his visit was momentarily overshadowed by a twinge of annoyance at the huge pile of dirty clothes which had staked out territory in one corner of the messy room.

I told him to do a load of laundry a week ago and it’s only gotten bigger.

Daniel, to his credit, seemed unfazed by the post-apocalyptic state of his tiny hovel. Dressed in a baggy sweatshirt and sweatpants with a laptop propped up on his legs, he glanced up and popped out his earbuds at his father’s entry.

“What’s up Dad?”

“Well, I was just down in the lab and it seems like there was a bit of an accident. Do you have anything you’d like to tell me about our little friend in the basement?”

Daniel cleared his throat and glanced away for a second, obviously feeling guilty. “Oh yeah, umm... I was down there earlier and I saw that one of the mice was trapped in his container. I thought you might be angry if he died so I took him out and put him in a bigger cage.” Daniel looked back at his father and caught a flash of fury in his eyes. “B-but, I used gloves, I didn’t touch anything, and nothing else broke, I swear!”

Adam looked away for a moment and took a deep inhale of breathing. Releasing it in a sigh he charted a path through the debris on the floor and took a seat on Daniel’s bed.

“Look son, I gave you the passcode to the lab because I know how useful the equipment down there can be to a kid like yourself. Hell, if my dad had even one of the machines I’ve got down there I’m sure I would have been in Stanford by age twelve. That being said, I’ve just realized that I never really talked to you about what I do down there and how to work around my experiments safely.

Adam glanced at Daniel and gave a reassuring smile. “I guess I’m just too used to already thinking of you as a full-fledged scientist.”

Daniel closed his laptop but left it resting on his lap. Unconsciously he reached down to rub his stomach through his sweatshirt. “Umm... So just what is you’re doing? I mean, I didn’t look at it for a long time but I’ve never seen anything like that mouse.”

“That mouse was a failed experiment.” Adam chose his words carefully. “What I’m doing for work is, to say the least, cutting edge and very, very confidential. Genetic manipulation. It’s incredibly exciting, but often extremely dangerous. You need to know this if you’re going to keep using the lab.” Adam locked eyes with his son and held his gaze. “Sometimes things go wrong, or get a bit wonky. That is why, if you ever encounter a mutated specimen again you must leave the lab *immediately*. Don’t panic, because the walls are reinforced well enough to keep most things in, but I wouldn’t want you coming into contact with fluids or blood. Some of the genetic strains I work with can be volatile... infectious.” At the word infectious Daniel shifted uncomfortably. Adam gave his leg a comforting pat. “But don’t worry. The chances of any of our strains being strong enough to infect people is one in a million, maybe one in a billion. We’re nowhere near human trials yet. Still, you can never be cautious enough.”

Adam stood and looked down at his son. “Now, I’ve got to go get your mother out of the car. But I’m glad we had this little chat.” He smiled again. “You’re going to make a great scientist someday Danny. If you manage to clean up your room.” Adam crinkled his nose in disgust and glanced down at his shoe. “I think you spilled something here, it’s kind of soggy.” He turned to leave.

“Dad?” Daniel was sitting in bed, eyes downcast, had on his stomach.

“Yes?”

“The mouse... Is it going to be okay? I mean, it’s not going to die, right?”

Adam felt a stab of guilt as he looked at his son. *The poor kid probably thought it was a new species. I’d be crushed too if I discovered a new species of super rodent and it suddenly went and kicked the bucket.*

“Truthfully? I don’t know.” Daniel looked like someone whose puppy was hit by a car. “But I can tell you one thing. The genetic samples that caused the mutation are still alive and kicking. They didn’t seem to die after being infected and I can see no reason why our well-endowed friend should either. If he’s still around in two days you’re free to come down and visit him. Deal?”

Daniel was looking considerably happier. “Deal, Dad. Sounds good.”

“Goodnight son.”

The door closed and Daniel felt a deep sense of relief. He hadn’t even been aware of how concerned he’d been about adverse effects of the mutation until the question had come out of his mouth.

Adverse side effects besides by balls being in my stomach, having a pussy and three dicks? Amazing how your outlook on life can shift in a single day.

Suddenly the clothes pile stirred and a cherubic face peeked out from under a pair of dirty boxers.

“Hey dude. If we’re having a sleepover tonight can I get in your bed? It seriously stinks down here.”

End Part 1

Next time: What happens when put three teenagers with supercharged hormones and infectious mutant genitals in the middle of a high school? A rambunctious pep rally, curious bathroom encounter and belligerent coach will surely lead to fun encounters. And how will Amy hide her ponderous endowments (and does she even want to?). Irene looks for a way to spice up her marriage with Adam and finds

answers in unexpected places. Throbbing willies and ballooning sweater puppies abound in the next installment of... State of Emergency – The Beginning!