

Sam's In a Bad Spot (With Pictures)

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(Note: The comic this story is based on shows Ironmane's growth as an artist. He's currently in the process of remastering the early pages before the TF starts.)

The People's Commonwealth of Altramea

City Name: Destination

First time I ever came across this dispossessed shithole of a town, I thought they were out of their minds. And my shit luck has landed me here.

The canyons here went every which way like the cracks in the mud on a dry lake bed except for the fact they were eight hundred feet deep and wide enough to easily fly a small cargo plane through. The guys in white coats said they were created by the nuclear pissing match that fucked over the world. How that was even possible, I had no clue.

The exiles, smugglers, crime lords, and hitmen that called these canyons home called them The Slots. Partially because they looked like a massive straight-walled slot canyon, partially because flying in them was like gambling. Sure, you could fly over them, but that let radar and satellites get a clear fix on you. And if your destination was the slots, you wanted all the privacy you could get.

The Slots were never my destination, they were the garbage-infested shore I washed up on when the politicians in Farisburg used my dad as their latest scapegoat.

Just about the only thing I liked about The Slots was the healthy amount of sarcasm that thrived here. The towns were all named to give Air Traffic Controllers headaches. The town I called home was "Destination" the farthest town from me was called "Departure" and scattered around throughout were the towns, "Nav Point, GPS Lock, Fix, and Waypoint." My favorite leg to fly left from "Destination" and arrived at "Departure."

I looked back at the grease monkey who was doing God knows what to my dodgy cargo plane and said, "If the yoke doesn't pull smooth when I come in tomorrow, you're gonna to have to explain why our shipment is late. I'm not gonna cover your ass this time."

Craffe snapped her head to look back at me so quick her nose ring and blue mohawk both bounced, "You never cover my ass."

"That's because you do shoddy work!" I shot back.

"You'd fall right out of the sky if anyone else touched this plane."

I glared at her. "Is that a threat?"

"No, Sam, GOD!" She tucked her wrench into her tool belt and turned to face me. Her black leather jacket looked a bit too small for her broad shoulders. "This thing's made of paperclips and tin foil. If we had money for parts, I'd toss out half the plane. You're lucky I can keep it running."

I made a show of yawning before I said, "Yeah, yeah, heard it all before. I'm gonna go get some routine maintenance and hit the hay. Try not to break anything important."

"Hope you have fun at the bar! I'll just be here, you know, making sure you don't die." She rolled her eyes and shook her head before turning back toward the plane.

She could stew in her own trademarked, "totally original," edgy way for all I cared. It's not like I had time to babysit her and show her how to properly do her job. I needed some serious R&R. The winds above The Slots today were gusting over thirty knots and I had to manhandle the yolk whenever the plane had to pop out of them to pick up black market goods. And it didn't help that Caraffe had bungled the action on the yolk last time she did an overhaul.

Our hangar, like all the living and working space in The Slots, was carved into the rock face. The result was that everything was cramped. The hangar had just enough space for the plane, some barely-functional spare parts, the hoist affixed to the ceiling, and Craffe's tools. Everything in the hangar was speckled with dents and corrosion and grime. When I first saw it, I thought everything in it, including the plane, had been forgotten in storage for a decade or two. The state of that hangar was like the state of everything in The Slots: the forgotten detritus of mankind.

We were the cast-off skin of a government that didn't give a shit about anything other than keeping money at the top and some batshit idea of "order."

Not that the people in control of "The Slots" were any different. De Balkor didn't care if my plane fell out of the sky. She pulled it out of a scrapyard for free and offered me the pilot seat. There was no Aeronautics Agency in charge of making sure the black market followed safety protocols. When people died here, they just disappeared: no paperwork, no funeral, no obituary, just poof, gone...I needed a drink.

It was a long half mile of dusty shadows from the landing strip to "Routine Maintenance." The only time the sun actually made it to the ground was around noon. The people that didn't fly hardly saw it at all.

Repurposed LED and neon signs doused the canyon walls in a dizzying spectrum of light. The ones that strobed were always nice when one had a hangover. If you were going to have a hangover anyway, why not go big and have as much pain as possible?

A scrawny man with disheveled hair stumbled out of Routine Maintenance and unzipped his fly before taking a whizz right against the rock face. I lifted up my boot and kicked him right into the wall.

He yelped and fell forward smacking his face before falling over, his half-hard pecker exposed and shooting upwards in a little arc. "What the fuck!?"

I clenched my fist. "What, you couldn't go inside? You think this canyon doesn't have enough piss in it already?"

"I was gonna piss my pants!"

"Well, you pissed them anyway," I laughed. His stream was getting all over his pant leg. "Use the bathroom like a normal fucking person next time!" I grabbed the blood-red corrugated sheet metal door and entered ignoring further whining from that crude moron.

Routine Maintenance was a repurposed hangar for cargo aircraft which made it the largest bar in The Slots. The area in the back corner opposite the bathroom had long tables that could sit ten or so people. Crime bosses occupied them day and night making deals and hiring muscle. Then there was an area toward the middle that had family-sized tables where the smaller players would sit. Often they were quite literally players gambling their ill-gotten money away.

The area in the front near the forty-foot-long bar had a few dozen small tables made out of red-painted sheet metal where people on dates, people looking to get a cheap satisfying meal, or people looking for hookups would sit. Opposite that massive bar was a big area people could dance in with a DJ alcove cut into the wall about five feet up. There were stairs that led to the alcove around the corner near some luxurious

leather-clad booths people could lounge in. I knew this because I'd used that alcove as a little fuck pad numerous times. The wall surrounding the DJ alcove was painted purple and had aviation art on it. Clouds, planes, and famous pilots arranged with great care. The dancing usually didn't start until much later in the evening.

There was a rumor that every shady deal or baby born in The Slots could be traced back to Routine Maintenance. It was not a rumor that Routine Maintenance had the best selection of wine and spirits on the planet.

The number one cargo item that went missing in The Slots was booze and I swore half of it was inside Routine Maintenance. On the far wall was the most glorious collection of spirits I'd ever seen arranged by type and grade and alphabetized to boot. A tall thin man with round glasses, a beige apron, and a blue and white flannel shirt stood behind the bar. I swore Isaac never slept.

Maybe Isaac never left because the few times he was gone were when all hell broke loose. No one wanted to cross him. Being banned from Routine Maintenance was like being a nun and getting excommunicated from the church. If you were too rowdy or maladjusted to be allowed in this bar, you were the scummiest of scum.

The only times I ever saw Isaac drink were to take a sip to check the quality of a shipment or after a brawl broke out in his bar.

My hopes at getting laid soared as I surveyed the juicy morsels scattered about the bar. Sitting at the bar tonight was a MILF that looked to be washed up military brass and a drunkard with a fedora that probably looked like a suave noir detective when he was sober. Amongst the small tables was a bodyguard in a black tank top and designer jeans, and a busty female with cat ears and tail in a plum-colored business suit.

As I walked up to the bar, Isaac's eyes latched onto me. He never quite smiled at me, just a slight upturn at the edge of his lips that let me know it wouldn't take much effort to turn it into a frown as he threw me out on my ass. He was wiping off a highball glass after washing it and waited for me to sit down at the bar before coming over.

"What'll it be tonight, Samantha?" he asked.

"Call me Sam," I demanded.

"Pay off your tab and I'll consider it." He smirked.

He was the devil incarnate! I pulled out my billfold and started laying down twenties until he stopped me and said, "That'll do."

I laid down a ten, "Here's a tip."

"You know that's less than five percent, right?"

"Just ask me to pay the tab next time."

"You never pull out your cash until I start teasing you."

"Maybe you should ask me to pay when I'm not already drunk," I suggested.

"But people tip better when they're drunk." He made a friendly chuckle, it was a patented bartender maneuver that put me at ease even though it shouldn't have.

"Not me," I said.

He put his hand to his chin thinking for a moment. "You're right, you're too busy chasing tail to remember your tab."

"I'm gonna be chasing some actual tail tonight." I looked over at the cat girl.

"I wondered how long it would take you to find her. You're in luck, she's been flirting with other ladies."

"Oooh, has she now?" I gave her a once over and she caught my eye. I gave her a little wave.

She winked.

I turned back to Issac and said, "I'd like a bottle of Jessie Bremmer."

He raised an eyebrow, "You're gonna put your tab right back to where it was. How about I just give you a tall glass of it?"

"The whole bottle, please," I said.

"Ugh, fine, but if you make a mess, I'm gonna add it to your tab." The bottle I'd requested was about eight feet away. Plucking it from the wall, he brought it right up to me and presented it like he was setting up product shot. "You know that Kent Reserve tastes just as good and costs half as much, right?"

"But Kent Reserve doesn't impress the ladies, Isaac," I said grabbing the bottle out of his hands.

He set down two bourbon glasses saying, "Good luck, I've only ever seen her drink light beer."

"That just means there'll be more for me," I said before grabbing the glasses and heading off toward miss kitty cat.

As I approached her table, her tawny-furred ears twitched adorably. She had this little snub nose and bright curious eyes. I set the glasses down on her table and asked, "Mind if I take a seat?"

"Not at all." She gave a faint smile to let me know I had my foot in the door, but she might still close it on me.

Pulling out the other wood and steel chair and moving it so it was a bit closer to hers, I plunked down in it. As I opened the brand new bottle of Jessie Bremmer, I said, "You're the cutest thing I've seen all year."

"Is it the ears?" she asked while one of them flopped down in question.

"The ears, the business suit, the tail, and hips to be proud of...the whole package, honey." I took a swig. The burn of the alcohol gave way to a wonderfully smooth sweet and smoky caramel flavor.

She blushed. "So, what do you do when you're not hittin' on cat girls?"

After another swig, I said, "I'm a pilot."

Her eyes went wide and her ears perked up, "Y-you fly through these canyons? Isn't that really dangerous?"

"That's nothin' I used to be a fighter pilot." I grinned. This was the point where I normally hooked them.

She tilted her head, "What happened?"

"Commonwealth politics made my father its bitch." I held up the bottle of bourbon. "Want any?"

She shook her head. "Nah, I don't do the hard stuff. Sorry to hear about your father."

I took a nice long pull from my glass. The buzz of the liquor was starting to take the edge off. "What godawful thing got you marooned out here?"

Her eyes fell to the floor for a moment before she said, "I don't want to talk about it."

"Ahh, wound's a bit too fresh?" I asked.

She nodded.

I cozied up to her and threw an arm over her shoulders. "I didn't want to talk about what happened to me for the first few months either."

She pulled my arm off of her and scooted her chair away. "Slow down there, ace pilot. Let me at least get to know you first."

"You're pretty, I'm handsome, we both like girls, and we're adults. What more do you need to know?"

"Your name, for starters," she said.

"I'm Sam." I held out my hand.

She took it. "I'm Sadie."

I gave her a nice firm shake as I slammed back the rest of the contents of my bourbon glass.

She retrieved her hand. "I guess anyone would need some mental lubricant after flying through those canyons."

Not in the mood for her sympathy, I waved her comment away with my hand. "Psshhh, these canyons are child's play. I was the best of the best. Flying while hung over keeps me from getting bored."

"Are you here every night?" she asked.

"Yup!"

Her eyes locked onto my bourbon glass and then jumped to the whisky bottle that was already missing a fourth of its contents. Then her smile soured. I prepared an eye roll to respond to whatever patronizing line of conversation she was about to start. "Do you drink an entire bottle of whisky every night?"

"No." I smirked. "Sometimes it's rum, sometimes it's schnapps, sometimes it's none of your damn business."

"Look, I-I'm..." She sighed, her cat ears flitting about her head as she tried to grab a hold of the new, more hostile, terrain of our conversation. "It's just—I've never known anyone that drank that much. Isn't that overdoing it a bit?"

Instead of yelling at her right then, I filled my glass full and drank half of it in one gulp. Setting it down, I said, "What do you care how much I drink? You think my performance in bed's gonna suffer? 'Cause I can tell you right now, I could drink two of these bottles and I'd still blow your mind when my head got between your legs."

As her mouth hung open and a blush bloomed on her cheeks to match the pink of her ears and tail, my snatch started to tingle. Maybe I could get her to follow me into a bathroom stall and we could get off before going back to my place for the main course.

My hopes for a tryst with her died as her bubbly infatuated smile became a straight-lipped expression of concern. "I don't doubt you, but have you ever thought about

what you're doing to your liver? My dad says that cirrhosis is a leading cause of death in The Slots."

"Let's make a deal," I said gripping my glass hard enough to feel the faceted detailing on it press into my palm. "You let me worry about my own damn body."

"Sorry, didn't mean to put you on the defensive. Just hate to see someone do that to theirself."

So, she was one of those. "What the fuck is your problem? Lemme guess, your daddy bought you that suit? You ever had your life in your own hands, like in real time? One false move and you're paste on the side of the canyon wall? I face that every fucking day. I don't need you reminding me of my mortality, I'm quite aware of it, thank you."

"Well, that didn't take long." She shook her head while running her fingers along the the thick glass of her beer mug.

"What didn't take long?"

"Figuring out you're an angry drunk and an asshole."

Grabbing the bottle and both glasses, I got up. "And you're a stuck-up bitch!"

I walked over to option number two, the handsome bouncer. The moment I got up to him, he said, "I'm waiting for someone."

"I bet you they aren't as good a lay as me."

"You propositioned me when you were ugly drunk last week and I've had enough of you."

"Well I've had enough of you too!" I shot back.

Storming over to the military MILF, I said, "Can you believe these self-important bastards?"

She raised her glass. "Filth of the world, all around us."

"Hey, I'm Sam, how about we blow this joint and then blow each other back at my place? It's practically across the street from here."

"Bravo for your direct approach, but I don't swing that way." She held up her wedding ring. "Plus, I come with attachments."

The warmth of the liquor was pooling in my crotch. I wanted to bang that woman so bad! From the short dark blue-gray straight collar of her military jacket to the tops of her black boots, she was pristine. As if the dust of The Slots had never touched her. The three gold stripes on her lapel gave her the rank of Captain.

"Five minutes with me and you'll swing every which way." I laughed.

She blushed.

I gave her my most confident smile. It was always fun to teach your date how to eat pussy and I had a feeling this woman didn't do anything halfway. "Come on, you gotta admit you're at least a little curious."

"You talk a good game, but I'm gonna have to pass," she said. "I'll share a drink with you, though."

"You talk a good game, but I'm gonna have to pass," I replied.

She laughed. "Should've seen that coming."

Damn it! She was exactly my type. Sure, I could have shoot the shit with her, but that wasn't gonna get me laid and there was some fresh meat in the bar.

The noir detective was a no go since he was passed out and making a puddle of drool on the bar. Isaac was busy trying to get him to wake up so he could get the guy to go home. Sometimes Isaac had to resort to having his bouncers carry someone home. People passed out in the bar often ended up missing some of their belongings. This was the home of the world's most talented thieves, after all.

I downed the rest of my glass and surveyed the room. It was just starting to spin. The booze pumping through my veins was taking the edge off of everything and leaving me

nice and cozy. I poured myself another half glass and sipped at it as I took my time deciding who to try next.

There was a tall black dude with the world's most gorgeous beard. He'd cut the thing so clean, so perfect and had these amazing full lips. I'd seen him in here before, but he'd always been with a bunch of friends. Today he was alone and accessible. Two more women caught my eye sitting at opposite ends of the bar, I was busy viewing the lanky one closer to the front when I spotted something unbelievable out of the corner of my eye.

First, I checked my bottle of bourbon to see if I'd drank the whole thing without realizing it. Still half left, there's no way I was drunk enough to be hallucinating. That meant that the five-foot-tall doberman guy viewing the wall of aviation art was the real deal.

Sure, people modded themselves to have animal traits, but I'd never seen anything like him. Even from where I was standing, I could tell his deep blue-green suit would cost me a few months wages. His jacket didn't hang as low as most and his matching dress pants fit his ass like spray-on jeans. I liked his style: showing off the goods as classily as possible.

When he turned to face me, his muzzle pulled up into this slight grin, like he was king of the world and he couldn't be happier. This dude was loaded! His pearl cufflinks and pin for his maroon ascot were of the highest grade possible. His white dress shirt was so pristine I wondered if he'd bought it on his way to the bar. What was I going to do with this guy? Would he even waste his breath on someone who couldn't afford five minutes of his time? He was either royalty, a brain surgeon, or a lawyer that only represented other lawyers.

Other people seemed to be avoiding him, their loss. People who got mods were often the coolest people you'd ever meet. This wasn't the time to chicken out!

I filled my glass and sucked down some more liquid courage. Of course he'd like me. I was the hottest piece of ass in this entire joint and he was clearly on the market. I rubbed my legs together thinking about the long canine tongue that was likely hiding in that maw of his.

"Pleasure to meet you, you can call me Lu." He bowed like the only gentleman in the room and offered his hand, er, paw?

There were a few bar stools along the wall so people could set down their drinks. I set down the two glasses and the whisky bottle before shaking his paw-hand as normally as I could. "Well, hello, Lu. I'm Sam."

He retrieved his paw and said, "I've caught your eye, have I?" He did a little spin idly wagging his doberman tail. "Magnificent, aren't I?"

Any other person being so overtly narcissistic would have put me off, but this guy was as magnificent as he thought he was. If I was a doberman person like him, I would have growled him to show just how much I wanted to grab a strap-on and stuff him with it. Instead, I just nodded and said, "Never seen anything like it."

As I spoke, he did a clinical once over of my body starting from my toes. If it would have been acceptable for him to take out a tape measure and get hard data on every curve and muscle on my body, I think he would have.

"And I've never seen anyone with as perfect a figure as yours, my dear." He grabbed the bottle of whisky. "May I?"

"Oh sure!" And he was going to drink with me? I was head over heels for him already!

He poured a full glass for himself and then a full glass for me. Either he could really hold his booze or he had no idea what he was doing. "It's refreshing to have someone to talk to who can truly appreciate all the effort I went through...Is it bold of me to assume you really like mods?"

"Nope! Mods are fucking awesome!" This was going so well...So well that I needed to make sure I stayed relaxed. I drank half the glass of whisky feeling a delightful numbness trickle down my throat.

He instantly refilled it and then took a hefty sip from his own glass and didn't cough or sputter at all. This guy was my perfect date! "It's a shame others in the commonwealth are so close-minded toward modification. If it's just parlor tricks like a pair of horse ears or a fox tail, it's treated like a fashion accessory. But full body modification? Somehow that's too far? Please! It's only through full body modification

that we can test the limits of our species, stop staring at the stars and actually live amongst them."

"Isn't it so funny how humans just keep blowing themselves up, ruining everything they touch? It's like the human race is just a cosmic joke. A cautionary bedtime story aliens tell their children." All the alcohol I'd consumed was starting to catch up with me and I swayed a bit as I spoke. Lu didn't seem to mind, and I felt so damn good!

"Couldn't agree more, my dear!" Clinking his glass against mine, he said, "Cheers to you for seeing the world as it truly is."

We both took a nice long sip before I replied, "For what it is? A steaming pile of shit?"

He laughed. "Your bluntness is delicious."

The way he said the word 'delicious' made my clit throb. I swore every time he enunciated a word, his net worth increased. I poured more booze in his glass. The looser both of us were, the easier it would be for us to just give in and start making out. "Not as delicious as some of my other features, can you guess which ones?"

With a grin, he said, "Your ears?"

"No, much lower than that."

"Your fingers?"

My glass was half full again. That top shelf whisky just begged to be drunk. "Oh, you're really beating around the bush, aren't ya?"

"Your toes?" He gave me this adorable sheepish grin telling me he knew his cute innocent act was making my pussy do backflips.

"What, you're too rich to talk dirty?" I unbuttoned one of the buttons on my bright red dress shirt so he could see the top of my bra.

He stepped closer. "Your nipples?"

"Ooh! Give the dog a treat, he got one!" I laughed.

His tail was wagging now. "Would it be forward of me to guess that the other location lies between your legs?"

"Nope. Come on, I wanna hear you say it." The room was swaying, so I put my hand on the stool that we'd set the whisky bottle on.

"We'll retrieve that line of conversation a bit later, I promise." He picked his glass up from the stool. I hadn't seen him set it down, but I was getting quite tipsy. "First I want to return to what we were talking about earlier, about the state of the world...What if I told you the human race is on a precipice? That the age of easy, repeatable, full-body morphs was upon us?"

"I thought you were old money, like a baron of something." I grinned at him. "Now you're sounding like some sort of scientist guy."

"Oh, I specialize in DNA and species splicing, my dear."

"That's—" I belched. "—Rad! You know what'd be cool?"

"Yes?" He leaned forward, ears perked up in interest.

"Bein' a fuckin' horse dude!"



“Hmm...One moment, I'd like to relocate our discussion to more comfortable surroundings.” He put down his glass, took off his suit jacket and folded it over his arm, grabbed a dark brown all-leather briefcase that he'd set against the wall at some point, and picked his glass back up. Then he walked toward an unoccupied cocktail table just at the edge of the aviation art area. After he carefully laid his jacket over the back of a chair and set down his briefcase, headed back to me. Everything about his mannerisms screamed “gentleman.”

As he made his way back to me, I downed the rest of my glass and put the bottle between my left arm and my side so I could carry both to the table and have a hand free for groping. It was well past time to show my appreciation for Lu's ass.

“Follow me, my dear.” He bowed slightly and gestured toward the table before turning around.

“I thought you'd never ask.” I said this as seductively as I could and barely managed not to slur. I unbuttoned another button on my shirt. That whisky was way too tasty for my own good.

As I followed close behind him, he said, “What is your profession, may I ask? YIP!”

The yip was because I pinched his ass. Taking his yip and lack of complaint as a good sign I'd be getting literal tail that night, decided to seal the deal. I unbuttoned my shirt the rest of the way and took off my bra and let my breasts pass right by him as I said, “I'm a fighter pilot! Er, at least I used to be one.”

He grinned at this. “You have an affinity for danger.”

“Uh, doi?” I replied as I sat down and slipped out of my shoes before putting my feet up in his lap. I felt like I was going to fall out of my chair. The room felt like it was on a tiltawhirl. “I'm actually doing a bit of ‘freelance’ work at the moment.” My mouth felt heavy and hard to control. I knew what I was saying, but what came out sounded muddled.

“You know...” His eyes darted down to the silver barbell piercings on my nipples and then across my toned abs, then they took note of the cool tribal tattoo that went down my sides and curved up over my tits. “I have a ‘business’ opportunity that might interest you.”



Isaac came by just then to complain. "Don't scare my customers away, Samantha."

"Bitch, you should be charging them to see these!" I hefted my heavy breasts to show them off to Isaac, Lu, and everyone at the nearby tables. Everyone seemed to want to see them which fueled my confident smile.

"Hey! The strip club's down the road." He pointed in its direction.

I poured Lu and I more whisky and flagrantly took a nice big swig before I said, "Maybe I'll go apply once I'm done having fun with, Lu, here. You gonna kick me out or let me keep the shirt off for a few more minutes until Lu and I go back to his place?"

Isaac looked at all the happy faces staring at my cleavage and then sighed. "Fine, but this is your first and only warning. If you flash your tits out at my customers again and I get complaints you're out the door and on your ass." He cracked a slight smile. "And ya ain't getting back in without scrubbing the head for a month."

I called out to my onlookers. "Y'all wouldn't complain about seeing these, would you?"

There was a chorus of "Nah" and shaking heads. I held up my drink and saluted my loving audience.

"Good luck with that." Isaac said before turning heel and walking back toward the bar.

Lu didn't miss a beat and just continued where he'd left off, "About that business opportunity I thought you'd like a chance to..."

After that, I have no idea what happened. I'd gone blackout drunk for the second time in my life.

* * * * *

My bunk was so damn uncomfortable! I didn't know if it was the hangover, which felt like someone had tried to jam a concrete block into my head, or the fact that I'd been laying on my back for the entire night. "Good morning," I thought to myself. "This is your life, your life sucks when you wake up."

This was a bizarre hangover, actually. Yes, my head ached with each beat of my heart, but there was also this thrumming, like I was only a few feet away from high-tension power lines.

Had I had sex last night? Damn it! What point was seducing that doberman guy if I was just going to black out? Well, that was the last time I was buying a whole bottle without some friends to help me drink it. This hangover...I felt like I was upright in my bed! My inner ear had gone all crazy. I tried to roll onto my side to get more comfortable, but I couldn't move. I opened my eyes to find the room was far too dim for it to be morning. The shapes in the room were hazy as my brain tried to remember how to do its damn job. The buzz of an industrial high-intensity light signaled that I'd be seeing what was going on very soon. Wait...my bunk wasn't in a hangar. And it smelled like an OR in here.

"What? Where am I?" I said as squinted to try and make out the thing I was strapped to. It was clear I was being held upright with my arms outstretched. There was a very faint air current flowing across my skin. I was finally awake enough to make out shapes... Well, fucknuts! I was naked and strapped to a massive metal cross. "What the fuck? What!? WHAT THE FUCK!?" My yells echoed loudly in that hermetically sealed room.

The walls and floor were a matte-finished steel. The ceiling was probably twenty feet high? Maybe a bit less? There was a long viewing window with thick glass cut horizontally into a wall that was almost twenty feet away from me. In that wall was what looked like a bank vault door. On either side of me were these ten-foot-in-diameter metal pad things with concentric circles cut into them. Were they hydraulic rams that were going to squish me? Was this a vault where random people were squished as a form of entertainment?



Below me there was a door that made just as little sense. It was circular and split in the middle. Great, I was gonna be crushed and then dropped into a pit. Well, I wasn't crushed yet! "Someone FUCKING answer me! I swear to Jesus CHRIST, I'm going to beat the first ass I see!"

Over a speaker, I heard, "Oh my dear, wish granted." Lu's carefree chuckle filled the whole room.

"Lu! You goddamn piece of shit! I'm gonna rip your furry head off!"

"You've recovered from your hangover quite nicely, I see. Such a tough physique and force of will, you never cease impressing me." He stepped in front of the viewing window and took a sip from his coffee mug before setting it down on the window ledge. Steam fogged up the area of the window nearest the lip of the mug as he started fiddling with something just below the window.



"Your heart rate is exceeding my target range, please calm down a bit. I mean you no harm." It looked like he was preparing a syringe.

"No harm!? No harm! You strapped me to a cross, you have to know the connotations of doing that, right? If not, what is wrong with you?"

"The cross is merely the most efficient positioning for the process. Nothing more."

I glared at him through the glass. "What process? Crushing me with a hydraulic press?"

He laughed again. "Those aren't anything of the sort. They're field stabilizers. Take some deep breaths and relax, my dear."

"Okay, if you really mean me no harm, then explain to me in detail what the fuck is going on. Right now!"

He set the syringe down and went over to get something in the corner of his observation room. "Oh, I've already explained everything to you, every last detail." Pressing a piece of paper up to the window, he said, "You even signed this contract to go through the procedure I'll be administering shortly."

Shit! Did I trust drunk me or him at all? Hell no! "Look, I don't remember last night, so could we just start over?" Fuck! Should I have told him that I didn't remember?

"I'm afraid not, I already have your signature which is a record of your consent." He put the contract away. "Consider this an opportunity, you're about to get a lovely surprise! On an amusement ride, isn't the thrill of the unknown the best part?"

"B-but roller coasters have rails! How can I be sure that the big drop won't kill me?"

Scooping up the syringe and walking toward that massive vault door, he said, "What do you take me for? Some back-alley hack?" He put his hand on the wall near the door for a moment. "Every part of this process has been optimized to perfection. We spared no expense." The door interrupted him as the steel bolts retracted and it swung open. "Besides, you had a bit of a precognitive moment last night. You told me to keep hush hush should you awaken like this. I'm just following your instructions. Hands are tied. You know how it is."

Now that he was in the room, still dressed to the tens, I looked him up and down. Why did I still want to fuck him? Did I think he'd cum gold or something? I looked at the big syringe in his hand with green liquid in it and cringed. Showing weakness was probably the worst thing I could have done right then, but being immobilized and forced to get a shot was straight out of a horror film. Horror films were a lot more fun when you weren't actually living them.

"I'm not a heartless monster, dear." He smiled while that stupid floofy tail of his wagged behind him and jostled his lab coat. "But oh do I love a little cheek."

He was up in front of me now looking at me with his billionaire smile. I stared him down and said, "Say, how's about you let me down from here and I only kill you a little?"

"But then you'd deprive yourself of all the fun!" Putting his hand under my chin and looking at me the way a doctor would look at a blemish on my cheek, he said, "Has anyone ever complimented you on your broad structure?" He looked down at my rack. "Remarkable how generous your breasts are..."

"Um, where is this going?" I asked wondering if I should tip my head down and try to catch his fingers with my teeth. Only way out of this contraption was him as far as I could tell and pissing off someone holding a big needle seemed like a bad idea.

"I'm just here to fulfill your most intimate and wild dreams!" The way he said it, you'd think it made perfect sense. It didn't...



As he let go of my chin and brought the syringe up to my arm, I said, "I'm not sure that's entirely accurate."

"Trust me." He swiftly found a vein in my arm and stabbed me with the needle.

"Ow!" I complained as he depressed the plunger. A cold stream of whatever mad scientist concoction he'd put in me flowed up my arm, mingling with my blood.

As he retreated toward that heavy door, I called out after him, "You make that hard!"

"It won't matter in a minute, anyway." His tail was wagging furiously. Great, the more excited he got, the more screwed I felt.

Just as he got up to the door, I said, "I have to pee."

"Liar!" he barked back.

After he shut the door and I heard it latch, I yelled, "You left the door open!"

His voice came over the loudspeaker, "You can say you tried."

I looked over at the side of the room near the door and said, "You left your coffee!"

He strode over to his coffee cup and picked it up from the windowsill. "I'm going to press the button now."



Using all my strength, I gave getting out of my restraints one last go...nothing.

With his eyes fixed on something that was on the wall just next to where the window ended, he said, "Are you prepared?"

"Just do it already! I'm bored," I shot back.

"Patience is a virtue, my dear." After he hit the button, that electric hum I'd been hearing was now a vibration throughout my whole body. The hiss of compressed air was coming from right behind me and a heavy metal-on-metal clunking sound was coming from that door beneath my feet. As that door cracked open, I stared into a green abyss. I'd never seen anything so green in my life. It was like someone had taken the concept of the color green and just duct taped it to reality.

"So, uhh, is this gonna hurt?" Hopefully, he was just giving me a sound and light show, testing out a new ride for some sort of mad scientist theme park. Given the noises I was hearing, I didn't want to imagine what was about to happen.

As he sat down in an office chair that was just on the other side of the window, he said, "Personally, I enjoyed the process." He put his paw-like feet up on the windowsill. "Trust me, you'll enjoy it too."

The cross I was on tilted forward while lifting me up so that my whole body was suspended ten feet above the green pit. I just stared into it wide eyed feeling a bit like a frozen steak that was being reheated in a microwave. The outside of me getting insufferably hot while everything inside me was still quite cold. Just a few degrees short of having me horizontal to the floor, the cross stopped tilting and everything became utterly bizarre.

It felt like the heat on my skin was caught in vortices that were pulling it deeper into my body. Just when the chaos resolved into an alarming resonance that joined the electric hum, pleasure started to join the flurry of sensation.

My tongue surged in my mouth running up against my teeth. Out of reflex, I opened my mouth and it flopped out growing to three times its length. As I wondered how the thing would fit in my mouth anymore, my ears felt like someone was pulling on them while throwing glitter at them.



I didn't have time to think about what those sensations meant because my jaws ached something fierce. Within seconds, as my teeth bullied my gums for more room, my tongue could just barely fit in my mouth. I kinda had to fold it in on itself. Blocking my vision was a forming muzzle, I could see my nose widening ever more. I grit my teeth as that muzzle pushed onwards. At every spot on my muzzle that felt like it was getting hit with handfuls of glitter, fur was coming in. It was a beautiful shade, like coffee with a bit of cream.

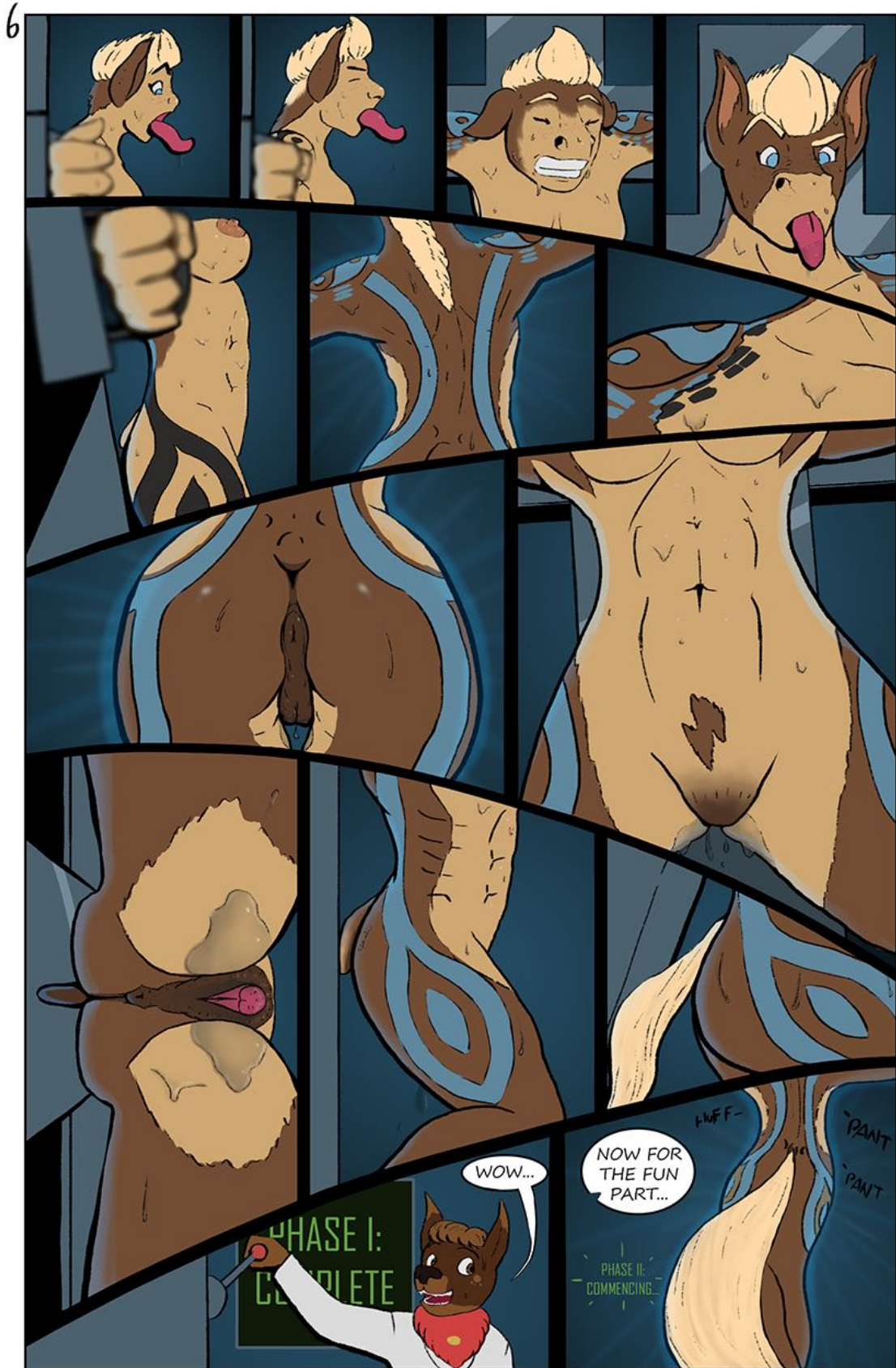
Now that I knew what the sensation meant, I could tell that fur was growing down my back, under my chin, across my butt cheeks, and up the insides of my legs. Now, I would have panicked right then, but something was going on between my legs and it was blowing my mind.

To say it felt good, was a massive understatement. The only place I could feel my heartbeat was my clit because each of its throbs was nearly an orgasm. My labia started filling out and squishing against each other, but they soon couldn't contend with the size of my clit and I was being held open by it. I moaned as a ripple ran up from my labia to deep in my snatch. My pleasure button moved against my thick pussy lips making me whinny.

I didn't have the bandwidth to care that I'd just made a horse noise because I was too busy cumming and making the insides of my legs slick. And the orgasm wasn't just one of those little ones I got from rubbing myself in the hold of the plane when I was bored. No, it was like a thermobaric charge, knocking all the air out of me in one blast.

Through that orgasm, I was vaguely aware of a tickling at the tip of my tailbone. That tickling became a pulling sensation, became all glitter. Long strands of horse hair now brushed at the back of my legs.

Over the loudspeaker, Lu said, "Wow! Now for the fun part!"

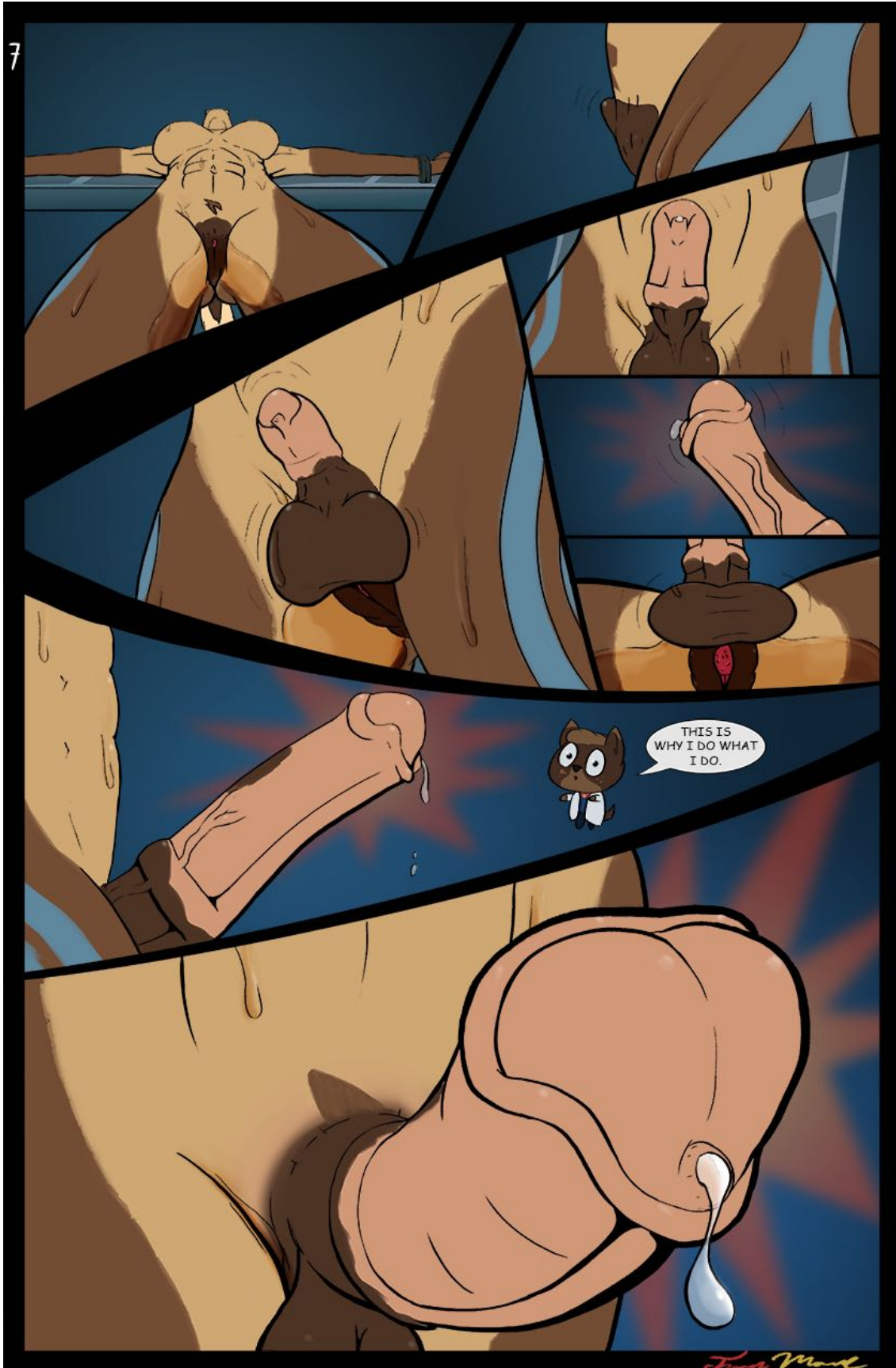


I looked up just in time to see him pull a nice big lever on the back wall. A klaxon sounded once before an airy voice said, "Phase two commencing!"

That hum I'd been held by, it started to vary its tempo. For a split second, it made me sick to my stomach, but then I started feeling hot fingers poking around near my ovaries. At least, I thought that's where they were. I gasped and groaned as a mixture of pleasure and discomfort reverberated through my abdomen. The pressure that was building in there suddenly started moving toward my crotch.

Dark leathery flesh swelled just above my clit. My tongue hung out as I gasped in delight. It was heaven when whatever was moving inside me fell into that growing flesh. My breasts were blocking most of my view, it was hard to see between them as they hung over the pit, but something pink and long swiftly became easy to see. It was gaining inches as if it was my new arm. The vibrations going through me were now centered on this pink thing and it felt like a humongous clit. Oh, it was a cock, a cock with a flat head and a flare. My eyes bugged out. I was getting a nice thick horsecock!

It felt heavy! Fuck! I was already hung and it was still growing...just how big was it gonna get? As fur started to fill in on my front, the monster between my legs passed a foot long. When I felt a tingly sensation run down my neck, I figured I was getting a mane. I could have cared less because my prick was easily sixteen inches! And it still wasn't done. My balls were tickling my thighs they'd started to hang so low.



That calm voice announced, "System shutdown in progress." The buzzing started to reduce in volume. High tones generated by the equipment slid to lower ones.

Even as the cross started tipping away from the pit and the doors below me started closing, it gained more inches. It was up between my breasts, probably twenty inches long, by the time the cross was standing me up again.

I heard a series of clangs from the door to the observation room opening, the cross securing itself in the upright position, and those big doors below me closing to seal the green away.

Then, in a split second, my restraints opened and I fell to my hands and knees. "Whoaaa!"

I rolled onto my back only to have my cock slap my tummy. "Haaah!" Words were beyond me as I stared at the head of my broad dick. A bead of pre drew my tongue. The feeling of licking myself made me grunt in ecstasy. I could give myself oral! I could feel both my tongue and the pleasure caused by its slick muscular embrace.

"Enjoying yourself?" Lu asked, his shirt missing.

"Wha-uh?" I blurted out around my tongue while staring at his bare furry chest.

"Mind if I join?" he undid his belt, button, and zipper.



This guy... After all that, he just walked up to me and started stripping so he could fuck his latest science experiment? After holding me captive? After making me wonder whether he was going to kill me? I told him I'd rip his head off. It was time to make good on that promise! I jumped to my feet, put a hand around his throat, and squeezed.

"Wait! Wait! Wait!..." He just kept repeating that same word as I started to close off his air supply and pulled my other hand back to deck him in the face. Why did he look so surprised? Why did he leave himself vulnerable? Why wasn't he fighting back? These doubts loosened my grip and he managed to squeak out, "Please wait."

"Ugh, whatever." I switched my grip so that I was grabbing each of his arms. I was a lot bigger than I had been and holding his five-foot-tall form of the floor was easy.

After he gasped for air and coughed a bit, he gave me the biggest smile I'd ever seen. Like he was proud, excited, joyous, and begging me not to hit him all at the same time. His tail started wagging furiously after his eyes darted down to see that all twenty inches of my shaft were still rock hard. Now I couldn't hit him, he was far too adorable. Was that his plan? Disarm me with adorableness? If so, it was working.

That awkward moment of silence ended when his pants slipped to the floor. He hadn't been wearing anything under them and where I expected a bulge, there was a throbbing clit flanked by puffy pink labia. "Dude!"

"I know, right?" He tossed his hands as if he was in some sort of presentation and had just given his most compelling argument.



"I'm absolutely divine, I know. Name was Lucy before." Striking a superhero pose with his hands on his hips, he said, "Now all address me as doctor Luscious Archibald Worthington the first!"

I blinked. "I guess that explains all your character motivations." It didn't, it totally didn't.

"Doesn't it, though?" he said rhetorically as if everything was supposed to make sense now. Nothing about this tiny pussy-having mad scientist made sense. Also not making sense was my incredible urge to grab him and see how much of my dick would fit in his tiny snatch. I was still painfully hard.

He stooped, lifted my shaft to his mouth with one of his paw-padded hands, and licked at the pre dangling from the tip.

I bit my lip and gasped as hot ecstatic shivers ran up my prick. Someone else touching it was far far better than me touching it myself and his canine tongue was wonderfully slick. "That feels both alien and incredible."

"Finally, after all these years of painstaking research, I've achieved what they used to call impossible." More pre was now beading at my tip and he scooped it up with a finger before licking it up like it was whip cream on a sundae. "You there, darling?" He looked up at my face.

It was like I was in the zone, the cock zone. All I could think about was using this giant pecker he'd given me. The more he touched it, the more I needed him to touch it.

This guy knew how to read a room, because the next thing that came out of his mouth was, "Well, shall we?" Even when he was coming on to me, his demeanor was posher than black caviar.

"Up you go!" After lifting him right off the floor by his sides, I gripped around his right arm to keep hold of him while moving my left hand down to his sex. He was wetter down there than a woman I'd been licking out. The fur between his thighs was soaked and I could slip two of my large fingers inside without any issue at all. He cooed and then bit his lip as I started thrusting them in and out.



The wet sounds of his muff got me so hard that my prick was visibly bouncing with each heartbeat. I pulled out my fingers and put my mouth on him to make sure he'd be ready to try out my dick. My equine tongue was so thick that I had to stretch his tight cunt just to get the end of it in. His tail went wild as he ran a hand over his chest panting and gasping. It seemed no matter how much tongue I added, or how forcefully I ate him out, he was still left wanting more. No matter how well I got to know this guy, he kept surprising me. Just how much could his girl parts take? I doubted I'd get more than the head in, but I wanted to see just how outclassed his little slit was and it was his turn to feel vulnerable.

Bringing him back down to eye level, I gave him a predatory smirk. He whimpered and said, "Be gentle."

"No," I replied, lowering him with one hand while grabbing my shaft with the other.

He probably thought I'd go straight for the main event, but toying with him was immensely satisfying. As he tried to speak, likely to beg for me to shove in, I smeared his ridiculous wetness across the top of my pole. The silky slick heat of his pussy on my cock was like having a thousand desserts without any risk of putting on extra pounds. Having a dick and a needy sex to stuff it in had to be the best feeling in the world. A stream of pre dripped to the floor as both of us moaned and panted. Just as he closed his eyes, I lifted him up and put my broad cock head at his entrance.

I took away his words again by shoving him down until my flare popped in. We both gasped. I nearly came because his pussy was elastic wet velvet. So soft that I could hardly believe it, so tight that I kept wanting to hold my breath, yet so pliable that I swore I could shove more in.

Pushing him down onto my erection was impossible. My body was at the edge of my control: every bit of me trembled, drowned in a flood of sheer ecstasy. He clenched his teeth and hissed, but just as I was going to stop, his mouth flew open and his tongue hung out. As he did that, he made this divine moaning yowl. He was the happiest puppy, as blown away as I was.

Then he was sitting on my balls. "Holy shit! You're stretchy as fuck!"

"Yes dear, I know." How was he even breathing, let alone speaking, with that much dick inside his tiny body? "Now, who gave you permission to cease?"

Oh? So now he was going to make it seem like I was the one who was holding back? Nope, he didn't get to do that! I jackhammered his snatch and nearly came three times from how fucking good it felt. Each time, the only thing that held me back was not wanting to be shown up by his prissy debutante ass. He was gonna cum first! I'd make him cum first!

Now I was spanking him with my balls and his moans were interspersed with yips. My eyes scrunched shut as I reached the point where I couldn't hold back anymore. I grit my teeth. I had to hang on! I had to—he flailed his arms and yowled like a bitch in heat. His pussy spasmed around my cock, his whole body malfunctioned as I finally let go. I didn't know what it felt like to cum with a cock because I'd never done it before, but this felt like waves traveling up my prick. The waves were accompanied by an intense need to shove him down all the way onto my prick and hold him there. And as I swiftly took up all the available space inside him with my first jet of cream, I whinnied.

The pleasure was as thick as my cum, it clung to every surface of my being, it smothered me. My flare locked me inside, but I was putting out so much jizz that it was squeezing past and splattering onto my thighs. The spasms of my flesh and the spasms of his cunt toyed with each other like a gusting crosswind and a fighter jet trying to follow a glideslope. Only there was far less control, but with this loss of control came a joy I could hardly fathom.

After a long silence where I stayed buried deep, my flare was just starting to wane when Lu put a hand on top of my muzzle and said, "I think this was a success."

I tried to agree with him, but the anger I hadn't used up on thoroughly banging Lu, crashed into me like a tidal wave. At first, it felt like pure unfettered lust and I made vicious thrusts into Lu. When he said, "Whoa! Easy there girl!" I stopped.



My fingers were grabbing Lu's sides too roughly, my fingernails were burning, and that thrum that had been running through me when he had that machine on—it was back! I caught my breath during a brief respite from that sensation and asked, "Hey, what am I turning onto again?"

"A horse-human hybrid, of course!" He must have noticed something changed about my eyes because he stared at them like he'd just seen the impossible. The strangest toothache hit all my teeth at once. They felt sharp under my tongue and there was a scraping across my muzzle from front to back as red scales replaced my short equine fur. These changes weren't exactly painful, but they were irritating! I just felt so pissed off about everything that was happening. I wanted to murder something!

"Haaaaahhhh!" I cried out as things just kept changing way too fast for me to keep up. It seemed like no part of me was safe from the scales. As my fingernails became claws, they traveled up my arms. As my tailbone felt like someone was smacking it over and over, they filled in on my ass. As my breasts got even larger, they showed up there too!

With the scales came even stronger muscles and a bigger body! My bones were ringing like bells as I was assaulted by dragon features. Yes, I was turning into a goddamned dragon! My tail was a couple feet long and growing, my teeth were like a set of steak knives and my tongue had split at the end into a fork.

An urge to roar built up until I just couldn't contain it anymore. I let loose and made Lu's fur stand on end.

His response? "Hmmm...Um...Something's a touch off here."

I was maybe three feet taller than I'd been? Either that or Lu was getting shorter by the second. My back ached as my vertebrae pulsed and shifted. My legs ached as my toes started to get tugged, pushed, and pulled. It looked like I was gonna end up with giant hooves for my titanic form instead of feet.

"Then again..." With all this going on, it seemed Lu was too busy enjoying the fact that my breasts, balls, and horse dick were all getting larger to fit with my enlarging form. Was he wondering if I'd still fit? Something was wrong with him. "...you are quite luscious."



“Dude, nice one, ACK!”

He fell backwards as I roared again and then started backing slowly towards a small metal cabinet affixed to the wall. A trail of my jizz left witness to his direction of travel.

“But is this this really the time for a pun?” My neck was longer, I had a massive dragon tail, and it there was this weird stretching sensation on my shoulder blades.

As something—probably wings to go with the dragon theme—pushed out of my back, someone’s voice came over the loudspeaker, “Doctor Worthington, did you do these calculations? Because they’re not correct.” I turned to see a white canine morph of some sort looking through a clipboard on the other side of the glass. So, Lu had done this to someone else! That dog—maybe she was a fox?—continued, “We need to reschedule procedure.”

When I turned back to look at Lu, I glared at his minuscule form. Oh, he was so done if he didn’t have a good excuse. It was one thing for me to be a lab rat for a tried and true procedure, it was entirely another for him to have messed with my body without double-checking his math. I snarled anticipating his response and this new anger speeded my changes. My joints clicked as I got thicker, buffer, and taller.

Lu was looking minuscule as he said, “I shouldn’t have changed so many variables at once.” He sighed as he pulled a glowing blue vial and a syringe out of the cabinet. “Well, as the common slang goes, my bad!”

I growled. “The FUCK you mean MY BAD!?” Lu was a good lay but a complete hack! All his prissy-worded dialogue, all his rich attire, his professing his own excellence, and he couldn’t crack it at the one thing he claimed to be an expert at. This was over, he was going to get what he deserved! I now towered over him and hoped he was terrified.

“Good God!” the other mod said forgetting the loudspeaker was still on.

“You should probably calm down, my dear.” He drew that glowing liquid into the syringe.



Unfurling my wings as my body started to feel more at home on all fours, I felt powerful, invincible, filled to the brim with fury. The room felt small, everything was small, but me. My tongue shot out between his legs and I lunged forward with an urge to bite him.

“Well, this is getting out of hand,” he said as I got him into my mouth.

Then there was a stabbing pain on my tongue and a cold trickle of whatever he was injecting me with. In all my fury, I'd forgotten about the syringe.

* * * * *

I awoke from that dream screaming my head off. It took me a couple minutes to realize I was back in my room safe and sound. “What the fuck?”

The morning sun was coming through my open blinds. Funny that I hadn't closed them last night. I wasn't the sort to forget something so basic. The shirt I was wearing was one I'd set aside to throw out. It had never fit me right and I usually slept in the nude. I would have thought that if I was so drunk that I forgot the blinds and put on this shirt, I would have had a hangover. Wait, why didn't I have a hangover?

Sitting and thinking was useless since I had no other information to go on. I stretched and said to myself, “Welp, time for work!”

Something felt off...oh, I needed to put on pants and ditch this awful-fitting shirt. My body was trying to tell me something was up as I got dressed, but other than some aches in my muscles and a dull throbbing on my tailbone, nothing really stood out.

Once I was ready and had some music going through my earbuds, I set out for work hoping the strangeness of that morning wouldn't seep into the rest of my day.





THE END

Sam Will Return in Future Stories and Comics

Be on the lookout for:

Sam's In a Bad Spot — Volume 2

Tiny Preview for Volume 2:

I stood right in front of the cargo bay door ready to run for the nearest bucket and mop, I had to get my stallion-sized patch of cum off of the cargo door before anyone saw it. My heart tried twist out of my chest as De Balkor's scarred neck came into view. I called out to her over the sound of the hydraulics. "Give me a minute and I'll see you in your office, okay?"

"Give you a minute?" She laughed. "You don't have seconds, Sam." She lit her pipe, something she never did in the hangar. I was screwed. She was angrier than I'd ever seen her.

As I tried to think of another way to get her to leave, she saw it, my pearly white mess still sticking to the texturized square pattern on the cargo door. Her pipe hung from her lips about to slip out as her eyes trailed across what any adult human would realize was spooge.

My mind raced. "S-someone, some idiot spilled water-based lubricant when they were unloading the cargo. Looks a lot like jizz, doesn't it? I was gonna clean it up before coming to see you. I don't wanna know how hard it is go get off when it dries."

"Water-based lube? Why would anyone be carrying that around while they were unloading cargo?" She reached down with a hand.

Sprinted toward her as fast as I could hoping to God I could make it to her before...

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And a big shout out to all my patrons on Patreon! I'm so lucky to have your support!