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Room 4: Orientation Room
By Draconicon

Fen Chao was led along the bright, metal hallways of the underground facility by a man whose skin might as well have been metal for all that it shifted or moved. There was a reflective quality to it that made her wonder if he had already partially changed and held himself there, but she honestly didn't know. With the way that everything had gone since her arrival, she didn't feel capable of asking questions, either.

Instead, she kept her head down, one hand holding the robe that she'd been given shut. The sensation of cool metal under her feet was not that dissimilar from the cold tile that she was used to, and it was a bit smoother, too, if a little harder with each step and impact.

Breathe. They WANT you here. That's better than home. That's a lot better than home.

It didn't make it easier, though, particularly as they walked deeper into the facility. The tram ride from the hangar had been bad enough, exposing her to both beasts and monsters, but now that they were in the hallways that were closer to the core -

“Ah!”

She jumped as a four-legged, noodle-shaped dragon slithered past her. Her breath caught in her throat as she watched the great serpent dragon go by, hardly believing her eyes. It was as if she had seen something jump out of myth and into reality.

Her fingers had grown scales in shock, and she had to force herself to calm down to keep it from spreading further up her arm or down her fingers. She squeezed them tightly, making them hurt from just how much pressure she put on them before the transformation stopped. Even then, she was almost hyper-ventilating, and it was enough for her guide, Yaotl, to look back at her with a raised eyebrow.

“Are you going to be okay?”

“Nnngh...I don't know...”

“...We're almost there.”

“Faster...faster, please...”

He nodded, leading her along. She kept her head down, not daring to meet the eyes of anyone else as she saw furred, scaled, and even ghostly gaseous limbs pass her by. She felt like she had stepped into another world, a world where she was welcome for what she was, but not yet who she was.

They reached a closed, steel door built into the wall, and Yaotl laid a bronze hand against a panel beside it. It opened, and he gestured in. She glanced inside, desperate to find some privacy and -

She paused, whipping her head around. There was a toilet, a bed, a desk -

“Where’s the bath?” she whispered.

“All bathing is communal,” Yaotl said.

“No, no, no, you can’t - I need...please, is there another room?” she asked. “Another room with a bathtub in it?”

“I’m afraid not.”

“No...no, no, no...”

She was working herself up again, her scales running down her fingers, getting worse as they started to reach the tips and form claws. Gripping herself by the wrist, she stared down at her hand as the tips of her fingers lengthened, growing ever longer, becoming more and more like the claws that she hated.

There was only one choice.

“Where are they?”

“Where are what, ma’am?”

“The showers, the baths, where?!”

“Ms. Chao, you might want to calm down.”

“I need water! Water calms me down, so where is it?!”

Other doors opened, and she was aware of the eyes that were settling on her, the many different individuals that were wondering who the new girl was. She blushed worse, her hair fanning her face and eyes as she gasped for breath. The scales were slowly starting to run up her arm, getting thicker, harder. Yaotl took a look at her, then sighed.

“Follow me, ma’am.”

#

The showers were not as good as a bathtub, but at least it gave her something. Fen leaned against the wall, her head against the tiles as the hot water rushed down her back. There was a hint of shame for being in the nude in front of the bronze-skinned man, but it was better one man than an audience of many.

Two men have seen me naked already... Fen shook her head against the tiles. Two strangers in one night. What has my life become?

“Ms. Chao. Are you sufficiently calm?”

“Almost...almost...”

She ran her hands down along her arms, feeling a hint of a scratch from her nails as she did. The last of the claws were still drawing back in, and that meant that she was almost back to normal. The scales were already gone, her natural skin tone back. No more green, no more hardness down there.

Taking a few deep breaths, she slowly turned the knobs for the shower, the flow coming to a halt. She wrapped her arms around her middle, shivering for a moment before -

“Ms. Chao.”

Yaotl draped her robe over her, and she dragged it closed. It was going to get wet, but better a wet robe than an exposed body. She pulled it tight around her middle, taking a few deep breaths before looking over her shoulder at him. He didn’t have any judgment in his expression. A little impatience, yes, but no more. She nodded.

“Thank you.”

“I trust that this will not become a habit.”

“I...I’ll try to keep that from happening.”

“Good. Now, we are late for your evaluation.”

“I’ll get dressed as fast as I can.”

“I’m afraid that there’s no time. You’ll have to go through it in that.”

“In...in this?” she asked, gesturing at the barely-there robe that she had. It was just enough to get her from the bathroom to her own room back at her place. Now she had to go through an interview in nothing more?

Yaotl’s nod confirmed it, and she groaned under her breath. At least the embarrassment was strong enough to keep the fear down and another transformation at bay.

“T-then...okay...”

Once more, she was led through various hallways, many curved rather than straight. They walked through twists and turns that must have been intentional in the design, for they did nothing to make it easy to get from one place to another. She blushed as she realized just how far they had gone, realizing that they’d left the living quarters behind, passed a canteen of sorts, and were going through research labs.

She looked to her left, looking through the glass as several other shifters were put through different experiments. Some were asked to make their limbs change one by one, focusing their change in a more direct way, while others were leaning back with helmets over their heads, swirling images over their eyes as they whispered in different languages. Still others were giving blood, and others were being shaved, their fur taken away.

“Why are they doing all this?” Fen asked.

“To make sure that we know everything that we can about what’s happening to us,” Yaotl said. “There’s still much that we don’t understand.”

“You...you don’t?”

“No, miss. That is another reason why we are all together under one roof. It is easier to discover what’s happened when everyone affected by it can be studied together.”

“I...suppose that makes sense...”

They passed no fewer than thirty different labs, and eventually came to another steel door built into the wall. Yaotl touched the pad again, and it opened. A human woman - Fen would guess of Australian descent - looked up from her various monitors, cocking her head to the side.

“And what’s this, then? You got another wanker trying to get out of cam duty?” she asked.

“I would not call this one that,” her guide said, gesturing at her. “She would be reasonably well-suited to it, but she claims that she has a few skills in your department.”

“Yeah? Bet you she can’t do shit when it comes to what I need.”

“That is up to you to determine, Ms. Betina.”

“Hmmp. Course it is. You.” The woman nodded at her, and Fen stood up a bit straighter. “What kind of shifter are you?”

“Um...empathic, miss.”

“It’s Betina or Goddess, and for you, it’s fucking Goddess, got it?”

“Yes, um, Goddess,” she said, nodding.

“Right. So, empathic, huh? Trigger?”

“Fear...”

“Then you’re already doing better than the last fucker that came in here. That ass turned every time he got horny. Now, I know I’m a fine piece of ass, but that doesn’t mean you can come in here and wreck my shit every time you get a woody, you know?”

A...fine piece of...

If she had been forced to classify her new ‘superior’ as anything, she would not have picked that. Ms. Betina was an older woman, gray-haired already, and she had the wrinkles in her face to prove that she had the years to back up her grump. The other woman wore a lab coat that showed every bit of wrinkle that one could imagine in the chest and collarbone, and as she crossed her arms, she kinda ended up pulling her breasts up from places that Fen didn’t even want to know they could reach.

If anyone had been turned on by this woman, they were someone that had some serious fetishes, and ones that she didn’t really want to think about.

“I’m...sorry that you...dealt with that, Goddess,” she said.

“And she fucking listens? Yaotl, you didn’t tell me this one had ears.”

“She listens better than many, Ms. Betina.”

“A-fucking-pparently!”

The old woman grabbed her by the wrist, dragging her forward and sitting her down at one of the consoles in the room. She barely had a chance to see the binary coding shooting across the screen before it was blurred away, a different program brought up. She recognized it as a testing program, one that they gave to students in university to see where they were. Fen shook her head.

“I...Goddess?”

“Just do it so I can see where you’re at.”

“But I already know the answers.”

“Yeah? What are they?”

She blushed, reaching down and tapping a couple of keys. No sooner had she done so than the test skipped all the way to the end, revealing the answer key. The old woman blinked, looking at the screen, then at her, then at the screen again.

“You found a backdoor?” Betina asked.

“Um, not...exactly.”

“What, then?”

“I...”

“Out with it, girl. What the fuck did you just do?”

“I told it to run the program to the grading stage, Goddess.”

“Yeah, but...” Betina blinked. “Oh, I get it. Oh. Oh ho ho. Yaotl?”

“Yes, Ms. Betina?” the bronze-skinned man asked.

“You tell the Manager that nobody else is getting this bitch. She belongs to me, now, and she’s not getting away.”

“I’ll tell her that you’re laying claim, Ms. Betina.”

“Oy, you tell her more than that. This girl’s mine, and if you try and put her on the porn channels, I swear to fucking god that I’m gonna turn the whole system off.”

“...I’ll pass along your threat as well, Ms. Betina. If there is nothing else?”

“Nothing else for you. Get outta here.”

The old woman waved her guide off, and the door slid open and shut. Fen stared after her guide, shaking her head, wondering what had just happened, and how she had just been claimed like that.

She was completely silent as Betina continued to drag her through the other programs that she had. After the first, she didn’t know their workings as intimately as she had the testing programs, but she had a good handle for the way that the programs worked. She was able to start

figuring them out, finding out how the programming meshed with the functions, and soon, she was able to start showing off.

Despite the rough, abrasive woman behind her, she started to feel a little more in her element. She had managed to keep her condition hidden from the country with the great virtual wall and all its spyware, after all. She had never thought that it was that great an accomplishment, but perhaps it was.

Perhaps she had more to her than she thought.

#

Haruki grunted as he slowly slid off of the fat elephant prick that was stretching out his ass. He could feel it shifting slowly, gradually dragging back to something vaguely resembling human for the cameras, but good *fuck* it was still a hell of a stretch.

The kitsune 'boy' managed to drag himself all the way off of it, panting as he felt the creampie within slowly moving down his guts. He held his hand to his stomach, rolling on his side, allowing the cameras to get a shot of his 'fucked-silly' face as any professional would have done. Aamish loomed over him, the pale elephant slapping his balls with his cock.

"Have you learned your lesson, boy?" he asked in that booming voice of his.

"Y-yes, sir," Haruki panted, his eyes rolling back in his head in a way that wasn't quite faked for the cameras. No matter how many times he had to take that elephant dick, it always felt as huge as the first time that he did it. "I'll do better from now on. I'll be a good boy."

"You better. Now...Come here...clean me -"

Ding.

Haruki rolled off the bed, splashing more of the elephant's cum all over the place as he reached the foot of the bed. Aamish grunted, holding his hands up.

"Watch the bed, man. I changed my sheets just last night."

"Well, you can change them again. You knew what you'd be doing."

"The plastic tarp messes with the whole 'punishment gone too far' stream."

The kitsune shook his head, groaning as his guts gurgled from the sheer amount of cum inside them. This was always a problem when taking the bigger species. They had a way of leaving one so full that you either resigned yourself to spending the night on the toilet, or you ended up wearing something very absorbent to catch it all. You couldn't really do much aside from that.

He leaned forward, rubbing his face a few times. The whole stream had been rather intense. They'd been playing up the more youthful appearance that he had in kitsune form, allowing for a better impersonation of a high school student that was doing better for himself than he should. Aamish had played the responsible babysitter, and, well, they had done what the fans wanted.

And he had the sore ass to prove it.

He reached back, rubbing a finger along his rim. Not for the first time, he almost regretted not being a werewolf; they'd be able to recover from this instantly, while he'd take a few hours to get better. His hole felt like it was stretched wide enough to fit at least three fingers without them touching the sides, and he didn't want to think about how many gaping shots the camera had gotten between the humping sessions.

His guts gurgled, and he covered his mouth to avoid burping up some of Aamish's cum.

"You going to finish cleaning me off?" the elephant asked.

"I don't do ass to mouth off camera," he muttered.

"Pity. Your camera persona would."

"Like I said, not on - urp."

Haruki got up, wobbling to Aamish's bathroom. He didn't quite slam the door - he wasn't that far gone - but he didn't shut it gently, either. After that session, he didn't really feel the need to be that nice.

Eventually, he emerged, still feeling lubricated from his bowels to his belly. His breath still smelled of and tasted like cum, too, but that was something that he could live with. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he watched as Aamish started changing back from elephant to human.

"We're done, then?"

"Yeah, looks like the fans are petering out after the last break."

"They probably blew their load just before you did."

"I am good at holding it until the best possible moment," the elephant said, not with pride, but merely as a statement of fact.

Haruki rolled his eyes. It wasn't too surprising; the elephant never did take anything as a point of pride, it seemed like. Well, at least, nothing that someone else said to him or tried to tell him.

Just like he doesn't get angry, or happy, or sad, or...

It wasn't that Aamish had no emotions. It was more like he just didn't bother to connect with them. He never seemed like a happy person, or a sad person, or a funny person, or even an interesting person. He was just a person, an actor that put on one mask after another, and when there was no mask, there didn't seem to be that much of a person, either.

Shaking his head, he leaned back, looking up at the ceiling. He was still stuck for another half hour or so, regardless of the stream's progress, so he did what he almost never did. He talked to Aamish.

"So, gonna be volunteering for the blood donations or experiments this time around?" he asked.

"Experiments."

"Really? I thought you'd avoid those."

"I have already violated many rules by being able to transform ahead of schedule. My exemptions are no longer valid."

He cocked his head to the side, tilting his head back to look at the Indian man from his upside-down angle. Everyone knew that Aamish had an exemption towards experiments, for the most part, but this was the first time that he had heard why. He rolled onto his chest, looking up at the elephant instead.

"Is this the whole reincarnation thing?"

Aamish sighed.

"Are you going to mock this?"

"Maybe. If it's stupid."

"Then I am not getting into this."

"Oh, come on, you can't expect me to promise to do *nothing*."

"I can, and I do."

The kitsune rolled his eyes, his tails flicking back and forth behind him as he kicked his legs. Normally, he would have let it go at that and never brought it up again, but he was suffering from a horrible condition right then: boredom. He sighed.

"Fine, fine. I promise to keep my mouth shut."

“... You? Is that possible?”

“Is this going to be interesting?”

“I believe so.”

“Then I hereby promise to keep my mouth shut and not mock it as long as it stays interesting.”

“...”

“That’s as much as I can give,” Haruki admitted.

“I suppose that’s true.” The elephant shrugged. “It will be enough.”

Aamish leaned back on the bed. In human form, the otherwise chubby elephant had a surprisingly lean body. One would not have guessed that he was able to transform into an elephant from looking at him. Perhaps they would have guessed tiger, or even something leaner than that, but elephant? There was no sign of the thickness that came after the transformation, no long nose, nothing. In fact, he was actually somewhat handsome.

It was just a pity that he was so boring off of the camera.

“I am not what you would call devout, but I still respect the process behind reincarnation. To be better in one life so that you might be given a chance at a better life in the next, and the next, ever improving in different bodies. When I made my first shift, I...”

“You cheated.”

“If you must put it that way, yes.”

Haruki nodded, gesturing for the elephant to continue.

“As you might guess, this matters a great deal for one who believes as I do. When I was brought here, I asked to be allowed an exemption so as to not cheat any further. It was taken under advisement, but treated as if I had it ever since.

“However, as of yesterday, the Manager has decided that it is not sufficient reason to not take part in the experiments, and has revoked my exemption. I am expected to participate as much as the rest of you, now.”

“Huh. So, why sign up for any at all? It’s random; you might not need to,” Haruki said, crossing his arms under his chest.

“I have already ‘cheated’, as you call it. There is no point in trying to pretend otherwise.” Aamish sighed. “If I am randomly chosen, then it will be for the more unpleasant tests. If I

volunteer, then it will be kept as close to my human form and my elephant transformation as possible. That, at least, will be acceptable.”

“So, the whole thing is a giant crisis of faith for you.”

“Would it not be for you?” Aamish asked. “To believe that you would go through many different lifetimes on your way to Nirvana, only to find yourself forced to live two at once?”

“Annnnnnd bored now.”

“Your respect could not last, I see.”

“Well, as soon as we get onto faith, I end up having to laugh a little bit; it’s all ridiculous, anyway.”

The kitsune rolled off the bed, stretching his arms over his head as he got to his feet. There was a slight squirt from within, more elephant seed slowly rolling out of his hole. He sighed.

“How much time left on the stream?”

“Another twenty minutes, but I doubt anyone is going to call in.”

“I’ll hit the toilet one more time, then head out. I’ll take the blame if Manager gets annoyed.”

“Are you sure?”

“Better to head down to the lab sooner than later; I got blood to donate, and I want to see what the new girl is up to.”

“A new girl?”

“Oh, right, didn’t tell you about that. Well, let me tell you. She’s got bigger ears than yours for all that she’s picked up so far, heh.” He groaned. “Hold that thought.”

#

After one more bathroom trip, he managed to leave the elephant’s quarters behind. He had to admit, he hadn’t expected to learn something about him this time around, but just when it was starting to get interesting, he brought faith into it. Haruki rolled his eyes, putting his hands in pockets that only existed as he put his hands down below his waist. He wiggled his fingers in the little fur-pockets, chuckling to himself at the impossibility that it represented.

Hard to believe that anyone can still believe in any one religion after all of us started changing, he thought, looking around. Kitsunes, werewolves, dragons...name me one religion that encompasses all that, and maybe I'll take a listen.

Shaking his head, he grabbed a water bottle as he passed the canteen, then continued through the labs. He was almost at the end of them when a shriek echoed out from Betina's computer center. Even he jumped at the sound, but he was off like a shot right after, slamming his fist on the door to the computer center.

"What the hell's going on in here?" the kitsune asked.

"Ey!"

A gray blur flew through the air, and Haruki grunted as a lab coat hit him right in the face.

"Clothes on in my space, fucker."

"Fine, fine," he muttered, but he tossed the lab coat back and 'dressed' himself in an illusion of black slacks and an unbuttoned white shirt. "Better?"

"Long as you're covered."

"What was that shouting?"

"Oh, right. You know that girl you brought?"

"...Yes?"

"Yeah, well, she's a bloody genius. A fucking marvel, like. But, uh..."

"...You scared her and she transformed, didn't she?"

"Yeah, she's kinda huddled under my desk in a little scaly ball," Betina admitted. "Not my fault, you know. I just couldn't believe she solved that damn logic trojan."

"You mean the one that you've been too busy to deal with? The one that the Manager wanted fixed last month?"

"Oy, it was on the list. But, uh...yeah, I mighta shouted in her ear, and..."

"..." Haruki facepalmed, turning around and walking away. "Nope, nope."

"Ey! You get back here and fix this!"

"You broke her, you fix her!"

“You brought her!”

“And you broke her! Your turn for once!”

The End