

# REPTILIAN STRIP

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



A series of disappearances. A mysterious strip club. This was just the kind of mystery that drew Silvia Kuroi right to the scene of the presumed crimes. Not that it was really her scene, so to speak. Silvia was an adventurer that was surprisingly chaste for her age, a woman of many experiences but easily shied away from the sexual. Was there anything wrong with that? Surely opinions varied on that topic but she certainly didn't think so.

It was early in the morning and so the locale, named the Crabbe Shack perhaps in ill taste or perhaps because it was ocean-side, wasn't really occupied. There were only cleaning staff and the manager on scene, none of the dancers scheduled to show up until lunch began so they could push the dishes in the questionable buffet. The cat had been given a quick tour of the establishment and then left to her own devices.

Perhaps she should have been suspicious of how receptive the manager had been towards her snooping, but Silvia was more of the mind that they merely wanted their good name cleared no matter the cost. Wouldn't most in a situation like this? After all, an esteemed Astrologian such as herself ratting them out would surely sink their company were anything amiss. The risk that this was a trap, of course, likewise existed, however she believed herself to be a competent enough fighter to handle herself.

It was folly, because she hadn't fully grasped what the owner was up to.

Had the scholar better skimmed the list of staff that maintained this location she might have seen something strange: over half of the women that served as strippers and pole dancers had joined since the

disappearances had begun. All of them were exclusively of the lizard-like Au Ra race.

**“Hmmm... There’s nothing immediately suspicious in the dancing area. A closer inspection is likely warranted however.”** By about ten in the morning she was walking across the stage, many a pole extending from it to the ceiling with one fixated front and center. She was careful not to touch anything she shouldn’t, fearing any germs that might be present.

A soft jazz began to play in the background, dispelling a dead quiet that had otherwise accompanied her trip throughout the strip club thus far. The doors weren’t scheduled to open for another hour, so Silvia was confused, but she couldn’t really tell them how to run their business either.

The feeling of cold steel against her hand, though, took her by surprise. Despite her aversion to even coming within several feet of the stripper poles before the music started, she’d wandered over to the one in center stage and rested a hand against it without thinking. And, for some reason, she didn’t want to let it go. Or she did, but she couldn’t unfurl her fingers?

**“Peculiar. Why do my fingers seem to be halted so?”** Further inspection found she could slide her hand up and down the bar with ease, so why was it she couldn’t remove fingers altogether? Although... the fixation with her hand offered opportunity for abnormality to permeate elsewhere beyond her notice, such as how the furs at the tip of her feline tail had begun to fall from from the appendage. It wasn’t like they were being cut or trimmed, no, but instead like the hair follicles themselves had just closed up and left nothing to mount the fur in the first place.

The same could be said of her Miqo’te ears, their feline volume diminishing as fine furs unraveled to leave skin exposed... although that skin seemed to be lessening and her ears began to recede towards her skull. Not that Silvia was privy to any of this quite yet, not with how she was still tugging with all her might to get fingers free of this disgusting pole.

If this was some sort of prank it wasn’t funny. Without her hand she couldn’t operate the star globe that was hanging from her back. Or... **“Where is it!?”** With the free hand she’d reached for her weapon just in case, but the globe was entirely absent even though she’d just felt its weight there moments ago. Fingers wriggled behind her as she reached higher, just in case, head cast over her shoulder, but those fingers were subject to unintended cramps and twitching without warning. **“Ah!”**

She withdrew the unbound hand just in time, fingers still cracking and bending once they were in her view. No, this was no mere spasm born from physical negligence; she could see the lengths of her fingers become slender, and the nails atop them becoming long. Too long. The nails almost looked fake as purple sparkles were spread across them as if by a wisp, giving them the gaudy look one might expect of one of the dancers in this filth-ridden establishment. But more than that, what made her gasp was the tone of her skin. Her pigment was naturally tanned, Miqo'te typically native to desert regions like Ala Mhigo but now... The yellowish pale that had begun in patches was a very blatant contrast.

*And the very same changes had swept across the hand holding the dancing pole too.*

In fact, struggling to pull again found this paler hand moving with greater ease across the metal, almost like palms had grown accustomed to the gesture. Against her presumed desires Silva's second hand suddenly grasped the pole above the first, and she now found she couldn't remove either. **"What is... What is happening to me!?"** Body aside, the paling sensation running up her arms aside, she was feeling unusually groggy. An intellectual at heart, it was only natural that she'd take quick note of a slowing of her thought process. Not only was it just harder to think in general, the things coming to her didn't seem as scholarly as they'd once been.

The unraveling of her tail had progressed a great deal in the meantime. Black fur only remained at the appendage's base, but the skin that had been exposed by the lack of fur otherwise was worth a raised eyebrow as well. Mostly because it was not normal skin. The surface had both hardened and darkened, scales rising with minuscule gaps in between each cresting. The base itself was swollen, scales more pronounced and spikier at the top, and that swell ran all the way to the reptilian tip that swished from side to side.

Her ears had essentially turned into absentees as well, but oddly enough there was no deafness to force Silvia into realization. Sound reverberated just as it always did, with all credit to the black protrusions that had begun to point from the sides of her head where normal ears might be. But these were no ears. Well... they *were*, just not ears for a Miqo'te. The black growths, looking more and more like horns with every inch they curved backwards, had hollow interiors that allowed sound to be collected.

Not to be outdone by the rest of her, hair that was usually wavy and dyed red at the tips was looking uncharacteristically straight, dye job

fading as the black totally dominated the coloring. Bangs that were normally swept to the left evened out across her forehead, a forehead that was sporting the same yellowish pale skin as Silvia's hands, arms, and while she'd yet to notice: legs as well.

**“Oooh... These clothes are so hard to move in...”** The rhythm of the music had grown more intense, and with her mental capacities blurred her body has instinctively begun to sway side to side with hands still grasping the pole in front of her. But a hand finally broke free, yet her mind did not see this as a freedom she could use to pull herself off the pole. Instead it guided itself to the buttons and zipper of her jacket, undoing them all before rhythmically arching her back backwards and removing the second hand, allowing said jacket to fall free of her arms and onto the floor behind her.

With the jacket exposed, degradation of the clothing the Miqu'te(?) had been wearing underneath was made evident. Her arms were completely bare, as was the woman's neckline. Instead, whatever shirt and brassiere she'd been wearing had merged into the upper portion of the king of bunny costume one might find the servers at the Gold Saucer wearing. No, even then this one was too revealing, and with the cups a little bigger than her tits it was easy to see her bare nipples hanging loose beneath, their skin still tanned while the pale encroached on the flesh of her breasts.

Ill-fitting or not, it didn't really matter for long. Silvia's feet began to tap against the ground as her head rolled from side to side to the beat of the song, facial features elongating as scales crept into her face from where her full-sized horns were mounted. The motions saw her tits bounce a little at first, but each time a ripple ran through them it seemed to linger just the tiniest bit longer. It was because there was more mass for the motions to ripple through, nipples pressing up against the cups of the shiny, lacy top at no time at all, with creamy skin even lipping over the top with how massive her breasts had become. It made Silvia's entire torso heave forward, but eventually the muscles in her back adjusted to make it more bearable.

She wanted to show them off even more though.

It was already too late for Silvia. **“What was I... worried about...?”** Tongue licked her blue lips with in a gesture she'd never really made before, her body swinging around the pole as if it was second nature. **“I don't really know how I learned to dance like this, but...”** Her idle pondering was followed up by a vapid giggle, intellect emptying with increased haste. As she spun around again, she ducked and kicked a leg out to reveal her boots had become a rather impressive set of

dancing heels -- certainly a set of footwear she barely would have been able to *walk* in, let alone dance freely.

But Silvia felt way more flexible than she ever had, something exemplified by the movement of her legs and how she twirled around the poke she'd seen as repulsive only five minutes before. The leggings she'd worn beneath her boots had come to stretch themselves completely across her thighs, thighs which had become excessively meatier beneath coverings that were better described as fishnet than cloth at this point. Her alabaster skin beneath was on full display, and as she rounded another twirl the *Au Ra dancer* gave her booty a little twerk, this gesture seeing the size of her cheeks inflate into rich abundance with only the fishnet to keep them enclosed.

All that remained of the woman's shorts was the bottom half of the bunny suit, sleek and black leather hugging her coochie tightly while reaching around and barely obscuring the crack of her doubled ass. Beneath the leggings skin hardened in patches, dark scales surfacing in mesmerizing patterns that matched on either of her thighs, while thinner patterns graced pale arms. Silvia just felt so free.

So... *horny*. Dressed all revealing like this worked her up.

Her dance was working up a sweat, arms and pits dripping and the hypnotic beat of the music having done its damage and creating another victim of the Crabbe Shack's dark manifesto. Silvia's dance slowed, the adrenalin fresh in her beating heart as heels finally clacked towards the stage exit. What was this feeling? Her loins ached, her breath was hot. She desired. Not only did she desire, but she desired *to* be desired. Revealing clothes that the woman would never have been caught dead in before were suddenly too revealing. She wanted to wear *less*. She wanted to be *seen*.

Whoops! Almost lost her bunny ears!

The *Au Ra* didn't even enter her changing room, and instead slid through the back exit and onto the busy morning street. Her strut was seductive, the message she was giving off a clear one as the masses stared. The new exhibitionist in the woman saw her pulling at the cups of her bunny suit to reveal her nipples to the first attractive woman she could find. A *Viera* that seemed strangely familiar, but likewise unrecognizable.

Silvia then slapped her own ass and leaned in. "Hey baby, wanna fuck?" Fake nails reached for the *Viera's* hand, and the *Au Ra* cooed. "**I hope you can satisfy me.**" Lips were licked again. A big, strong *Viera*. With the right toys she was in for a fun night.