

# CROWS CRAVINGS



## STORY



P A T R E O N   E X C L U S I V E   C O N T E N T

"Hm, can't deny that they did a really great job on this" Cyl smirked as she looked into the mirror in the small change-chamber. For almost a five months she had lived in Arenil by now, and she slowly got used to her new kind of life. Due to the fact that Arenil was a human-only colony not far from the great city of Tinora, The Nariok scientists had invented the perfect biological disguise it seemed.

"This Mimic is wonderful!" Cyl still looked at her human hands in amazement. She was kinda proud to be one of the first agents to test this new technology, one of the first that were picked to actually infiltrate one of the bigger human-only colonies. Sure, the weekly injections to keep the mimic intact kinda bothered her from time to time and her original female Corax-body had a lot more to offer, but the knowledge about human society she gathered in the meantime had been worth it.

Most of the inhabitants of Arenil seemed to be afraid of the other Merrans, especially the more monstrous races like the lizard-like Tizzians and the insectoid Ferons. Only very few had prejudices against the rather small and vulpine Bolgans and Zirrans tho and most of them often had a strong sympathy for the squirrel-like Skirrans – maybe also because they were unable to transform and thus weren't a threat to humans.

Cyl had started to really get comfortable around other humans within the last weeks, also havin a male mimic was an interesting experience. To put it simple – the fapping was awesome and far less complicated that she was used to as a Corax. Thinking about that, Cyl started to play with her pendant, an amulet that was bound to the mimic she was wearing,



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A slightly blueish glow seemed to pulse around the skull-shaped pendant and it seemed to grow stronger! "oh Fuck!" Cyls heart dropped like a stone. She had completely forgotten that the female cycle of her corax-body demanded an extra injection this week to keep the mimic intact!

"Shit... Oh damn, Nonono... Agh" Cyl felt something pushing out of her back.. "Crap crap crap... my wings.. where is the emergency-pack?!" In panic, Cyl started to search her pockets for the small syringe, while her waist was already growing broader and more feminine.

"No no no!" The pendant in her other hand started to glow in an alarming blue light, the fabric of her shirt ripped open, as a pair of dark wings grew out of her back. "Shit, they will arrest me if they see me like that!!" One more time, Cyl tried to find the syringe in her pocket and hold her trousers in place as her ass grew out of it.

"Hnaaaaw!" Her shoes bulged, as scaly bird-toes ripped them open. A well-known weight grew on her flat chest, where a pair of soft, fleshy bulges pushed against her shirt.

"This will ruin the whole experiment! Caww!" Cyls eyes widened, as the Corax-rutting call escaped her throat "Try to... Caw! Fokus!" Her whole body felt hot like she had a fever. It was useless, without the injection, Cyl could only watch as her original body slowly destroyed her mimic.



Long strands of drool run down her chin, as she felt the teeth in her mouth transforming into something huge and hard. Her lips opened, as a dark beak grew out of her skull. *"\*caw!...cawk!\*"* ...She just hoped no one in the store would notice her weird noises.

The trousers and her shorts had almost reached the ground, while her tits grew bigger mercilessly until they reached Cyls former cup-size. Tiny black hairs grew on her legs and quickly grew up towards her crotch. Cyls penis dripped with strands of pre, as it slowly grew back to become a clit. With a slimy membrane on her balls, her testicles slipped back into the growing labia to form the inside of her pussy.

Cyl knew that empty feeling that was now spreading in her crotch all too well. *CAWK!* She shouted again with the black beak that was sitting right into her face now. Her wings grew bigger and soon filled out most of the change-cabin, while her bird-feet scratched over the wooden ground.

The skin of her mimics arms ripped open and revealed the dark, scaly skin below.



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Caaa! Cyls knees went weak, as a sudden weight in her pelvis pulled her to the ground. It seemed that the mimic was unable to hide her true form any longer, due to the massive hormone production. Cyls body had turned back into the body of a Corax almost completely, except for her face, which was still partly that of a human. Long strands of clear liquid oozed from between her legs, and Cyl knew that pressure that was building up insides her crotch all too well.

Carefully, she lowered her body, which was covered in dark, short fur and feathers by now into a squatting position and spread her legs wide. "It seemed like these Caa Nariok need to find a workaround for this hngg!"

Cyl felt her nethers slowly bulge, as her Ovi-cycle kicked in and created a mess on the ground while her pussy splurged out even more slimy liquids. She took a deep breath and started to press. She had gone through this a thousand times before – once a month in her Corax body to be exact.

Cyl felt every muscle in her birth canal starting to stress, as the lips of her vulva slowly opened to press out a soft, unfertilized egg. Accompanied by a farting, smacking noise, the round shape travelled further out of Cyls stretched pussy inch by inch. Her clit trembled, as her stretched pussy finally had given birth to the first half of the soft egg and with a plopping sound, it finally slipped out and landed into the pool of slime on the ground.

Panting and with a heavy breath Cyl prepared for the next one to come – She had completely forgotten how intense her oviposition had been!





" I Hope HNGGG! Someone gets me out of here!" Cyl sat down on the wooden floor, and spread her legs n front of her, while another egg slowly pushed out. She really had no interest to be interviewed by the inquisition or even get arrested for infiltrating a protected area, but at the moment, she had no other choice than just follow her needs.

The liquids of her Oviposition dripped on the shreds of ripped clothes on the ground, and she was sure the strong smell in this small cubicle would soon be noticed by someone. Carefully, she let the fingers of her left hand run over the sweaty, slimy slit that had just given birth to a clutch of eggs "Hmm, feels so wonderful!" She stroked over the white patch of hair right over her still dripping pussy and started to knead her breasts a bit. Maybe she still had a bit of time before she would think about her escape-plan...





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