



BEST
CALLIPHORIDAE
LOTION

Nancy

 **STORY**





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

"Wow, this lotion Molly suggested really worked wonders!" Nancy inspected the skin on her face closely in the mirror. It looked perfectly smooth as if the pimple she saw yesterday had never existed. "I really need to thank her for that tip I guess" She put some perfume on and started to dry her hairs - "Time to get ready for the job!"

When it came to her style, Nancy was very picky. Every morning, she spend around 2 hours in the bathroom to prepare herself to look perfect. The least thing she wanted to worry about was a pimple that she needs to cover with a load of makeup. She just loved the feeling of walking through the city catching the looks from either males or jealous girls that pass her by.

She took her lipstick and put it on to finish her morning-routine, as an unpleasant smell hit her nose. "Ew!" Nancy quickly figured out that it came from the small trash-bin that was standing right below the sink. "Samantha!?" Nancy shouted angrily. A tired moan answered Through the door, signaling that her flatmate Samantha was awake at least.

"Listen, I got no problem with your polyamorous attitude... but can you – PLEASE- At least not gather all this filth in our bathroom over days? It smells awful!"

Nancy heard Samantha opening her bedroom door and walking past the Bath. "Yeah yeah miss perfect, I will get it out in a moment. Oh, by the way, I will be out with Jim over the weekend, so don't expect me to cook anything"



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Just the moment when Nancy wanted to answer her flatmate with a sarcastic side note about her very own morning-routine, Nancy saw a notification on her smartphone. "Ho damn, you lucky Sam. Looks like theres an Moistfever outbreak in Mollys district... I need to wear one of these stupid facemasks for the rest of the day until the inquisition had cleared the situation."

"Poor you! Samantha's head popped up behind the bathroom door "So half of your hard work will be hidden anyways. Haha"

A little grumpy, Nancy opened the drawer to get one of the facemasks. Stupid Moistfever infections... not only the masks... that stupid bug-protection-spray would ruin her perfume!

She looked into the mirror again and couldn't believe what she was seeing: The pimple from yesterday had come back. "Great, too much stress in the morning... now i'm happy to hide my face for the rest of the day!"



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Nancy felt exhausted as she came back to her flat in the early evening. This had been a weird day. It seemed like Molly was ignoring her messages, and a weird lack of concentration had grown worse over the day. The People in the supermarket had looked at her in a quite weird way and the guy in that bus had even changed his seat like she was.. stinking or something.

Also, it seemed that her ability and will to speak had somehow diminished. Being a loud-mouth usually.. Nancy didn't really feel like talking today. To make this even worse, she had developed a strange habit of sucking up her own spit over and over, feeling that it would just flow out of her mouth otherwise.

Finally, she was home, and even better... Sam had already gone. Exhausted, Nancy directly went into the bathroom to see what was going on. Her mouth felt swollen, bloated and kinda tight... to make it worse that strange urge to slurp up her spit was now causing a disgusting sound behind the mask every time she did.

She arrived at her mirror and in the same second, a mix of horror and disgust hit her: Under the dark mask in her face, Nancy was able to see the vague contour of two giant bulges under the fabric. Right in the middle where her mouth should be, a long, wet patch had formed.

"Hno Shrlrrt NOO!" She looked at the lotion – Molly... the Moistfever outbreak... was THAT the cause of it?!



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But before she could even think any further, a well-known stench fogged her mind. "Sam... you shrllt slut!" Nancy's nose felt like it was drowning in wetness, as she noticed the pair of insectile antennae on her head that curiously twitched in delight as the smell grew worse.

"No... NO... I won't shrllt do THAT!!" Defying these words, Nancy picked up the trash bin and lifted it. As soon as she opened the cover, her eyes widened. The musky scent grew worse as she saw a dozen used condoms, tampons and stained panty liners. In horror, Nancy could only watch as her body started to betray her and brought the stinking mess even closer towards her face. "Hrrnnnooo srrllrrp"

A deep gurgling escaped her throat, as she felt a gush of fresh saliva flooding the inside of her mask. Suddenly, Nancy noticed that her nose wasn't smelling anything anymore. Instead, the pair of disgusting insect antennae that had grown out of her skull had taken over that sense – and it seemed like they added some kind of filthy pleasure to the stench.

Nancy's whole body started to shiver, as her antennae pleasurablely soaked up the vile stench of waste. While still fighting it, Nancy lifted her arm against her will, ready to empty the trash bin right over her head and let the filth rain down on her.



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She smacked helplessly as the filthy contents of the bathroom bin emptied and rained down on her. Sams friends didn't even bother to fasten the ends of their used contraceptives with knots it seemed, so most of the condoms leaked their filthy loads right onto Nancys cleavage.

Her mouth almost farting and overflowing with a thick, clear slobber that now even dripped from the wet stain on her mask, Nancy looked on the mess she had made on herself.

"So shrllrt disgusting..." She smacked as the stench brought tears to her eyes. She threw the bin away and started to slowly examine the filthy, stinking remains. While doing that, she noticed that her hand was slowly rubbing over the wet bulge that had formed on her face. She was somehow turned on by that, combined with the disgusting stench that surrounded her "Thatf... so wrong... *shrllrt*"

Her fingers now plowed through the swollen mouth-area, which resembled a vertical, drooling slit rather than a human mouth, until the feeling of pleasure became too big and she pulled down to reveal what had developed under the fabric.



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Nancy wanted to scream, as she saw her reflection in the mirror, but only a wet fart escaped the lewd. swollen lips that had grown on her beautiful face. No wonder, why the people in the bus had looked at her like that! Her antennas twitched again as they grew bigger – soaking up the vile stench of a unwashed, sweaty cunt that had replaced her nose and mouth.

*Im becoming a shrlrt flyy!" Nancy cried as her hand pulled the mask further down – it was moist and full of smelly liquids like it was a panty of a horny slut. The stench of the mess around her slowly started to disgust her less and less... kinda like it became normal to her...



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Slowly, she started to examine the naughty slit her mouth had grown into. Her fingers carefully slipped over the long, moist, vertical lips and it send shivers down her spine. "I cnt shrllrt fight it any longer..." Carefully, her fingers pulled one side of the sweaty bulge to reveal the tight, drooling vagina Nancy's throat had become.

More liquids gushed out, as Nancy realized, that the perfect skin of her face had bloated and even ripped open around her new, swollen orifice. In disbelieve, her fingers carefully touched the areas where huge holes in her skin had revealed an uneven, wrinkly and hairy skin.

*Nohw... ma fkin!! Shrlrtr" Her eyes widened, as two moving bulges pushed out of her jaws, revealing more of the stinking, hairy crotch-skin that was growing in her face.

A weird tickling feeling started on both of her flanks, as Nancy saw the insectile claws slowly growing out her ribcage below her tits. "Im becoming an insect! shrllrt nooo!!"



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Nancy felt like her face was melting. Most of her old skin had already fallen off and weird, insectile features had started to grow everywhere. The hairy pussy her mouth had become constantly drooled a thick, slimy sludge that dripped into the sink in front of her.

Nancy felt her top growing tighter, as her breast grew bigger and lewder. Her nipples had also bloated in a weird way, forming moist stains on the fabric. Everywhere on her body, her skin had ripped open, showing either a chitinous, brown carapace, or a yellowish, smelly skin that was growing beneath it.

The smelly stench of the wastes around her had almost become second nature at this point... it was kinda smelling like a good perfume or at least something she could... eat...

The buzzing sounds of two insectile wings disrupted the constant moaning and smacking of Nancy's transforming body, as she felt a pressure growing up in her tight throat. It felt like she was going to puke... but to her confusion it felt weirdly pleasurable.

She grabbed the sink and bended forwards, ready to squirt out whatever was coming up her new throat.



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With a loud smack, she saw the hairy bulge in her face widen in front of her eyes. As she looked into the mirror, she saw that a giant load of milky liquids dripped out from her mouth-cunt and into the sink. It seemed that the same was happening to her breasts, which had also developed moist female genitalia instead of nipples. Nancy smacked and let her new wings buzz .. this was kinda enjoyable somehow. The mandibles that had grown out of her jaws were slowly spreading and massaging her lewd lips, while one of her human eyes had formed into a primitive compound-eye.

“Shoo-- slurp good!” The left side of her top became bloated with the vile slime that was leaking from her breast-cunt. The touch of her mandibles created a bliss, Nancy had never felt before.

It seemed, that the efflux from her cunts had stopped and in horror, Nancy looked at her reflection: Most of her body had transformed into a disgusting, insect-abomination. Only one of her eyes that hadn't transformed yet stared back at her in sheer terror and proving her human origin besides the ripped clothes.

With a feral smacking and farting, she tried to communicate, as her last hairs fell down. The stench of the wastes around her grew further on her mind – now turning into a rather appetizing smell.



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"waste shrrler tasty wastes!!"

Her insectile limbs moved in an alien way, and thick stinky slime was pouring out of every orifice. Still fighting her new urges, she lifted up one of the used, dripping condoms on her chest and slowly brought it closer to one of her breastcunts.

In a mix of horror and lewd curiosity, her fat insectile fingers pushed the filthy condom between the wet folds on her breast. Nancy wanted to protest and scream, but only managed to spread her lewd cuntmaw wide and splutter out another wet fart from it.

The hunger in her lewd, smelly mouth grew as she saw the filthy condom slipping inside the wet snatch on her breast hmuust shrrlr eeat !! Her antennas twitched, as her other hand lifted one of Sams stained panty liners. It smelled like Sam.... like unwashed, filthy Sam!

"Hnoo shrllrt" The panty liner came closer towards her face, as Nancys mandibles welcomed it with gentle touches and pulled it inside her hairy mouthcunt. A sweet-salty taste of smelly liquids filled her mouth, as the former glamour-girl sucked in the dirty piece with delight.

Nancy smacked as she felt her thick slobber dissolving the panty liner into vile nutrients. Tears ran down her insectile face as she saw what had become of her: a waste-eating, smelly and cuntmouthed insect.



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