

A muscular woman with insect-like features, including antennae and a large, segmented, brown body with yellow spots, stands in a shower stall. She has a disgusted expression, with her mouth open and eyes closed. She is wearing a dark blue, form-fitting outfit. The shower stall has a glass door and a tiled wall. A sign above the shower stall reads "FOREVER FILTHIFIED" in a green, dripping font. Several flies are flying around the sign and the shower stall. A green puddle of liquid is on the floor of the shower stall, with a purple object and a black object nearby.

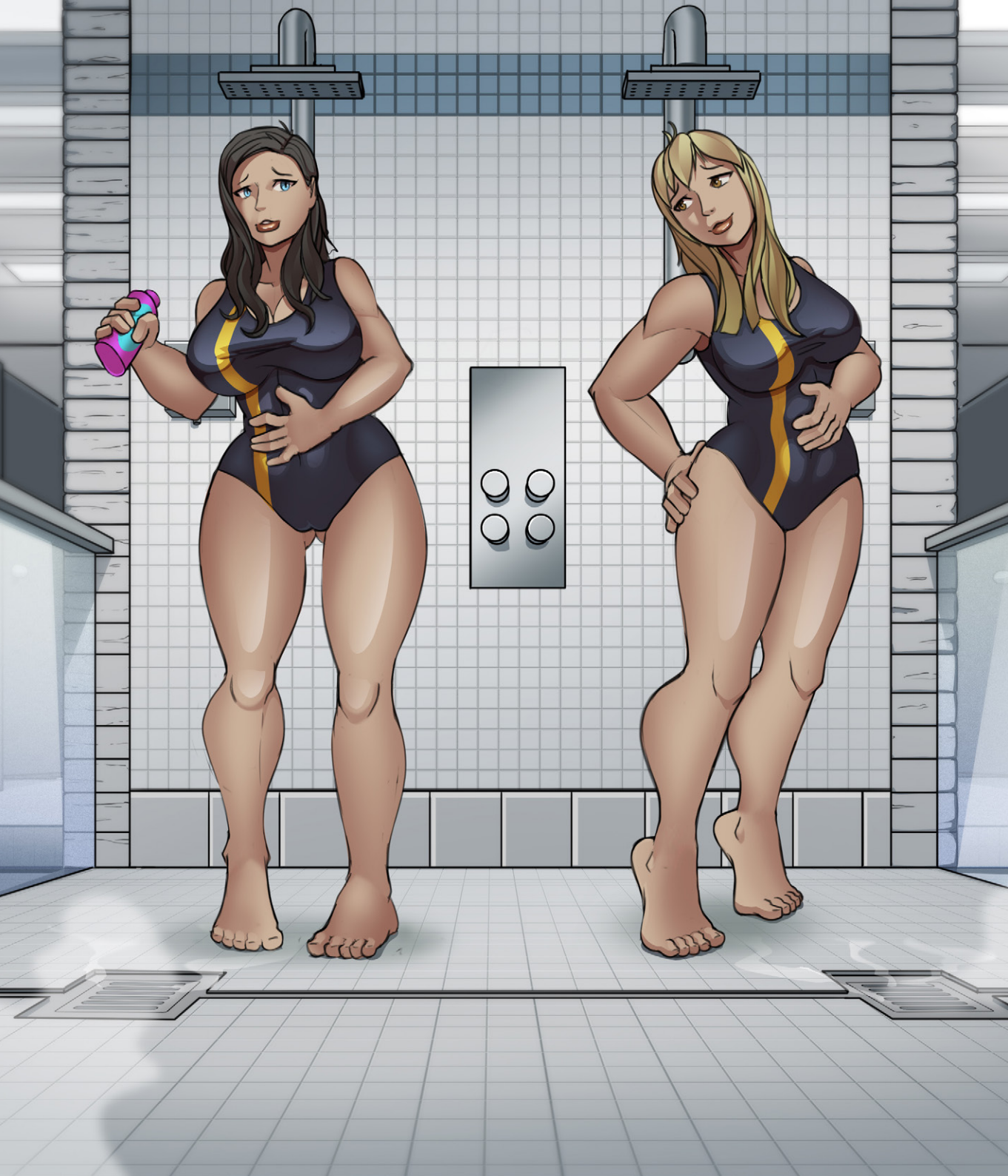
FOREVER  
**FILTHIFIED**



**STORY**



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



"Are you really sure we can't just shower at home like the others?" Sasha wrinkled her nose as she looked into the pool room showers. "It smells weird in here, you know it does."

"And?" Molly asked, the blonde taking several steps in, then twirling to hold out her hand. "The sooner we shower, the sooner we can leave. Besides, it reminds me a little of you, hehe."

Sasha turned pink as she stepped forwards and hissed aloud, "Molly! The others might be here, and you know how I feel about my..., uh, my..."

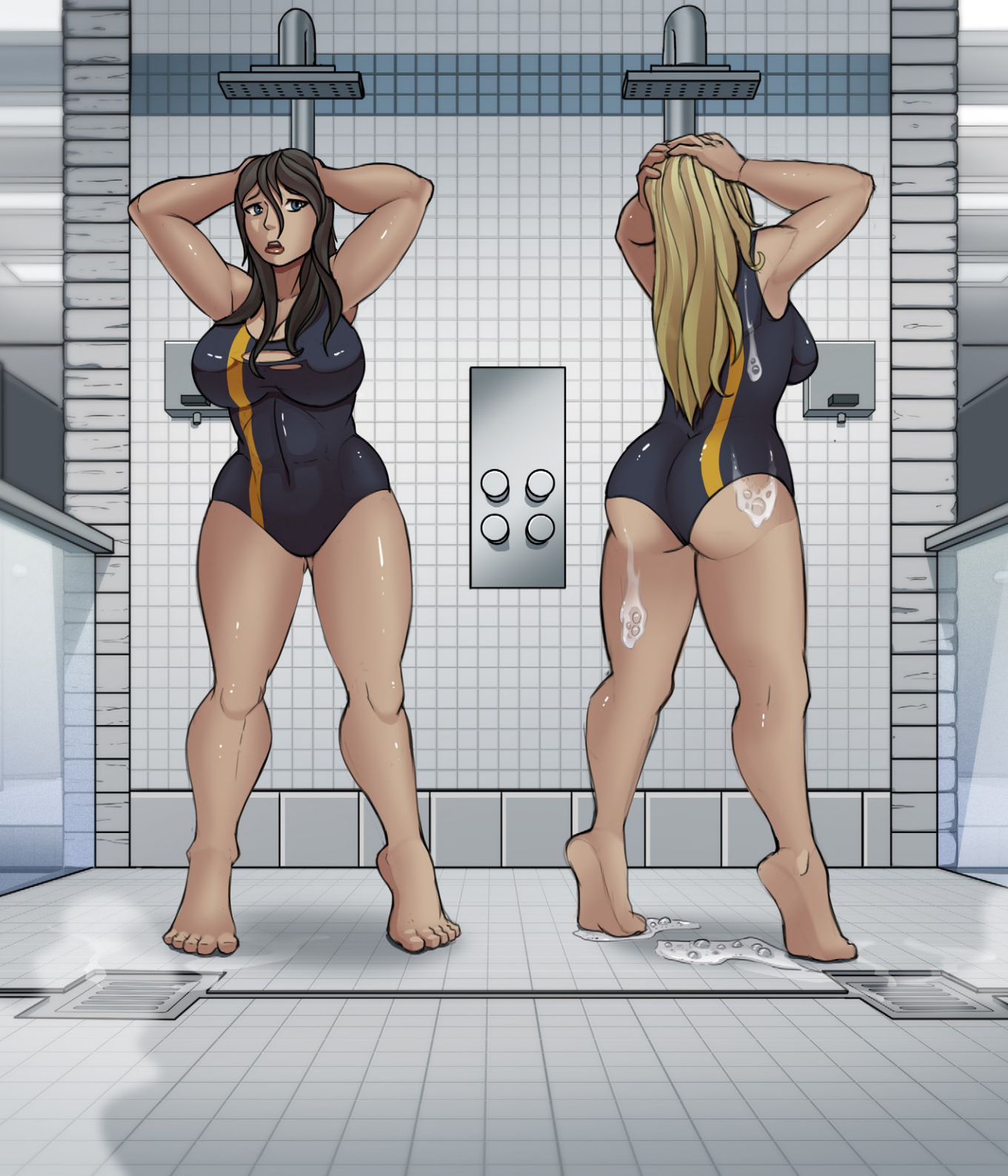
"That when you sweat you smell like a cow? C'mon, Sasha, I've told you I don't mind, and who cares what those airheads think?" She flashed her friend a smile. "I'm the team captain, so who're you gonna listen to, those shallow bitches or your best friend?"

Privately, Molly was a lot less confident than she seemed - after all, Sasha was right, the showers had a...strangely musty smell that grew stronger when she approached the showerheads.

"Look, someone probably just like, left some wet towels in here over the weekend, that's what you're smelling," she added. It was more than that, though - Molly had a dirty secret.

As far as everyone knew, she was the beautiful, popular captain of the swim team, excelling in the pool and in her classes - really, the only thing out of place was she hung around so often with the girl everyone else called Smelly Sasha.







"See?" Molly called as she turned on the water, and soon a heated steam began to rise, "It's fine, c'mon!" Sasha wrinkled her nose in disagreement, but reluctantly sighed and stepped forward into the water to begin rinsing off...

The next minute or two passed ordinarily enough, but soon enough the water slowed to a trickle and then stopped. "...What just happened?" Molly asked as she stepped experimentally towards the faucets. She twisted the knobs yet other than a faint gurgle from the pipes above, nothing happened.

Sasha stepped back a bit and groaned, "I told you something weird was going on! We should have just gone home with the others!"

"...Maybe you're right," Molly admitted, and looked down to kick at the floor. She'd been hoping to at least admit that, well, she'd had a crush on Sasha ever since she met her; she knew it was weird, but she'd always harbored a secret kink for the smellier species on Merra; her attraction to Sasha was the close she'd come to realizing that. "I guess we should go, then. Ugh, I'm -"

There was a loud groan from the pipes that turned into a screech of the faucet heads shooting off and clanging onto the floor, and moments later a torrent of filthy water sprayed outwards. Sasha was far enough away that only the splashes spattered to the backs of her legs, but for Molly...?

She'd been right under the faucets, and was bathed in the wash of smelly sewage that formed a rapidly thickening puddle. She instantly gagged from the stench, and as she clumsily stumbled away, a wave of tingling heat erupted all over her body. Sasha hadn't noticed, though, as she was staring in mute shock at a rapidly developing bulge and the accompanying growing pleasure that pulsed with every heartbeat.



The torrent slowed as the backed up muck formed a pair of sticky, smelly piles amidst the steamy heat of the shower, but neither Sasha nor Molly seemed to notice.

Sasha continued to stare as her swimsuit began to break down and tear, and she cried out in disbelief as she saw what was undeniably a testicle bulge out from within the fabric. Her hand approached it, yet she couldn't bring herself to touch the aching, throbbing warmth that even now was fogging her head with the first hints of lust.

A short time later and Sasha couldn't take her eyes away. Her growing cock - there was no denying it now - ached, and each new throb brought with it a wave of aroused want. She hardly noticed the tingling on her shoulders as thick calloused spikes of chitin began to protrude from her darkening skin. Below, she felt the bubbling warmth of muck as it flowed between her feet.

Molly had gotten it far worse, and everything was an overwhelming blur of heat and slimy stickiness. Her whole body felt strange and...off. She slowly picked a dirty sock off of her swimsuit, and that was when she saw the darkened hue of her hand and the spiky bulges starting to push through her skin. She tried to speak - but to her shock and disbelief, she couldn't seem to form the words, her mouth feeling strange and wrong as only dirty wet smacking noises escaped her lips.







The corrupting heat was relentless, sweeping in wave after wave through Molly's body as the slimy gunk coating her continued to soak and spread its infection. She heard a wet smack behind her as more filth fell from the showerhead, yet she had only eyes for her mutating hands.

It had long been a guilty secret of hers, but the dirtier species of Merra had long been a source of dirty fantasy. As the darkened chitin began to spread down her forearms, her initial shock and horror were fading into a strange curiosity, spurred on by the needy, groaning ache in her groin...something about the sock dangling from her exposed breast smelled so very manly, potent and enticing...

The longer Molly looked at lewd, dirty piece of fabric on her cleavage, the more lewd pressure seemed to build up behind her nose... like she was about to... sneeze? In horror, Molly tried to talk, but only managed to produce disgusting farts coming from her toothless gums that seemed to grow even more sensitive the longer that filthy sock was sticking to her breast.

Coarse hairs started to sprout on the sweaty bulge that was forming just in front of her eyes, as suddenly a squirt of thin slime darted out of her face. The needy ache of her new cuntmouth-hole had become unbearable...

Meanwhile, her brunette friend Sasha started to feel an also manly, needy ache in her crotch... and to her own disgust, she slowly seemed to enjoy it!

"Molly!" she broke the silence. "We, we need to, to..." To what? What would possibly suffice? Her suit was now aching uncomfortably and in desperation she peeled it back from her crotch, which only left her new cock free to spill forth and dangle lustfully in the open air in its full glory.



"Please, no, it's so..so hot..." Sasha moaned weakly. She didn't know when her hand wrapped round her shaft, and each time she squeezed it rewarded her with a blissful jolt. Soon, she was slowly squeezing and stroking herself, while still pleading feebly, "We need to get...help. Molly, we need to, to..." She finally turned her head to look at her friend and her mouth fell open. "Molly!"

Molly didn't hear. She'd plucked up the dirty sock and instinctively pushed it into her newly twisted facecunt. Pleasure shot through her, and immense delight as her lips squeezed and she slurped on the salt and sweat. The world didn't exist for her; there was only the grotesque pleasure of indulgence. She was aware her body was warping further, but that was just fine.

Perverted thoughts were already seeping into her head. She'd always had a crush on her dear Smelly Sasha - and as she turned her head towards her, she became aware Sasha was starting to smell even...worse, which drove Molly wild with new need.

Greedily, Molly pushed the filthy fabric deeper into her lewd mouth, as she felt the taste of male sweat watering her tight throat. Within seconds, the sock was soaked full with her disgusting liquids and her eyes fell on a new "prize" that was dangling between her friend's tights..

At the same time, Molly became suddenly aware of the hard meat that was lewdly dangling between her own legs... twitching and dripping, it also ached to be touched ... or to penetrate?

What should she do? - share her meal and let Sasha also taste this glorious, addicting new life - or use her stuffed cunt-mouth to transform her friend in the quickest way possible?



**KISS SASHA**

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**SHARE MEAL**

(go to page 23)

## KISS SASHA

As she removed the wet sock from her cunt, she was dimly aware what little skin she had left was adopting the same sickly green and browns of her spreading carapace, but that mattered none. "Schhhrrllrrtt...shhhhtttiiiiink..." she managed to slur outwards. "Sshhhhpreeaddtth..."

Slowly, Molly came closer to Sasha, who was still distracted by the waves of lust her new male organ was giving her with every stroke. In delight, Molly's hungry slit started to drool and her antennas twitched, as the sweet smell of Sasha's odor hit them - mixed with a tint of male sweat coming from her crotch...

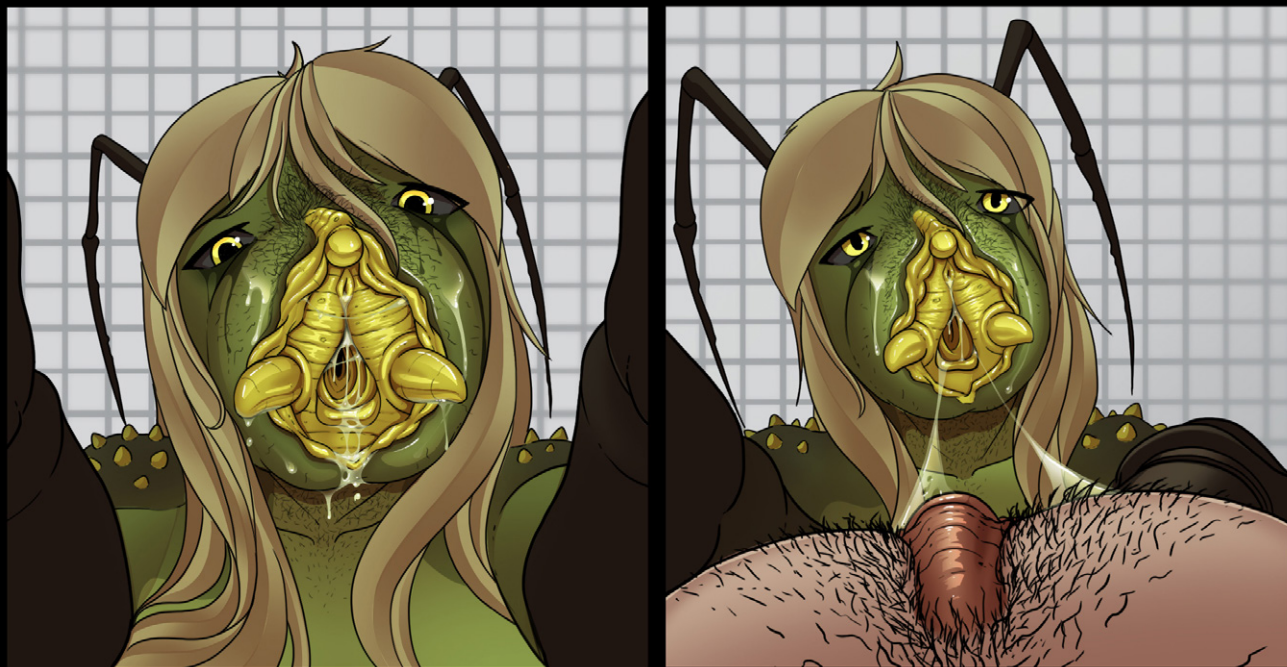
Sasha opened her mouth to protest, yet Molly grabbed her head with one arm, and with the other forced Sasha's mouth open. Her stubbly-haired cuntmouth was dripping with transformative liquids... Sasha wrinkled her nose and tried to turn away, but Molly now grabbed her face firmly, guiding her smelly, sweaty cunt towards the brunette's mouth and nose.

"N-No... Molly, please....!"



Moments later the newest spitbug was smooching her cunt to Sasha's face, eagerly giving her a twisted kiss to smear and spread concentrated corrupting slime all over.

In disgust, Sasha struggled and tried to escape her mutated friends grip, as wet, smacking farts halled through the shower-rooms. A lewd mix of spitbug-spit and filth entered her mouth and quickly ran down her throat - soon causing a tight feeling inside of it.



Sasha closed her eyes - this whole situation was so disgusting, but also so lewd and exciting at the same time! As her eyes re-opened, she saw that Molly had already drawn back and inspected her with a pleased look. Sashas face felt bloated and numb... It was like she had lost control over her lips, since they felt weird and out of shape...

Molly's antennas twitched in satisfaction as she saw the warm, moist, slimy cunt now between Sasha's eyes. Fingers tenderly stroked along the coarse, dark pubic hair already starting to sprout from the puffy cunt-mound.

Dangling cocks bobbed and touched, though while they increasingly matched in body...Molly's head was afire with need, lust, want, every filthy urge she had ever had spilling through her mind and competing to be acted on first, and Sasha was right before her, stunned, disbelieving...and smelling so very...arousingly dirty.

Sasha's whole body felt weird. Her thick new skin felt unnatural and almost like she was wearing a weird kind of unfitting clothes.

She slurped, as a long drop of thick slime dropped down from her chin. Still trying to keep her balance on her new digitigrade insect-feed, Sasha felt a weird mixture of uneasiness and utter satisfaction and need. This body was feeling completely alien to her... Her hands had lost most of their fingers and only had 2 rudimentary digits left... Her once shaved pussy had been transformed and twisted into a filthy cock, and her mouth was drooling and farting uncontrollable... with a growing hunger to feast on something... dirty.





Before she really knew what was happening, Sasha found herself being pushed down. Her knees easily bent, ankles bending, new shape easily sinking into a comfortable squat until she was at eye level with Molly's bulging shaft, The enticing musk of salt and sweat called to her, and Sasha struggled to hold herself back. "*Pleeaassschhh...*" she slurred, though whether it was a plea for release or for more, even she didn't know.

Molly didn't plan to give her that chance. Already, she felt lurid, lewd, and strangely powerful. Sasha was as strong as her and yet she held her easily, and the lust sang within her as she shoved her hips forward and claimed Sasha's cunt for herself. The next seconds were a blur of frantic pleasure and wet noises, a debased *sppprllthh-spprrlkk* as everything became bliss and Molly's balls emptied their load into Sasha's cunt, the force of her spurts causing sticky gunk to drool and stain Sasha's chest.

nother *PPRRRLLPTH* of triumph as Molly sprayed wetly from her own cunt, and below a dirty splitter-splatter as Sasha shook and gurgled in her own bliss, the pair helping to paint the showers with fresh infectious gunk, until they sagged in contented, drooling heaps to scratch at their twisted, perverted bodies.





Within a few hours, Molly had found much to enjoy in the newly smelly sewer-scented showers. Stained, torn stockings clung to her legs while the ragged remnants of her swimsuit hung from her body. She idly stroked her bulbous cock in contentment, as she watched Sasha feast on used condoms and old panties. The brown spitbug couldn't help herself, alternating between feeding, facefucking, and jerking her own cock.

She was desperate to find some way back to normal, yet every time she began focusing, Molly was there to stroke her hairy crotch and then stuff her needy facecunt and make everything a stink-filled cloud of bliss once again. As the wet sounds of 'love'-making filled the air once more, Sasha stopped thinking as dirty spitbug urges became her everything.

The swim team was in for quite a surprise when they showed up for their next practice...



## SHARE MEAL

Slowly, Molly came closer to Sasha, who was still distracted by the waves of lust her new male organ was giving her with every stroke. In delight, Molly's hungry slit "chewed" a few more times on the delicious meal that was still hanging out of her naughty slit, before she started to slowly pull it from her cunt inch by inch.



Sasha opened her mouth to protest, yet Molly pulled the filthy gym sock free with a lurid wet sschllrrrrppp. and pressed it firmly into Sasha's face. Brunette let out a surprised shriek and began to shake and moan as the slimy taste of filth invaded her mouth. The taste was awful, yet...there was something strangely compelling about it.





Molly drew back from giving her 'gift' to Sasha, and her antenna twitched in satisfaction as she saw the warm, moist, slimy cunt now between Sasha's eyes. Fingers tenderly stroked along the coarse, dark pubic hair already starting to sprout from the puffy cunt-mound.

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