

Furtopia

Crimson Rose

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Entering her boss' office, Agent Heidi Morgan closed the door behind her and gave the man she had come to trust as a friend a nervous look. "You wanted to see me Sir?"

"Please take a seat, Agent Morgan," he replied while doing his best not to look at her the way everyone else did.

Closing the distance, Heidi released the smallest fraction of her genetically enhanced pheromones in the hopes it would give her an advantage in the conversation to come. "Sir, before we get to what you have to say I need to ask a huge favor from you." Reaching the desk, she undid the top three buttons on her navy blue blouse and let her large breasts pop free.

"What do you think you're doing Agent Morgan?"

"I'm so sorry Sir, but I was running late this morning and did not have a chance to pump. Please, I'll beg if I have to, but I need someone to relieve some of the pressure." Walking around the desk, she placed her hands on the arms of his chair and arched her back, stopping with her left nipple millimeters from his lips. "Please, I know how you feel about this sort of... mmmm," she purred when he latched on and began sucking. Releasing a bit more pheromones, she closed her eyes and let her tail come up between his legs. "Thank you Sir.

It had been nearly four years since she was kidnapped, trained as a sex slave and genetically modified. It started with the growth of a tail which she now had expert control over, curved horns which she loved being used as handles while being fucked, and a light dusting of fur, but other changes had been taking place the last few months that made her look even more like a sexy, anthropomorphic cow. While her ears were becoming more conical, the biggest change was in her face which, with a great deal of pain, slowly transformed into something halfway between human and bovine.

Thankfully, she did not have to go through it alone as the same had happened to every woman taken by the Organization which she helped shut down. Unfortunately, on top of the changes being permanent and passed on to her offspring, she would spend the rest of her life injecting herself with a drug that not only stabilized her genetic code, but acted as a powerful aphrodisiac that left her and the other furies – as they've began calling themselves, in a constant state of arousal.

In the time since being rescued she had screwed many in and out of the FBI – some openly admitting it, while others deny it despite being caught in the act, but the one person that had resisted her thus far was the one now sucking the milk from her ever full breasts. Feeling his cock growing hard, she reached down, unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. "I've wanted to do this for so long Sir," she said as her fingers wrapped around his cock.

"I know what you're doing to me Agent Morgan and it's not going to end well for you."

"I think it's going to end very well for me, Sir," she smiled. Standing, she hiked her skirt up over her hips and sat on the edge of her boss' desk. "You know you want me, Sir, so why resist?"

"I asked you here to talk about your future in the FBI, Agent Morgan, and if you continue down this path I'll be forced to take the option neither of us wants," he said even as he stood and moved between her spread legs. She placed her hands on the desk and slid them back. He sucked her right nipple into his mouth and with her legs she pulled him into her. "Uuhhnn...that's it, Sir, fuck me like you've always wanted."

"If you continue manipulating me with your pheromones this will be your last day as an Agent."

“Then take me out with a bang, Sir,” she moaned, already intending to quit as soon as the permits for her new bdsm farm Furtopia were granted. “Consider this my resignation.” Releasing even more of her pheromones into the air, Heidi brought her tail up and suck about a foot of it into her mouth and down her throat as Director Walter Powell fucked his cock into her while thirstily drinking her milk. Letting her wet tail fall, she pressed the tip to her former boss’ tightly puckered asshole and with one swift thrust it was in.

“UHN!” Walter grunted as his ass was fucked for the first time. “W-What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Making it interesting.” Pulling all but an inch out, she shoved in hard – the thin, very flexible appendage going even deeper than before. “You fuck me, I fuck you. It’s all about sharing, Sir, so enjoy and don’t you dare pull out until you’ve pumped your load in me.”

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Forty minutes later, Director Powell slumped back in his chair a very satisfied man. “I don’t know what the hell has gotten into you, Heidi, but…”

“I do believe you got into me Sir,” she cut in, sliding two fingers along her slit, scooping up some of the semen slowly dripping out of her and then licking them clean.

“You know what I meant, Agent. I told you long ago what would happen if you ever pulled that stunt with me and I’m a man of my word. I’m sorry, but I have no choice now but to fire you.”

“I understand, Sir, but to be honest I was going to be quitting soon anyways.”

“To work at your new farm? Furtopia, is it?”

“Yes Sir. For what it’s worth, I’ve wanted to do that for as long as you have and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. Oh, and don’t worry, I’m already pregnant so I unfortunately won’t be having your babies. At least not this time.”

“Or any other time. I’m a happily married man, Heidi, and what you did was…well, frankly it was mind-blowing, but that’s beside the point. You compromised my position here and that is something I cannot stand for. You’ll be escorted out of the building and your belongings will be dropped off by agents later today.”

“Do I really need an escort, Sir?”

“Standard protocol.”

“After everything I’ve been through can’t you please let me resign with a little dignity?”

“Despite everything that has happened to you and your family the last four years you’ve been one of my best agents so I’ll grant you this last favor. I’ll tell the higher ups that you’ve tendered your resignation effective immediately. That way you’ll get whatever pension you quality for.”

“Thank you Sir. I’ll pack my things and be gone within the hour.” Exhaling slowly, she took a moment to calm her nerves. “I’ll miss this place, but I think it’s best for everyone if I move on.”

“You’ll be missed, Heidi, and I don’t just mean by all the perverts wanting to screw you every second you’re here.”

“Now that I’m on my way out, Sir, will you answer one question truthfully for me?”

“Depends on the question.”

“What do you honestly think of my new appearance Sir?”

“I’ve never been one for traditional furies, as in people dressing in animal costumes, but I think you, and the rest of the new furry population are some of the most stunningly beautiful women I have ever laid and that’s the god’s honest truth.”

“Then as a follow up: what specifically do you find beautiful about is?”

“Everything. Especially the new facial features. And I have to admit the horns really do make great handles. And your tail. My god that thing is versatile. How much of it did you shove in me?”

“Um, about a foot and a half, Sir. I have just one more question. If you weren’t already married would you ever publicly date or marry a furry?”

“In a heartbeat,” he answered without a moment’s hesitation.

“Thank you Sir. Once Furtopia is open you and your wife will have lifetime free access.”

“Thanks for the offer, but given my position I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to be seen at such a location.”

“We are permitting patrons to wear masks if they wish to hide their identity, but the choice is yours, Sir. Anyways, thank you for everything you’ve done to help me, my family and all the other furries over the years and just know that no matter where life takes us I will always consider you a friend.”

“Don’t downplay your own role in saving all those women and bringing one of the world’s most dangerous and secretive organizations to justice. On that note, I do have a bit of good news before you leave us. Strings have been pulled, hearings have been held and the government has agreed to open a small facility that will manufacture the chemicals you and the other first-gen furries need to survive while some of the world’s best geneticists work on a more permanent way of stabilizing your DNA.”

“That... WOW... I think that is the best news I’ve heard in a long time, Sir. Are they just looking to stabilize us or reverse the process altogether?”

“From my understanding, there is no going back so stabilization is the only options.”

“What about our rights, Sir? I mean, we aren’t exactly human anymore and there are people out there that already treat us as less so will we have all the same rights and privileges your kind has?”

“Absolutely. You may technically be a different species now, but you’re still American citizens and will be afforded the same rights as everyone else. In fact, a press conference will be held next week to announce that very thing, but you did not hear any of this from me. That all being said, there is a downside you’re not going to like.”

“Of course there is. Do I even want to know?”

“No, but you’re going to hear it in a week anyways so you might as well hear it from me. It has not gone unnoticed that your kind, furries, always have multiple birth pregnancies. Numbers were crunched and part of the Furry Rights Act will place limits on the number of pregnancies your kind is permitted to have.”

“The government has no right to dictate how many kids I’m allowed to have any more than they can tell you or any other human.

“The problem is you’re not human anymore, Heidi, and they fear a time when the furry population becomes the majority and humanity goes extinct. For the record, I do not share their concerns as I’m sure birth control still works for your kind and you’re not all just going to have a million babies you couldn’t possible support, but we’re talking about a lot of old politicians stuck in their backwards way of thinking.”

“Actually, Sir, birth control does not work for us at all. At least nothing currently on the market. That being said, I can guarantee you’ll have a war on your hands if that part of the bill goes through and I’ll be leading the charge.” Barely containing her outrage, Heidi left Director Powell’s office, packed up her belongings and left the building for the last time.

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Stopping off at Fantasy Lingerie, Heidi greeted her friends Tammy and Wanda – genetically modified pony and cat furies respectively, and their newest employee Cynthia – a canine furry she rescued from an underground fetish club. “Here for more clothes already?” Tammy asked.

“Not exactly. Are you still looking for furry models for that fashion show you’re planning?”

“Your boss gave the okay?”

“I’m no longer with the FBI so I’m free to do as I please. And before you ask, I resigned right after my boss fucked his load into me while drinking my milk.”

“Nice,” Cynthia replied. “Wish I had someone to drink my milk,” she added with a sideways glance at her new friend Wanda.

“I spent our first break and all of lunch drinking it,” Wanda replied. “What more do you want?”

“Fighting like cats and dogs, how cute,” Heidi grinned.

“Don’t let them fool you. They’re two peas in a pod. And to answer your question, yes, we’re still looking for models, but keep two things in mind. First, the pay is going to suck. And second, it wouldn’t be a furry fashion show without some perversions added in for good measure.”

“Nothing I haven’t done a million times already I’m sure. Anyways, count me in. Now I have to go home and tell the wife I’ve retired.”

“Good luck with that.”

“Will you be coming home tonight?” Heidi asked her young ward.

“I’ll be home around five, but Mark is coming over around eight so I’ll be busy with him unless you need me for something else,” Cynthia answered.

“No, no, enjoy yourself and tell him I said hi.”

“Will do.”