

Drink Me 📄

About this Document:

1. 🚫 This is a document intended for people aged 18+. NSFW. It discusses sex and topics that may upset you.
2. This document relates to the files at eSuccubus.com, created as a result of the eSuccubus Patreon and [eSuccubus:Fantasy](#)
3. This script was created using a transcription tool with only minor edits. If you see a nonsensical part or other error, let me know by email or discord message and I will go spot check the file to fix it. Thank you! 😊

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A new approach to transformation themed material. The listener witnesses someone subjected to a transformation into an aroused large-breasted catgirl, relentlessly self-pleasuring her horny pussy. The listener, in an effort to assist, is ensnared and likewise transformed: into a large-breasted catgirl, relentlessly pleasuring

one's own sensitive clit and lips. Lengthy fantasy transformation with a playful trigger at the end. Great for fans of Cat On The Prowl.

SCRIPT BEGINS

Elena McIvor: Whenever I take you somewhere in trance, you actually carry yourself most of the way. You take everything unnecessary to the fantasy, the desire, the transformative experience, everything irrelevant to the programming, and you set it elsewhere, so that you may sink free of encumbrance. And this allows my voice, its vivid descriptions, its winding turns of phrase.

To evoke sensations and changes that you have previously merely dreamed of or imagined in fevered wishes to experience more concretely. Thoughts that existed in your mind but needed to be brought forth, elaborated, moved into focus. With new words or angles of approach allowing you to better unlock what you were already dreaming of.

Accordingly. See with me, the description that I evoke, as if you were being carried from one place to another, translated from the mundane resting everyday form into something else, submerged in a world where

you interface intimately with everything I describe and lay out for you, allowing it to influence you even when you little know that it is doing so.

Until we eventually rely on everything that has been set out before to build a crescendo, a climax, a triggered response. So, listen, and watch. A long corridor. Simple white stone walls. A number of doors lead off of it. Each branches into a room. However, One needn't enter to see into the rooms, because, as one walks down this hallway, from the middle of each wall, upward to the ceiling, are one way mirrors.

You can look in from this side, into each room, while remaining unseen, and, due to the soundproofing of the hallway, Unheard, unless you reached out and activated the intercom for a room, either its listening function, or the opportunity to speak. And you walk down that corridor, the inhabitants unable to see outward.

Each door is presently closed. However, none appear to be locked when you look closely. The spaces visible through the mirror are a bit like two bedroom apartments. A small kitchenette visible in each, featuring stove, oven, refrigerator with a white, narrow, shiny door, mahogany cupboards, granite countertops, clean, well maintained places, a low

table surrounded with cushions and covered with books, off to one side, in between couches and chairs, as likely a place to study as any.

Two bedrooms in each unit, you can tell because there are open doors facing you, bed and bureau visible within. A bathroom is off to one side, to judge by the tiles and porcelain sink visible when you peek toward them. And what appears to be an office or study in the other direction, judging purely by the shelves, and the sight of a treadmill pushed up against one wall.

You can just see the end of it. This is as much as is visible from the outside. But it doesn't quite feel right to go inside unless you had to. Or unless the inhabitants needed assistance. You're merely to watch. After all, you might see some quite interesting things here. There are no windows inside of the living spaces, at least none save the one you're gazing in through.

They must know it is there, since the door into the hallway you are in is the only door out of the apartment. But, they may have some reason for staying in there, these various inhabitants, just as you have some reason for being here and watching. The air in this place is hazy, full of potential.

Transformative, anything could happen inside one of these doors. A wonderland of possibility, but you gaze into the nearest one. Because, there seems to be some activity. Near the edge of the office treadmill, there is motion. Yes, it's trembling to a stop. It is difficult to hear anything from within the room.

But maybe you did hear a faint thud, the vibration that can be detected even through these walls, of someone running, before, a sound which is now conspicuous, only in its absence. A young woman has just walked out of the office, a towel laid across her shoulders. Wearing only tight sports bra and a pair of equally taut workout shorts.

She towels off her hair, raising toned and powerful arms to do so. Her bra is very necessary, as an ample chest is barely constrained, but tightly enough to protect her from the discomfort of bouncing during a run. Still quite noticeable to your eye, dark brown eyes, hair pulled back away from high cheekbones and fierce features.

She blinks sweat out of her eyes and uses the towel, ruffling it across an upturned nose and dark full lips. You barely see her hair and the tight, high ponytail it's locked into. Since she turns her face toward

the mirror, she probably doesn't think anyone's on the other side of it. At that moment, the elastic constraining her hair is tugged away.

The figure you are observing shakes her head, and a fall of blue cascades once it is loosed. It is lightly sweated with the same mist of perspiration dappling her muscled arms and legs. Perhaps it is dyed, though it is a perfect electric blue hue overall, without flaw or visible root. With streaks of deep purple every few inches, it appears lush and natural despite.

It must have taken a phenomenal amount of effort to get it this way. The mane hits her shoulders and drapes slightly past them as well. She lets it hang loose, periodically shaking to re settle it, and pausing to rub the towel over her scalp and shoulders again. She stretches her legs. She is barefoot.

She's wearing fingerless leather gloves, likely indicative of some other exercise. Prior to the running, her abdomen is taut and muscular. Her thighs are also well articulated. Every movement powerful. Every motion. Calculated, one might think her slow and ponderous, given how tall and strong she looks, but every movement is rapid and sprightly.

She gazes down at the pattern of square tiles on the floor for only a second, and then leaps deftly from one to another, not walking so much as dancing, moving diagonally across the room. You cannot hear any of her steps, and at this point your eyes turn to the intercom. Its two buttons are labeled Listen and Speak, respectively.

The room must be sealed and soundproofed from noises in the hallway. You can hear the vibration of someone running on a treadmill, but not the individual slapping movements of a step. From one place to another. More courtesy than most apartment complexes give their inhabitants. After all, so few are soundproofed.

Unthinkingly, your finger has found the listen button. She's still moving back and forth, perhaps winding down after her run, and shedding excess energy. You get the sense she could cross the room in one leap if she wanted to. And even with the intercom on, her steps and landings remained soundless.

Perfectly nimble. Undoubtedly, those movements are destined for the shower, judging by her trajectory. It is an area you can, of course, not see into. And her hand is on the bathroom door to push it all the way

open. That would hardly be appropriate for you to see in there. And obviously, only appropriate things are going to occur today.

You go to move on down the hall. That's enough watching, after all. But at that moment, she thinks better of a shower, it seems, moving instead around the wall to the kitchen, and opening the fridge with those long, deft fingers, in a fluid, flourishing spin which, once more, attracts your attention. As the kitchen is facing you, you can see past her and into the icebox.

As the woman rifles through the contents, you get a good look at her well formed calves and firm top buttocks through those tight workout shorts. There's a clinking of glass. You spot fruit, vegetables, some fine cuts of meat, all on the cold shelves above her head. She leans down, you see yogurt, soda, and then, what she's picked up.

Oddly enough, she rises with an old fashioned glass bottle of milk in her hand. She's surprised by it, too, to judge by the pensive, tongue stuck outlook on her otherwise intense features. The bottle is unlabeled, except for small raised glass letters. M I L K, and a note written in sharpie on masking tape attached to the bottle, saying, Drink me.

You hear her voice then, because she's musing out loud, a low, sedate tone from deep in her throat. She rolls her R's. It seems she is musing on what her roommate might have been thinking when putting that note on there. She must have noticed it was going to expire. I'll drink it first. Good post workout drink.

A sniff. She checks it with the usual test for the freshness of milk, but must have detected nothing objectionable. Cause she does take a long, deep gulp. She smacks her lips. Sugar. She asks aloud. One of those go drinks with vanilla maybe, but not in the original container. Weird. Another shrug, a second gulp, and then she sets it down.

Seems she'll finish after her shower because she takes a halting step in that direction, where her movements before were graceful. Now her motion is more sluggish. A lagging stumble, and then she falls to her knees, turning to try and grab hold of the table. She's now facing toward you, toward the mirror, and on the other side, you see her.

Her eyes are closed, her tongue is licking the corners of her mouth and the sound, a deep noise with no business in a human throat, a yowl, a yowl, or moan, or groan, or purr, some primal projection of Thought and

urge that shakes and shivers down to your bones when you hear it. Her voice had something of that in it before, but now her hand pushes down the front of her shorts, rapidly, with a loud thud as she leans forward, her other hand propping her on the floor.

The noises she makes are unmistakable, powerful, grunting, desiring moans. Her fingers, slightly curved inside her shorts to better enter, you can see, because she's leaned forward and is pulling them away from her body. She's begun to penetrate herself furiously with a few fingers. So much so, she ends up then leaning back on her muscular behind, raising her other hand.

Her neck is against the edge of the low table, groaning and shivering. The look in her eyes is sad. A lustful loss of everything there, as it is replaced with what she's going to be. There is some hunger there, and she communicates it in an instant. Meeting your eyes through the mirror, the grunting oscillations of her hips and shoulders, are by now interspersed with shivering, nerveless, She's already coming, already orgasming with a particularly hard kick of her powerful leg, jostling the table, sending the bottle of milk tipping.

It rolls, you see it in slow motion almost. It pours its bounty out over her. She barely seems to notice. Because whatever effect it is working on her is already sending her toward a second climax. You can see the telltale tensing of her exposed abdomen defining every muscle in its visible glory. You can see the way her legs are clenching, but making sure to stay open enough that her hand can fit between.

You can see the way she shudders back against the table, which rocks and sends that pain. bottle rolling back and forth on top of it, because she's just thrusting her own fingers into herself. Her hand is moving compulsively. The other hand has slid under the tight cups of her bra, and her wrist is leaving red impressions where the elastic of the sports bra holds it against her just below it, as the palm cups an entire breast within, providing further stimulation to what you know are rigidly pointed nipples.

You watch Transfixed as another of those Destroyed, lust laden, mind rending, yowling, please, ascends from the heaven of her heaving, wanton chest, amid ragged breaths, it cries out and then she says, please help. Drool is running from the corner of her mouth down her chin, and dripping drop by drop onto the black fabric of the bra, where it, like her, is lost in darkness and pleasure.

Her shorts are in disarray and yanked down an inch or so. But she has no time to strip properly. You're seeing exactly what that transformative substance is doing to her. Her shorts are unusually twisted and contorted, no doubt from her rubbing her thighs together. It's almost as if they're taking themselves off.

Her shorts are sliding down bit by bit in response to some movement or pushing from within. The heat is too insistent in her mind. Her eyes communicate all of that. And at this moment You should be inside. Your hand lands on the door, and you push in. Closer to the door closing behind you, you can see the obvious arousal on the milk soaked woman's face.

Her breasts are being handled roughly by her own hand, switching from one to the other, barely managing to move the tight and functional bra out of the way. The hand in her shorts finally pushes them the rest of the way down, and you're greeted by an unusual smile. Slightly to the side, a long lashing tail attached just above her buttocks.

Clearly not there before as you remember what she looked like when she was investigating the fridge. A long swaying tail, now pointing up

into the air and lashing back and forth behind her. Curved enough to rest its tip. Just over her head, moving rapidly in her agitated fit of twitching and dusting back and forth.

With her shorts out of the way, it's now possible to see her glistening denuded sex in all its bare, wonderful, sensitive, swollen glory. She is unfathomably wet. And her fingers ever retain their thrusting movement against her, still moving in and out so hard she's pushing herself across the floor every time the heel of her hand meets the area just above her wets.

dripping slit where her clit is already engorged and out of its hood. There's real power in those arms. She pulls her fingers out. She doesn't seem to want to, but she has another need as well, busily kicking her stretchy workout shorts aside. An eerie and sensual expansion is taking place. Her thighs grow more muscle.

Her disheveled blue and purple mane is becoming a real, long coat of hair merging with her flesh. You hear her moan, purely in pleasure. She seems to be enjoying the process. Her ears have migrated in the movement of her hair, pointed and on top of her head now. A lengthening of her face, the hair still there, a little long and warm.

Yes, she's radiating warmth. A sandpaper tongue darts from her mouth and licks up the trailing drool and the spilled milk that splashed across her face, cheeks, her lips, down a little to her neck, scooping it up on her fingers, her whiskers Flicking ever seeking more. She has gotten her bra off now, carefully with one hand, reaching behind, impossibly flexible, but her taut and now furred belly is still covered in bits of milk and she has scented it.

Her unfocused eyes, previously brown and now green and slit pupiled, manage to come to rest on you successfully. Help me. Clean. Me. The moan is deep and sensual, she seems to love it, whatever it is that has been done to her. Too shocked to react, you take her request as a command, moving past, where she wreathes on the floor.

She's shifted, so she's balancing with both knees and one hand there. You lean down to pick up her towel, her other hand, because she's now on her hand and knees with one hand raised. Well, more properly now, they're paws, and she moves, still with human deftness, placing the hand that is not being used to hold her up between her wetted thighs.

She groans, she's gradually gaining Her entire body becoming covered in a thin coat of that blue hue with purple stripes. It seems to be a quite enjoyable process for her. She moans each time a patch of flesh becomes covered, and moans harder when they join up. Even in the midst of orgasmic clenching, the girl is unable to resist stretching her newly flexible form in the most enticing possible way.

Her motion's even more cat like than before. Suddenly, in a particularly strong shockwave, she collapses onto her side and rolls to the floor. A broad smile on her face as she keeps letting out little, uh, uh, uh, grunting, groaning, needy sounds. Fangs noticeably growing within the cat grin. You find yourself wondering what it would be like to experience something like that.

Her grin is so vacant. She's so pleased. The newly cat minted catgirl is not smiling at anything in particular. She is just happily existing in her state of pleasure. Transformation. Happy with how she is. Content. You lean down with the towel. It is notable she has never ceased her pursuit of orgasm, still using her hands.

To keep her body safe, she's just humping and undulating against one as she lays on her back, keeping the claws inside of her. Recessed

sheaths for them, she's just rubbing up against her palm. Oh, an irregular rising and falling motion off the floor where she lies. Her breasts, which are even larger now that they're free, and have grown more and more since she changed, reveal long, thin, The nipples are on areole free of all fur.

They are supple, fleshy, pink, swollen with her horny ache. A noticeable pool of her juices is forming, and thrusting up against her hand is making it worse. The rubbing of the heel of her palm on her now furred clit, all of it creates an obscene music in the room. A smacking. Part of you takes a moment to wonder if someone new might be watching in the hall.

But the situation is bizarre enough without considering that. The scent of her in the air is beginning to arouse you as well. Something animalistic. It's a fantastic and powerful stirring there. You finally lean in with that towel having managed to come to your senses enough. It sways gently in your hand and when you grasp her breast you begin wiping the milk away.

It feels warm and supple. You move to your knees next to her. It seems the milk has soaked into the fur elsewhere it only remains there

on her chest, her lips. Those engorged nipples, those large areole,
Gently, your own blood heating up and mind getting foggier, You begin
to towel off her nipples. But her free hand, the one she is not
industriously undulating against, Slaps the towel away.

Her voice is a yowl of lust. That same hand, a huge paw by now, but
with human accuracy and articulation, tosses the towel across the
room, then wraps around the back of your head. She pulls your face
toward her own, her long tongue, scooping up the milk on her chin and
cheeks in one motion, pulling it into her mouth.

Her lips meet yours, her hand, now that she has grown larger, is
impossibly strong, inescapable, dominating in its size and power. Your
body is pressed to hers suddenly. You feel the milk on her chest
wetting your torso when you are pressed against her soft, giving
breasts. Then her lips meet yours, more like her muzzle now.

The long tongue explores your mouth, you feel something sweet. Vanilla
and cream, sliding on your tongue, flowing down your throat, the flush
behind your eyes, down, and then back, between your legs. It
commences at once, one heartbeat, then another, as she industriously
makes out with you, smacking her lips, then frees you.

She winks one unfathomably beautiful green eye. You feel the vibration of her purr alongside the deep pneumatic reassurance of her all encompassing breasts pressed to you. You are left to try and stumble away, to try and regain your senses, but now you've been exposed to, and as you have seen, seen the exact transformation, seen the by products and the effects.

You know it won't be too long before you're like her, big breasted, horny, catgirl, with some other changes as well. But the arousal comes first, just like it did with her, and you've drank less than she did. Maybe there's still a chance. Even the act of rubbing your hands against your And trying to gain purchase, or touching your forearms to your chest, Is enough to cause a deep, groaning, ecstatic cry to escape you.

No matter how you might try to suppress it, A yowl, a purr, a groan, a moan, a need. Your hands have begun to stray below your waist, Begun to move when she pounces, then she's above you. Her hands no longer pleasuring herself, The warmth and sense of strength Mountain climbing over you. No, silly. Don't stop now.

Drink me. The voice is deep and coming from a catgirl now much larger than you. Her hands capture your wrists. In fact, one of her hands captures and pins both of your wrists. And it feels so good to be touched. Even that mere brush on your bare flesh is enough to make your whole body feel it. In the state you're in, especially with her warm fur nearby, she's no longer stimulating her own sex.

She instead positions the place between her legs over one of your legs. You feel her feel. fur on your gradually forming fur, as her chest presses to yours. She's much larger, her molten pussy pressed to your leg and she begins to hump against it, leaving wet trails. Then she moves up very slightly, and you fully realize what she meant.

She presses a nipple to your lips. Drink me. The same vanilla nectar is formed in those and shoots into your mouth from an obscene, horny, pointed nipple. Her breast is now producing that nectar. You've seen what happened to her. It's now an inevitability that the same fate awaits you. So you gulp down the liquid because the moment it touches your tongue, your brain sends a signal to do that without consulting your mental faculties.

Warm, soothing elixir. Struggling away is impossible, and so you slump toward her paws. You feel something pushing against the floor under you, but she lifts you. Her nipple remains fastened between your lips and neither of you seems able or inclined to cease the flow of delicious liquid. But it fails to fill you up.

No matter how much you drink, it seems your body's making more room. It's just opening out to a hunger. A hunger for something else. Perhaps in response to the changes even now overtaking you. The sensual catgirl body imposing itself on you. You're as hot and horny as you've ever been. Something about exposure to that liquid is making you flushed.

And the proximity of her supple muscular form is not helping matter. She's only grown larger breasts, and perhaps a little fuller in her greater size. None of her muscle is gone, she's still just as strong. The ache between your legs is potent, but pinned as you are, you are now unable to do anything about it.

Left at the mercy of that transformation, and still drinking. Still adding more of that liquid to your system, moment by moment. Feeling the warm fur, the morphing, arousing, changes. The ache between your legs intensifying, both of your wrists held under one of her massive

hands. Her size does dwarf you now, although you feel you're growing larger and closer.

The table falls over as you two push against it. The bottle rolls, clinking under one of the cabinets. No one cares. You saw what that stuff did to her, and now she's doing it to you, your lips moving on her erected nipple. On some level, being like this feels really very good. And in the presence of the powerful catgirl, it feels Right.

She holds you to her breast, then. The hand that is not restraining your wrists is below your back, lifting you as your own tail rolls free. There's a burst of pleasure coming from just at the bottom of your back, like the new swishing appendage is a whole new erogenous zone and the mere act of swinging your tail in the air is making you Animalistic needy lust that she did, and does, and will.

She meets your eyes with her own moving her breast enough to look down. Her grin is that of the cat who ate the canary. Or, the cat who drank the cream. You suck. You must and you have to keep suckling at her nipple, feeling how she feels good when you do it. She has interlaced one of her legs between your legs.

You feel fur appearing on your arms, legs, back, buttocks. Stomach. Sudden bursts of pleasure starbursts in your mind. Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure. And where before she had been pressed almost right against you, now you feel your chest pushing back against her. You feel how hot and taut your nipples are, as a few drops of the milk come out of them as well.

The whole occasion is hot and engaged and messy and glorious and wonderful and endless and irresistible. She pins you as you are, and she settles you down. You're laying on your tail, but this just means that when the bass swishes it massages your buttocks pleasantly, sticking out to the side of your body as it is.

Your newly manifesting form must be good at cooling itself, because even with her claws shredding and removing your clothing to make room for your bulging musculature, you are warm and comfortable at exactly the right temperature. You are left nude and Pressed against her when she's done stripping away everything that's getting in the way of your expanding form of your chest Growing and pushing into her the pinning the slight contortion of your body You feel more flexible and everything feels right your faculties are less efficient than they were

before but that's just because Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure is filling everything in.

Your, mm, exposure to that liquid. The suckling, the sinking, you're like her now. So aroused you can only touch yourself, only masturbate, only cum. But unlike her, you are not alone on the floor. Um, Your juices paint her as hers are painting you.

You know exactly what's going to happen. You saw it happen to her after all. Your brain knows to anticipate it and make it happen. Your body gets hotter, hotter. Powerful, vital, infused. You arch upward rubbing against her leg. Your clitoris even more sensitive, newly formed. Poking out and constantly rubbing against her.

Growing more sensitive moment by moment. Rubbing against your own hot perfect body as you move and shift and clench your legs. Sending messages to your brain. This is part of who you are now. Part of what you are, even if something in here were to set you back, or even if the passing of time were to undo this glorious transformation, it'll still be part of you.

She seems to be enjoying your tongue on her nipple more and more. That's when you realize it has become sandpapery like hers. The feeling of your tongue across her nipple is interesting. And you are licking now, sucking, coaxing as much of that cream out of her as you're able to. You have grown larger as well.

You now fit perfectly comfortably beneath her, as you roll your body to and fro. But she is still the stronger. She is still longer in her form, the example toward which you are ascending. Images of her transformation roll through you as you feel those exact things happen. She releases your hand. There's an unthinking moment as your hands move between your legs.

You feel the milk she poured into your mouth dribbling out the corners and down your cheeks. But your tongue chases after it, long and accurate. You feel the absence of her milky, glorious breast very profoundly, but reaching for it is impossible because your hands have already moved to your own chest.

Yes, the pinpoints of white hot desire that are your erect nipples. The sudden heaviness as your breast Yes, perfect, round, pressing into her. Closer to the size of hers now. Your hands are furred, large paws that

are nonetheless nimble enough to rub yourself precisely. Although, their largeness fits your breasts just right.

You feel more sensual, more sexy. Sexual in this form, more turned on and horny than you've ever been. Your free palm, the one not switching back and forth between your breasts, moves down to your sex, but something is already there. She has shifted. The other catgirl has placed her pussy against yours, and the delightful friction of that sends your eyes rolling back and makes the hand that was headed for your clit fall limply by your side.

You're intertwined. Somehow you're aware that each second you let that delicious milk marinate in your system, each moment you let her push pleasure into your body, over and over, the wet smacking of your joined lips. Spilling the room in your brain. Each second you are cementing this new body as part of you.

It is part of you. Unavoidable and incontrovertible. You roll your hips into hers now eagerly, enthusiastically. And you feel her shivering and shaking with climactic release. Your own is right on the tail of it. Speaking of tails, yours is intertwined with hers. Your two bodies rubbing like this is natural.

Like this is right. Something about her presence, perhaps another catgirl being around, makes you uncontrollably turned on, and you keep rubbing against her knowing you'll keep doing so until you're both exhausted. This is especially true because she has wrapped her legs around you, and is using her superior strength and agility to articulate her body and rub and brush against you so hard the two of you are sliding across the floor with every little twist of her hips.

She yowls a deep sound and you feel her purrs mixing with a new sound of your own. She grabs your hips with her hands and spreads her own legs wider. Her amazing flexibility is turning you on in and of itself, but so is the tight strength when she grabs you. So good. She begins forcing you to turn and undulate your hips the way she wants you to.

Turning your bodies to force pleasure into you, allowing the friction and wetness of the point of your connection to impress her arousal on you, and yours on her. You feel how hot she is, how she's steaming with lust and enjoyment, the grin on her face. Betrays her obvious predatory adoration when she begins to thrust her hips into you.

With a bruising force, you can feel all throughout you. The crescendo of her purrs causes her whole body to vibrate into you. Your click begins to buzz your brain begins to buzz your buck and a few perisic spasms, overtake mind and body and soul, and you feel your juices pooled and run out of your. Slit your mind along with them, your little nub rubbing hers, she positions herself perfectly.

So while her sex bumps into you, she leaves little marks, her sweated thighs and gripping hands reminding you how strong and horny and interested she is. She just keeps bouncing the two of you together, pausing to roll her hips and send the resulting roiling waves of pure happy yes, yes, yes. She is groaning and making no effort to hide how good this is for her.

The two of you are sliding in a liquid lust while every now and then, your stomach clenches and does flips. A rush of endorphins sends you into a drooling lust. Your eyes rolled back, tongue hanging out, tail sticking straight up, like an exclamation mark. No escape from pleasure being forced into you by her powerful hands and her wanton, hypercharged pussy.

The milky aphrodisiac which was poured into you is making it worse. In fact, it's now being made within you as well. You feel the weight on your chest. A glorious, pleasurable, luxurious feeling. Unusual, and sensual, and right. Your curved hips, your dripping, needy sex. It's engorged clit being pushed against your purring partner.

Your breasts are heavy with aching nipples. You know full well they are already. Filling with the same milky glory that the catgirl scissoring you was recently forcing into your body and mind and changing you with. The smack, smack, smack of your hips moving together. The pool beneath the two of you is even larger now, and the purring is practically vibrating the tiles.

You feel your buttocks tensing, your back arching, something is building in you. Your thighs are twitching and quivering, further muscling the already disheveled fur on your body. You feel so warm. This is part of you now. You feel the unforgettable strength of her legs, the person who was reduced to the nothingness and oblivion of horny catgirl heat, and then shared it with you.

She's making you more like her by the moment. Your buttocks and thighs are Pinned in a powerful pincer of her legs, wrapped around you.

But her flexibility and precision puts her swollen, engorged clit and your own right next to each other. The lips of your wanton pussies kissing and dripping together. A communion between your bodies.

Your purrs have synced up, filling the room. You still taste milk on your lips, in your throat, in your stomach, in your soul. A delicious ambrosia that redefines everything about you. A reminder intimately tied up with this situation of constant, pleasurable throbbing. You remember the way she moaned, Drink me.

And you have an urge to meow the same. Or you would, if the The yowls and spasms filling you. Were not presently finally pushing you over the edge and beyond helping beyond climax inside your head, you can see what you are, what you have become, and what made it so. And every little brush of hers. Sex against you is memorable, and drives home how good this feels.

You moan and arch and spasms rock through your lower body, but it just makes you hornier. You get the sense you both may return to normal eventually, but whatever change was made, is deeper. And it goes deeper, the next time you bring a big, full glass of milk to your lips, you'll think of this moment, you'll feel that throb, that heaviness

on your chest, that gradual head to toe transformation, which you have both And Witnessed and experienced, that thing you've seen from inside and from outside will return to you.

You will let your tail flick from side to side, arch your back, feel your pointed ears form, feel the touch of a sandpaper tongue on your lips, of a dripping sexual ache between your legs in your empty slit, throbbing clit. The body you had after your transformation will once more return to you. Triggered again and again.

Yes, every time you consume a glass of milk somewhere safe, private, comfortable, let the sensory input of a bit of vanilla and sugar creep in. A place like the apartment you glimpsed and shared with her during your lustful rutting. A safe, private place. Feel the throb. You'll feel that kitty self reasserting.

The slow, methodical Purring, furred, change of your form, but especially the memory of your pussy and hers pressing together. And if you feed your urge and desire by touching and stimulating yourself in that moment, if you let your mind become like the mind you have right now, where you're deep and purring and hot, gasping and rolling and

twitching in pleasure, then when you drink that milk and let that change overtake you, you'll feel that way again.

And maybe you'll need to lean back, rest your hands between your legs, and remember, suck, and drink, and sink, and purr.

For the style guide used to create this dyslexia-friendly formatted script, credit to Christina [Torbrook whose original guide is here.](#)