

>>5125

"I felt... peculiar. The first thing I noticed which was obviously different was my nose. Somehow, it sat way further in my view than I remembered. I raised a hand to touch and gasped. My hand was... covered in fur. Orange, with black stripes, almost like a Bengal tiger. It also had claws.

With a flick of previously unknown muscles, I let the gleaming weapons slid out of their sheath, swallowing at the sight. Together with my obvious snout - so much I'd gathered by exploring my new mouth with my tongue by now - and the strangely mobile ears on my head, I was feeling definitely some sort of feline vibe here.

The concept of furies wasn't exactly new to me. By now, furry people had become the norm around Venn Machines or heavily populated places. There weren't many of them, but enough to recognize them readily. Did that mean that my Samantha was a secret furry?"

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Dream of mine tbh. Once we conquer the tyranny of capitalism we need to free ourselves from the shackles of nature and the limited self next.

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"Bewildered, I put my hands up to feel them. They were firm and sensitive, especially around the nipples, and- A snickering laugh ripped me out of my self-exploration.

"Boys, how typical." Ilona laughed. "You give 'em boobs, what happens? They have to feel their knockers up. Always the same!"

"Uh, right... I tried standing up on all four legs, wobbling a little. "I don't know how to walk like this!" I complained, making Ilona snort.

"Men are such wussies. Just walk. Don't think about how. Just walk."

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Geez what a peach of a friend.

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"My friend winked. "You still got a penis, you know?"

I almost sputtered. "What? I... do?" Bewildered, I raised a hind leg, looking under my rump. Sure enough, I managed to spot what definitely looked like a sheathed penis. Right. What was I, some sort of futa?

This time it was Ilona's turn to be embarrassed. "Hey, stop that!" She pressed out. "We're still in public, don't waive your dick around like that!" Anxiously, she looked around.

Damn it, she was right. I put my leg down again, noticing a couple of parents who looked at me with dark faces and shielded their kids' eyes from me. Good thing I had fur, otherwise they'd probably seen my skin take on the color of a tomato.

"If you haven't noticed, you're basically naked." She hissed, taking my hand again and leading me away. "Your tits are on display as well, and I don't think the fur is enough to keep someone from calling the police for public indecency. Shit, I've totally forgotten about Venning you with a top or something similar." My friend sighed while picking up speed.

"You still haven't explained to me why this shape." I pointed out while following her.

Ilona rolled her eyes. "Yeah, well... I guess I'll let Samantha do the explaining. Let's just get back to my car asap now. I don't want to ruin hir birthday by losing you to the police!"

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So this society has cheap or free body modification with seemingly no constraints and they still have a nudity taboo? Seems a little weird but hey

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"I became partially aware of Ilona standing up behind me. "Aaaand now that the present has been delivered, I think we're gonna leave you two lovebirds alone now..."

Grinning, the woman stepped past both me and Samantha and exchanged a high-five with Jennifer who was still standing in the open door. The two of them winked at us. "Have fun, Chakats." Jennifer said. "Give hir a good pounding." Ilona added, winking at both of us and using this strange pronoun again. Then they closed the door, leaving two dumbfounded people... cats... Chakats? behind."

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Well finally I can unzip my pants! Wait, what, they're still talking... this is like a porno without the porn...

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"Right." Samantha looked at me sheepishly. "Okay, where to start... many years ago, in fact, long before the Venn Machines turned up, when I was still a teenager, I came across stories about a fictional race of gen-engineered people in the future."

"Chakats." I said, and Samantha nodded.

"Yes, Chakats. They are what you and I look like right now, felitaurs. Some critical voices have described them as an entire race of 'Mary Sue's' because they have been gen-engineered to be perfect. Anyway, once I'd read about them, I'd been hooked.""

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Okay, this is getting a little too meta for me, I'm not sure this is the right forum to address that criticism, uhhhh.

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"We barely made it into the bedroom. In retrospective we were kinda lucky that we owned a futon bed - I don't think a normal bed would have withstood the love play of two 400 pound felitaurs. Eventually, I found myself looking down at my purring mate, her eyes sparkling with pleasant anticipation. My manhood was rock-hard by now, fully slid out of its protective sheath.

“My God, you are beautiful...” I whispered breathlessly while drinking her magnificent shape in. Maybe the Venn Machines had tinkered with my sense of aesthetics, maybe not and I'd always been a hidden furry, but right now, this leopard spotted felitaur in front of me was the loveliest sight I'd ever seen.

“See who's talking.” Samantha purred, lying down flat on the bed but turning her torso towards me and stretching out a hand to fondle my tits. “Don't let me wait, lover.” She continued, moving her tail out of the way and revealing a thoroughly moist vagina. “Fill me with your love.”

She didn't have to ask twice. I had no idea how to mate in these bodies, but somehow it didn't matter - I instinctively knew what to do. I slid my lower body over my girlfriend's crouching shape, my forelegs going down her sides. My hind legs were anchored securely on the mattress, using my claws for extra leverage, and pushing my manhood into her ready vagina.

The pleasure was better than everything I'd ever experienced before, the intoxicating scent of my mate, our fur rubbing together, our cat-like yips of pure pleasure - it simply was perfect. Like in trance we made love to each other for minutes, rocking our bodies together in perfect synchronicity, until I couldn't hold it in anymore and squirted my seed deep into my lover's womb.

Spent, I went down next to Samantha, my dick slipping out of her body even while she went through the last waves of her own orgasm. For a few minutes, we simply snuggled against each other, hugging and licking ourselves silently.

“That was... amazing.” I finally managed to say. “Is it always this good?””

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Welp, I skimmed this looking for sex before I read it, and this section is actually so brief/perfunctory I missed it. I mean what's the point in skimping out on the sex at this stage?

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“I certainly hope so.” My lover replied. “It was way better than with the others.” She grinned toothily. “I guess it makes a difference if you do it with someone you love.”

I chuckled, thinking of her previous partners. "Or maybe the others just didn't know how to use their male equipment."

Suddenly, a mischievous smile curled around the edges of Samantha's mouth. "Oh, you think we're inexperienced in using our male equipment? Shall we put this claim to the test?"

"Huh, what are you-" My question was cut short and I yelped in surprise as Samantha rolled on her side and raised her hind leg out of the way, revealing to me a thick, already erect penis.

My obvious surprise made her laugh giddily. "Oh my, why are you so surprised? I told you that Chakats got male and female parts. They are fully functional hermaphrodites." She winked. "Surely you must have realized this means that I got the same equipment like you?"

...

"I grabbed her hand, closing my eyes. Her thick meat was deep inside me, and my body was hugging her manhood back. "It's... unbelievable. You're in me. We're one."

"I'm so glad you like it." Samantha replied, and I could hear the relief in her voice. And then she started thrusting. The pleasure I felt as my girlfriend's penis slid in and out my vagina was simply indescribable, and I could do no else but loudly yowl in rapture."

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Uhhh okay, a little full on for me, but I guess it's kinda hot idk. But still I don't know why they're being so brief and skipping through all the foreplay. It's supposed to be titilating.

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"She put some of my silky hair into her hand, stroking it gently. "You have this copper hair, and your markings are those of a Bengal tiger, also known as the Royal Bengal tigers. So I thought about... Copperqueen."

"Snowblossom and Copperqueen, huh..." I mused. Then: "I like it!"

The smile which appeared on Snowblossom's face could have melted the whole Antarctic."

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Lol somehow the fact that he's okay with the name 'Copperqueen' seems gayer than to me than that he just let his girlfriend fuck him.

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"Quickly after Samantha's birthday - or rather Snowblossom's, which was my girlfriend's, now denmate's, chakat name, shi had started introducing me to hir Venned friends. I had been surprised that only a small part of hir furry companions had chosen chakat bodies - I'd already known about Ilona's skunktaur Black Trickster and Jennifer's Siberian tiger striped Blizzard, but some others had startled me a bit.

Like Benjamin, a real hunk of a man in real life, who'd turned into a foxy vixen by the name of Lizzy. Or Samantha's best friend Emily, now aforementioned, very male and very hunky Nathan. Contrary to what I'd thought, chakats made up only a small part of the vibrant community Snowblossom had introduced me into, but from what I'd gathered, they formed its emotional and sensual core, remaining faithful to their fictional promiscuous nature."

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Truly a blessed timeline, if this is ideology then pass me the ideolo-vape bruh.

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"An involuntary giggle escaped my muzzle. Yep, right on the money. 'Boredom', can you spell that for me, please? Samantha and me were working in the same company, in fact that was how we'd met each other. It was a bit on the smallish side and the wages weren't the best, but a lot of fun to work for due to the down-to-earth management and friendly colleagues. "So I guess there's an important announcement I somehow managed to overlook?" I asked.

The other chakat snorted. "Amen to that. You're aware of our recruiting problems?"

I nodded. We were only a small company, a small sub-contractor for the big corporation which dominated our hometown. Due to our smallish size, we weren't able to pay the same salaries the big guys did, so our management tried to offset this with creating a pleasant working environment. It worked, to a degree, but it was still painfully normal for coworkers to succumb to the allurements of the bigger paychecks and resign, leaving behind a gaping hole upon their departure.

"So, someone had the idea to allow people to appear Venned at work," my mate continued, making me yelp in surprise. "The unions would scream bloody murder at such a proposal, but luckily we're small enough to not have any."

"Appear to work Venned?" I asked, not quite able to believe what I'd heard. So now management had devised yet another way to inspire people working for us, without having to raise salaries? If we'd be only half as innovative about new tech, we'd be the next Google for sure..."

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I don't really see what unions have to do with body modification, if anything I feel that they'd be supportive of working rights for furrries, but this is kind of a funny spin on the 'we're not stuffed like your granddad's company!' stuff you see today with beanbags and shit.

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"Seriously, Snowblossom – stop mewling and don't worry. I bet your colleagues are understanding." She patted his head. "You have no idea how much I envy you two. Too bad my employer isn't as modern and forthcoming as yours." Our friend added wishfully. "Well then, gotta go. Tail high!"

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Uhhh yeah sure, maybe not literally though, that might not help matters.

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"Oh, right. Hmm... this is going to be good. I quickly rattled down my number and then turned, walking back towards the door. I did a rough calculation in my head about Daniel's typing speed and

the reaction time of our SAP system and adjusted my walking speed accordingly. He should see the name which belonged to that number just about... now.

I turned around, exactly right on time to see him jerk in surprise. He gaped, looking at me, then at his screen, then at me again. "Uhh... this... you..." he stammered, before blurting out: "DENNIS?"

Smirking, I gave him a conspicuous wink as I sashayed out of the room. "It's 'Copperqueen' when I'm in this body, hon." I said sweetly.

"But... but... but..."

"You're cute when you're confused. Have a nice day." The last I saw of him as I closed the office door were his eyes, almost as big as saucers. Oh my. That had been... hilarious. First I giggled, then I laughed loudly. The poor guy. He probably didn't know what truck had just struck him. Snowblossom had told me recently that in my chakat form I'd developed an affection for using the female sides of my physique and psyche to tease people. Looks like she'd been right there... girl, how much fun that was!"

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Okay, one, this guy is a giant prancing homofaggot, and two, I find it a bit weird that they didn't at least have to call ahead first and let corporate send out a mass email about this crap.

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I thought about this for a moment. Right, as a chakat, my personality was definitely taking a bias to the female side. In the sack, Snowblossom and me simply switched between dominant male and submissive female roles however our respective moods were at the moment, so there was no clear preference there. But otherwise, in public and generally when not having sex, we were definitely acting more and more like two female lovers, instead of a male and female one.

Now, the important question here was: Did this bother me?

I tried to listen to my inner voice, but couldn't spot any conflict. That didn't mean that there wasn't one going on in the background, but... I was happy right now. If acting more feminine made me more happy, wasn't this a good thing then? We were in the Venn age, after all. How important was



your original gender really? I shrugged, shelving the fascinating thought. For the moment... Right now, I had better things to do.

My muzzle curled into a mischievous smile. Let's see who else I'm able to fluster!

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Again, wew, what a whore, but this world sounds pretty idyllic to me to be honest.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AHmevUH0kGg>

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"Hey, Denn- errr, Copperqueen, how about lunch?" Peter poked his head into my office, flushing at almost calling me by my human name. I flashed him an encouraging smile. My colleagues had known me for years, and expecting them to call me by my chakat name from one day to the next was unrealistic. Much less correctly using chakat pronouns.

"Sure!" I said and locked my workstation. With a loud yawn, I stretched myself. I'd spent the last couple of hours working on my haunches since I didn't exactly fit into chairs anymore. It wasn't bad, I'd brought a blanket with me which I'd spread out in front of my desk. Working like this really was okay, and probably way better for my back than my human sitting position had been. It's just... I'd spent two hours sitting around, and my body clearly disagreed with physical inactivity, it wanted to run.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" a jesting voice called out, "Let's get to the canteen fast. Have you seen her fangs? That kitty-kat is hungry. If we aren't careful, she's gonna eat us!"

I closed my snout with an audible 'snap' and rolled my eyes at the talker. Steven loved bantering, he was our division's jokester.

"Old Dennis would have loved eating us for lunch if he'd been able to," Peter argued. "The new one is a lady. She wouldn't do that. Right?"

I had to giggle at that. "Yes, contrary to you, I have table manners. I only eat high-quality meat. But—"

"Oh-ho, shots fired, shots fired!"

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Dang I'm surprised it took them like, from clock-in time to lunchtime to get used to this. Now obviously, I hope that meat is vatgrown, or we'll have a whole other issue, but hey that's a side thing

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"Snowblossom quickly answered my unspoken question. "Hi Copperqueen!" shi greeted me with a dazzling smile after I'd put my tray down and hugged hir. "You probably didn't read my mail, did you?"

Her mail? I cocked an eyebrow inquisitively. In engineering, you could either read and answer mails... or you could do actual work. Doing both was physically impossible. Well, not quite. It might work if you'd Venn yourself into two people, but I wouldn't bet on it. So of course I hadn't checked my mail. I'd had work to do. "Your mail?" I therefore asked plaintively.

My mate rolled hir eyes. "Yeah, I'm not sure why I'd expected anything else. I wanted to organize a little get-together with everyone who showed up Venned today. Angela, that's this friendly receptionist's name by the way, gave me the list of everyone who'd requested new IDs today, and I contacted them all." Shi suddenly looked a bit embarrassed. "Getting the list miiiiight have broken a few privacy laws, so it would be cool if our meeting here was... random. You know?"

I wanted to reply something derisive about stupid privacy laws, but one of the others beat me to it. "Privacy laws are like mortgage-backed securities - a good idea which by now has been thoroughly perverted into a menace.""

Okay, yeah, there's no defending this one, PURE IDEOLOGY. I mean I'm pretty sure they could have just showed up at lunch and seen who wasn't a fucking humie to know who to get to know.

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"“Anyway, I'm Andrew, facility management. And since the tin-can here—” He pointed to the final... person... something... sitting next to him, “—is not going to strike up a conversation of its own, I'm gonna introduce it. This is Unit 826.”

He... it... didn't react. Simply sat there and stared ahead, unmoving. Or at least looking ahead. It clearly was a robot of some kind, with roughly humanoid appearance, but its outer shell was open at the joints so that the mechanical inner workings were clearly visible. The feet were simply three-toed claws, two in front, one behind, and the hands were three-fingered claws as well. And its head was nothing more than an ovoid shape with a speaker and a faintly glowing sensor band.

“Hey Unit 826, glad to meet you!” Snowblossom called out and offered a hand. The robot didn't took it. Didn't even react in any way.

Andrew sighed and shook his head. “Told ya. This toaster here is the former Petra, one of my cleaners. She just turned up this morning like this with a message attached that she wants to be used. I first thought she was messing with me, but I learned fairly quickly that she was serious.”

“Really? How?” Susanna inquired intrigued.

The lion morph chuckled ruefully. “I told Unit 826 to scrub all the bathrooms with a toothbrush. I figured that eventually she'd become annoyed and give up, but... nope. It took the toothbrush and scrubbed all the bathrooms, until someone complained a couple of hours later. I guess Petra is serious. So I guess I lost an employee and got a robot. I ain't complaining. Unit 826 is way more productive than any human could ever be.”

Snowblossom and me could barely keep ourselves from giggling, but Joanna seemed horrified. “But... that's like... slavery! You're taking away her humanity and taking advantage of her!”

Andrew crossed his meaty arms. “No, I'm not. Petra took away her own humanity willingly. Venn Machines won't turn you into obedient slaves if you don't want to. That Unit 826 is obeying my commands means that Petra's mind inside wants to.” He shrugged. “Who am I to argue with her personal decision?”

The girl still seemed unconvinced, but suddenly, my mate spoke up. “So if Petra wants to be a mindless tool to be used, why is she here? A robot doesn't need to eat.”

Andrew chuckled. “I think I should let Unit 826 explain this... Unit 826, current state?”



Yuck. Wrong. Don't do that. Illegalise this.

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"So it's essentially a body mod?" Snowblossom asked fascinated. "Like in some science fiction tales where people modify their bodies to be different, just like humans wear different clothes?"

Susanna shrugged. "I guess you could call it like this."

"And... your sex life?"

I nearly sputtered the juice I'd been drinking all over the table. Snowblossom had definitely taken a liking to the laissez-faire approach to sex the fictional chakat species was renowned for, but shi regularly tended to forget that the majority of the still human race had not. But thankfully, the cobra didn't seem to have taken offense for the very private question.

Instead, she simply smiled, showing off her venom fangs again. "There's nothing special to it." She explained, "My husband is still human, at least most of the time, and we're doing nothing we hadn't done before. I didn't change for the sex, and while there are some differences, it's nothing big."

Snowblossom laughed. "Well, that's one thing I definitely can't claim." Shi put her arm around me, her tail twining all over my back. "Sex as a chakat is frigging awesome. We love it. It's such a big part of our culture, so it's safe to say that it's at least half the reason why we look like this."

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Omg, stop? Clearly there's no workplace harassment policies in the future either, which I guess could be good in some ways but downright predatory in others. Either way though I don't think this is first conversation topic at work. Oh wait, they are furies, never mind then.

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"The girl stared at her manicured fingers awkwardly. "Yeah, from the moment on Venn Machines turned up, I spent every free second as a girl. But... people who transitioned were still recognizable

as their old selves. My male body was a lot different. Nobody would have recognized me." She sighed. "So... I didn't dare do it. I was scared that if I'd come to work in this body, or just ask my boss if it would be okay to, and if the answer would be no, then everyone would know my secret. And I'd still have to come to work in my male body. With everyone knowing. That's just... nope."

"I guessed as much," Andrew growled. "You were in the wrong body, got what should have been the right one for you from the beginning and are as happy as a queen. And now here's someone who claims to have been in the right body all along, still changed it, and is also happy. Even though, by your logic, shi shouldn't be... right?"

"Shi?" Joanna inquired. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Chakat pronouns," The lion explained. "They are neither male nor female, so you can't call them him and her or he and she. It's shi and hir." Impressed at his knowledge of the correct pronouns, I looked at Snowblossom who reflected my own amazement. The dude had obviously done his homework!

"Uhhh... okay... if you say so." Joanna shook her head, then continued. "As for your question... yeah... I once witnessed how a dude got turned into a girl by a prankster. She went absolutely bananas and trashed the place until someone showed her how to turn back."

Andrew laughed brightly. "Oh sure, there sure are these types. Goddamn bigots, if you ask me. Can't stand the thought of losing their precious dicks. But for most people, it's not a big deal."

Alright, now I get the ideology. Wowee. No, mutilating and body-raping someone shouldn't be considered a prank. Jesus christ. What has society wrought.

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"Snowblossom furrowed her brows. "You got more than one fursona? A dragonkin as well?"

Now the big lion grinned. "Nope and nope. Sometimes, I just like to spend the night in a different shape. And I'm not the dragon... I'm the wolfess."

WHAT? I ogled the big feline in disbelief. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't imagine this stud in front of me and the sexy gal on the picture to be one and the same person.

He retrieved his smartphone calmly. "The big dude is a good friend of mine. We didn't have any dates that evening, so we threw a coin to decide who'd become the girl." He shrugged. "I lost."

Susanna chuckled. "And how far did you go?"

Andrew smiled. "All the way... It was pretty fun, too." He turned to Joanna, whose look of disbelief probably mirrored mine. "I've done a lot of Venning, and by now I have a pretty good clue about the stuff works. Venn Machines always make you feel comfortable in your new body. But that's only on the physical layer. Not the metaphysical one."

He seemed to sense that he was losing us there. "Okay, let me give you an example here. At one time, a prankster whom I foolishly trusted with changing me in a Venn Machine decided to play a prank on me. The asshole turned me into some kind of Lovecraftian abomination. Way too many legs and arms and claws and... you get the idea." He shuddered at the thought. "Lots of screaming all around when I stepped out of the Venn Machine. Anyway, the point is, that I still felt fine, despite being turned into a shape which had no right existing. That—" He raised a clawed finger, "—is the physical layer."

"But even so, the moment I saw myself in the mirror, I lost it and ran back into the Venn Machine ASAP. I was horrified of what I'd become." He raised a second finger. "And that is the metaphysical layer."

Joanna considered this. "So the reason why that dude went bonkers after being turned into a girl was—"

"Because he was a sexist bigot who couldn't stand the thought of being a woman," the big lion concluded the sentence. "Not because it felt wrong on a physical level. For the same reason, you're fine. Not only did the Venn Machine put you at ease in your new body, your mind openly welcomes it."

"You're saying Copperqueen and Snowblossom are cool with having guy and girl parts because they are mentally flexible enough to embrace the change?" Susanna inquired. "That's fascinating."

Andrew nodded. "Yep. Same reason for me. I really like being male. But I don't mind being female every now and then. If half the human population can cope with it, so can I. The sex is good, too.""

=====

Doesn't that mean you're speciesist against Lovecraftian horrors then???? Omg author, stop, you're letting your weird fetishes hang out (look a bit of TF con-non-con between friends is fine, but the difference is I don't actually think that should be allowed in real life)

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"I took a deep breath. "You see, I've thought about this. A lot, actually. And now I think what's going on. Let me take a guess... you were wondering if either the Venn Machine has changed my personality..."

"Pretty much, yes." Snowblossom conceded. "Though, according to Andrew, that shouldn't be possible. Yet yours quite obviously changes when you're in this body," shi observed quizzically.

"...or if I'd been a closeted gay all the time and only letting it out now that the body fits."

"Uhhh..." My mate nibbled on hir lower lip. "Not... exactly. But..."

I laughed. "The thought crossed your mind, right?" I laughed at the embarrassed look on hir face. "Don't worry, I'm not mad at you. I actually posed the same question to myself. And now I'm pretty sure that I got the answer. And it is no and yes."

"Huh?" Now shi ogled me. "Okay, you lost me there."

"No, because I haven't been gay," I explained. "I was fairly happy being a straight guy. But yes because there really was no personality change the Venn Machine imposed upon me. What you're seeing when I'm in chakat form is all mine – it's just bottled up when I'm a human."

I looked at my mate with a smile. "I was a guy; guys act a bit differently from gals, and therefore I acted like one, suppressing some parts of my personality which are ascribed to females."

"But isn't that essentially the definition of being closeted?" Snowblossom asked doubtfully.



I shrugged. "It really comes down to memories and expectations. Besides, I don't think it went this deep," I said with another shrug. "I didn't hide my sexual identity and preferences. And according to Andrew I'm only into guys now because it's normal for my body. I think it's more like... hmm... how to explain this..."

I searched my mind for a suitable example, then giggled as I found one. "Ah, yeah. There is this chakat impulse we have, to hug everyone and anything upon greeting. Yet humans are not accustomed to getting hugged by people they are not really close to, so we suppress the urge and go for the traditional handshake instead. We're deliberately subduing that part of ourselves because humans would frown upon it. It's on that level, I think."

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I mean I think there's a certain element of truth to this, but then again, there's a certain element of untruth too. Male and female brains are different, from birth, not only from social conditioning. I mean FFS, who even cares anyway? Just let people act how they want, why do we need to care about what's masculine and feminine anyway? If you want to prance around in a dress and fondle cocks like a big gay then what does it matter what gender says about to.

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My mate gave me a coquettish look. "So... now that the riddle about your mysterious personality change has been solved, and since you're at ease now with your feminine traits..." Suddenly, shi smirked at me. "...does this mean I get to take you from behind again tonight?"

I coughed. "You know, just because my personality got feminine traits doesn't automatically mean that in the bedroom I'd love to play the girl, too!" But my heart wasn't into the rebuke. After all, I knew what I liked her to do to me. And so did she.

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okay, that's kinda hot.

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“Hey, Copperqueen!” Joanna's squeaky voice suddenly interrupted him. The girl put her tray down and then hugged me, having taken almost zealous liking to the chakat way of greeting. “Still happy as a peach,” she said with a grin. “I guess your mate really took you out for a ride yesterday.”

Said mate laughed out loud. “You should have seen hir last night. Shi simply couldn't get enough. In the end I'd pounded hir into a heap of happily purring fur.”

I felt my cheeks heat a bit, but I wasn't even nearly as embarrassed as I'd been at the beginning of the week when our love life had come up in discussions. Sex had quickly become a normal topic in our little circle, and to my surprise, I'd quickly grown accustomed to Snowblossom speaking freely about our sex life.

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Dude cmon, you're in public, pls stop

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gonna skip this bit but they get the guy pregnant due to a misunderstanding

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After Snowblossom and me had digested the news about my probable pregnancy, we'd decided to seek professional aid. Only... where to get professional aid for a pregnant chakat? Searching the internet hadn't offered us many clues. I was hardly the first Venned person to get knocked up, but it mostly happened to genderbent humans. We'd hardly managed to find any information about non-human pregnancies, except for a couple which had turned into snakes and produced offspring in a zoo.

Of course, if you were pregnant you went to see a doctor... which my mate and me had tried, at first. Only to get turned down before even getting a paw into the ER at the local hospital. “Sorry, we're only treating humans,” the guard had told us, not looking particularly sorry at all. “Besides,” he'd said while wrinkling his nose, “pets are not allowed inside.”

Luckily for him, Snowblossom had been too shocked by this brazen display of bigotry to consider simply shredding the ass to bits with hir claws. But this incident had pretty much ruled hospitals out for me, so what to do?

Thankfully, Andrew had gotten an idea. Hospitals for humans might be out of the question, but what about veterinary clinics? They accepted all kinds of different species and were private, so they were probably inclined to take us as long as we agreed to pay the bill.

Having to pay for my health despite having insurance scorned the socialist in me, but Snowblossom and me had agreed that this was the best course of action available to us. Especially since it turned out that an acquaintance of Andrew was a veterinarian.

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If they have Venn machines in this world then hospitals should still accept Venned patients... I mean really now, it's a massive rights violation. This is just kinda silly. Not to mention, why do they even have hospitals anyway when a magic TF machine could cure anyone of any ailment, but whatever right. But hey at least our main character has a bit of socialist in him eh?

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"A purposeful harrumph interrupted us. The receptionist, a cute girl in her twenties, looked at us with a grin. "Who of you is the pet and who is the owner?" she asked brightly.

We simply stared at her.

"Okay, okay, just making small talk here." She raised her hands in apology. "We get Venned pet owners quite often and they usually like the joke. Let's try again then." The girl passed a clipboard to Snowblossom. "Please put in all the information about why you're visiting us here." Shi swiftly took the board and scribbled the information down.

The receptionist gave thanks to my mate, but then furrowed her brows in consternation. "Copperqueen, that's a fun name... and what's a 'chakat'?"

I put a soothing hand on Snowblossom's back as I felt hir fur bristle in annoyance.

"Don't insult my mate. Copperqueen is a fine name," shi hissed with bared teeth. "And we—" shi motioned at our felitaur bodies, "—are chakats."

"Oh!" The girl looked at me surprised. Then she started to giggle. "So you are the pet."

For a moment, I feared that my mate would explode. I felt my heart skip a beat when shi stretched out a hand for the receptionist, and I was already prepared to see her pretty face disappear in a cloud of gore and blood when my mate's claws would rip into it, but instead, she simply snatched the form out of her hand.

Without a word, shi grabbed a pen and stroke through the label "Name of pet". Then she scribbled "Patient" over it and slammed the form down again. "You got a doc called MacIntyre here, yes?" The startled receptionist nodded. "Tell her that the chakat patient—" shi stressed the word, "—she's been expecting is here."

Without so much as giving her another look, Snowblossom turned and marched off towards the waiting room. I mouthed a silent "Sorry" at the poor girl and hurried after my mate. Looks like the rut really is doing a thing on her temper..."

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Yikes, hopefully they don't have to call down the armed response unit/animal control with a chaingun. This chick is like 1000x less offensive than the guy who threw you out of the hospital.

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"The blue-furred woman snorted derisively. "Yeah, I guess. They got no idea how to treat someone who's not looking like a vanilla human. And even if they had, they wouldn't. Folks who Venn usually don't go to the doctor when they get problems, they just visit the nearest mall with a Venn Machine." She giggled again. "They somehow don't agree with people using machines which can fix in moments what a hospital would do in months... and for a ridiculous bill. I can't imagine why...""

=====

I mean I guess that's an explanation? But somehow I think public opinion would have to give way to practicality at some point.

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My eyes widened in surprise. "Really?" I blurted out. "We googled for babies from Venned couples... I mean, seriously Venned couples... like us. We didn't find much."

"Except for this snake couple in the zoo." Snowblossom added.

MacIntyre smiled. "And even their offspring, despite looking like relatively normal snakes, are clearly sapient and intelligent. Curious little buggers, I've heard. They love to play tricks on the zookeepers." She shook her head. "But yeah, I'm not surprised that your search didn't yield many results. There are not many, and they rather don't want to advertise that their children are of a different species. For fear of bigotry, obviously. Besides, the government has no clue about how to deal with non-human citizens yet and rather would like to keep the lid on it until they've figured something out."

=====

There's sapient non humans being born and somehow it's obscure knowledge... uh huh.

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"I'm not saying that it will be easy, but it's possible. And if you doubt it..." She looked insecurely for a moment. "There's one other option which I don't really like, but my medical oath compels me to put all the options on the table. If you think you're not prepared to be parents, there's the possibility of having an abort--"

She didn't get any further. Luckily, she'd taken a seat behind her table again, or God knows what I might have done. Her mention of the... a-word somehow blew my fuses. Suddenly, I was filled with rage, felt my claws slide out of my sheaths, opened my snout to hiss at the woman threatening my--

"Shhh, Copperqueen, all is well..." My mate's sudden embrace yanked me out of my fury, letting me think clearly again. "She means no harm... she just wants to help us..." I felt Snowblossom's love flow into me, calm me down, and embarrassed, I retracted my claws.

"I'm... sorry..." I mumbled awkwardly. "I... don't know what came over me. There's no excuse."

"No worries." MacIntyre chuckled tenuously. My threatening display had definitely made her blanch below her blue fur. "I'm actually glad that you feel this way. I'm not a fan of this... procedure." She sighed. "Well then... I guess I'll just give you some insights into feline pregnancies then. There might be differences for a chakat one, but it's the best I can do right now. So, for starters..."

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Pro forcible transformation of others, anti choice about pregnancy eh? You are a strange one, author.

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"My mate put on a serious face. "Bad? You scared the crap out of me! For a moment I thought you'd rip the good doctor to shreds. You looked like a badass tiger mama going all out in the defense of her cubs!" Shi shook her head. "So... no... not bad. Definitely not. If I'd have to look for a word, 'awe-inspiring' comes close, but it's still too mild to do your display justice."

I rolled my eyes at that, feeling a bit embarrassed. "I'm not sure if an aptitude for violence is a good trait for an expectant mother," I pointed out a tiny bit worried.

Snowblossom stopped dead in hir tracks. "Oh come on, that was just about the right response. Chakat mothers are renowned for going all out in the defense of their offspring. You know, before Venn Machines popped up and I became a chakat myself, I did lots of roleplaying games in the chakat universe. And it was well known to never put yourself in between a chakat mother and hir cub, except if you had a death wish."

Shi smiled at me encouragingly. "See it this way – this was your first test at being a chakat mom, and you passed it with flying colors!"

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Oh yeah, gee, great, you're an unhinged psycho. And I thought being Venned didn't change your brain makeup you lying liar?

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And that's it! Well, it was a strange one alright, far from the best furry fiction I've read, I find that TF based stories are usually a bit weaker due to their inherent contradictions, but on the other hand it wasn't the worst. But yeah, oh boy, that author has some funny ideas about the world. Then again a lot of people would say the same about me, so hey.