

Skaven Recruitment

By Abe E Seedy, illustration by Angrboda

Solana drifted forwards, feeling like she was floating freely in the green fog that surrounded her. She was dimly aware that her feet were touching the ground, and that they must be pushing and walking her forwards, but that felt like a world away from where her head spun and swum in the all-encompassing green. She stopped, the controlling tug on her hands reaching her brain a thousand years later. In front of her a face appeared, a face with a thousand powerful emotions tied to its shape, but they were all held in a book she couldn't open, and didn't even feel the need to try. It was simply a shape, and it spoke at and around her.

"This-this one is strong! Last-left on the field, yes-yes? She will be of good-great use to us, when we make her ready for the breeder pits!"

The words spun around her, only a few catching hold. She *had* been one of the last on the field, holding the rear when the rest of the Elven army had melted away. She felt proud of that, and then that pride hung heavy, tying itself to a collar fitted around her neck. The weight of it pulled and her thoughts followed, turning themselves to anticipation for what she would be tasked with next. She had done well, and now her next task would be a suitable reward.

Fingers pressed against her jaw, and accordingly her mouth fell open. The smooth neck of a glass bottle slid between her lips, and her knees bent down obediently to allow the person in front of her enough reach to tip it upwards. There was a moment's pause, and then a thick, viscous fluid poured slowly into her, filling her mouth and leaving her tongue swimming in some distantly familiar taste. Her first reaction was shock as a jolt of energy flashed through her, but that was quickly smothered as that green fog descended. She felt it somehow condense, going from an all-encompassing haze to a strong, warm blanket; something that wrapped her up and kept her thoughts easy and straightforward. And... warm...

She only realised her hands were free again after they moved, reaching around to the front of waist and dipping inside her clothes. She was horny, even that word only occurred to her a few moments after the truth of it did, and so because of that her fingers slid inside her pussy and worked herself over eagerly. That was it, that was what she did. There was a smooth, green path in her thoughts between her being horny and her indulging in it, with absolutely nothing to distract from the logic of it. She sunk downwards, her knees hitting the soft earth before her legs slid further and further open.

"Good-good!", came a voice from somewhere up above. "She responds well to treatment, yes?"

Solana agreed with the voice instinctively, even if she didn't understand what it was saying. But of course she would agree with it. What else should she be doing? Apart from pressing her fingers further and further inside herself that is, feeling the growing and overwhelming slickness starting to drip down towards her thighs. And then... and then there was something else.

It was another response, another part of what she somehow knew she should be doing. As her thumb flicked steadily over her clit she felt a distinct fuzziness spread out beneath her touch, washing over her waist in a matter of moments. It felt warm, good; another outlet of the great green flood that swelled comfortingly in her head. Her stance shifted, she felt her hips grow wider as her hand still worked at herself, her pussy becoming even more slick and prominent as her fingers massaged her lips eagerly. But there was more than even that, as the fur spread outwards she felt a pressure at the base of her spine, and then a few tense heartbeats later there was release, her long, rope-like tail stretching out along the ground behind her.

That was - Solana knew that was new, but at the same time, the green path in her thoughts had paved right over it. Her tail twitched in the dirt as her hips rocked back and forth against her fingers, and there was no part of that that felt anything but absolutely as it should be.

All the while, the growing fur continued. It reached her feet, stretching them out and tilting them upwards until her new shining claws clenched and released reflexively beneath her. Then with a gasp she felt it pour up her chest, pausing to make her breasts swell outwards, tearing apart what was left of her clothes as her new tits freed themselves from their constraints. Now it was close enough that she could see it, this soft brown fur marching up her shoulders, curling through her glowing green collar and sweeping blissfully up over her face. She only realised that the glass bottle was still between her lips when it began to be pulled away, and it felt like her mouth pushed outwards to follow it, until by the time it was removed entirely she was left with a rat-like muzzle, smiling and licking her lips as her newly yellow eyes blinked back open. Finally, for what felt like the first time in days, she could see clearly, taking in the crowd of packmates and masters surrounding her. They looked down with clear satisfaction, and the sight of that made her gasp and buck one last time against her newly rat-like paws, a tide of eager, blissful orgasm crowning the last of her conversion.

Above her, the lead master smiled widely. "Good-good! This one will enjoy the breeding pits, I think!"

Dreamily, Solana sagged back against the ground, curling up with her new, warm tail around her. Finally she had everything she needed to understand exactly what was being said, and she couldn't agree more.

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