

# Black Cat Club - A Farewell to Legs

By Abe E Seedy

Anna stepped back as the glass in front of her gave a distressing creak. They'd made sure the whole tank was reinforced back when it was first installed, but even so the current inhabitants were giving it a workout. About five feet above her, their new 'cleaning specialist' Ingrid had her back pressed up against the surface, while one of the club's resident mermaids had her webbed hands dug into her shoulders, giving her the leverage she needed to piston her cock powerfully into her pussy. The cleaner had lost her scuba mask on their second pass, and now Anna could watch her gasp as her face smoothed and stretched outwards towards the same kind of dolphin-like snout as her partner. Fortunately the lack of breathing apparatus wasn't a problem, as apparently one of the side effects of having one of the mermaid's cocks pressed down her throat was a functional set of gills quickly growing in. All the better to enjoy the rest of the experience, she supposed. Far more dramatic was the black latex tail of her own that had torn through her suit as it overtook her legs, and was now slapping arhythmically against the glass. And beyond that, from the tell-tale arch of Ingrid's spine - not to mention the steady pulse of dissipating blackness muddying the water - Anna could confidently assume she was starting to enjoy the benefits of her own newly formed cock.

Unregarded by both the frantically occupied couple and the circling second mermaid, the scuba gear drifted down in the water, making Anna roll her eyes as it joined the rest of the cleaning equipment at the bottom of the tank. It was a shame, in a way. Normally they lured customers in by offering them an experience they didn't even know they wanted, but to make this scenario work *they'd* had to hire *her* as a cleaner. So now they were out the cost of a specialised cleaning service instead of getting paid themselves, and on top of all that it that service wasn't even being done.

For as much as they were undeniably effective at their mission, this place was shockingly bad at being a business sometimes.

Another slap of Ingrid's new tail drew Anna back to the moment. All that wasn't her job to worry about, she reminded herself. From the only perspective she needed to care about, this had been a complete success. In any case, the difficult part here was over, so her observation wasn't needed any longer. There were other sessions to sit in on, and besides, the water was quickly getting so cloudy that soon there wouldn't be much left to see even if she wanted to. Maybe, Anna thought as she turned on her heels, Ingrid would consider getting the cleaning done once they'd tired themselves out. Although, given how tireless the mermaids seemed to be about making a mess, she probably shouldn't hold her breath.

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The moment Anna slipped into the observation area behind Evan's room, she *knew* she should have gotten here sooner. Even though this session had only started a few minutes ago, he was already sitting curled up on his long tail, his hood flaring out behind him as his tongue tasted at the air.

Right, so, this was a snake one, apparently. Seems he'd decided that already. She made a mental note to have another discussion with him about how the clients would probably enjoy not just rushing through his side of things, and to maybe take his time rather than snapping his fingers and bursting out into his slinking monster form. Well, anyway. For now she moved towards the computer set up on the desk in front of her, reading through the file for this client.

Her name was Valerie. She was 31, hispanic, and came in through their entrance in New York City. As far as she was aware, this was an exercise in hypno-therapy, designed to loosen her up and give her more confidence. Ah. Snake at least made sense then.

Looking up through the concealed window into the room, Anna turned to regard the client herself. She held herself with poise, her hair pulled back in a careful bun while her hands sat folded on the legs of her business suit. She looked like a lawyer somehow; tall, slender and with sharp-cut facial features that were likely more than imposing enough to make an impression when she turned them on her opposition. Flicking her eyes back to the screen, Anna looked for her occupation. 'Hospital administration', apparently. Huh. Well, presumably intimidation came in handy there too.

In any case, she looked very calm for someone sitting next to a smiling snake monster, so presumably Evan (or, Renfield now) had laid some groundwork. Settling into one of the observation chairs, Anna pressed the button to hear the room's audio.

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"Because... I've been told I'm too tightly wound", Valerie said, apparently answering a question that Anna had missed. Her fingers threaded together and apart endlessly, her face tilted down as she avoided his eyes. She took a breath, drawing on reserves of strength to look up and keep going. "I need to loosen up. To be able to express myself more. Express my..."

Her eyes dropped, and her fidgeting hands picked up speed. "My, uh, needs...", she finished quietly into her chest.

For a giant snake monster literally dripping with shining black latex, Renfield gave a surprisingly tender look. He reached out and took one of her hands, and although Anna noted the look of passing confusion at the sensation of his claws on her skin, Valerie didn't otherwise seem to react.

"And what do you need?", he asked.

Seemingly surprising even herself, Valerie laughed. "That's the thing. Right now, even / don't know anymore."

Renfield withdrew his hand, stroking under his chin for a moment before he continued. "Okay. I'm going to make this simpler then, but more specific. I'm going to start talking about sex. Is that okay?"

Anna raised an eyebrow. Was this actually going to be a therapy session? That wasn't exactly what *normally* went on here, at least not so directly, but presumably it would still be serving the general good. Also, it made her smile to realise that he was talking normally, rather than having the sibilant lisp he normally had in this form. She'd always suspected that was put on intentionally, so it was interesting to catch him out on that.

In the room, Valerie smiled too. "Okay, yeah. Might as well get right to the heart of it. So sure, let's talk about sex."

There was something inherently hilarious about this drippy sex monster steeping his clawed fingers just in front of his mouth during this slow, deliberate conversation, but only Anna seemed to notice. "What exactly do you want there?", he asked.

Valerie gave a weak shrug. "Like... good sex, I guess?"

"Let me try something", Renfield answered, before reaching forward and lifting her chin up with a single claw. Once their eyes met, Anna could see the intense yellow flare that meant he was pouring energy into his stare, and in turn a sympathetic shudder flowed down Valerie's spine.

"Tell me your top three fantasies", he instructed. "And I want you to be aware that you've done so afterwards."

There was barely a pause before Valerie responded. "Bondage, orgies and servitude." She blinked, then shook her head quickly and turned away. "I'm, uh, I'm sorry, that's probably more intense than is appropriate right now, th-

"It's okay. This is what you're here for", Renfield interrupted, dragging her back into place with his claw. Another flash, then he added, "until we leave this room, or you decide to stop, I want you to add my cock specifically to that list."

Another blink. Valerie's cheeks flushed red, suddenly registering Renfield's closeness. Her body tensed, clearly caught in the moment of intending to pull away, but being held back for some reason she probably couldn't even explain to herself.

"Uh, thank you for saying it's okay", she said eventually. "It just seems, I don't know, all seems like a lot to talk about with someone, you know?"

It was clearly a prompt for at least some polite laughter, but Renfield didn't oblige. Instead he straightened himself up, and when he was the one to break contact Valerie found herself drifting forwards slightly without thinking. Then it was like a string between them had snapped, and she all but fell backwards into her chair. The flush in her cheeks began to fade, but Anna saw her eyes flick downwards, and she registered that their new positions left his cock entirely in view.

Wordlessly, the blush returned.

Even though he shifted slightly to leave himself more exposed, Renfield gave an air of not registering her reaction. "So tell me", he continued casually, "what do you want out of this session?"

Valerie's eyes were fixed. Even as she spoke her attention never wavered from Renfield's crotch, as though her mouth were running on a different circuit from her brain.

"I want to get what I want", she said flatly. "I want to know what it is and get it and have it."

"And what does that mean, exactly?"

That provoked a frown, the question prodding Valerie's brain enough to gain a considered response. "Sorry, what?", she asked, looking back up at his face.

There was a silence. At first Anna thought this was just for effect, the same sort of dramatic pause that Renfield was so fond of, when he was either leaning in or leaning out from his subject, ready to make yet another point. But it dragged on longer than that, and eventually she realised that whatever plan he'd had, it must have stalled.

Eventually, he leaned back. "This... isn't quite working", he said to himself. "Let's try something else."

Directing her eyes to his with an absent wave of his hand, he fixed her attention with yet another flash. "I want you to dismiss every instruction I've given you up until now."

Another blink, and then Valerie recoiled so sharply her chair rocked back on its heels. "You-who- you're some sort of... snake monster?", she spluttered.

Renfield rolled his eyes. "Right, yes, my bad there." There was another burst of yellow from his eyes, then he added, "as thrilled as I am at the prospect of having this same conversation for the umpteenth time, let's skip past it for now, shall we? Magic is real, but it's not going to eat you. Let's move on."

Blunt, Anna thought, but it got the job done. Anna would have to keep casual hypnosis in mind for the next time she wanted to skip the "yes, we're all magic latex fuck creatures, now calm down while we make you one too" talk.

Back in the room, Valerie was clearly still processing. Her mouth opened and closed a few times, and a rapid series of expressions passed over her face, as though a high speed argument was being held entirely inside her head. Then she stopped, and rubbing her head with one hand, looked back up at him.

"Okay", she said slowly. "What exactly is happening?"

Renfield gave a hissing laugh, and the trailing sibilance of it went unremarked on. "That's an excellent question. You see, I *had* been planning on hypnotising you into needing to worship my cock, and then I thought it would be better if I hypnotised you into you *telling* me to hypnotise you to worship my cock, and then..."

He waved his hands palm up in the air as he spoke, adding a shrug to emphasise the confusion of the situation.

"It all got a bit much. So, eventually I thought..."

It was always shocking how fast he could move when he wanted to. It was easy for Anna to think of this form as all talk and intimidation, but that was forgetting that all snakes were just one long series of coiled muscles. When he chose to he could spend all that tension in a single strike, closing the distance between them before Valerie could so much as breathe, and then casually winding his body around hers while his eyes kept her attention.

"If what I want to see here is what you'll do when you have the power to shape your own fantasies, why not cut out the middleman?"

He curved inwards, his fangs sinking into the flesh of her neck. It was only a second before he straightened up again, but Anna could see the twin beads of inky blackness that clung to her skin.

It was all over so quickly that Valerie herself barely reacted. There was half-second jolt that ran down her spine at the contact, but by the time she'd flinched backwards Renfield was already away, uncoiling his tail and settling in behind her. All the same, she slapped a hand to her neck, rubbing at it nervously.

"Hey! I thought that you *weren't* going to eat me?"

Renfield scoffed. "Please, you can't believe how few snakes there are that *don't* want to take things further than that. No, this isn't about that."

Valerie looked unconvinced, but still at least only annoyed rather than frightened. "So what is this about then?"

He nodded past her, and at first Anna thought he was telling Valerie to look at her specifically. It was only after an awkward moment where their gaze almost met that she realised that on Valerie's side of the room the window looked like a full length mirror, and that she was actually only looking at herself. The reason why her eyes had widened hadn't been because she'd somehow seen Anna watching her, but because she'd noticed that the blackness was starting to spread outwards from the bite marks, her veins noticeably bulging as they thrummed with darkness.

Renfield's claws held her firmly by the shoulders, but in truth she didn't need the restraint. Her eyes were fastened to the mirror, her whole body stiff as the changes began to take hold. Oddly enough, it started with her hair. The spiderwebs beneath her skin pulsed upwards, and as it spread the careful bun she'd entered the room with fell loose. For a moment her hair dangled freely over her shoulders, then her back arched as the tips of it seemed to take root. Her mouth opened in a silent cry, giving Anna a view of her fangs starting to press their way out from her jaw. But her attention quickly moved beyond that, tracking the way Valerie's hair began to meld together, stiffening and plumping as it spread out behind her. It shifted quickly from her original dull brown to a lustrous, shining black, and within moments her head was crowned with a serpentine hood to match Renfield's.

"I-", she started, her lips tripping awkwardly around her new fangs.

"Shhh", Renfield answered, his hands stroking reassuringly at her shoulders. "This change is easy. I don't know what it is about it exactly. It just slides through your whole body, knitting everything together as neatly as a zipper on a coat. It feels like it should be complicated, but in truth it's the simplest thing in the world."

She was looking upwards now, staring at his face in the mirror as the rich yellow colour filtered into her eyes. Her mouth was still open, and Anna could see her spine twist as the change moved down through it. It spread out from her core, a solid line of blackness staining a path down the length of her body before enveloping her from both sides. She could track its progress clearly even from in front of her, because as well as reshaping her body the changing tide seemed to be repelling her clothes, peeling them away from her back in two neatly-cut halves. Beneath that Anna saw her skin grow smooth, a dozen inky fingers curling around her chest and blotting outwards across her flesh.

Both Anna and Valerie had gotten lost in tracking its progress, so when Renfield spoke again it almost made each of them start.

"Physically, the change is easy. But there's more to it than just that. There's a..."

He searched for words, one hand gesturing vaguely in front of his face while the other quite casually gripped her chin, his claws digging noticeable into her brand new scales. Valerie gasped at the sensation, but Renfield seemed not to notice.

"There's an insistence that curls around your brain", he continued airily. "A knowledge that you're the most important person in the room, in any room, and that everyone else would truly be better suited to doing exactly what you say."

He turned back to her, regarding for the first time the expression of panting heat on her face as it continued to press outwards into a reptilian snout. The corners of his lips twitched upwards in satisfaction, but, notably, he did not release his grip on her chin.

"And it so easily tumbles into more than that. Your ideas are the best, and so it follows that your needs are the most important too. And if your needs, why not your wants? Until, quite naturally, the only position that makes sense is that everyone else exists only to service you, to lie happily within the coils of your tail and the fog of your shining eyes, blissfully obeying whatever broad whim strikes your fancy from moment to moment."

He looked downwards, finally meeting her eyes in the reflection, and for just a second they flashed as brightly as his.

"After our conversation, it occurred to me that that might be an experience you could benefit from."

Valerie writhed. The physical changes were washing over the last of her, her feet sliding together as her increasingly heavy tail slapped against the floor. Up to this point she'd still been sitting in the chair, but at the completion of her transformation it skittered away, pushed unthinkingly backwards as she stood in her newly serpentine body.

She was every bit his match now, feminine to his masculine, but otherwise entirely similar. And yet still he was holding her chin, compelling her to continue staring at herself in the mirror. That was clearly starting to become irritating to her, but he spoke again before she could pull away.

"Now now, I know the feeling. But much as you might want to, you can't just dive into a pile of eager assistants. You have to know *yourself* first, to look down deep into the heart of you and decide exactly what it is you want."

He squeezed, both of their eyes widening as they each stared intently at the mirror.

"So, don't tell me, tell yourself - what do you *want*?"

At first, Valerie's only response was a long, drawn-out hiss. It seemed to Anna that for as much as the physical nature of her new form came naturally, the mental elements were taking longer to get used to. But eventually she seemed to settle into it, her eyes flaring bright as she finally spoke.

"I sshould be in charge", she hissed.

Renfield gave a benevolent nod, even as he quietly muttered, "present company excluded of course. But, continue."

If Valerie heard his interruption, she didn't acknowledge it. "I want to be worshipped, to have someone bound up helplessly in my coils and begging to be allowed to press their face into my pussy. I want to have someone strong and powerful completely at my mercy, their eyes crossing as I push my tail into their ass and make them cum over and over and over again. I want hands on my tits and muscles against my back and all of them, all of them mine, absolutely and completely mine..."

With a satisfied grin, Renfield finally let her go. He slithered over to the door, his finger hovering over the intercom button before he turned back to her. "So, how many women shall I get sent up? One? Two? Three?"

Breaking eye contact with herself, Valerie glared at him. "Not women, men!"

There was a long pause. Eventually, Renfield said slowly, "ah. That... hm." He shrugged, then jabbed the intercom with his finger and said brightly, "two men please!"

Anna couldn't hear the response, but she did hear Renfield's answer a few moments later. "Well, I'm sorry, I was under the impression that we were a *magic* establishment. Are we somehow just completely unable to cater to straight women?"

Her head sunk into her hands, but even so Anna couldn't block out Renfield's affronted tone as he added, "what do you mean, that's my job? I have a very particular set of skills, and- look, just get Anna, will you?"

Almost immediately, Anna's phone started buzzing in her pocket. Sometimes this place really was terrible at being a business.