

A BEAUTIFUL  
**FRIENDSHIP**



# A Beautiful Friendship

„Hey Sue, where are we driving?“ Hanna slowly opened her eyes as she realized she was sitting on the co-drivers seat of Sues pickup-truck. She rubbed her eyes and tried to pick herself up. The long ears of her Bolgan friend Sue wiggled in the wind of the driving truck, as the girl shifted gears kinda aggressively.

„We are too late Hanna“ The fox-girl replied while she was focussing on the street in front. „You know? That beauty contest? Miss Tinora?“

Suddenly fully awake, Hanna tried to push her hair in form- she must be looking horrible sleeping on a truck-seat! She checked her phone - it was 1 pm already – and she had no signal.

Kinda confused, Hanna realized, that she was wearing her dress already. She tried to remember what happened this morning, but the harder she tried, the more her head started to hurt.

-“Drink something, you look horrible“ Sue shouted through the wind as the truck rushed down the road. „There is also some makeup and a mirror in the glovebox!“

With shaking hands, Hanna opened the flap in front and reached out for the lemonade inside the box. She took a few quick sips before she started to check her face and fix her makeup. „Hm, Seems like I am still looking perfect“ she smiled into the hand mirror, while she corrected her eyeliner a bit. „Ugh! Where the hell have you bought that lemonade? Is it some kind of special Bolgan drink? It tastes like fish or something... awful!“ Disgusted, Hana closed the plastic bottle and threw it back inside the glovebox. „If you are so proud about your furry Bolgan heritage, at least you could have bought ricewhine or something..“

„Alright, we have arrived“ Sue replied, fully ignoring what Hanna said. The walls of Tinora a few miles away, Hanna carefully stepped out of the truck. „You sure THIS is the place?! I mean, It looks like a farm or something.“ - Sue just smiled back at her „Yeah Hanna, I AM sure, look, I am taking part in this contest as well. Maybe we are just a bit too early. Look! There is a barn and a wooden stage over there... remember, the election is tonight, and the staff will surely show up any moment and prepare everything... Let’s take a look at this stage.“





„Uhhh, I don't know if it was a good idea with my shoes to run through all that mud y'know“ Hanna grumbled „I know you Bolgan people are used to run through mud all day with your bare feet, that's just your nature I guess...”

Sue took in a deep breath as she turned around to Hanna „Okay, I got enough. Actually, all this mud is only yours my dear“

Her voice suddenly sounded cold as ice. „You know why we are here? You always blame others for your mistakes, you are racist and always bashed me for my „Bolgan heritage“.... The truth is... you already won that election last night!... You said horrible things about me and my family and told the producer of the show, I was cheating and a Bolgan could never ever win a contest like that. My father is a Bigon farmer, a simple man that tries to just live in peace with everyone. You broke his heart last night Hanna you know? And everyone witnessed how you called him a beast-fucking hick!

Shocked by her friend's direct confrontation, Hanna lost her words. Suddenly, she remembered everything. „Shhhue, I know thhhat yeshhterday washhh...” - she began, as she realized that her mouth was overflowing with a thick, viscous liquid that was dripping down on her cleavage „I'm shhhooo shhhorry“

„It's too late to say sorry my dear, but I will make sure you will learn your lesson and never bully anyone again just because of what race they belong to“ With a quick move, Sue pulled something from her belt. „Don't be scared, I know how to treat a nice Bigon stallion like you.... for once, I can say naughty things about you, only with the difference....“, She came closer to Hanna's ear „That they will all be true“

Hanna looked at her shaking hands: Her soft human skin was turning into thick, red leather while patches of hard scales started to form on them „Hnoo I am Misshhh Tinorah!“ Her dress started to feel tight and unimportant, suddenly, all she wanted was to break free and... rub over something ?!

The muscles in Hanna's back started to grow bigger, as the top of her dress was torn apart. Strands of thick saliva ran over her face, while her nose and mouth mercilessly started to form a drooling muzzle. An unbearable heat was growing in her crotch... something was pushing against the remainings of her clothes from between her legs.

„A good stallion you will be my dear“ Sue's hand slowly stroked over Hanna's scaled shoulder „Now show me your proud new equipment“





In a mix of horror and lust, Hanna looked at her crotch. While her soft breasts slowly became covered in thick, yellowish skin and started to shrink, a bulge appeared between right below her navel. It started to move and twitch, grew bigger and stressed the fabric of Hanna's remaining clothes. Almost going insane from the sensitive touch and pressure in her slip, she finally pulled the soaked fabric to the side.

Sue giggled „Oh, what a nice sack... full of potent bigon semen I guess....now that's what I call a feral cock, right?“ Throbbing and twitching, the thick, erected Bigon dick moved a bit, as a thin runnel of pre escaped its tip. Hanna wasn't able to think straight anymore. Her massive male organ was still surrounded by what was left of her former, well-formed pussy. Her leathery testicles drenched in a slimy substance dangled between her thick thighs, as the transforming girl bended forwards and her body forced her on her fours. This couldn't be real... Hanna stared at the dripping tip of the feral cock which was leaking long strands of viscous pre that dripped down into the mud.

„Good Bigon you are... I know you love mud to cool your scales“ Sue carefully took the mouthpiece she had prepared before and quickly moved it over Hanna's face. „I guess you do not mind I took this mouthpiece directly from one of the other bigons... your mouth has used and said way dirtier things“

The wooden bar had a salty taste, as it parted Hanna's new jaws. „I bet it is weird not being able to control how much drool runs out of you, but I can't risk that you bite the others or me, when you become too horny!“

Hanna grunted and hissed instead of giving an answer. Her once filigree hands had become plump bigon claws, soaked in dirty mud. Her once well-formed tits had shrunk even more, while the slimy cock between her now muscular hind-legs started to whisper an undeniable urge into her mind: Fuck. Now.

Sue stroked Hanna's new mane „I know how you feel my dear. You only want to mate now, right? Hump every Bigon cow, no matter how dirty she is.... Imagine.. a tight, bigon cunt only waiting for your hard member to slide in....does that make you horny?“ Hanna answered with a loud grunt again. Against her will, pictures of bigon genitals flashed in her mind, pictures of Bigon cows presenting their plump, dirty vulvas, dripping with all kinds of liquids.





„don't worry dear... your mind won't turn all feral. In a few days, you will have you old body back, but before that“ The Bolgan girl grinned, lets have some fun, shall we? Before you stick your naughty rod into anything feral, I am curious myself.“ Carefull, Sue stroked along the veiny shaft.

„Must be hard, not being able to jerk off on your own and always need the help of others...“ Sue rubbed harder, as Hanna felt her brain literally melting away in lust. Sues grip became harder, tighter, she grabbed all around the massive cock now. „We two will have a great time before I take my flight to Tyx and we never meet again. And please - I installed a few cameras in the barn, If you try to find me or make problems, I probably got some very delicate photos of you waking up covered in Bigon juice for the press“

With a lusty look in her eyes, Sue started to get rid of her clothes. Hanna was confused, but quickly started to feel aroused, as the Bolgan female teased her through letting two of her fingers run over her covered-up pussy forming a cameltoe between her legs. With an elegant move, Sue got rid of her slip, as the arousing smell of lustful sweat entered Hanna's nostrils. „You better lay back my feral stallion“ Sue whispered, as she parted Hannas muscular tights

Her already wet labial lips slipped over Hanna's hard glans, as Sue started to rub over the full length of the massive cock „Hrmm, your filthy junk surely does not fit, but at least, I you will give me a good cumshot, promised?“ The sound of Sues slimy labia slipping over her veiny penis was driving hanna insane. The smell. The mud. The needy cunt right there on her mas- sive cock, smearing its liquids over it. Hanna growled out, as a thick strand of milky juice finally shot out of her stiff tip and covered Sue in a sicky mess.

