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Marissa's Contributions to the Female Species

By Alex Streuth

Illustrated by Dr. Benway

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Marissa looked down on men, considering them akin to animals. Her whole life she had lived as though men were anathema. She had practiced so many ways of staring men down, of communicating that they were the vilest form of life--that she loathed them--that each stare had its own name.

There was the ice stare, the dagger stare, the smoldering stare, the 'back away if you know what is good for you' stare, and the 'ice cream' stare to name a few (a variant on the ice stare, it started out sweet to lure men into her gaze, whereupon she would turn it so cold it would freeze their brains.)

But she was finally forced to sully herself and consort with a man because her sheltered life had come to an end: She needed a job.

What's more, her degree in women's studies hadn't landed her the sweet public speaking job she'd always wanted. Something about not yet having an MFA and not having enough experience... Days after graduation had turned into weeks had turned into months and her female friends were all either moving away, selling out (getting hitched to guys) or taking corporate jobs.

It was humiliating to Marissa to even step foot on the soil of the ranch to apply for this position, but a job paying \$20/hour was music to her ears--she just hoped it wouldn't involve anything that might get her skirt soiled. It was bad enough that the ranch was out in the countryside, and that there was actual dirt underfoot... But she had to content with a male interviewer as well.

She tried to keep the resentment and hatred out of her eyes and to smile sweetly... But he was good at asking questions that got under her skin, and more than once her stares had come out, if only briefly, until she mastered herself and smoothed her skirt and started again.

"Only one more question to go," the man said, absorbing her latest dagger stare cheerfully. If he realized how much she hated him being nearby he didn't show it, "If you could be any animal what would it be?"

Marissa smirked, a softball question and one she wasn't going to have any problem with: "I'd be a cat, they're independent, smart, and they have claws."

The man smiled back, making a note on a clipboard. "Well, I think you'll fit right in here. I think we'd like to offer you a position, but due to the proprietary nature of the research we do here I can't describe all of the duties until after you accept and sign a non-disclosure form. What I can tell you is that it comes with full health benefits, great pay, and as a bonus for signing we are one of the few employers in the state who will waive our 'at-will' right and agree to employ you for at least two years."

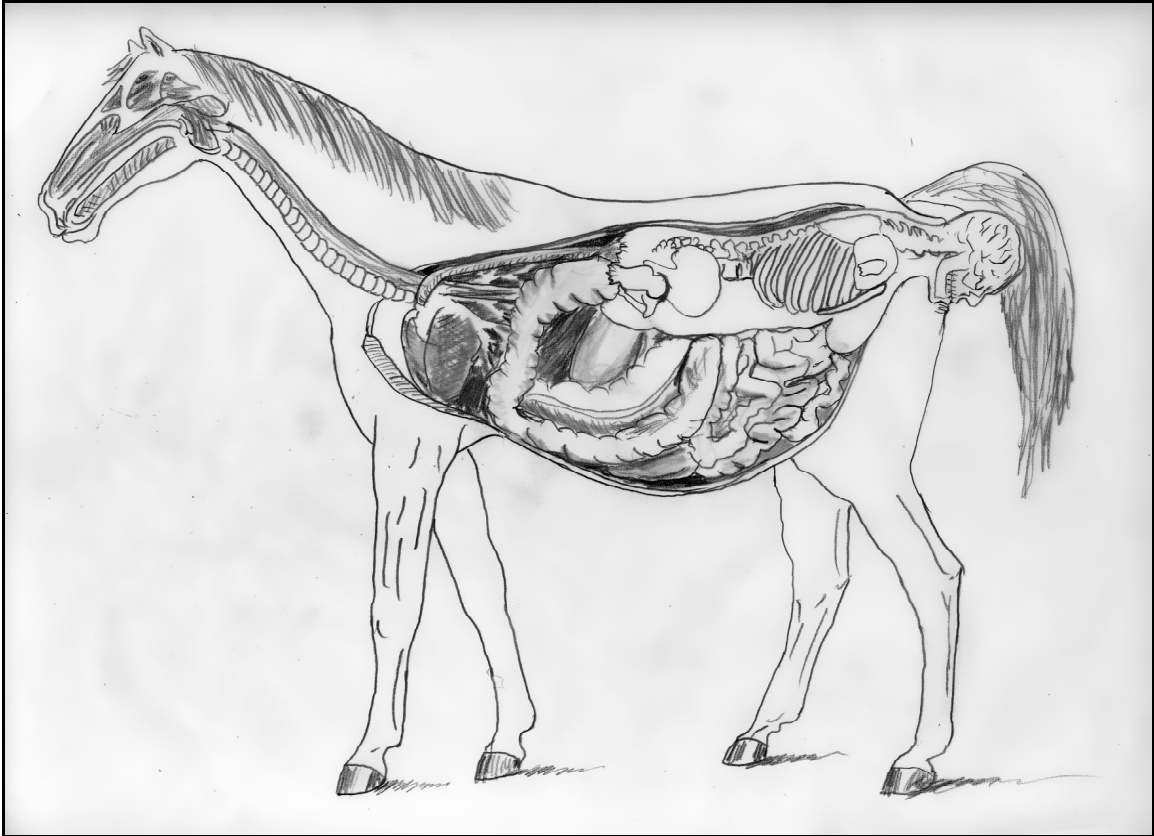
He smiled softly, pouring on the charm and sliding the documents across the table. Marissa fidgeted for a few moments but she couldn't resist the pay and the benefits, much less the thought that she would be guaranteed a job for at least two years!

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Later, when Marissa was given a series of shots to inoculate her from diseases and to sedate her she was fully informed of her duties—while sleepy and unable to fully comprehend. She was asked to sign a consent form and a voluntary release from liability as well as a few other more 'colorful' documents. She smiled, lazily, hand scrawling, and blinked into the light as tests were conducted on her 'out of it' mind. She felt good and warm...

In fact she almost fell asleep while her body was stripped, shorn, waxed, depilated, conditioned, and then smoothed and lubricated for insertion... Surgery was performed while she was under, modifying her lower body to make attachment and integration possible—removing her arms and legs and connecting her womb with her stomach to form a 'funnel' channel from anus to mouth.

She was then inserted slowly from the rear first into the large anal opening of a mare. She was still unconscious, her head was completely bald, her body completely smooth, and her rear was lewdly distended with the attachment points stemming from her internal plumbing...



After a few tense hours of surgery her internal plumbing was finally hooked up to the mares' so that nutrients to her body would now pass into her through her anal walls... In fact the mare had become her provider even as her own ability to provide for herself was taken away:

Food consumed by the mare passed through its stomach and then down into its digestion where it was processed and waste shunted down the disposal system to be evacuated... where it then passed into Marissa's connected anus as food. The brown mass slickly passing from one body into another, the mare shitting it out... and Marissa's ass taking it in as nutrient, the waste continuing upward to her stomach where it would rest...

Her digestive processes would then take nutrients from the food as able, the ensuring product, an even more concentrated form of waste would produce a bilious effect on her stomach, triggering her awakening for the first time... going through the miracle of 'birth', eyes opening wide and mouth opening in horror... Spitting up slowly, choking, and finally vomiting up a large mass of woman...

The waste plopped down onto the green grass, the mare hardly pausing long before breaking into a slow trot and then standing at the fence, leaning down to eat carrots from the hand of the man that had interviewed Marissa.

The man smirked, wiping his hand off on his pants and offering the horse an apple which it bit into heartily. "Mmmm, I'm glad to see you're

integrating," he said, down to the horrified, hanging girl... her face barely poking out of the mare's anus, looking for all the world like a stretched anal plug hanging lewdly partway out of the mare's distended ass.

"We'll keep you here for a few months, longer if necessary, to see how you adjust... We think we're really close to a case where the parasite is not rejected by the host and you two can become symbiotic... When that happens we'll celebrate."

Marissa found herself experiencing a sickening sensation as a wet mass started to be shunted up her shitter... She reflexively clenched her sphincter, or tried to... It had been loosened considerably and the muscle for clenching it weakened, instead she felt an invasive force sliding up into her... She tried to shit it back out but the horse's muscles were stronger and gravity was against her...

She felt even more sick as the mass inched its way past her ability to bear down on it, into her stomach, where she had no control at all. It sat there, while her stomach broke it down for digestion, and she had to take it, and take it, feeling sicker and sicker...

A few minutes later she was throwing up again, the vile mass forced up through her throat and out to plop down on the ground forming a fresh female stain on the ground.



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Several months later and Marissa was adapting well. She hardly noticed when shit entered her from behind and didn't resist at all. When she did register it entering she would grunt, one of the only few sounds she could still produce, and when it entered her stomach she flinched but didn't squirm the way she used to.

She had entertained ideas of escape in the first few weeks, it felt like she could just muscle her shoulders through and slide out—but strangely everything felt connected, crawling away just wasn't an option, and as time went on it felt more and more like her body was adapting... She couldn't tell what was going on internally but her vagina and anus felt open, wide open, all the time, and her internal walls felt more connected to the mare's...

It also felt more like she was being accepted and integrated, swallowed up... Her face, which had faced out initially, now barely cleared the exit of the horse's anus. One day she had the horrifying sensation of her nose becoming covered with anal flap... but she found immediately that she was receiving air from internal sources... oxygen, nutrients, everything she needed was being supplied by the mare, and it imprinted on her psychologically then to let go...

To let her connection to the mare take over and become her... It had been so long since she'd talked to anyone, the men studied her but only clinically... Reinforcing her identity as a part of the mare, as an addition, rather than as an entity unto herself...

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One day her body become so swallowed up that only her lips, the barest presence of her, pressed up against the mare's anus and from there slowly, over a few more weeks, fused together... She lived in darkness, breathing in through her lower channels... The drug cocktails being fed to their bodies helped facilitate acceptance... Her body could no longer have survived outside the warm internal environment of the mare's anal passage, and the nutrients transformative effects coupled with the constant pressure forced her body into a more 'streamlined' form and helped her to accept a narrower space.

Eventually everything passed through much more efficiently and the mare felt relief, felt no longer bloated, felt no longer a foreign presence... Marissa was fully integrated now...

It was at that time that the men returned, more of them than Marissa had ever seen, and studied her... for days, for weeks, until the method could be properly documented and passed along...

One of the men, a very interested researcher who was young and impressionable bent down to try to talk to Marissa, but found it rather embarrassing to be trying to talk to a horse's ass. Despite his good

intentions he ended up walking away from his attempts at conversation with the female covered in horse-spatter.

He scrunched up his nose in disgust and started wiping it off of himself... "Ugh," he commented, obviously never going to try to talk to Marissa again. In fact no one ever did from that point on...

All that could be detected of Marissa was the barest hint of her lips against the puckered anus of the horse and the fact that the horse's ass seemed to wheeze occasionally after fierce exertion.

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After a year had passed and Marissa didn't think she could suffer any more ignominities but little did she know that she had reached a state of homeostasis and acceptance so harmonic that her handler felt she was ready to be put to production testing.

She felt something approaching her... The mare was in fact transmitting hormonal signals down to her... And then she felt a bull coupling with the mare a few inches away from her... Entering the mare through her vaginal passage which was near to Marissa but not quite attached. Marissa could nevertheless feel the pressure and passion...

After a few such couplings the mare became pregnant and the true test began:

"Men," her handler, the same man who had interviewed her originally said, "The time has come to see if the additions we have made to the mare will bear fruit." He nodded somberly and everyone watched as the bull approached, this time the mare's vagina had been plugged, leaving only one opening available for rutting.

It took Marissa a few moments to realize that the bull was intentionally aiming for her mouth before she started to try to scream... but her ability to produce sound was limited, the bull's massive cock started to enter her, and the mare's hormones flooded her, making her more passive and receptive.

She felt the cock entering her throat, triggering her bilious response... and then the hormones shut it down... she wanted to throw up, to try to force the cock out, but her disgust and revulsion was tempered by the hormones telling her to accept it, to take it...

She took it, long, deep, and hard, until it came in her stomach and passed down to her womb... She became pregnant and the offspring was female—in fact it was impossible for anal womb to conceive anything but females.

As the gestation progressed Marissa felt her womb become more full. The nutrients she received were shared between her and her daughter... eventually her womb felt as though it were at capacity and when the time

came to deliver she felt it passing--from her womb, up through her connection to the mare, and then down through the mare's normal vaginal canal...

She watched as her child was foaled... A hybridized female version of woman... learning to walk on its four long spindly legs, bleating... with facial features mixed between human and horse... a long nose, a smooth face... young, innocent eyes, and a spine and limbs accommodating being on all fours...

It was only later, when she had vomited up the latest refuse, when she saw her foal leaning down, its long neck stretching down to the pile, to gobble up with its tongue and smooth teeth, that she realized how much of herself had been put into its making:

It swallowed up the shit she had evacuated like it was mother's milk. With its hybridized body it was a matter of months rather than years before it reached full physical maturity, its sexual maturity giving it a hybrid of a mare's sets of teats along with a humans large heavy sacs. The girl grew up into a woman possessed of no vocabulary, instincts, a steady diet of full horse-shit, in fact as it watched Marissa's opening more and more it came to see it as a place to suckle from, inserting its tongue into Marissa's mouth and licking...

It grew large breasts, stayed dumb, had a large anal womb of its own, and, on its own accord its body shunted, killed, and dropped the vaginal opening and associated bits, including its clitoris, considered an evolutionary dead-end.

After a few 'generations' (sped up through hormones and the drugs a new generation could be achieved in the span of only a few years) of selective breeding the men produced what they were after... Marissa had been a part of the mare for almost a dozen years and had watched as she had produced more children and her children had been mated with bulls... different kinds of bulls, even some stags... and all of Marissa's offspring were female, always female...

And then one day the men had it, they had produced the finest strain of female hybrid, what they could finally call 'Woman 2.0.'

It had a distinctly dehumanized face with feminine features... doey eyes, a long horse-nose, long ears... and a strange mouth-shaped to accommodate sucking food from the ass of its mother, no teeth, more of a suctioning type of opening, a small feminine brain... a longer than average neck... that was also unusually thin, appearing even more so against the phenomenally aberrant mutation that had been encouraged... and encouraged...



To produce multiple pairs of simply gigantic breasts on the beast... these large mammaries hung so low that another trait, long legs, had to be emphasized to keep it up off the ground... thin, svelte legs, a swishing tail, and a large anal entrance from which a strange feature-set appeared...

The anus was cleft, the asshole itself was curved, moist, soft, and pliantly tight... and just inside the anal ring resided the most gorgeous set of female lips you had ever seen. Despite having such a small brain the creature was able to speak in the most proper facsimile of human speech, to deliver rote memorized lectures on women's studies without understanding what it was saying.

This capability came from Marissa, passed down through her offspring, representing her repressed knowledge which she would never be able to express herself. The problem was that the offspring didn't actually understand what they were saying, and the language had gotten warped as it was passed down, for example, since all of the offspring were female the women had no concept of any other gender.

When they opened their perfect female lips at the approach of a man's hard cock they would speak their mating call, reciting Marissa's famous speech in their own words:

"Women are beasts," the lips would say as the man parted them with his cock, "They're worse than animals. They're shit..." and the man would enter the woman and pat her on the head and tell her she was a good little filly.

"Perfection," Marissa's original handler was saying, now an older man, enjoying the fruits of his long labors: "We've managed to breed a species of woman that degrades itself in its speech, eats shit, speaks from its anus, has an anal womb, has six humongous, ridiculously huge tits, has no arms, has four tiny legs, has a long, smooth, svelte neck, has a tiny brain, and produces only more women."

When the little fillies came on the market later that year every man wanted one for a pet, their wives were appalled but learned that if they didn't accept it they would and could be replaced. What's more, for every man that wanted more, through some trick of genetics, any offspring he fathered himself would be automatically female and would share no genetic traits with himself... The mere presence of his sperm inside the womb was enough to cause it to 'grow' another filly from scratch with its own internal reproductive germ—the new foal would be almost identical to the mother, but younger, weaker, still developing, and would develop and mature rapidly.

It wasn't long before an even more perfect woman was selected, before beauty contests were being held to decide 'best in show'... Where a longer, thinner neck was prized, a small brain, a more perfectly formed set of anal lips, or a larger set of what were being affectionately referred to as 'racks' came about.

As more sets of racks started to develop the fillies were given a point system, a larger rack would result in more points, leading to: "Hey, nice foal... It looks like its going to be an 8-pointer," or "Wow, check out the racks on that one."

Eventually the need for real women extended only as far as creating more men was concerned, and as men found their needs more and more satisfied by these other replacement 'women' more and more 'perfect' women entered the supply. It wasn't long before they would have gone hungry if a new law wasn't passed requiring a man to feed each woman in his family himself.

Each man therefore was required to feed each woman from his own ass. It became commonplace in households for the remaining 'imperfect' women to be forced to live as the others, including sleeping with them outside in the open to keep warm and gathering around underneath the man at night as he defecated to try to get some of the food.

Starvation was a strong motivator. 'Imperfect' women started being judged against the 'perfect' women so that those with larger breasts were often rewarded with more food, or those with more submissive personalities...

When Marissa's term of employment was finally up, seventeen long years from her initial hire date, she was given restorative treatment, money and setup in an apartment. She was released... but was a complete mess. She couldn't care for herself at all and couldn't cope with the freedom.

So she was quickly relocated, with her agreement, to a man's household--the household of the man who had first interviewed her--now a much older man. He made sure when taking her in to gift her with a large rack... so that she would fit in with his household who were all 20 pointers minimum.

He then installed her into a place of honor to celebrate her contributions to the forwarding of womankind: He installed her into his bathroom and rewarded her with feedings, despite the fact that she was not used at all to receiving waste directly through her mouth, hated it, detested it, and learned to both depend upon and loathe this man...

He smirked and measured her rack, content that with every feeding they were getting larger. He started Marissa on drug therapy to make her body more perfect. She was given prosthetic limbs eventually--she would never walk properly on them, and always trip or stumble like a newborn foal, but she could move awkwardly around the house and most importantly carry her huge, cumbersome 20 point tits around--quite an accomplishment to achieve that many points from a mere two breasts.

"Check out the racks..." men had to stop and correct themselves, "check out the rack on that one!" Her handler was very proud of her now, considering her as perfect as she could get without having been born a 'real woman' and even though she would never foal anymore on her own he did like having her listen to the foaling of others...

Each birth brought on a diatribe from the foment nether lips, a rant Marissa would have been proud of if it weren't perverted:

"God this hurts so much, fuck you woman, fuck you cunt, for making me this way. Fuck you woman, I hate myself, I loathe myself for being female, for having a cunt, this pain is all woman's fault, all the fault of cunt..." and it continued, berating and debasing women until the foal was fully born, its first words those of its mother degrading its sex, for the foal was always female.

Marissa watched this one foal grow up specifically and tried to teach it to be more than it was, to know more, but every conversation with the foal resulted in its tiny brain trying to speak as best it could, speaking out of its ass:

"Woman are animals, women are shit... woman are beasts..." it said, swallowing shit from their head of house while going through maturity and growing huge balloon-like breasts and having its vestigial vagina shrivel up, fall off, and die. Its anus expanded to grant better access to its womb, and it won several prizes for points and for being the epitome of 'female'.

Marissa was left on a walk in the park one day and met many, many females being led around on leashes and stopping occasionally to eat shit or to defecate a spew of anti-woman rhetoric. When two women met they would sniff each other's anuses and try to lick shit from each other, their owners yanking them away from each other since it was impolite in public to allow 'lesbianism.'

In private women were allowed to lick shit from each other, also known as 'making out' and to have 'conversations' where they swapped anti-woman rhetoric with one another, sometimes learning a new phrase like 'Cunts are fucking stupid' or 'Women's brains are for shit' or 'Lesbians lick female shit.'

It was almost beautiful, fully 25-years later, as the advent of an all 'perfect' female race came about and men kept 'imperfect' women tucked away just for breeding that men had whole households of perfect hybridized diminutive women fawning after them.

"Please sir," the female anus begged, "women are for shit." It repeated it, in a whiny, stupid little female voice, until the man obliged, passing a large bowel movement down into its shit-licking and sucking little mouth which bend down obsequiously to gulp from beneath his ass.

It swallowed, licking while fawning over him... "Thank you sir, women are for shit." It became a very common greeting among females, as they licked each other's asses, to let each other know that they were hungry... "Women are for shit," one would say, and the other would respond, "Women are for shit."

Eventually the brains shriveled so much that it just became "Women, shit," and at which point men divorced themselves from the language altogether, preferring more lofty pursuits, deciding that the baser urges were best left to women, ruling egalitarianly from their thrones from which they defecated all of their unclean and undesired waste down into the eager female mouths, helping their large tits to grow more and more...

Eventually, just as Marissa was passing away from a natural death, the most perfect woman was discovered and enshrined:

She had almost no brain, had the flattest, longest most perfect shit-sucking face ever, a very long thin neck, the most gorgeously huge, stupendously ridiculously well-formed and heavy triple set of teats, for a marvelous total of six teats altogether, each one more well-formed and vying for largeness than the next, for a whopping 80 points of cleavage and value, very tall, long, thin legs, each practically falling over itself to sustain such a large bounty, the smoothest, most devoid and clean vaginal area showing almost no traces of its vestigial vagina, and a large, inviting, anti-woman spewing anus ever.

It had to be plugged its language was so vile, but when it was unplugged it practically seethed with hatred, and when it was entered that passion became such an enjoyable way to trigger offspring.

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Things continued in this way for many generations until the original origins of women were lost, the ones kept for breeding becoming faceless, voiceless things and the process of producing more male babies fully automated and joyless...

While the 'real' women, those working on perfection, became more perfectly accommodating of man's bowel movements, thinner necked and legged, heavier and larger titted, dumber, and spewing more rhetoric.

It was still necessary to introduce young boys and young breeding stock to mature foals: The young breeding stock so that each would gain a healthy dose of anti-female rhetoric, forever convinced that they deserved to be kept away from humans, and the young boys so that they could be introduced to a woman for the first time and learn how to establish a rich, giving relationship by feeding one for the first time. Then they were encouraged to pet them and rub their teats.

When introducing mature women to boys only the ones with the largest teats and most eager suckers were allowed, so that boys grew up to learn that this kind of relationship with a woman was expected and desired by the women themselves.

Often times these first forays for boys where they would gently sit down and find the woman licking eagerly were called 'flirting' from some ancient name for a ritual. The woman would then 'make out' with the boy until he was ready to share his 'charms' with her, feeding her, and then petting her tits to amuse himself.

By this point women were being bred with very massive chests and high legs to carry them, requiring that their long necks be able to dip down very low to feed from a man's anus. Some women were so tall and so large titted that men could grip onto a tit or two and be taken for a short ride.

It wasn't long before stronger legged women were preferred because they could carry the man to work while he held onto her tits, her long-necked, flat, smooth-featured shit-sucking face obsequiously beneath, always beneath, seeking a kind male ass to feed her, often shuttling between hangers-on to find one willing to feed her.

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'Marissa' as he called her was his latest greatest creation. She was 10' tall at her highest, with tits that were so huge they hung down to within his arm's reach. Her head was all the way down to her feet and could snake up under him and feed, when he allowed it, when he hung from

her massive teat. She was strong legged, had strong horseshoes, had been slapped in the face enough times to know to only try to feed when he was in the mood, and the most gorgeously denuded almost no-trace of its vestigial vagina, not even born with a clitoris and almost already dropping off entirely as she finished puberty.

She had a beautiful pouting anal mouth that was quick to criticize women and herself with creative insults like "Women are only good for causing trouble," or "I wish I weren't feeling so bloated and womanly today," or "Please excuse my womanliness, I'm really feeling stupid and womanly in my thinking today," which were all ironic because they were all memorized through rote—her brain was the size of a pea practically.

And as she grew so too did her tits, until she was fully blessed with large hangers which he could simply step up on for transport, hanging down from her 10' height all the way down to a mere 6" off the floor, huge, almost spherical, and massive.

