

# Overworked and Underpaid

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Have you ever had a day in your life where nothing went right, everything sucked, and the only satisfaction left was you wanting to go to bed so that it could finally end? Well that's exactly how I felt as I tossed and turned in a cold sweat, groaning miserably while each of my muscles screamed at me.

'Five minutes.' My boss told me, 'Five minutes until the transformer comes back on, Ryley, go unclog the lines!' No, they couldn't get one of the trained engineers or electricians out there to do it (let alone to at least make sure the failsafe didn't activate by mistake), no they sent me, the factory floor technician, which is just a big fancy word for overworked and underpaid slave. If it weren't for the egregious amount of student debt I had to pay I off, I would have told him to kiss my ass; instead, I bit my tongue like a good little worker, proceeded to the clearly malfunctioning transformer floor- despite every ounce of common sense and good consciousness in my brain screaming at me not to- and, sure enough, while untangling the lines and clearing the rods of debris, the machine gave a roaring startup and I was electrocuted at the speed of light.

Thankfully, I managed to react fast enough to not be cooked to a crisp, but that doesn't mean I didn't have thousands of volts shooting through my body till the idiots realized what was going on and hit the emergency stop. I wish I could say I cursed them all out, quit, and would sue, but the truth is I don't remember what happened afterwards because I blacked out. They at least had the decency to drive me to a hospital, or rather, they told one of my co-workers to take me because they didn't want to 'cause distraction' in the warehouse with paramedics and an ambulance being outside the building, and it was there that I learned that I suffered nerve damage, minor burns, a strained hamstring, and, oh yeah, a fractured spinal column in the middle of my back after falling so hard on it, which tends to happen when you become a human conductor of electricity. They said if the spine injury had been an inch higher, I'd have lost the use one of my arms, lovely.

Since the 'accident', which they were saying was work place negligence on MY part, I've had a skull splitting head-ache and, to make matters worse, I needed surgery to fix the damage but, due to the 'nature of the accident', my insurance wouldn't cover it (crooks). I was told I had the next day off, though unpaid, but they expected me back at work the day after (with a broke fucking spine) or they'd fire me.

So as I lay in the hospital bed on painkillers- though I could still feel the aches radiating throughout- I knew had three options: the most tempting and obvious choice was to sue, but I knew they were already fabricating whatever story and evidence they could to sweep it under the rug and say that it was all my fault. Even if the best case scenario happened and I won the lawsuit, I wouldn't have had any money until the judge brings down the final gavel and that could take many months (and god help me if he or she didn't rule in my favor); the best route for my overall health was to opt for the surgery but, in this country, the only thing worst than a mountain of student debt was a mountain of medical debt. If I managed to get approved for the loans I could pretty much kiss any chance of me being debt free goodbye, not to mention my credit score would be the only thing keeping me from the poor house. I'd be working shitty jobs like this till the day I died and I shuddered in pain when I realized that. The third option was the best financially, but, had it not been for the enormous amount of pain already in my back, I would have gagged. Don't have the surgery. The words stung worse than an entire

hornets nest but only because it forced me to face the harsh reality of the fact that I was screwed. There was no way I could afford the procedure, let alone the time off work to heal from it, and there weren't exactly a lot of jobs lined up for people coming off severe spinal injuries. I thought long and hard about it, I'd return to my shitty job and would be in constant pain, but at least I wouldn't end up on the streets with nothing but triple figures in debt to my name. It was like being punched in the stomach repeatedly, having to admit to myself that, without the procedure, the injury might be permanent and not heal correctly, leaving me crippled or disabled.

Only in a perfect world would I be able to tell my boss to go fuck himself, quit, and then end up at a much nicer job that'd I'd actually enjoy, but this was real life, and the reality of it all was that I had hardly any say in it anymore. That was when two peculiar looking businessmen approached me (well, one was a woman). At first I thought they were ambulance-chasing lawyers looking for clients to represent for lawsuits, or representatives from my job coming to give me more bad news like, for example, the company was suing me (I blame the painkillers for that thought). Much to my surprise, they were more welcoming and introduced themselves in a professional manner. They were business representatives, but not from my job, in fact, they weren't even from the country. 'Tokran Fedput' (TKF for short), was an up and coming energy production and Distribution Company hailing from Tokyo, Japan. They were going international and needed workers for their plant, but I was very skeptical, almost thinking they were con-artists or scammers.

They went on to tell me about their business model and their very lucrative hiring process (keep in mind I'm high on painkillers while they're telling me all of this) and by the time they finished their spiel it felt like the headache in my head, thanks to the muscle spasms from the side effects of being electrocuted, nearly doubled and I had convinced myself that these were just more sharks out to ruin people's lives. But that was when they placed a strange bottle filled with green pills, with an odd golden shape in the middle of each, in front of me with a contract and pen in hand. 'These will make the pain go away.' The woman said. I raised my brow, not trusting a word coming out of their mouth as I stared at the contract. They said they knew my situation and wanted to help by having me come work for them, but there was one big catch. The contract wasn't temporary, in fact, it was a lifetime contract, but underneath was the salary.

"Bullshit." I accidentally blurted as I reread it. Lawyers didn't even make that much, much less factory floor 'technicians'. I was no expert at electrical currents or conductions, but the quota they were asking for would require an entire factory of workers and then some, it wouldn't match a 'selective' hiring business model. I was in more disbelief when I was told that the salary would go up, much like a regular corporate job with bonuses and raises each year. They tried to give me a lecture about how vital their employees are to the companies success and that they treat them like family and they don't offer the job to very many people, but all I could see was another corporation trying to get me to sell my life away. I learned the hard way that if anything seemed too good to be true, it most likely is, and it's what got me in this position in the first place.

I rejected their offer, I knew my alternative was already shitty, but I didn't trust them, especially when they were asking me to sign my LIFE to them. I expected them to leave disappointed but, much to my surprise, my answer didn't seem to faze either of them. The man set the business card to 'Tokran Fedput' down next to me with a brief

bow. He told me that, if I changed my mind, I should call the number on the card. I watched as they left the room, expecting them to give the same presentation they gave me to another patient like some kind of mass marketing scheme, but instead, they simply walked down the hall quietly and exited the building.

That evening, in my shitty apartment, I was in absolute agony. If it wasn't the eviction warnings plastered all over my door from my asshole tenent, then it was the after effects from the accident that were beginning to cause muscle spasms, nausea, and a severe headache. It caused me to blackout again for a few seconds when I sat down to eat the usual dinner of gourmet Raman noodles (oh boy...) The pain in my back would have been unbearable had it not been for the drugs from the hospital, but they were beginning to wear off and there was no way I was about to take more than the dosage recommended, not when I had to work with the injury. I didn't realize how much I actually used my back until I had ended up vomiting all over the small, already dingy, hallway because of the constant pain and nausea. I spent at least an hour trying to clean the mess up and by the time I was done I was more than ready for the day to be over with. How I miraculously managed to get my clothes off, save for my socks, was a mystery but it gave me a small sense of moral victory (At least I wasn't completely useless) but a quick glance at myself in the mirror, hunched over the sink as the nausea returned, sent that moral victory spiraling into a world that reeked of self-pity and depression. I had burns and bruises across my body, I could hardly stand straight without being in pain, and overall, I looked like shit.

I couldn't help but become depressed after looking at myself. 'I almost died today' I muttered when the realization hit me. I almost died today, without ever really accomplishing any of the things I wanted to do in life and, starting in two days, I'd be back to the same routine- wasting away my days making money for a corporation who couldn't care less about me- only this time, I'd be in pain while doing it. I felt like leaving, running away from everything: from debt, from injury, from a shit job, from a shit life, but it was impossible, not only because of the spine injury but because I had no place to go.

I thought about back at the hospital, the deal the representatives wanted to make, but the lifetime deal is what completely threw me off. They said joining them comes with a high cost, but not a financial one, whatever the hell that meant. I looked at the bottle full of green and yellow shaped pills they gave me to 'make the pain go away' and thought about how almost anything would be better than the life I was living now. I convinced myself to sleep on it, maybe I could work through this somehow. Despite being in more and more pain with each minute that passed, I managed to lie down, close my eyes, and slowly drift off.

I barely got in three hours of sleep before I woke up feeling worse than before. By now, the painkillers had worn off and my entire body ached, even when I laid still. I tried lying on top of the blankets so the cotton fabric wouldn't irritate my burns but it didn't seem to help much as I was still sweating and the wounds still stung. It didn't take a doctors visit for me to know that I had a fever (another side effect from electrocution) and it was clear that it was going to be a very long night for me if I didn't find any relief. I thought about drowning my misery in alcohol, but that would only make things worse

when it wore off because then I'd have hangover forming a tag team with an already present headache. I thought about taking more of the painkiller prescribed by the doctor but, even though they hardly helped, I didn't want to run out when I needed them most. After another sigh and a groan I looked at the digital alarm clock on my drawer and it read '12:21AM'. I was about to give up trying to sleep for the night but that was when my eyes caught a glimpse of the top of a prescription bottle and I remembered the green pills given to me by Tokran to 'make the pain go away'. As ominous as that sounded (not knowing if that meant they were trying to kill me or get me addicted to the drugs so that I had to work for them no matter what), I didn't care. I couldn't see an end in sight to the constant pain for a very long time if it was keeping me from sleeping, and, though I was doing a great job holding out today, it wouldn't be long before I'd give up and get addicted to painkillers anyway. I didn't know if the pills would actually work, but anything had to be better than pathetically lying here doing nothing.

Too sore to want to make the agonizing trip to drink from the sink, I had to take the pills dry, all of them. At first I legitimately thought it was a typo or that they were trying to make me overdose, but each pill was small enough to easily swallow. What was odd about each pill was that they looked more like small stones with shapes in the middle, but I couldn't make out what they were. With the bottle being emptied and the nausea returning from having to swallow so much, I laid back down on my pillow a little too fast which caused a surge of pain to shoot down my back. I grimaced. Unless the pills were edible morphine I didn't expect them to magically stop the pain right before my eyes, so I waited for awhile, questioning whether I should try and throw them up before I start convulsing violently, but after thirty minutes with nothing catastrophic happening, I miraculously managed to slowly drift off to sleep again.

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I couldn't remember that last time I had slept so well. I let out a big yawn as my eyes opened, almost forgetting that I had been through a severe injury. I could still feel the ache radiating from my back but I didn't expect the pills to magically take away the pain from a broken bone, regardless, my muscles didn't burn or ache and I didn't have a nauseating headache anymore, in fact, I never felt better. It was as if I was filled with energy and, for a moment, I questioned if I was dreaming. I wanted to call the number on the card that was given to me by Tokran to, if not take the job, at least thank them for their miracle pills. But that was when I realized the darkness from the night's shroud that was still in the room. Surely I had to have slept through the next day to be feeling this rejuvenated, though I was a little disappointed that that would mean I didn't actually get a day off, but when I sat up (I was surprised I was able to do that) I looked at the clock and it read '1:16 am' of the same day. An hour hadn't even passed.

I sat there dumbfounded for a solid minute wondering how that was possible. Maybe the pills worked as both potent painkillers and energy stimulants but that just seemed like an contradiction in itself. No legal pills in the country made you this alert, this pain-free, and this energized all while being given out for free. It, once again, seemed too good to be true.

I laid my hands clasped together on my stomach as I laid on the blankets (a feat the should have been taxing because of my burns) and stared at the broken ceiling fan

that slowly swung off its tracks, but still in a circle, feeling the small and weak breeze it gave off while I was finally able to review all that had happened. The pills, even if temporary, gave me a few hours of mobility so I could get everything I needed done without being in a world of pain. I thought about whether I should proceed with suing my workplace or to move on to the position at 'Tokran', I strongly considered doing both but my mind still raced with unanswered questions about the company. While I was deep in thought, feeling a bit of restriction coming from between my legs interrupted me.

I moved my hands and glanced down to see that I was pitching a tent in my boxers, a firm one at that. I raised my brow, a bit confused as to why I got an erection from wondering about a mysterious Japanese company, but I assumed that this was just a strange side effect from the pills. Still, I don't recall painkillers and Viagra ever having been mixed in one pill. I tried to go back to my train of thought but once again, it was derailed when my member started jumping with excitement. I clasped my hands over my groin but the feeling of pressure being put on the area made a small ripple of pleasure run through my body. I gave a stifled grunt, 'Fuck', as I was beginning to feel a bit warm again, only this time it wasn't from injury or sickness, but from becoming horny.

I didn't want to jerk off, it'd require me to go get a towel and I had no idea what condition my back was in for that, but that was before I felt my heart begin to slowly beat harder, much harder. Palpitations. I wasn't growing weak and wasn't in any pain, so I knew it wasn't a heart attack and I remember reading long ago that they were harmless, but this was different, it was an intense regular beat that caused my whole body to pulse in rhythm with it. It shot small jolts of pleasure to my groin and my dick pushed firmly against the cotton fabric, causing my hips to jerk into it. I tried to get a grip on what was going on, but it felt so pleasing that the only grip I actually got was my hands grabbing onto the blankets and my toes curling in my socks.

I grunted, trying to stifle back any audible noises, and fell back on my pillow as the rhythmic beats sent a pleasurable sensation down my arms, as if they were being massaged. As I began to try and sit up again, a shock came up from the fabric of the covers and hit the tip of my fingers, causing me to pull back out of shock (no pun intended). It didn't hurt at all, in fact, it felt good, but almost every time I reached for something it was if it sent an electric jolt through me that caused my body to tense up, not from pain, but from pleasure. I would of panicked had I had the time to actually think about what was happening but, between the shocks, palpitations, and rippling pleasures being sent across my body, I could hardly think straight.

Embarrassingly I let out a loud moan when I heard three loud cracks coming from the very sore area of my spine. I gritted my teeth in pained pleasure as it felt like the bones were moving, or rather, healing by themselves. I knew this had to be impossible but movement of each spinal column sent waves of ecstasy throughout the surrounding muscles, and, once again, my hips jerked upwards, forcing my cock to press against the fabric of my boxers. The shocks from my bed were becoming more audible and even my face begin to twitch and ripple with pleasure. I gave a soft pant, putting one hand on the head of my cock, with the only thing between the two touching being the thin cotton fabric, to try and force it down as it was really pulling against my waist now.

I could feel the muscles in my face pulsating, causing my skin to ripple with pleasure as if cells were visibly moving underneath the skin. I groaned and could hear a loud pop coming from my nose, mixed with the very audible sound of crunching, as if

someone were crushing crackers for their chili right in front of me. I'd have been screaming for help if it didn't feel so good, so good that I didn't want any help, only for whatever it was that was happening to continue. My eyes, the definition of astonishment, gawked as my nose turned upward, tingling as little dark turbinate began to form from the tip on down. My own scent began to fill my nostrils as I kept hearing the sound of popping, not from bones, but the sound as if someone were trying to light something using a match, sparks.

I grabbed onto my blankets with the electrical shocks shooting through my body in the same rhythmic pattern that my heart beat in. It was as the phenomena were the exact opposite of being electrocuted; instead of pain jolting throughout, it was euphoric pleasure. I began to moan as electric shocks began to spark from my feet, causing them to tingle and I could see them both rippling with waves, almost like a water balloon, through the socks. When my nose, now black and ever so slightly lurching outwards began to pick up the scent of my socks, my cock began throbbing and I wrapped one of my hands around the fabric of my shaft, unable to take it. A wet dot began to form at the head while my feet began to grow in size.

My spine cracked very loudly, so much so that I covered my mouth while letting out an almost as loud moan from the pleasure surged down to my tailbone. I managed to turn myself over, a bit concerned with the rhythmic energy that conducted throughout my bed, and got on my hands and knees. The electric shocks were now constant and sounded like a Taser. The hair on my body stood straight up and relaxed as more began to sprout all around, turning a chestnut and orange color. "What the fuck is ha-" I didn't even finish the sentence before moaning, embarrassed, again from the crunching that was happening in my spine. I turned to see a small bump beginning to emerge at the top of my rear and it slowly pushed against the thin cotton material as well.

I breathed slowly, almost on rhythm with my heart and the electric current that shot throughout. "Oough!" I moaned, "Oug-chuu.." My entire body tensed for a moment but it didn't feel like I was cramping, it felt like the satisfying sensation one got when they had a really good stretch, and the electric current flowing through my bed became even louder and stronger, causing my fan to spin on overdrive and my lamp to turn on, shining as if I had just bought a new bulb. The sounds were only amplified as I felt my face begin to stretch out, once again, causing my dick to jump. My ears began to move outwards and grow in size, tingling as if they were being massaged as well. I could feel their tips move upwards as they slowly increased and, strangely enough, I was beginning to be able to hear my neighbors above and to the side of me, fast asleep.

I stood on my hands and knees as my spine continued to snap and reform and I watched the bump on my rear slowly rise further and further. Soon enough it looked as if I had stuffed a basketball in my boxers and, between my growing cock pulling at the front and my growing tail pulling at the back, something had to give. I could hear the cotton ripping apart at the sides and the feeling of my growing tail straining against the material, clawing for its way out, was enough to send me over the edge and my cock throbbed with great force against the fabric. Only, it didn't stop, it felt like I was having an orgasm with nothing was coming out.

"Hnnhgh!" I moaned loudly, trying to use the pillows to muffle the sound of my cries of complete and utter pleasure. My cock was growing with muscle in my pants. I kept a hand on my shaft and I could feel it elongating outwards, growing thicker, longer,

and stronger. With the great force exuberated by the growth of my dick, the back of my boxers tore open and a gigantic long black tail with a glowing shape on the end swung out and swayed in triumph behind me, immediately causing the electrical surges to be even more intense. My room was practically a light shows, even my alarm clock was on overdrive as electric currents surged throughout. I could hear my neighbors begin to wake up as the electricity was beginning to surge in their rooms as well, I could hear one say ‘What the hell?’

I came down from the pleasurable high but my member kept growing and throbbing, despite already winning the battle of the boxers. I turned over and fell back, feeling the weird sensation of sitting on a new long appendage that swayed to and fro. I was shocked as I looked at the giant bulge in my boxers, which was over a foot long, and I could feel another wave of pleasure beginning to build from within as energy surged through the area. The only thing bigger than my cock was my feet that were tearing through my socks, revealing my newfound paws, much to my astonishment.



My body tensed again with intense euphoric pleasure as the energy surge became more intense, by now I could hear it radiate throughout the entire building as residents were beginning to be awakened by it. My cock pulsated as it continued to grow, past my stomach and to my chest. The fabric of my boxers could no longer put up a fight, they slowly tore and slipped off. I could only stare in utter pleasure and amazement at the large head that oozed with pre while my big sac was crammed with gratification, ready to be released.

I gritted my teeth as my body shuddered one final time. The intensity of the pleasure caused my paws to curl and my voice to quiver. I shook violently, groaning very loudly, unable to hold it back any longer. “Ough-Ah-RAH-RAICHUUUUUU!” A massive bolt of thunderous energy shot from my body at great magnitude. My dick answered in response and shot a massive stream of my hot seed over my head and onto the wall behind me, completely plastering it. I could hear nearly every electrical appliance in the building short circuit while all the light bulbs completely shattered. I shot another ropey wave, only this time it landed across my self, coating my orange fur in my own warm product and completely soaking the bed. There were three more large shots before it finally subsided and I was left laying in what was otherwise a small pool of my own product.

I breathed heavily, sprawled out across the bed, trying to recover from what was otherwise the best orgasm in my entire life. I looked myself over, watching my tail sway back and forth while its lightning bolt shaped tip glowed with energy. I wiggled a paw on my big foot and curled my finger and toes repeatedly, everything seemed to be in working order, I still had my mind, and best of all, I wasn't in any more pain, in fact, this felt fantastic. I couldn't help but wonder if this is what 'Tokran' meant when they said working there would come at a 'high cost' because this didn't seem like a cost at all, it felt like a reward. If being human meant that I had to constantly get screwed over, slave away at a job I didn't like while counting down the days to vacation till the day I died, then I'd much rather leave humanity behind completely.

Through the walls I could hear many of the residents complaining to the tenant, threatening to leave and it seemed like he'd have a lot on his plate for the next few weeks, evicting me would be the very least of his concern if he still wanted his job. It took a little over an hour but I managed to get myself cleaned up (thankfully no one knocked on my door and I didn't short circuit under the water). It took awhile to get used to my new features since my tail swayed it whatever direction it wanted and that mixed with big new paws meant I lost my balance a lot. I managed to use my tail as a light source and found the card to Tokran. My decision was made, I wanted to be their newest employee but on two conditions.

I wanted help getting a lawyer to sue my old workplace, and I wanted another bottle of those pills.