

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #4

By

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Thank you all for the support. :3

CHRISTMAS NOGGINGS



Art by: [Robertge](#)

"It's beginning to look a lot like-FUCK!!"

The moral of this holiday season is; do not try to multitask if you lack the focus. Jason dropped her piping bag while stepping back with a dejected sigh. Thanks to such hard squeezes what was supposed to be a sugar cookie Christmas tree was now merely a placeholder for an inch tall mound of white frosting. Only the third try and already this was getting incredibly frustrating. She was a raccoon of science, not some roly polly chef.

Not that anyone would know since she kept eating her mistakes. There were still forty-five of the evil little delectables left to screw up decorating. Jason's friends would probably be lucky to get six cookies by Christmas. The rest would have already plumped her hips thick and fat by then.

DING-DONG

And speak of the devil! Jason's bushy eyebrows shot up with a wide smile upon hearing the doorbell. Popping the latest cookie mishap into her mouth, she enjoyed the giant glob of cream sloshing around her tongue on the short trip to her mansions front door. Ears and tail perked high to take in the sight of an all too familiar blue-furred critter waiting across the threshold.

"Puff butt!" Desmond needed no invitation to give Jason a hard squeezing hug the second she opened the door. After a quick grunt, followed by a gasp for breath, the hug was returned with equal enthusiasm. That was when it became apparent Desmond was being careful about holding a long brown bag in one hand. "I see winter weight is doing you well. There's enough squish in those waists to warm a stadium."

"You wish, blanket ass!" Jason gave him a playful shove to break their embrace and close the door. Snow was starting to fall outside, and this cavernous entrance hall was cold enough. That, in turn, brought special attention back to Desmond. "Did you seriously walk over here in just a sweater and pants? What on earth you plotting now?"

"Oh? You sound a bit grumpy." Desmond was all smiles as his tail wagged. The dang butt appendage was larger than the squirrel-fox's entire body, making Jason worry briefly about her art decorations nearby. But then Desmond reached into his paper bag. "Guess that means we won't be getting into the holiday spirit early then?"

"Mmh!?" Jason's ears flicked with her eyes locked on the items Desmond held up in each hand. One was a carton of eggnog, the other a bottle of spiced rum. Some of the few material possessions Jason treasured very highly on planet earth. The mere sight caused her tongue to roll across her whiskers without realizing it. "I wasn't saying you had to leave silly, but you sure know how to get a girls attention."

"What? Free booze? Yeah, right. Sally would kill me if she knew I was sneaking over here."

"...that's from her stash isn't it?"

"Hey. She's got like a dozen of these and half will be gone after Christmas. Anyway, got anything to eat-OW!"

Jason had given her friend a hard flick on the nose, but a smile remained etched across her muzzle. "Yeah, sure, dork! Go pick out a movie in the entertainment room and I'll be right in. Decorating cookies after getting hammered sounds like a lot more fun than how it's been going."

"Why don't you just build a decorating robot?"

Jason had turned to head back into the kitchen when such an offhand question caused her brain to freeze up mid-step. After a few seconds of careful deliberation, she merely shook her head with a laugh and continued on. A few minutes later she was entering her privet den to find Desmond already resting upon its spacious bean bag couch. The TV was warming up with the PS4 main screen while nog and booze rested on her coffee table next to Desmond's footpaws.

"So we watching Die Hard again?" Jason asked as she set a tray on the coffee table, swatting Desmond's paws to get them away from their collective snacks. It was mostly two empty mugs and a mess of leftover veggies and meats from a party her friend, Able, had yesterday. There was a lot to go around since most of his guests tended to become things that lacked stomachs...or mouths.

"Nah, that'll be funnier when we're wasted." Desmond popped the cap off his rum, generating a sharp hiss. He was not kidding about intentions, as almost half the mugs were filled with store-bought alcohol before eggnog filled the remainder. "This year we're starting with Krampus."

"And what the heck is a cramp us?"

“Hah!” Desmond barked a short laugh flicking the TV on. It was the usual struggle of getting through twenty minutes of forced commercials while trying to remember which button on the PS4 controller skipped everything. “I think it just came out last year. One of those ‘so stupid its awesome’ movies I know you’ll like.”

“Uh huh.” Jason noticed something that made her bypass the mugs to inspect the carton of eggnog Desmond had provided them. Only the front had, very sloppy, decorations painted on it leaving the other sides blank white. That alone was a red flag after years of both friends exposing each other to a need for ‘field testing’ experimental ideas. “Also I get you stole the hooch from your wife, Dessy. But where did you get that nog?”

“Hmm? Oh, that? I made it myself this year too.”

“You know how to make eggnog?” Jason cast an even more suspicious look mixed with a surprised smile.

“Oh shush!” Desmond finally got the movie started so helped himself to a mug. After a very long deliberate display of many slow gulps, Desmond came back up for air followed by an unrestrained belch. Those blackened sclera eyes of his then looked at Jason with a smugness over his treats assured innocence. “You would be surprised what kind of recipes people post up on Twitter these days. Can’t keep Sorsha out of the dang stuff so it must be good.”

“A perverted cat witch is hardly my idea of a reference in good taste, hun.” Regardless, watching her friend chug his own brew without hesitation got Jason to lift the other mug for a taste test.

There had been no exaggeration on Desmond’s part. Having that milky brew wash over her tongue made Jason’s tail snap erect, and her nethers moisten. Not even the sharp bite of liquor could harm such nogs sweet tastes of cinnamon and mint.

“Told ya so.” Desmond’s grin never lost its smugness, even as his vulpine teeth started to lose their sharp edge.

Jason held up a finger in delay of a proper response. Like Desmond, she chugged at least half her mug before pulling it back with a very loud, satisfied burp. A thick milk mustache basted the front of my muzzle. “Aw yeah, this is the good shit, Dessy!! Wait...what’s going on with this movie now? Some kid is pished off his family ish a buncha jerkwads?”

Oh lordy, was it hard to keep a straight face watching Jason lose a bit of her coordination so fast. Especially since Desmond would sound just as trashed soon if he was not so already. His wife always did pack stuff so strong it would melt the most ironed of kidneys. As such, Jason paid it little mind when the buzz started giving her a minor headache. She was contemplating getting some water to help fight a hangover later.

Desmond said nothing as he enjoyed watching the little horns grow out from atop her forehead.

“Y-yeah...shomething like dat.” Desmond took another joyous swig of trapped eggnog. Clouds of blue fur sprayed everywhere as his once enormous tail withered and molted. Before long it was only a foot of its former glory with only a small black tuft thumping on the couch. “Just wait now that he’s thrown out that letter. That means the **MOOO** er, monster is about to show up...”

Casting a worried side glance at Jason showed her complete failure to notice Desmond’s sudden animal calling. Instead, her focus was on the movie playing while chugging her mug into emptiness.

“Oh, yeah, shh-omeone leave-sh a giant pile of brown boxshes with ah address and they just take it in. This family ish so fooking smart.”

Desmond waited politely for Jason to put her empty mug down before pouring another mix of his homemade nog. Shaking hands spilled a small splash of rum on some veggies in the process. What coherency he had left tried to make a note of telling Sorsha she had enchanted inebriation to be TOO fast acting. “Just wait, trash dog. Is getsh so much butter in a bit.”

“Who you calling Trash dog, fat ass?”

“Saysh dah butch gobbling up her own cookies.”

Jason took the mug with an exaggerated raspberry unable to think up a coherent retort. But it was true, Desmond could already feel his ass getting fat and fast. Leaning back gave him a beautiful view of the same happening to Jason. Virtually every gulp of nog she took seemed to make her glutes bloat out bigger, thicker. Hips crackled as they stretched her sweatpants further apart. The thinning of her ringtail only made her rear look more massive by comparison. And yet all she did was shift her wobbling fat occasionally when it made her current seat uncomfortable. The fact her toes fused into thick hooves got chucked up to bitter cold numbness.

“Nngh!” Granted Desmond had a few different growths of his own to be distracted with. Particularly around the chest area where his red sweater began to bubble forth in a noticeable lump. That quickly thickened and stretched into two distinct mounds of unmistakable breasts. While not getting into hyper proportions so common for either Desmond or Jason, they still had a dense 'cantaloupe' level of volume that was impossible to hide under a simple cotton layer. His waist collapsed shortly after giving him an incredibly bottom-heavy woman's figure.

That was not saying much sitting next to Jason. They were almost starting to resemble twins as the transformation overshadowed their base forms. Little cow tails thumped in sync against the beanbag while they grew increasingly larger and more intoxicated. Enlarged ears flicked about in their stupors to bap against the small horns sitting in a forest of long feminine hair.

Jason's breasts did grow noticeably under her own sweater, but she was too far into her drunken enjoyment to register their extra weight sloshing with her movements. Hell, she never once noticed Desmond groping his tits out of the corner of her eyes. And he was doing it often with how tender the cotton rubbing made his nipples.

Their sweats stretched taunt around figures mixed with incredible amounts of fat over compliments of muscles. This was especially apparent around their lower bodies. While Jason

took shots riffing at the crazy goat monster hunting a stupid redneck family on TV, she remained oblivious to how her hips spanned almost half the length of her couch.

The other half was getting taken up by Desmond's own swollen ass. He had to shift around to keep his thighs separated while they bulked up into Holiday hams, ridges of raw muscle showing through the thinning cloth of his stretched sweatpants. Soon they were starting to rub against Jason's own legs, seemingly in a race to see whose would rip out of their cotton prison first. The carpet beneath them did a great job of muffling the clops of their new hooves.

It was the bulges that genuinely got Desmond's attention. Almost in unison, the areas just above their groins began to puff up, and then thicken out like inflating balloons. A quick check confirmed for Desmond he still had his manly sheath and balls. Resting a hand on the growth, feeling it swell against his palm, made said equipment pop out erect.

Jason was forced to separate her thighs, going under Desmond's knee a bit to get some room for her own crotch bulge. She began to scratch at it absently too, emitting a pleased moan that got her blushing good as it grew. Moans that had a soft undertone of mooing to go along with the way her face was starting to stretch and thicken out.

Considering the mounting pressure deep under the skin, Desmond found it obvious what was happening. Still, he was taking more interest in watching Jason finish up transforming than the movie. Good thing he did not ask Sorsha to amplify the final effects. This place was going to need a good carpet shampooer by the time all was said and done.

SHRR-RRRTTT!

KRRT-TTTRRP!

“What the Mah-**MOOOO!**?”

Just as the movie was nearly the brilliant climax of having some boy yell at Krampus like it would somehow work, the eggnog trap had reached its own crescendo. The bulge in Jason's crotch had finally reached her pants holding limit and surpassed it. She rocked back in her seat with a surprised cry of her new species, which gave her further pause to be surprised. The udder that had formed flopped out into her lap leaking slightly from its four engorged teats at the heavy load audibly splashing inside it.

Desmond own udder broke out to apron over his erection moments later, but he was too busy laughing at Jason's shocked reaction to give it immediate attention. His giggling continued as Jason slowly lowered her empty hand raised up to gingerly feel around her snout. Her face had become incredibly thick with large flat teeth for vegetarian diets. Fingers especially gave her enormous bovine nose a honk. It had flushed permanently into a bright red pigment in the spirit of Christmas. That allowed Jason to notice her fingers thick as sausages and capped in dark hoof coverings at the tips.

“Oh ffforge dah wuv of gawd! Desh-MAH-AH!?” Jason turned to yell at her friend in half drunken coherency, but seeing an equally red-nosed cow face laughing hysterically back left her thoroughly confused. At least for a few seconds while phasing through the cloud of alcohol. “Oh for fooking...did you sheriously drink your own crap to prank me?”

“Totally wurff it!” Desmond said between laughs and occasional moo. “Dat look on your shtupid face ish my present all the way two February. OW!”

Jason gave him another flick on the nose. This time had a bit more sting with her fingers made of hard chitin. Not to mention Desmond's nose being an easy four-inches wide target. “Who's fashe ish shtupid with that big dumb nose you be sporting?”

“We both drunk the shame shtuff, trash cow!” Desmond reached out to beep the end of Jason's snout. His hoofed finger left hovering to point at it. “We has dah shame nose!”

“...oh yeah!”

The pair broke out into a series of laughs and moos. Mugs of nog whipped about splashing the beanbag with their remaining contents. Jason had to admit it could have been a worse prank. Although she barely remembered whose house they were in at that moment.

“Uuugh!” Jason slowly set her mug on the coffee table covered in milk splats. Both hands came to rest on the basketball-sized udder to try massaging its pink flesh. Just because the growth stopped did nothing to help the milk mounting inside it. Excess began to lactate from all four teats under such pressure. “D-ang it Deshmando! Why you gots two make ush so full though? Mmph, feel like I’ma going to bursht all over the floor.”

“Mhmm~!” Desmond’s face turned red at seeing his friend knead that full sack of milk. His own throbbing udder was not doing much better at containment, but it might be considered drunk manners to attend the needs of a friend first. Plus this was the part he had been waiting for since arriving. “I can gives you a hands with dat.”

“W-what are you-GAH!”

Before Jason could process it, Desmond had already reached for the nearest of her teats and gave it a hard squeeze. Without much effort, a thick stream of milk fired off to splat on the TV screen four meters away. Their movie long since finished and forgotten on its menu screen.

Jason straightened up with tail raised stiff. Gasps of air heaved her breasts inside their tight sweater prison. Her hazy mind wrapped around such sudden release. It was like having the world’s shortest orgasm.

“D-Deshmand!?! Stooo-ooohhh..mah-maaa-moooOOOooo!”

Desmond’s other hand quickly joined in giving his friends udder a rather sudden milking. Both alternated squeezing different teats with a few seconds pause in between. Jason’s hands rocked back clenching tight against the bean bag couch. Her hard fingers even tore it in some places getting tiny foam beads stuck to their fur. Especially when her hips bucked hard, smacking into

Desmond's palms trying to keep balanced. The sense of relief from spurting milk assaulted her every last nerve, making Jason's nethers start dripping their own fluids.

"Y-you're..**moo**...totally paying for any nngghh...shhaah...anything that breaks." Jason managed to bark out during her milking. It did not take long before the squirting pressure had Jason's entire entertainment center drenched in fresh lactose. That quickly turned to soaking the carpet as pressure began to wane. As a bit of her old self tried to see through the nogs deep inebriation, Jason's eyebrows furrowed at spotting the pools forming across her floor. "Your alsho cleaning mah wug, ash hatter."

"Oh yarr, cow shlut?"

Desmond suddenly gave Jason a hard push on each of her tits. She fell back with a panicked moo across the armrest that sent her vision spinning. By the time she realized what was going on, Desmond was already straddling their wide hips together. Only took a few sharp tugs for him to tear the crotches of their pants further apart. A fact that Jason was aware of by the cold wind blowing on her wet vaginal lips.

"Oh, don't you even...nnngggh **mooo!!**"

She really wanted to throw some kind of half-hearted threat of making Desmond a feral cow until new years. That was promptly cut short when three of her friends hardened fingers began rubbing along the edges of her cunny. They quickly found their way inside Jason to give the sensitive pink muscles a smooth massage. The added juices from her milking arousal made it easy for them to slide in and out of the cow at a rapid pace that sent Jason's hips jiggling.

"Shorry wuv, what wash dat?" Desmond grinned his flat bovine teeth down at Jason. The constant wiggling of Jason's hips was having quite an effect on him as well. Specifically that she was bucking her udder hard against his still swollen, and full, one. Each time spurts erupted from his teats to stain Jason's sweater until the outlines of Jason's nipples became visible in the wet cotton. "I believe if you are going to make meh do two thangs I shhould get two dangs as well, right? And I hash a grape idea four an early crustmash pweasent...or would you rather I shtop?"

Jason bit her lower lip trying to stifle another mooing fit. Those fingers refused to stop teasing at her already triggered pussy, making it impossible to retort in a snarky fashion. When their udders bounced together, she even got a brief peek at Desmond's swollen cock hiding underneath. The sight of pre glistening off that yellow-skinned hunk of meat was the last straw. With both hands, Jason reached down to heft her udder for full vaginal exposure. Eyes bore up at Desmond with a mix of anger at not being the dominant one this time, and a pleading need to just feed her drunken heat.

"I am tots going ta get jou for dis," Jason grumbled as she felt the tips of Desmond's cock pushing around her slick folds. She bit her lip as it moved into her entrance with slow, deliberate pokes.

"It's tots worth the vengensh." Desmond giggled as his thick cow hips descended against Jason's.

Jason let out a sharp moo upon feeling the girth of her friend's member stretching out her insides. The final piece of need being fulfilled with a gushing sense of warmth. Strong hands grappled at Desmond's hips as he began to slowly pull out and push back in. Instead, they ended up grasping at Desmond's udder which slapped against Jason's with each mounting buck.

"Aaww moo!" Desmond began to gasp feverishly as his humps turned into a fast rhythm. The added strength of their thunderous thighs was starting to tear apart the beanbag couch beneath them. Not that either one cared at the moment. He leaned in closer, grappling at Jason's breasts bouncing around inside their wet sweater. Kneading them with a stronger desire to milk this sexy fat cow for all she had left.

Speaking of milking, it was not Jason's intention to reciprocate the treatment she was gifted earlier. But with all the hard shakes sending tremors across her entire body there was little success in her attempts to grasp at Desmond's bloated hips. Once Desmond's hands had fallen upon her nips she let out a bellowing moo and groped blindly for whatever part of him she could reach.

That turned out to be his teats. Seizing two in a hard clench, Desmond gasped his shocked arousal into Jason's face. It did slow his thrusts for several seconds, but then Jason began giving

firm, gentle tugs on her friend's udder. Steady streams of milk sputtered out further drenching them both in warm liquid.

Once the initial shock of having pressure relieved washed over Desmond, he somehow focused enough to try working with Jason's milking. His humping resumed at a rapidly increasing speed. Milk rained off them onto the couch as it tore and strained from each thrust. Hands squeezing tight on Jason's breasts relishing the way her insides contracted in a milking of his member.

“Mmh **mooo!** Shomeone'sh haah gnnha...shuper horny already.” Jason could not help teasing the way Desmond's wide snout huffed and contorted trying to hold back the throes of pleasure welling up. With his increased humps came a faster rate of udder squeezes from Jason's trembling hands. It was really a case of calling the kettle black. Her meaty thighs had already stiffened high in the air partially wrapped around her friends rocking fat butt. The rest of her cow body was tensing up towards that wonderful plateau. “Aahhh...ohhh **mooo...**mah...mah **MOOOOO!!!**”

Jason arched her back grasping tight onto Desmond's udder as she came. Her insides clenched even harder around the pounding of Desmond's cock, barely allowing him to withdraw at his rapid pace. Cow horns pierced through the fabric in a shower of more foam beads when her snout whipped up to cry at the ceiling.

“MAA MAA **MOOO!!!**”

Desmond was not too far behind. Feelings of warm fresh cow spunk flooded against Jason's cervix nearly triggering a second little orgasm down her nethers. Both cows clenched tight against each other; Jason holding onto Desmond's udder while Desmond remained latched onto Jason's breasts. For several long seconds, their bodies shuddered one after the other releasing their euphoric orgasms.

“Deshmand...” Jason gulped, biting her lower lip. Eyes stared in longing from their perch behind a thick bovine maw.

It made Desmond blush from more than his orgasm. The shemale cow biting his lower lip while his member still twitched small loads deep inside the gal under him. “Y-yesh hun?”

“...you’re fat and heavy. GET OOF!!”

“Gah!”

Desmond had not expected that nor the hard shove Jason gave to his udder. He was thrown backward very off aim so only half his butt landed on the couch. Not enough to keep him from sliding off with a wet slapping across the damp milk floor. It was a sight that got Jason giggling, even though the act of sitting up with her head throbbing almost had her sliding off the wet furniture as well. Even so, the many holes in her couch were leaking enough stuffing to cause her fat butt to sink considerably.

“Merry Yiffmas, you fooking dork faces jerk hole!” She giggled which cut into a low moo. “Damn that wash shome good nog doe. You better be given meh extrash for the free fooking too. We got plent oof friendsh dat would loves to...**MOOO!!** What da fook you did to mah cooch, Deshmand? Aaarggh! You’re paying four a new one of thesh too!”

Desmond blinked one eye than the other still sitting in a daze on the floor. Only about that last part of Jason’s mumblings made sense to him. Partially because he was busy milking the last bit of pressure from his udder trying to make his afterglow last.

“I guesh dat means you owe meh three thangs now?”

Jason huffed, but then gave Desmond a goofy cow smile of her own. “Why shure thang, hot rod. Closh your eyes and fucker up!”

Desmond needed several seconds to translate drunk talk before excitedly closing his eyes. Lips pursed forward towards Jason in full kissing mode.

“GACK FFFTTTPPPHHH!!”

Loud squirts filled the room from Jason gabbing her teats in a rapid firing of milk jets into Desmond’s face. The other cow sputtered about first trying to wave his hands in a desperate attempt for a shield. When that failed to stop the assault, he grappled to stand but ended up ripping a large chunk of couch away from his sheer weight, falling face first into the painfully wet carpet once more.

“And dat’s not even mah revenge,” Jason said with a huff. She promptly tried to stand only to slip off the couch in a hard smack against her coffee table. The second attempt found her way onto both hooves. Oh great, now she had to learn to walk on platforms til this wore off too. “I...I’m a **mooo**...I mean, take a shhower. W-why don’t you get shtarted on cleaning up your shtupid prank mess. Mah maids can get you the charpenter shammadooper.”

“Awwww,” Desmond whined as he rolled over propped on one elbow to face Jason. “Can’t we ant weast take a shoer together?”

Jason paused at the door drumming her red cow nose in thought. “Let me thank...no!”

With that the door was slammed shut, leaving Desmond alone in a room drenched in milk and sex juices. With a happy sigh, he rolled onto his back enjoying the small tingles of delight running through his fat bovine body.

“Deshmand, dish was your besht Christmas idea evah!”

ROYAL MIXINGS



Art © DrMellbourne June 2013 For Eviscerator

Art by: <https://inkbunny.net/drmellbourne>

Commission for: [Eviscerator](#)

“Happy New Year, sir. I hope the night is turning out-SHIT!”

It's always hard to work for an evil boss on a short fuse. Some like to just sit in their lair and brood, others like to wreck their stuff in a fit.

Ixus Nagas liked to throw fireballs. A good way to whittle down one's employees but Geoffrey St John was also trained with much better reflexes. He managed to dive across the floor, so only the doorway exploded in a shower of charred rubble.

“I can see you're in an old geezer mood.” The skunk rose back to his feet dusting off the parts of his sweater that had caught fire. “Is it because of that single sock Sonic sent you for Christmas?”

“No, but now that you mention it that is something I need to plot revenge for.” Naugus clicked the crab claw that made up his left hand angrily recalling that horrible present from last week. “I mean, who gives a sock to someone? Honestly, and it was a decorative set. It'll take me all year just to find a matching one.”

“Uh huh...” Geoffrey made his way over to his magical teacher, slash, king. Like most days, Nagus was sitting in his crystallized chair, staring at a cluster of more crystals some feet away. A favorite wizards way of observing the outside world without the nuisance of actually getting up. Tonight's show seemed to focus on a ballroom Geoffrey easily recognized as being in the Royal Palace of Acorn. Quite a formal celebration looked to be going on at the moment, with each click of Nagus' claw shifting his crystals vision to a different group of happy mobians interacting. “Well, that looks nice. Why can't you ever get out for a good time like that?”

“I would if I got invited to anything!” Nagus slammed his normal fingered right hand onto its armrest. This caused a shimmering glass goblet of wine to materialize in his grasp. It was promptly thrown against the far wall where it shattered in a general display of Nagus' rage before all traces vanished back into nothing. “Those damn royals think so little of me after all those years spent as their faithful wizard.”

Geoffrey was still staring at the cleaned area where a shattered goblet should have been laying. Such a boringly impractical use of magic was beyond commentating. “Didn't we try to send the entire palace, and everyone in it, to the bottom of the sea last month?”

“I know, right!? You’d think they were holding a grudge against me or something.”

“The outrage is totally uncalled for, sir.” There was a pause while Geoffrey patiently waited for Nagus to conjure another false bottled drink for angry smashing. “Although if you’re just going to frivolously cast spells why not go to their ball anyway. It’d be a great chance to mix things up with the king and queen.”

“FEH!” Nagus weaved another bottle into existence but halted his arm from heaving it at his skunk apprentice. The old Ixus twitched his beard a few times before both eyes shot up in bright revelation. “Oh, that is a wonderful idea, Geoffrey! I knew I kept you around for something besides watching you sleep at night.”

“...what?”

While Nagus leap to his feet cackling with glee, Geoffrey was absently wondering if padlocks did anything against invasive wizards. Before a definitive conclusion could be reached the bottle Nagus had in his hand was thrust into Geoffrey’s own.

“Hold your breath, boy. This might hurt.”

“Don’t you fuc-ca-ca-caaaahh!”

Geoffrey hugged the bottle to his stomach in a pained growl. The magic flooded into his being immediately set to work making his insides churn into whole new purposes. A quick snap of his hips expanded them outwards. It changed his posture, so knees pointed inwards. This was followed up by his rear nearly doubling in size with extra additions of fat and muscle.

But that was nothing compared to the searing in his groin. That was a feeling most reminiscent of a kick Sonic the Hedgehog once delivered to his sensitive little area. Adding to the feeling of everything pulling towards Geoffrey's center was the collapsing of his waist, giving those hips an

even wider curve. From under the skunk's sweater, two distinct lumps rose out of his chest to stretch the cotton around some very ample mounds.

“AH-CHOO!”

In one powerful sneeze, Geoffrey had shifted his entire fur pattern from black to a more copper hue. Granted he failed to notice this when his hair also exploded in a wave of blond locks that draped over his face and shoulders. Only once the feelings of flesh shifting left Geoffrey did he pull the fresh hair back to observe his more hourglass body.

“What the holy hell, you old fuck!?” cried the new vixen standing before Naugus. The only thing more amusing than the way she seemed scared of her own breasts was still hearing Geoffrey’s authoritative voice coming out of that pretty muzzle.

Sadly that would not do. Naugus snapped another wave of magic that made Geoffrey clasp his throat into a coughing fit.

“We’re going to give that false king a little mix up indeed. I just needed to give you a proper disguise before you go running around the ballroom full of nobles and heroes. Otherwise, they’d tackle you on sight.”

“And you can’t do this because...?” Geoffrey put both hands on her hips fuming, only semi-surprised by the now sultry female voice she spoke with.

Naugus responded with another snap of the fingers. Geoffrey’s sweater fluttered before shifting into the black and white frills of a maids vest. The fact she had not been wearing any pants did not prevent a matching skirt from materializing around her hips.

“I thought it would be obvious which of us can wear a dress better at such a formal gathering, my dear.”

“...this is because I called you old, isn't it?”

“Yes. Twice now, in fact. Now go serve our waiting family some drinks.”

“Bwah...”

Whatever questions Geoffrey wanted to ask, and he had many, Naugus cared little to answer them. With a wave of the hand, his transformed apprentice rapidly faded away until the Ixus was once again the sole occupant of his private chamber. Once the spell completed he knew his sexy trap should materialize inconspicuously among the other mobians gathered.

Returning to his chair, it did not take many hand waves at his crystal viewpoint to find Geoffrey. A very confused vixen maid had appeared to almost crash into a table of set wine glasses. Even better was that she managed to teleport in only yards away from queen Alicia Acorn herself. This did not escape Geoffrey either, who began pouring out the contents of Nagus' bottle into two glasses.

“Enjoy this moment, you happy little queen.” The Ixus wizard kicked back to enjoy the most interesting fun about to unfold.

It might have been just as well since Alicia was bored out of her royal mind. About the only interesting conversation she had tonight involved something with robot police mechs. She gave Eggman about a week before those were hacked and terrorizing her citizens in earnest. Heck, even her current guest was jabbering about the fundamentals of cleaning livestock cages in a way that almost sounded thrilling. At least it was doing something unlike standing in high heels for hours on end.

Alicia became so lost in daydreaming it never registered the bunny farmer had excused himself from their conversation. She remained in place giving mutterings of ‘uh-huh’ to open air until a tray of drinks happened to float past her vision.

“Ah, thank you, dear!” Alicia snatched a wine glass before the vixen servant could open her muzzle. And by the time they closed it again, Alicia was setting an empty glass back on her tray. “Oh, sorry. That was just what I needed for a dry tongue. The interesting flavor though, what make is that?”

“Ugh duh bah?” Was a rough estimate of what sounds the maid created. “Um...I-I think it was Nintenduu 64?”

“Oh... sounds exotic. We might have to order more of that.” Alicia tried to give this girl a reassuring smile, but she struck Alicia as a bit odd for such lacking coordination in a trained royal staff. Especially with how intently she stared expectedly at the queen like she was about to perform a trick. Then again, chugging so much wine at once was making her a bit lightheaded. “Um, who are you again? You seem familiar.”

“Oh, I...volunteered for tonight actually.” Geoffrey took a deep breath trying to straighten up. Bouncing chest hefted forward in an attempt at some formalism.

“Really now? Well, that’s...uh...that’s very...” Alicia dropped her eyes upon the vixen’s chest and refused to leave. The subtle shifting under Geoffrey’s bodice had not gone unnoticed by her unwitting queen. No matter how hard she tried to shake it, Alicia felt an odd fascination the more she studied this fox. Maybe it was her assets above-average size. “Ahem! I mean, thank you for aiding the kingdom in this time of festive cheer. You seem to carry your shelf, er, self very well. Have you had any experience with service before?”

“Sure. I was with the guard be-ffffrrr...” Geoffrey was having her own problems trying to stay calm with Alicia eyeing her chest like fresh meat. She had to take a giant step back when the queen began leaning in for personal inspection. “B-before I dropped out to take care of my dads...grandmas...cousin in their final months.”

Thankfully the bountiful chest retreating from Alicia's gaze was enough to snap her out of its hypnotic hold. That freedom to think again lasted a full two seconds before she locked sparkling

blue eyes with the vixens own. Alicia's next breath escaped in a weak gasp. She had met with dozens of people tonight, yet this woman had a face gorgeous enough to get lost in.

“That... that's such a shame dear. You have an amazing ass...er...assertive aura about you. It just sashays, SAYS a lot about your delectable...dah-dah-dedication to your titles...duties! I said duties? Your family is very breast...blessed to have someone so savory licking out for others nethers.”

“Um...I need an adult?”

This must have been what it was like watching one of Eggman's robots trying to solve a paradox. Alicia's eyes were roaming all over the vixen's body while she struggled to get out a coherent form of small talk. The only problem was her subconscious insisted on picturing how this young lass must look without so many snug garments on. It welled up the heat in her groin that was making it hard to catch all the Freudian slips.

“Oh, there you are, darling!”

“Thank god!” both women uttered in unison at any excuse to get out of this moment.

The speaker turned out to be another formally suited chipmunk Geoffrey recognized as King Maximillion. Their sudden outburst did give the male chipmunk a seconds pause, but only for half a step. His attention only lingered on Geoffrey long enough to snatch a wine glass for himself before turning to address his wife, much to the fake maid's immense relief.

“Sorry that took so long, Alicia. I made the mistake of encouraging Sonic to talk about his latest adventures. The poor man's had a bit too much of the strong stuff, and I could barely make sense of what he was saying.” Max kicked back his wine glass in two gulps. He barely got the emptied glass back onto Geoffrey's tray before a queer expression overcame him. “Wow, speaking of strong stuff, that has an awful aftertaste doesn't it?”

“Uh huh...” It was safe to assume Alicia had not understood a thing her husband had said. The sudden addition of testosterone in the air upgraded her loins from ‘bothered’ to ‘extremely moist.’ Fighting urges to do something incredibly compromising in full view of their subjects was now taking all of her focus.

“Are...you alright, Alicia?” Seeing his wife in such a catatonic state caused Max to put a gentle hand on his wife's shoulder. A flush of heat washed over his senses, but he tried to shrug that off while absently stroking Alicia's exposed fur. She felt exceptionally silky tonight, filling out that dress in all the right royal ways. “You...um...look pretty hot...”

“Oh, yes.” Alicia gulped as unsure about the context of that statement as Max. Temperature probably had very little to do with why both regal mobians were blushing so hard. “Is everything alright with you, Max? You got back here in a hurry.”

“Hm? Oh, right!” Max took Alicia's hands in his, gently leading her through clusters of party guests. “It's only a few minutes to midnight. Seems only fair we get ready for our first kiss of the new year close to the fireworks.”

It was clear on both their faces that more than kissing was on their mind. Alicia stumbled more than once trying to walk and ignore such thoughts. Max had to keep telling himself it was just a traditional kiss, not a public snogging exhibition.

“I got it!” Alicia pulled back on Max's hand so sudden it almost knocked her husbands off his feet. She barely gave him time to recover before diverting their path towards the stairs. “Let's go to our room, Max. It'll...uh...give us a better view of festivities from our balcony. And some personal time to...uh...reflect on events.”

Max blinked letting the gears turn his head for a second. A knowing smile soon spread across his muzzle. “Ah good thinking, my love. We better hurry up then. There are only minutes to spare.”

Geoffrey was all too happy to watch those royal dorks race up the stairs driven more by hormones than their hosting duties. As long as it was not her getting dragged along for god

knows what Alicia considered 'personal time.' Maybe there was time for a few free snacks before heading back to Naugus. Crazy old bastard deserved a bit of bottle broken over his horn for forcing Geoffrey on this complete wreck of an errand.

"Hey, babe!" A slurred voice hissed into Geoffrey's ear, making her tail frizz into a giant ball of puff. A subsequent hand wrapped around to give the fat on her hips a squeeze. "You looking for a hot dog to go with those fine buns?"

"Listen you half-witted..." Geoffrey turned to give her offender a very livid scolding only to stop short at the sight of Sonic the hedgehog partially using her shoulder as a brace for standing. An overabundant odor of gin coming off his breath nearly made her vomit instead. "Aw...hell..."

Back upstairs Alicia and Max might as well have been drunk with how unfocused the raging lust was starting to make them. They were taking steps two at a time, constantly missing them with only each other to keep from face-planting into the shag carpeting.

They still managed to reach their room in record time, regardless. Alicia let Max enter first then proceeded to deadbolt their chamber door to ensure a prolonged privacy. She did have a fleeting regret not inviting that cute maid for a threesome, but that was dismissed as unbecoming, especially of a queen. Sadly Max had bypassed their bed entirely and was actually out on their balcony.

"Mmmh, honey?" Alicia tried leaning on the doorframe in that way she saw girls in magazines did to flirt. The full moonlight washed over both of them making the white satin of her dress seem to light up. "It's freezing out there, I didn't mean we should literally..."

"Just one more minute, dear." Max had hoped a little fresh air would do them both some good. Instead, it just drew, even more, attention to how hard his loins were getting. The sight of his wife getting all pouty-lipped at his stalling sure did not help either. Thank goodness no one here could see the enlarged tent in his tux trousers. "It's about to hit midnight. Then we can...uh hm...reflect."

“Well, that better not be an expensive tux then.” Alicia stepped out to join Max on the balcony. Ample effort was put into the sway of her steps as she got close enough to squish her bosom against him. Finally getting some alone space with her beloved meant all the silly restraints could be discarded until the morning. “Cause I might tear it off in two minutes.”

Max could only gulp with a stiff nod. They both knew that was not a summer sausage poking into the queen's stomach from their embrace. In the silence of the night, they could stare longingly into each other's eyes. Cries from the ballroom bellow echoed around the castle as citizens of Mobius counted down the final seconds of the year.

FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...

“OW!”

People always liked to tease there were fireworks when lovers kissed. Neither royal expected that to happen literally. No sooner had their lips closed in for a hot start to the new year than a loud bang sent them rocking backward. The whole world spun in a haze of bright lights while violent ringing made it impossible to discern any other noises.

““Alicia?!” Max had no idea how many times he tried calling for his wife. Only that is was a fair number of tries before he could hear his own voice again. Trying to move around in a blind search for her was not helping much. Somehow a tarp or something was draped over his body making it difficult not to trip over its slack.

I..nggh! I'm h-here!" Alicia was having the opposite problem. There was no time to recover from their explosive kiss as some alien force squeezed at her torso. Breasts surged in pain pressed against her lungs nearly making it impossible to draw breath. Panic rose when she blindly clasped at her chest finding nothing there save her dress.

Alicia needed another second of gulping desperately for air to realize it was her bodice itself constricting her chest so tight. That made even less sense. It had fit snug for the past three years she owned it.

"GRRRAAH!" Welp used to own now. Another failed attempt at breathing convinced the queen some things were more important than old clothes. Both hands grappled with the neckline only taking two tugs before splitting the entire front of her dress in half. Oh, gods, the feeling of sucking in some sweet winter air was surpassed only by the wind tickling against her exposed breast fur. It was enough to make her loins start twitching again but in a strange...stiff, aching manner.

Max literally jumped out of his shoes at hearing his wife's outcry, too startled watching such an act of savagery to notice his feet no longer filled them. The royal chambers came back into focus with minor speckles of colors. It was also a bit embarrassing to admit watching Alicia ripping her clothes off was getting him moist. Although, not as much as the realization what had given the queen such discomfort.

"H-hunny?! You've...um...you've really grown."

"What?" Alicia still had a bit of ringing in her ears, so had not fully heard Max's statement. However, watching him come into focus made it pretty apparent why he looked so shocked. "Oh, my gosh, Max! Have you shrunk?"

"Bwah?" Max looked down at himself in confused blinking. About the only thing visible of the king was his head. The tuxedo so painstakingly measured this morning enveloped all signs of his hands and feet. He barely came up to his wife's chest anymore.

Which, to be fair, was also due to the fact Alicia had shot up in size. And in more ways than one. Her damaged dress looked childishly small on a body sculpted with athletic fitness. The skirt rose to her knees while hugging tight around an ass that would not quit. High heels and gloves clung torn on overgrown extremities.

Of course, the sight soaking Max's underpants was his wife's free bouncing tits. They were nothing like the modest pair witnessed while they had been dressing for the party. These brown-furred melons could have rivaled the maid that served them drinks. Every slight movement Alicia made to remove her damaged outfit sent gentle ripples across their soft flesh.

It was probably the most unintentionally arousing show Max ever witnessed. Alicia just wanted to get the damn pinching clothes off, but every new bit of toned curves revealed set her husband's loins dripping. Not even the lack of his usual stiff feelings of an erection diverted his attention from such a show.

After what seemed like ages Alicia managed to wiggle hips out of her tight skirt. A cold breeze caused her to shiver with hands raising to claps over her breasts for warmth. She let out a small moan as her palms immediately began to massage her thick nipples. Damn, even those had gotten bigger and tender.

Standing only in her panties, Alicia looked like a completely different woman. Someone who did extraneous workouts regularly before getting a boob job. Even that underwear looked tight wrapped around her enlarged posterior. The pinching that did to the tented bulge of her crotch looked uncomfortable.

...bulge?

Alicia and Max's eyes became locked on the former's groin in unison. After a few seconds, Alicia reluctantly moved her hands from her breasts to peel the sliver of silk from her unexpected protrusion. The fact it was long and fully erect sort of hindered the efforts, but eventually, panties fell to Alicia's ankles so her pulsing red erection could wave freely in the air. A plump pair of male testicles bumped about in a furry sac underneath to compliment it.

A quick check behind them found no trace of the Queen's former womanhood. Looking back to her husband, it was actually more surprising to see him regarding his wife's member with curiosity and lust. Alicia was a bit calm about suddenly having a dick too, for that matter. She timidly wrapped a hand around its girth moaning louder at how it subtly helped with the aching need inside her pelvis.

Maybe it was the way that beast twitched in Alicia's hands, but Max found something about that dick disturbingly familiar. That, in turn, brought attention to the very intense lack of erection with his own insatiable arousal.

Rushing past a surprised Alicia, both pants and underwear fell from Max's much smaller hips. He let those fall where they may due to his urgency. Making it over to the full body mirror beside their bed, Max hefted up the hem of his oversized tux to marvel at the pussy shimmering in wet arousal between his legs. The beauty mark just a little off to the left confirmed what he had suspected.

"Hunny...ah...I think I got your pussy."

While that was definitely a surprise, the thing that made Max weary was Alicia's reflection silently appearing in the mirror behind him. Breasts loomed over his head while predatory eyes admired his discovery.

"Guess that makes sense. I thought I recognized this cock from somewhere."

"T-this is nuts. We gotta-hey!" Max yelped from Alicia's hands settling onto his tux's collar. Given his reduced stature it was incredibly easy to heft the whole coat off him. Now joining the ranks of fully naked mobians in the room, he whirled to face Alicia face glowing red. "W-what are you doing?"

"What we came up here to do, of course," Alicia said with a tone akin to explaining something that should have been obvious. The tuxedo was tossed onto the growing pile of clothes on the floor. Her new height made it easy to close the distance, swollen breasts moving in to smash against Max's face. "I'm so horny, dear, I want to start this new year with a fresh heir to the family. And frankly, I don't care whose oven it ends up getting in."

Max tried to back away only to get his butt leaving a steam print pressed against the mirror. Thick whiffs of his wife scent destroyed whatever straws he could grasp to explain out of this bizarre situation. Especially when she pushed up close against his nose. Such warmth from those mammaries felt great against the cold air coming in. "B-but I-mphh!"

Alicia was not having it anyway. She was not used to having to lean down for it but managed to clasp her muzzle around Max's lips. The protests melted away to a series of pleased moans

thanks to her tongue pushing its way inside to have a meeting with his. A free hand lightly drifted around the fur of Max's inner thighs, enjoying the musky juices staining the fur all the way up to his pussy.

"Mmmphhh!"

The mere feeling of fingers pushing their way into his wet cunny sent Max over the edge. Hips instinctively bucked against his wife's gentle hand making a sly grin form on Alicia's kissing lips. This was a whole new experience for both of them, but she knew just how to work a pussy after decades of experience. So this was going to be very fun.

A few strokes of the clit was all it took to get Max completely writhing against her abs. His knees buckled, but Alicia was quick to catch her husband with her free arm. For only being a foot or two shorter, she had little trouble supporting Max's tiny body against her curves. She could even continue to massage his inner tunnel with three fingers while guiding them over to the bed.

Alicia leaned forward before letting Max go for gravity to take over. He hit the bed with a soft flop and adorable yip. Having a rush of estrogen coursing through his system was really starting to have an effect on the mobian king. The fleece felt so good caressing his body that Max began wiggling atop them with a loud churring noise. They might as well have been a giant hand stroking his fur.

A hard shifting of the mattress snapped Max out of his sheet-induced trance. Looking up saw Alicia finish straddling her thick thighs around him. Soft drumming against his stomach brought Max's attention to Alicia's borrowed dick tapping him for attention. Lusty blue eyes drifted back up to meet with Alicia's, a lump in Max's throat getting forced down in a meek gulp.

"P-please...Let's do it. I...I need you now, Alicia, darling..."

"Ssshhh!" Alicia coed gently stroking her husband's hair before they exchanged another kiss. She took this opportunity to adjust her hips. Going by feels to find her husbands pussy worked in both their favor with all the hormone enhanced nerves. It was easy to know when her penis found the opening. Poor Max was practically drizzling juices at this point. Breaking the kiss Alicia

leaned into him to rest her breasts across his chest, engulfing some of his muzzles in the process. It put her right up against his ear to whisper while pushing into his tender crotch, "I'll take good care of you."

Max bit his lower lip feeling the cock press at his aching folds. Nostrils flared in heavy breaths unable to hide this growing need such a spell of feminine hormones enforced. He had always loved to tease Alicia about when he would 'get to business' and apparently she remembered those times very well. Alicia's bubble butt bobbed and wagged, grinding her hot dick along his folds very careful to avoid going in too far.

Toes curled from Max's growing frustration. Each time the tip of that cock pushed against his clit was met with a meek longing yip. His insides were screaming to be filled, stretched with Alicia's thick girth.

"HonniieeeeEEEEEE!"

Mid-word seemed like a great time for Alicia to finally make the big plunge. Holy crap, had she always been this tight? Even with all that lube Max had been generating, Alicia slid into her husband's tube feeling his muscles clench hard around her member. There was even a slight sucking sound as she moved her hips back and forth, feeling Max's insides rub every inch of her length in a brief test of compatibility.

Not that Max seemed to mind a bit of cautious experimentation. A long groan of relief echoed across the room as he became filled beyond imagination. Breaths came out in short rapid gulps while they stared into each other's eyes. Max's cheeks grew red once more as he shifted with Alicia's hips, trying to let his cunny stretch around his wife. Gods, had his dick always been this thick?

"Anyone tell you how adorable you look when you're begging for it?" Alicia said with a playful stroking of Max's mustache.

"Mmmmh?" Max decided to retaliate by clasping both hands onto his wife's overflowing breasts. A startled gasp followed by Alicia's own blushing moans when he began to stroke them was a perfect reward. "Yeah? Well, this assertive attitude you gained is sexy as hell...among other things."

"Nngghh!" Alicia licked her lips grinning down at Max. Each little pass along her nipples elicited a twinge straight to her cock, making it pulse slightly inside her husband. "Is that so? My sweet king has a thing for stronger women?"

Max gulped, eyes darting briefly at the tits he was squeezing against each other. "Among other things..."

"Oh really? Like..." Max gasped as Alicia suddenly withdrew most of the lengthy dick from his opening. Only a second later Alicia rocked her hips forward with a force that shook Max's entire body. "This!?"

"Aahh haaah!" Was all Max could get out. His rubbing of Alicia's breasts turned into a hard clench on reflex as his body jostled about. Thank goodness his tunnel had grown accustomed to his wife's member fast.

"Sounds good to me!" Alicia purred while repeating her hip humping.

Again and again, she pounded Max with his own cock. Developing a good rhythm to her fucking proved easier than expected from this perspective. Each motion gained a bit more force with decreasing intervals. The fact Max let out yips each time her balls smacked against his ass was even more adorable for Alicia. Looked like somebody might have been hiding a secret fetish for the bottom.

Not that Max had much control over what he was doing anymore. The sensations of his wife pounding into him hard and fast was beyond anything he thought possible. His whole body trembled along with the bed to her increased strength. Alicia was so warm and filling to his lusty cunny. Having her this close was all Max needed to feel complete.

Hands worked just trying to hold Alicia's breasts as they sloshed about to her bucking. Now that she had a pace to maintain, her thoughts drifted in relish to all these new sensations. Having her cock greeted by a warm hug of her husband's insides with every thrust was better than she imagined. The cute writhing boy under her, trying his best to help with her heavy breasts was the cherry on top. He would make the perfect mother to a new heir, which she could easily protect with all this strength threatening to break their bed.

"Aaahh mmgnh!" Alicia gasped at feeling a shifting deep inside her pelvis. With each hump, some new pressure began to mount right behind the base of her cock. The furry skin of her balls tightened with anticipation, drawing her balls close to her groin. "Oh..oooh goodness, dear! I..I think I'm gonna..."

"Do it!" Max gasped with an eagerness that surprised himself. His body was rocking violently with the bed now, enjoying the sheets rubbing along his ass while his wife thrust deep into his vag. "Don't hold back, love. I want everything you got."

Alicia blushed hard but was too close to express how touching his sentiments felt. With only a few more hard thrust into her husband, her cock began to stiffen. All of a sudden her entire pelvis tensed and she felt her prostate convulse for the first time. Wild cries filling the chamber as her thrusting grew wild for several seconds. Each hard bump synced to her cock pulsing a thick wad of cum against Max's cervix.

Max echoed Alicia's cries, albeit much softer, as he felt the warmth of baby spunk filling him up. He could barely move his legs getting rocked hard into the mattress beneath him.

"Mmmh!" Alicia churred softly getting Max's attention to stare into his tense eyes again. "I love you, Maxie."

While her pace waned with the orgasm, Alicia refused to cease her thrusting. Seeing that crunched look on Max's face, she knew he was getting close too and wanted to milk this for all she could. Hands roamed ideally along the fur of his soft belly, rubbing and squeezing around hips that certainly felt a bit plumper.

"Ahhhh...I...I lo..oooh...oh gods I'm...c-c-c-nnnggh!!"

Max leaned up in a hard crunch that was held for several seconds. With another hard dick thrust from Alicia, the king fell back onto his bed in a deep yelp. His whole body convulsed and twitched from more than his wife's fucking. His cunny squeezed tight with each labored breath milking all the cum Alicia had left in her softening shaft. Alicia groaned in satisfaction at getting her cock squeezed a little longer before pulling out completely.

"Oof!"

If only Max had time to enjoy his afterglow a bit more. With her wad fully blown Alicia did what many a fully spent man would do; collapse on top of her lover in a sluggish daze. Her superior size squashed Max helplessly into the bed, way too heavy for his tiny arms to roll her off. It was all Max could do to push her tits out of his face.

"H-hunny? You're heavy..."

"Sssshh!" Alicia had a dreamy smile with her eyes closed. Arms coiled around Max to hold him tight against her buff body, making escape completely impossible against her relaxed strength. Slowly her mouth pulled open looking ready to express something, but Alicia's exhale turned into a rattling snore that exploded her husband's ears.

"Oh...okay then..." Max let out a sigh. He was too unsure about the ramifications of waking his wife amazon after sex to try it.

Despite their bedchamber sounding like bears slept in it, Max soon found sleep taking hold of his own senses. Excess cum continued to drizzle out of his cunny while he made the best pillow he could out of Alicia's welcoming cleavage. His own labored snores soon joined his wife in unwitting sync, motorboating her soft tits in the process.

FREE SAMPLE



Commission for: [Superi](#)

Art by: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/xx0morgan0xx/>

"Free milk, sir?"

Superi backpedaled to keep from running the woman over upon his exit from Seven-Eleven. Forget the fact this cat anthro had somehow set up a stand for pushing drinks in the ten minutes

he had been inside the gas station. The young hedgehog was more distracted by the fact she was offering him a cup of milk in nothing but her white and pink fur.

In the middle of Winter, no less.

"Um...excuse me?" he absently shifted his small bags of bachelor groceries around. The hopes that holding them before his pudgy, sweater-clad, stomach would act like some kind of shield for whatever craziness getting up in his face.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. My name is Sorsha." The cat lifted her tail, and one leg in a cute pose for cameras Superi clearly was not holding. "I represent a series of investors on the Galactic Arcadia council. My job today is the passing out, and feedback on common products meant to magically enhance your life in subtle ways."

Yup. Definitely a heap load of crazy happening on this day. Superi could not even begin to wrap his mind around half the terms Sorsha was spouting off in rapid exposition. "I'm sorry, are you trafficking drugs?"

"Probably not the kind you're thinking of, but hey!" Sorsha pushed herself up against Superi so suddenly his back slammed against the gas station's glass front. The milk in her hand never spilled a drop from its cup as she waved it so close to his nose Superi could smell the fat frothing on top. "This is much better than that crap. My bosses on the council guarantee all their products are one hundred percent body enhancing. Go ahead and try a free cup. It'll set you up for weeks."

Superi stared at her, at the cup threatening to be poured on his chest, and back to Sorsha. "...you won't kill me if I do?"

"Hah! You're funny!"

The cup was timidly removed from Sorsha's hand by Superi's. He continued to stare at her in hopes for some kind of elaboration on anything in her sales pitch. All that came was her adorable fanged smile with eyes that were changing colors on him. It was almost mesmerizing the way this cat girl's seeing orbs shifting from green to blue and back.

At least until she gave his hand an impatient tapping. Feeling a sense to just get it over with so he could proceed home, Superi knocked his head back chugging the whole cup in one gulp. The expectation had been this was all some sick prank, and he would immediately be choking on some super gross fluid. Imagine his surprise to feel a cold rush of sweet pleasure cascading down his tongue. Superi swallowed with a soft moan at the lingering taste on his lips, wondering if this girl had melted ice cream for her 'magic' drink.

"Um...thanks?" Superi tossed the cup into a trash bin placed next to Sorsha's table. His relief that she allowed him to sidestep back onto the street was immense.

"My pleasure! Enjoy your free milk!" She called out after the hedgehog. Not that such a parting phrase made any more sense than the rest of her spiel.

On the bright side, that was one refreshing glass of milk. Superi made his way home in record time with a lot more energy to his step. Although it was really starting to make him a bit heated once the cold had settled in his stomach. By the time he was unlocking the door to his home Superi was breathing in light gasps that misted up the air around him. The weight of his winter jacket was especially hindering on his lung's ability to expand.

The groceries that had cost almost two hours of useless social interaction barely made it to the kitchen counter before Superi reached his limit. Leaning against the stove, he nearly tore the zipper trying to get some much-needed air across his body. Dang thing seemed to be caught halfway through needing several hard yanks.

FWOOMP!

Superi blinked at the strange shifting of weight on his chest upon finally getting his coat undone. The usual bulge of a stomach jutted out freely under his t-shirt. That was normal for such a young gamer hog. What was giving his brain pause to process new information was the additional two bulges puffed out from his pecs to hang across the crest of the said belly. All at once his mind came to the obvious conclusion of what could cause such shirt puffs, yet immediately tried to explain away the impossibility of their existence.

"I got...boobs?" He declared to a silent home, being its sole occupant for a long time now. As if such an odd declaration would somehow make Superi's spontaneous growth of chest tissue somehow less odd. Guys do not just suddenly have breasts. Especially ones that made him look like two cantaloupes were stuffed in his shirt. If only the faint bit of cleavage visible in his stretched neckline would stop presenting such clear contradicting evidence. Fingers flexed out of sync to keep their hands a bit steady, hesitating several seconds before grasping both mounds like they were red hot. "AH HAH!"

Well, they were not some sort of illusion or trick, but they were indeed sensitive. Superi's face began to burn just from the simple contact through his shirt. Especially when his fingers inadvertently rubbed rough cotton along his enlarged nipples. Waves of pleasure overwhelmed his shocked expectations, encouraging further rubbings to better gauge his mammaries level of squish.

That cat, Sorsha, had something to do with this. Superi just knew it. Her awkward sales pitch started making a whole lot more sense the more he massaged his own tits. 'Body enhancing milk' indeed if this was such a concoctions intent. The hedgehog guy was better stacked than any woman he had seen in the past week. Much as social norms told him that was something to be insanely worried about, those dang breasts bouncing in his palms felt too good. It was only with great reluctance one hand moved downwards to pay some mind for the huge bulge straining his sweatpants as well.

"Gyah!? W-what the?"

Turns out more than just breasts were growing during the brief traveling interlude. Superi leaned in as much as he could with his new chest weights. They still made it very difficult to see his dick flop out over two feet long when he finally got his sweatpants pulled down. Getting that beast released into some fresh air only seemed to make his mounting erection surge up into a full salute. He needed both hands just to wrap around that thick summer sausage.

"Nnngghh! Oh gah!"

In hindsight that might have been a bad idea, subjectively speaking. Somehow his penis growing triple its average size had also ramped every last nerve in Superi's pelvis up to eleven. Knees began to shake as he instinctively gave the shaft in his grasp the slightest of gentle strokes.

That alone brought him over the edge. Superi's legs buckled, sliding him to the floor with a loud groan. Getting his softball-sized nuts squished across the cold kitchen tiles rocked his insides, starting a light trickle of pre down his dong. Along with that was a loud ripping that drew attention back to his shirt, or what remained of it. Superi let out a gasp at seeing his breasts had doubled their previous size in his short descent to the floor. Their sheer mass tore several large gashes across the front of his shirt in its desperate attempt to keep them contained. One hand reached up confirming their weight was just as equally increased, if not more so. Loud sloshing rumbled from deep inside the hedgehog as he moved his mammaries about.

No mystery what might be causing that. Superi felt a tickling moistness developing around his nipples the more he teased at them. That quickly turned into thick dampness from the wet splotches spreading around the ripped fabric partially covering the center his breasts.

All of those were reasons to be incredibly concerned, but Superi was too far gone to care. At least until he saw to the essential need to take care of the mounting arousal inside his three-foot groin. One hand continued to alternate kneading at his chest, coaxing more and more milk out of their tender tips. After a bit, it got surprisingly unnecessary as fluid began to drizzle off Superi's soaked shirt across his stomach and floor. Even with an automatic flow going, that did not seem to compensate his tits internal development. His mounds continued to expand past beachball sizes to the point they were blanketing across his stomach as two soft aprons of orange furry flesh. At least his shirt getting wet helped speed up its death. It began to pinch something fierce right before giving out to let his chest flop freely into his lap.

Meanwhile, his other hand was doing the real work, pumping the full length of his throbbing cock in somewhat jerky movements. Luckily all the milk raining down upon it helped build a better lube for momentum. Each hard pump only seemed to feed fat back into Superi's body. His butt began to plumpen out, spilling over the hem of his already lowered sweatpants. The chill of a cold oven pressing against such ballooning cheeks meant nothing in his current pleasure high.

Nore did it register when his hips began to spread. Thighs thickened out to help match giving him a very girlish bubble butt that seemed to enjoy inflating along with his breasts.

Unfortunately, he could not keep up such vigorous pumping forever. Superi could already feel his prostate twitching deep inside his fattening hips. The flow of pre-cum was starting to become as constant drizzle as his milk. The two fluids combined into a mesh pool that soaked into his sweatpants before slowly spreading across his kitchen tiles. The hedgehog grit his teeth upon feeling his sack tighten on its heavy balls. Breaths came out in rapid seething with one hand gripping across both breasts best it could. The other continued to rub warm milk on his shaft hoping to hold back just a second more, but those precious moments quickly fizzled out.

Superi's hips arched high into the air, whipping his head back in a jaw-dropping silent cry towards the heaven. Milk exploded out both his engorged nipples in a fire hydrant torrent of force. At the same time, his cock jiggled violently before pulsing in shotgun bursts of fresh seamen. The first few shots of which decorated the ceiling in their powerful blasts before waning to merely splattering white marks further and further down his refrigerator doors. His hand continued to work the shaft with what strength his orgasm had left, but could only prolong it so far. Before he would have liked, Superi's dick settled into soft twitching until the last bit of excess cum drizzled out. And while his breasts did not lose any of their size, they certainly felt a lot more like furry balloons without all that fluid weighing them down\.

Time passed both at a crawl and the speed of light in Superi's afterglow. By the time he was finally coherent enough to recollect what all just happened, he was also sitting in a deep pool of cold milk and seamen soup. He did not even bother collecting his wet pants when they slipped off his wobbling fat butt. Odds were good they would no longer fit around such grand curves anyway. Hands pensively caressed the new contours of Superi's butt as the hedgehog tried twisting to catch just how much of a woman's figure he now possessed. Except, of course, for his cock still reaching a good two feet in length even when hanging flaccid.

"Enjoy my free milk, huh?" The joy of afterglow was rapidly getting squelched by a rather significant annoyance for Sorsha's little sample. Standing with feet soaked in his own juices, all Superi could think about now was how every last scrap of clothes would never have a chance of fitting him. And it had been hard enough to find big-sized MALE stuff that did not charge unfairly high for the fact. These hips would be lucky to fit through doors, much less some pants.

"Ugh! I just hope I can sponge this stuff out of the rug before I lose my security deposit," Super said as he made for living room closet. He almost ended up slipping on the milky floor thanks to how everything wanted to shift around like loose sandbags with each step. "I swear, if I ever see that cat again I'll be giving her a few 'free samples' right back at her."





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