

Momma Beaver's Limit

Written by Septia.

“Would you look at that,” Donna mused to herself, shifting to see how her new toilet was shaping up. “They got that bowl expansion I wanted, finally,” the beaver cooed and brushed a wipe across the rim of the throne, half a meter – or five deci – in girth. “Suppose they'd eventually learn I run these over capacity,” the beaver snicker with a turn, smacking down the lid with the heft of her tail. “Suppose third ruined toilet's the charm. Really, those oddballs should have seen it coming, I'm unloading for six, after all~.” Donna traced her paw down her frame, the gap widening as she reached her engorged abdomen, rotund and from top to bottom as if someone had strapped an oven to her torso. Within came the occasional wiggle, a little bump of a kick here, a wiggle there.

“Awmmf, who's mommas little battery? Who gives her a never ending source of energy and excitement, huh? You?” she cooed and rubbed over her stomach, feeling quite a rustle and bumble within. That warped her coat in amorphous bulbs.

“Mmfs, active today are we? Mm, then I know just the thing to keep you safe and tight~.” Donna cooed and teetered out of the bathroom with a skip to her step.

~ 1 ~

-Chhhrrssth- -Fffsh- The brush of fabric over her coat brought pleasant memories. Donna wiggled in her sofa, wedging her legs and hips down the sock of a body suit. The lycra swallowed up her stomach, hung down her arms.

“You weren't half the size when I got one of these last, shame you naughties broke it,” Donna cooed and pet her stomach sliding in the full body suit till she sealed the ruff around her neck, “Good luck breaking this one, momma's been saving up~.” she said whilst enthusiastically stretching and settling to a comfortable pose. Once ready, she hit the button on the suit's wristband. -Chhhrrrrrtch- -Hhhrrrrng- The viscous strands of the of the woven polymer released, constricting; baggy flaps hanging down the suit siphoned and disappeared into the stretchering material. Donna twisted and shivered as it her coat suctioned into the plastine sheen, a... -Chnng-.

“Phhaaawwmf, haaa, oh yeah.”

Till it insulated her in a second skin, a membrane of viscoelasticity, shimmering with an array of specular spots reflected from its smooth surface.

-Chhrslgh- -Bwwnngs- She her stomach growled, passengers wiggling in the safety of the lycra polyphen, watching shadows of bulges dance on the uniform suit.

“Mmff, hoo, my battery likes they new casing, huh,” she mused, tracing her palm across her cherished orb. Her head, hands, and tail laid outside the restrains, the rest, floated in a sea of spandex. She was buoyant, light. Donna's tail flapped at onto the sofa's backrest, swatting at an elated rhythm as she indulged iherself. “Mmmmf, just the right size this thi-mgmp. Mmfmp?” -Chnwth- -Chgllsh- She hesitated contractions peeled from her stomach, leaving the lycra vibrating with a ripple of a disturbed lake, the suit encapsulating the jolts of tension and pleasure from the stomach clamps, and ferried it back through her veins as pure pleasure.

“Mmfwms... mphaha... hoooa... oh yeah. That is my littltemff, colony approving...” Donna hummed. Her stomach kept pumping, serving as a vanguard for her labours. Yet, Donna simply relaxed.

“Last kit of mine started bugging me like this for hours hours before the water broke, you woudln't want momma to rush out, fsmm phaaa j-just when she got comfy, huh?” she pondered, gyrating her shoulders and maternal hips back into the couch as the rippling strain washing through

her veins. “Mmfs, you are already such good kiddies, caring for your momma,” she mused and hugged around herself, hearing the faintly rubber squeak of her suit grinding up against itself as she arched back with a droning coo.

~ 2 ~

-Pbbrrwrth- -Frpprrth- A flush of fanny fumes petered through the firm fabric.

“Mmmhm?” Donna spread her thighs, grunting as she leaned into unleashing pent up gases. “Mfmmpg...” -Pbrbwrth- One bout lasted ten glorious seconds, straining and distending her brim around the torrent of humidity seeping through her rear in a pillar of smog. Till she was a slobbering mess, breathing heavily with tongue bobbing out herthe side of her cheek.

“Mmf, mfms, pho... smells like, pickled cheeks baked in a hippo's backend,” she chuckled, arms slumped across her doming abdomen. “Don't got a clue what I ate to make that happen, though you sweetums giving me all these cravings, I don't even look at what I eat any more, just shovel it straight down, for my greedy little monsters~,” she cooed in with all the joy of a former mother eager to bring new miracles into the world.

“Course, momma'll keep eating everything mfmsa, aoho pa... she sees so her battery gets recharged and happy~.” She snickered and wobbled her legs back and forth. -Ppfrrth- -Brwth- -Frrt...- -Brwwfttchtwp.-

“Mmhf?” Donna's gaze flicked from 'drunken haze' to 'startled chipmunk' in the blink of an eye. She tentatively wiggled her hips, straining. The fumes laid trapped by a blockade; one that rattled enough to rival her kids when she lost her focus.

“Phoo...” She smacked her lips, drumming digits over her chest, lips pursed in a pout.

“That's a bit of a pressing concern, momma admits,” she said in a sigh. Donna peered towards the bathroom, if she did her business now, there wasn't time to shuffle back into the suit and enjoy herself before she'd have to call in the ambulance. -Chrbbsllth- -Bhrwllpth- Then again, her stomach was adamant, rattling her crotch and with quivers that shot through her legs, turning them into noodles. -Chrn- -Cnnc- Then once more, each little contraction and bump of her kids in the suit... held her seated another few moments, sucking air through her teeth in joy.

“Mmns, fimmssf, msmf... phe... hue... ok, ok, I get it.” Donna mumbled, deadpan as she scotched out of the couch. Striding towards the bathroom. “If I'm quick enough we could still have another few minutes all to ourself...”

-Bbxttrt- 'That didn't sound right...' The wrist button, when pressed, gave off a scrambled buzz. Pressing it again, and there was no resistance, no mechanism being activated; The suit remained clinging to her skin.

“Oooh... kay.” The mother beaver kept tapping, motions growing frantic, her mind mulling over options: scissors, only in the kitchen; knives, cleared out for child safety; teeth, if she didn't wanna bite through the metal bands then she'd have to-.

-Bgrlslpthsh- -Chhrlsth- Her abdomen roared, stopping Donna in her tracks, rousing her kids to tumble and fidget with renewed vigour, as if her gurgles had insinuated an internal fightclub.

“Hsmammf. Sppgsh sksmam,” her words warped by the strain, as were the never-endings in her spine; assaulted with the contractions of her womb. Donnas's passengers were cradled their passengers firmly. The convulsions roaring down her colon a steam-train in a hurry.

“MMFngnh hrng,” she quickly slapped her hands over her rump, palms sinking into her abundant bun of a butt, clenching her colon goo slam on the breaks. -Chrrlsgbh- The gurgles came to an abrupt halt. Donna held the compromising position, her breath and teeth clatter all that penetrated the silence. She felt it... right at the cusp of her rectum, a sleeping giant, awakening.

~ 3 ~

“Claw clippers.” She burst out, they were in the bathroom, a few incisions and she'd be out of the suit. -Chhrlth- But at the first step... She knew she'd been too lax... Through her pucker, bent through in a surprised assault, moulding her buns around its girth, tip tenting her suit... Seeing it was unnecessary, she felt every segment of bowl-forged taffy warping her rim to the hoop.

“Mgnnrs.” she strained, pleaded, ground her cheeks together, wringing the lump back down the end of her catacombs, gradually feeling it shift back. “Ok... don't wanna have to explain this one to the medical chaps, calm Donna, one step at a-.” -Bggh- But it retaliated, wedging back through, distending the polymer coating. “Mgmsm, back back back.”

She launched into a tug of war, sweat beading at her forehead, strain cracked down at her back like a cat-o-nine-tails. With each withdrawl, her brim lubricated in the intestinal fluids, and she heard the prying crackle of the mound gliding further on its own accord...

“W-work with me here, m-mommy really needs your strength,” she huttered with trembling lips. -Ghrblrlsh- Gbhrhst-. “Hold it... hold it...” she huffed so her breath whistled by her teeth.

-Ghrbsl- Her belly strummed up to gurgle, and bouncy kicks and flails blossomed, rampant contractions followed as domes distended from her abdomen.

“T-p-please hold it. H-hold it my lil kits. H-h-hold...” her voice strained, tone held all as the creamy behemoth wedged through her brim, warping her pucker to its whims, and ever scaling girth. “Ooofmmmh, tooffee...,” Donna exclaimed, the held 'E' amplifying as the rear acquiesced to the will of the abdominal avalanche.

The curl of beaver manure funnelled into the suit, spiral, with the width of an apptertif plate magnifying to the girth of a fruit bowl the mound on her suit curved around her thigh, before the length folded by her pucker and spaced the space right under at her crack, the fabric swelled to the introduction of the chocolate anaconda, sprawling the polymer membrane in tangled droves and bulbs, continually shifting and melding in with one another as the floodgate of fudge burst from its foundation.

“Mwahaps apshaha... pprofsh, oh don't, don't...” Donna begged, her skeleton rattling – strummed as the violin strings of taboo – by the onslaught of tension and force voiding her bowels. And yet, she was totter towards the bathroom. -Chrslgh- The muck displace as she took each step, globbing into a sack of coiled dung dangling down to her hips, then knees, then ankles.

“Gotta... get...” she grunted. Though her speech continually interrupted, twisted into groans of sardonic stimulation. Her kids's had roused a roaring through her gut. The beaver's rear brim bending and malforming around the fluctuation mass of baked tar, sensations came to straddle the woman's thoughts. “Come on~.” She cried out, watching the mud swell up as mushroom caps around her legs and waist, a the pillar sloughing through her brim without relent.

Donna submitted, and the forsaken the handle in lieu of cranking her own gear the best she could through the enveloped polymer. She rode pain surging through her frame as the load inflated her like a balloon of porridge, booty puling in size with the padding of mulch and her front distorting to appear as if she had merged a beanbag into her suit; one that only kept growing. The initial mound curled around her thighs, spreading it wide open for the mulch to advance, once the lycra in the back reached capacity flooding to engorge her front, her tail flapped, smacking the back of her bloated suit to shift the contents forwards.

“Mfmrpahhgwnng” she howled in a whistling cry, her crotch contracting, moulding up the surplus sludge at her crotch, soiling her pride prematurely of the embarrassment she would face at the hospital. Even if, there was a certain relief that followed.

“Mfms, a, phha... phe...,” she whimpered, tears at the creaks of her eyes.

“Mmrs alright... lets g-get going~,” Donna huffed, her stomach jiggling as a bouncy ball of liquid gel as she attempted to rise through her utterly soiled suit, engorged and inflated at both ends to provide her with a – less than mobile – sofa. Though her brim dispensed her guttural clay, it and warped thee tensile fabric thin enough to glance the murky hue beneath, she addmitted there was a comfort to it.

-Chngns- Then, came another contraction. And another, an array that tensed with each iteration, growing, painful, firm. Then, it hit her... "T-they are here."

~ 4 ~

The relief of unloading had reached further than just her surface layer of her genitals. Deep down in the crowded uterus, Stimulation expedited her system, moving up her delivery, much earlier than expected. Muscles constrained at the back of the womb, showing the battery of beaver babies.

-Chrhnh- Her cervix steeled, pursed, clenched firm, revolting against the hasted release. Yet, the first kit's head drove into it, repeatedly, till the rigid lips caved, warping over the contours of the little critter's frame. Even this, would not satisfy the queue, waiting for their turn...

"Ok okfff... it is fine, it must be, right buns? Gotta-smm gotta keep you in the oven for a while yet, ahe, mg, that w-wasn't even enough t-to have been my water b-breaking. Yea I-I was just e-excitmngms, exmmg." It became daunting to trick herself that the situation that clearing on through her entire essence wasn't happening. Sweat poured down her forehead, and tin the nervous sit.

-Chhrsmlght- Her gut growled and churned along the mud train back to a steady pace.

"Amgms, ab-," Donna's eyes twirled, spun, her mind racked with fright but it couldn't be time, her water had to break before... or... perhaps it didn't...

"Get me outta this thing," she screamed, and fumbled with the fabric on her arm, pinching to get a grasp and launching at it with her fangs, gnawing in desperation through the viscoelstic hull.

"MGMfs, agmwmt, fmwmpgghtha," she grunted through muffled by her efforts.

A bloat across her stomach shifted, wedging downwards, fattening her crotch.

Donna's breathing slammed into overdrive, wheezing while the birth canal struggles, legions of tense muscles – the soldiers on the forefront – fell limp despite her effort against the leviathan baring through. Strain trickling down her funnel to launch her live giving lips into a flinching bloom.

"Mmgsaamwmg." Donna heaved, slumping backwards as the strength sapped from her legs, her overclogged suit providing a moulding throne she could sink back into, as the miracle of life life came knocking down her moist pussy.

She still tore and gnawed at the suit, miniscule holes all she had to show for it, her chewing drained of effort, remaining as not but something for Donna to bite down on. She watched it grow, swelling from her crotch, shifting and tending outwards in a thick bulge of... wait... that wasn't newborn. Her pupils dilated. Right in front of her crotch, was a was enough manure to rosy the cheeks of the world's most constipated bovine, bundled in a stack of dung pillows warping and bulging her suit to a plastine membrane of mulch. Her kits were being born into a nest of steamy nougat.

"Mmfganw," She cried, reaching over her stomach, yet a drumming clench paralysed her arms, It was happening... Her newborn crowned through the stimulated gape. Her slit stretched, warped rounded. As a flower bud, her her gate peeled its petals off the pronouncing pistil of life – the fruit of her labour wedging through her gape... -Shglrlsth- Shortly after getting tucked into the cocoon of crud.

"Mfgms, mmm." She watched as her child birthed forth, a bloated bean of life planted into into a bath of fertile loam, her lips kept spreading, broad, unrelenting, thick and uniform... She'd thought it was the head, but, it didn't seem to end... she was hollering with each breath, more than half must have been out by now. But... then she noticed. Peering through the stretched fabric, she saw movements, hidden in a cocoon of fluids. A coul birth... Her lips creaked into a pained smile. Her little beans were such smart cookies, still contained in their amniotic sacs, the membrane of fluid safeguarding them from all harm.

Donna's mind spun with joy. Would they realise they even left their momma? Instead of being brought out, kicking and shouting, naked in this horrendous world, they were treated to a warm embrace, serene, calm... These thoughts revolved through her synapses, as she watched the plastine polymer warping around the fluid bean of her beaver bud, and sinking down into the lush mound. It hit her, they had choose to enter this world mimicking their mommy, clad in a thick membrane.

Donna's breath picked up, relieved of a majority of distress, instead lust filled the vaccum, and she gently rocked back and forth, scooching her whole bedding of warped, soiled lycra to ease the journey for her battery of admirers.

“Mmfmsahaa, c-come now then, if you wanna be momma's beans, then shfmsma you gotta be prepared to get planted~.” She whimpered with a fluttering vocal chords, her birth canal congested with her troop of youngs, her stomach contracting, deflating as the bulk of her dears took their time to wring through her succulent tunnel, engorging her brim each with an overfilled amniotic cocoon keeping them safe, the bulges of manure shifting and encapsulating her kit, one by one, over the evacuated the safety of their mother.

All of them, were non the wiser, bumping about, mumbling, snoozing, as they still felt the head of their mother, radiating from all around them, ensuring them safety and serenity. Donna lost the capacity to keep count, each one felt like the first, and the last, honeypot refusing to accommodate, despite the continued pressure of bloated pods shifting through their grasp, sensing from her muscles claspings to retain the young, but caving to the pressure. Donna was without any agency to halt the process of her contentiously divulging crotch, resting back in her self grown throne, firm enough to keep her steady, yet soft enough to accept each little miracle.

With the amniotic sack remaining intact there was indeed no water to break to signal the birth for the experienced beaver, leaving her. Instead, she was left to savour the pain, joy and stimuli of a bloated vulva, her tail as lazy and limp as her, through the sheer impact of leaving it to flap up and smack over her stuffed suit, sending quivers through the mass, back through Donna's thighs, and her drunken mind.

Her mind focusing on the joy of her little miracles; the woman enthralled to the point she couldn't hear the sirens of the ambulances rushing to her building, nor the commotion they caused. The world, faded from view.

Septia

~ 5 ~

“Phsa... fmsma. mm... my little battery... you all... sjmfpah haha...” she had to stop, and cradle her darling, as the shower water trickled down in paths across her back “You d-drained me dry,” she admitted, chest aching, crotch numb, vocal chords tattered and aching.

Around her were nurses, in her own bathroom, excavating her kids and peeling off their protective cocoons. Chatting of exchanging information, recording dates, and dividing care for the young ones loomed in along with the shower's steam. Their voices sprouted forth, free from their beanbags, the air a drone of chatter, sirens, and whimpering cries.

Donna, at the center of it all, was removed from the world, in all but one emotion: The joy she shared with her family, which trumpthed everything else.