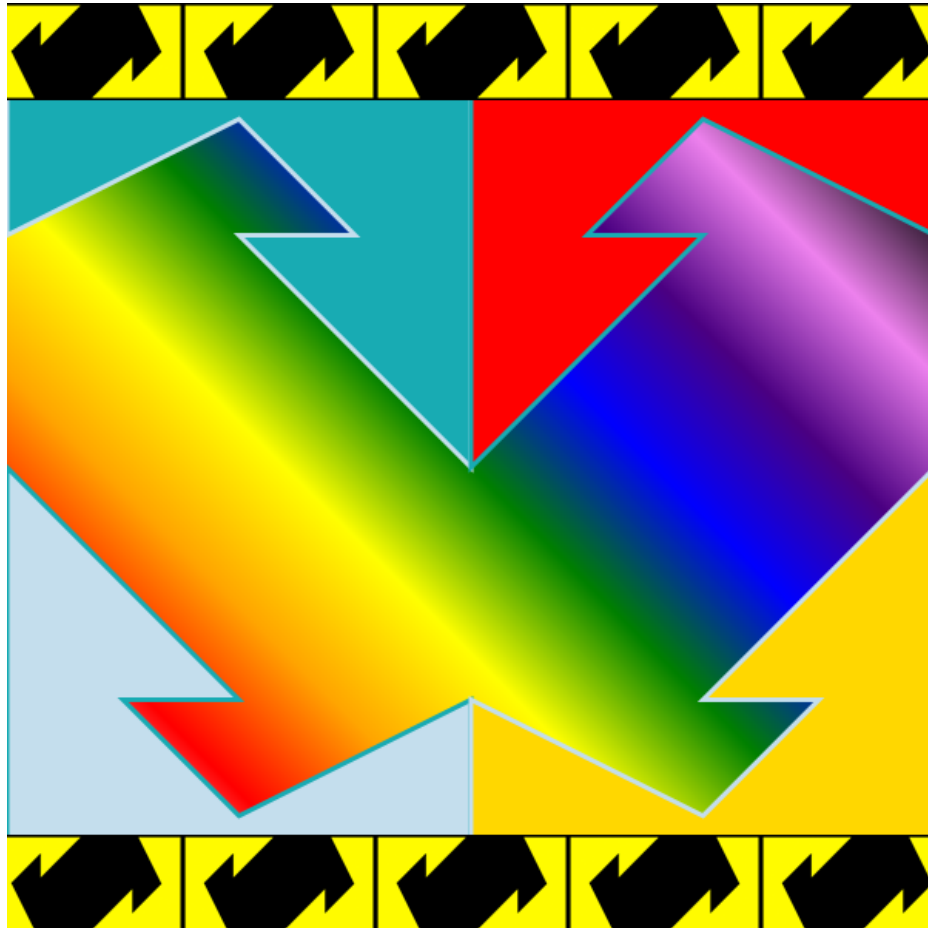
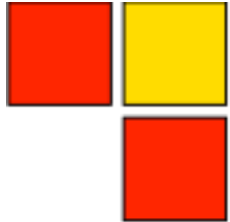


Water Bomb



By Teradyne Ezeri
Story © TeraDyne Ezeri 2018
Con Badger belongs to Con Badger (icansee)
Gilda © Hasbro



It'd been only a few hours since Tera had gotten back from a book signing on *Equus Delta*. She'd managed to get quite a few copies of her adventure series "Falling Apart: The New Dawn" sold, and was looking forward to a much needed rest. And to start off, she already knew what she wanted to do first.

After leaving the large closet space in Breakwater Omega, already changed into the red phoenix gryphon Con Badger. However, *he* was holding another suit over his shoulder, along with a large gryphon dildo and base attachment.

Con quickly moved to the pole in the center of the room as the door closed and sealed behind him. The base attachment went over the bottom of the silicone toy, before being screwed down onto a gasket connector on the pole.

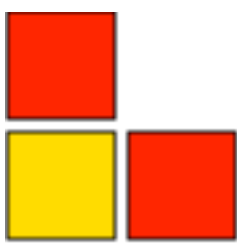
Then, he moved to the back wall, opening the marble panel by lifting it into the ceiling. Just behind it, displays and physical controls showed themselves, along with several hose ports. Con reached down and grabbed a thick hose from a container near the floor, connecting it to one marked H²O and turning the dial to low pressure. This caused drains in the floor to open up around the left and right edges, where the room was at its lowest with an almost imperceptible slope.

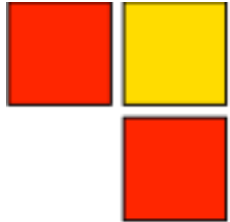
He soon opened up a floor panel to run the hose into the pole, where he fed it into the pole from before through another port. This time, there was nothing coming out the other end.

A light turned on near the ceiling by the door, showing that a camera had turned on to record everything. That was when he broke out the costume.

He flipped it out, revealing a mostly brown-furred Gilda body, aside from the white feathers around the neck, with light purple highlights at their tips. The gryph put his feet in first, wiggling the toes of the lion paws, before moving on to the rump and waving the short lion tail around a bit. Then came his talons, which didn't change much aside from the fur along the arms in place of feathers, and the red feathers of his wings turning brown to match It was the body and neck that had really changed, as once the seal on the back was closed, the feathers semi-merged with the red of his normal head color. And down below, his cock had disappeared, replaced with a partially hidden cloacal slit.

Con looked at the camera and winked, then positioned himself over the thick thirteen-inch dildo before putting his foot on the nearby pressure plate. The toy rose up, the pole extending up toward the gryphon's body. And as he





felt the silicone shaft push into the slit, he gave out a loud moan, shivering enough to rattle the metal pipe.

More and more, he felt the fake cock push inside, penetrating deep into the womb that had formed from the transformative suit's effect. It only stopped as he hilted the wide base of the toy, the knot slipping inside with a loud pop, and sealing tight against the skin. There was no removing it.

The pole rose more, lifting him off the ground like a mannequin until his feet couldn't reach the pressure plate any more. It gave another couple of inches more length, then stopped, leaving him once again stranded in the air.

After a few moments of his legs wiggling in the open, water began to trickle through the dildo's tip. A nice cool stream, flowing deep into the depths of his midsection. And it slowly gained pressure with every second, until the flow was steady and true.

Con soon started to moan, writhing and teasing himself on the toy and pipe with every movement, arching his back with a blissful smile. One of his talons reached up to his chest, where he began stroking and massaging it sensually out of sheer lust.

Soon, his belly began to expand, and his panting quickened. The entire pole was vibrating from the water pouring through it, teasing the inner walls and sending him into his first orgasm. He seized up with a loud moan, then went limp as it subsided. There was nowhere for the fluids to exit, leaving them trapped inside along with the small pool that had been forming within.

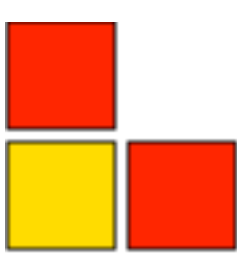
Little by little, his insides filled with liquid goodness. His stomach had extended out to the size of a massive watermelon. Then to that of a beachball. Another intense wave of bliss shook him to his very core, and once again, his back arched from the feelings, only to let him go into a short state of afterglow soon after.

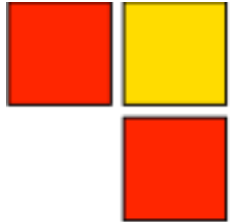
By the time he heard the creaking, his arms and legs were trapped where they were, barely able to even jerk to either side. He could hear the sloshing inside his gut, partially wishing his head were in there to take the air out of his lungs.

Creeeeeeeek...

The gryphon looked down as best he could, seeing himself almost as big around as a small elephant. It caused him to blush intensely, his arousal building once again.

Creeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek...





Before he knew it, he'd ballooned to that of a mega beachball, arms forced to remain stretched out under the pressure and width of his body.

Creeeeeeeee—

When he came to in another room later, he barely remembered the feeling of instant death that had overcome him in that brief moment before bursting.

He quickly got to his feet from the floor and went into the room where he'd been, finding the floor with a thin layer of water and juices spread across it. Scraps of fur and feathers were caught in the drain filter meshes, and once again, his beak and limbs were blown away by the blast, sitting just in front of the control system.

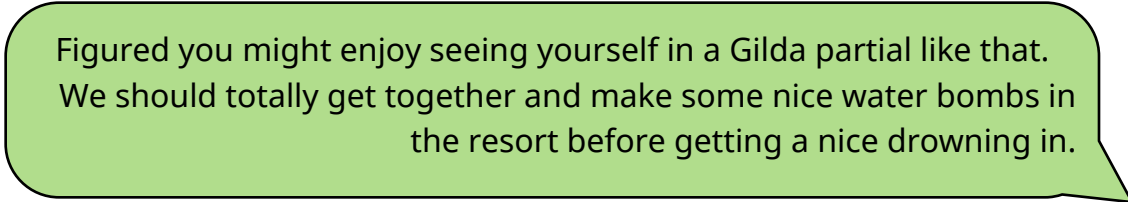
He picked up what he could and tossed them into a nearby bin, then grabbed the panel at the back and opened it up to review the recording. A bright grin spread across his beak.

Elsewhere, the real Con Bader felt his phone vibrating in his satchel as he ate his lunch in *Elation Creations*. He didn't dare leave work while new construction was going on in the resort.

Upon turning on the screen, he found a message from Tera in the form of a video. Not thinking much of it, he tapped the play button.

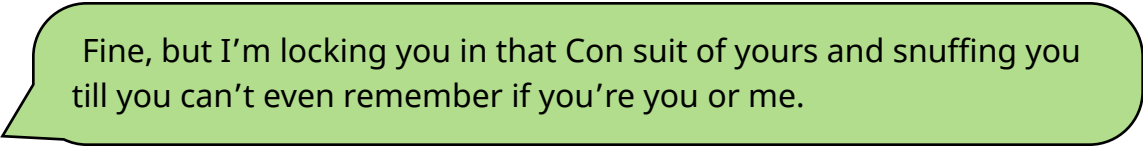
By the end, his cock was as hard as the granite table he sat at, and a small crowd of horny snuff resort guests had gathered behind him to watch the second loop.

Just below the video, a message:

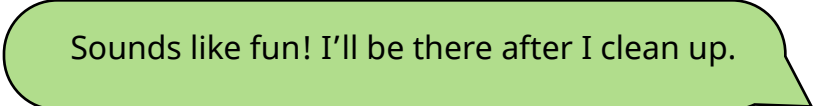


Figured you might enjoy seeing yourself in a Gilda partial like that. We should totally get together and make some nice water bombs in the resort before getting a nice drowning in.

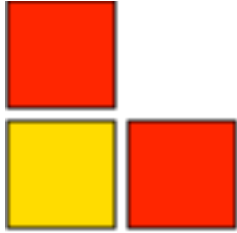
Con's face turned bright red. One of the guests asked where he could get a suit like that, and that just made the manager bird even more flustered at the thought.



Fine, but I'm locking you in that Con suit of yours and snuffing you till you can't even remember if you're you or me.



Sounds like fun! I'll be there after I clean up.



The gryphon blushed at the blunt response. And right behind him, a grinning metal dragon stood looking over his shoulder. He knew it was going to be a *much* longer day.

A *much* longer day.