

Carmack plops his fat ass down for a break after cleaning and fixing up the house all day, popcorn and lube in tow. The tubby bunny sighs happily, eager to relax and enjoy himself a bit before getting started on making dinner.

His thoughts already drift to his husband, Ferro - that dapper, bearded Erogetian always looked so good in his business suits when he got home after a long day of work, those many tits of his stretching and staining the fabric as his sweat and other various fluids came to a head by the time he got home.

Carmack lifts an arm to sniff underneath at his own sweaty musk he's been building up, rubbing his dick eagerly as he takes in that masculine stank earned from the day's labors. His thoughts return to Ferro as he huffs his own musk, jerking more deliberately now as he imagines that massive slab of alien goo raising all four arms and tit-laden tail to let him smell those various and wondrous scents his maned body is adorned with.

That mental image turns to face Carmack's mind's eye as it flexes and poses for him, the Ero's voice broadcasting clearly to his mind. <Sorry love, it looks like I won't be home for dinner tonight.> that psionic transmission booms in his head, the lips of his mental image bending to form those words.

Carmack opens his eyes, sighing and letting his dick flip down in dismay. "Alright, want me to save a bucket for you?" he asks, already starting to feel those anticipated pangs of loneliness biting at him.

<No need dear.> Ferro explains, continuing to detail some alternative means of nutrition the business partners are set to engage in during their all-nighter that flies way over the bunny's comprehension level. After a moment of silence punctuating that explanation, Ferro quickly picks up on the lingering dismay resounding from his husband - but knows all too well that bunny wouldn't want to bring up the matter and bother the Ero away from his business affairs.

<You know what? This meal's got left me with way more focus than I can reasonably devote to these meetings tonight.> Ferro explains, the bunny's dick lurching up against his belly and beginning to quiver from some sort of external stimulus, causing him to raise a brow in confusion. "Meaning?" he asks, looking down at that fat bunnyprick as it drools copiously.

As the turgid prick continues to beat against his chubby belly, Ferro activates those Ero-tainted cells within his mate, far more than enough that he could take full control of and subsume his partner from afar if he ever had the desire. But for now, the businessman is content to show his husband some fun via some remote bodily manipulation while he works through the night. If he can't be there to rapture him in person, surely this is the next best thing.

"Meaning, I'm gonna make you cum til you call me Daddy~" the bunny's dick coos after stretching and throbbing its way to growing a set of vocal cords to taunt him with. Carmack blushes, taken aback by the surprise dick-talk. His paws reach down to feel over the rapidly-growing bunnyboner, its shape quickly changing to more closely resemble his husband with each passing moment.

"Jeez, Ferro, tell a guy before you go all invasion-of-the-dick-snatchers on him." the bunny complains, despite already pumping his growing husband readily in both paws.

Ferro manages to speak quite clearly despite the thick rivulets of prejizz streaming from him. "But you always looks so cute when you're surprised~" he teases, writhing in his husband's

touch.

“It’s something new every day.” Carmack muses, not that he objects to the inventive shaftbeast’s peculiar antics in the slightest. “Man, it looks just like you now...even got the beard” he admits, blushing a bit as he stares into the face of his phallic lover, albeit upside-down from his perspective.

“Not quite yet, we’re just getting started~” the fat cock offers, bulging with a number of lumps beginning to grow along his underside.

Carmack furrows his brow and flops the fat cock against his chest to investigate, the musky shaft plopping closer to his muzzle than he expected, leaving him taken aback for a moment by how much the thing stinks like his husband now. His paws reach underneath to inspect the lumps, feeling the tender flesh grow even softer and more pliant as his cock forms its own breasts trailing down towards his fuzzy white sack.

“Boobs, Ferro? Really?” Carmack’s blush is bright red now.

The Ero-dick laughs heartily and squirms against his husband’s chest. “Absolutely, dear. I know how much you love my manly rack.”

Carmack couldn’t deny that point, but it was weird seeing those soft jubbies on himself, much less attached to his dick - though given the immense size it had grown to, there was certainly ample room for that busty addition to his undercarriage. Out of curiosity, the bunny reaches down to his now-oversized nuts, confirming that Ferro thought to add thick, sensitive teats to them as well. “Geez, i’m like halfway to shaftbeast city already.” the bunny muses, affectionately gripping at and starting to milk his own balls - watching in delight as he managed to turn the tables for a moment, driving his dick to moan and spurt against his face from the heavenly sensations.

“Is that milk or cum?” the bunny wonders aloud as thick streams of fluid gush from his sack below. “Can never tell with Eros.”

Ferro groans and smiles wide, long tongue reaching out to lick at his husband’s chin as he creeps ever closer. “Why not both?” he offers, chuckling as he grows big enough to bump his sensitive dickhead into that bunny’s muzzle up above. “Now give Daddy a kiss~” he teases, licking at Carmack’s lips.

Carmack blushes yet again, overwhelmed with how much musk is steaming off that drooling dick of his. He relents and parts his lips, tongue entering his own piss-slit as Ferro’s sensitive tongue presses into his maw in return - both of them able to feel the full force of both sides of that embrace, even though each only controls one end of it.

Ferro clenches their nuts up as the two lock lips, sending a wave of bunnyspunk flooding up through him and into his husband’s throat. “Mmm, you gonna be a good boy and make lots of cummies for Daddy?” he teases.

Carmack gulps down his own spunk like a champ, panting and gasping for air. “Bring it, Dickbreath.” he retorts, not ready to admit defeat just yet.

The shaft grins and shoves himself into the bunny’s maw, stretching his jaw around that fat, smelly cockhead.

Carmack's eyes bulge over how much of that musky flesh he manages to fit in his muzzle, blushing hotly as he starts to give himself / his husband some much-needed head, gulping down another thick spurt of cum every few seconds as his paws wander, groping, bouncing, and tweaking those many tits they now share down there.

The passionate embrace continues for what feels like ages to the poor bunny, eventually passing out from the overstimulation, leaving a very-satisfied Ferro in full control of his body.

When Carmack wakes up some time later, he's treated to an unexpected and confusing vantage. He can see the TV in front of him, but his own legs on either side of him.

"Ah, welcome back, sleepy head." Ferro's voice calls from above.

"Where-" Carmack begins to ask, cut off by his own hand reaching down in front of him, just below his line of sight, to lift up the bunny's own balls to smoosh into his face. He's quieted both by the sudden answer to his inquiry, and the heavy stank of that sweaty sack rubbing against his nose, leaving him drooling as Ferro lets the fragrant orbs flop back down.

"Meetings went well tonight. Lots of good idea exchanges. We can watch some tv til I get back." the reassuring voice returns, a paw reaching down to offer the crotchrabbit some popcorn.

Carmack mentally shrugs and accepts the offering, munching on the stuff before asking, "So you guys pretty much just had a big Ero orgy, huh?"

Ferro chuckles. "Of course. Much faster to exchange ideas that way rather than verbally. You terrans will catch on one day." he muses, feeding his groinbunny another handful. "And when I get home, your pretty face is going up my asshole~" he promises, making that crotch flush bright red once more as the thought causes the bunny's own cock to flop out from his maw - back to its regular size and shape - his face now merely serving as a sheath on a body that was once fully his.

"We've got a long night ahead of us. After all, you still haven't called me 'Daddy'." the Ero teases, reaching down to stroke his bunny's eager little dick.