

They'd been sitting in silence for some time, seated in a sparsely decorated ballroom, dressed formally, as instructed. None of them knew exactly what to expect, quite frankly, they didn't expect anything at all. A strange message had arrived in the mail, addressed to each individual party member. It was without a signature, without an address; there was nothing identifying about it whatsoever. But somehow they had known. A simple word resounded in their minds as they'd read the note.

Come.

The first of the arrivals had been Roland, a human with dusty brown hair pulled back into a tie. His long bangs framed his sharp featured face while square glasses perched before his topaz eyes. He'd selected a deep black tuxedo to wear to this... 'party'. He wasn't sure why, but something told him it was a good choice for the occasion. The human sat plainly in his seat, a bit nervous and uncertain, but he knew this was where he needed to be.

The next, seated beside Roland on the left, was a hybrid named Zarrow. The top of a bird and the bottom of an anthropomorphized orca, the creature sat patiently, fluffy tip of his tail swaying gently along the floor as he waited for whatever was to come. He was dressed in a finely tailored suit, ordered specially for this occasion. Something in his mind told him to pull out all the stops, even his wings were decorated with a quaint flower nestled into the feathers near the top.

The silence in the room was deafening, only the sound of idle shifting and awkward throat clearing to break the unsettling noiselessness. Vindios, a silvery shark with short blonde hair was the first to speak up and shatter the unnatural quiet, "Ah... anyone know why we're here?"

All three of the other guests shook their head. No one knew, but there seemed to be no intention amongst any of them to leave. The shark nodded, crossing his arms over his pressed vest and white collar shirt as he pondered silently once more. Why were they here... no one knew why, yet no one cared to know the fine details either. Certainly there should have been something wrong with that, yet they all still couldn't think of anything but the enigma of what was in store for them.

There was a brief moment more of silence before the door across the room burst open wide, allowing a short yet slender being to pad into the room. He was a proud sort, grinning jaggedly as he strode inside. The butlers on either side of the door bowed respectfully upon his entrance, then exited promptly when he waved them away. It was clear immediately that this was their host; the short, grey skinned elf dressed in nothing but tight, black latex, with long hair so white that it made the pearly walls of the room jealous.

"Ahh~ Greetings!" The small creature exclaimed, his elven face filled with glee as his white eyes flittered about his small crowd, "I am so glad you could all make it. I trust you have been comfortable? Can I get anyone anything? A cup of coffee? Some tea?" He waited for a reply, but was met only with uncomfortable shifting from the fourth member of the group. The sharp gaze was suddenly upon him, making the hippogryph immensely nervous in an instant. The black and yellow spines atop his head grew a bit chaotic and rigid as the elf drew closer, his paws padding quietly along the floor with an air of grace and knowing perfection.

"Snowy~ It's so good to see you! You do remember me...right?" He loomed close, hands planting down on the tan pants of his guest, forcing the half-bird to quiver with nervous anxiety.

"N...no I... I don't believe I do," he squeaked. The elf pulled back, giving Snowy a bit more space to exhale in relief. Slender, gloved fingers touched at his own face; The elf seemed rather disappointed, "You don't..? Hmm... I guess you might not." He pondered a bit longer as he looked towards the three others, "And you all certainly wouldn't either, hm?"

Every guest shook their head in agreement. This man was new, entirely unrecognizable, yet despite their clear signs of anxiety, they were glad he was there.

"Well... no matter, we can get to know each other very intimately soon..." He smirked, eyes suddenly jolting over towards the first half-bird in the room, power lancing through his gaze to meet the heterochromatic gaze of his guest. Zarrow could immediately feel the effects, his gaze unwilling to yield, his body aching for this unknown creature to pay attention to him instead of that other bird. It didn't matter if this was a stranger, it didn't matter how wrong and silly it was of him, he wanted this elf *now*.

"M-master," he croaked. His eyes lit with surprise, the spell broken for an instant as he realized what he'd just said, and everyone else reacted just the same. Eyes were on him, surprised and shocked at what he'd just whimpered out towards a stranger. The elf perked, grinning with avid amusement at the title, "What was that?" The bird cupped his scaled hands over his beak, eyes wide and body quivering as he watched the latex clad creature trot over to him now.

Nose to beak, the elf grinned wildly, ears almost straight upright as he stared the bird straight on, "What was that? What did you say just now?" Zarrow closed his eyes and shook his head quickly. He hadn't meant to say it! He wasn't sure why he'd said it at all- why he'd even thought it.

"No, no. It's okay," the silky latex was upon Zarrow now, a hand cupped over his right cheek with the thumb stroking gently over his feathers, "this is a safe place for you to enjoy yourself. No one here is going to judge you for it." The bird could feel his feathers rising up and his face growing hot. His yellow and green eyes jolted towards the other members of the group, watching them individually on either side of the elf as they nodded and smiled in agreement.

"Yeah!" Vin exclaimed, "Be yourself, man!" Snowy smirked as well and nodded, "No sense in hiding your interests, we're all friends here." It was so strange, many of them had only just met yet... here they were, encouraging Zarrow to let loose with a stranger nearly sitting on his lap, touching his face so delicately, so softly, so...

"M...master," he cooed, his gaze softening and his form visibly relaxing under the elf's touch.

“Ah~ There’s a good boy,” the long, slender gray tail behind the elf swayed happily as he leaned in to plant a gentle kiss on the curve of the bird’s beak, “you know my name, don’t you?”

“N..Nega- M-Master Nega,” Zarrow shyly replied, an answer that had the elf smiling and giving him another kiss as a reward. Coos and delighted purrs flittered up from the bird, so delighted was he to have the Master’s appreciation, and so disappointed was he when Nega began to pull away from him. He couldn’t help but reach out for the elf’s hand to bring him close again to gain one more peck before finally agreeing to let him leave.

“So, now you all know,” the elf addressed them as a group, his hands on his latex-covered hips as he looked over each being individually. Three of them were still seated nervously, uncertainly, while Zarrow stared on in delight, hands cupped over the place where Master had just graced him with his touch. Nega smirked at the display; one down, three to go.

“Now then, let us truly begin. We wouldn’t want to keep Zarrow waiting, he’s starting to get a little... excited.” The word rang with odd magic, everyone in the room feeling it, but only Zarrow truly grasping its potency as his loins began to burn with need. He moaned out in surprise, hands dodging down to cup over the growing tent of his pants. “M-Master... I... I need-”

Nega raised a hand to silence him, “I know what you need, but you’ll have to wait a bit, okay?” The bird swallowed hard, but nodded in understanding, his hands already kneading at the lump of his pants while Nega moved on to address his next victim.

“Ah, Vindios, was it? My, my, aren’t you looking dapper today.” The elf thumbed at the collar of the shark’s white shirt, the rubbery latex squeaking softly in the motion. “So,” he leaned close, face angled over the slender male’s shoulder to speak softly into his ear, “I know how badly you want to play too. You’re just like Zarrow, hm? So very needy,” he could hear the shark’s breathing quickening in pace, growing heavy and labored while his hands quivered in their ascent to Nega’s perfectly curved sides. They cupped over his hips, firm but gentle as the shark pulled Nega down onto his lap, giving him a moment to get comfortable with his legs curled around Vin’s sides before wrapping his own arms around the elf’s back to hug him close.

“Oh~ The affectionate type! I like that,” Nega coiled his arms around the shark’s neck, pressing close into his chest while Vindios saw to his hips, which were urged equally near to his own. “OH!” Nega chuckled in surprise, swatting at the shark’s fin before playfully scolding him, “My, my, is that a fish in your pocket?”

The shark huffed out, squeezing the elf’s back end before acknowledging the question, “I’m just happy to see you~”

"That's what I thought," the Master grinned, "and I bet you're just as happy to play with all your friends here too, right?" The shark hummed in agreement, shooting Zarrow a glance, watching as the bird continued to struggle with his own trousers.

"Oh, that one? Interesting choice~ You know what's hidden under those fine clothes? Aside from a fine, rubbery ass..." Nega grew quieter, smirking as he stared up at the shark's distant stare, "A thick, meaty, horse cock. So big, I doubt those pants can contain it for long."

Zarrow cried out suddenly, the distinct sound of straining clothing trailing the noise of his arousal as he doubled over, hands trembling and struggling to hold the expanding mound between his legs.

"A-ah! Ma-Master! It's... Ahhh..." he huffed and panted, watching as his crotch expanded before him, pressing painfully into his pants and beginning to spill out over the top, "So tight... Nnnh! So tight!" He struggled in vain to release the buttons of his trousers, moaning and crying out in pain and ecstasy as his manhood continued to grow, testing the limits of his specially tailored suit.

Nega smirked and gave Vin's neck a gentle kiss, "You'd better go help him... it looks like he's in quite the predicament." The shark nodded quickly in agreement, his face having long since been dyed a deep shade of crimson and the 'fish' Nega had noted earlier was already well on its way to fully fledged 'eel' status. The elf slipped delicately off his lap, allowing the flushed sea creature to awkwardly rise and clamber his way over to the struggling bird-orca.

The pair met slowly, almost timidly. Zarrow continued to whine through the strain of his growing equipment while Vindios rapidly thought through his options to offer the half-bird aid. He couldn't deny how badly he wanted the straining pants gone. He wanted them torn off and out of the way so that he could partake of the elements hidden within. But they were tight, dreadfully so. Flesh was spilling out the top and through small holes ripped into the fabric, but the main girth was still trapped within. Vin reached up and took hold of either side of the pants, pulling fervently at the buttons in an attempt to open the fold. All that came of it was a heavy moan from the bird as more pressure was applied to his lower portions. The shark huffed, needier than ever, verging on crazed, to get at the treasure hidden within. Vin grunted and growled, tugging and pulling, but still to no avail.

The elf watched from behind, arms crossed and grin wide as he watched the struggle and frustration of both parties. It was cruel, he knew, but he could feel his power growing as the issue continued. Meanwhile, the two other members of the group stared on in shock. Roland had his hands cupped over his mouth, a deep blush marking his features as he tried to deny his own arousal brought on by the situation. He couldn't understand it yet, why this was happening, why he was here, what was going to happen to him. But boy, was he oddly eager.

Snowy, on the other hand, seemed nervous. This was entirely strange, weirdly uncomfortable, and he wasn't sure why it was happening either. He didn't understand any of it, but what he did understand was his own mounting jealousy.

"Master," he suddenly piped up, hands planting down onto either edge of his own chair when he sat upright and met his keeper with a stern frown, "this is entirely unfair and you know it." Nega

perked, turning in surprise to meet the disappointed gaze of the hippogryph. "Huh? Oh, you are so terribly right. Hang on, boys," he waved a flippant hand towards the struggling pair, causing them both to calm down to some extent. Zarrow was reduced to tired huffs while Vin slumped down onto his knees, still unwilling to give up his fight with the bird's pants, though a bit more calmly now.

"Alright, Mr. Snowy. You have my attention," the incubus slowly strode over, tail swishing around behind as his paws carried him closer. He stared on expectantly, but Snowy suddenly seemed unsure, nervous, and shy.

"O-oh... uhm..." He rubbed at his upper arm, gaze falling away from the elf as he searched his thoughts for what he wanted from his new Master.

"You don't know? Hmm," Nega stroked at his chin as he thought, "I will help you, then. I know exactly what you want." He made an upwards motion with his hands, "Get up and sit on the floor." The bird immediately did as instructed, no sort of retort from him this time as he stood, stepped aside, and sat cross-legged on the floor. He stared patiently up towards his master, who had followed and now stood just before him. Nega soon sat onto his lap, nestling comfortably with his legs hooked around Snowy's back to keep close.

"Now then," hands graced each side of the bird's face, playing at his feathers and up towards the agitated spines atop his head, "I know how badly you want to grow too." He paused to allow for the eager nod from the hippogryph, "You want to get nice and big for master, don't you?" Another eager nod. "Hmm, you're a different one, though, aren't you? I'm very curious about these," latex-covered hands dipped down between their two bodies, slipping into the front of the horse-portion's pants. Slender digits squeezed gently, causing the bird to squak in surprise as the quaint crotch-breasts were squished. "Yes~ These are very interesting," Nega continued to knead them, eventually pulling Snowy's expression into something more calm and flustered.

"I want these bigger," Nega said simply, "make them bigger for me, Snowy." The bird let out another abrupt noise before opening his mouth wide and craning his neck back in euphoria. The feelings were rushing over him, warm, tingly pleasure, coursing through his body in dizzying waves. He could feel the pressure mounting just beneath Nega's hands, he could feel his own lower breasts pressing more and more into those squeaky, gloved hands and the pants beyond.

"Bigger," Nega urged and another surge of growth took hold, "Bigger!" He slipped his hands out to avoid cutting off the circulation as the breasts grew and pressed more and more into the edge of Snowy's pants. The two mounds were rapidly becoming even more visible beyond the tailored outfit; hard nipple outlines even showing through as the breasts gained mass. Nega pressed into them with his hands from outside, making the bird coo in raw pleasure. Apparently feeling bad for his previous exploits, which Zarrow was still awkwardly enduring, the incubus felt sympathy enough to undo the front of Snowy's pants before proceeding with anymore added growth. The large, melon sized breasts spilled out onto his lap, nestling themselves between Nega's legs as they continued to swell. Snowy let out a sigh of relief, though the return of Nega's breast affections had him stiffening and moaning loudly once more.

"Bigger... m-master. Please..." he murmured through labored gasps, it was a request that had the elf smirking and acquiescing almost instantly. With a surge of his power, the bulbous masses

exploded in growth, the piling flesh pushing Nega's legs farther apart and spilling over his latex covered thighs. Snowy cried out in ecstasy and squirmed as Nega scissored the breasts between his legs, pressing them together and watching as they bulged upwards into his awaiting hands.

"Mmm~" Nega cooed, entirely pleased with the outcome, "can you get up? I want you on your hands and knees." The elf shifted away, rolling to his side to give the bird space, though the momentary distraction of the breasts finally falling to their true form had him giggling and prodding at them curiously. It was as though the hippogryph had two basketball sized sacks of jello between his legs, heavy and oh-so very soft. With one more trailing whine, the creature hefted up onto his knees, the strain evident as the breasts fell free from his lap and sagged into the cold floor of the ballroom. There was a soft thump as he braced himself on his hands, legs splayed in a needy display with a clear lump visible from the back. Nega stood to step around his new pet, admiring the curve of the breasts and the heavy weightiness they portrayed in their meeting with the floor.

"Nnh... they're so heavy," Snowy whined, both in protest and exhilaration.

"Maybe we should fix that," Nega pondered, "I'd hate to break you this soon... here," he snapped his fingers loudly, a noise that jolted the other three contestants, though their eyes had long since been glued to the happenings across the room.

"Ohh...ooOOHH!" Snowy whimpered and cried, his legs quaking in pure pleasure as the heavy breasts swelled and filled out even more. He let his head fall downwards, beak open wide while he groaned and huffed at the floor. Nega was quick to shuffle over and press into the swelling orbs, pushing and kneading, gleefully pulling out more noises from the euphoric avian. They grew bigger, heavier, rounder; eventually pressing into his legs and forcing them away, the breasts would be his back brace now. Before long, the lower boobs were so large that his back slanted downwards towards his head, a severe angle brought on by just how high his breasts had propped his back end. The bulge of the large horse cock hiding within his boxers was now ever more present behind him, its length at full attention despite the restricting clothing that was no doubt giving him a rather uncomfortable wedgie beneath his pants.

Snowy's breathing calmed as the excitement died down for the moment, and Nega seemed content to leave him as he was for a time. In a state of raw bliss and adoration for his own hefty breasts, the hippogryph had no issue simply being left to enjoy their company while Nega sauntered off to the final guest in the group.