

1. Genital transformation

KeaveMind

Keave had to hold on to the bathroom door as he pushed it open, then leaned back against it and held it shut with his shivering body. The dog swallowed, panted, thumped his head back against the door, squeezed his eyes shut, shivered again, ran a paw across his forehead – *why now?* he thought, another convulsion racking his body. *It wasn't supposed to kick in for – for another three or four hours...*

With a bit of difficulty he managed to pull his way away from there and over to the sink, gait wide and uneven, where he had to clutch on to the sides for support. Again he pulled himself up, swallowed, and wiped at his forehead, then managed to look at himself in the mirror.

He looked *winded*. His upper half looked entirely the same, as expected, and there was nothing off about his lower half... at least until he followed the line of his pants fly and the odd contour along there. *Halfway... halfway down my leg already...* he thought, accompanied by another throb verifying the realization. His paws dropped down to begin working at his fly, though the slightest touch against his bulging length there made him shiver all over again. *Already? Is it really...*

Such *pressure*, too, so much more *meat* there than just a little while ago. The dog had to wriggle his body to work the suddenly-tight jeans and boxers down his thighs. The soft, creamy-butter fur of his lower belly puffed and gathered right along his waistline, and right beneath there where he expected to see the so-familiar sight of his own perky sheath was... instead a thick, heavy shaft of leathery-skinned flesh, pulsing and pulling, still pushing down into the leg of his pants.

“Oh, God...”

Even the sensation of pulling his pants down his legs made him shiver and buckle. Keave slid them down further and further, the shape of his shaft coming more fully into view: wide around that he would need both paws to hold it, a thick vein visible along the upper side, a medial ring coming into view halfway down... and when he did manage to drop his pants down to his ankles, the wide, blunted head swung up at the end of one of those throbs, the sudden immense pleasure pulling him down again.

It had certainly worked: instead of the unassuming sheath and pouched sack of his own species now hung the huge, heavy equipment of a full stallion between his legs, still growing, the sudden extra pound and a half of huge balls pulling him down to his knees. The cold tile of the bathroom floor sent a chill up his back when he made it there, those balls shifting and pulling up between his thighs, but – he couldn't close his legs around them, there was too much.

Still the pulsing went on, each time shooting another wave of intense pleasure through the dog's body until he was doubled over on the floor, his equine shaft pressing up against his belly and beside his muzzle, his own rich, earthy musk strengthening the sensation. He had been able to feel himself start to change out in the hallway, too: the way his length had squeezed in on itself and pushed out as it widened, how the supple skin of his sheath had slid and tightened, then relaxed as it lost its fur and became instead the smooth, overlapping wrinkles of a horse's sheath, and how his balls had pulsed and grew, filling his pants until he could hardly take it.

In fact, even now he could hardly take it, each reflexive throb making his entire body shake and tighten, his hips pushing forward so that his own shaft grinded against his cheek, and so his heavy balls dragged

along the floor. Already he was exhausted, yet the pleasure of it mounted, stuttered, continued, until he couldn't take *that*, either. One more throb, a gasp and grunt, a scraping of his claws along the tile floor, and then he bucked again, this time the blunted head of his length remaining up, flaring, and then jerking one more time, a thick, heavy rope of equine seed emptying out from the protruding end.

It lasted as long as that throb did, arcing across the bathroom and impacting the closed door of the shower with a heavy noise, then gave way to a second, a third, a fourth – and a fifth and a sixth, each one spraying out across the floor and Keave's paws beneath him, until the overwhelming sensation forced him to brace his forehead against the ground in the gathering sticky pool, already matting his fur.

For moment he lay there panting, feeling glued to the ground by his own load and by the weight of what he now carried between his legs. *Semi-permanent effects*, the supplement had said. He looked down underneath his body at the huge equine length lying half-limp across the floor, still oozing from its tip. *That's fine. I'll need plenty of time to get used to it...*

2. Omorashi

Peegus

Kopa squirmed where he sat, each tiny little bump in the road, each slight adjustment of the wheel, all making him gasp and tighten up. *It'll be fun*, Lukas had said to him; *we'll drive out there, go on our walk, then come back, and then we can hang out a bit. And, y'know, since we're bringing six water bottles 'cause it's hot outside, we'll be ready to have some fun once we get home.*

Naturally, though, the otter had neglected to inform him that the park they had visited lacked a restroom, that the drive was forty minutes both ways, and that they wouldn't be stopping on the way back due to Lukas forgetting to top up on gas before their trip. This left the leopard glued to his seat, one paw tightly clutching the seat belt to keep it from clamping down around his waist and the other digging into the fabric of the seat itself, with him meticulously picking his claws out of it after every bump.

"You know," Lukas said softly, the otter's head tilting a bit, "I probably *could* pull over for a sec, if it's really that urgent..."

Kopa swallowed again and wriggled. Breathing too deeply reminded him just how *full* he was, so he tried to avoid that, too. "No, no," he answered, words as tight as his concentration, "that's okay. Besides, we're not – really..."

Maybe ten minutes ago, but certainly not now, as they passed through one of the small towns on the way back. Again and again Lukas looked over to him, with Kopa noticing the way he glanced down at his legs, as though expecting him to lose control. Which, honestly, with the way the asphalt of the road had degraded, and how the slower pace of the car now made it toss and turn...

The leopard gritted his teeth again and shifted his hips, then regretted it immediately. The *pressure* was the worst part, and the feeling, the knowledge, that the slightest lapse in focus and strain would indeed cause him to release, and yet at the same time he couldn't help but go over the same images in his head that had been on his mind since he had first felt the familiar twinges: undoing his fly and unzipping, bringing his sheath out into the air, pushing it back *just* enough for his tip to poke free, then letting that

pressure finally release, draining out of him and replacing that unpleasant pressure with instead the sweet, delicious relief, and the...

The... slight tingling feeling, the sensation of his pants shifting and settling with a growing wetness, the unexpected chill vibrating up his back and leading him to settle back in his seat a little more, and the – *wait*. Kopa sucked in a breath and straightened up, abruptly looking out the other window so as not to make eye contact with Lukas driving the car, as he shifted in his seat a bit to make certain. *That wasn't... I didn't...*

The more he waited, the more he tried to hold it, though, the more he lost the battle. It was like trying to force two of the same magnets together, nothing more than an attempt when he already knew the outcome. The seat belt gripped and locked with his tugging, his claws audibly tore from the seat underneath him, his breath rushed out in a quick sigh of relief, and then so too did all six of those water bottles in a slow, steady stream, quite quickly gaining speed and force while still bound within his boxers.

No, no, no, not now – if only I could...

The leopard thumped his head against the seat, straightened up, and then sank down again, his will finally crumbling away like a broken dam beneath the flow. It just felt so *good*, being able to release and relieve, and as the so-pleasant warmth and wetness spread over his lower belly and soaked through his fur first and pants second. The fabric dampened and grew heavy with the wetness, with the muted scent of it floating up towards his nose a second later; with his muzzle now in his paw and head still tilted the other way, he could still notice Lukas sniff at the air and look over at him one more time.

“What...”

Kopa buried his muzzle deeper in his paw, not even trying to stop it now. He could feel the stream as it poured out of the end of his sheath, spreading out in his bellyfur and further adding to the pool beneath his rump and soaking into the car seat. One of the cars behind them honked; Lukas looked back to the road and then put his foot to the gas again, rolling them forward over the uneven surface.

It seemed to go on for minutes, all six of those bottles of water pouring, streaming, dribbling out of him, the lower half of his shirt soaked through with his leaked mark, the car seat certainly ruined as well. The leopard tried to scoot further away from his friend and towards the window, a mumbled apology trickling out of his mouth as the last drops dripped out of his sheath as well.

Lukas smirked and shook his head. “That’s alright,” he said. “You bet I’m gonna make you pay for that, though. And I don’t mean with money.”

The sound of his voice, the smirk on his face... something told Kopa that Lukas might have planned for that to happen. He sighed and squirmed again, knowing that the otter was going to make him sit in his own wet warmth for the rest of the ride back.

3. Authority

UnimaginativeWolf

“I would imagine you know what to do by now, yes?”

Ky nodded and sighed softly, not out of strain or dejection but rather from relief that his professor had accepted his offer again. More of an inquiry than an offer this time, and to be fair, Dr. Riggs *had* been the one to originally propose the deal.

"I notice you've been slipping in your assignments a bit," the mouse had said after class one did, his smooth green eyes looking up at Ky from behind the desk. *"Come into my office and we can discuss your options. You're not doing anything for the next... oh, twenty minutes, I take it?"*

The lion had accepted, and although he certainly hadn't expected what had followed, the thought had indeed crossed his mind before. Today he went through the same motions, letting the older mouse push his big chair back, watching as he spread his legs, and then letting his own backpack drop from his shoulders to rest against the desk...

Riggs adjusted his tie a bit. The mouse's big, thin ears flicked with eager anticipation. "Knees, Ky. You know how it goes."

The lion obeyed, smoothly and silently. He tried not to show his own enjoyment, though part of him felt that the professor already knew. There was *just* enough room underneath the desk in the classroom – a fact he had learned already in the past – for him to kneel and work at the mouse's pants, sharp-clawed fingers working deftly and silently at the now familiar belt and pants fly beneath.

"Leave it on," Riggs murmured, scooting forward a bit. He put himself closer to the edge of his seat, at the same time bracing his knees against the lion's shoulders, and leaned over his desk to get back to work. "Sandra – Dr. Ward from the physics department – might be coming in for a chat in a few minutes."

Ky swallowed and looked up. "Should I stop, or–"

"No." The mouse lifted his hips to accentuate that statement, pushing a gentle waft of his musk across the lion's nose. "Keep going. Just like always. Leave the belt and boxers on and just pull me out and work there."

Ky preferred the clear, concise instruction instead of the professor letting him do whatever, honestly: it gave him a strict direction and expectation, and a goal he could stick to in order to earn his keep in the classroom. Riggs squirmed softly beneath first his fingers, then his lips, and finally his tongue and maw, the lion careful as always with his thick fangs around the mouse's length, some part of him enjoying the gentle gasps and twitches he earned out of the older professor, and relishing the also-familiar taste beginning to fill his muzzle and head.

"That's good..." Riggs said, a few minutes in. It sounded like he swept his arm gently across his desk, followed by the clatter of a pen rolling to the side. "If you expressed this much diligence in your actual schoolwork, Ky..."

That made the lion smirk, his nose already buried in the slight puff of greyish fur visible through the hole in Dr. Riggs's underwear. *Just don't let him find out I've been intentionally putting off my assignments, just so I can earn a little more extra credit.*

The mouse's legs adjusted against his shoulders. "Careful. Here she comes. Don't do anything rash."

Both of them slowed and tightened when the classroom door opened, Ky's ears flicking back towards the sound of heavy shoes coming down the aisle. He had had Dr. Ward for his intro physics class his freshman year and nothing since, and always felt that she had forgotten his name and face when the two met in the hall. Little did she know that now the two met again, separated only by a few inch-thick planks of wood making up the back of the desk and hiding the student's body from view while he resumed bobbing his head in his professor's lap, trying to maintain a speed that wouldn't give away what was going on while the two spoke.

Diligence, Riggs had said, and with Ky's eyes closed and one paw gripping the mouse's thin thigh, he could feel what he meant. Slight tension building up in the rodent's muscles, a little strain developing underneath his voice as he went over the semester statistics with Dr. Ward, a moment where he paused, coughed, and cleared his throat, then a drumming of his fingers against the desk, the creak of the chair as he pushed back and leaned forward, and then, finally, a series of short, tight grunts, his hips bucking just slightly into the lion's muzzle as he painted the inside of his mouth with his load.

Ky remained with his muzzle buried between those small legs for a moment and then pulled back and swallowed it all down in one go, all the while idly half-listening to Dr. Ward's words on – the restructuring of "the basic non-math-major physics curriculum and the split between general and technical on the way to differentiation between the disciplines" and whatever else.

And there, he thought, is my second B for the grading period. Maybe if I come in again I'll be able to up it to an A.

4. Clothed Sex

UnimaginativeWolf

Lukas gasped and clutched at the lid of the toilet as best he could, the wild dog behind him yanking his pants only halfway down his thighs. He looked behind himself just in time to see Askia lick his paw, then jumped again when that fresh wetness slid up along his revealed tailhole, middle finger poking in to the center just a bit.

"Good – *ness*..." the otter breathed, licking his lips. He couldn't find that good of a handhold where he knelt over the fixture, but at least the restaurant kept it clean. Askia licked his paw again, though this time used it to push his sheath the rest of the way back over his unswollen knot and to spread the slickness over his twitching hard shaft. "Someone's eager..."

"I – *told* you..." This time it was a thumb that pressed against his tailhole, with Lukas relaxing and pressing back against it to let it in. It poked in, wrapped around the rim of his muscle, gave a little tug, then slid out, to be soon replaced by the tapered tip of the wild dog's shaft. "...that I'm gonna rail you as soon as I fucking see you again, love..."

The otter intended to reply there but found the ability stripped from him, beneath the sensation of Askia pressing forward into him. Lukas gripped at the toilet, the chill of cold porcelain thankfully muted through the front of his shirt, his jacket hanging open along his sides and hopefully obscuring the view of what was going on were anyone to peek through the crack in the bathroom stall. And, of course, if they were to somehow miss the African wild dog steadily pressing in under his tail from behind, his pants

only far enough down his legs to allow his shaft out, and his own jacket still zipped up as it had been when he had departed the airplane.

Lukas's breath tumbled out from between his parted lips in a soft, shivering sigh, his blunted claws grazing smoothly along the toilet's surface. Askia had only tugged down the *back* of his pants: Lukas felt himself twitch and throb into the fabric of his underwear, his fly unbuttoned but still fully zipped in front. "Well," he managed, then gritted his teeth. Had they had more time or thought to prepare he would have loved to give that canine length a good tongue-bath first, but their combined excitement to see each other after so long without had prevented that; Askia had to steadily work his hips forward and back against the otter's tailhole, squeezing himself deeper into him against the relative lack of lubrication. Not that Lukas minded too much. "You didn't *quite* do that, to be fair--"

"Oh, come on." Warm paws briefly gripped his hips, pulling him back from the toilet and further against the wild dog's front. "I wasn't gonna fuck you in an *airport* bathroom."

"But a steakhouse bathroom is – oooh... okay?" Lukas folded his arms beneath his head and willed himself to relax again, loving the feeling of Askia's body against his even through their clothing. His belt, hanging loose from his open pants, bumped against the otter's upper thigh with each thrust and sent shiver after shiver up his back from the cold metal.

"Abso-*lutely*. God..." A paw briefly worked its way down between their bodies as Askia shimmied his pants another half-inch down his legs. Though they might not be able to see too well, anyone who would come in here might be able to hear the constant rhythmic rustling of each of their clothing. "Luke, I've *needed* this..."

The otter bounced forward and back along the toilet, Askia's rhythm already slapping against his rump. That sound too, thankfully, was muted by the fabric. "I can tell. I have, too, you know."

"You slipped your paw into my pants on the drive over."

"That I did." He had also kept that paw near his muzzle when they had placed their order, Askia's soft scent magnified from the two-hour plane ride keeping sharp a wholly different appetite of his. "Look, all I'm saying is, *I* wouldn't have complained about – ah, *ah*... about an airport bathroom, if it meant I could... feel *this* again..."

The speed of his pace, the urgency of his thrusts, and surely the pent-up anticipation and imagination beginning with Lukas's teasing of the wild dog earlier in the morning before he had gotten on the plane resulted in a dangerous, volatile mix for Askia, and one that Lukas could certainly feel already building up and peaking. The otter angled his body, pushed back from the toilet, pressed his rump up against Askia's lower body as far as he could, felt the twitching, pulsing knot attempt to force its way into his tailhole... then flicked his ears back and smirked.

Askia had gritted his teeth and closed his eyes, then abruptly bucked, and again, and again, not quite managing to fit his knot inside the otter due to the buffer of tangled, wrinkled clothing between them. A soft series of breathy moans pulsed out from his parted lips just as Lukas felt those throbs shoot through his length, buried inside of him, while his own twitched inside his pants. He waited for the wild dog to relax, paws returning to his waist, and then slid one of his own down beneath his body.

Askia made to pull out, though Lukas wrapped his rudder around him and held him in, buried inside of him.

"No," he said simply, wiggling his paw inside his pants and underwear. "You stay right where you are."

All he needed was a few more minutes. *Our food probably isn't out yet*, the otter idly thought, giving himself a few strokes. *Maybe, knowing Askia, he'll be ready for round two after the time it takes me to finish here...*

5. Incest

ShiningCastor

"Boys, would you run upstairs and get my bag, please? It's in the guest room at the end of the hall."

Castor and Pollux shared a quick, knowing glance before they both assented to their aunt's request and stood to head towards the stairs. Pollux led, as the bluish-furred fatter usually did, with his twin brother close behind; they each waited until the raucous noise of the family reunion died down behind them, then shared another grin.

"There's *so many* people here," Castor said, reaching forward for his brother's wrist. "I didn't even know we had such a big family."

"Neither did I." Pollux looked back at him once more and shifted his arm so that he found his paw instead. "But it's really good to see you again."

Castor smiled and squeezed. "It is. I can't wait 'til everyone leaves later so we can spend some more time together, and..." He glanced down to the stairs, trying to make sure he wouldn't miss a step. "Well. You know."

"Do I?" Warm green eyes glittered back at him. "I don't think I know what you're talking about."

He could feel the blush start to grow along his cheeks and ears while thinking about it. When his brother had texted him that he'd be attending the reunion, all kinds of thoughts and ideas popped into his head, as well as frequently-revisited memories and past encounters between the two... "Pollux..."

"At the end of the hall, right?"

"Yeah. The guest room. Not this one, it's the--"

Abruptly Castor felt himself pushed up against the door as they passed by, the heavy wood thumping softly on its hinges. Pollux raised his twin's arm up over his head with that one paw and quickly, smoothly slid his other up beneath the more mint-toned fatter's shirt, his touch immediately eliciting a sweet shiver from him.

The blue fatter waited for his brother to meet his eyes, then smiled. "This one's *our* bedroom, isn't it? With the two twin beds on either side of the room?"

Castor swallowed, then nodded.

“Only one of those is gonna get used, though, isn’t it?”

Again he nodded, his blush deepening – and pants tightening. The sound of silverware clattering against one of the dinner plates echoed up from downstairs.

Pollux ran his paw up his brother’s chest and then started back down, fingerpads travelling over the slight lines of ribs in soft fur, along the flat of his belly, down towards the fly of his pants... “We’ve got some time now, you know. You haven’t properly greeted me yet.”

There was always a little bit of nervousness associated with the thing, knowing the taboo of it, and Castor felt this even stronger now that he could still hear the voices of his other family members downstairs. Pollux’s grip tightened on the front of his pants and urged him downwards, though, and he certainly was not about to ignore it. He breathed a soft laugh, rolled his eyes, and let himself drop slowly down to his knees, at the same time trailing his paws down the other fotters’ sides, bringing them in towards the front of his pants, and then working at the button and zipper there.

The first time they had actually stepped things up between them had been an amazing, nerve-wracking experience, and one he had never quite forgotten – especially for how it always came back into his mind when they played around again. Very quickly he learned that his brother still preferred not to wear underwear beneath his pants, as the first thing to greet his eyes when he opened Pollux’s pants fly was the familiar pale-blue puff of fur above his sheath, and the also-familiar lime-green flesh poking out from the end.

The scent, too, was familiar, so similar to his own yet just different enough for him to enjoy even more. He hid his blush beneath Pollux’s sheath and sack for a moment, nuzzling up between his twin’s legs as he had imagined himself doing since first arriving at the reunion over an hour ago, then moved up towards that tip, planted a soft kiss there, and swirled his tongue in.

Pollux’s paw came down to caress behind one of his ears and then tightened, holding him down in place while the other fotters bucked forward gently, his shaft slowly growing along Castor’s tongue. Again and again he did this, each time pushing a little further, a little faster, until Castor almost had to move back to allow him more room in his throat; once there he dove down again, stayed there a moment, and then finally came up to resume nuzzling at the base of his shaft. All he wanted, all he *needed*, was to make his brother buck and gasp and moan and paint the back of his throat, so that he could taste him every time he breathed in, and-

And Pollux tugged upwards on the collar of his shirt, his finally fully-hard shaft twitching unattended between them. Castor, confused, rose to his feet and waited, and then again felt himself pressed back against the door when Pollux leaned in for a kiss, his tongue deftly swirling into Castor’s mouth to find his own taste there.

“We’re only up here to get a bag,” he reminded Castor, with a soft pat to the shoulder. Pollux then reached down to zip his pants back up, hiding that delicious bright flesh beneath his waistband and shirt. *There’s no way that’s comfortable without underwear on...* Castor thought, then again let a brief image flash through his head of him offering his muzzle – or rump – instead. “Can’t spend too long. But I feel properly greeted, now, and you should, too.” Pollux winked and took Castor’s paw again, then continued leading him down the hall.

On their way back Castor couldn't help but eye that same door, imagining the two beds inside, and envisioning just what was going to happen later that night.