

Afterhours Absorption

By: Mannothe and RaddaRaem

The timbre of the clock's large hand perked Delilah's ears. An hour between classes had passed well before she had realized it, so busy was her wrist forging a furious path across papers graded and ungraded. Every interstice or so it would drop the pen, tip practically sizzling, and gently stroke the cheek of her beloved Raichu. Wrist gone flat, the Delphox tucked her chin against her chest to nuzzle and brush her thick fingers against her tutting TA. Giggling, she could feel her padded palm and puffed out cheeks glow with the sparks that ensued thereafter. "Sorry we can't snuggle in earnest, Richie," came her rich lilt. "Post- Ability exams is a rough time to get together. I appreciate you being here while I clean up, though!"

"Like I had a choice," the Raichu smirked as a thick pair of lips pressed against his cheeks.

"Not even a token tut of resistance escaped those," Delilah grunted when she locked lips and macked on him in earnest, "Warm. Sumptuous. Smoochable." In between breaths she smothered her shy chu with bussing sessions inescapable. "Leathery lips. Right, Richie?" Her free hand continued to flick through papers uninterrupted. Her warm crimson eyes flit across the the chickenscratch between the lines. The written portion of Ability exams never were terribly popular but they proved a necessity in her eyes. It was imperative one be familiar with the nuances of not only one's own ability but many others as well. An instant was all it took for her to decipher what letter grade deserved to be branded upon its surface. Flirting aside, the plump professor certainly wasn't one to let her duties to her students falter.

Richie's only initial reaction consisted of the spreading of warmth across the ridge of his muzzle as his own pair of smoochers pressed shyly into hers, trying to reciprocate the same level of passion and failing quite stupendously. "Y-yeah," he managed between them. His eyes flitted to the piles of papers she dutifully continued refining as she teased and flirted--damn, she was a pro at this, just effortlessly multitasking while he struggled to so much as keep up!

Brows arched, Delilah curled her meaty hands round a bundle of papers and tapped them beside her bosom buddy. "Would you mind knocking some of these out while I deal with our guests?"

Richie started. "What guests?" A rapping at the door answered the Electric-Type's question no sooner than it was voiced. He mrrmmf'd as he was tapped down into between the forest of fluff that tapered down between his lover's bosom. "Future Sight is never going to stop being weird."

"You're going to keep saying that until you start using it yourself," Delilah sang, gently pressing down on her little mouse's head until his tiny body all but disappeared into the fluffy chasm between her immense chest. "Now just sit tight until I say so, alright? This shouldn't be long."

A muffled "Mhmm" served as affirmation.

Shifting in place, her bountiful behind spilling well over the sides of her rotating chair, Delilah cleared her throat. "Come in, come in! How can I help you, Mr. Owen? It isn't often that someone takes advantage of my office hours on a Friday afternoon." Lips curled up into a subtle, almost assured grin, she eagerly eyed the husky Vaporeon that shyly sidled into her office.

"How did you? I. Umm." The Vaporeon sighed. His husky heft jiggled and sloshed softly with every step forward he took to greet her. "Hi, Professor." Shimmering blue cheeks coating themselves with hues of red, he struggled to tug down his shirt over the distended, gurgling gut it failed to properly contain. The dampened fabric simply clung tighter to his curves, chief among them his prodigious moobs, and only served to further exacerbate the source of the Water-Type's shame.

Delilah eyed the... rather bountiful frame of the Vaporeon with some manner of delicacy. "You, ah, seem a little different than the last time you showed up to class," she purred. Her eyes poured over the generous curves and the ill-fitting clothes that did little to cover the former up at all, evident by the small rips forming at their hems. Sheesh, they wouldn't hold on for too much longer. The work boots he usually wore to class had already long since given up, at least judging by the soft scrunching of his bare toes, each almost too big and too thick to fit in conventional footwear. She didn't have a terrible need to ask, but there was something tickling about doing so anyway. "What brings you to my office today?"

Owen's throat bulged as he stifled what had the potential to be a raucous belch. A grunt, low and reverberating within his swollen cheeks, accompanied the warm puff of air that escaped from between his nostrils. "S-so. You know how on Monday we were... um. We were..."

The Delphox hummed and swiped a hand across her desk. Stacks of paper wrinkled beneath the grip of her padded digits while she brought them before her. Chin tucked against her bosom, she hummed and reviewed her since outdated schedule. "Ah, yes. We had a voluntary review session instead of class in preparation for our latest Ability Exam! Heh, I recall us getting wildly off-topic and going on at length about Grass-Type Moves there for a while. The ones that were, practically speaking, capable of being cast by any Pokemon whose body did not consist of naturally produced foliage in particular."

"Y-yeah, that," Owen managed. His fat fingers fumbled and drummed over one another like a stirring whisk. His lips pried apart to reveal a snaggletooth fang, then closed, then opened again before he finally spat a few words. "I tried one or two out..." He shuffled. "I was. Umm... s-see, I was going to practice one of the Absorb-related spells with my girlfriend, and, um, I kinda did, and..." It was there that he simply threw out his hands as if no further explanation was needed.

Subduing the urge to grin manically, Delilah simply nodded. "One or two? That doesn't quite narrow down what specific Absorb spell we're dealing with here, Mr. Owen. Those spells cover a wide variety of potential moves all with varying effects and nomenclatures."

"...What? Karla, I--what do you mean 'it's comfy' in there?" Owen meeped. His finlike ears dropped somewhat, then sprung back up. His eyes rose to meet with his professor's. Delilah's smile was ear to ear. "I-I can still hear her and talk to her. She's not gone! It's just I mean I don't know what went wrong, and... can it be cured at all? How do I fix this?"

Thick fluffy tail undulating behind her, the fiery fennec fox maintained her professional composure. Utterly adorable as it was she sincerely doubted laughing in her student's plump pinch-able face would alleviate his concerns. "From what little I've gathered I take it that you, by means affectionate and or otherwise, quite literally absorbed a friend of yours into your person? Their very form broken down to ether and saturating your now... ahem... swollen self?" Fluffy fingers steepled Delilah was eager to milk this for all it was worth.

Owen's fidgets were telltale. His blue cheeks flushed a slight red at the Psychic-Type's mention of affection. *Ah, damn it, of course she already knows.*

I was wondering when you'd gather as much, a husky and familiar feminine voice sounded out within his noggin. Oh hell. Yes, Mr. Owen, I am well aware of your plight. While I laud your efforts to advance your learning beyond what is listed out in rote detail on my syllabus... the results of your self-taught spellcasting leaves much to be desired. That aside, my role here is to encourage my students to learn. You were ambitious enough to seek out how to cast... Mega Drain, I believe it was, of your own volition. There's nothing stopping you from finding out how to undo its more exaggerated effects in turn. I do appreciate you showing the initiative to take advantage of my office hours though.

Clearing her throat, Delilah arched her crimson colored eyebrows. "A simple 'Geodoogle' search should have you covered. Is there anything else I can assist you with, Mr. Owen?"

Bloated blue cheeks puffed out, crimson streaks creasing their soft wet shiny surface, the Vaporeon shook his head side to side. The fins running along the sides of his head contracted as he did so. "No, professor! I-I think I can handle it from here." His eyes fell to their rims as he nodded away her question. "Thanks for the help!"

Owen turned for the exit, difficult though it was to resist asking for one of the sweet Jolly Poliwhags in the bowl on Delilah's desk. A little pick-me-up would be nice, but... he had better get going if he wanted to fix this the faster. One hand fell to his taut, full tummy, massaging the its apex as it groaned for attention, sagging past his waist at a weight that probably rivaled even Delilah's. The floor beneath his thick, padded feet swapped from carpet to concrete as a rush of hot air swept across his face with the automatic opening of the office doors. He almost wanted to linger. *Don't let the heat in, please, Mr. Owen.* Nevermind. Eager to escape the telepathic connection established between him and his professor, the voluptuous Vaporeon finally made it a point to step outside and allow the doors to shut behind him.

"Could've been worse," a new voice wryly commented inside the Vaporeon's increasingly congested skull. Owen grunted. A haze, accompanied by a gentle pressure, pressed against his eyes. "Sorry. Still getting used to all of..." A sloshing sensation circled through his shoulders. "This. ...You being unable to see me gesture makes getting my point across a lot harder than I thought'd be."

Biting into his swollen lip, Owen hmmpphed. "I felt it."

"Holy shit, you did? Huh. Not really sure what to do with that but it's cool all the same." The sultry female voice hummed and hawwed while it fumbled for a thought. Its owner pictured herself over what she could see of Owen's generous figure; no horns, no long ears, no poisonous spines and certainly no muscular physique to round it all out. The scuted scales, the thick, telephone pole-snapping tail... a part of her already missed being a Nidoqueen. It wasn't a huge part, but just like Owen, she was acclimating. All things considered, being absorbed by her boyfriend, so huge and all-encompassing and handsome... really, really wasn't all that terrible.

Brows furrowed, the Vaporeon plodded onward. His thick thighs slapped noisily against each other with every sidewalk filling step. That heaving gut bounced up and down in tune to his gait. The

elastic of his shorts pinching at the folds of slick blue furred fat every time it did so. "Karla, aren't you even a little worried about this?"

"Not really? I mean. Prof put whatever nitpicks I mighta had to rest. Owen, she knows her shit. If she says it's fine then I'll be fine." A sharp giggle resounded through the male's shared mind. "Besides, since when have you been the type of guy to get all nervous about something new?"

"Since it turned me into a two-ton behemoth who can barely keep his belly in check," Owen breathed exasperatedly. Ach, this heat. Particularly minding his packed-on poundage, it sure wasn't helping.

He mmf'd when he felt the edges of his eye sockets strain. "You just rolled your eyes at me didn't you?"

"Maybe," Karla sassed back. "Two tons is exaggerating. I am only three hundred pounds of the half a ton you're just barely scraping past, I'll have you know. Or at least, I was. Not that I'm complainin', mind you. Looks better on you than it does me." Owen arched his brows when he felt a faint tingling sensation scratching at his chubby chins. "Though gotta admit. Pretty humbling havin' a boyfriend with bigger boobs than me."

"Humbling is right." Owen placed his hands to his hips. At first he had to move them further to the side upon remembering how huge they were. "You don't really sound all that upset about being in there. Or... here, I guess." Brisk sunlight shone down from the gentle layers of cloud cover as the voluminous Vapoleon strolled down the sidewalk, each step pounding against the concrete and creating riveting thuds of sound and force. "What is it like in there that has you so... I dunno, not freaking out?"

A husky hmm echoed inside his soft and squishy skull. "I mean. I should be, don't get me wrong. Just. Hard not to like it in here." The Nidoqueen timidly trudged forth along the conjured mental landscape. Grains of sand pressed at the gaps between her scaly toes while she advanced upon a pristine beach. Tall wispy strands of grass, uneasily rooted in the sand, rustled against each other in the gentle breeze that swept along the Vapoleon blue ocean. "Remember you sayin' you grew up in Alola. It's... nice." Clawed hands squeezing at her broad hips she inhaled deeply. Her nostrils flared and took a deep drag of the salt laden air that wafted round her.

The dreamscape Karla inhabited was tailored directly to her shaping--a hideaway paradise composed of both their thoughts and desires, if ultimately leaning on the end of Owen. The lush breeze kept thick, broad palm leaves swaying just so, with seas of sand comprising the interstice between a veritable archipelago of ethereal islets in the vast distance. All of it was as comfortable and inviting as she had wanted it to be, and Owen's will for her safety kept the thread of this new world perfectly taut.

Karla looked up. The sky itself tapered away into a tireless meshing of worlds, ever mixing, ever swirling, like a whirlpool set in the sky. She scrunched her thick blue toes into the sand. As if willing Owen to see what she did, she spoke: "There's a lot to like, really."

"Really?" His husky voice echoed across the sky. He pursed his lips when he felt his cerulean colored eyebrows scrunch along his forehead.

“Well what did you think it’d be like in here?” Karla mouthed back at... her thick club of a tail slid side to side uneasily. Ehh. Clearing her throat she directed her replies at the soft blue sky for the time being.

“I dunno! How am I supposed to know what it’s like in there?”

“Owen it’s your head. I... think? Now that I think about it hell if I know where we’d tuck an island getaway in you.”

“There’s a what in me?!” Lips pulled flat, he flapped his fat thick lips against one another as he raspberried. Owen eyed the corner of the Pokemon Center; the last block that impeded his path home. A few more thundering steps and his dinky place would be within sight. “I mean, I guess? If you can show me somehow, that’d be great. It’s not like I’ve been able to focus enough to peer into the psychic energy that allows this crap to happen or whatever it is.”

“Not psychic energy, grass-type energy,” Karla sang from within, her lilting voice rattling his skull.

“Please stop that.” Owen rolled his eyes. Probably wasn’t even considered grass-type anymore since it had nothing to do with roots, vines, or god forbid, grass. Lifting his head, he saw the concrete walkway and miniature flight of stairs that tapered off into the light temporary place he called home. Autopilot had carried him far while he bantered with Karla.

“Those’ll hold you, right?” Finger tapping at her chin, the Nidoqueen watched on curiously while swarms of clouds sailed across the sky. They came to consolidate with one another as they melded into a billowing cumulus cloud that threatened to stretch across the horizon. Across its vast and puffy white form images flickered in and out of focus. Familiar sights of the entrance to their shared apartment played out across her wispy window into the outside world. She hummed in delight at seeing swollen arms that were not her own fitfully trying tugging a shirt down past a distended blue gut.

“You’re trying to hide it!”

“It’s not working, I know,” Owen huffed. His thick fingers left the hem of his shirt and dove to the pockets on the broad, slightly torn seat of his pants for his keys as the tremendous Vaporeon hobbled his thick legs up the steps to his porch. With great difficulty his anything but dainty digits struggled to fit into the now practically nonexistent gap between the woven gap in his jeans. The blue denim was well beyond squishy skin tight. Owen eyed the outline of his keys against his thighs where they lay pressed between blue walls of denim.

“Oh I know. That’s a given. I’m just wondering why!” She paused at Owen’s very audible groan. Her fingers tapped gleefully to her eeing chin as the sky’s vision bore a broad ocean of blue; the seat of his jeans being fumbled at by his fat fingers. “You don’t think you rock the look? Come ooon, Owen!”

“Pleeeeeease stop staring at my ass,” Owen cried out to nobody. “I just wanna get inside already!”

Karla growled lustfully as she used Leer to great effect. “You know. Probly have a whole hell of a lot more luck emptying your pockets if you were to... oh. I dunno. Remove ‘em?”

“Remove what? My pockets? ”

“No!” The Nidoqueen steepled her clawed fingers and swung her hips side to side. “The things that pockets go on,” she demurred.

Biting into his swollen bottom lip, the voluptuous Vaporeon hmmphed. “My... thighs?”

“Take off your goddamn pants. It will please me.”

“How does ‘no’ sound?” Owen said with a roll of his shoulders. Finally, his padded fat fumbling fingertips found solace in the touch of cold, light metal. He shuddered at the thought of being even *less* clothed than he was now, even if it was just for Karla. No. Out of the question. Instead, he slipped the key through its lock and twisted, as if in punctuation.

A weight, as if his very own arms were crossed about his chest, pressed down against his moobs to the accompaniment of a disappointed grunt that rumbled low between his finned ears. “Would you stop it.” Ruby red flares of color that seemed far more appropriate for a Flareon to flaunt creased his cheeks. “Just. At least let me get inside first...”

A shrill sound of squeeing hope echoed amidst his mind.

“Wonder how they’re holding up,” Richie said with a chuuv of concern. His soft, broad feet dug their toes firm into the carpet as he held his fuzzy chin up with both palms. His short, slightly chubby fingers papped against his cheeks, eliciting thrumming sparks from their bright yellow pouches. His ribs groaned, leaning against the arm of the sofa whose cushions went slightly concave, angled to Richie’s side with the weight of a certain passenger.

“They took, or, well, I suppose Mr. Owen did if we’re being pedantic about it, the initiative to approach us in the first place.” Black furred hands held up before her, a musty tome swallowed up in the padded palm of one, Delilah swiped a clawed digit through the air. Purple wisps of ether wafted off her fingertip as a fragile piece of parchment flipped itself over to the next page. “I’m sure they’re fumbling through best they can uncertainties and all. Worse comes to worse I can simply dispel the damage done come Monday when he lumbers into class.” Pinching at the frame of her glasses, she adjusted her eyewear atop her muzzle.

Richie let loose a small eep as gravity pulled him to the epicenter of the sofa, his tiny hips papping soundlessly against Delilah’s own, hefty, cushion-sized pair. He scrambled for constitution and sat up as straight as possible. The display earned an amused glance from the dynamic Delphox. “I guess you’re right about that, but still. Just makes me wonder if they’re really able to take care of it like you said they would!”

“I have my doubts,” Delilah sang with a lilt. Her eyes glowed with magenta ribbons of smoky excess, accentuated by the glassy lens of her spectacles. “Right now... it looks like they’re just getting home. I’ll check back in a few hours from now.” The Delphox snapped the tome closed between her

thumb and index finger. Ruby red eyebrows arched, her eyes swiveled along their sockets and came to rest on the Raichu sidled alongside her. "If you were looking for a segue to air your own concerns and uncertainties now's as good a time as ever."

"M-my own?" Richie urped. Ah, damn. Owen's mind wasn't the only one she could read. The Raichu anxiously shifted in his seat with swivels of his tiny tush, wiry tail settling beside his thigh.

"Psychic Type and all," Delilah shrugged with a smile.

Those equal parts curvy and pointed ears of Richie's folded along the side of his head. "Is this gonna be a mental conversation or a spoken one? Bouncing back and forth is kind of a hassle."

"I'm content with relying on the spoken word," Delilah chirped. "Can't let those massive ears of yours go to waste, now can we?" A thick, fuzzy, padded thumb came round to pinch those fanned and curved ears, caressing them with a gentleness surprising coming from the Delphox's massive form.

"I-I guess not," Richie meeped. His hands came to press his fanned ears to his head the moment Delilah's fingers left them. "It's just. Us. Together. It's..."

Delilah's jacket audibly strained. Drawing in deeply of the incense laden air inside her home, scented embers flaring to life within her nostrils, the Delphox's chest inflated and pressed out against her constrictive clothing. "I was wondering when we would broach the topic. Doesn't take a mind reader, or, heh, a casting of Mind Reader, to ascertain something troubled you."

"Well I suppose if you already know what I'm going to ask..."

Delilah's eyes settled firmly on her Raichu. "Humor me, won't you? Besides, Richie. Communication is a part of any healthy relationship. It's one thing to think these thoughts. It's another matter entirely to willingly share them."

A roll of Richie's shoulders came to pass. "Alright," he puffed. The words and tone betrayed an awful amount of uncertainty. How to phrase something uniquely if she could just read his mind? "It's just the idea of you and I being so disparate in age, you know? Arceus alive, twice my age even. I'm still an undergrad, and you're... well, a professor! You could be teaching *me* if I was enrolled in this class and not its TA."

The Delphox brought a fist to her fuzzy chin. Perhaps it was less in thought than in quiet understanding. "But you're not the one complaining. I know that much."

"I'm not," Richie admitted. His long, wiry tail flicked nervously. Oh, he knew, and she knew--but he still wanted to say it. His long, broad feet curved inward, settling upon one another with anxiously curled toes. "I always worry a little about how we're seen, you know? ...How everybody else views us being together like we are. The students, the faculty..." The Raichu's throat bulged as he swallowed hard. "My family."

The Delphox nodded. It was clear through her words, her tone, her very telepathy that she felt the subject was not a topic of terrible concern to her. However, that it mattered to Richie was more

than enough to sway her. Her own gargantuan poof of a tail, light-gold in color, sashayed as she thought about how to word her thoughts, and in what order they should come.

While she did so, the Delphox took her little lover into her broad arms, which easily groped around the width of his tiny form like furry tree trunks. With a light huff of effort, she plucked him up and plopped him onto her wide lap comprised of thighs that traipsed dangerously close to his own size. "I think you'd be surprised how few people actually know, Richie. You and I, we keep good secrets.

"I think everyone can see how hard you blush whenever you use me as some kind of demonstration during class," the Raichu reasoned.

Cheeks puffed out Delilah couldn't help but shift excitedly, the couch seesawing at her motions, at the sights, sounds, and sensations that accompanied semesters past. "...So you're not wrong. Maybe I should phrase it this way. Is our relationship something you want kept secret? Am I someone you don't want to be seen with?"

Richie's arcing tail stood on end at the accusation. "No! No no no no. I'm just." His sigh dragged on until his lungs emptied. "I'm just a shychu, is all."

Delilah shifted on her seat, the chair's cushion groaning in agony with rubbery squeaks. "I understand." A hand as large as Richie's head came up to stroke his massive ears, then fell to his head to lovingly caress him. She felt his smooth, silky hair pass between her thick fingers like blonde water, and sighed a breath of contentment. She hoped the sentiment would ease the blow of her next few words. "Let's nip this in the bud then," came Delilah's lilac whisper. "You and I. Let's traipse up to class tomorrow, your hand in mine, without letting go until we sit gingerly at our desk. Not for one moment do I expect us to care about who sees."

Sparks arced out furiously from those yellow chu cheeks as Richie shuddered in a mixture of delight, despair, and disbelief. Teeth biting into his lower lip, his shoulders rising with his resolve, the Electric-Type bit the Zap Cannon and made his decision known. He raised an arm up along his side and squeezed his fingers at one of Delilah's own. Gaping like a Magikarp, his lips flopped open and close before he chuued and simply leaned into his beloved.

"Why not practice now?" The Delphox said for him. She grinned when Richie resumed chuuing into her soft sides. "It was a very cute line you thought of there. The delivery could use some work though."

Owen's thickly-scaled blue arms raised to his lips, spoon entrenched firmly in his grasp, and lowered to the ice cream turbo tub wedged between his immense thighs. "So tell me one thing," he rumbled deeply through mouthfuls of vanilla. "Why did I have to inherit your appetite too?"

"Probably because I can't eat anymore!" rang Karla's voice within his skull. The niggling thought of a Nidoqueen let her tongue roll across her lips and sighed contentedly. "That Miltank Menagerie is really somethin' else isn't it? Costs a friggin fortune, granted."

The NidoVap grunted as his broad tongue poked out between his now pointed muzzle and mimicked her mental movements. "Would you stop that?"

"I wanna taste!" the Nidoqueen rumbled from within. Her purrs of pleasure reverberated against his skull as she vicariously tasted the rich, creamy textures of properly whipped ice cream. "So frankly no, I will not stop." Fingers curled into a fist, she tapped at her bountiful chest and let loose a small brap of air. Karla couldn't help but eheee when a ruinous belch roared across her imagined island getaway. Ripples coursed throughout the sand and the waves churned violently in the bay before her.

Owen rumbled in discontent as he felt that same ripple fill up his chest. "BRUUUURF!" An immense discharge of belches exploded from his lips. Shockwaves bled into aftershocks that rattled his furniture and surroundings; bits of debris crumbled from the ceiling; the shelves shook and quaked; the windows cracked in spiderwebbing patterns. "Karla!" Mmmffing, the Pokefusion shifted uneasily on the couch as his squishy water laden thighs solidified. Where they were once transparent they were now cerulean and solid in color. The clapping of his thighs had gradually shifted into clacks as his porous skin hardened into scales.

"Yes stop it! These are my thighs all these calories are going straight to, not yours!"

"Hah! Oh, relax, won't you? I bet they'll be mine once we split up again."

"Which at this rate is never going to happen with how much you're enjoying yourself," Owen huffed, fat cheeks puffing slightly wider. "That and..." He held a hand up before his increasingly reptilian face and twiddled his bloated fingers. They scraped against one another noisily. The trimmed nails upon his fingers had swollen in size and had come to cover the tips of his digits entirely. "The more you assert yourself the worse, well, *this* gets!" He arched his brows when he heard a curious and feminine hmmm echo inside his head.

"You don't say?" Rising to her feet, scaly toes parting the warm sand into her bloated boyfriend's mental machinations, Karla peered up towards the clouds. A strained braaaaaap and gale of heated air blew back her hair. The palm trees lining the beach rustled violently as Owen found himself coerced up and onto his feet as her windows into the outside world shifted. She timidly lifted her right leg and set it forward. A surprised grunt settled upon the sand and surf when the NidoVap lurched forward in response.

"Karla what the hell are you doing?!" Owen wailed as he ambled around their apartment against his own volition.

"Assuming direct control!" Karla returned in a fake robotic voice. "Neural functions overtaken!"

"Oh come the hell on... you can do *this* too?" The Vaporeon's deepening tones fell into a series of moans and mumbles, unable to resist fully the will of his Nidoqueenly navigator. "Hey hey hey watch it!" Owen urfed as his generous hips bumped a layer of sheetwall off the awfully narrow hallway leading back to their bedroom. He tossed his head back and groaned when his shoulders lifted up into another shrug all while his taut gut scraped against the sides of the corridor. "Where are you even taking me?"

The Nidoqueen's thick club of a tail churned up clouds of sand as she waded into the ankle deep imagined ocean. "Oh you'll see..." Karla demurred. Eagerly advancing onward, the reptile kept her gaze tilted upward towards. Her view of the world through Owen's eyes grew clearer and more defined with every step forward. She paid little heed to the waves lapping at her waist while she ventured into the ever deeper waters of his conscious and subconscious mind. "Just a pivot here and pirouette there, we can probably fix that later, and here we are!" Hands placed proudly upon her hips, Karla was absolutely aglow at guiding her gargantuan guy before their bedroom mirror.

Owen looked on at slab of glass, noting it bore an unfamiliar image: A starkly massive blue shape decorated with watery spines and scaly skin, whose legs chafed together at the thighs, whose paws alone could fill dinner plates, and whose tail rivaled the girth of a Seviper's whole body. This was him now--it took him a moment to realize it in full. Well, obviously not just him... it was him and Karla in equal parts. Karla's consciousness--and what remained of her true form--existed only in the depths of his own mind, her essence and his fused almost utterly. "I... Karla!" he grumped as he tried to stamp a three toed foot against the floor. "I'm more Nido than Vap at this point! A... shiny one at that?" Lips curled down, he tried to take in the baby blue colored scales that now coated his Nidokingly visage.

"Sure looks like it," Karla's voice agreed sultrily. "I'd be hard pressed to say you look like *anyone* in the Eevee family anymore!" Owen felt invisible eyes pry at his form in the mirror, bidding his arms and hips sway and move to show off his generous, mountainous curves, the apex of his thick tummy, the centerpiece of it all--and most especially his voluptuous behind. The twin peaks stressed and strained at what few fibers held completely together to cover up his shapely tush, eliciting a nervous groan from Owen.

Biting into his lip, pointed teeth jutting up from his lower jaw, the ever nido-lier NidoVap urfed as a pointed pressure pressed down upon his skull. Eyes settling upon his reflection, Owen hmphed at the petite bump of blue scaled flesh jutting up atop his forehead. "Karla this... anything I say at this point is just going to encourage isn't it?"

"Mmmmmm," she nonchalantly hummed back as she struggled against the swelling surf. Deeper and deeper she waded into the sea of his subconscious to be swallowed up whole.

"I'm literally becoming a Nidoking. I mean... I guess this is preferable to Nidoqueen but still--this is so strange, but... I really can't say I've ever been closer to you than I am now." He coughed. "Literally, even." Clenching his eyes, he could feel his grunts crater in octave as the negligible protrusion atop his scaly skull swelled in size to a pronounced and pointed horn.

"We don't have to do this all now," Karla offered gently. The waters rippled and lapped against her calves, then her thighs, as she strode deeper still. "We--

"We have all weekend," Owen found himself muttering. Silence reigned for all of a few moments before he picked himself back up. "We... can... you know, afford some time to just do whatever, right?" He forced a swallow. He was practically talking to himself, it seemed. "And if we decide not to then... then nothing wrong with trying it again later. We know how to return to normal. Probably. Professor Delilah will, at least."

Karla found herself nodding, a motion that could be felt so faintly in the nape of Owen's neck. "And even so..." She had since submerged nearly waist-level in the waters of Owen's subconscious. The Nidoqueen could feel her thoughts growing heavy along with her svelte scaly body. "Who's to say we need to stop if we don't want to?"