

Hypnotic Encounter

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A Patreon Vignette for Shukko

Azura delves into a cave, on the hunt for a valuable alchemical ingredient. She learns exactly how valuable it is when the slime that produces it snares her in a hypnotic trap and makes her extremely fat. Will she escape with enough to cover the cost of her ruined clothes?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Fox, Hypnosis, Feeding, Slime Inflation, Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Tentacle Sex, Immobility

Near perfect silence filled the expansive cavern, interrupted only by the soft sounds of falling water. Pillars of stone joined the floor and roof in towering formations, weaving through the flawless darkness like ancient roots. The flicking light of a magical torch gleamed against their slick and rough surfaces, scattering the faint light through what little space wove between the rocky tendrils. With the faint illumination came the soft shuffling of fabric and the low huffing and of one of the few daring enough to delve deeply into the dark. Azura hauled herself across the muddy ground and beneath low arches, carefully scrambling for the next opening. A soft sigh of relief escaped her muzzle as she crawled into the modest clearing, then stretched her limbs and brushed the mud from her clothes. The three-tailed fennec swung her light and scanned her surroundings, only stopping when a faint, multi-colored glimmering caught her eye. The alchemist approached with caution and scrutinized the viscous film, then swiped her fingers through it and brought it to her nose. Her brow furrowed while she processed it's complex aroma, and her face lit up when she solved its riddle. There was no mistaking her target, and she reached back into her belt and produced a small vial. The diminutive vulpine scooped up what she could and sealed the container, then stowed it in the loops of her shorts. She failed to find enough of the rainbow-tinged slime to finish her expedition, however, and her mind wandered as she wondered where to go next.

Lost in thought, she hardly heard the droplets falling behind her. Azura's ears twitched as the faint plops drew in and sped up, but only grabbed her attention when one landed squarely on her nose. A startled yelp leapt from her chest, and she quickly covered her mouth and prayed nothing heard her. Yet another dollop fell between her eyes, finally drawing her gaze upward and instilling her with instant regret. A round mass of shimmering slime clung to the roof directly overhead, filling her with a dread that rooted her in place. Her heart pounded in her chest and she stared the featureless slime down, silently commanding it to move on let her harvest samples in peace. The wobbling creature dashed her hopes of an uneventful expedition, however, and a rush of colors washed over its gelatinous surface. A faint buzz filled the air as it quivered and shook, and its hypnotic display intensified as its colors deepened. Azura's balance wavered as her muscles relaxed, and her thoughts of averting her gaze dissipated in a haze of mental static. The fennec fell back against a stone pillar and sank to her rear, enticing the slime to ooze from its perch and pool before her. Its buzzing drone seeped over her perceptions as a tendril snaked toward her muzzle, where it utterly enraptured her a point blank burst of psychedelic light. Her jaw fell in an open slack as its captivating influence wormed into her blank mind, and the slime wasted no time seizing its advantage.

Azura's cheeks filled and swelled with a rush of viscous goo, and its hypnotic trance invaded another sense. Shifting and ephemeral flavors flashed across her tongue in enrapturing patterns, overloading her taste buds several times a second. A drunken moan tumbled from her chest and she swallowed without thought, inviting the tentacle deeper yet into her being. Her paunch swelled as the creature accepted her invitation, testing the limit of her form-fitting clothing. The bottom of her belly peeked from beneath the hem of her shirt, pushing the garment up its swell as her thighs vanished. The vixen let out a drawn-out groan as she struggled to move her arms and soothe her middle's increasingly

sensitive surface, battling against lethargy to relieve some of the building pressure. Luckily for Azura, physics alleviated the problem on her behalf, and a button shot across the cave to her excited relief. A gargling groan bubbled in the back of her throat, and she slouched against the growing, sandy dome and basked in its sloshing. Faint stretch marks etched into her middle like delightful lightning bolts as her hide stretched to its limit, though the slime wouldn't let her burst so easily. A maelstrom of flavors washed over her tongue as it changed its composition, utilizing its hold to modify her metabolism in its favor.

The curve of her middle softened as rolls of flab swaddled her straining stomach, stretching her shirt beyond its limit and tearing it free. The garment slid off her softening back and flung off her wagging tails, then vanished beyond the range of her torch. Her thighs spilled across the ground and overfilled her shorts, pulling their fabric tight across her increasingly lardy figure. Popping threads joined in the chorus of her greedy gulping as their seams gave way, exposing pockets of her soft fluff that grew into plush mountains. It didn't take long for her flabby bulk to conquer the tightening garment, and her modesty exploded in a shower of khaki shreds. The vixen lacked the wits to care about her nudity, however, and she blissfully slurped away at the slime as quickly as it offered itself. The strange creature rewarded every swallow with a pulse of its droning hum and a shot of pleasure, ratcheting up the heat in Azura's core as it solidified its colorful hold. The bloated fennec squirmed in bliss and spread her thighs before they grew too heavy to move, though her bulk stopped her paws agonizingly short of the lust between her thighs. A muffled, pitiful whine sounded in her chest each time she failed to squish passed her own figure, until the alluring slime saw fit to further reward her hospitality.

The creature flowed beneath her plush thighs and oozed around her plump ass, lifting her from the uncomfortable stone before plunging into her heated depths. What little resistance Azura may have clung to shattered in the rapturous onslaught, and her distant notions of escape faded entirely. The slime's comrades and counterparts emerged from the darkness once its hold was secure, and they happily rallied around their obese captive. A particularly bold specimen wedged between her rolls and took shelter in her belly button, while an adventurous pair cupped her breasts and teased their sensitive peaks. The fennec's eyes rolled back as cataclysmic climax crashed down upon her again and again, sapping her strength and rendering her little more than tubby plaything for the colony. Azura couldn't muster the concentration to wonder when they'd let her go, though she knew she'd have more than enough samples when that time eventually arrived.