

Morning After

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A Patreon vignette for Echoen

A mouse wakes to find something is off. Their house feels familiar, yet built for someone else. Can he get to the bottom of the mystery, or will the mystery get his bottom first?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains an Intersex Mouse, Shortstack Problems, Overpowering Lust, Masturbation, Accelerated Pregnancy, Orgasmic Clone Birth

Soft grunts and groans filled the bedroom, accompanied by the subtle squelches of saturated sheets. The mouse bundled within his covers twisted and writhed in the grip of dreams, rolling his hips and ravishing an ephemeral lover. His squeaky mattress added to the carnal chorus as he gained rhythm and momentum, pounding its springs with lust and vigor. The rodent's eyes fluttered open as he stumbled over the brinks of consciousness and climax, thrusting him into the waking world with a deep, needy moan. His copious virility soaked his comforter and betrayed his nocturnal needs, though he hardly cared about the ensuing sticky puddle. The rodent bucked and throbbed as climax thundered through his form, until the haze of sleep finally dissipated in his afterglow. A small part of him desired to return to whatever wonderful dream had woken him, though his alarm clock insisted he get up and start the day before he could. The mouse relented and climbed from his bed, matted and dripping with the products of his automatic arousal. A faint tingle of pleasure raced up his spine as his sensitive tip swung through the cool morning air, coaxing out a final burst of pre on his way to the bathroom. His balance wavered with grogginess, tugging and tipping him forward, though he managed to step into the tiled room without tripping over himself. A soft thump filled the room when he haphazardly slapped the wall, and confusion spread across his muzzle as he blindly groped upward for the light switch.

He found it several inches above his muscle memory.

His sink faucet stared him in the eyes once the room lit up, and the reflection of his ears struggled to reach the mirror. Confusion flashed across his face, then faded as he searched for his step stool. The opening and slamming of cabinets echoed through his home as he searched low and lower, and his increasingly fruitless hunt soon forced him to give up and adapt. A sigh of frustration tumbled from his lips as he pressed his breasts against the counter and got up on his toes, bringing just enough of himself into view for his morning routine. A tingling heat kindled in his cheeks as he strained to reach the sink and brush his teeth, squishing his figure-defining breasts into chilled marble. The rodent's sac sagged between his plush thighs and gently swung with each shiver, filling and rounding with renewing arousal. spurts of pre painted the subtly rising dome of his belly while his mind wandered, first trying to return to his interrupted dream, then elsewhere as he fully woke. A sticky mess oozed down the cabinets by the time he finished, applied by his foot-long cock and spread by his bowling-ball belly. The sound of running water masked the sloshing in his chest while he washed his face, and errant splashes washed his milky rivulets away. The mouse's broad figure bounced as he rolled from his toes to his heels, and viscous lust matted his inner thighs as he waddled back to his bedroom.

Arousal surged through his core as the haze of his nocturnal lust wove into his senses, sending a shiver up and down his spine. He idly rubbed his fluttering belly and he resisted the temptation to sate his needs once more, instead checking his clock and forcing himself to stay on schedule. His daily tasks slipped from his thoughts as he bounced downstairs for breakfast however, and his focus instead turned to the pictures lining his walls. Portraits of a tall, sculpted mouse and his family stared down at him as he passed, stirring a vague familiarity in the back of his head. On some level, the rodent knew he should recognize the photos, but their details failed to coalesce. Rather than meaning, they only provided fuel for

his ever-burning arousal. The mouse bit his lip and squeezed his chest as fantasies of bending over for the mysterious muscular rodent swirled in his brain, followed by visions of enticing the mother to join in. The mouse's step faltered as fresh arousal left him light-headed, compounding the lust throbbing through his arm-length cock. His focus frayed as the temptation to indulge intensified, eroding his self control and bringing him to his knees a few short steps away.

A wavering moan tumbled from the mouse's chest as he shamelessly wrapped both hands around his cock, shorting his muscles with a jolt of pleasure. His breath caught in his throat as his length bumped and bounced against his gravid swell, splattering spurts of pre across the plush carpet. Pulses of pleasure raced down his shaft and resonated in his core with every stroke, flooding him with a powerful, irresistible pleasure. Curious thoughts about his situation faded in favor of lustful fantasies, centered around the family on the surrounding walls. His sac swelled and audibly sloshed at the mental image of bloating the curvaceous mother with his virility, a notion that grazed reality when he abruptly came. A deep moan tumbled from his muzzle as he spilled his seed across the floor in trembling bursts, matting the rug before him with enough need to impregnate it. The mouse's rounded belly echoed his bliss as he came down from his carnal high, sapping his strength with a feminine orgasm that rushed him through trimesters. His hips softly popped and spread with a rush of maternal bliss and hormones, though his tingling afterglow dissipated unfortunately soon. A deep heat kindled in his cheeks as he surveyed his middle and measured its growth, one hand delicately tracing its curve while the other busied itself at his bobbing shaft. Though mostly sure of his growth, an increasingly perverse part of him wished to verify and quantify it.

The rodent left a trail of moans and lust in his wake and he stumbled to a mirror, and lust surged with his reflection. A startled squeak leapt from his chest as he instinctively grabbed his chest and fondled his breasts, coaxing out generous spurts of ivory milk. The nourishing flow dribbled over his swollen belly and teased its sensitive surface, drawing out a series of fluttering kicks from within. The curious sensations raised alarm in the very back of his awareness, though the ensuing tide of rapture swept it away. Electricity raced up his spine with his double grip on his spire, milking out a shot of cum that covered the mirror and filled the sink beneath. A second climax followed in its shadow as the life in his middle stirred and grew yet more, fueling a chain reaction that lasted until his water broke. The mouse slumped against the basin of his lust as strength drained from his legs, sapped by the thought-eclipsing rapture of orgasmic birth. A hand reached from his throbbing lips and grabbed his hips, gradually followed by an arm and muzzle identical to his own.

The matronly mouse battled the desire to slurp his offspring back inside as his passage stretched around their hyper-endowed chest, though the coordination to do so evaporated against their gravid belly. The fully-formed clone slipped from their parent's hips as their thighs slipped free, ushering them to the lust and milk soaked floor below. The original rodent followed them to the ground as the aftershocks of blissful birth resonated on his being, leaving him helpless and unwilling to resist his clone's advances. Looking into their eyes was little different than peering into a reflection, and a wordless conversation flowed

between them as one rolled the other over.

As the mousy pair gathered momentum, a drawn-out yawn reached down the hall. A lust-soaked squirrel emerged from the guest bedroom, matted with pheromones potent enough to arouse the pictures at his sides. Balros wiped the sleep from his eyes, then called out to his occupied lover. "You were right," he chuckled. "My sheets got just as messy as yours. Where's your laundr-"

The sight of the twin mice rutting before him was hardly unexpected, though it still derailed his train of thought. "Huh, usually takes longer," the squirrel muttered. "I'll go get started on breakfast and you two, three, ten, or however many can join me when you're ready~"