

Painting the Town White

By Victor Waite

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A Patreon Vignette for Echoen

Balros Belongs to Echoen

Balros is out for date night with his elephantine girlfriend, who can barely stop herself from proclaiming her lust and taking him in public. She manages to suppress her needs for a little while, but even that is not without side effect. Can she keep it together until the end of their date, or will she show the other couples how its done?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains Male Squirrel, Intersex Elephant, Public settings, Hyper, Excessive Fluids, Corruptive and Contagious Lust, Transformation, Multiple Cocks, Multiple Limbs and Heads, Spontaneous Pregnancy, Clone Birth

A loud thump thundered across the restaurant's floor, echoed by the clattering of plates and glasses. The elephant scrambled across the table and caught everything on the verge of tipping, narrowly avoiding what little attention she hadn't already drawn. Her grey cheeks blazed as she felt the eyes customers and staff alike on her back, and a perverse thrill shot up her spine at the thought of their scrutiny. A swelling part of her wanted nothing more than to give them a show worth watching, and an aftershock rattled the table as she imagined the results. Before the desire to act on her fantasies took over, however, she took in a deep breath that stretched her top across her generous chest. Her nipples shamelessly showed through its sheer fabric, and she ignored the rising tingles of lust and exhaled. The obsessive fog clouding her thoughts cleared for an instant, just long enough for their source to inspire another round. Balros flashed her a pearly smile and a knowing wink, sending a renewed surge of lust through his date. A shuddering groan tumbled from her lips when she reached beneath the table and stopped her cock from pounding its underside a third time, though she failed to stop its newly-formed brother from finishing the job. The doubled scent of lust mixed with aromatic foods, blending in a combination as confusing as it was tantalizing. The other guests stirred and squirmed in their seats as it seeped into

their senses, stoking their arousal until the pair's excessive displays of affection became commonplace. Pants tore and tops ripped throughout the building as inhibitions dropped, but despite the overwhelming temptation, Balros stayed firmly planted in his seat and occupied with his dinner. When he invited her to enjoy their food, a second pair of arms sprouted from her sides, and she shared the meal while her original arms kept her cocks at bay.

The elephant locked her focus on Balros as they ate, determined to shut out the abundant distractions from his charisma. Her concentration only faltered with at the end their meal, when their waiter returned with the hostess tied to his hips. The stately fox casually bounced the smaller fennec on his knot as he presented the bill, muffling her orgasmic cries in his exposed cleavage. The squirrel accepted it without pause or hesitation, completely unfazed by the vixen's increasingly cum-swollen belly. The elephant returned from her unleashed inner visions when Balros stood, leaving a stack of cash on the table and a joke involving a large tip. A twitch of bliss shot through the elephant with the innuendo, adding to the puddle of lust accumulating under her chair. Her legs quivered as she attempted to follow him out, and after a few shaking steps, recovered her arousal-sapped strength and returned to his side. Her twin spires lifted the front of her dress and swung with her gait, cutting through the evening air as they strode onto the street. The dusk's chill coaxed out dual bolts of lust that soaked the sidewalk, starting a trail that traced their path to the movies.

Balros bought a pair of tickets from a swelling cashier, and they found their seats at the back of the theater. The elephant's hips squished deep into the seat's armrests as she settled in, though she hardly cared about the slight discomfort. She pointed her cocks to the floor with one set of arms and invited her date into her lap with the other, panting and blushing at the mere possibility he might indulge her. A jolt of blissful and agonizing denial ran down her spine and pumped across the floor when he sat beside her instead, and the lust between her thighs soaked into her seat when he teased her about rushing perfection. He gave her thigh a playful squeeze before reclining to watch the movie, leaving her a needy, trembling wreck. Her cocks spurted her lust across the seats before her. Saturating them with her virility and filling the theater with pheromones. The few other couples sharing the space readily gave into temptation and embraced each other, though the elephant drew on every bit of her willpower and resisted following their example. As much as she would have loved to plant her ass in Balros's lap, the desire to impress him with restraint overpowered her urges. She immersed herself in the film as well as she could and only occasionally shuffled her hips, squishing down needy and intrusive thoughts until they found a more direct mode of expression. Her vision blurred as a second head sprouted from her shoulder, giving her lewdest fantasies form and words in its whispering teases. She crossed her thighs and grabbed her cocks in a vain effort to resist her no-longer inner voice, and against all odds, managed to avoid painting her fellow movie-watchers with cum.

Despite innumerable close calls, the elephant stalled her climax until the end of the movie, motivated to save it for Balros. Her gaze flew to his not-so-subtle bulge as he stood and arched his back, undoing almost every ounce of her self-control in an instant. Her

whole body throbbed with need while she watched a bead of lust soak through his pants and drip to the floor, and she narrowly resisted the need to shred his clothes and take him there. Had a weight in her lap not stolen her agility, she likely would have. A blush tinted both of her trunks as she traced its sensitive curve, relishing the squirms and wiggles of her identical passenger. She descended into carnal fantasies, and the will to preserve her modesty faded until Balros drew her back to reality. He stood just beyond reach of her spires and drew her to her feet, then motivated her to follow with the promise of a good time back home. The elephant let out a joyous trumpet and nearly came on the spot, unleashing grand, arcing lashes of cloudy lust across the theater. The few revelers embraced her virile display, and she left a signature trail in the carpet as her boyfriend lead them to his apartment. Her contagious lust spilled into the streets and calmed complaints of her ill-fitting dress, and the pair carved a carnal trail through the city and to his doorstep. Her influence culminated with a rush of broken water and an orgasmic groan, which echoed through the evening in stereo as a perfect clone of the elephant emerged. Once they recovered, Balros invited the pair in with a flourish of his hand and a bulge in his pants.

A harem of hyper elephants greeted the trio as they stumbled inside, representing every possible lewd and carnal combination of sizes and arrangements. They jumped Balros at once, burying him in a pile of overpowering arousal and quivering need. Lust and virility spilled across the floor as they pumped and ground against each other, determined to pay him back for his relentless teasing.