

An Enticing Promotion

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A Patreon Vignette for Echoen

An anxious rat has found the solution to several of his troubles: a shaft-snake. It's much easier to love your body when it can love you back, after all. Can he brave the mall and make it to the promotional event and claim his shaft-snake while supplies last?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Rat, an Intersex Skunk, Public Displays of Lust, Hyper Everything, Multiple Heads and Breasts, Transformations, Taur TF, Shaft-Snakes

Rod weaved through the mall, ducking between crowds and clutching his tail. The rodent kept his gaze low and stepped aside as groups passed by, pressing himself against walls to escape their gazes. The desire to turn and flee to his apartment welled in his chest as a modest flock of sparrows brushed his shoulders, flooding him with apprehension and panic. He squeezed his eyes shut and took a calming breath once they passed, re-centering his focus and reminding himself of the prize that drew him out. Rod fished his phone from his baggy pants and pulled up the encouraging email once again, then reread its offer for the hundredth time. His shoulders relaxed and his hold on his tail loosened, and his racing pulse slowed as he drank in its details. A modest heat filled his cheeks as he stared into the snake-shaft's welcoming look, and he luckily returned reality before his arousal betrayed him. His cheeks flushed with shame as he crammed his phone back into his pocket. An inconspicuous tent in his jeans would hardly stand out among his scantily-clad counterparts, though he still took a moment to dispel his lust before pressing on. With his resolve renewed, he pressed on deeper into the mall, intent to participate in the Mod's Bod promotion.

Dread welled in Rod's chest once he reached the storefront, easily distinguished from the others by the mob of furs gathered at its doors. He froze and audibly gulped in their presence, though his apprehension thankfully diminished before he gave in to it. At the center of the crowd, towering above the others, stood a sight that validated all his struggling. Wearing little more than a trio of broad smiles, a spokesperson sang the praises of Mod's Bods and peddled their latest product. Each of their three heads conversed with onlookers and addressed questions, achieving an intimate connection with everyone they met. Their three-tier breasts enraptured the onlookers as easily as their voice, bouncing and bobbing shamelessly in the open air. A sac brimming with virility swung between their thighs and filled the broad hall with their scent, likely loosening up a few minds to their cause. What truly set them apart as an enviable oddity emerged from their plush sheathes, however. A pair of snake-shafts, each as large and broad as the rest of the skunk, coiled together in an intimate embrace, flooding their host with rapturous pleasures. The mephit's voice wavered as the serpentine pair pulsed and throbbed against one another, unleashing a tide of lust that glistened over their every curve. The spokesperson bit their lip and threw their heads back as they dove into their host's ample cleavage, granting them the chance to continue the event and hand out free samples.

The crowd thinned as they claimed their vials and departed to test them, though some couldn't muster the patience to wait. Unabashed moans and groans echoed through the mall as they downed their bottles and relished in their effects, shedding what little clothing they wore to fully indulge themselves. Conflicting emotions warred within Rod as shirts and pants and panties and skirts dropped to the floor, making way for a multitude of forming and emerging snake-shafts. Clusters of orgies broke out around him as he stepped around and over furs lost in lust, steadily making progress toward the towering skunk. The spokesperson spotted him from the writhing group and met him half way, closing the distance between them in a few, vast steps. The rat's nerves frayed in their shadow, but gradually returned under a trio of understanding smiles. It was nothing the skunk hadn't seen before, and they made that fact abundantly clear as they detailed the finer points of

the snake-shaft serum. Rod's ears drooped and his spirit crumpled when the skunk revealed the samples were only temporary, but something about the rodent resonated with them. Their three heads shared a hushed, conspiratorial conversation for a confusing moment, then rendered a verdict. Rules were made to be broken, and on that day, that sentiment would be proven true.

When they extended their secret, permanent offer, Rod accepted without hesitation.

Threefold expressions of pleasure cracked their professionalism as their shaft-snakes emerged from their cleavage, doused from head to base in open lust. The rodent watched with stunned anticipation as they curled around him, tugging and pulling at his clothing until he joined them in nudity. A shiver raced down his spine and lashed out of his tail as he realized the fulfillment of a long-standing dream, and he surrendered himself to their eager embrace. The twin serpents coiled around his waist and wrapped about his chest, capturing him in a deep embrace as they gazed into his eyes. A flood of positive emotions swirled in his pupils, inviting the advanced appendages in for a needy, three-way kiss. The skunk let out a tri-toned moan as they met, which deepened and tapered as the shaft-snakes granted their gifts. Viscous lust poured from the serpents' snouts while they locked lips, cloying the rat's senses and eliminating his apprehensions. Tingles and jolts of full-bodied pleasure wracked his form as their biology entwined with his, warping reshaping his figure into an icon of fertility. Rod squirmed and rolled his hips into their forms as the shaft-snakes ushered him into their host's cleavage enfolding him in warmth as his new features bloomed. The rodent's tail aimlessly lashed the floor as a double set of breasts battled for space on his chest, and a demanding heat blossomed in his core as a set of needy lips pulsed behind his sac. His balls sagged to his knees and filled most of what little space he had, and his sheath throbbed and pulsed to a similar proportion.

The rat writhed and groaned as his figure drifted toward a mirror image of the skunk's, until it abruptly diverted course. His tail rapidly swelled and bulked with mass and muscle, dropping his center of gravity and freeing him from the spokesperson's embrace. The base of the hairless appendage took on a shape that vaguely resembled his torso, until it stretched to the proportions of a feral rat. A new pair of hind legs sprouted from its end, complete with a second sac and shaft. Soft fur sprouted across its surface as its growth tapered off, nearly completing the change. Rod emerged from his hazy lust and tested his limbs with disbelief, until an abrupt climax crashed down upon him. Every muscle in his body trembled and thrummed with rapture as he came, but no jets of seed accompanied his orgasm. Instead, his sac bulged and writhed with activity, until a pair of forms emerged from his yawning sheath. A pair of shaft-snakes massaged his lower body as they climbed from his virile reserves, seeking out his pleasure points along the way. A third joined them as it sprouted from the junction of his upper and lower halves, groping and massaging his chest as it climbed to his face. The embodiment of arousal silenced his moans and groans with an enthusiastic kiss, which the other two eagerly joined.

For a lengthy while, Rod explored his new form and indulged in his lingering lusts, covering himself in copious seed until the skunk grabbed his attention. The pair's snake-shafts

teased and embraced each other as soon as they were within range of each other, nearly derailing their conversation before it started.

"Wanna stick around and help me advertise?" the spokesperson huffed.

Rod nodded emphatically. He doubted he could tear himself away, even if he wanted to.