

Burning Desire

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A Patreon Vignette for Garuda

Octavia belongs to Garuda

After learning of her trainer's breeding kit, Octavia can't help but indulge a long-time fantasy. She raids their stash of vitamins and supplements to give herself the figure of a fertility goddess, complete with induced heat. Will her seductive efforts pay off?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Quadruped Ninetales, Multiple Breasts, Hyper Breast Growth, Hyper Pussy Growth, Self-Denial, Induced Heat, Implied Exhibitionism

The soft scrapes of feral nails against hardened wood filled the apartment, announcing Octavia's mischievous scheming to empty rooms. Low growls of frustration resonated in her chest as she pawed at her trainer's locked trunk, cursing her lack of dexterity. A series of tumblers turned with her imprecise swipes, and though she had the combination narrowed to a handful of solutions, couldn't land the gears exactly on any of them. Her efforts dissolved to slaps and wisps of flame danced from her muzzle, until a realization tempered her temper. Purple light filled her eyes as she called upon her psychic nature, seizing the lock by its inner workings and spinning them directly. The letters on their surface blurred while she ran through her list of combinations, until a quiet click announced her success. The latch sprung open, and Octavia shifted her mystic grip to the trunk's lid and flung it open. She narrowly avoided slamming a whole in the wall in the process, though she couldn't care less about collateral damage. The vixen threw her front legs over the container's edge and peered into its contents, and her tails swayed with lustful intent as perused the breeder's kit. Bottles of vitamins and supplements floated from the box as she mulled over her starting point, then made her choice and set the others aside.

Octavia hovered several containers of vitamins before her muzzle, then simultaneously unscrewed their caps. The plastic disks clattered to the floor as she psychically grabbed the pills within, freeing them to swarm about her in a nebulous cloud. A shiver of anticipation rushed down her spine and frizzed her tails as she drew it into a medicinal stream, then parted her jaws and guided it into her muzzle. The ninetales relaxed her throat and gulped with experienced speed, ushering the pills into her belly until none remained. The emptied bottles dropped to the ground without care, and her attention turned inward as the supplements took effect. Octavia laid on her side and bounced her belly with her tails, faintly rattling the pills against each other and rushing their absorption. A needy heat kindled in her cheeks as sparks of pleasure gathered in her chest, centering on her nipples as her breasts swelled with maternal hormones. She rolled her head back and relished the sympathetic heat building in her core, the opening signs of an intense heat. Her nethers pulsed and twitched with leaking arousal as her eight breasts grew and battled for space between her legs, stoking her lusts higher and higher. The ninetales called upon every inch of her willpower and avoided giving in to her rising needs, and instead took a deep, calming breath. Her attempt to gather herself only slightly backfired when her sensitive nipples rubbed through the soft pelt of their neighboring breasts, though she reclaimed enough of her focus to continue her raid.

Her eyes flashed with psychic energy and a purple bottle launched from her trainer's stash. A grin spread across her muzzle between needy pants as she drank in its potential, then passed it off to her tails. Her fluffy appendages coiled around the container with care and brought it to the crux of her hips, then aimed its nozzle at her nethers. Twinges of lust rippled through her frame at the thought of pleasures to come, and she pulled its trigger before she lost herself to fantasy. A hiss filled the air as she doused her pussy with hyper potion, followed by a rapturous whine as the mixture took effect. Her sex clenched and flexed in time with her racing heartbeat, filling the space between her thighs in accelerating pulses. The ninetales squeezed her legs together and squished her swelling lips between

her flanks, stoking the warmth in her core to a proper heat and soaking her pelt with arousal. Shivers ran up and down her form when she abandoned the emptied potion and teased herself with her tails, indulging her needs and speeding the mixture's effects. Her tongue lulled from her muzzle and her breath came in ragged pants by the time her growth tapered off, leaving no space between her thighs. She barely managed to withdraw her tails before driving herself to a spectacular climax, though the next step of her plot made her self-denial bearable.

Octavia's tails fluttered with restless need while she caught her breath, and once she recovered, struggled to her feet. Huffs and groans of pleasure tumbled from her muzzle as she adjusted herself above her breasts, which pressed into the soft carpet below and squished passed her sides. The slightest step lanced her with bliss and threatened her balance, spreading her gait to its limit. She grit her teeth and resisted the inferno in her belly as she found a widened stride, then made her way to her trainer's bed. Octavia pushed the lust from her mind just long enough to summon her psychic skills, drawing an unmarked box from beneath the mattress. Her tails quivered as she nosed its lid away, revealing a pair of lewd purchases made in secret. Octavia trembled with anticipation as she lifted a set of eight rings and a plug to her lustful gaze, then floated the former to her generous breasts. A sharp yelp leapt from her muzzle as she snapped the loops to her nipples, blending pleasure and pain and coaxing out dribbles of milk. Octavia wiggled her hips and hummed to herself as she acclimated to the lewd sensations, letting her fantasies spill into reality. She bit her lower lip and guided a string between her lowest set of rings, then threaded it through a slot on her plug and pressed it to her flexing tailhole. Her breath caught in her throat as she spread around the chilly glass, then escaped in a deep sigh as it slipped into her heated depths. The weight of her swaying bosoms tugged and teased as she rose on trembling legs, and her tails flickered with bursts of bliss as she sauntered to the living room.

Her enhanced figure slowed her pace to a sultry crawl, but that hardly mattered to the needy vixen. Octavia found her way to the center of the room and turned her rear to the door, then sprawled out on her front. Her quadruple-tiered breasts lifted her from the plush carpet and splayed out to her sides, with the exception of her lowest pair. The thread to her plug guided them between her thighs instead, angling her sex precisely to her trainer's eye level. Her tails fanned in an attention-catching arc, ensuring she couldn't possibly be ignored.

All that was left to do was resist the urge to pleasure herself and await her trainer's return.