

Life Imitates Art

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A Patreon Vignette for Echoen

A skunk wakes one morning to find a few enjoyable additions to his figure. Where some would panic with the unexpected change, this fur simply rolls with it. Such is life, especially where web comics come with a lengthy list of side effects.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Skunk, Slice of Life, Gender Shifting, Hyper Growth, Cock and Ball Growth, Breast Growth, Pussy Growth, Masturbation, Excessive Fluids

The soft rustling of bedsheets filled the bedroom as the skunk within stirred, drawn from his dreams by bright morning light. A groan resonated in his chest as he turned over and buried his muzzle into his pillow, but the damage was already done. Songbirds just beyond his window started with their seasonal chirps, thwarting his attempts to fall back into the embrace of dreams. The skunk debated pounding the wall and shooing them away, though in the back of his mind, he knew it wouldn't do any good. For better or worse he was awake, and he begrudgingly agreed to start his day. Webs of lust joined his sheets to his mattress as he threw them aside, and a thick cloud of needy pheromones wafted into the air once unsealed. His nose twitched with what should have been a familiar scent, but an unexpected supplement hooked his attention. The skunk's sheath stirred and pulsed with a second sniff, and after a third, he finally picked out its feminine component. Confusion crossed his face and he searched his room for a possibly forgotten visitor, and to his slight relief, he found none. Considering he had spent the night before in, the mephitis considered that a good thing. He shrugged the aroma off as a construct of his imagination, until a lance of lust speared him between his thighs as he stood. A shiver of arousal ran down his spine and fluffed his tail as it resonated through his being, convincing him he may not be losing his mind. With a hint of trepidation, he lifted his sac with one hand and reached behind it with the other, unleashing another spark of rapture. He squeezed his dripping mound once more for good measure, fully confirming his newly acquired asset. Despite its gravity, the discovery hardly fazed him, and before he devoted hours to exploring the new source of rapture, he decided it best to make breakfast.

The skunk left his room and descended a flight of stairs with an awkward gait, careful to avoid squishing his lips between his thighs and losing his balance. A trail of lust followed in his wake and traced his path to his kitchen, where he prepared a small feast of eggs and sausages. He tossed the frozen meats into his microwave and cracked the eggs over a skillet, then left them to sizzle and cook and sat down. The skunk's need squished against the firm chair and reminded him of his delayed lust, spurring him to roll his hips and spill a puddle of honeyed desire. The smell of his need mixed with the aroma of his breakfast and stoked both of his appetites, which guided his paws between his legs and kept his eyes firmly on the timers. Despite the length rising and pulsing from his sheath, his fingers reached beneath his sac, and he reclined to toy with his new lips. His cock bounced with jealousy and painted his chest with pre while he squeezed his clit between his nails, and his eyes fluttered with overwhelming bliss. The male aspect of his sexuality brought him hours of rapture time and time before, but it couldn't hope to match the novelty of his newly expressed feminine side. Lightning bolts of pleasure struck the core of his senses with every touch, coursing along virgin nerves and driving him to a full-body climax. His breath caught in his throat as his endurance vaporized, and before he fully realized it, gouts of feminine lust doused his seat and trickled to the tiled floor. He threw his head back and shamelessly groaned, losing himself in the most powerful climax of his life until irritating buzzes drew him from his afterglow. The skunk stumbled to his feet and raced on weakened legs to salvage his breakfast, narrowly avoiding early morning ruin.

The heaving of her chest slowed as she recovered from her grand orgasm and burst of effort, and once she mustered the coordination to eat, drove a fork into her scrambled eggs

and crammed them into her mouth. Her mind remained fixated on her experience as she ate, processing both its sensations and implications. Though comfortable in her masculinity, she couldn't deny how much she enjoyed her unexpected gift. The skunk's sex tingled and clenched in agreement, and what few thoughts she had of reversing the transformation faded away. Contentment settled in her chest as she plucked and ate the last of her meal, popping the last of her miniature sausages into her mouth and gulping it down. With one hunger sated the other resurged, and the tip of her neglected cock throbbed up and buried itself in her growing cleavage. A blush tinted her muzzle as she looked down to lick over its head, swiping up a droplet of pre on the tip of her tongue. She hummed and shivered with approval, then coiled her tongue around its girth and began cleaning her kitchen. Soft and subtle slurps and gulps filled the room in the breaks between running water and clinking dishes, and by the time she finished, the expression of her lusts soaked her face and thighs. She took a moment to wash her muzzle before returning upstairs, though the climb came with unexpected difficulty. Her growing sac spread her thighs and hobbled her gait, forcing her to take each step with great care. She avoided slipping on her trail of arousal, and after a few cautious minutes, returned to her bedroom.

Without lifting her lips from her throbbing spire, she reached under her bed and fished out a dildo as thick as her arm and planted it in her desk chair. She lavishly raised her tail and wagged her hips as she lined herself up, then sat down without ceremony. A thick squelch filled the room as she hilted the toy in a single stroke, and one of her paws drifted to its bulge in her belly while the other turned her computer on. Its soft glow illuminated her lust-saturated pelt while she rolled her hips and bobbed on her length, indulging in dual pleasures while her desktop loaded. Her muzzle dipped deep into her cleavage as a mess of icons scattered across the screen, oblivious to the multitude of windows opening atop them. One claimed its place at the top of the stack as she gulped down a volley of seed, displaying a comic purchased the night before. It escaped the skunk's notice until a second climax tore through her trembling form, assaulting her with the obscene bliss of twin orgasms. Her muscles locked as she moaned and groaned into her cock, shivering with an extension of her subtle transformation. Their breasts grew and wobbled until they dominated their figure, hiding the expanding swell of their cum-stuffed belly. Their sac eagerly claimed what little space remained between their thighs, pumping and flexing with compounding virility. Their hips spread to accommodate their fluttering feminine sex, and their cock inched farther down their throat with every spurt of lust. The hyper endowed skunk only broke the perpetual loop of rapture when their breath ran thin, and even then they broke the chain reaction with reluctance. The last of their ivory tide splatted against the ceiling and rained down while they recovered, dripping with lazy viscosity.

The blissed-out fog in their eyes faded as they drifted into a dreamy afterglow, and a grin spread across their muzzle as their gaze fell on their monitor. Between rivulets of cum running down its screen, they saw a story that almost perfectly reflected their morning. A quiet ding announced the arrival of an email, bearing a record of their purchase. Memories of reading it the night before flickered into their awareness, though they were swiftly swamped by the urge to send it to their friends.