

Balros's Typical Week

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A Patreon Vignette for Echoen

Balros belongs to Echoen

Balros's partner learns a little more about him when they experience the miracle of pregnancy, condensed into a week. Naturally, such acceleration comes with side effects.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains A Male and Intersex Squirrel, Accelerated Pregnancy, Weight Gain, Loss of Inhibitions, Masturbation, M/I Sex, Lactation, Clone Birth

A low moan of pleasure tumbled from the squirrel's muzzle as her paw traced the subtle swell of her belly. Her bump was hardly bigger than her paunch, though mere hours ago, it was nonexistent. Fluttering movement within conformed her suspicions, and a combination of anticipation and apprehension swirled in her chest. The mixture shifted toward the later as time passed however, motivated by her increasingly matronly form and the sensations of developing motherhood. One of her hands wandered upward to her perky chest while the other sank between her thighs, and a more shameless groan announced their arrival. She closed her eyes and rolled her hips as she teased a pearl of milk from her breast and wrapped her fingers around her cock, indulging in the potent mix of her enhanced hormones and easing her mind. Her lusts surged thanks to enhanced sensitivity, and she rolled her head back to let the moment take her.

Unfortunately, her trance shattered when Balros cleared his throat from the doorway. "We have condoms still, in case you don't want to make a mess," he offered.

She scoffed. "Because the ones you buy work soooo well."

He shrugged. "To be fair, I'm a special case."

"Clearly."

Balros took a seat on the couch beside her and draped his tail over her shoulders. "On the bright side, you'll only have to put up with this for about a week."

"A week?!"

"Give or take a day or two."

She took in a deep breath and let out a sigh, and did her best to ignore the trill of pleasure his scent sent up her spine. "I suppose that's better than the alternative. How bad could it be?"

A growing mountain of wrappers and boxes surrounded the squirrel, topped by the gravid rodent herself. Despite her stationary habits, she never stopped moving. One paw constantly brought food to her muzzle while the other spent its time between her thighs. The thick scent of sex filled the living room, and it only grew more powerful with her transformation into a fertility goddess. She'd grown considerably in the past three days, and the majority of her mass gathered in her gravid belly. The tight dome dominated her figure and bulged with developing life, and each movement through her core unleashed a lance of pleasure. Her cock perpetually leaked its lust and throbbed in the shadow of her middle, demanding ceaseless attention. Her thighs thickened with matronly flab and concealed the powerful muscles needed for just limited mobility, and her breasts swelled with the influx of hormones and calories. Ivory rivulets trickled and sloshed from her

peaks, gathering and flowing as little streams through her fur. Still, the change in her hips was more profound, allowing her rear to soften and spread across her couch. The squirrel's love-handles reached from armrest to armrest, leaving little room for her partner. Not that she minded.

She leaned forward and hunched over her belly, giving Balros room to gasp. "Balros, could you be dear and fetch some more snacks from the kitchen? I'm just about out."

He sank his hands into her hips and pressed with all his strength, managing to wiggle a few inches free. "I'd love to, but I can't exactly get up..."

The squirrel drew in a breath and let out an overly dramatic sigh. "You really should be more considerate of your pregnant partner, but I suppose I can help~"

She reclined for a moment, squishing him against the soft developing rolls of her back, then planted her hands on her knees and rocked to her feet. A grunt of effort tumbled from her muzzle as her belly sank and bounced against her thighs, settling its full weight onto her back. Her plush ass provided an effective counterweight and preserved her balance, though the floorboards creaked beneath her. Balros wrapped his arms around her waist and remained buried in her cheeks as she stood, then let gravity pull him free. A shiver ran through both of them as Balros's lengthy spire slipped from her passage, and a torrent of fluids splatted the floor once his tip popped free. A sensation of emptiness washed over the squirrel, and before her mate could walk a few steps away, she coiled her tail around him and pulled him back into her embrace. His muzzle lodged deep in her milky cleavage as she hugged him tight to her gravid swell, and she sifted her weight to guide his cock beneath her own and between her thighs. Despite her stomach's rumbling protests, she held him there for a lengthy, intoxicating moment. She rocked her hips and pumped her shaft between their bellies, marking him with her scent until her hunger won out. When she finally let him down onto his feet, Balros appeared drunk with her pheromones.

"Hurry back dear," she cooed, rubbing her middle. "We both get restless when you're away too long."

The days came and went, and the squirrel grew more gravid until the end of the week. Balros groaned and stretched in bed, basking in the mid-morning light until his situation dawned on him. With his eyes still closed he pawed around the bed, inspecting everything within reach until he confirmed his solitude. His mattress creaked and groaned as he rolled out of his partner's crater, and he stretched his arms over his head as he stood. He rubbed the sleepiness from his eyes and lumbered toward the kitchen, his cock throbbing to its full size at the thought of what he might find. Balros got his answer when he reached the kitchen. A blast of chilled air welcomed him when he rounded the corner, followed by the sight of his partner's titanic ass. Its plush curvature pinned the refrigerator door open while she rummaged through its shelves, scarfing down everything she could. Her feminine

sex flexed with need and coated her balls in arousal, culminating in an irresistible sight. Balros wasted no time approaching her from behind and wrapping his arms around her waist, wedging himself between her cheeks. Confusion flickered into his thoughts when his hands met across her plush middle however, and it deepened when another presence pressed itself under his tail. A familiar giggle rang though the kitchen as the squirrel behind him leaned forward and sandwiched him to the one before him, and the sound harmonized with itself when the other pushed back and wiggled her hips.

"I hope you enjoyed this last week, because we've both decided we'd like to do it again."