

Warm Temptation

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21-08-29

A Patreon Request

In an experimental procedure, Amber gains the traits of an alien plant. The most notable of these are photosynthesis and juice production. Will she stay in control of these abilities, or will she give in to hedonism?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Female, Bunny, Space, Low Gravity, Experiments, Science, Chubby, Transformation, Plant TF, Photosynthesis, Weight Gain, Inflation, Juice Inflation, Blueberry, Masturbation, Leaking

Stars drifted across the station's window, infinite points of light scattered across an endless void. The curved horizon of a planet below filled the vista's lower edge, adding a splash of color to the monochrome scene. The bunny let out a sigh and her thoughts turned to that vibrant world, pondering what life must be like on its colorful landscapes. She imagined the animals that swam in its oceans and drank from its lakes, the plants that do nothing but bask under an alien sun. A smile crossed her short muzzle, and she shut her eyes in bliss. What she wouldn't give to leave her claustrophobic home and join them. A dreamy sigh escaped her chest, but before she could dwell on that fantasy too long, the medical bay door opened. The bunny snapped to attention as a tall husky filled the metal frame and passed through, glowing tablet in hand.

"Well Ms Amber," the doctor began. "All your tests and readings came back good. Your weight is a little on the high end for this, but as long as you keep an eye on it, it should be fine. If you're ready for the next stage of your treatment, we can begin."

"Do I have much of a choice," she half-laughed.

"I'm afraid not," the doctor admitted. "Your contract only allows for two delays, and I don't think this would be the best place to use one. Though I suppose I can order it and cite your weight if you'd really like me to."

The bunny crossed her arms over her plush paunch. "That won't be needed."

"In that case, let's begin."

The doctor reached out and gestured for his supplies, and the room's assistant responded. Mechanical arms stretched from the ceiling and gripped a heavy cart, then wheeled it within the canine's reach. He uttered a short thanks out of habit and placed his hand on the container's scanner, verifying his identity. A soft hiss filled the air as latches and seals released, and with those sounds came a plume of frigid smoke. The bunny rolled

her eyes at the theatrics as the canine released a second set of locks, finally revealing a set of vials and needles. The fluids within glowed with an alien hue, the sight of which sent a trill of excitement through the bunny. A soft ringing cut her eagerness short however, a noise brought out by the doctor flicking the tip of his loaded syringe.

Amber gripped the edge of her seat with his approach and maintained her hold as he placed a hand on her belly. "The local numbing agent should have taken effect by now," he offered. "Tell me Ms Amber, can you feel this?"

He pinched the roll of her middle, leading the bunny to shake her head.

"Excellent. You may still feel a small pinch, but it should be tolerable. Let me know if becomes too uncomfortable though."

Amber nodded, then turned away and shut her eyes. Just as the doctor said, there was a slight pinch as he administered her latest dose. She chided herself for not being more used to the treatment after so many sessions, though forgave herself as the experimental medicine entered her system. A deep chill swirled in her stomach and sluggishly radiated out, causing her to squirm in her seat. The doctor planted his free hand on her middle to keep her steady, a motion that earned a surprised gasp from the bunny. Her hide tingled when his fingers pressed into her flab, and the combination of warm and cool confused her senses. Twinges of arousal smoldered in her core by the time the last of the concoction diffused into her body, and the embers of her need faded as the doctor gave her middle an affectionate pat. He turned his attention back to the heavy cart, fished out a small pamphlet of information, then passed it off to the bunny.

"Have this, in case you need to review anything we went over today," he smiled. "There shouldn't be any complications. You're in good health, so as long as you monitor your weight and avoid *too* much time in direct sunlight, everything should be good. Feel free to call me or stop by if you feel anything is amiss though."

"Thank you doctor, I'll be sure to let you know if things get strange."

With that, the pair shared a parting nod and Amber hopped down from the examination table. She hardly reached the canine's chest as she passed, a detail that brought a subtle blush to her muzzle. What the bunny lacked in height she made up for in width however, sporting a set of hips that nearly brushed the door frame on her exit. The corridor beyond catered to her figure better, wide enough for people and supplies alike to pass each other without issue. Amber unfolded her pamphlet as she sashayed down the metallic hallway, paying little heed to the signs and posters lining the wall. Equal parts art and motivational messages, they went ignored while she scanned the doctor's information, running over the details once more. Her eyes lit up when she found the passage in question, which stated the proper amount of sunlight to give herself. Amber committed "1 to 3 hours" to memory, then made her way to her favorite room on the station.

She sauntered passed the residential quarters, continued beyond the kitchen and cafeteria, a close contender for her favorite, and eventually reached the gardens. The scents of fresh water and newly pruned branches lingered in the airlock, and a smile graced her muzzle as she breathed them in. A sharp hiss drowned out that sound of bliss when the door sealed behind her. Amber floated from the floor as gravity and pressure equalized, lifting the weight of her thighs and belly from her feet. A little shove was all it took to leave the ground, and when the second set of doors opened, she kicked off the opposite wall. Painted, sterile panels gave way to verdant life as she soared into the garden globe, free to float and fly among the vines and leaves. The surrounding flora was nothing like that of earth's, a vivid tide of blues and purples, but that made the environment all the more exotic and alluring. The clear sphere that house the garden offered the best view outside on top of that.

Amber let loose a melodic laugh, announcing her joy to the verdant overgrowth.

She stretched her arms wide and slowly spun toward the globe's center, where a massive tangle of vines twined together. Bundled together into something resembling a tree, the central spire supported branches and offshoots alike. Broad plates clung to the trunk like platforms, providing the bunny with the perfect place to rest. Amber drifted to one of them sheltered by the canopy's spotty shade, then made herself comfortable. A quick glance to her surroundings confirmed she was mostly alone, save for monitoring instruments, a fact she eagerly took advantage of. She pulled her top over her head and set it to her side, fixing it to the plant's velcro-like surface. Her bottoms followed, and she bared her snow-white fur to the alien greenhouse.

Her pelt didn't remain that way for long, however. Accelerated by filtered sunlight, the chemicals and formulas coursing through her took action. The concoction started in her fingers and toes, tinting them a deep, vivid purple. The wave of color swept up her arms and legs while she relaxed, mirroring the plant on which she sprawled. It only stopped when it reached her shoulders and hips, leaving her core untouched for a brief moment. A soft groan tumbled from her muzzle when that changed, marking the second stage of her transformation. A rich blue spread across her soft paunch, starting from the site of the doctor's injection. It spread across her belly in seconds, softening it further with a fluid weight. Her breast followed as her middle rounded, swelling with rich, heavy fluid. Amber's muzzle blazed with arousal as the last of her changes settled in, leaving her to soak in the experience and acclimate to them.

Amber's muzzle dropped in a silent gasp of bliss as her nerves rewired and rewrote paths of pleasure, encouraging plant-friendly behavior. Every sun-lit patch of fur thrummed with carnal delight, curling her toes and arching her back. The bunny reached passed her belly and jammed her fingers between her thighs, more than ready to indulge in her experimental reward. Her stomach squished and sloshed around her arm with every roll of her hips, adding to the soft shlicks of her working fingers. The bunny abandoned shame and spread her legs wide, putting on a show for whatever member of the research crew that might have been watching. The act was purely self indulgent on her

part however, granting her deeper access to her most sensitive reaches. A distinct, blue tint stained her fingers while she worked herself toward climax, though in her state of rapture, she hardly noticed or cared.

Amber rubbed her clit and stretched her walls until she teetered on the edge of climax, but what truly pushed her over was beyond her control. The station spun and the planet moved, shifting shadows until the bunny rolled into a beam of direct sunlight. The usual warmth of the star carried with it a new sensation, brought out by her increasingly floral makeup. Her back arched with an electric shock of pleasure, and she tumbled into carnal release. Her cries of bliss echoed throughout the greenhouse while she twisted and writhed, unleashing a torrent of lust across her perch. That tinted fluid bubbled and floated in the lack of gravity, staining her inner thighs before drifting away in tiny constellations. They scattered the light just as brilliantly as their larger counterparts, a display that went wholly unnoticed by the bunny. Her eyes screwed shut while she rode out the most explosive orgasm of her life, which persisted until she had no energy left.

In her thrumming afterglow, bathed in the warmth of a generous sun, there was nothing she could do to resist the pull of sleep. Exhaustion claimed her on the spot and plunged her into pleasant dreams.

While Amber's mind rested, her body continued its work. Her metabolism shifted and changed beneath her colored fur, processing the sunlight so lovingly cast upon her. The bunny's form adapted swiftly, mastering photosynthesis in moments, and her figure slowly swelled with its results. Every subtle twist and turn on her leafy perch came with a slosh or gurgle, brought out by the fluid weight gathering in her core. The blue of her belly deepened as her rolls softened, creeping down her waist and eclipsing the tops of her thighs. Her belly button sank between increasingly distinct rolls, until it was simply a crease on the apron of her middle. Her thighs followed suit, rising like dough and closing the already narrow gap between them. Amber's plush rump was not spared either, squishing out from beneath her form and lifting her hips from the plant.

Her breasts were the exception to her growth. While they swelled and softened as well, it was not with soft fat. Instead, they hanged from her chest with a distinctly fluid weight, filling with juice produced by the rest of her. Sensitive nipples peeked from above her blue fur, topped with sapphire droplets that trickled into her pelt. A soft, dreamy moan tumbled from her muzzle as those pleasurable sensations colored her dreams, rekindling her arousal while she slept. Her subtle swelling continued while her core thrummed with rising lust, until she reached her maximum capacity. Her fur sparkled with rivulets of fluid, excess she could not contain, until the spreading moisture finally woke her. Amber's jaw dropped in something between a moan and a yawn, and she lazily shrugged off her extended nap until she chanced a look down.

The bunny's breath caught in her throat. Her sloshing bust obscured most of her body, and her rounded belly blocked the rest. While not overly familiar with the sight of her toes, she stood no chance of seeing them again. Still, she had no trouble standing up. Her weightless environment made climbing to her feet a simple task, but the same could not be said for redressing herself. A blush tinted her muzzle when she realized the stains of her lust had crept onto her clothing, though that was a minor issue compared to their size. The garments fit her well when she entered, but her enhanced curves easily overpowered them. Amber stepped into her pants and struggled to pull them passed her knees. Her flabby thighs squished around and over the inflexible fabric, straining the material's seams. Her chest and belly similarly tested her top, which refused to stretch over her leaking breasts. Soft grunts and groans of effort filled the air while she tried and tried again to cram herself back into her suit, until the reality of her situation forced a new approach.

Rather than risk tearing her garments or straining herself, Amber relented and simply wrapped her them around herself. Her improvised solution was far more function over form, though it would serve her needs until she found something that fit. Heat sparked in the bunny's muzzle and core as her rolls and folds partially overtook the

fabrics, a mixed blessing that showed off her new figure and helped hold them in place. A quick bounce on her heels sent a rippling jiggle through her frame, and when her outfit stayed mostly in place, she set her sights for the garden's airlock. Amber crouched deep and launched herself from the plant, then floated through the air until she reached the heavy metallic door. A fraction of her weight bounced on her heels when she prepared to reenter the station, though it did little to prepare her for her full weight. The atmospheres and gravity equalized, and the weight of her belly nearly dragged her to the floor.

Amber stumbled forward and planted a hand against the sterile wall, sparing herself from an embarrassing fall. Her top pulled tight as it cradled the full mass of her breasts, and it didn't take long for her juice to soak into its material. Her improvised skirt fared marginally better, though it crept up her thighs with every step and exposed the stains of her lust. The bunny took a steadying breath and hoped the corridors beyond were empty, then opened the airlock door. A chill ran through her fur when she rushed into the station's air conditioning, a sensation amplified by her increasingly wet top. She darted by the cafeteria and dodged through the residential wing, rushing on a direct path to the doctor. While her state was not entirely unexpected, she worried she may have overexposed herself during her nap.

In her mind, that possibility proved more and more likely with every step. Each rushed footfall sent a wave rippling through her figure, driving home just how much flab she had gathered. Her pace slowed as her stamina ran dry, her body unaccustomed to her new weight. Amber's slowed rhythm only amplified the bounce of her rolls, and with it came a subtly growing sloshing. The bunny thought nothing of it while she plodded toward the sick bay, but it soon grew to proportions she couldn't ignore. Her hanging belly swayed from side to side with enough force to tug at her balance, and she couldn't deny the speed at which her top saturated with her juice. Worry panged in the back of her mind, but before it grew to full-blown panic, she reached her doctor's office. Its door opened with a pneumatic hiss, and she stumbled inside before too many others took notice.

Her graceless entry drew the attention of the husky, who peeked from behind his computer to find Amber half-fallen over his table. He started to ask if she was alright, but the words caught in his throat when he saw her. "Amber, how long were you out in the sun?"

The bunny grunted as the doctor helped her up, then brushed herself off. "A few hours, I think? I actually came here to ask you about that. I fell asleep and I'm not totally sure how much sun I got."

"Well I don't think we have to weigh you to say you got too much," he muttered. "Tell me Ms Amber, how do you feel?"

"Kind of full and sloshy, and the sunlight feels really good? Like, *really* good." A shiver ran up her spine when she recalled precisely how good.

"Well, that lines up with the other overdosed subjects," he trailed.

"Others?"

"You're not the first person to do this, on purpose or otherwise. Most of them gave themselves over to it when they realized how good it felt," he shrugged. "But you seem to have landed in a sweet spot, so to speak."

A questioning look crossed the bunny's face, inviting the doctor to continue.

"I imagine you feel this already, but in your current state, your weight is tied to juice production. We're not exactly sure why it happens, but the sensation seems to be extremely pleasurable for the subjects. You've managed to start that process without giving in."

Amber squeezed her thighs together at the idea of repeating that orgasmic moment. She fought down the impulse to run back to the garden, then turned her attention back to the doctor. "So what do I need to do to stay like this?"

The doctor brought a hand to his chin. "Well, you'll need to stay out of the sun for the most part. I'd suggest no more than a half hour a day, but we might be able to give you more depending on how that works out. You will be needing a juicing kit, however. Wait here for just a few minutes, and I'll grab one for you."

Amber and the doctor shared a nod, and the canine departed. For the first few moments of her solitude, the bunny simply sat there and enjoyed the quiet. She glanced around the room, reading a few of his posters, until a tightness gradually closed in on her figure. A quick glance down confirmed her suspicions, where she found her curves swelling once more. Without the jostling of her steps, her subtle swelling could not be mistaken for anything else. The hybrid bunny's thighs squished together as juice leaked from her breasts and sex, further ruining her clothes. Amber swiftly reasoned that the doctor would probably need her nude to demonstrate the juicing kit, and she readily drew on that excuse to shed her garments. A sigh of relief followed the release pressure, though it didn't take long to return.

Her arousal bloomed as she reached capacity, and time slowed while she waited for the doctor's return. Her hips shifted against the exam table while she busied her mind, struggling to fill her thoughts with anything other than her rising carnal need. She screwed her eyes shut and pictured herself in a church, a venue that naturally suppressed her lust. Amber turned her inner vision toward divine depictions on the walls, then to the shine of the organ's pipes, and finally to the stained glass windows. Those colorful interpretations of critical scenes nearly quashed her lust, until the light behind showed through and touched on her hand. The bunny's imagined scene shattered, but the bliss tickling her nerves lingered. She looked to her side and discovered why. The ever-turning

station brought the sun to the doctor's window, where its radiant touch slowly climbed her arm.

Amber thought about pulling her hand away. Deep down, she knew she needed to, but the temptation to give in tugged her toward hedonism. A soft moan tumbled from her muzzle when her body reminded her of awaiting bliss, thrumming with need as he weight started a slow, gradual climb. Without withdrawing her arm, the bunny closed her eyes and weighed her options. In reality, the gesture was an excuse to prolong her exposure. She focused on the sensations of her body, the soft fat slowly filling out her paunch, her thighs thickening to proportions she didn't think possible. Most importantly, she relished the rising accumulation of juice in her chest. Still full from her time in the garden, they leaked their excess down her chest, creating twin flows that followed the hills and valleys of her figure. Her toes curled when she reached her shaded hand to her sensitive peak, coaxing out an indulgent moan of surrender.

The soft rustle of paper filled the office as she shimmied her hips, until that warm light covered her purple-hued back.

Amber's spine arched and rapture swept over her once more, carrying her passed her point of no return on a carnal tide. Her chest heaved with pleasure as her belly swelled, filling with the sweet fluid her breasts couldn't contain. The lower roll of her middle spilled across her thickening thighs, filling her lap like a lazy tide. It's growth tapered as it climbed up rather than out, eventually rising to the curves of her generous breasts. Their softness spread across the peak of her middle, endowing her with a distinctly maternal figure. Her hips rounded and widened to complete that look, and her fattening ass readily spread across that broadened canvas. The examination table creaked and groaned under her climbing weight, metallic sounds that stood no chance of rising above her blissful moans. Fortunately for that piece of furniture, Amber's weight plateaued before bringing permanent damage.

Unfortunately, her juice production only accelerated. Amber's transformation advanced, and the sounds of sloshing fluid joined her indulgent chorus. The bunny's face flushed with indigo pleasure, and her belly flooded passed her lap. Its weight spread her thighs and sank over the ledge of her knees, filling its newfound space with increasingly rounding curves. A rivulet of juice leaked from her navel, trickling down the crease of her lower roll and joining to pool between her thighs. The flow from her breasts grew to meet it, opening into small rivers that ran between her rolls. Those currents sprawled as she rounded out however, forced to flow over her tightening curves. Amber's pleasure grew with her mounting internal pressure, bringing her to the edge of a potent, overwhelming climax.

Amber's moans easily drowned out the sound of the office door opening, and her cries of bliss overpowered the doctor's shout of surprise. She came in that instant, unleashing a flood of sweet lust across the examination table. The canine stammered as she painted his space with streamers of juice, jets propelled by the pressure of her pleasure. Amber threw her head back and groaned in shameless bliss as the sensations of her hybrid form twined together, thrumming on every fiber of her being. Her thighs quaked and trembled while her inner muscles convulsed, throbbing and shuddering with her quickened breath. The doctor helplessly watched while her orgasm stretched over seconds and minutes, sustained by a runaway production of juice. It only occurred to him to cover the window when juice lapped at his heels, ensuring a permanent mark on his carpet. Amber huffed and moaned while she came down from her high, and the doctor let out a prolonged sigh.

He reached into his pocket and retrieved a small radio. "Hey, it happened again. I need a juice crew and cleaning crew at my office when they're available."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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