

Urgent Research



A Short Story
for Adult Readers

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A Commission for Anon

A science flavored experimental romp! Hermes and Freya have been tasked with testing a new formula, a concoction designed to maximize sexual output. Once the pair have the mixture prepared, they waste no time testing it on themselves and documenting the results. But just what kind of results will they get? Are they prepared for the potential consequences of swelling their virility?

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Commission, Short Story, Adult, Male, Hybrid, Female, Otter, Experiment, Test, M/F, Sex, Oral Sex, Exhibitionism, Excessive Fluids, Ball Growth, Threat of Bursting, Inflation, Cum Inflation, Cumflation

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The low drone of fluorescent lights thrummed through the air, reverberating off dark counter-tops and white-tiled walls. A thin sheen of clear-coat showed on every surface, rendering the clinical space easy to clean. Sealed cabinets hung from the ceiling and guarded their contents with rubbed rings, keeping them free of dust and contaminants alike. Despite the medical atmosphere, the room was almost tranquil in its sterility. That air dissipated when its workers entered, however. A soft hiss accompanied the opening of the room's only door, and low footsteps followed as they entered the space properly. The pair crossed the pristine floor and dropped their belongings off in their lockers, then prepared the lab for their day.

Once clad in a protective white coat, Hermes popped open cabinets and gathered materials required for their experiment. A stark contrast to his snowy-hued jacket, the hybrid's rich brown fur ruffled against long sleeves as he reached overhead. The fox/panther stretched his toes and strove for the highest shelf, where he fumbled among glass containers and glowing vials. His lush tail swayed with satisfaction once he found his quarry, and he cradled it carefully in his paws while he brought it down. The neon glow of his pawpads illuminated the jar before he carefully placed it down, going to great lengths to avoid disturbing its contents. With the secondary material procured, he turned his attention to a hatch across the room. He brushed by Freya on his way toward the more volatile primary material.

The otter only just resisted the urge to playfully swat her coworker with her tail as he passed. Instead, Freya busied herself with the lab's recording equipment. Her own coat swished across the counter as she swept her paw along its far edge, where she found a hidden button. At its press, a small screen flipped up from the tabletop and powered on. Several cameras rotated into the lab from the ceiling in the same moment, surrounding the pair with electronic eyes. The light-purple otter turned her gaze to each of

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them and offered a wave, ensuring their feed properly reached the monitor. Red lights flickered on by each lens when she tested their recordings. Once she satisfied with of their views, she switched them off and turned her focus to Hermes.

A grin spread across her muzzle while she watched her counterpart carry the delicate material, moving with the pace of a bomb disposal tech. There were no substances in facility so dangerous, though she respected the care the hybrid took with his position. Even if it caused them to run slow sometimes. Hermes offered a shallow shrug when he read those thoughts in her eyes and only slightly picked up the pace. The otter chuckled to herself at then, then decided to help where she could. While he drifted toward their workstation with the speed of a glacier, she procured a pair of vials from the clean cabinet. A soft pop sounded out when she unsealed the secondary ingredient, followed by a soft sizzle when she poured a portion into each vial. Hermes arrived as she finished, then moved to activate their formula.

Hermes glanced to his side and checked the procedure, then checked again and again. Once triple sure of the proportions, he gingerly poured the primary material into the first vial. Bubbles foamed and frothed while the two ingredients mixed, melding together as the mixture began to glow. Its light intensified while the reaction gained speed, throwing sharp shadows across the room. Freya idly wondered if they were performing magic or science, while Hermes was more concerned about the reaction exploding. Thankfully, that didn't come to pass. The formula calmed down as the hybrid introduced the final drops, and he was better prepared to watch the display a second time. Once the light and smoke cleared, the pair stared down the vials of finished formula.

Freya started the recording and read off the experiment's information. "Output enhancement mixture A8, Trial 3. The mixture has been mixed successfully, and we are ready to begin."

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Hermes offered a nod, Freya returned it, and he reached for one of the vials. Its glass warmed his hand more than expected, and the glow of his paw added to its potential mystical image. “This isn’t the one we take orally, right?”

“Right. This one is meant to be rubbed right in.”

The hybrid hesitated. “On camera?”

“Yes on camera,” the otter smirked. “That wasn’t a problem the last couple times.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t need to undress off the bat before.”

Freya shrugged. “If you don’t do it now, you’ll just have to do it when we redo the trial.”

With a sigh, the hybrid agreed. Hermes shrugged off his coat and set it on a chair, revealing that he wore nothing but underwear beneath it. His cheeks warmed when he noticed Freya looking. “What? It gets warm in here once we start working.”

“Well that is the idea with these tests.”

“You know what I mean,” he defended. With nothing more to say, Hermes slipped his thumbs under his waistband and dropped his underwear to the floor, revealing his modest malehood.

Freya held her tongue, and when he looked to her, gestured for him to proceed.

Hermes held the vial up to the light, as if to examine it one final time, then brought it down to his crotch. With his typical level of care, he very gingerly tipped the glass over. The fluid crept to its rim

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at a painstaking pace, and their anticipation only built further when it gathered as a droplet on the rim. With extreme viscosity, the globule gathered and grew until it finally gained enough mass to pull free. Once it did, the rest of the formula swiftly followed. It flowed like a slime and dropped onto Hermes's lap all at once, shocking the hybrid into quick action. The empty vial nearly tumbled from his fingers when he moved to rub the solution in, working the ooze deep into his fur. A blush warmed his cheeks and a soft moan tumbled from his muzzle, unable to disguise the pleasure of massaging the mixture down.

Freya cleared her throat, and Hermes remembered his experimental duties. "Mixture is warm to the touch," he half-moaned, "pleasurably so. The formula also activates the libido and-" A quick breath cut him off, followed by a groan of recovery.

While Hermes stumbled through describing the sensations brought by the formula, Freya started her own trial. She plucked her vial from the table and adjusted the lab's cameras, pointing a pair of them at her and Hermes's groin. A faint heat gathered in her cheeks while she watched his cock peek free from his sheath. A spark of arousal caught between her thighs, and eager to join her coworker, she quickly disrobed. After casting her lab coat to the floor, she leaned back in her seat and spread her thighs. The otter's lips already sparkled with the first signs of arousal, which only intensified as she upended her own vial. That viscous fluid dropped into her lap with a wet splat, and Freya rolled her hips while she rubbed it into her lips.

The slime shank between her fingers, more and more of it seeping into sex. While that viscous ooze slipped between her walls and into her passage, an intense need bloomed in her core. The otter's hips rolled deeper and deeper as that inferno stoked higher and higher, chipping away at restraint and inhibition. Something reminiscent of a heat blossomed in her depths, bringing with it an

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intense lust. Arousal flowed from her entrance and soaked her thighs as her fingers dipped in and out of that honey pot, first two digits, then three and four. Six fine points peeked from her fur as the rest of her body responded to that need, and the caress of the lab's cool air across those nipples nearly stole her breath. A few words tumbled from her muzzle when she remembered her experimental duty, wisps of sensations given lingual form, though their intent came through clearly. Freya eventually mustered the discipline to slow her hand and catch her breath, allowing her to answer the procedure's questions.

For a moment she fared slightly better than Hermes, stringing together a few breathy sentences far less potent than her body language. The experiment didn't truly break down until her gaze fell to the hybrid, however. The scents of their sex filled the air while their hands grew slick with their respective fluids, but the gravity of the moment didn't fully come into play until they saw each other. The otter's eyes locked on Hermes's cock while he vigorously stroked himself off, each pump accompanied by a thick shot of pre. That fragrant lust glistened on his fingers and glowed on his palms, forming thin webs each time he reset his grip. His back arched and his toes curled, but despite his obvious, overwhelming need, the hybrid's shaft hadn't fully emerged. Instead he squeezed his eyes shut and stumbled through the script until he heard Freya's voice taper off in a needy moan.

When he opened his eyes and beheld her spread thighs, there was nothing he could do to contain his arousal.

Lust struck him like a lightning bolt, fraying his focus and derailing his train of thought. The last word to leave his lips lingered there for a long moment, where he stumbled over its last syllable each time he tried to speak. Eventually he stopped trying entirely, instead devoting his full attention to the sights and scents of Freya's arousal. The hybrid's pupils widened while he watched her fingers

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dip in and out of her sex, and under such scrutiny, Freya lost her train of thought as well. Her own words tapered off until the lewd sounds of their masturbation overtook them entirely. It wasn't long until their carnal schlicks and needy groans were the only sounds of the lab, all of which the cameras recorded flawlessly. While words no longer flowed between them, intents still carried, and they held a silent conversation of tempting and teasing.

Freya made the first remark, deepening the arch of her back and widening the spread of her thighs. Bright lights above amplified the glistening fluid along the base of her tail and the inside of her thighs, highlighting the depth of her need. More importantly, the invitation offered by that needy spattering persisted. Each pump of her hand welled up more of those slick juices, which flowed across her saturated fur and soaked deep into her chair. Every motion of her hips came with a soft squelch, further adding to their lewd chorus's crescendo. Her moans escalated with that noise when her free hand traced the curve of her plush belly, teasing her sensitive nubs along the way. Hermes watched and listened with single-minded intent, ensuring not a single detail escaped his notice.

Slick and soaked with his own need, his hand pumped up and down his growing shaft with shameless need. Its neon glow drew Freya's gaze much as she enticed his, creating a loop of encouragement between them. Hermes's hips rolled in time with the motions of his palm, coaxing out shots of pre that arced farther and farther. His head rolled back as his cock reached its full length, reaching roughly twice the length of his hand throbbing with unrestrained need. Hermes's tail lashed with mounting need as those lustful pulses strengthened, timing the erosion of his carnal stamina. The experiment fell from his mind entirely and need consumed him, spurring him to give in and race passed the line of climax.

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Hermes arched over himself and pumped his hips and hand with all the speed he could muster, spurring Freya to lean forward in interest. Her own lust swelled while she watched him give in, and her breath quickened as she raced toward her own orgasm. Still, she wanted to watch him go off first, and she found the restraint to slow her fingers, if only for a moment. Tensions and lust mounted while Hermes let loose, humping his palm as if his life depended on it. His balls drew in close to his body as he teetered on the edge, and he threw his back as he tumbled into climactic bliss. Hermes's cock bounced and throbbed in his grip, but to their shared surprise, nothing shot forth. The hybrid's breath caught in his throat in the wake of that false orgasm, and his sac tingled and swelled as it descended.

Freya watched with equal parts shock and arousal. It was as if that release simply flowed back down into his sac with its volume multiplied many times over. Those two spheres pulsed and throbbed in time with his heart rate, gradually filling the space between his thighs. In the span of a few seconds they surpassed the size of golf balls, and that expansion only tapered when they approached the diameter of tennis balls. Hermes squirmed in his seat as the pressure within his sac swelled in proportion, quickly reaching and surpassing the point of pure pleasure. The hybrid squirmed with discomfort, apparently stopped exactly on that orgasmic point of no return. A constant stream of pre leaked from his tip, only interrupted when an inner clench launched a new rope forth. He could muster only a pitiful whine while he painted the floor, and he turned to Freya for help.

For the moment, however, her own lusts took priority. Her fingers blazed into motion with unrestrained delight as she savored her coworker's needy look, and she shamelessly indulged in the need flickering behind his eyes. The otter leaned back in her seat and hooked her knees over its armrests, spreading her legs wide and presenting an unrestricted view. Hermes's breath hitched when that

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gesture ushered him to a second denied climax, and Freya relished the thick sounds of his pre splattering across the floor. A grin broke across her snout as she moved her tail into the path of his need, where she caught several shots on her tip. She watched his eyes widen as she brought to her lips, then made a slow and sensual show of slurping it from her tip. Hermes seized with a third rush of lust, a sight that sent a deep clench through her inner reaches.

Honeyed arousal spilled from Freya's sex when that display sent her over her own edge, though it seemed much less pronounced than Hermes's. A deep, intense clench rolled through her inner reaches, a ripple that unleashed a tide of her own need. That slick fluid spilled over her tail and soaked the tiles under her seat, and the puddle of her arousal spread as aftershocks rolled through her. Despite the intensity of that climax, it did little to satisfy the blaze in her core. It flickered for just an instant, then roared back to its full intensity. Her hips rolled on their own accord with that return, and her attention turned to the larger issue apparently between them. Neither could satisfy themselves, and the natural next step should be to get each other off. Freya took in a calming, wavering breath, then leaned toward the cameras' terminal.

A thick squelch sounded out as her sex squished against the base of her tail, a sensation and noise that sent a shiver up both of their spines. The otter turned the cameras to the floor space between them and zoomed in, guessing at the spot their scientific romp would take place. Confident she got the angle at least a little close, Freya then turned her focus to her increasingly needy coworker. A small part of her wanted to jump him then and there, bring him to the floor and ride him until neither had anything left to give, but she fought that urge. Partially out of scientific interest and partially from her own desire to tease Hermes, the otter decided to start slow. She held the hybrid a lustful gaze, communicating intent

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with a single look, then slid from her chair and glided between his knees.

The combined scents of their arousal proved remarkably potent, but so close to Hermes's source, his signature dominated the mixture. Freya's chest fluttered as her mere presence spurred him on, growing his flow of pre into a consistent fountain. His sticky lust marked the fur of her chest as she leaned in, and each shot that pulsed forth arced just under her snout. She let out a soft, teasing laugh as she bent her neck and caught a shot on her tongue, tempting Hermes with the softness of her mouth. She withdrew that invitation quickly however, and instead reached for his lap. The hybrid's hand bounced up and down the length of his cock until she brushed it away, replacing it with her own grip. Hermes's hips rolled into that soft embrace, but Freya moved with him and controlled the pace.

For a moment, the otter found herself content to simply squeeze his cock, gingerly following the rhythm of his throbbing. The gesture brought forth a needy whine in his chest, begging her to move to more active ministrations, but again she retained control. Freya squished her fingers around him with that same rhythm, until her his lust completely soaked her hand. Fortunately for Hermes's sake, that moment arrived quickly. Once satisfied with his coverage, she finally pumped her palm from root to tip. That first stroke came slowly, allowing her to test her coworker's eagerness and sensitivity. When he rolled his hips into her grip, Freya took that as an invitation to continue. The second stroke came faster, and the third with even greater urgency.

A low groan resonated in Hermes's chest and he rolled his head back, surrendering to the pleasure brought by the otter. His eyes drifted shut and his toes curled when she speed her pace further yet, filling the lab with the sounds of her lewd ministrations. The hybrid's breath hitched in his throat when that familiar tingle of

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approaching release returned, and like a spring coiling with potential, his back gradually arched as he charged. A grin spread across Freya's snout while she ushered him to that climatic ledge, and temptation flashed across her eyes when she felt those tell-tale pulses. She leaned in and opened her mouth wide, hoping to catch a sample of Hermes's virility on her tongue.

Unfortunately for both of them, history repeated itself. Hermes's tail lashed and he balanced on that carnal edge, once more unable to take that blissful tumble. His cock bounced and throbbed with tremors of release, but only more pre spurted forth. It spattered across Freya's snout and cheeks, but most of it sailed over her head. The otter glanced to the camera terminal and ensured that detail reached the recording, then turned her attention back to her coworker. Freya's gaze returned just in time to watch his sac relax and swell, creeping passed the size of tennis balls. She watched with needy attention while they filled the space between his thighs in spurts of growth, and those potent pulses only slowed when he reached the size of softballs.

Once more a needy whine keened the hybrid's chest, a sound of mounting need and building discomfort. Freya recognized the need for a new technique and eagerly obliged.

Already positioned between his thighs, the otter simply opened her muzzle and leaned forward. She let her tongue lull over her lip and lapped at his length, starting at his root and climbing to his tip. Fortunately for Freya, only his sac had grown in size. Once she satisfied herself sampling his potent flavor, taking him into her muzzle proved a comfortable challenge. The otter brought her lips together and planted a single kiss on his tip, then raced down his length until nose bumped the edge of his sheath. A lightning bolt of bliss struck the hybrid in that instant, briefly eclipsing all other sensations and locking his muscles in bliss. Hermes's tail snapped

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rigid and his legs kicked straight out, mustering enough momentum to bounce him from his seat.

The hybrid slipped free from Freya's muzzle in his drop to the floor, and his freed seat rolled and rocketed to the other side of the room. That blunder only momentarily bucked the mood, and once Freya confirmed he was alright, she followed him to the lust-soaked floor. Their combined arousal saturated her belly while she laid prone between his legs, propped up on the grand swell of his enhanced sac. Those two orbs nestled neatly into her cleavage while she tended to his length, lavishing its underside with a series of slurps before she reclaimed it in her mouth. The second time, Hermes was more prepared to endure the ensuing bolt of bliss. His head rolled back and his toes curled as she hilted him once more, and she spent a long moment at his root simply teasing him with her tongue.

In the back of his mind, Freya's oral talent shocked the hybrid. She circled his circumference with supreme dexterity, tracing over every curve and contour of that spire. Hermes's fingers scrabbled for purchase against the slick tile, struggling to cope with the pleasure flooding his nerves. All he could do was pulse and throb in the face of her ministrations, each of which unleashed a potent shot of arousal. Despite flooding her mouth with a single jet, his enhanced output did little to relieve the pressure between his legs. Whether or not Freya was aware of that fact, she didn't give up. The otter relaxed her throat and swallowed down each mouthful of arousal, drawing on that lust to fuel her own.

While the motion might have been lost on Hermes, there was no mistaking the subtle roll of her hips as she brought her fingers between her thighs. The otter moaned around his shaft and dipped into her sex, spreading her slick walls and diving straight for her most sensitive regions. Every soft groan that tumbled from her lips resonated through the hybrid's arousal, driving him to greater and

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greater heights of bliss. A grin spread across her muzzle when she felt his sac draw close to his hips once more, and Freya internally braced for the tide of his seed. Hermes made no attempt to hold back, rolling his hips deeper and harder, until he finally reached out and grabbed the back of Freya's head. She let out a muffled sound of surprise when he pulled her down against her lap, where the tip of his cock reached over the back of her tongue.

That first throb stretched her jaw, and once accustomed to his size and output, the second and third came easily.

The otter softly moaned to herself while that molten heat pooled in her belly, adding its pleasant weight to her modest paunch. The prelude to a greater climax fluttered through her passage and danced on her nerves, rewarding her masturbation without quashing her desire completely. She basked in the tingling sensitivity that came after, but in that following afterglow, she couldn't help but notice Hermes's sac swelling larger. She watched the delicate hide that wrapped those growing orbs pull tighter, a testament to the pressure mounting within. The hybrid's brow furrowed with his satisfaction's escape, and his muscles twitched in search of an outlet. Overwhelming need and worrying tension battled for his attention, a bout that left him paralyzed with inaction.

While it might not have been the correct answer, Freya found a possible one to his problem. A begging whine whistled through his chest when the otter stood up, dripping with their combined lust. Hermes started to get up with her, though she shook her head and pressed her tail to his chest. She guided him back to the ground, then widened her stance and walked over him. Freya's shadow fell over his face while as she positioned herself, and she eclipsed his world when she squatted down. Her slick lips kissed the tip of his muzzle, and it only took him a moment to catch on to her own desires. Even while his legs shuffled and shifted with discomfort,

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Hermes found the coordination and focus to slam his tongue into her sex.

A thankful moan tumbled from the otter's chest, and she rewarded his attention with a generous swipe of her own tongue. Hermes rolled his hips against her snout, though she withheld further pleasure until he resumed eating her out. With that unspoken deal established, the pair dove into each other. The hybrid's lust flared in the presence of Freya's sex, spurred by the arousal spilling from her entrance. Her fluids soaked his muzzle and dominated his senses, shrinking away the outside world until there was nothing beyond the reach of her hips. With the outward world dissolved, he turned his attention inward. Despite his overwhelming need, he found the focus to explore every fold and crevice in those weeping walls, judging his efforts by the tightness with which she clamped on his tongue. Every ripple came with a rush of need, soaking his snout in her glistening desire, making it all the easier for her to take more.

The hybrid received little warning. A subtle roll of her hips unsealed her lips from his, granting just enough room to realign herself. The muscles of her thighs coiled, and she slammed back down hard enough to take his nose and muzzle. A shocked sound tumbled from her chest with that new intrusion, though she made no effort to free him. Instead, she let her demands be known in a slow, rolling clench. The hybrid caught on quickly and shoved his muzzle into her crotch. A thick squelch and a splash of lust accompanied his entry, along with a bolt of bliss to her nerves. Her muscles locked with that sharp prod of pleasure, clenching tight in a minor climax that only further doused him. With the barrier raised, Freya dedicated herself to his shaft with the same intensity and eagerness. Their heads bobbed in a mutual dance of give and take, their rhythms established by the other, granting as much as they received. It didn't take long for Hermes to reach another denied climax.

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The tip of Freya's tail shook as she followed him into bliss, but for Hermes, the relief it brought was short lived. His muzzle parted from her sex in a pained groan, unable to tolerate the tension in his sac as it climbed higher yet. The image of a painful burst slipped into the back of his mind, shoving him to the brink of desperation. There was only one more thing he could think of to try, and bordering on incoherence, he begged Freya to give it to him. Between Freya's lustful mindset and the few fragments of words he produced, the otter pieced his question together and obliged. Webs of lust stretched between her lips and his while she rose on shaking legs, rising just high enough to reverse her position. The otter spent only a moment lining up her entrance with his shaft, then dropped her full weight onto his lap.

More than slick enough to accommodate each other, she hilted him in that first motion and slammed down against his hips. That swift entrance nearly knocked the wind from her lungs, and it unlocked something primal in Hermes. A feral need flared in his eyes as he wrapped his hands around Freya's hips, sinking his fingers into her small love handles. Lust turned to strength as he lifted her from his lap, raising her up until only his tip remained in her depths, then slammed her back down. He pumped his own hips up in that same motion, and the two lovers collided with a plap that echoed off the sterile walls. The otter's eyes screwed shut in the face of such ferocious pleasure, and the hybrid didn't allow any time for them to adjust.

That first impact sent a ripple up Freya's modest chest, and the second followed before it dissipated. He clapped out a rising rhythm while he gained momentum, until his hips blurred in rushed, frenzied motion. Once he hit his stride, Hermes kept Freya floating above him, suspended by the slaps of his lap. His balls only jostled with a fraction of that motion, content to rock and pin the base of his tail. Jets of pre lanced into the otter's core and spilled from their imperfect seal, bathing both of them in slick arousal. Despite that,

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the pressure deep in the hybrid's sac persisted. The tension in his core drove him to greater and greater speeds, each motion chipping away at his already spent stamina. With the ferocity of his rutting, Hermes only held his release off for a few minutes at most.

A distant sense of dread welled in his chest as his knot finally began to swell, unsure if it would bring him relief or force him passed physical limits. Whether Hermes was ready for it or not, he tumbled over that point of no return with a long, drawn-out groan. His hips stopped in an instant, and he pulled Freya down over his shaft as hard as he could. A distinct pop announced the burying of his glowing bulb, and every fiber of his being trembled in anticipation. That familiar blissful twinge fired in his core, and rapture like no other washed over him as that internal dam broke. The hybrid writhed beneath the otter in helpless bliss, unable to process the pleasure that seared through his nerves. It took all his concentration to keep breathing alone, allowing his body to take him on an orgasmic ride. Every pump and jet of cum he shot bulged his shaft grandly, a testament to the formula's effect and his own resilience.

Where Hermes experienced the peak of the serum's effect up front, Freya faced a slow, snowballing build. That blast of molten heat directly into her core spurred her own climax, coaxing her passage to milk the hybrid for all he was worth. She contributed her own tide of arousal to their mixture while she clenched and rippled, drenching what few inches of Hermes that might have been dry. His throbbing knot ensured only her fluids escaped their seal, however, ensuring every drop of his cum surged into and flooded her stretching womb. The otter rolled her head back in bliss as her subtle paunch swelled out, first with a small bump, then a hill that might have been confused for pregnancy. For better or worse, the speed at which that globe grew dispelled any confusion over its unnatural nature.

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Seconds turned to minutes while Hermes spent his virility, swelling and propelling Freya through apparent trimesters. One of her hands moved to that growing hill and rubbed over its soft curvature, shocked that Hermes could produce such growth. Her interest turned to bliss as it became the defining feature of her figure, rolling out over Hermes's own middle as it gained size. The light purple of her fur gave way to soft pink as her hide stretched, revealing the shallowing dip of her navel. Freya's thighs trembled as roaring pleasure intertwined with smoldering discomfort, each spurred on by increasing sensitivity. That mixture tipped toward the latter as Hermes's orgasm persisted, pressing her into the third trimester of her rapid, false pregnancy. The hybrid's balls slowly shrank with the delivery of his payload, a sloshing torrent that carried his fears with it into Freya.

Concern panged in the back of Freya's thoughts as she passed into her fourth and fifth trimesters. While the weight on her hips and the warmth in her core were blissful, the climbing tension in her hide was not. Every throb of Hermes's length brought another electric twinge, sparks that coincided with the creation of new stretch marks. It didn't take long for Freya's fur to stretch thin enough to reveal them, unveiling the pattern of pink lightning bolts across her skin. Hermes distantly noticed that detail as well, though he remained far more concerned with emptying his balls. A small pop claimed both of their attentions when the otter's belly button popped out, adding another curve to the tight curvature of her front. That freed a small amount of space in her belly and brought a drop of relief, though it was unfortunately fleeting.

Freya fell back and landed on her palms, reclining in an effort to alleviate the weight in her belly. That tight dome sloshed with the motion, a pointed reminder of her state. The otter winced and rubbed her swollen middle as its tense pink turned to angry red, highlighting the distress in her eyes. A whine resonated in her chest as she grit her teeth. Freya internally debated trying to climb free

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from Hermes's lap, as if only her own weight kept her in place. That notion dissolved the instant she tried to move, however. The otter struggled to gather even a mote of strength on her frayed nerves, and the resulting tug on his knot resulted in a larger surge of seed. That enhanced shot nearly knocked the breath from her lungs when it splattered against the back wall of her womb, and her nerves burned with increasingly confused pleasure as its weight settled in with the rest of his cum.

The otter tried to stand once again, spurred by that unusual burning bliss, but only succeeded in ruining her balance. Her palms slipped across the slick floor, sending her sprawling on her back. The resulting slosh in her belly drew out a low groan of discomfort, which echoed when Hermes followed her. The hybrid rolled up on his knees and knelt between her thighs, an admittedly impressive motion that kept him hilted. With his balls almost completely drained by then, it proved easier than expected. He bounced his hips against hers a few more times while he spent the last of his reserves, topping his coworker off and leaving her on the border of bursting. His expression dropped and his senses returned, and the gravity of their actions set in.

While Freya lay pinned under the weight of her overstuffed belly, Hermes took stock of himself. He reached between his thighs and cupped his balls, earning a sharp twinge of soreness. A smoldering sensation lingered in his sac, no doubt instilled by his abrupt changes in size. Every muscle in his hips and groin echoed that sentiment, more than overworked by his marathon climax and the smaller outbursts that lead up to it. His cock was similarly tender, but that seemed to be nothing compared to the sensations wracking Freya's form. Concern crossed his face as he reached out and gingerly placed a hand on the peak of her belly, earning pained, masochistic moan from the otter.

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Freya's breaths came shallow and rushed while she adjusted to her far overfilled womb, and she considered crossing "brood-mother" from her mental list of possible careers. Much to her relief the pressure gradually abated through a combination of leaking Hermes's cum across the floor and adjusting over time. The haze in her eyes cleared as her higher thought fully returned, and she mustered the professionalism to document the moment. She looked into one of the many cameras directed at her, then between breathy pants made her thoughts known.

"Test concluded," she muttered. "Recommend increasing elasticity component before next trial. Also, make a note to keep drinkable water around in the next set of procedures. I'm parched..."

Vic's Galleries

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

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

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker>

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