

Containment Violations



A Short Story
for Adult Readers

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Containment Violations

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A Commission for Anon
Freya and Hermes Belong to Anon

A Story of tentacled terror! Freya's day takes a turn before it can begin when an experiment breaks loose. The chemicals that created it lend it a corrupting influence, trapping those it touches in a cycle of lust and desire. The otter learns this firsthand when it closes its clutches around her and introduces her to a perilous bliss. Does she have what it takes to withstand the beast's love? What of the rest of the facility?

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Short Story, Adult, Commission, (Anon), Female, Otter, Monster, Tentacle, Tentacle Sex, Bondage, Hip Growth, Excessive Fluids, Inflation, Cum Inflation, Near Bursting, Peril, Corruption, Lactation, Breast Growth, Male, Hybrid, Anal Sex

The door creaked open with Freya's entry and light flooded into the locker room. A motion sensor tripped the fixtures above, chasing every shadow from the space. It wasn't a large area, just big enough to house a few lockers and benches. A grin spread across the otter's muzzle. It seemed she hit the sweet spot between shifts, granting her total privacy to prepare for her day. She hummed a soft tune and sashayed to her locker, a metal box unfortunately placed on the higher of two levels. Her melody dropped while she strained upward to reach its dial, where she only just spun her combination in. A click echoed through the tiled room and the door swung open. A set of fresh lab garments waited for her within, which she carefully plucked from their hanger. A soft grunt fell from her lips when she dropped to her heels, and her song resumed as she took off her street clothes.

Freya's broad hips swayed and she wiggled out of her pants, dropping them into a pool around her ankles. The otter's panties followed, and her shirt fluttered to her side. A faint sound caught her ear when she bent down to pick them up, giving her pause in that compromising position. The door remained shut however, and she wrote it off as a noise from a neighboring room. She gave it more attention when it returned however, focusing her senses on the apparent source. Intuition guided her perception to an air vent, which returned to silence under her scrutiny. Freya resolved to let it

go before her nerves got the better of her, though she wasn't afforded that luxury. The harsh sound of rending metal tore through the room, and with that auditory invasion came a physical counterpart.

From that square hole in the wall, a multitude of tentacles burst forth. The twisted vent cover smashed against the far wall with a deafening clatter, leaving Freya entirely off guard. For an empty moment, she simply beheld the writhing mass. Translucent blue in color and seemingly infinite in number, they covered every size the otter could imagine. Smaller feelers crept across the floor while thicker members directed the mass, operating as a single unit. Her breath caught in her throat when their collective tips pointed at her, finally registering her presence. The creature offered no time to act. Freya shrieked and the beast swarmed over her, gliding over her pelt with oily ease. When it started to tingle against her hide, she noticed the light sheen of chemicals that covered its surface.

Despite its feral and unnatural appearance, the creature handled her with unexpected care and intelligence. It coiled around her waist with just enough strength to hold her without crushing her and lifted her with enough finesse to avoid whiplash. Freya sensed a consciousness somewhere in that writhing mass, and she wasn't sure if that made the experience more or less comforting. As the tingles across her hide built to faint sparks of pleasure, her opinion tipped toward the latter. Her desire to escape and find help fluttered for just an instant, long enough to tip the creature's hand. The realization her need to flee was on a timer shocked her back from that weak trance and rekindled her struggles.

Several smaller tendrils sprouted from the gooey trunk around Freya's waist, eroding what resistance she mustered. The tip of her tail flicked about and betrayed her blooming arousal, though not nearly as much as the lust that leaked from her hips. She set her claws against the tentacle's hide and jabbed at them with all her

strength, though her blows lost their drive with each fruitless strike. The otter's breath caught in her throat when those thin feelers explored in earnest, tracing the curves of her trim belly and the arcs of her inner thighs. She couldn't deny the pleasantness of their exploration and her judgment lapsed as they expanded their search. They stopped below her belly button and above her knees for an unknown reason, and she learned why seconds later.

Everywhere its ooze touched turned to an erogenous zone, stoking her lusts like nothing before. Freya struggled to maintain her composure, to control her breath and calm her racing heart, though her body rebelled at the thought. A needy clench rolled through her inner passage and a rivulet of lust trickled forth, its stream lost in the wash of the tentacle's chemicals. Realizing the futility of enduring the chemical onslaught, Freya once more tried to free herself. She glanced up and down the tentacle's writhing form, searching for a potential weakness. The otter strained her eyes in the hopes of spotting a thin place in its hide or a cut that hadn't healed all the way, though she found none. There didn't even seem to be distinct features under its clear skin. The otter found only blue goo as far as she looked.

The creature curtailed her efforts with a soft squeeze, a pulse that shot pleasure through her sensitive figure. Her thighs quaked and her need flared, driven further by a new layer of chemically-charged oils. Instead of breaking her mind with need, as Freya expected, they worked upon her form in other ways. A soreness gathered in her hips as muscles stressed and strained, a smoldering distinct from the burning need of her core. The otter worried in the back of her mind if the creature would simply break her, and that notion gained credence as soft pops and snaps filled their air. She squirmed in its grasp while those rose in frequency and volume, until an obvious motion revealed its effects. Her hips widened with a startling snap, a sharp crack echoed by her opposite side.

Freya's bottom-heavy figure grew more so as the tentacles widened her hips. The confusing sensations turned to blasts of pleasure after she acclimated to the unsettling change, another source of bliss to cloud her judgment. Her thighs spread apart as well, driven out by her slowly shifting bones, opening a gap between their plush curves. The tentacles swarmed and explored that newly created space, slathering her inner thighs with a generous coating of slime. Freya's own lust mixed and mingled with those chemicals, gradually washing them down her legs with need. It was far from enough to stop or even slow the effect however. In mere moments the tentacles brought her hips to a motherly status, invalidating a large portion of her wardrobe.

Ill-fitting clothes were the farthest things from her mind in that moment, for better or worse. Those curious tendrils wasted no time teasing and exploring Freya's new figure, and their curious touch only brought her deeper under their spell. From her belt-line they radiated out, twisting and crawling over her figure. The round patterns on her thighs distorted under those semi-clear lengths, taking on their teal hue as well. They covered the rounded nubs of her lower-most nipples as well, spiking her pleasure hard enough to catch her breath. With that sign they continued, gliding up her arms and down her thighs. The otter's core heated with those touches to her inner legs, spurring the creature to focus its attention. Those slick tips strummed across her nerves with potent skill, enticing Freya's lust and curiosity alike. Perhaps there was more to this creature than raw, bestial lust, and that new unknown blunted her instincts to escape.

That train of thought derailed as the tentacles deepened their massage. Freya's body twitched with overpowering pleasure, pulled between the commands of her brain and the desires of her body. Though her motions were ineffective, she rolled her hips in the creature's unyielding hold. Every so often she grazed her clit across

an inattentive tendril or glided across a shifting member, striking her with a bliss that knocked her breath away. Those thunderous bursts shook her muscles and her resolve alike, weakening what resistance she managed to muster. Her chest heaved with a mixture of effort and need as the creature's chemicals seeped deeper into her body, and the balance tipped toward the latter with continued contact. In minutes her thighs tingled with the same sensitivity as her inner passage, and the rest of her body followed suit.

Even across Freya's featureless chest and down her arms, her hide tingled with unanswered desire. It slowly swept down her arms and into her fingers, where she tried to close her paws into fists. The tentacles denied that slight exploration in state however, curling around her digits with a possessive hold. Her back and calves soon thrummed with the same sensation, bringing almost her entire being into the clutches of need. Freya began to crave the creature's touch across her whole form, spurring her to wiggle and attempt to entice it to those newly needy regions. Whether the tentacles could not or chose not to understand remained a mystery when they failed to deliver on that desire. The otter's eyes drifted shut in that moment, and that change of perception only bolstered those needy sparks. She endured their teasing points for what felt like ages, until even her tongue begged for the beast's addictive touch.

The otter's eyes snapped open and her head rolled back when those chemicals reached her core, overcharging her desires and plunging her into a potent heat. Freya's tongue lured from her muzzle in an outburst of needy breath, a reflection of the overwhelming need that rose in her depths. She squished her thighs together and rolled her hips with helpless desire, praying her internal grinding brought just a fragment of pleasure. Her results were mixed, however. The otter's voice hitched with every accidental graze of her weeping walls, though that self-teasing only made her need more. The idea of escaping dropped from her mind

entirely, and instead she focused on coaxing the tentacles to take her.

That change didn't go unnoticed by her captor. If her abrupt shift in body language wasn't enough, the flood that poured from between her thighs was. Regardless, the creature relished the turning tables. It shed the primal speed and desire with which it broke into the room in favor of a slow, methodical approach. An approach that threatened to shatter Freya's mind with unfathomable need. The tentacles adjusted their hold on the otter, shifting its grip from her waist to her thighs. Pleading begs spilled from her lips when thick tendrils spread her legs and exposed her entrance. Her hips bounced with frenzied thrusts, with enough force to scatter pearls of her lust through the air, only for the tendrils to descend on her with a lazy, teasing leisure.

Freya's begging intensified, blending together in a stream of words that stumbled over themselves and reached incoherency. Her vocabulary broke down completely with that first teasing touch, a simple stroke across the tip of her clit. Her language center shorted and reverted to primal grunts, the lexicon of those without syllables or those simply driven passed it. Regardless, the tentacle understood her demands perfectly. The otter's tail lashed and her head whipped up and down, asserting her demands and enthusiasm with every ounce of her being. Her lower lips flexed and throbbed with invitation, weeping a wetness that could entice even the most chaste being. Still, the creature resisted and moved at its own pace.

Becoming an embodiment of less-is-more, it seemed to relish Freya's need and sought to drive her to madness. It flicked the tip of her sex with the lightest of touches, a slight brush that brought forth a tide of the otter's nectar. Two more tendrils crept in from her thighs and spread her lips wide, but neglected to dive in. Instead, they gingerly pressed in on the mound of her mons, massaging her

passage from the outside. Despite that degree of removal, the sensation sent Freya deeper yet into her frenzy. Her fists clenched and her toes curled, and her limbs shuddered as if being shocked. Needy ripples rolled through her inner passage and kneaded yet more fluids forth, a carnal flood that drew the attention of the creature's smaller tendrils. Her breath caught in her throat with hope, that her rush of lust might have enticed them in, though it was not meant to be.

The tentacles drove her to the edge of madness by kneading her sex, and when it seemed Freya would never get what she wanted, the beast made its next move.

Carnal glee swelled in Freya's chest when a small army of tentacles reeled back, and she shrieked with delight when they lunged in. The mere anticipation of penetration coaxed out a trembling orgasm, but it was not followed by the explosive release she craved. Instead, the tendrils advanced only slightly into her depths. The smallest of the tendrils traced the edges of her lips, spreading her needy nectar around and ratcheting up her desire. The tentacles at their flank deepened their massage, grinding the front of her passage against itself. While overpowering in their own right, those sensations were a paltry step up compared to Freya's expectations. The last bastion of her rational thought cursed the creature, furious for subjecting her to such need without release. It felt akin to torture, and she pondered if her predicament would get worse before it got better.

Freya got her answer when a pair of tentacles slithered over her shoulders. The left a trail of ooze down her chest as they wiggled over her belly, leaving sparks of need and change along their way. The otter thrust her hips out in the hopes they were the one she pined for so severely, only to be denied once again. They stopped at her belly button instead, where they sifted into her fur. In no time at all, they found the nipples the lined her belly and teased

her there as well. From the topmost pair to the middle and bottom set, those tentacles circled her soft peaks, slathering them with chemical slime and coaxing them to hardness. Freya's jaw dropped in sensory overload, and her eyes squeezed shut in the face of blinding bliss. That gesture backfired when four more tendrils joined, ensuring each small breast received the creature's full attention.

Unbearable pleasure surged across Freya's nerves. Like a sparking wire, her body was simply not built to handle such an onslaught of sensation. Rapturous tremors locked her form and stole her breath, leaving her helpless in the face of such pleasure. The arch of her back deepened when those tendrils lavished each of her nipples, slicking those hardened peaks with a concoction of chemicals. That tingling mixture seeped into Freya's sensitive flesh, carrying with it the sensations of heat and cold and electricity all at once. Potent hormones seeped into her breasts with it, adding to the matronly potential that coursed through her body. Instead of focusing on her hips however, that dose spurred her natural milk into production. Freya's sensitive mounds swelled with a warm pressure, and growing trickles of ivory flowed over her curves.

The creature incorporated that new source of pleasure into its carnal symphony, and with those instruments drove Freya to another shrieking climax.

The otter's climactic cries echoed from the locker room's walls, drowning out the messy schlicks and schlucks of its movements. Freya screamed and writhed in endless bliss, a basking in the bright flame of an impossibly strong orgasm. While it burnt bright on her nerves, it did not burn long. The otter plummeted from that carnal high all too soon, dropping her into what seemed a joyless abyss. Her baseline state felt as misery in the shadow of that release, a state she absolutely could not cope. While her breath heaved in the wake of rapturous shouts, she begged and pleaded for more. After

a taste of the creature's tentacled bliss, Freya couldn't handle the notion of escaping before the main act. Her tail lashed and she spread her thighs wide, hoping to entice the tentacles to truly take her.

For better or worse, the creature obliged. Its mass of tentacles twitched and squirmed while moving Freya into place, tightening its grip in her waist. The tendrils teasing her most sensitive buttons backed away, shifting her focus to thigh-thick trunk that rose to greet her. The otter's sex clenched and shot a jet of lust to greet it, adding to the slick mess between them. A smaller set of tentacles rushed to indulge in that offering, though the main length remained laser focused on her entrance. Its tip twisted through the air in a display somewhere between teasing and drunken, until it hovered just above Freya's clit. Her hips bucked and bounced in needy invitation, though that addictive touch eluded her. That tempting tip maintained perfect distance from her entrance, until the instant the beast saw fit to strike.

As fast as lightning, that transparent tentacle reared back and slammed into Freya's entrance. Her walls stretched tight around its girth as it plowed through to her womb, where it curled against her back wall and knocked the breath from her lungs. The otter let out a soft, shocked wheeze as she adjusted to the swell in her middle, unable to process those overwhelming sensations. In the back of her remaining mind, she wondered if her rational thought would sputter out in the face of that blissful surge across her nerves, but her body cared little for those thoughts. The otter's muscles twitched and fluttered around that slick length, inviting and enticing it to continue. Their argument strengthened as the beast's corrupting chemicals directly flooded her core, overcoming what meager resistance she built against their influence. Another blast of bliss surged through her form with them, sending her tumbling into another screaming orgasm.

Every muscle in her body clenched and rippled in time with her stretched walls, conducting that orgasmic bliss through her whole figure. Freya's fists clenched, her toes curled, and the trickles of her milk rushed forth with corrupted hedonism. Far passed the point of compromise, the otter loudly and enthusiastically begged the beast to make her his. Her carnal demands filled the room and echoed down the hall, and they continued on even after the creature granted that desire. Lost in the twitches and flutters of her overwhelmed muscles, her body resumed its creep toward fertility. Whether a result of Freya's enthusiastic embrace or a consequence of the raw volume of chemicals, her restarted transformation far surpassed the limits of the first burst. Where the initial dose took her to a motherly figure, the next would make her a brood-mother.

The tingle of change took root once more in her hips, though she hardly noticed. Her head rolled back in toe-tingling bliss, the smoldering sensation of stretchering bones and muscles were lost on her. The tentacle beast paid little heed as well, giving just enough attention to maintain its hold. A swarm of smaller tendrils wrapped around Freya's parting hips, swamping her in the sensation of a thousand tingling feelers. Their growth carried them passed the width of her shoulders nearly twice over, widening the pear of her silhouette to an almost comical degree. The broad curves of her ass expanded to fill that newly created space, further lowering her center of balance. The otter's inner passage loosened with that release of pressure as well, spurring the tentacle to indulge in that change.

The tentacles tested Freya's new limits, circling its trunk around Freya's intimate walls. Liquid lust spilled from her entrance with that stimulation, coating the tendrils in her own fluid. The creature twitched and writhed in apparent delight, then dove deeper into her rippling tunnel. The otter's belly bulged out and pulled in, stretching her hide to its absolute limits with each thrust. Stretch marks lanced across her hide like pink lightning bolts, only visible when fur was

spread thin. What pain this might have brought blended into pleasure instead, a fact made obvious by Freya's helpless bliss. Her breaths rushed in and out of her chest in time with her lover's motions, and a squeak of delight punctuated each one. Resistance had long since given way to shameless acceptance, sinking her deeper yet into her lover's corrupting embrace.

While the beast's trunk pumped in and out of her core, the smaller tendrils took their claim on her waist. Encouraged and enticed by thin jest of milk, tens of tiny tentacles slithered over her swelling belly. Some lost purchase with the creature's feral cycles, but most latched on to the miniature mounds of her breasts. The force of the tentacle's affection bounced them up and down with the rest of her body, every motion teasing out an ivory trickle. The tendrils wrapped around her firm peaks and drank deeply of her reserves, gorging on Freya's matronly bounty. The pleasure of their feeding burned brighter than the competing sensations that assailed her form, fixing her attention of their curious heads. That only magnified the sensation of them reaching and drinking deep into her bounty.

Freya reeled when those tendrils snaked into the peaks of her breasts, stretching passages she never realized existed. Between the cracked state of her thoughts and the torrent of chemicals that swilled through her body, the otter swiftly registered those sensations as pleasure. The arc of her back flexed and deepened in time with those tentacles' thrusting slurps, far passed the ability to control herself. The tiny tentacles swelled to fight those tight tunnels as they advanced, ensuring not a single drop of her ivory nectar escaped. Their presence alone added a cup size to Freya's modest belly breasts, though that paled in comparison to the creature's returning chemicals. A slew of corruption seeped into her permeable ducts, igniting something between a tingle and a blaze. In the face of that alien pleasure, Freya could devote little thought to parsing its details.

Instead, she embraced and basked in its blinding bliss. Freya's eyes rolled back in corrupt, matronly rapture, ecstatic to both fill and be filled. The tentacle's unrelenting attention only pushed her deeper into that cycle, rewriting her desires until nothing else remained. The otter craved nothing more than to carry and care for the creature's brood, and unified in need, her body followed that drive. Her milk production spiked higher with that acceptance, rising to meet the endless thirst of her lover. The tendrils across her belly pulsed faster and faster, rising to the unspoken challenge her body presented. They kept pace at first, imbibing Freya's reserves before they grew too great, but that balance tipped in seconds. Six faint points of pressure built on the otter's front, a gathering mirrored in the rising mounds of her breasts.

Freya's fingers curled and twitched in vain effort to explore her new curves, leaving her grasping at air in helpless bliss. Her breasts continued to bounce while the creature's trunk slammed into her intimate depths over and over again, though their soft cycles tightened with building pressure. The gentle give of fat faded as her inner pressure built, stretching her hide with the strain of production. The thin droplets that leaked from her peaks turned to faint jets, launching her bounty across the room. Yet more tentacles raced to intercept those sweet arcs, sweeping the creature deeper into its breeding frenzy. Whether its own carnal desire fed off Freya's or was naturally that strong, cracks formed in its endurance with that nudge. The rhythm of its powerful thrusts frayed, bringing the otter to wonder if she was about to receive her reward.

A deep, heavy throb ran the length of the tentacle's trunk, pumping a surge of pre into Freya's womb. The flood of lust overfilled her belly and stretched her beyond the limits of the tendril, only for the excess to gush out from her lap. Their lusts intermingled in the nest of tendrils, which gleefully squirmed through their mixed fluid. The creature faltered when that bliss shorted its own muscles,

a small taste of the treatment it subjected Freya to. Whether the beast was cable of reflecting upon that detail remained unclear, however. It simply recovered from that trembling hitch and plowed through the otter into the next burst. Another tide of pre pressed at her walls and tested her elasticity, straining the fibers of her being to the limit. The creature buried more of its length into that new created capacity, pushing Freya to the final dregs of her endurance before it finally came.

A shuddering roar shook the building as the creature crested that peak, followed by a lingering rumble as it pumped Freya full of its payload. Cum traveled up the tentacle in distinct globes, sagging its under-channel with viscous weight. Freya cracked her eyes open just in time to watch those pearlescent bowling balls slam into her hips, resetting her threshold for carnal pleasure once more. She reached and surpassed impossible heights with each blast of cum, driven on by each blast of seed. Unlike its sticky prelude, the creature's fertile fluids clung to Freya's inner walls like tar. Each slimy drop held on to her rippling passage and remained lodged in her womb, swiftly filling every inch of available space. The tentacles definition diminished by the second, overtaken by a taut, swelling globe.

Whether sensing Freya's plight or simply losing its own battle, the tentacle relented slightly. It withdrew itself a few inches at a time as the otter's inner pressure climbed, reluctantly removing itself from the equation. What volume it freed was swiftly taken by its virility, however. A rolling throb reset what relief that gesture brought to Freya, and the cycle continued as she crept toward her ultimate limit. By far her most defining feature by then, the otter's belly dominated both her figure and perception. It grew to eclipse her thighs and chest, hiding them behind that vast, jostling globe. She couldn't see passed it in the fleeting instances she opened her eyes, and its arrhythmic sloshing ensured she heard nothing else. The stretching and straining of her own hide crept into sound-scape

as she spread thin, thinning her pelt as it distributed out. It pulled to close to the point of transparency, showing the mass of seed that swirled through her core.

All she could do was throw her head back and cum again. Lightning cracked across her hide as stretch marks grew and widened, marking her skin with angry, pulsing reds. They contrasted sharply against the milky torrent in her belly, marking the limit of her being. The only curves that dared ruin that near-perfect sphere were her breasts, which had swollen to a vast size in their own right. Ivory rivers spilled from those peaks while the tentacles writhed in bliss, unable to coordinate their drinking. The pressure in her breasts paled in comparison to that in her middle however, a blazing supernova that overwhelmed her inner and outer senses. Pain and pleasure knitted together as one when another throb slammed into her sex, wrenching a climactic scream from her throat. That strangled cry filled and overfilled the locker room, rattling its walls before Freya's ultimate peak culminated in a wet splat.

That dipping sound broke free from the modest room and reverberated down the complex's halls, dwarfing the moans and shouts of her fellow victims. For a long while silence lingered on the air, all the more deafening for the blast that came before. A puddle of cum leaked from beneath the door and crept into the hallway, lazily carrying tatters of clothing on its exhausted tide. Eventually, the unsteady rhythm of sloppy footsteps broke that relative silence. The creak of a door followed, underscored by a rush of viscous slime. Freya lumbered into the doorway and braced herself in its frame, still shuddering with echoes of rapture. Her chest rose and fell with need while she dwelt on that instant of impossible pleasure, struggling to process the raw carnal overload that came with it. Her thighs flexed and her paw drifted to her bloated middle, reduced to a slightly more reasonable size.

Freya carried the weight of several too many trimesters as she lumbered into the hall and softly sloshed with every step. While she had lost most of her lover's bounty, a kingly portion still remained in her stuffed womb. Low gasps of pleasure dropped from her lips as each step bounced that precious load, refiring needy sparks across frayed nerves. Afterglow tugged at her muscles, coaxing them toward a dreamy and blissful rest, The otter's body was not so easily persuaded. Satisfaction waned by the second, and before she could cross the locker room's threshold, every fiber of her being demanded more. Freya was not satisfied being the creature's one-time plaything. At the very least she was a consort to stay by its side, but more closely to the truth, dreams of bearing its brood danced in the back of her mind. After such explosive bliss, the otter could imagine no other future.

A heavy strand of cum dripped from her lips while she reclaimed her composure, fighting back the fires of desire just enough to make her muscles listen once more. Freya savored that sensation for just an instant, then closed her eyes and sharpened her senses. The otter smelled nothing but sex and seed from the violated locker room, though she heard the distinct sounds of her lover. Rounded ears swiveled atop her head and aligned with their source, and her tail swayed with anticipation as she stepped off. That first footfall came unsteadily, drunk with lust and lacking coordination. The second came easier as her body remembered what it moved toward, and by the third she ran freely. The distinct slaps of wet pawpads on tile rang out with her sprint, leaving mixed signals in her wake. Some fearful souls prayed that noise would translate to a call for help, and they would be right in a way.

Though Freya was only interested in helping herself.

The shouts and cries of Freya's coworkers guided her search, but none drew her in. Instinct granted her insight to the tentacle's habits, and she knew better than to approach a lesser branch of the

beast. The otter knew they were fine for common consorts or playful toys, but she deserved her king's full attention. Her run slowed to a walk as she reached the central crossroads of the facility, a meeting of hallways that stretched to the building's outer walls. The bloated otter stopped at its middle and closed out her eyes, blocking out the world so that instinct might overtake perception. Something deep within her core stirred in the following instant, a flickering shadow of the bliss felt in her lover's embrace. It tugged her down one of the messy corridors, and she chased after it without hesitation.

Eyes still shut, Freya rushed toward her corrupted desire. Seemingly random steps and adjustments dodged the minor obstacles in her path, keeping her on pace while the inferno in her chest stoked. The building's chilled air cut through her pelt with the help of drying ooze, sending a shudder down her spine that blended with shivers of anticipation. Her pulse raced as the creature's presence grew palpable, staining the air with its chemicals. A familiar tingle filled her lungs at the door to its room, and her claws glided across tile as her toes curled. The sounds of impending sex battered the other side of the door, along with the conflicted moans of its next consort. A pang of jealousy struck in her hips, spurring her to reach for the handle and yank the door open. She did so with a furious swiftness, laced with enough strength to draw the attention of both occupants.

While the tentacles seemed to expect her entry, the same could not be said for Hermes.

The fox and panther hybrid looked to his coworker with relief at first, then with concern and confusion. The enhanced broadness of her hips might have escaped his eye in that instance of panic, but the gravid swell of her belly did not. Hermes sputtered a warning to her, an incoherent warning to run, but the otter did no such thing. Instead she sauntered to her coworker's side and traced her fingers up his side, guiding tentacles away from his figure. Freya scooped

them up with delight and delivered them to her own curves, where they explored the familiar swells of her body. Jets of milk surged from her swollen breasts with their tempting touch, a gesture that rapidly earned the beast's attention. It clearly recognized the otter's taste, and it swept her up on a writhing tide that encroached on Hermes as well. Twin moans tumbled from their lips, one of invitation, one of apprehension, and they grew in volume and intensity when the largest of the tendrils coaxed them to bend over.

Freya did so with delight and flagged her thick tail high over her matronly hips. A set of feelers traced the curves of her colossal ass, refreshing the slime that coated her pelt and leaving it with an inviting sheen. Once thoroughly explored, those thinner tendrils dove into the cleft of her ass. They burrowed for several inches before reaching the bottom, where they teased Freya's pucker with circling touches. The otter's back arched with that sharpened sensation, rekindling her rising desires in an instant. Lust dripped from her well-worked sex, adding her own lust to the room's mixed scents. That lust added to Hermes's while the tentacles spread Freya's generous cheeks, revealing the winking entrance between them. That ring glistened with slick chemicals, and knowing the corrupted otter's enhanced limits, the beast teased that underused passage open.

Unlike their encounter, the tentacles did not take their time. A long, tapering member aligned itself with Freya's clenching depths, then plunged in with a speed that made Hermes wince. That slick length plunged what felt like feet before reaching an abrupt stop, bulging Freya's belly with its twisting coils. A keening whine resonated in her throat, drawn out the creature's lingering presence. Her inner reaches fluttered and clenched around that corrupting invader, gradually acclimating to its touch. While its girth tested her enhanced limits, the true contrast came in its temperature. Pleasantly cool to the touch, it felt like ice against the otter's heated core. She let loose a shuddering breath as it gradually withdrew,

begging against its departure while bracing for its return. Sparks of pleasure lit nerves along every bump and ridge of that passage, priming them for the lightning strike of its return.

Hermes gasped with that brutal thrust, both shocked and impressed by Freya's appetite for punishment. In the back of his mind he wondered if her sacrifice was made out of selfishness, though he wasn't given long to dwell on that thought. While the tentacle's central member was occupied, its many feelers were still free to wander. That realization crashed down on Hermes when a thin tendril crept across his backside. The hybrid's tail flagged on surprised reflex, where a thicker branch coiled around its tip. Bound and exposed, he could only watch the beast swarm around his ass. Fortunately, whether by virtue of splitting its attention or by occupying its most dexterous digits, the writhing mass didn't bring its full lust to bear. Apprehension welled in his chest while a slick tip circled the ring of his entrance, conjuring a mix of potent emotions. He looked to Freya with a degree of worry, only to find an expression of drunken, indulgent bliss.

Freya paid no mind to the conflict in Hermes's eyes. The tentacles commanded her full attention, and she gave it willingly. Her paws roamed the ridges and bumps of her upper belly, where the tentacles showed above the bloated globe of her womb. Huffs of bliss punctuated her quickened breaths, rising in pitch until they blended together as a single note. The tendrils similarly sacrificed their rhythm for speed, pumping toward a climax that came much more swiftly. For a fleeting instant the otter wondered if that was due to her skill as a brood-mother, but that notion fell from her mind when the beast came. Thick, heavy ripples rolled up the creature's length, stretching Freya's entrance before flooding her inner passages. Most flexed through her depths and poured directly into her stomach, swelling that empty space with sloshing virility. Freya's eyes rolled back and her middle swelled further yet, once more defining her figure.

Hermes's awe turned to worry as the creature brushed Freya's limits, swelling her stomach well passed typical limits. Her hide pulled thin and revealed the skin beneath her fur, laced with new and retuning stretch marks. Those throbbing red bolts contrasted sharply against the ivory ocean under her skin, highlighting how closely peril approached. Hermes grit his teeth and gathered his nerve, then railed against the tentacles binding his waist. His body rebelled against him, seeking the creature's tingling grasp, though he overpowered that corrupting desire and wiggled a few inches of himself free. With that leverage he reached out and grabbed the tentacle's trunk, first wrapping his hands around its girth. The hybrid struggled and failed to close his fingers around it, spurring him to clamp it to his chest.

He hugged the pulsing tendril with all his might, and to his shock, succeeded in slowing its flow. A bulb formed against his belly while the trunk writhed, unfamiliar with and unexpecting of the surprise edging. The swell of Freya's stomach deflated as pressure forced seed back into her depths, oozing through her passage until it trickled from the seal of their union. Hermes's muscles burned and sparked while he maintained his grip though the creature's release, potentially sparing the otter a messy end. His coworker's climax persisted long after the creature's faded into afterglow, leaving her a trembling mess until she came down from her carnal high. She traced a paw across her belly with a slow, deliberate motion, one that didn't escape Hermes's notice. Confusion crossed his face when she turned to him with disappointment in her eyes.

"Why did you do that," she asked, defeated. "Do you have any idea how good it feels?"

That confusion turned to indignant anger. Furious words gathered in Hermes's thoughts, but before he spoke them, the tentacles stole

his breath with their intrusion. His eyes crossed when a finger-thick length pressed on his prostate, derailing his train of thought.

“Oh I see,” Freya giggled. “You’re jealous. You want his attention alllll to yourself.” While the hybrid struggled in reluctant pleasure, she leaned out and playfully tapped the tip of his muzzle. “I suppose I can share. I’ve had enough for now, but you give him right back when you’re done.”

Hermes failed to find the words to fight back. His reluctant sentiments remained, but the tentacle’s lazy thrusts hitched his breath each time they grazed his inner walls. It didn’t take long for his body to respond and rise to the sensations, even before the creature’s influence truly took root. The hybrid’s cock throbbed and bounced from its sheath more with every entry, and pre leaked from its tip in a growing flow. His coordination faltered as the beast gradually reached deeper, and his thoughts fogged as its chemicals seeped into his being. That drive that propelled him to ‘save’ Freya dulled in favor of indulgence, leaving him to slip back into the creature’s grasp. The writhing mass eagerly welcomed him, swarming around his hips in an eager embrace. Jets of Hermes’s pre mixed into the beast’s chemicals, and his head rolled back in surrendered bliss.

While Hermes dipped his toes into the creature’s ocean of pleasure, Freya returned to its depths. Without the hybrid’s interference, the creature had its way with both of them. It gingerly explored Hermes’s inner passages, soaking them in corrupting chemicals and relaxing them wide around their girth. The otter whimpered and groaned with impending delight when the creature restarted its thrusts, gliding across her seed-slicked tunnel. She bounced and lurched at a pace that far exceeded Hermes’s, though both lab workers knew it wouldn’t be long before he mirrored her motions. In the back of his mind, the hybrid knew he would match her sentiments too. Perhaps he wasn’t destined to become the

breeder the beast molded Freya into, but that wouldn't be for a lack of trying.

A sharp gasp and shuddering cry drew Hermes from that thread of thought. A heavy bulge flowed from the depths of the creature, one large enough to bounce both of them on its wave, before funneling into Freya's experienced gate. The otter's ring spread wide and admitted that swell with a flutter of bliss, swallowing it into her greedy tunnels. Hermes watched that swell migrate to the globe of her stomach, where it dumped its productive payload. The resulting flood obscured the tentacle's details, burying them under a sloshing wash of ivory ooze. The beast's second shot pushed the otter even further beyond, obscuring her body behind the wobbling globe. Hermes gazed upon that transparent ball for just an instant, before instincts spurred him to close his eyes.

The hybrid could not be completely sure what happened in the follow seconds, though his other senses painted a vivid picture. The creaking and groaning of straining hide filled the air and tickled his ears, along with the otter's frenzied moans. Her cries for more rang deep into his head, adding a layer of truth to the beast's temptations. The scent of its cum grew more potent as it filled and overfilled the otter, overwhelming her until it leaked from her muzzle. Swell after swell lowed through the beast and into its brood carrier, softly bouncing Hermes with each one. They showed no signs of stopping, and he began to wonder if giving in was a mistake.

Hermes got the answer to that question the instant it crossed his mind. Freya's moans gave way to a moist gurgle, followed by a thick, wet splat. A wall of cum washed over Hermes and cocooned him in slime, utterly swamping his senses with the tentacle's influence. That sharp aroma invaded his muzzle and shrank his perception, weakening his hold on reality. His head swam as his ties to consciousness strained, until the tug of transformative sleep

dragged him under. Hermes sank into a dreamless void, hoping to wake up in a state that could achieve Freya's pleasure.

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

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