

# MOANING MANSION

Vic Waite

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## Moaning Mansion

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*Three friends tour a mansion, interested in potentially buying it. Something is off about the owners however, a fact the three buyers become greatly intimate with. Intent only on luring the in, will the owners claim their prizes in partners, or will the unfortunate buyers escape to deal again?*

**Content Warning:** This Novella is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Commission, (GlimmerShine), Novella, Adult, Male, Female, Pokemon, Intersex, M/M, F/F, Face Sitting, Anal Play, Transformation, Bimbofication, Hip Growth, Pregnancy, Lactation, Nipple Play, Ball Growth, Docking, Frotting, Inflation, Excessive Cum, Fluid Inflation, Immobile, Growth, Feline, Breast Growth, Ass Growth

## Arrival

The midmorning sun climbed into the sky, casting shortening shadows and warming the earth. The chill of the night before faded in favor of a temperate day, drawing the town's residents from their homes. Still, things were quiet in the modest village. The streets remained sleepy and empty, and the sidewalks equally so. That fact made the three figures wandering the neighborhood stick out all the more. They walked side by side and hip to hip, the most prominent of them leading the way from the middle.

Semora glanced over her friend's shoulders and checked a street sign. The lizard nodded in confirmation, confident they still headed the right direction. Her mostly slender frame cast a narrow shadow, with the exception of her modest paunch. That small roll of softness peeked from beneath her top, the only contradiction to her athletic build. It hardly marked her as out of shape however, a fact reinforced by the ease with which she made their trip. Her mind wandered to the day ahead while she strode, quietly hoping that the mansion would be exactly what they sought in a home. Pictures of the old home drifted before her mind's eye, though the huffs and puffs of her companion kept her rooted in reality.

While Semora conquered the sidewalk with ease, Cheri did so with slightly less grace. The fox's breaths came soft huffs and pants while she kept pace with the other two, a distinct sign of a more relaxed lifestyle. Still, her figure carried a notable appeal, and her outfit showed it off well. A crop top exposed her modest midriff, adorned with plush orange and cream fur, and her hips swayed with her gait. A pair of leggings hugged those generous hips tight, drawing yet more attention to her most notable feature. Her bushy tail swung counter to her footsteps, well kept and expertly groomed. Altogether her figure exuded a matronly energy, a feature reflected

in her somewhat concerned expression. Her brow furrowed as they passed house after house, unsure of what they might find at their destination. She had seen the mansion's pictures as well, but such documents are easily faked with a touch of skill. Cheri fell a step behind her friends as that notion crossed her thoughts, which she quickly made up upon realization.

Nezzy turned to Cheri as she returned to his side and questioned her with a concerned look of his own. When the fox nodded everything was alright, he returned to his own thoughts. A grin spread across the skarmory's beak as he anticipated their arrival, eager to see the colossal home for himself. The photos online were gorgeous, and he knew such snapshots rarely carried the full impact of a space in person. His hips swayed with his own gait, figure-defining in their width and more broad than Cheri's. His waist narrowed sharply above them, cutting him a significantly bottom heavy figure. The pokemon was otherwise slender and lithe, which only emphasized that feature even more. His clothes clung to his silhouette well, drawn tight around his thighs and bunched only slightly around his arms and chest. The rhythmic clack of his claws against pavement marked the trio's approach, only stopping when they arrived at the gate of the grand old mansion.

The building loomed over the neighborhood, one of the last surviving relics from its time. Wide, barren yards separated it from its neighbors on either side, and ancient trees lined the path to its front door. A sea of fallen leaves filled the spaces between the naked oaks, lending the house a haunted air. Damaged shutters on windows and worn siding added to that energy, and the rotting porch at its front solidified it completely. It soured Semora's expression, who turned to find Cheri with a similar look on her face.

"We should just leave now," Semora stated. "This is clearly some kind of scam."

“You might be onto something,” Cheri added.

The two ladies turned to Nezzy, who simply offered a shrug. “We’re already here. What do we have to lose by checking it out?”

A silent moment hanged in the air until Cheri spoke up. “He’s got a point.”

“Plus, the inside might be a lot nicer,” Nezzy added.

Semora paused, and when the others didn’t let on they were joking, relented. “Fine, but you two are buying lunch if this is a waste of time.”

“Deal,” Cheri and Nezzy harmonized.

Semora opened the gate with a rusty creak, and the three of them proceeded down the mansion’s path. A litany of leaves crunched underfoot in their approach, announcing their presence more thoroughly than the lizard’s nervous knock on the door. She struck the heavy wooden portal three times, the first two echoing through the foyer beyond, but the third found nothing but empty air. The door swung inward on its own, beckoning the trio inside. They shared another unsure look before stepping over its threshold, half-expecting a cartoon style trapdoor to open beneath them. For better or worse, the trio entered the mansion unscathed and found its master and mistresses waiting a few steps within. The three of them stood side by side in a formation that mirrored their own, surrounded by a surprisingly well-kept interior.

An awkward silence dangled between them for just an instant, until one of the mansion’s sellers stepped forward. The reshiram gave a bow and motion of greeting, welcoming the trio to their home. The maid uniform that clung to his fat ass and slim chest added a mixed message to that gesture, though he cleared it

quickly with an introduction. Despite the nature of his uniform, he spoke with an authority that made it clear he was more than an ordinary worker.

“Welcome to our home,” he began. “My name is Velvet, and my companions and I will be guiding your tour today.” He rose from his bow, and along the way shot Nezzzy a smoldering look strong enough to send a shiver down the skarmory’s spine. “My associates Yuria and Nilsine will be joining us as well.”

At the mention of Yuria’s name, the sceptile at Velvet’s side stepped forward to jaw-dropping effect. While her outfit was theoretically more modest than the reshiram’s, her figure eliminated that effect. Her hips swelled wide passed her shoulders and her thighs shuffled passed each other with each step, though her colossal breasts eclipsed all of that. Large enough to rival beach balls and just as gravity defying, they struggled to escape her tube top with every step. What might have been an average shirt was reduced to a band of fabric around their diameter, drawn narrow enough to tease the edges of her nipples. Her gravid belly taxed the garment’s other end, driving it into the shadow of her chest and exposing that rounded midriff.

Similarly, Nilsine stepped forward at the mention of her name. The scyther sashayed forward to stand alongside her friends, doing so with slow, ponderous steps. Dressed as “modestly” as Yuria, she wore a simple shirt and sweat pants. Her chest allowed that top to retain some modesty, but that fact did not hold true below her waist. A pair of balls that swelled passed her knees bounced against her thighs, and a cock that matched her thigh in thickness snaked down one of her legs. The normally loose garment left nothing to the imagination, a detail that didn’t escape anyone’s notice.

For another moment, silence filled the air while the potential buyers processed the sights before them.

Before it lingered too long, Velvet smirked and spoke up. "I'm flattered, our home has already rendered you speechless." The reshiram motioned for the three buyers to follow. "Please, follow us and let's start the tour. You should see everything before you make an offer."

With that, Velvet directed the group to one of the foyer's side doors. Intricate carvings lined the antique double panels, and upon closer inspection depicted several lewd scenes within the designs. The mansion's owners made no mention of that fact, though it caught Semora's appraising eye. Before she took a closer look, the reshiram threw them open and revealed an opulent hallway. Stylized gas lamps lined its walls and illuminated dark wallpaper, the flames within replaced by modern light bulbs. Thick carpet muffled the sounds of their footsteps, allowing the soft creak of floorboards to mark their tour instead. As they passed the first set of doors, Nilsine stepped to the head of the group and described that particular wing of the mansion.

"This is where guests stay when they come to visit," she paused. "Sometimes." The scyther motioned to the doors at their sides, pointing with the tip of her bladed arm. "All of the beds are really soft and comfortable, and we can usually get four or five people on them at once, so they're really strong."

Semora and Cheri shared a look of mutual confusion, curious if that was intended to get them interested in the mansion. Before they could dwell on that for too long, Yuria joined at their side. She added her own commentary to the tour, a slightly more interesting line of thought on the history of the mansion. While she held their attention, Velvet slipped to the back of the party.

At the rear of the tour and lost in thought, Nezy only noticed Velvet's appearance when their hips collided. The skarmory let out



a soft sound of surprise and stumbled, narrowly avoiding a fall to the floor. He reclaimed his balance in a step, then turned to face the reshiram. When he met the other pokemon's gaze he found a look that had no interest in selling a mansion. Nezzzy watched a grin spread across Velvet's muzzle as he looked him up and down, an expression that grew more and more heated by the second. Falling under such appraisal was enough to kindle a blush in Nezzzy's beak, catching him off guard with ease. The voices of the tour dropped from his perception, then fell from earshot entirely when Velvet hip-bumped him through an open door.

## **Velvet Breaks Nezzzy Away**

Only the soft creak of an aged hinge and the muffled pomf of fat ass on mattress announced their detour. Velvet paused an instant to ensure a clean escape, then turned his full attention to Nezzzy. The skarmory was stunned, first by their sudden entry, then by Velvet's smoldering display. That skimpy maid's outfit covered little to start with, and it covered less as the reshiram stripped. He swayed his hips from side to side and slipped his fingers under the hem of top, then lifted it up to reveal his trim middle. Snow white fluff spilled into the open air as it rose higher up his figure, until that black and white lace obscured his face. That potential window to sneak passed Velvet went ignored while Nezzzy watched, utterly captivated. The reshiram pulled that garment over his head and freed his hair with a shake of his head, then moved on to the main event of the tease.

While Nezzzy admired the reshiram's top half, he openly lusted for the bottom half. His beak drooped open in shock when Velvet spun on his heel, enticing the skarmory with an ass that threatened doorways. The shirt that hung from his waist only just draped over its abundant curve, teasing the crease where Velvet's thigh met that generous fat. It wobbled and bounced with the slightest motion, and it seemed to grow larger when he bent over. A few seconds was all it took to undo the ties that held the garment in place, and once free, it lazily slid down the shelf of his hips. Friction slowed it until it cleared the reshiram's width, where gravity took hold completely and sent it fluttering to the floor. A teasing spread of those bare cheeks revealed the panties buried between, a tiny strip of black fabric lost in his sea of snowy fluff.

The skarmory took an intimate view of that remaining garment when Velvet backed onto the bed. The mattress softly creaked under his weight, and Nezzzy made no attempt to rebuke his

approach. Those white-furred globes swiftly eclipsed his vision, and what few sounds that penetrated the bedroom faded away. Velvet rolled his hips and pulled the string of his panties aside, pressing the rounded tip of Nezy's beak to his inviting pucker. The skarmory hesitated only out of surprise, then eagerly lapped at that inviting entrance. He felt more than he heard the ensuing groan, a satisfied sound that coaxed him into more eager attention. Velvet rolled his ass down and deep into that embrace, and while his partner was occupied, turned his attention to Nezy's clothes.

The reshiram's thighs spread as he leaned forward, trapping Nezy's slender figure between them. A fluttering thrill welled in his chest as he slipped his fingers under the skarmory's waistband, stretching the already taught elastic tighter. That straining tie dug into the avian's plush hips while Velvet walked it down, revealing more and more of that bottom heavy figure. Easing those tight pants off became easier as Velvet reached his partner's knees, and he shucked them off with a single motion once there. Nezy writhed beneath him with that sudden exposure, with the chill brought by the room's cool air, then moaned deep into Nezy's ass as the reshiram groped and played with his hips. Those swells squished and rolled under his fingers, plush softness supported by muscle beneath, a feature Velvet indulgently enjoyed. Nezy appreciated the attention as well, and that pleasant exploration firmed his cock up quickly. Velvet waited for it to reach its full length, large enough to fit both of his hands, and waited still until a bead of pre gathered on its tip.

Eventually Nezy got the message, and he pressed his blunted beak deeper into the reshiram's ass. With that, the bottom-heavy maid finally reciprocated.

Nezy's hips bucked on instinct when Velvet brushed his fingers down that needy length. It throbbed under is feathering touch and pulsed with promises of lust and desire, but the reshiram resisted his instincts. Velvet wanted nothing more than to bend down and

take that delicious length into his mouth, to drink deep from his new partner's virile reserves, but there would be time for that later. Instead, he slicked his fingers with Nezzzy's lust until they glistened in the room's low light, then reached under the skarmory's balls and rubbed. The skarmory's breath caught in his throat with that intimate touch, and his hips rolled and writhed while Velvet explored further. His tongue lashed from his beak all the while, repaying those ministrations with explorations of his own. Velvet allowed himself an instant to shudder and groan under that attention, before slipping his fingertips into Nezzzy's virgin pucker.

The skarmory froze with that intrusion, unsure of how to process the sensations of penetration, but swiftly accepted them as pleasure. The mattress creaked and his back arched, first bowing away from that surprise, then flexing down in acceptance. Velvet quietly laughed to himself and enjoyed that quick embrace, then wiggled and nudged his fingers deeper. The reshiram took things slow, both for Nezzzy's sake and his own enjoyment, smoothly and gradually opening up that flexing ring. Nezzzy bounced and throbbed in the open air before the reshiram, unleashing a flow of pre that reinforced his enthusiasm. Once more Velvet was tempted, and once more he resisted for just a while longer. Instead, he grabbed his own member and indulged himself.

Nezzzy flinched when that pucker flexed on his beak, a motion that translated into a throb in Velvet's member. Eager for attention, it was already hard and throbbing, casting a lengthy shadow over Nezzzy's. Copious pre followed, and the sounds of it schlicking and squelching between his fingers filled the air. A shuddering moan resonated in his chest, adding to that blissful feedback loop between them. Finally, once Velvet's hand was covered in lust, he reached down to the crux of Nezzzy's legs. The skarmory protested the withdraw of those massaging digits, which made the arrival of Velvet's other hand all the more wonderful. His thighs quivered

when Velvet circled that ring, then pressed his fingers together and slipped them into that waiting entrance.

That burst of pleasure silenced what few reservations Nezzzy may have retained. His ring gave a few quick clenches, adjusting to the intrusion easily until Velvet squelched in up to his wrist. The reshiram waited there for a few seconds, both to allow Nezzzy a moment and savor it himself. In that instant, both of them became fonts of lust. Velvet pressed directly on his partner's prostate, a careful but insistent rub, milking the desire and inhibition from the skarmory. The rounded tip of Nezzzy's beak found Velvet's sweet spot as well, earning a deep groan and persistent stream of pre from the reshiram. With his free hand, Velvet reached down to where that viscous stream spread across the skarmory's middle and rubbed it lower into his frame. Lost in the bliss of new and overpowering sensations, Nezzzy hardly noticed it seep into his plates and suffuse him with an enduring warmth.

Nezzzy closed his eyes and gave into bliss, only for the heat that surrounded his head to vanish.

Nezzzy's eyes snapped open with a disappointed sound and caught that glorious ass sashaying away. The reshiram donned his uniform faster than he discarded it, smoothing its frills and ruffles down in a flash. His hips swing with a hastened gait, and he turned over his shoulder with a teasing gleam in his eye. A wink and pump of his hips underscored that gesture, and he finished that combo with a tease.

"That's enough for now," Velvet sang. "We should get back to the others before they notice we're gone."

For a lengthy moment, the skarmory laid there stunned. The reshiram left just as quickly as he came on, leaving a trail of mixed signals in his wake. Nezzzy wondered in the back of his mind if he

had done something wrong, but that notion fell away quickly. He was every bit as desirable as Velvet, something else must have happened. The bird shook his head, unsure of where that thought came from. Rather than dwell on that however, he started getting his clothes back on. Nezzzy ducked into his shirt and pulled it over his chest with ease, then stepped into his pants and pulled them up. His brow furrowed when the garment caught on his thighs, squeezing tight and refusing to go higher. No amount of tugging coaxed them up to his waist, and after several seconds of trying, the fear of tearing them completely compelled him to stop. A combination of apprehension and delight swirled through his head with the thought of going bottomless, until a dresser caught the corner of his eye.

With limited options, the skarmory pulled the antique dresser open and rummaged through its contents. Most were garments far too small to fit him, tailored to a tight fit on a figure much more slender than his, leading him to wonder who they belonged to. That question also fell by the wayside in favor of continued searching, though it proved fruitless. The only thing he had by the time he reached the bottom of the drawer was a mess, leaving him no closer to solving his clothing problem. He bent down lower to try the next, a motion that bumped his ass into the bedside. Nezzzy shot upright, confused by that sudden contact, then returned to the dresser with slightly more care. A turn to the side dodged the mattress, but it was all for naught when he found nothing useful. Nezzzy rose and crossed his arms with a huff, and another thought occurred to him.

Velvet's maid skirt was so short he was basically bottomless. Would it be a big deal if he did the same?

A shiver ran down his spine with that realization, and with it came a kindling heat in his core. The corners of his beak turned up in a grin, and a surge of confidence carried him to the door. It

opened wide with his touch, and with a familiar sway in his hips, he strutted down the hall to return to his friends.

## **Yuria Pulls Cheri Away**

Nezzy followed the sound of Nilsine's voice down the antique halls, padding along the well-worn carpet until he caught up to the group. Velvet already rejoined the tour, slipping in behind the group unnoticed. The skarmory attempted the same, though found much less success. He squeezed himself between Cheri and Semora mid-stride, bumping them to the side with his hips. Cheri stumbled a step and playfully hip-checked him back, earning a giggle from the vixen. That gesture knocked him into Semora, who shot him a confused look. That playfulness wasn't out of character for the skarmory, though his lack of pants was. A silent beat passed between the three of them, filled by Nilsine's continued chatter, until she finally called her friend on it.

"Nezzy, what happened," she quietly hissed.

"Hmmm?"

Semora tipped her gaze to his bare hips and back up. "Your pants," she clarified. "Where did they go?"

Nezzy flicked his hips out and took a look for himself, where he found nothing wrong. "I'm not sure what you mean. This is what I wore in, isn't it?"

"You don't know??"

"I don't need to pay attention to what I wear when I look this good," Nezzy winked.

Semora blinked, stunned.



“What, you don’t agree?”

“Nezzy, this place has been giving me weird vibes since we got here, and this isn’t helping. I need you to tell me what you did with the pants you wore in here. I’m not gonna stop you if you want to strut around in your underwear, but don’t mess with me like this.”

Nezzy shrugged. “I think this is what I’ve been wearing the whole time.”

Semora’s brow furrowed. She knew for a fact Nezzy was decently dressed when they started the tour. His lack of pants was a concern of course, but what confused her more was his opinion on the situation. Nilsine’s orated tour fell from her perception while she pondered the mansion, struggling to think of what could have possibly happened to Nezzy. She dropped into auto pilot and paid only the barest attention to her surroundings, following the tour group without a spare thought. She hardly noticed the narrow hallway open into a broad banquet chamber, adorned with all manor of antiques. The delicate lace of table clothes and intricate details of iron lamps went unheeded, even with Nilsine’s gushing over their value. She didn’t notice the aged fibers of soft carpet that squished under her foot, well-kept and stain-free despite its age. The rich, dark finish of wooden chairs escaped her gaze, as well as the questionably lewd centerpiece at the middle of the table.

Most importantly, the absence of Cheri and Yuria escaped her.

As the tour passed from the banquet hall to the kitchen, Yuria made her move. She hugged the vixen deep into her cleavage and nudged her to the back of the group, allowing the others to continue without them. Cheri offered a few muffled protests, which diminished with realization. A heat kindled in the vixen’s muzzle the longer she stayed buried in Yuria’s chest, a development that only made her withdraw all the more impactful. The mansion’s chill

swept over her when Yuria reluctantly pushed her free, pinning her back against a large case of antique plates. Cheri began to question what had gotten into Yuria, only for the sceptile to cut her off with a demonstration.

The sceptile's top had never been modest, but in that instant, Cheri noticed just how provocative it had become. Where it comfortably cupped Yuria's breasts before, it struggled to contain them in the moment. The garment's cups fought a losing battle against her swelling curves, biting into them and pressing them toward her chin. Yuria huffed and panted with lust in her eyes, an uncontrollable need stoked higher and higher by that mounting pressure. Her breath caught in her throat with a gasp, and in that same instant her top gave way. Fragments of fabric fluttered to the ground amidst a shower of milk, both of which caught Cheri off guard. A beat passed before a broad grin spread across her middle and her eyes clouded with jealousy. The vixen's hands floated to Yuria's breasts if their own accord, and their harmonized moans filled the air when she shamelessly grabbed them.

That envy manifested in a quick squeeze, earning another gush of milk and needy moan from the sceptile. "I have to know your secret," Cheri murmured. "How did you get these?"

Muzzle flushed with lust, Yuria grinned and took a step back. "I'll show you."

Confusion flashed across the vixen's face for just an instant, dispelled by shock when Yuria pulled her top down. Cheri covered her chest on reflex, squishing her comparatively modest chest to herself, until desire overpowered surprise. She mirrored Yuria's grin and reached behind her back, freeing her bra to flutter to the floor seconds later. What little distance that remained between them closed when the sceptile stepped forward, and their nipples brushed together with the sway of her step. The snake shuddered in delight

with that touch, enhanced by a warm trickle of milk. What seemed an orgasmic release for the sceptile was only a pleasant tingle for the vixen however, a discrepancy that kept her from falling into the moment. Whether sensing this or pursuing her own pleasures, Yuria took her to the next level seconds later. She squished her own breasts together until her nipples aligned with Cheri's, then leaned forward and pressed with her weight. An odd, gentle pressure built at the vixen's peaks, until the sceptile's teats popped into hers.

Cheri's breath caught in her throat, and her tail fluttered with the bizarre sensation. It took her body a moment to accept it as pleasure, and once it did, Yuria doubled down. Her fingers sank into the sides of her gravity-defying chest and her palms pressed into their curves, coaxing out twin jets of milk. Plates shuddered and bounced against each other while the vixen writhed against the cabinet, unable to do anything but 'drink' the sceptile's milk. The effects of doing so set in swiftly, and her own breasts steadily ballooned with that ivory payload. Cheri's toes curled and her tail lashed the glass display while the weight that hung from her chest climbed, her breath locked in a silent, continuous moan from Yuria's flowing warmth. She only distantly noticed the changing shape of her breasts, which rounded out in a weightless curve identical to her partner's. Volume flowed between them as well, and only when Cheri's breasts matched Yuria's starting size did the strangeness of the moment override desire.

In a moment of clarity and panic, Cheri shoved Yuria away and unleashed a final burst of milk in the process.

Yuria stumbled back, satisfaction lazily scrawled on her face. The relief from that abundant pressure was orgasmic in itself, and the bliss of filling someone else with her milk was a bonus on top of that. Her body thrummed with resonant pleasure for a long moment after, a motion most obvious in her gently bouncing breasts. Though they had shrunken by nearly half, those twin orbs still defined her

figure and eclipsed her gravid belly. Yuria indulged herself in one more gesture, tracing a finger around an exposed nipple while she worked her top back into place. The garment seemed to shrink to a near-perfect fit as it returned to her curves, cradling and accentuating the sceptile's flawless globes. The fog in her eyes cleared as her afterglow faded, and a smirk spread across her snout as she looked Cheri up and down.

"That was fun, but I think it's about time we get back with the rest of the group," She smoldered. "We don't want to miss the main event, do we?"

Yuria dragged a fingertip under Cheri's chin and drew her gaze, then sauntered toward the kitchen. The vixen simply watched those breasts bounce with her gait, visible even from behind. Her hands cautiously returned to her own chest, where she surveyed her new figure. Like the sceptile, Cheri's breasts seemed to defy gravity. Their shape was almost perfectly round, despite the sloshing weight that filled them. A tingle of effort rippled across her back when she stepped away from the cabinet at to her rear, and her muscles adjusted to that new payload. The vixen's palms drifted to those floating spheres, where her pelt tingled with fulfilled delight. That sensation swelled when she caught her reflection in the display cabinet, tilting her mixed emotions towards delight. She took in a deep breath, one that pushed her chest out even farther, and looked down into her cleavage herself.

The view she found was the stuff of fantasies. Cheri's breasts reached far from her body, filling her field of view. The sight of her feet would become just a memory, along with her slim stomach and flared hips. A faint pang of panic shot through her at the thought of walking up and down stairs, only for pride to wash it away. The vixen might be a little clumsy on the at first, but the bounce of her breasts would draw all attention away from that detail. She hefted her sloshing breasts and let loose a soft moan with that jostle, then

followed in Yuria's wake. Brimming with anticipation, she could only hope her friends loved her new figure as much as herself.

Between her haste and eclipsed vision, Cheri couldn't notice the second change that spread over her figure. Small tufts of cream fur fell away from her stomach as she walked, revealing the dark plates of a haxorus's underbelly.

## **Nilsine Takes Semora Away**

Cheri's soft footfalls sounded down the hall, punctuating the rhythmic slosh of her overfilled chest. Rivulets of milk tickled from their peaks, marking her path down the aged carpet. Her mind swirled with a combination of arousal and uncertainty, a mixture that tipped toward the former by the second. The vixen's hands roamed those vast swells, and she relished the sensation of their vast weightlessness. Lust sparked between her thighs, but before that flame could properly catch, the sound of distant arguing caught her ears. It took the vixen a moment to register the voice as Semora's, and the fog that surrounded her thoughts thinned with the implications. That spurred her pace to a bouncy jog, the most she could manage with the unfamiliarity of her endowed frame. Like something from a shameless beach scene, Cheri rushed down the hall and burst into the banquet room. There she found Semora rattling the walls with her voice.

"What are you trying to do to us," Semora bellowed. "Cheri's missing, Nezy's got no pants! Am I the only sane one left? How long until I disappear too?!"

On that note, Cheri sauntered into the chamber and cleared her throat. All eyes fell on her, and Semora's jaw fell to the floor. That universal attention kindled a blush in her muzzle. She crossed her arms under her chest, a gesture that further highlighted their size, then spoke up. "You can calm down Semora, I'm back. Yuria wanted to show me something in one of the bedrooms."

A silent beat passed. Then another and another, until Semora finally recovered. "THIS is what I'm talking about! Cheri! What did she do to you? Where did you get those??"

While the lizard grappled with the reality before her, Nezzzy took a step forward. That motion put a wide sway in his hips, drawing attention toward the transforming steel of his thighs. “Semora, everything’s good,” he offered. “They just want to make us feel good before we talk prices. It’s good business.”

That further baffled Semora and stoked her confusion higher. While she struggled to stammer out a rebuttal, Cheri closed in on her other side. The vixen’s breasts pressed against her, making it all the more difficult to refuse their reality.

“You should lighten up a little,” Cheri murmured. “No one here’s trying to do anything we don’t want.”

It took the lizard a moment to process those words. “Cheri, are you trying to tell me you *want* to be these three’s playthings or whatever?”

Nilsine stepped forward. “She’s saying she’s embraced what the mansion has to offer.” The scyther took another step. “And it’s time for you to do the same.”

The impulse to run lanced through Semora, though her reflexes paled to the scyther’s. Nilsine closed the gap between them in an instant, and with a swing of her bladed arms, shredded the lizard’s clothing in a single instant. She stood stunned while those tatters fluttered to the ground, shocked and rooted in place, until Nilsine leaned in closer. The scyther’s cock throbbed to life at her command and flopped against Semora’s chest, fighting back the chill of the manor with its need. An inner conflict played across the lizard’s eyes, reflected in the bead of pre that gathered on the scyther’s tip. Semora’s gaze flicked to her friends, who appeared less than worried about the situation. Nezzzy’s own length rose to attention, seemingly diminished by the great valley of his thighs.

Cheri's attention bounced between Nilsine and her own breasts, where she idly played with those vast reserves.

Semora's attention shot right back to Nilsine when she leaned in deeper. The scyther's breasts pressed against her modest pair with that weight, sandwiching that pillar of a cock between them. The lizard felt every pulse and throb of Nilsine's rising need, and she couldn't fight the sympathetic lust that stirred in its presence. Her pulse quickened as that flame caught in her core, a compulsion that overpowered anything she had experienced before. Every carnal experience in her memory was but a spark compared to the inferno that blazed in that moment. A grin spread across Nilsine's snout when that need flashed across Semora's eyes and caught her breath in her throat. A slow roll of her hips drew a quiet, needy groan from the lizard, but it may as well have been a full-chested shout.

Regardless of its volume, it was an invitation Nilsine readily claimed.

The scyther took a step back, a motion that nearly enticed Semora with it. Before the lizard could close that gap however, Nilsine tipped her cock down and plunged it between Semora's thighs. Semora rode its girth, its sudden spread stealing her balance until she recovered. That instant of contact seared her nerves with bliss, however. The sensation of pulsing flesh and blood eclipsed anything a toy could provide, resetting her definition of pleasure. Semora's eyes fluttered with bliss once she recovered, and her restraint faltered with a roll of her hips. Nilsine watched with delight, more than content to watch the lizard debase herself on her length. Semora established a rhythm of rocking fore and back, a languid swing that accelerated with her rising need. Neither the shameless gawks of her friends nor the knowing chuckles of the other sellers could break her from that carnal trance. The only thing that could do that was an unfamiliar tingle at the crux of her thighs.



A lance of pleasure shot through Semora, one strong enough to lock every muscle in her body. A shudder ran through her form, a point of bliss that shot across her nerves, then settled in her throbbing clit. The lizard's hips rolled on their own accord, magnifying the bliss of sliding along Nilsine's slick length. She felt herself rise on her toes and angle her entrance toward Nilsine's tip, only to discover the nature of those sensations when she dropped. Rather than the rapture of penetration, Semora found a pressure that didn't yield. Her brow furrowed in confusion, which swiftly gave way to a maelstrom of change. A heat blazed in her core while her anatomy rearranged itself, shifting from feminine to masculine. The sensitive mound of her sex swelled and dropped as a pair of balls took shape, endowing her with a potent virility. The nub of her clit seized and pulsed in waves of growth, lengthening into a modest, masculine pillar. The throbs of pleasure that rolled down its shaft flooded Semora's nerves with new pleasures, strong enough to steal her breath away while she adjusted.

Whether to drive home the reality of her new shaft or simply for her own pleasure, Nilsine withdrew her own length from between Semora's thighs. Slicked with pre and throbbing with need, that impressive pillar dwarfed the lizard's new addition. Nilsine took a step and closed the gap between them, pressing them together at the root. Semora gasped with each on Nilsine's needy pulses, a dance of need and bliss that had her throbbing in sympathy. Pre flowed freely down each of their shafts, doubly so over Semora's, until they both shined and glistened with lust. Semora's breath quickened as she raced toward the brink of climax, only to have that bliss ripped away in her most needy moment. Semora looked up to Nilsine, her expression silently asking what she did to deserve such cruelty, where she watched lustful ideas play behind Nilsine's eyes.

Those ideas turned to reality when Nilsine rolled and bounced her hips. Her slick spire bounced and plapped against her chest

before dipping low, offering Semora a glimpse of its winking tip. Unfamiliar with masculine anatomy, that detail didn't strike her as odd or unusual. She learned the delights it hid when Nilsine pumped her hips at a precise moment, slurping her length around the lizard's. Semora's legs locked with that slick insertion, and a shudder ran down her spine when that inner passage pulsed. It drew the lizard's hips forward without thought, burying the sliver of her shaft that remained exposed. Both women stood there for a lengthy moment, savoring that bliss, watching the restraint fade from Semora's eyes, until Semora gave into that new, strange pleasure.

Free from the risk of pregnancy, Semora threw herself into masculine bliss. Her eyes fluttered and her head rolled back while new nerves seared pleasure into her muscles. Any protests she might have still harbored regarded the sellers melted in the face of such rapture, and the remnants of her argument spilled from her lips in incoherent moans. Nilsine smirked with that submission, though for all her experience, the scyther couldn't help but groan with her. The eyes of their friends and peers fell upon them, igniting her lingering shame as a blush in her snout. That blaze only rose when Nilsine pumped her hips as well, drawing the lizard's shaft free from her own with a thick schlick. Their combined fluids glistened on Semora's length, a detail that only highlighted her needy throbs. The scyther held there for a long, agonizing second, then drove her hips forward until she took Semora's root once more.

With the soft plap of their reunion, Nilsine set a steady rhythm. Her hips rolled and pumped in a rolling cycle, not quite consistent, but never stopping. She sped and slowed based on the blissful twists in Semora's expression, maximizing that eroding pleasure in her guest. Between the scyther's skill and the lizard's inexperience, it wasn't long before the latter approached the edge of bliss. Semora's head rolled back and her eyes squeezed shut, and the obvious throbs of her cock announced her climax just a beat before

her groans of bliss. Nilsine shuddered when her partner's first jet of warmth flooded her shaft, filling the space between Semora's tip and her own root. The lizard pulsed with a second pump of pleasure, though it failed to push deeper into Nilsine's welcoming depths. Instead, a pressure fought back and overpowered it. Semora's breath caught in her throat as the tables turned, and her legs shuddered when the tide went with it.

Nilsine's head rolled back as climax fell upon her, drawing from her generous reserves and flooding Semora's. The lizard's legs shuddered as her balls swelled, filling her lap in the span of seconds. Her thighs vanished behind its swell shortly after, and it strove for her knees while Nilsine spent her pent-up lust. Their audience of four watched the last clenches and ripples of Nilsine's climax flow into Semora's sac, which bounced and sloshed with the last drops of the scyther's lust. The tension in their forms softened as afterglow sapped their strength, sending Nilsine slumping against Semora. That motion thrust Semora's cock deeper into her partner's, keeping them together long after they would have softened. Their auras of satisfaction brought their friends and peers in close, saddled with rising lusts and needs of their own.

## The Tide Turns

With that change in the air, Velvet and Yuria drop their 'careful' pretense. They shed their clothing and bare their needs, flaunting their endowments without shame. The impulse to do the same struck Nezzzy and Cheri, and for a moment, they do just that. Cheri cast her top aside and frees her breasts, an admittedly small step given the tightness of her discarded garment. Nezzzy slipped his thumbs into the band of his panties, but hesitated on the wind-up to pull them down. A strange thought swelled from the back of his mind, just an inkling that something was amiss. That hunch turned to a realization when he paid closer attention to Cheri. Once he saw it, he wondered how he could have possibly missed it. Hugging her midriff like a corset and spreading by the second, a growing patch of black and gold scales crept over her figure. Worry colored his expression as he turned to Semora and only deepened with what he saw. Only just visible behind the lizard's swollen sac, he watched her tail shorten and widen, stretching into something of a bulb. When the characteristic stinger of a naganadel emerged from its tip, adrenaline finally spurred Nezzzy to motion.

His broad hips and his own transforming tail slowed his gait, but the skarmory-turning-zekrom found the strength to rush toward his friends. Spurred on by the predatory glint in Velvet and Yuria's eyes, Nezzzy lunged out and snatched Cheri by the wrist. The look of concern in his eyes was enough to convince her to follow, but while the fox's mind was willing, her body was not. The weight of her breasts slowed both of them, hampering their escape with their bouncing weight. The fox managed to follow after a stumbling start, a jouncy motion their rivals certainly appreciated. The pair once more staggered at Semora, who seemed the most reluctant to part. Still, she didn't fight when Nezzzy pulled her off Nilsine's cock, and her legs cooperated as much as they could through the ensuing

pulses of pleasure. Semora's swollen sac further complicated the trio's escape, a sloshing counterweight to their every step. Despite everything that acted against them however, they reached the far end of the room and Nezzzy threw open its doors. They awkwardly shuffled through before the panels fell shut in their wake, hardly the climactic moment the mostly-skarmory hoped it would be.

That inner vision divorced further from reality when Nilsine spoke out from the banquet hall. "You played our game, so we'll play yours. You three get a five minute head start before we start chasing!"

The laughs of the other two echoed in agreement, a harmony that sent a curious shiver of dread and anticipation down the friends' spines.

As those lustful, menacing laughs tapered off, Nezzzy looked to Cheri and Semora. The distance gained from the mansion's sellers and the urgency with which the changing skarmory took it brought a mote of clarity to his friends. They shrugged off the cloying haze from their minds, and in the moments that followed resolved to escape. It only took them a few steps to realize they would need more than renewed willpower, however. Cheri's breasts dominated the lower angles of her vision, rendering stairs a dangerous challenge, even without the sloshing weight of her chest. Semora's sac weighed heavily against her thighs, taxing her strength with every step. The immediate solutions to their problems occurred to them in the same instant. Their gazes met in realization, and the blush in their cheeks undercut the reluctance in their eyes.

"Nezzzy," Cheri murmured. "We're going to need a minute to do something about... this," she gestured to her chest.

Semora mirrored the motion toward her sac and continued that thought. "It'll help make it easier to get out of here."

Nezzy's hand settled on his hip, cocked to the side and rounded out far enough to test the toughest pants. "Can you walk and take care of it?"

"We'll try."

With grace reminiscent of a newborn animal, Cheri and Semora did their best to follow Nezzy down the hall. Cheri struggled to reach around the vast globes of her chest, only just able to reach her nipples with bluntly-clawed fingertips. A soft moan tumbled from her lips with just that light touch, and she stifled its echo when she pinched a nipple between her fingers. Her long reach limited the fox's ability to milk herself, but fortunately with such pressure, her ivory tide flowed easily. Small droplets gathered into a trickle that built into a stream, a pair of sweet rivers that flowed down her gravity-defying curves. Cheri's soft pants of pleasure trailed together into a continuous groan, an utterance of bliss that caught both of her friends off guard. Their looks carried a combination of lust and concern, and the longer their eyes lingered on her figure, the more it spurred her on.

Before Semora lost her nerve or fell too deeply into Cheri's display, she tended to her own needs. The lizard shook her hips and flopped her sac from between her legs, plopping it firmly against her thighs. That motion was more than enough to stoke her lusts, prompting her spire to rise to its full length. Though it paled in comparison to the scale of her sac, Semora found room to spare when she wrapped both hands around it. The simple act of setting her grip coaxed out a jet of pre, spurting it with enough force to land at Nezzy's feet. The increasingly-zekrom-skarmory looked down to it with a blush, then returned his gaze to his friend. Their pace slowed as their priorities shifted toward pleasure, and the scale only tipped further in that direction as their ministrations and transformations gained momentum.

Still, the trio managed to keep a distracted pace down the hall. The quiet schlicks and slurps of rubbing and squeezing punctuated their moans, all of which followed the time of their distracted footfalls. Cheri and Semora found the motivation to speed up when the mansion's residents called out from the banquet hall, counting down to the second they'll give chase. Still, even that alarm came with mixed feelings. The thought of being 'captured' sent a perverse thrill through all three of them, a pulse of pleasure they couldn't ignore. That translated to a rush of milk and pre from Cheri and Semora respectively, but a gnawing hunger in Nezzy. It gave the three of them pause, just long enough for the low click of the doors to echo down the hall. The three shared a glance, then spurred into reckless motion.

Despite the drive instilled in the trio, they only make it a few steps before the doors behind them burst open. The mansion's owners stood in that open frame and eyed their prey, lust obvious in their postures. They merely laughed to themselves while the three friends staggered away, intent on finding their way back outside before they lost the drive or ability to do so. Ultimately, it was the latter that gave in first. In the shadow of Cheri's swollen breasts, her transformation lurched forward. The scales and scutes of a haxorus encircled her midriff and claimed her hips, then covered her back and crept down her limbs. With that came a pregnancy that not only matched Yuria's, but eclipsed it. Cheri's belly swelled forth in the span of seconds, laden with enough eggs to nearly send it into her line of sight. The sudden weight and pressure in her womb unleashed a burst of pleasure, strong enough to unleash a tide of milk and steal the strength from her legs. Cheri dropped to her knees with an orgasmic moan, instinctively cradling her gravid belly.

Momentum carried Nezzy and Semora a few steps before they realized Cheri's plight. When they turned back however, they saw nothing that wanted to continue on. Cheri's hips rolled with need

while her fingers tweaked and squeezed her nipples, lost in the bliss brought by her shifting form. Dark greys and dull yellows twisted and raced down her arms and up her neck with each freed jet of milk, stealing away the last of her vulpine nature. A narrow tongue lulled from between pointed fangs as climax came down with that final change, and the floor thumped with the climactic lashes of her heavy tail. In light of their friend's completed change, Nezzy hesitated. The urge to grab her by the wrist and keep running conflicted with his own desire to escape, rooting him in place for just an instant.

Just long enough for Yuria to catch up.

She wasted no time and dropped to her knees behind Cheri, pressing the maternal swell of her belly to the mostly-haxorus's back. That intimate contact was more than enough to coax a gasp from Cheri, which rose to a shameless moan as Yuria wrapped her arms around those breasts. Practiced kneading and squeezing coaxed out orgasmic jets of cream, and with them the last of her resistance. While Cheri couldn't form the words to admit it, her surrender was written clearly across her eyes. Nezzy lagged at the sight, torn over accepting his friends fate, but Semora grabbed his wrist and spurred him on.

Nezzy snapped to his senses and followed shortly after, though his ability to do so waned. Whether it was a latent, suppressed desire to join Cheri in bliss or a simple matter of timing, his own transformation lurched in progress. In an almost alarming creak, his hips swelled wider and fuller, growing several inches in the span of seconds. Nezzy's gait wobbled with his balance, slowing him further with every step. It wasn't long until his pace slowed to a crawl, limited by the unruly momentum of his fattening ass. The tension on his wrist grew as Semora continued to pull ahead, until finally, he slipped from her grip.



That broken hold sent both of them stumbling. Semora staggered forward, only just staying upright despite the swinging counterweights of her cock and balls. Nezzzy slammed into the wall and slid along its antique finish, side-walking along until he came to rest. The hybrid skarmory-zekrom paused for a moment, needing to catch his breath from shock, then pushed himself off the wall. To his surprise, the push nearly knocked him to the floor. The steel feathers of his tail fused together in a bulky generator of a tail in the same instant as his shove, bringing with it a subtle tingle that danced along his nerves. A low, droning source of pleasure, Nezzzy couldn't help but harden with those regular pulses of bliss. His transformation crept down his legs and up his torso in time with that carnal beat, advancing a few fractional inches with every time. While pearls of pre gathered at his tip and he adjusted to the sensations of transformation, his thoughts of escape fell to the wayside. The instant that happened, Velvet pounced.

Like a comet, the reshiram rushed down the hall and pinned Nezzzy to the wall, holding him in place with the plush cleft of his ass. That soft warmth enveloped the mostly-zekrom from the waist down, a pin ushered out a soft moan of surprise. That sound turned to a full-throated moan when Velvet rolled his hips, subtly rising up Nezzzy's shaft before dropping back down. Velvet let loose an indulgent groan of his own as Nezzzy slipped into his depths, where he savored their union for just a moment. The reshiram turned his head to watch the conflict play across Nezzzy's eyes, an internal exchange that lasted only a few seconds. The desire to dash from the mansion waned from his eyes and expression, making room for the look of need and lust that followed. Nezzzy's head tipped back when Velvet rolled his hips once more, coaxing a climax from the pent-up hybrid. Whether it was timing or Velvet's influence, the last of Nezzzy's resistance went with that release.

The silver gleam of his remaining feathers gave way flat black, and his streamlined avian figure shifted to ornate dragonhood. His

hips swelled out to truly titanic proportions, dominating his figure. Between the pleasure that danced on his nerves and the sudden spurt of growth, the strength to stand left him. Nezzzy slumped against the wall as much as the curve of his ass allowed and sank to his knees, freeing a strand of cum to drip from Velvet's rear. The reshiram made just enough room for the zekrom to sprawl out on the floor as he savored that sensation, then joined him on the carpet. Semora knew the last of her friend's resistance had already eroded, and Velvet drove that point home by slipping between Nezzzy's cheeks.

Determined to leave and seek help, Semora didn't wait to watch the full extent of Nezzzy's fate. His enthusiastic moans and the clap of hips against ass painted a clear enough picture of that anyway. Driven by a second wind, the transforming lizard gathered herself and ran as fast as she could. Unfortunately, that wasn't nearly as quick as she would have liked. Semora's swollen sac clapped against her thighs with every footfall, limiting her stride severely. More problematically, that bouncing and jostling seared pleasure into her nerves. The blossoming naganadel's willpower battled with her lusts on the field of her body, a struggle that drew from the coordination of her balance. Her cock pulsed and bounced with each dose of pleasure, fueling a transformation that compounded her problem. While the growth in her balls tapered to a manageable degree, her spire had yet to approach its final size.

In a distracting display, Semora could watch it creep higher and higher up her figure. It left smatters of pre against the soft paunch of her belly, deposited with every light slap against her frame. A jolt of surprise lanced up Semora's spine when her tip slipped along the edge of her belly button, leaving a warm trail to mark its progress. Despite that, her pace didn't truly suffer until her cock reached the bottom of her chest. The burst of bliss that came from sliding into her own cleavage nearly knocked her off balance once again, and it was only by luck she didn't fall onto her face. Her messy recovery

turned literal when a jet of pre splashed the underside of her muzzle, spurring her to look down. A combination of lust and shock greeted her at the sight, impressed and apprehensive with her growing size. The lust smeared between her breasts proved its usefulness as her tip pushed against her chin, ensuring perfect contact while she tit-fucked herself.

Despite that source of constant, bouncing pleasure, Semora's resolve carried her on.

She raced between the doors of the seemingly endless hallway, even as her own pre soaked the floor between her feet. A rhythmic squelch accompanied her journey and overpowered the sound of her footsteps, a saturated rhythm that slowed with her dwindling stamina. Semora couldn't be sure if the transformation itself drained her strength or if her endurance simply couldn't handle the strain of that swaying pillar. That question fell from her mind when met the exit to the building's wing, however. The fully-turned naganadel threw open a pair of double doors with both arms and staggered through, only for the head of her cock to smack the top of the frame. Something between pleasure and pain lanced through her with that dull impact, and the muscles of her body shuddered in resonance with the resulting thump. In the wake of that shock, Semora thought to back up and lean forward, hopefully enough to fit her spire through that exit, though it wasn't meant to be. Her breath caught in her throat when a pair of arms reached around her figure, and it spilled from her lips as a gasp when Nilsine pressed to her back.

Lust surged through her body, and it took little convincing to bring her back to the banquet hall.

## **The Buyers are Fully Bimbo'ed**

Semora found the trip back to that great hall much longer than her dash away. That may have been a result of her encumbered, waddling pace, but more likely it was due to the anticipation that welled in her chest. That enthusiasm showed itself in the quickness of her breath and the rhythm of her cock, both of which fed into one another. Every needy huff of breath exposed the naganadel to more and more of the mansion's pheromones, baked into the walls and carpet of the ancient structure. With her rising lusts came deeper throbs of her length, pulses and bounces that added her own signature to the building's presence. Nilsine reveled in that obvious eagerness all the way, brushing her breasts along Semora's spire with every chance she got. After what seemed like an eternity of teasing, the needy pair reached their destination. Nilsine threw the doors open with a swing of her cock, revealing their friends' complete lack of patience.

Though Nilsine and Semora had only been minutes behind the others, everyone else started without them. A glance to their side found Nezy splayed out across the dinning room table, shamelessly spread eagle along its top. Velvet took the zekrom's ankles and folded them over him, pinning his legs to his chest and exposing his ass. The reshiram took great pleasure in teasing his partner, frotting his length against Nezy's with a gradual roll of his hips. The transformed zekrom squirmed and begged for that pulsing lengths, needy moans and groans that echoed through the hall. It brought a blush to all who heard them, and that collective heat kindled to a bright inferno when Velvet finally made his entry. Nezy's toes curled as that slick tip stretched his needy ring, and Velvet answered his calls of lust with one of his own. The pair rumbled in harmony as the reshiram glided down to his root. Velvet's broad snowy hips eclipsed the dark grey of Nezy's, though

that fact wouldn't persist forever. The first spurts of the reshiram's lust spurred a minuscule wave of growth in his partner, one that would compound upon itself as they gathered momentum.

Meanwhile, Yuria and Cheri indulged in their own pleasures. The former vixen rolled her head back in the sceptile's embrace, lavishing in bliss as the last of her vulpine features faded. Cheri's breasts swelled further yet under those lustful touches, coaxed to a production that not even Yuria could meet. Rivers of ivory flowed from Cheri's reserves as they eclipsed her belly, soon taxing the strength of her legs. Noticing that tremble, Yuria guided her to one of the hall's many tables. She lifted the haxorus's breasts and plopped them across its surface, taking their weight off her back and unleashing a tide of milk across the wood. Cheri situated her belly under the table while Yuria brought a chair to her, granting her a moment's rest from that considerable weight. The sceptile traced her fingers along those sensitive swells and sauntered to the opposing side, where she gleefully played with those sensitive peaks. What little reservations Cheri may have harbored melted under her teasing touch, and draconic growls and roars of bliss echoed through the hall.

Motivated by the shameless embrace of her friends, Semora let loose and fell into Nilsine's eager grasp. The pair took a place at the center of the hall, ready to share and indulge in full view of their friends. For better or worse, the other pairs only paid half of their attention to their display. That split focus was more than enough to light a fire under the throbbing pair however. Nilsine stepped close and pressed her spire to Semora's, only just reaching the tip of her crown. The naganadel's breath caught in her throat when Nilsine started to grind up and down, coaxing out twin streams of glistening pre. Those expressions of desire mingled and flowed down those twin spires, making the contact between them all the more electric. The pumps and rolls of their hips grew more fervent in turn, but no amount of panting or grinding brought them to the peak of climax. It

wasn't long before Nilsine's self-restraint wore thin. With an expert flick of her hips, she leveled Semora's spire out and plunged into her tip, swelling her under-channel with her pillar.

With fates sealed and restraints abandoned, the three duos fell into hedonism. Any thoughts of buying or selling the mansion fell away in the face of transformative bliss, pulses of pleasure that only deepened while they rutted. Their bodies embraced that pleasure with the same eagerness as their minds, growing and warping well passed the point of no return. Furniture creaked and cracked under their expanding loads, and what wasn't outright ruined was pushed to the side. The dining hall took on the look of a warehouse as the mansion's residents gained momentum, gathering around them like an inanimate audience. That wooden crowd watched in silent awe while bodies and natures escalated, striving toward a conclusion that none of them thought possible.

Nezzy and Velvet raced toward that point with frightening speed. Splayed out across a table that bowed under his weight, Nezzy could only roll his hips and groan while Velvet took him from behind. Consumed by an insatiable lust, the reshram railed his zekrom partner with endless stamina. The clap of their hips pounded a racing rhythm through the hall, the beats between filled with lustful squelches. Velvet only stuttered with the arrival of his climax, and even then recovered and persisted. Each load of lust flowed deep into Nezzy's figure, gathering first on his middle, then on his hips and ass. Over the course of the night, the zekrom took on a truly titanic figure, growing an ass that would challenge any double doorway. His thighs and rear clapped and jiggled with a supernatural tightness, bouncing with a physics seen only in fantasies. His own lust decorated his midriff in thick ropes, offerings which Velvet swabbed up with his fingers. Those samples only renewed the reshram's stamina, perpetuating their engine of desire.

In contrast to that almost feral rutting, Yuria and Cheri indulged in a slower, more sensual hedonism. Amid the remains of a crushed table, the pair sat facing one another, gravid bellies pressed together. The slow roll of their hips ground those sensitive swells together, suffusing their forms with a smoldering bliss. Their thighs spread in an attempt to scissor together, though their sizes acted against them. While Yuria's belly might have been small enough to permit such pleasures, Cheri's was not. The gravid globe that adorned the haxorus's middle kept their hips several inches apart, leaving them to roll and writhe with unanswered desire. Fortunately, the pair found another outlet for their lusts. With careful shimmies of their shoulders and a subtle arch of their backs, the pair brought their nipples together. One of Yuria's pressed into Cheri's sensitive duct while Cheri returned the favor on the opposite side, creating an exchange of milk and bliss that drove them to new heights. That circular flow drove their production higher and higher as well, filling their figures out further yet. Some small part of Yuria wondered if they'd be able to move afterward, but such concerns were a problem for the future.

For Semora however, mobility was a ship that sailed ours ago. Thanks to Nilsine's vast, bottomless lust, her sac swelled to an impossible size. Wide enough to squish firmly against her legs, its lower curve sprawled across the floor even while she stood. Semora's spire reached a size appropriate for such reserves as well, reaching well passed her head when upright. When laid down it kept Nilsine at an unfortunate distance, unable to reach her partner in an intimate embrace. Still, the scyther was more than content to pump her cock in and out of her partner's length. Slow, languid schlicks and shlurks filled the air between them while Nilsine took her pleasure, plumbing Semora's length with her own. Every few pumps her rhythm faltered, a series of twitches preluded by her sac pulling tight to her body. The scyther's head rolled back each time, and a low groan resonated in her chest as she further filled her partner's sac. In the back of her mind, Semora wondered if

there was a limit to her capacity. That question gave way to the excitement of finding out.

Beyond the reverberating walls of the mansion, the moon finished its arc across the night sky. Dawn crept over the horizon as the six residents finally began to lose steam, and by the time fingers of light reached through the hall's aged windows, they teetered on the verge of sleep. Still, in the face of that exhaustion, their ministrations only slowed. Velvet laid face first over the colossal sprawl of Nezzzy's ass, nestled between those titanic cheeks and buried deep in his greedy backside. Yuria and Cheri sat slumped against each other on the floor, nipples still docked and softly moaning in their sleep. Nilsine and Semora both lounged on the latter's sac, a sloshing water bed more than large enough for the both of them.

The residents slowly slipped deeper and deeper into their sensual dreams, until a thunderous knock boomed at their front door.

The sound echoed through the hall for several seconds before any of them stirred. Velvet was the first to pry himself to wakefulness, planting both hands into Nezzzy's mountains to free himself from that valley. A groggy blink cleared the sleep from his eyes, and the others slunk into consciousness after him. It wasn't until the second knock that alertness came to them however, spurring those that could to stand up.

"Did you schedule another tour for today," Yuria yawned.

"I think I did," Velvet trailed.

A confused pause lingered in the air for a moment.



“Just bring them here,” Nilsine sighed. “I’m not ready to do that song and dance again. If they go for it, they go for it.”

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

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