

By the Fire



Vic Waite

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By the Fire

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-For Jenny-

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On a cold winter's evening, Vic and Jenny relax by the fire of their hearth. What starts as a conversation becomes a massage, and Vic quite literally works their magic to limber their partner up. Her transformation into a ditto catches Jenny off guard, but she rolls with the change and figures out exactly how to pay her love back.

Content Warning: This Short Story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Short Story, Adult, Gift, (Smaller god), Pokemon, Female, Umbreon, Nonbinary, Hybrid, Transformation, Ditto, Slime, Vore, Inflation, [Vic], [Jenny]

I

Faint moonlight filtered through grey clouds, the only light to pierce the evening sky. That slice of silver faded entirely as a winter's night rolled in, blanketing the heavens in grey and the earth in white. A lazy, steady snow wafted from those celestial heights, spinning and dancing on gusts of frigid breeze. Those pulsing winds kicked up light flurries and swayed the trees before breaking against a modest cabin. The humble home warded off the worst of the cold, and the fire that burned in its hearth staved off the rest. Behind a frosted window, nestled comfortably between the thinning moonlight and heated glow sat one of the space's caretakers. The hybrid filled just over half the sofa on their own, and a collection of blankets filled what remained.

Vic lounged in that cozy embrace, steaming tea in one claw and book in the other. Their zoroark heritage granted them a thick coat of dark grey fur, a heavy pelt that served them well in the chilly months. A long tangle of rich brown hair flowed from their head and down their back, a deviation from the their species' typical patterns. Another departure sprouted just behind their hairline, a pair of blunted bovine horns. Four dark spots on their fur betrayed their miltank roots, distinct marks spread wide on that plush expanse. Their generous curve of winter weight tipped as they sipped their tea, then wobbled back into place with its return. Vic's eyes never left their novel, utterly engrossed by the tale within.

Neither the rising winds outside their window nor the creaking flexes of timbers broke their focus, oblivious to the outer world. They hardly noticed their partner lumber into the room, only falling out of their story when she plopped down beside them. Jenny matched Vic's size and weight, a fact their couch loudly loathed. The

umbreon's wide hips battled with theirs for space, filling and nearly overfilling the joined seats. The side of her belly smooshed to Vic's as she settled into place, and the rest of her followed when she slumped against their side. The darker tones of her midnight fur kept their figures distinct, along with the weak, slow pulses of her species' signature rings. A deep breath filled her chest and departed as a sigh, and she sank deeper into her partner's plush rolls.

Though Vic already knew the answer, they asked anyway. "Something got you stressed?"

"You don't know the half of it," Jenny groaned. "Everybody wants all *their* things set up for the festival, but no one actually wants to do it themselves. It's like herding persians."

Vic stretched an arm over her should and pulled her close. "Nobody would blame you if you just, didn't," they smirked. "Its not your job to protect them from the consequences of their own actions."

"I know, but I want this to be a good festival. It'll crash and burn without me, and then everyone will be miserable."

The zorotank squeezed just a little tighter. "Yeah, you're not wrong," they admitted. "And there's no chance they'd learn their lessons."

"Oh, they'd be at each others' throats," Jenny laughed. "Or more likely mine."

Vic conceded that point with a nod and renewed hug. "You're probably right." A beat passed after that truth. "Is there anything I can do for you Jenna-bon?"

Jenny closed her eyes and took in a breath, then slowly let it out. "Go back in time and stop me from getting into this?"

"I would if I could," they grinned. "But until I get that figured out, maybe I can help with some of the work?"

The umbreon shook her head. "No, I don't need to drag you into this too. We can't both be stressed out at the same time."

"Then maybe a little something something to help you relax?"

When Vic patted their lap in invitation, a grin spread across Jenny's muzzle. "You do have some magic fingers."

The air filled with the shuffle of fur and fabric, interrupted by strained cries from furniture. A creak of relief started the chorus as Jenny stood, allowing Vic to slide into the center of the seat. Once in place, the umbreon came down in their lap. Their matched sizes were made obvious, Jenny's hips just shy of eclipsing Vic's. A soft grunt spilled from the hybrid's muzzle when the umbreon settled into place, not fully used to her weight. Still, it was nothing they couldn't bear. Vic sank deep into that taxed cushion with their combined mass, and a shimmy of Jenny's ass announced her readiness. With that, Vic wrapped their arms around the chubby fox.

For a moment, the hybrid just relished the embrace. Their snout nestled into the crook of her neck, and a breath filled their lungs with her scent. These were the moments they lived for. With a slow, gentle touch they explored their partner's curves, starting with her modest chest. A ginger squeeze and grope caught Jenny's breath, sparking desire in her core and soothing the low smoldering of slow growth. Her tail tried to brush across Vic's front in satisfaction, though the pressure of their meeting reduced it to a squirm. The hybrid's practiced kneading gradually glided down her front, to the stuffed, firm swell of her middle.

The weight of a well-eaten dinner rested in Jenny's core, a presence mirrored in Vic's own middle. Both had more than eaten

their fill of a seasonal feast, brought on by the bounty of a year in closing. It was a time of refreshing and renewal, a principle the pair gleefully applied to their own stores of food. A smirk crossed Vic's muzzle as they traced the tips of their fingers over Jenny's midnight expanse, raking blunted claws across stretched pelt. That sent a shiver down her spine, a motion reciprocated in the zorotank's chuckle. Their attention slipped to her lower curve, where plush flab softened Jenny's figure. There, Vic worked their magic.

It started with a slow, sensual caress, an arc that toured the umbreon's width across and back. A grab and a squeeze compressed that plush fluff between their fingers, and a bit more sank those digits into her dough. A lustful huff punctuated Jenny's breath and her pulse quickened, an unspoken signal to continue. Vic obliged with delight, and their rounded claws circled to their love's hips. Several days' worth of stress settled into her muscles as tension, tightening what should have been a soft canvas. Pity flashed across their muzzle as the scope of Jenny's plight presented itself, and they resolved to help where they could the next day. In the meantime however, Vic devoted their attention to undoing the damage done.

The zorotank tightened their fingers into a fist and rolled the heel of their palm along Jenny's thighs, working and kneading the taxed muscles beneath. Soft moans and groans spilled from the umbreon's snout, a sign of progress, though glacially slow. Minutes passed while Vic pressed rolled her thighs, inner and outer, but to little effect. A knot of frustration tied in their chest, though they spared their lover from an ever more vigorous rub down. Instead, they channeled that drive into a spell. A hum built in their chest and resonated in their throat. With that chanting tune came a flow of power, one that sparked down the zorotank's arms and through their fingers. It rushed from their claws and spilled into Jenny's frame, a wave of relaxation that accomplished in seconds what they previous failed to finish over minutes.

Jenny slumped back into Vic's pudgy front, satisfied with that lurch in progress. She basked in their ministrations as they tended to other sources of tension, banishing stress from the rest of her legs and up into her back. The zorotank's embrace glided up her hips and into her sides, a careful survey of her rolls and the knots beneath. Every rub conferred the relaxation of a day at a hot spring, and before long, there wasn't a fiber in the umbreon's being still in tension. Lost in that enchanting touch, however, Jenny never gave a signal to stop. Consumed by their momentum, Vic continued their quest of completely relaxing her. All the while that soft song droned in the hybrid's chest, a tangible resonation conducted by intimate closeness.

Neither noticed the prolonged effect of that mutual goal. Jenny closed her eyes and lulled her head back, a sign of savoring not uncommon once Vic got going. The zorotank spared no part of her from attention, only limited by what they could reach. The slight quivering of her body went unnoticed, as did the subtle shift of her hue from solid midnight to translucent purple. The smoothing of her pelt escaped their collective perception as well, unfelt through Vic's dexterous claws. It wasn't until Jenny began to lose cohesion that ether broke from the moment, and even then, it took the umbreon sagging into the valley of Vic's closed thighs to break their concentration.

The slickness of her form seeped into Vic's pelt, the first alert that something wasn't completely right. The zorotank opened their eyes, and the sight that greeted them spurred them to blink and banish an illusion. When the reality before them persisted, worry twisted in their chest. From the outside in, Jenny's figure flowed and wobbled, distinctly transparent and curiously purple. The core of her being was shadowy and indistinct beneath that surface, though shrinking to advancing change. Vic's massage stopped, and panic twinged in their chest. Jenny was either hadn't noticed or was too far gone to feel her change, and the notion of resolving either

possibility paralyzed the hybrid. Unsure of how to proceed, they watched the final stages of that transformation claim their partner.

When the last of Jenny's solid features gave way to goo, a shiver ran down her spine. That motion rippled and wobbled through her figure, shaking curves that drew the hybrid's lustful eye. She relaxed deeper into the plush cushion of their chest and belly, a motion that seeped her into the valleys and crevices of Vic's frame. A pleased sigh spilled from the umbreon's muzzle, an utterance that wavered with her form.

"You're really warm tonight," Jenny crooned. "Must be getting colder out."

Vic shook their head, a motion Jenny couldn't actually see. "Maybe, but I don't think that's it."

"I might just be missing time with you then," she admitted. "This thing has eaten way more of my time than I would like."

The hybrid started to hug Jenny, though their arms merely sank into her pliant outline. Vic paused before they pushed too deeply. "I've been feeling the same way honestly," Vic murmured, only slightly unsure of the situation. "I didn't want to bring that up and stress you out more, but yeah."

Jenny closed her eyes and chuckled. "Maybe I'll take the day off tomorrow then," she mused. "Spending time with my Vicca-bix sounds much nicer than dealing with the festival."

The zorotank paused. "That choice might be made made for you already," they offered, sheepishly. "I might have overdone it with the magic."

That last line sent a twitch through Jenny's ears, and she craned her head to face Vic. Without the limitations of a solid body, she

easily turned to meet their gaze. Realization furrowed her brow, and a glance down brought the scope of her transformation to light.

II

A torrent of emotions played across her face. Surprise came first, an arch of her brow and soft gasp on her breath, followed by intrigue. Her desaturated eyes sparkled as she drew her hands up and down her curves, exploring her form. The former umbreon's brow knitted in concentration while her fingers glided, clearly focused on something. The center of her attention grew evident as she lost cohesion however, the overall shape of her body slowly sagging under her own weight. Only where her gaze fell remained firm, an effect that sent her sinking over the hybrid's form.

Vic's breath caught in their throat when the narrow gap between them collapsed, dropping the fluid weight of their partner into their lap. A soft splat sounded with that impact, followed by a slow, sensual flowing over their form. She flooded their inner thighs, and that complete touch spread up Vic's figure while Jenny surveyed her new form. A subtle recline squished her back into the zorotank's belly, though in an unprecedented reversal, she yielded to the soft expanse instead. A sheen of pink and purple spread over Vic's stuffed middle, a cool, soothing rub that crossed their pelt. A subtle shudder ran down their spine when Jenny's pliant touch met the sensitive nips on their belly, an expression of bliss that wobbled through her just as much. Surface tension ushered the unconscious edges of her pool around Vic's love handles, languidly saturating their dark fur and completing her coverage.

At the same time, Jenny's distracted embrace climbed Vic's chest. She snuck into the curves under their breasts and covered those sensitive mounds with a gentleness betrayed by her mental absence. Sparks of anticipation fluttered in Vic's heart as they watched her tide creep up, edging closer and closer to their peaks. A low, stifled

moan rumbled in their chest when she met the edge of their nips' tender circles, then rose in volume at the completion of that embrace. The zorotank's sensitive nubs rose to attention with just that prelude, low lightning rods ready to catch Jenny's bolts of bliss. The slow flow of her slime put a bow in Vic's back, a motion heavy enough to ripple through both of their figures. With that, Jenny's attention finally turned back her partner, half buried in her loosening form.

A gasp passed her muzzle, a gesture in motion only, and her form quivered with its momentum. With that movement came a bliss-kissed smile, followed by a blush. "I don't think I believe this is an accident," she smirked. "You're enjoying this more than I am."

That undeniable call sparked a blaze in Vic's muzzle, a silent admission of her accuracy, though a more pressing point overrode it. "How do you feel?"

The former umbreon thought for a moment. "Weird, but not bad. I think I like it, but it's going to take some practice."

"Oh? I've stumped the master shape shifter?" Vic smirked.

Jenny barked a laugh. "Hardly. There's just a learning curve."

Acting on that point, Jenny closed her eyes. It was a token gesture given her transparent eyelids, though it paid off. The surface of her form quivered as she seized control, a side effect that drew a soft moan from the hybrid, and Jenny slowly reclaimed her shape. The sensation of her ooze peeling away was markedly more strange, a sensation that had Vic blushing and squirming. That seemed to go unnoticed while the former umbreon focused elsewhere, wrangling her body back into a familiar shape. For the most part, she succeeded. The newly minted ditto resumed her former figure, with a few extra artistic interpretations.

An idealized vision of Jenny sat in their lap, weight distributed in alignment with her desires. The swell of her belly spilled across a much thickened thighs, which in turn spilled over Vic's. A couple inches of height converted into width and thickness, bringing the top her head into the shadow of her partner's chin. Those translucent ears framed the hybrid's vision, a sight that took them a moment to get used to. With that guide Vic watched her stature fluctuate, subtly shrinking and growing as want and habit dueled. Patches of Jenny gained and lost cohesion in this exchange, seeping back over the zorotank's figure before ebbing into shape. Eventually the former umbreon found an equilibrium, one that comfortably rested her into Vic's chest.

"You figured that out pretty fast."

"I've had some practice," Jenny murmured, words broken by bouts of concentration. "I've never been this fluid before though. Usually I'm done once I change."

In the pause that followed, Vic explored her quivering curves. Gingerly, they groped and squeezed her hips and love handles. Not unlike jelly, Jenny's mass squished and deformed around their fingers. Surface tension kept those blunted claws from dipping in, and the coolness that suffused her being offered a pleasant contrast to the surrounding warmth. Judging by the arch in her back and the vibrating purr in her chest, Jenny enjoyed the attention just as much. The zorotank teased her just a moment longer, until a thought popped into their head.

"I've heard stories about wild ditto," Vic smirked. "Should I be worried about what my wife can do now?"

A devious smirk crossed her muzzle, visible through the transparent back of her head. "You tell me."

Jenny shuddered with a flux in concentration, a prelude to a show of mastery. Her form softened in an instant, and just as quickly she spilled over Vic. The zorotank jumped with that flood of contact, a sensation that earned a wavering gasp. That sound drew into a longer, softer moan as Jenny stopped just shy of the hybrid's sides, covering them not unlike an apron. A beat passed in pause, and in its wake, Vic thought that might of been the end of her display. The impulse to jab at her limits crossed their thoughts, though it dissolved long before reaching their tongue. Currents began to ebb and flow through Jenny's volume, at first a subtle sloshing that built to distinct and deliberate motions.

The culmination of those motions came when something grazed across Vic's inner thigh. Confusion furrowed their brow with that first, clumsy touch, but it didn't take long for Jenny to refine her technique. Somewhere between the brush of a tendril and the caress of a hand, an unseen force explored that sensitive curve. The zorotank's breath caught in their throat when a second press mirrored across their lap, a coordinated push that gingerly guided their legs apart. Heat kindled in Vic's muzzle at that unspoken question, and it blazed higher with their intrigued answer. The overloaded couch creaked and groaned while the hybrid rocked their hips and opened their stance, a submission to whatever the former umbreon deemed fit.

Through Jenny's shimmering translucence, Vic watched a devious grin span her snout.

Consent granted, the ditto's internal tendrils and currents tightened. Firm fingers gripped the zorotank's indulgently soft thighs and tipped them back, reclining the heavy hybrid deep into the couch. With that same motion she snaked a flow around Vic's belly, cradling its lower curve in a shifting embrace. That shelf of dough rose with a show of strength and revealed the hybrid's lap. The heavy roll of their middle blocked Vic's line of sight, though they felt everything in abundant clarity. A soft gasp spilled from their muzzle

when her attention focused on their modest sac, lifting it away from their plush curves. In the volume of her body, Jenny teased and explored its shape with delicate attention. Those pulses of pleasure kindled the fires of desire in each of them, and it didn't take long for that carnal need to manifest.

The hybrid's sheath throbbed and flexed, and the tip of their length pulsed from its shelter. Instantly, Jenny concentrated her attention on that rounded point. A vortex of ooze swirled around that growing peak, flooding Vic's nerves with a surge of pleasure. Hips rolled on reflex, though the ditto kept her hold through that wobbling, ponderous motion. The resulting feedback loop drew Vic's lust out with growing speed, coaxing them to full mast in seconds. Suspended in the slime of Jenny's body, she clasped a hand around it. The familiar grip of her fingers took a new dimension with the flexibility of her form, a change that bypassed what resistance Vic might have had against her technique. Up and down, up and down, the ditto rocked with that gentle motion, rolling the hybrid's head back and squeezing their eyes shut.

That open submission left Vic defenseless to escalation. Without dropping a beat, the seasoned shape shifter split her concentration. A pair of tendrils took shape in the ditto's volume, invisible against her shimmering volume. Carefully they poked into the shadow of the hybrid's virility and pressed into the their most intimate openings. Vic's eyes shot open and their breath caught in their throat, surprise echoed in the shock to their muscles. The ditto lingered at their entrances for just a second, allowing a brief recovery before delving into Vic's warm depths. Vic shuddered with that rapturous glide, tossed into a tide of over stimulation. All the while Jenny's phantom hands remained on their length, pumping a rhythm that never quite settled.

Sieged on three fronts, Vic's endurance collapsed. Any pretense of holding out melted in seconds, a sentiment shown in the arch of their back and spread of their legs. The couch creaked and groaned

with the resonance of their motions, from the rise and fall of the hybrid's hips to Jenny's cyclic sloshing. The beat of those wooden protests changed with Jenny's whim, eliminating any chance of Vic mustering a defense. Alternating and opposed strokes traded with concerted thrusts. The firmness of her grip and the width of her tendrils adapted by the second. More and more hands materialized in her body and assailed their doughy curves. The hybrid held no hope, and in seconds seized with bliss.

Muscles locked in blinding rapture, Vic could do nothing but ride the wave. Jenny maintained her ministrations through their climax, milking them for every delicious drop. She only stopped when Vic's stalled breath released with a stifled choke. In the wake of that deep, dual pleasure, a heavy breath filled their chest. It wavered on its way out, a flutter that betrayed the intensity of the experience, and with the onset of afterglow they came down from that potent high. Clarity returned in the buzzing embrace of post climax, and eventually, they opened their eyes. Jenny smirked inches from their snout and dominated their view, a reveal that would have made them jump if not for exhaustion.

A soft giggle crossed her muzzle with that reaction, and she delivered a quick kiss. "I might have gone a bit far. Hope I didn't push you too hard?"

Vic's heavy breaths answered that question on their own, but the hybrid shook their head anyway. "Not at all," they sighed, winded. "Just a little more intense than I expected."

Mirth sparkled in Jenny's eyes. "Did I live up to those ditto stories?"

Vic shook their head again. "You're on the right track, but I hear they're relentless. Folks are usually lucky if they can move once they're done."

The transparent umbreon looked her lover up and down, then smirked.

A blush caught in the hybrid's muzzle. "Not just like that," they chuckled. "Like, physically can't move, or can't get their stomach off the ground anymore."

"Are you speaking from experience~?"

"Just second hand stories," Vic murmured. "I've never gotten involved with dittos myself, but some friends of mine have."

Jenny leaned in, not unlike a cat that cornered her mouse. "Is that a hint of jealousy I hear?"

Vic started a denial, only for Jenny to press a gooey finger to their lips.

"Shush," she smirked. "I'm feeling a little wild, so you're going to get some experience tonight." A shiver ran down her form, spurred by mischievous thoughts behind her eyes. "Plus it's getting *really* cold, and you're *so* warm."

Vic's gaze flicked to the waning fire in their hearth. They started to offer to feed it, but another shush ended that line of thought. Jenny leaned in and closed that narrow gap between their snouts, though she did not steal a kiss. The zorotank flinched as that motion carried forward, an arc that brought their heads together. Instead of bumping their foreheads, however, Jenny molded and flowed around them. She released the loose hold on her form and spilled over Vic's curves, exploring them with a newfound level of intimacy. Eyes shut and face submerged, the hybrid's sense of touch heightened just for that experience.

First to wash over them was the chill of Jenny's figure. Even with the warmth stolen from their rolls and flab, the ditto remained cool.

That temperature difference made her touch all the clearer, electrically so in some places. Vic failed to suppress a shudder as she spilled over their front, sweeping the mounds of their breasts up in her transparent tide. Her brush across bare nipples swiftly overrode the relief of support, and her intent grew apparent with persistent attention. Tiny, delicate currents swirled around the peaks of Vic's chest, a gentle tug and tease that strove to rekindle the desire in their core.

Simultaneously, she washed over the apron of Vic's stomach. Jenny seeped and flowed into the contours of their rolls, sinking down through fur to touch skin directly. A wavering moan vibrated through her body with that, a sound that emanated from her entire surface. The impulse to consider that development dropped from Vic's thoughts as she contoured their folds and crevasses, delicately cradling every curve of their flab. With that distributed hold came a sense of weightlessness concentrated on the front of their body. Unseen tendrils snaked from Jenny's inner mass while she spilled around their sides, clouding overpowering Vic's perception with delicate and teasing touches.

The most distracting of that probing centered on their belly button, a gentle thrust that tested Vic's limit. A split of curiosity and intrigue crossed their brow, a mixture that gave way to submission with persistence. Those under-used nerves found their signals tuned to pleasure as Jenny plunged to the back of that shallow cavern, a change that brought huffs and pants to punctuate their breaths. While Vic processed that, Jenny continued her steady creep over their love handles and into their lap. A jolt of renewed bliss lanced through their nerves when she flowed between their thighs, retreading the rapture of moment's past. That light tease was all she gave however, and the advance of her tide continued to Vic's backside.

As with their stomach and chest, Jenny spared no fold or valley from exploration. She mapped the hills of their back fat with perfect

precision, bathing them in the pleasant chill of her slime. She closed first around their chest, suspending Vic's breasts like a bra, before cascading down to and through the small of their back. She stretched thin around the globes of Vic's ass, cupping those doughy swells before lifting them from the couch. She only mustered a millimeter of space, but it was enough to complete her coating. Jenny sealed around their hips with a soft squelch, and with the bulk of their body enclosed, flowed down their arms and legs.

The sweep of Jenny's form took only seconds, and its wake left the hybrid shuddering with mixed sensations. The bliss of closeness and the care of her touch kindled a fire not yet ready to burn, but with that carnality came sensuality. They had likely spent solid days cuddled up together on that couch, it was one of the couple's favorite things, but with her suffusing touch came newfound intimacy. Vic's muzzle flushed bright as they took stock of their form, glancing down across their shared shape. Jenny shifted and shimmered across the hybrid's pelt, darkening its hue and shifting its color. The light of the dimming fire reflected off gentle, rolling waves of slime, not bright enough to illuminate the room but strong enough to be prominent. She moved in unison with Vic while they examined their hands, until a soft laugh resonated through both of them.

"We're beautiful, aren't we?"

Vic heard her voice as much as felt it. Those words resonated in their own chest, and they carried a quality not quite like Jenny's usual timbre. "We really are."

A beat passed while the pair admired their union, an act that took surprising coordination. Vic both matched and guided her movements, an intimate dance lead and followed in equal parts. It lasted until the hybrid stood from their couch and circled the room, a progressive trip that ended with the unraveling of their twin steps.

"Is something wrong," Vic worried.

A shiver rippled across the translucent suit of Jenny's form. "I was really enjoying your warm spot on the couch," she admitted. "It's getting colder in here."

"I'll get some fire wood and bring it in."

"Or instead I could..."

A wave passed through Jenny as she redistributed, spreading just thin enough to mold around Vic's head. The cavern of her muzzle stretched passed their own, and the familiar sight of dripping peaks framed their vision. The first syllable of protest crossed Vic's lips before that slimy jaw slammed shut, cutting them off with a wet slap. The viscous chill of Jenny's volume swamped their face, and she gave them little time to process that sensation. A swallow rippled down her throat, a gulp both felt and heard throughout their body. As the hybrid's head dropped into Jenny's neck, their hands and feet slipped from her own. That same drawing force guided Vic's limbs as well, compressing and balling them into a fetal position.

Curled around the plush curve of their middle, Vic's world shifted. Jenny struggled on quivering legs, before the effort of cohesion burned through her stamina. Gingerly she dropped to the floor, upper body intact, lower amorphous. Through that shift she never let Vic touch the ground, keeping them suspended within her volume. Jenny flowed around their curves, a hum of thought resonating through her, until she finally voiced her thoughts.

"This isn't as warm as I hoped," she admitted.

As Jenny settled, Vic wiggled and squirmed to little effect. They did succeed in sticking their head out from Jenny's side, however. A gasp of fresh breath passed their muzzle before their words. "I can still go stoke the fire if you let me out. Or we could both go if you give my arms and legs back."

A shiver wobbled through her entire being. "I'm *not* going outside like this," she chuckled. "I have a better idea."

Before Vic could question what Jenny meant, she made it obvious. She swirled around the hybrid with a speed befitting her mastery, manhandling their form as the world inverted. Floor and ceiling traded as she flipped them back, suspending their shoulders

just above the floor. Vic's breasts slapped and swallowed their muzzle, muffling their sounds of confusion. That utterance turned to a moan when she spread their thighs, opening the gate of those doughy ham hocks. The relative chill of the room invaded the space guarded by Vic's flab, and the umbreon turned ditto followed its example. A thick tendril of slime reared up from Jenny's mass and glittered in the firelight for just an instant, before need and desire plunged her into her partner's depths.

The hybrid's breath caught in their throat with that abrupt stretch, a twist of discomfort and bliss. Those sensations blended together while Jenny poked and prodded at their inner gate, and their balance tipped to the latter she snaked her way in. The chill of her weight battered that seat of heat, a contrast that sent a shiver down Vic's spine. That warm siren's call coaxed the former umbreon deeper however, and it wasn't long before she filled that modest space. A pressure gathered in Vic's core as she packed more and more of herself into that intimate chamber, pressing against its walls with a growing volume.

The slime that surrounded and supported Vic thinned and dwindled, and the pregnant bulge in their middle grew. Slowly, languidly, the valleys between the rolls of their belly smoothed out, rounding into a maternal curve. Its weight on their chest eased with the growing pressure, an inner load that ever so slowly supported itself. The hybrid's breath caught in their throat as the low smolder of stretching blended into pleasure, a heat that quite literally warmed in their core. That blazing desire coaxed Jenny deeper faster, and those sensations compounded in a rapturous feedback loop. Vic's inner muscles fluttered and rippled, a carnal swallow that aided their partner's plunge. The ditto undulated as Vic's inner back pressure grew, a reflexive response that sent them over the climactic edge.

Primed with such skillful ministrations, that orgasm thrummed on every fiber of their being. The specter of soreness fled their hips in

the presence of such bliss, and a consuming tidal wave of rapture washed over them. The dregs of their virility spilled into Jenny's mass as she poured between the hybrid's thighs, adding those opaque ropes to her own mass. Vic's feminine release aided the flow of her form, guiding her deep into that packed womb with greedy, insatiable clenches. The growing dome of the hybrid's middle eclipsed the sights and sensations of the outer and inner worlds alike, reducing their perception to that pinpoint of pleasure alone. Magnified in singularity, it blazed through what remained of the hybrid's stamina and drained their strength, leaving them to collapse in the wake of Jenny's retreat.

Time stood still, and time blurred forward. Vic's chest heaved with residual pleasure and lingering exertion, a rushed rhythm paced with the pounding of their heart. Their eyes squeezed shut, and as they leveled back out, the outer world returned. The hybrid's rushed breaths slowed, and the tension in their muscles relaxed into protracted afterglow. Strength departed, and as loose as the former umbreon herself, the zorotank flopped onto their side. Weakness shuddered their muscles under their swollen weight, and the coordination to haul themselves up slipped through fumbling fingers. Of course, there wasn't exactly a place they'd rather be.

With a deep, slow breath, Vic's hands drifted to their middle. Beneath inches of fur and flab Jenny stirred, flowing and swirling along their intimate walls. The thought of her presence alone was enough to rekindle the warmth in Vic's muzzle, and the sensations ensured it never diminished. A light, careful tap drew Jenny's attention and slowed her churning, just long enough for her to return the gesture. The ensuing bump caught Vic's breath in their throat, but what followed made them gasp. Deep within Vic's intimate reaches, their partner thrummed and vibrated. The reverberations of those motions carried on the thread of their being, first as low rumbles, then as a distinct sound. Eventually a voice rose from that noise, one Vic recognized as their partner.

“Warrmmmmmm.” The word registered with shocking clarity, translated and transmitted directly into Vic’s senses.

That resonance threatened a third climax off the heels of the second, though the body was not so quick to recover. Instead, they rode that wave of aftershock until they found the presence to speak. “Satisfied?” they breathed.

A low rumbling purr was her answer, the announcement of her departure to dreams.

A yawn of their own spilled from Vic’s muzzle, though a prod of panic cut it short. With Jenny’s nap came a relaxing of control, followed by a loss of cohesion. Pressures shifted and flowed through the hybrid’s passages as the ditto stirred in her visions, rekindling a torrent of sensations. Unlike her entry, there was no direction or control in her movements. Vic’s fluid partner brushed and bumped against walls all throughout their body, until finally, the zorotank put a stop to it themselves. With an uncommon degree of inner control, they flexed and clenched muscles deep within. Passages tightened and gates sealed around the mischievous ditto, limiting her range to something slightly more manageable. That soft embrace settled Jenny, and after confirming that fact, Vic let loose a breath and relaxed.

As clarity of mind returned, Vic considered their position. Thick rugs and wooden slats provided little comfort, and the call of their mattress rang clear in their ears. The weight of Jenny sat heavy in their middle along side the fruits of gluttony, complicating the task of simply standing. Still, Vic did their best. Splitting their effort between keeping inner muscles clenched and maneuvering their feet, the hybrid struggled at the base of that Sisyphean slope. They reached out and braced against the edge of the couch in a vain attempt to gather leverage, only for their strength to collapse half way through the climb. A second attempt yielded even less progress, spurring the zorotank to seek another approach.

In a bid to work smarter rather than harder, Vic took the boulder of their middle into their hands and rocked it back and forth. The pleasant sensations of inner sloshing tugged at their focus, but only until their momentum grew too great to ignore. With a grunt of effort and a mighty wobble Vic rolled their stomach beneath them, a lateral move at best. What they gained instead was a new point of leverage, which they seized with an attempted squat. Blissful exhaustion smoldered in their muscles with that exertion, an effort that culminated in a few pitiful arcs along their middle's curve. Vic huffed and panted with spent stamina, and between those breaths accepted a truth. They weren't making it to their bed tonight. A grin crossed their muzzle at the notion that was probably a good thing, and in their surrender sought to find comfort there at the foot of the couch.

A final burst of strength brought Vic to a seat on the floor, legs spread, belly beached between them. The broad, pregnant swell of their middle far surpassed their lap. The tight roundness of its curve spread their thighs and buried their hips, and its sensitive peak reached well passed their fingers. Plush flab softened its upper curve, a gentle slope that upon which their breasts parted. The peaks of those mounds glistened with pearls of milk, and the quartet of nubs that lined their belly did the same. That flow of fluid fell far from their thoughts in that moment, however. Filled with both their partner and a love for her, the desire to move or be anywhere else evaporated. Sleepiness filled the void of that need, and with a shuffle, Vic shimmied against the front of their couch. With a yawn they reclined against its frame, and a grin spread across their muzzle.

It wouldn't be great, but one night sleeping on the floor wouldn't be the end of the world.

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

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

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

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