

# Hands of Change



Vic Waite

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## **Hands of Change**

This work is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Commission, Short Story, (Rotten), Adult, Male, Dingo, Female, Panther, Zebra, Transformation, Weight Gain, Hyper, Breast Growth, Lactation, Cock Growth, M/F Sex, Cum Inflation

*Rotten and Decay spend an evening in one of their favorite passed times, a game of poker in which the loser draws magical cards. Each tab of that enchanted deck carries with it a transformation, a consequence for being outplayed by your opponent. There are no chips to wager, only self control, and the game lasts until one player simply cannot contain themselves any longer*

Rotten stepped back and surveyed his work. The card table was as reinforced as it was going to get, wooden lengths zip-tied to metal legs. The two chairs at its sides enjoyed a natural sturdiness, a tried and true quality reflected in the subtle bends of their frame. The top of the table was cleaned to the best of the dingo's abilities, and the entire ensemble rested on the middle of a wide plastic tarp. A stack of pool noodles rested under each edge of the deep blue sheet, marking the bounds of a makeshift pool. A liberal application of tape ensured those borders would stay in place, and he breathed a sigh of relief. Everything was set up with time to spare. He might even have a moment to-

The ring of his door bell cut that thought short.

A tremor of anticipation ran down Rotten's spine and through his tail as he crossed the modest living room. Long legs covered the distance easily, and he reached the door just as it chimed a second

time. A smirk crossed the blue canine's muzzle, and he simply waited at his threshold. A third ring came and went, he stifled a laugh at the sound of a muffled sigh on its other side. After another silent beat, his would-be guest hammered the bell as quickly as she could. Rotten put on his best shit-eating grin and threw the door open without fanfare.

On his doorstep stood a panther a good head taller than he. Midnight black fur adorned her generous figure, from the window of her cleavage to the faux-scowl on her muzzle. Those feline fangs stood starkly against their backdrop, and the amber of her eyes glittered beautifully above them. A mirrored mischief flickered behind them, and she stepped into Rotten's home without waiting for invitation.

"I was starting to wonder if you had gotten cold feet," Decay teased. "Starting to lose your nerve after losing so many in a row?"

"Hardly," the dingo chuckled. "I just know how much you love waiting."

The panther left her shoes by the door and tossed the hair from her face with a flick of her head. The clack of hooves against tile announced her approach, a sound she consciously ignored as she took her seat. Broad hips spilled just over the edge of the cheap folding chair, and zebra striped peeked from the slits in the sides of her dress. She motioned for Rotten to take his seat. "It's rude to keep a lady waiting, you know."

"As rude as it is to barge in uninvited?" The dingo felt only slightly under-dressed as he took his place. Loose shorts and a baggy shirt were hardly a match against a dress like Decay's, though she may come to regret that choice of clothing very soon. The dingo smirked at the thought.

Decay returned his smirk from across the table, though far more predatory. A purr rumbled from her chest, a teasing sound that bubbled into a laugh. "Last chance to surrender Rotten," she teased. "We can skip the game and go right to the deck if you don't think you can win."

The cyan dingo shook his head and chuckled. "It sounds like someone doesn't like their odds."

"Ohh, you know I love a good chase~"

The panther presented two decks of cards and placed them on the table. One was a simple set of playing cards, no different than anything found at a gas station or drug store. The deck beside it, however, thrummed with arcane power. It hummed faintly, as high voltage power lines might, and its golden runes glittered against a black backdrop and purple designs. It sparked mischief against both of their senses, raising the fur of their arms any time they drew near.

Decay rested her arms on the table and leaned forward, offering a tantalizing, distracting view down her cleavage. "Let's get started then~"

Rotten resisted the urge to peer down that midnight canyon and shook his head. "Not just yet." He reached for the mundane deck and fanned it in his paw, a gesture that earned a dramatic pout from the panther.

"You really trust me that little?" She snickered.

"I'm not falling for the same trick twice."

"Three times, actually."

The dingo shot her a confused, indignant look that only widened her grin. "For the sake of our friendship, I'm going to pretend I

didn't hear that."

"Oh you're no fun."

Rotten let that statement hang in the air for a moment while he quietly counted up the cards. There were no duplicates, and more importantly, nothing was missing. With deft paws he shuffled the deck and returned it to its place in the middle of the table. He left the ornate stack undisturbed. "If that was true you'd have found someone else for game night."

Decay folded her arms atop the table and leaned forward to a small chorus of creaks. "You might have a point there, dingo," she murmured. "But you know how we cats are. Deal our hands before I get bored and find someone else to play with." She punctuated that sentiment with a wink.

Rotten rolled his eyes, cut the deck a few more times, and dealt out their hands

Their banter took a back seat to the game as both picked up their cards. Both held two of them in guarded fingers, and five more laid face down in the no-man's-land between them. Rotten fanned his out and furrowed his brow in analysis, hoping to mask any of his tells. Decay watched him over her hand with that lazy confidence only felines could manage and quietly laughed. Her tail swayed a luxurious arc behind her, and her eyes gleamed with a delight that revealed nothing. The dingo shifted his weight and flipped three of the five cards between them.

The dingo hissed through his teeth, and the panther let loose a rumbling purr. Their gazes met for an instant, and with a tip of her

chin, Decay motioned for him to continue. Rotten obliged and revealed the fourth card. Her smirk broadened, predatory, while he struggled to conceal the disappointment in his chest. Evidently, he failed on that front.

"Lady Luck making a fool of you already?" She smirked.

"Not just yet," Rotten shot back. "Maybe."

Her gaze flicked to the trio of chips at his side. "Best to rip that bandage off quick. I know you're not going to spend a fold on the first round."

"Only if you're going to raise right off the bat. Again." The mirth in his voice only did so much to smooth over his nerves.

"No, that was a one time deal, I think. I enjoy my foreplay too much to rush this." She punctuated that sentiment with a wink, a gesture that kindled a little spark of desire between the dingo's thighs.

Rotten shoved that thought aside and revealed the final card. His ears splayed in disappointment, and Decay rumbled her satisfaction. Before she could open her mouth and relish the moment, the dingo snatched the top card of the arcane deck. Sparks of static run up his fingers the instant he made contact, the familiar tingle of potency. It swirled into his chest and dipped into his core, revealing its effect before he saw its face. A stylized depiction of a pair of hips showed bright, rendered as a constellation against the night sky. The smoldering sensation of growth came and passed, leaving his shorts noticeably tight across fattened thighs.

His chair quietly protested that weight, and Decay's ears flicked in acknowledgment. She laughed quietly, wordlessly, as Rotten scooped up the cards and dealt another hand.

The pair's ritual in cards repeated. Two to each of them, five to the space between, and a gradual reveal until the hand resolved. The second round passed quickly and painlessly, neither confident enough to continue with Lady Luck's decree in that moment. Rotten shrugged away the third, earning a raised brow from his opponent. A satisfied smirk crossed his snout at his fourth pair, a look Decay returned without comment. They proceeded and Rotten flipped the first trio. A flutter kicked in his chest, and he hoped it didn't flicker across his expression. He glanced to the panther, equally masked in her poker face.

Her expression sat perfectly neutral, until a faint nod passed the turn back to him. The dingo's gaze flicked to the joker at his side, and something that might have been worry raced across the panther's eyes. A temptation panged deep in Rotten's core. The voice of competition spoke clearly, demanding he press his advantage and raise. Caution invited him to hold that single shot, to save it for a more opportune moment. Those two impulses wrestled briefly, until he motioned to check. Decay returned that gesture, and he silently chided himself for second guessing his victory. The fifth card flipped, and with it the table turned.

"Ha," Decay barked, "full house, beat that blue boy!"

Rotten's ears folded back and he presented two pairs, queens and tens. The panther watched him with smug glee, and the sound of her hoof tapping the floor rapped somewhere under the table. The dingo denied her the satisfaction of stalling. He reached for the arcane deck and drew, unfortunately familiar static racing up his arm as he revealed it. The momentum of Decay's streak amplified its impact, a premium paid by his shirt.

A heat suffused his belly, and his modest paunch spilled into his lap. A doughy roll wobbled to rest at the tops of his thighs, and a faint crease arched across his belly button. The formerly baggy top clung to his flab with little give, just shy of outright stretching the



cloth. Its hem rose and revealed a few inches of his white middle, which peeked into the table's shadow. Its curve squished against that hard edge, just enough to their playing surface until he scooted back. The crinkle of plastic under his chair dashed any hope of subtlety, and the tip of Decay's wandering tail flicked with knowing delight. Rotten stifled a blush, gathered up his losing hand, and dealt the next round.

The panther was a tough opponent, she always had been, but even she had her tells. As best the dingo could tell, they varied with her mood, or perhaps the phase of the moon or shape of the stars. He dialed in and seized control of his luck. The hand that followed passed back into the deck, too weak for either to continue. Its echo stacked Rotten with favor, though a fold from the panther broke that momentum before it built. A middling hand made it to the reveal of the fourth card, and a slight curl in the corner of her muzzle told him all he needed to know. He pressed, he won, and the straps of her dress strained with a few more cup sizes.

The shock in her eyes proved short lived, swept away in a swift dealing of new cards. Maybe Lady Luck possessed a wandering eye, or perhaps the outcome of the previous round flustered the panther. In either case, Rotten's streak snowballed. One win turned to two, and then three. With each draw from the mystic deck Decay's figure swelled, straining the limits of her dress. Zebra-striped hips swelled from slits in its sides, and a pleasant paunch rested in that expansive lap.

Her breasts eclipsed it all however, filling out until her shoulder straps thrummed like guitar strings. The edges of soft pink nipples rose over her dress's hem, encircling milk-dampened peaks of pleasure. The barest hint of a blush peeked through her black fur, and her fingers fidgeted in a vain effort of distraction. Rotten let her stew in that conflicted desire for a moment before dealing again. When that hand proved victorious as well, he couldn't hold back a taunt.

"What happened to that luck of yours, stripes~? Can't even beat a pair of sevens anymore."

Decay gave a half-hearted scowl and snatched a card from the mystic deck. Her dress-straining cleavage bounced with the motion, and a soft moan spilled from her muzzle with its touch. Rotten smirked as a shiver ran up her spine, and it widened to a mischievous smile when the scent of lust hit his nose.

"Ahh, there's the heat card," he teased. "I was starting to wonder if it was still in there or not."

"Shut up and deal the next hand," she wavered.

Rotten smirked and did just that. Her brow raised and she gave a nod of approval. The dingo lingered on his pair, a duo of aces, and agreed to proceed. The first three cards turned, and before he could process their faces, Decay slid her joker to the center of the table.

"Raise."

Rotten hesitated. Decay clearly had something, it was just a question of specifics. His own odds were great, but not perfect. More importantly, folding would not be without consequence. He scanned the panther's eyes and searched. Her hunger blazed, but whether a result of lust or a product of their game he couldn't tell.

Decay pounced on that uncertainty. "You really want to fold on the first raise? I thought you were more adventurous than that."

"Someone's impatient," he countered. "Heat got you that worked up?"

Rotten tried to ignore the effects of that double edged sword. Her scent was strong enough to chip away his own restraint, and stalling would make things harder for him as well. The dingo's cock throbbed in the shadow of his belly, grinding up and down his inner thighs with each pulse. He was probably as soaked as she was, but he couldn't let her know that.

"Call or fold," Decay said, sternly. "Don't make me track down a chess clock."

"Call."

The fourth card flipped, and Rotten's heart fluttered. A royal delegation gathered between them, two jacks, a queen, and a king. Explosive potential sat at the dingo's fingertips. His hand would still beat any pair Decay formed, but that was a narrow scope. Anything passed that and the tide would turn. Before he could talk himself out of the play, he checked. The five of hearts completed the set.

Decay's fangs gleamed as she revealed a kingly three of a kind, completing a full house that crushed his two pairs. The dingo bit back a sigh and shot her a mock glare, then reached for that mystical deck. When he drew its top card a second stuck to it, forcing him to draw both at once. The stars and nebulae that adorned their backs danced as sparks arced between them, sending tingles of power through Rotten's arm. The potency of their effects fed off one another, manifesting a might four times greater than any single card. Both of those consequences struck the dingo in the same instant, and his breath caught in his throat while arcane energies wreaked havoc upon his body.

A deep, primal, throbbing pleasure poured into his loins. The baggy fabric of his shorts tented and pulsed with a lust that would not be continued. A dark patch of pre saturated the garment and leached forth, adding his carnal scent to the surrounding air.

Droplets of that manifested need broke free and splattered to the plastic below, landing with thick, lecherous splats. The plush dough of his thighs squished around mounting virility, his legs spread apart by balls that swelled large and heavy. Their raw size angled his cock up as it grew, and electric bliss danced on his nerves as he ground against the underside of the table.

Simultaneously, his stomach unleashed a basso roar of ravenous hunger. The flab of his paunch wobbled with the force of that demand, and starvation overtook him. One hand clutched his abruptly empty middle as the other nudged his cock down, a touch that sent a narcotic shiver through his spine. Rotten squeezed his eyes shut and grappled with those basest of drives, struggling to wrestle control of his body back. The twin desires to jump the table and tackle Decay to the ground, to shred her top and drink her bounty and hilt her heated depths, nearly threw him from his chair. The dingo bit the tip of his tongue and pressed the claws of his fingers to his palms, and gradually, carefully, brought himself back to the game.

When he opened his eyes again, the sight of the panther's smug, grinning visage greeted him.

"Was that you," Decay asked, tone dripping with false innocence. "You know you won't get any taller starving yourself like that."

Rotten spent a long second peeling his ravenous gaze from her cleavage and waved her off. "It's nothing, I just need to grab a snack real fast."

Her arm shot across the table and grabbed his wrist before he even thought of getting up. "You know the rules, my fluffy friend. No leaving the table once we start, or its five draws."

The dingo swallowed. The rest of the game was going to be nerve-wracking if he was already forgetting the basics. "Thanks for

the save," he muttered.

"No need for thanks, I just love watching you squirm." Those last words left her lips as a breath and she shifted in her seat.

Rotten couldn't help but notice how fiercely her nipples showed through her dress, but he resisted the urge to comment on it. That restraint was more for his own benefit than hers.

The momentum of the game slowed in the wake of that round. The calculated stares and careful considerations that led to that moment gave way to pauses pregnant with internal conflict. Bodies and minds warred at both ends of the table, and it was a losing battle of attrition. Decay was the first to give ground in that exchange, proceeding with a hand, that in retrospect, she really shouldn't have. The panther huffed her token displeasure and drew her losses, a pair of cards that saw the demise of her dress.

The panther's breasts broke free of her top and spilled onto the table, leaking a trail of milk as they went. The weight of those swells hunched her forward, and the legs of the table groaned beneath that increasing weight. The moan that leapt from her chest eclipsed those protests however, accompanied by the subtle creaks and cracks of growth. It took the dingo a moment to piece together the second of her card's effects, but that mystery resolved as she subtly lifted. Rotten knew better than to chance a peek under the table to confirm his theory, though he was all but sure her hips and ass gained several inches.

The dingo waited a beat, until she signaled she was ready to continue. The needy whimper that spilled from her lips sent a table-shaking throb through Rotten's length, and he stole his own moment to re-center before doling out the next hand. Despite herself, Decay found some semblance of concentration and instinct. She used one of her folds to pass a losing hand, and with the second that predatory gleam returned to her eye. The small rational

voice that remained in the back of the dingo's mind told him to proceed with caution, but twined carnal desires drove him forward. He proceeded with a hand likely to lose, then silently prayed for a bluff and raised.

The panther's eyes widened when he pushed that joker forward, and her tail lashed in stifled thought. All that did was deepen the scent of her heat. Rotten's fingers tightened on the pair of cards in hand, and shock touched his own expression when she called. Rotten flipped the fifth card and held his breath, before sighing his relief. Both of their hands were trash, but his pair of fours still beat her pair of twos. Decay groaned her displeasure and drew her loss, a trio of cards that arced lightning in her hand.

The panther shivered as nine-fold magic lanced through her form, a shudder that sent an enticing wave across her bared breasts. Beneath that expansive shelf, almost hidden by the edge of the table, soft fat piled onto her form. The modest roll of her paunch swelled into a belly that rivaled Rotten's, smooshing around the edge of the table and slowly tipping it up with growth. Her tail lashed and shuddered as the sensation of deepening heat mingled with that of piling on pounds, spiking her arousal to a palpable point. Instincts seized Rotten in the sane instant, spurring him to stand from his seat. Or at least, try to. The weight of his own belly rendered that task easier said than done, and he remained planted in place, scrambling for balance.

The third consequence of her loss stunned him into inaction.

The remains of her dress disguised most of the effect, but it could not be hidden entirely. Points of white fur poked through the black expanse of her pelt, fine points that stretched around her sides in broadening stripes. A mohawk of fluff gathered at the top of her head, squarely between her ears, and presumably raced down her neck in the approximation of a mane. The feline features of her face prevailed for the most part, pupils staying sharp as her muzzle

blocked out only slightly. The double chin that grew into its shadow hid the effect as well.

Rotten sat, jaw dropped in sober, slack silence. If the panther noticed the onset of her equine features, she didn't react or comment on them. The clarity in her eyes returned for just a beat, and with it she motioned for Rotten to deal. The instant he revealed the first three of the five between them, before looking at her own hand, Decay made her move.

"All in."

A thrill ran the length of the Rotten's spine. The dingo nodded in agreement and shoved his remaining chips forward, those folds no longer in play. Arousal twisted in the pit of his chest and a thump shook the table as the gesture sank in. The mostly-panther smirked a subtle smirk, a look that only lasted a second before heat-driven lust swallowed her thoughts once more. Her tail lashed with needy impatience. Only pride kept her from jumping the other across the table and declaring the game done. The dingo flicked his gaze to the pair of cards between his fingers.

By all standards, it was a middling hand. It was better than some and worse than some, rendering the conclusion of their game little more than a coin toss. A small part of him noted that the game did not have to end, in theory. Though coherence always fled after drawing four cards at once, there was no hard set rule that it marked the conclusion of their carnal endurance test. The dingo's stomach gurgled and groaned its need, and a climactic touch of bliss surged through his nerves. It was a night for records, but not that one.

In a largely symbolic gesture, Rotten flipped the fourth card on the table. Their dance of subtly well concluded, Decay dropped a paw onto the table. The ripple that impact sent across her breasts drew a moan just shy of shameless, and Rotten's cock thumped the bottom of the table in mirrored frustration. He drew on the last of his willpower and mustered a dramatic stall, a gesture undercut by the way his tongue lulled from his muzzle. Still, it had the desired effect, and Decay rumbled a sound somewhere between a mrowl and a whinny. With a trembling hand, Rotten revealed the last card and the opponents presented their results.

Through that mutual fog of desire, it took them a fumbling moment to decipher the results. Rotten cobbled together only a single pair, as did Decay. Her sevens beat his sixes however, and a wide, ruffled grin spread across her snout.

"Get drawing dingo," she huffed.

The apprehension of taking so many cards from the 'cursed' deck never fully went away. Even when rendered tame and temporary, the thought of playing with such potent forces quivered in his chest just as strongly as his hungers. He pushed through that apprehension and seized the thrill of change. Sixteen fold magic surged through his arm, dropping his jaw in a moan that reverberated through the living room. His fingers closed, as if he'd touched a live wire, and the cards within them fluttered to the table. They landed face up, but neither party glanced at the results. Rotten's eyes squeezed shut in bliss, and Decay watched with satisfied pride and only a hint of envy.

The dingo's chair gave a muffled cry of protest as his ass surged over its edges, easily eclipsing the strained furniture. His thighs swelled to match, more than thick enough to fill the space beneath the table. It rose on that broadening expanse of his lap, until the fold of his belly spilled across its top. The deck of playing cards scattered with that impact, and the legs of his chair buckled in his



widening shadow. The dingo's shirt pulled tight over that white doughy expanse, retreating into his rolls until little more than a crop top. Threads popped and yielded once there was nowhere left to go, opening torn windows onto his softening figure. If not the table's reluctant support, his belly would have spilled passed his knees and snapped his chair.

The flabby crevasse of his thighs yielded to a spire that rose from the crux of his hips. The dingo's cock throbbed and bucked with a need that would no longer be denied, spurting the last of its patience as dripping, ivory lust. The thing was as thick as his waist at the start of the night, and it blazed with a constellation of newly forged nerve endings. The voltage of its presence overwhelmed any other thought, though he lacked the coordination to act on that consuming drive. His feet struggled to find purchase on the seed-soaked tarp, and his bid for momentum only glided across it. He managed one thing, however.

Rotten yelped as his breaking chair tipped him back. The table came with him, and cards mundane and arcane alike danced on the soft breeze of air conditioning. A deep, hollow boom announced his graceless landing, echoed by the muffled protests of his startled neighbor. The widening swell of his sac spread his thighs wide and hampered any effort to stand, stranding him on his back. Wobbling rolls of flab stole away any momentum before he built it, leaving him beached, helpless, and at Decay's mercy. That realization sent another tingle down his spine, amplified when she stood and loomed in the corner of his vision.

Gone was the cool, calculating math in her eyes. Gone was the mischievous glint that answered him at the threshold of his home. Lust, potent and insurmountable, burned in their place. The hunger within them rivaled the appetite that roared in Rotten's middle, and a silent exchange passed between them. It lasted little more than a heartbeat, a subtle tip of the head that would have gone unnoticed

if not for their history. In that fleeting moment of civility, Decay surrendered her victory and pounced the dingo.

It was a desperate motion, a burst of carnal need that flopped her onto the soft expanse of his belly. Her heavy tits draped down the upper slope of his stomach, dangling their ivory cream mere inches from his muzzle. A pitiful whine keened in his chest and he leaned toward them, closing the distance just enough to latch a lip around her sensitive peak. Decay loosed a feline mrowl and shimmied up his form, squishing the weight of her offered chest to his muzzle and boosting the trickle to a jet.

That burst of cream filled his muzzle easily, submerging his tongue in its faint sweetness. Reflex and drive sent it down to his stomach in an instant, too impatient to savor its distinct taste. More replaced it swiftly, and the dingo drank as if dying of thirst. Decay arched her back and moaned her mixed pleasure, relieved to give up that pressure, but teased to a fever pitch elsewhere. She ground her thighs together atop the swell of his middle, and her tail fished blindly for the ample pillar of his cock.

When she found it, Rotten nearly choked. His breath seized in his chest with the burst of her rapturous touch, and trickles of ivory leaked from his mouth in his recovery. A moan resonated into her breast as she guided his cock into position, aligning its length with the center of her hips. The nipple at his lips drew away as Decay slid down the rising hill of his gut, earning a canine whimper of protest. She laughed, a half teasing, half needy utterance, then wrapped her thighs around his tip. The head of his cock was as big as the one atop his shoulders, and it filled that plush, heated space as if it was meant to be.

Rotten's hips rolled, a motion muted by the weight that pinned him in place. Still, it sent a wave across his middle and teased the mostly-panther's folds and she moaned her surprise to the warming room. Decay encouraged that line of thought with a roll of her hips, gliding his crown across her soaked entrance. His cock throbbed with that tease, and a rush of cum rewarded her efforts. The scent of it hit her like a truck, and she rushed headlong into the task of taking that massive spire.

Rotten's only warning was the renewed tug of her nipple away from his lips. He followed it as far as he could, only popping free when he reached the limit of his neck. A soft smack announced that departure, echoed by a groan of protest that melted into a moan of bliss. Decay lashed his pillar in place with her tail and rode the slope of his belly down, driving it into her folds with the gentle press of her weight. The sensation of that stretch stole her breath and arched her back, a motion that arced pearls of ivory through the air and sent them flying passed the bounds of their tarp. Rotten retained just enough of himself to register irritation at that, though it dissolved instantly.

Back arched and wracked with bliss, the mostly-panther was a sight to behold. Her matronly chest sat bare and leaking above a generous belly, soft and pliant against his own. The breadth of her hips sealed that glimpse of a fertile goddess, and he stated his devotion with a quick, sharp thrust. Her breath caught in her throat and she sank down a couple inches, ushering the dingo into her heat. It was all he could do to hold his climax back, resolve held solely by the need to hilt her to the root. Decay mirrored that goal, lifting and dropping her hips with a curious, hybrid sound.

A chorus of animal carnality filled Rotten's living room. Shame fled as primal claimed them fully, much to the protests of their neighbors. It became difficult to tell where the thumps and booms of their rutting ended and the furious complaints of their unwilling audience began. Neither of them cared to solve that sensory puzzle,

however. All that mattered was rutting and cumming, and that unified desire more than mended the gap of their rivalry. Decay met every roll of his hips with a bounce of her own, a tandem effort that gradually brought her to the root of his lust.

The mostly-panther bounced once, twice, and thrice before realizing there was no more left to take. A clawed hand drifted to her middle and rubbed over the subtle swell of Rotten's cock, an indulgent moment ruined by the dingo's continued thrusts. A particularly forceful buck broke her balance and splayed her over the slope of his middle. He seized that stolen leverage and made it his own. A hard thrust robbed her both of strength and the desire to take control back. She groaned a deep, guttural moan as Rotten jackhammered his hips, dominating the apartment's soundscape with the slaps of his balls and the schlicks of his withdrawals.

Decay was the first to cum. She buried her face into his plush belly and shrieked her satisfaction, clenching down on his length before rippling with bliss. Rotten's pace faltered, interrupted by that surge of pleasure. The mostly-panther bounced and moaned with a broken rhythm, a lopsided beat that only stopped when the dingo's thighs locked with climactic strength. The over-sized globes of his balls pulled close as a preliminary throb ran his length, the only warning Decay got before he flooded her depths. Rotten's jaw dropped in a howl of conquest, and her orgasmic yowl would have reached the heavens if not for the ceiling.

Rotten's opening shot of cum pooched her belly with a molten, fluid weight. In the span of a breath she shot passed the first trimester, and his second throb pushed her beyond overdue. Her belly swelled with his virility and spilled against his middle, suffused with a fluid heat that yielded against him. The pressure within her middle began its climb when he reached her capacity, somewhere between the fifth and sixth flex. The seventh granted her with a gravid globe, and the eight smooshed his flab around that growing boulder. The ninth brought her to the very edge of comfort, where

pleasure and pain blended into one, and Rotten's tenth shot spilled from her greedy depths as overflow.

A puddle of seed gathered around the spent pair, spreading and deepening as Rotten's magic-fueled orgasm tapered off. The nerve-searing pleasure of fulfilling primal desire waned, and in its place drifted a lazy, indulgent afterglow. Decay's muscles slackened and she slumped against him in mutual satisfaction. It rumbled and thrummed in her chest as a deep, bone-rattling purr, coaxing Rotten to drape an arm over her shoulders. She didn't shrug him away, which was about as affectionate as the large cat was ever willing to get. Their super-charged needs drained away, and clarity returned with the evening of breaths and relaxing of pulses.

The calm that followed their storm lasted several minutes, interrupted only by quiet breaths and the creaking of floorboards. Eventually Rotten recovered enough to find his voice. "Staying the night?"

"I don't think I have much of a choice," Decay laughed, patting her middle. "I'd be hard pressed to get out of the door like this."

"How long do you think it's going to last? Till morning?"

The mostly-panther shrugged. "Tough to say. Seems like everything's been sticking around a little longer lately."

"I've noticed that too." The heat in his cheeks rekindled and his breath snagged as he shifted under his rival. "Everything wore off sometime in the night the first couple times."

"Think it'll last through lunch this time?"

"We're finding out either way," he chuckled.

A shiver ran down Decay's spine as a thought struck her. "What if it doesn't wear off?"

"It'll wear off."

"This time, yeah, but what about the times after that?"

"Coming around to those stripes finally?"

She shot him a trying look. "Bold words for someone still three feet deep me."

Rotten laughed the threat off, and a contemplative silence fell between them. The deck and the full scope of its power loomed over them both, not as an immediate danger, but a siren's song. It lasted long enough that he nearly jumped when she spoke again.

"Same time next week, yeah?"

"Yeah, for sure."

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