



It was a cool December morning. Classes had just ended for the year, and frost slowly collected on Eric's bedroom window while the sun rose over the horizon. The warm smell of freshly baked cookies wafted under the door as the Samoyed rested, sprawled out on his bed and half covered by his blanket. He held a purple 3DS in one hand, blindly tapping buttons on whatever game happened to be in the console, perhaps Pokémon although the canine didn't much care at the moment.

His day was only just beginning, but it was shaping up to be just as boring as the two before it. The canine had found himself in a creative slump after being released from his academic duties, and he hadn't quite figured out what to do with the sudden abundance of free time. Nothing exciting had happened in the short span, nor did it look like anything was going to. He could of course go visit his girlfriend, but he had done so yesterday and to repeat his visit so soon would risk diminishing the significance of the trips.

Eric sighed, hazel eyes lazily glancing sideways at his game as he left it drop into a pillow, opting to let the batteries run dry. He tossed the covers aside and ran a hand through his hair in an attempt to tame his bedhead. His efforts weren't entirely effective, but it was more comfortable than gelling it down at least. His feet swung over the side of the bed and made contact with the floor, his white fluff fully exposed to the morning light, save for a pair of boxers. A grin spread across the canine's muzzle as he took inventory of his form, half dazed as he looked down at the grey cloth.

"Mmm... Someone needs attention huh?" He glanced down at the bulge in his boxers and figured it would be worth just relaxing, messing about with himself before he got dressed and endured the rest of the day. His hand reached out for the green water bottle on his desk and he noted the dark liquid inside, Dr. Pepper instead of the usual refreshing water, and took a quick swig of it.

"Blehgf... " He nearly choked at first, it tasted a little flat and then was normal, the initial flavor was suddenly gone. He couldn't quite place it but it was a bit familiar, his memory was a bit of a haze, another quick swig of it and he started chugging it down. The caffeine would make up for the energy loss from his quick bit of fun.

The canine tossed the bottle aside after pouring its contents down his throat, a shiver running the length of his spine and tail as the caffeine hit his system. It was enough to shake off the sleep that still clung to his mind, and it gave him the kick he needed to start his pre-day fun. He slipped his boxers down his slim legs as the first sparks of arousal coursed through him, his shaft emerging as he tenderly stroked himself to his peak size.

His spire throbbed to life with his light teasing, each beat of his heart adding a fraction of an inch while he hardened. A quiet growl of lust and pride rumbled in his chest as he watched himself grow, the visual and physical sensations twining together to heighten the experience. Before long the complete ten inches of his erection bobbed in the cool air of his room, his

expression softening as he admired the length. He wasn't the largest or thickest of his species by any stretch of the imagination, but it was his and the sensations it brought were utterly unmatched. His self-indulgent reflections only served to fuel the building fire of his lust, and soon enough he could think of nothing but sating himself.

Eric's spire glistened as beads of pre collected at his tip, gaining mass and rolling down his cock in time with his pulse. Such production was not uncommon for the snowy canine, but he hadn't been this leaky in a long while. Large droplets became short ropes when he wrapped his paw around his sensitive girth, and a soft moan left his muzzle as he traversed his smooth length. His back arched as he gradually picked up speed, the room around him vanishing as he called favored fantasies to mind. Eric knew exactly how to push his own buttons and had no reservations about doing so.

The canine bit his lip to stifle a particularly enthused moan, his toes curling as he imagined his feline girlfriend lavishing his spire. Ribbons of pre arced across his bare middle with each bob of her head, her experienced tongue playing over every single one of his nerves. The fluffy fur of his chest matted down with lines of his cloudy pre, but he hardly cared about the mess. The only thing on his mind was the intense gaze of his ephemeral lover and the rough texture of her tongue. The scent of breakfast was replaced by the feline's arousal as the vision invaded more of his senses, immersing him in a waking dream that he never wanted to end.

Eric's hips moved of their own accord while he held either side of the cat's head, offering unneeded encouragement to the seductive specter. He writhed on his mattress as the feline smirked and redoubled her efforts, his body falling in line with her lustful desires. Pre flowed constantly from his throbbing tip as he plunged into the feline's throat, his grip on her fur tightening as he fought back the urge to cum on the spot. The canine let out a long whine when his girlfriend swallowed around him, drawing his copious fluids into her core and coaxing more from his member. He distantly felt his spire lengthen under her ministrations, but he could hardly tear himself away from the moment to investigate the sensation.

Eric's eyes screwed shut as electric pleasure lanced through every cell of his body, crying out as the feline wormed one of her fingers into his pucker. His muscles offered no resistance as she slipped into his sensitive passage, adding another layer to the maelstrom of bliss wracking his form. Her gaze flashed with a shadow as she found his prostate, but the tidal wave of sensation flowing from her touch prevented him from noting it. Raw lightning raced up his spine and through his limbs as she pressed down on the small gland, forcing a bolt of pre from his slowly expanding spire and eliciting a soundless moan.

While his mind grappled with the white-hot pleasure funneled into it, his body was open to the phantom's desires. The growth of his shaft accelerated as he pumped and thrust into thin air, driving him towards a size that rivaled the hypers in his magazines. His thighs parted as his sac expanded in tandem with his pulsing spire, molten seed rushing into his balls under the command of a corrupting libido. The volume of his pre increased exponentially in consequence, coating his entire lower half in a liberal coating of the thick fluid. A similar liquid rose to meet it as he broke out in a cold sweat, his perspiration congealing into a fragrant slime amidst his fur.

He shivered as cool air was given a direct path to his skin, but the heat of his arousal was more than enough to counteract it.

Eric's fantasy broke further into reality when the imaginary feline released his member, a whine ringing in his throat as he was left without stimulation. Fortunately the empty moment was short-lived, and the envoy of corruption floated up his body until she presented him with a dripping nipple. The canine mentally reeled as he reflexively latched onto the tantalizing nub, his thoughts blurring as sweet cream washed over his tongue. His mind drifted away as he drank deeply from the font of her desire, and if not for an errant sound he likely would have lost himself completely then and there.

Reality crashed in around him as the canvas of his mind gave way to painted walls, Spartan furniture materializing in formerly black space. Drool poured from his muzzle and cascaded down his body as the milk's flavor dissipated, washing away a small patch of the cloying slime on his chest. A small part of him was alarmed by the changes that followed him from his fantasy, but this notion found no purchase in his fogged mind. Self-preservation floated away in a rising tide of lust, his body pushing its influence on his mind just as his mind had done seconds before. Visions of the leaking feline rose unbidden to the forefront of his thoughts, and another rope of cloudy pre launched from his member at her command. Such a beautiful creature would never hurt him, right? Why refuse the gifts she has so graciously given to him?

Eric slipped farther into his lust-drunken stupor as the will to resist broke to the pursuit of rapture. His slick paw flew up and down his member at a frantic pace as he gave himself to primal desire, allowing the seed of his corruption to germinate. A patch of dark fur emanated from his tailhole while he groaned in bliss, spreading from the point of her entry across the expanse of his back. The change of color brought another coat of slimy sweat with it, along with almost painful sensitivity. His paw pads tingled with as much joy as his cock while he relentlessly pleased himself, casting himself into the abyss of corruption without hope of return.

The canine growled while he writhed on now swampy sheets, reveling in the twin fronts of sensation assailing his form. Eric's corrupted scent filled the bedroom as dark fur advanced across his pelt uncontested, multiplying the sensitivity of his hide many fold. Every single thread in the cloth beneath him sent electric pleasure through his changing body, reverberating through his flesh before converging on his pulsing spire. Even the gentle air currents winding through the room stimulated him, enveloping him in pure carnal rapture. The canine had never imagined that such levels of bliss even existed, let alone that he would get to experience them!

Eric slid across the damp surface of his bed in his blissful convulsions, sending him to all corners of the mattress before he eventually dropped to the floor. The sudden fall did nothing to impede his frantic masturbation, but the resulting thud caught the attention of everyone in the house. The only other occupant was his mother however, who came rushing to her son's bedroom to check on him. He distantly registered her quick footfalls during her approach, but not even the thought of spreading his gift to another vessel could shake him from his self-indulgent daze. Her voice died in her throat as she opened his door, unleashing a cloying wave of musk that rolled into the rest of the home.

Claire reeled as tide of pheromones poured through the open portal, quickly invading her form through her flaring nostrils. The matronly canine's thoughts swam as her entire body heated, succumbing to the cloud of lust exuded by her son. Primal instincts blunted by generations of civilized life surged forth when she crossed the threshold, commanding her to submit to the source of the scent. Inner conflict welled in her eyes while she stood at the entrance of his room, her body accepting his influence without hesitation while her mind struggled to regain control. A blush tinted her muzzle as she gave in and closed the distance between them, allowing her to get her first good look at the corrupted Samoyed.

If years of experience hadn't taught her this was his room, Claire wouldn't have recognized the canine sprawled out on the floor. Eric was a good six inches taller than when he went to bed the previous night, and his frame had thickened in proportion with his new height. His pristine white fur was a thing of the past, now midnight black and absolutely saturated with thick slimy sweat. The most remarkable of his change was the most taboo, however. She was unsure how much his spire had grown thanks to her unfamiliarity with that part of his anatomy, but she was positive it must have doubled in size! Her knees weakened while he stroked himself before his visitor, who was struggling to come to terms with the turmoil of thoughts sparked by his fate.

Her role in the situation became more active when his tail whapped her ankle, alerting him to the presence of his quietly whimpering mother. Eric's eyes snapped open before Claire realized what had happened, freezing her in place with his corrupted gaze. Previously hazel irises had been consumed by glittering gold, hinting at the extent of his changes. The matronly canine was powerless to resist his eldritch charisma, rooting her in place as he pulled himself from the floor. Slime dripped from his body as he righted himself, a chore that would have been impossible if not for his dampened carpet. His paw never left his spire while he rose to his full height, and his mother let out a quite sigh of desire as she knelt and stared down the barrel of his throbbing length.

A glimmer of resistance flickered in her eyes as he stepped towards her, but faded when he plopped his hefty girth onto her clothed bust. Her body betrayed her as it reacted to his overwhelmingly male essence, stoking a fire in her loins and compelling her to bend over for the virile male. The biological connection between them lost its significance as she bathed in his pheromones, turning him into a capable stud rather than her own son. The crotch of her leggings dampened as his paw wrapped around the heavy girth of his member, and she nearly lost her balance when he pumped a heavy spatter of pre onto her shirt. Her resistance only eroded faster when his cloudy fluids began seeping into her fur, marking her as his.

He maintained eye contact while he massaged his length, the sensitive flesh belching thick slime onto her chest as it reacted to the fertile female. Claire's self-control faltered with the impact of his undiluted musk, the otherworldly scent burning a path directly to repressed primal instincts. She practically tore her clothes off as he grew passed the size of her largest toy, pushing his tip right up to her lips and tempting her to sample his flavor. Eric grinned when her tongue flashed from her muzzle, sweeping across the point of his length before retreating with a thin coating of his lust. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her hands flew to the crux of her thighs, desperate to quell the inferno she had unthinkingly built.

A heavy rope of seed arced across the small space between them, catching her in the snout and robbing her of strength. Her eyes crossed as she dropped to her hands and knees, first in curiosity of the substance, then in lust as she realized what it was. Her hips waggled as she tried to lick the fertile ambrosia from her muzzle, but only succeeded in lapping up a small amount and smearing the rest across her face. Claire whined pitifully as she found herself unable to coax any more of the thick fluid into her mouth and turned to her statuesque son for assistance. His spire throbbed heartily at her hopelessly flustered expression, firing another bolt of pre to land upon her back. The motherly canine's tail flagged as his corruption seeped deeper into her flesh, causing her shiver with unquenchable need.

Eric wasted no time in mounting his heated mother, nearly forcing her to the floor with his full weight. Claire let out an unabashed moan as she ground her rear against him, rubbing his spire between her cheeks and begging him to give it to her. The canine's cries grew in volume as he blindly thrust against her soft fur, searching for any entrance that yield to him. There was a fair bit of trial and error in the process, and it didn't take long for both of them to grow tired of trying. Eric lifted away from his mother just enough to line himself up with her tailhole. The strength vanished from her limbs as he hit his mark, wedging her open with the slippery peak of his length.

He clutched her to his chest as he gingerly spread her passage, letting her body adjust to his girth while he flooded her with pleasure. The white fur of her back quickly matted down with the thick slime of his sweat, enhancing the contact between them. Her skin tingled as the grime sensitized every nerve in her pelt, escalating the simple weight of him on her back into pure ecstasy. She became acutely aware of the carpet fibers pressing against her paw pads and knees, creating another source of entry for wondrous sensation. Every cell of her body burned with rampant desire in response to his steady entry, which only built further as he advanced to the swell of his knot.

Claire let out a needy whine as he teasingly rocked his hips, threatening to crest the last little bit of his bulb and tie her on the spot. Claire was torn over pushing back to make that happen, or pulling forward so they could start the cycle again. Fortunately, Eric offered a happy medium. Her tailhole burned with a gradual stretch as Eric's spire grew within her, delving deeper into her passage and spreading her walls in the same motion. Her muscles rippled and clenched around him, unsure whether to drive him out or usher him deeper. Regardless of their choice, he stimulated areas that had never been touched before and the stifled matron wanted everything he had. The female moaned in dismay as he gradually drew his hips back, only to cry with bliss as he slammed back into her with the full force of his corrupt strength.

The combined sounds of their pleasure filled the room as their pace accelerated, motivated by building lusts and permitted by copious fluids. Eric slid in and out of his mother's ass with virtually no resistance despite his size, resulting in the best sex Claire had experienced. His girth exceeded that of his fist by the time they reached a comfortable speed, and his knot was at least the size of a softball. Claire's entire body rocked with the force of his impacts, transmitting local pleasure to every corner of her body. The matronly canine was completely lost in the bliss of the moment, almost totally oblivious to its sources. She was determined to take

him in his entirety, and the endless river of pre pouring from his length ensured that her wish would be granted. The fulfillment of this desire would not be without a price, however.

Claire's form warped as her son's influence reached a critical mass, propelling her into a state that resembled Eric's. Her fur darkened to a familiar hue as thick sheets perspiration sloughed onto her, the new pelt sweeping down and around her body in an aromatic wave. The canine's breasts swelled with sinfully sweet milk once completely engulfed by her midnight pelt, her nipples peeking from her midnight breasts and leaking a growing stream of fluid. They were large enough to lift her upper body from the carpet once they reached their full size, offering her some relief from the hard surface. The small trickles grew in response to the mounting pressure in her chest, eventually reaching a flow that further soaked the already ruined carpet.

The changes that took place within Claire's body were just as dramatic. Her tunnel eagerly absorbed everything Eric pumped into her, accelerating her descent into hedonism with a concentrated source. Her rippling walls coaxed forth more supernatural pre as they strengthened under his influence, endowing her with the milking muscles every good breeder should have. Her middle swelled as everything she couldn't soak up flowed into her core, where it suffused throughout her trembling body. She metabolized his fluids as they poured through the maze of her anatomy, dissolving into her form as they were broken down. Her belly swelled with fat and slime while Eric thrust away, giving her a pregnant appearance that rapidly surpassed natural bounds.

Their rutting continued without regard of possible consequences, each pump of his hips adding more mass to her rounding form. Eric latched onto her scruff as he rode her rising form, coating her neck in viscous saliva while the ceiling drew closer. She groaned and arched her back at the dominant gesture, submitting to both of their desires in a single motion. Her display motivated Eric that much more, driving him to knock his massive knot into her cushioned rear with greater force. Her softening cheeks easily took his extra effort, parting around his girth and providing a snug fit around his bulb. It wasn't long before the combination of their instincts forced the swell of his knot passed her taxed ring however, and the act yielded explosive results.

Their mixed howls filled the humid bedroom as Eric tumbled over the edge of climax, pulling his mother into the sensational abyss alongside him. He ground his inflated knot against her tunnel with every climactic pulse, encouraging each gout of seed with another burst of pleasure. Claire rapidly inflated with his cyclic floods, the pool in her middle filling far faster than her body could handle. Her fatty hide stretched tightly around her expanding gut while his orgasm persisted, and once she reached a certain size, something unexpected happened. What she couldn't digest congealed into chocolate, condensing into a more manageable form. The space saved couldn't completely offset the ocean rushing into her however, and she maintained her growth at a slightly reduced rate.

Eric rose above the furniture of his room as he filled his mother, every twitch of his tail and contraction of his balls adding a foot to her middle. Claire's belly spilled out across the open space as thick goo forced itself into every crevice of her body, though it wasn't shapeless as it should have been. She retained a roughly spherical shape thanks to the growing orb of chocolate in her stomach, but the almost perfect curvature was muted by her fattening rolls. Her bust

spread across her Eric's bed as his seed suffused her form, tainting her naturally white milk and dying it a rich velvet brown. Her eyes rolled back in bliss as she hefted one of her breasts to her muzzle and drank deeply of her own chocolate flavor, the sheer hedonism of the act restarting her orgasm.

The male was only woken from his rutting stupor by a chill setting into his back, transmitted by the rough surface of the ceiling. Rather than halt his efforts however, Eric increased them. His hips blurred as he ground his knot against her flexing ring, eventually exerting enough force to pop his massive bulb in and out of her entrance. Claire shrieked with rapture as he battered her tailhole, the overload of sensation burying any remaining shred of rationality. Her body spilled into the open space of his bedroom as it tried in vain to process everything entering her, but she was at least gaining ground thanks to his influence. The firm sphere in her belly diminished as it was converted to pounds upon pounds of fat, causing her to grow outward rather than upward. The walls of their home cracked with the rippling impact of her flab, bowing them out with her weight and painting them with her copious sweat.

The timbers of the building creaked as Claire pushed the limits of its geometry, and they yielded just a few seconds later. Their shared moans were momentarily drowned out as Eric literally brought the house down around them, debris rolling and bouncing off his mother's swollen form. Her fat flowed across their lawn once free of its container, flattening the land and encroaching on their neighbors' homes. Fortunately for them, Eric's climax tapered off once his slimy black pelt met the frigid air. He spent a moment caressing Claire's musky hide while the aftershocks of his release rolled through him, eliciting a few shudders as he deposited the last of his prodigious load within her. A sharp crack rang through the quiet suburb as he smacked her titanic ass, setting the blubbery mass of her cheek in tantalizing motion before dismounting her.

A river of seed flowed from her well-worked rear when his knot popped free, but her muscles quickly tightened to stem the tide. Claire was intent upon keeping every drop of his eldritch seed inside of her and adding it to her expansive mass. The previously motherly canine continued to expand as Eric slid down the soft mountain of her side, easily gliding to the ground on the slime of their combined perspiration. The blob of a woman hardly noticed his departure, far too occupied with massaging her rolls and admiring her expanded form. Chocolate milk poured into the streets as she rubbed her colossal breasts, the overly sweet fluid rushing into the city's infrastructure and water supply. Over time Eric's gifts would spread into the greater population through that avenue, but the corrupted canine planned on taking a much more hands-on approach to that end.

The agent of hedonism swaggered away from the ruins of his former home as his musk rolled into the neighborhood, the thick scent heralding his approach. His heavy spire swayed between his legs with his gait, broadcasting his supernatural virility to all and speckling the ground with an endless stream of pre. The canine's sac swelled as his seed was replenished, reaching its former size in a matter of seconds. He was hardly twenty feet from his mountainous mother by the time he was ready to spill his essence once again. All he needed was a worthy vessel, and in the bustling metropolis, finding one should be a very simple task.