

The one thing he heard before everything was turned inside out was a very loud “Oh!” coming from the bathroom. It wasn’t even a terrified shriek, an annoyed grunt, or anything of the sort; just a mild form of surprise that would’ve been better suited for finding out part of one’s fur coating was suddenly bleached a different colour rather than... what ended up happening. In fact, Paulo didn’t even think to do anything until he heard Stella call for him, at which point he began wondering what might be so important that she needed his help in the bathroom of all places; he’d just gotten finished up himself, after all.

It was unclear what exactly the feline was expecting to see when he opened the door, but it certainly wasn’t what he ended up looking at when he crossed the threshold and saw his girlfriend there, staring at herself in the full-body mirror while completely nude. There was very little actually “wrong” with her, if that word could even be used: same number of limbs, same height, same build, same overall size... just with a little extra something between her legs. It was quite large in fact, large enough that Paulo had to stifle a gasp when he saw its full glory after Stella turned to face him; the sheath was certainly bigger than his entire head, plump and fluffy and promising one hell of a cock inside of it if only it was stimulated, with a similarly oversized pair of nuts dangling underneath it looking ready to drag themselves around on the ground.

It was doubly odd given that the wolfess wasn’t actually a hyper, or at least she didn’t think she was; from her expression, she was just as confused as her partner was, though perhaps not as much as Paulo would’ve liked her to be. He could tell, just from the expression on her face, that at least part of her was thinking about all the things she could get up to now that she had a knotted cock of her own, especially one as big as the one that was surely waiting inside of that sheath, and he didn’t like it one bit; not because the idea of it itself was bad, but mostly because he was already at the very end of his stamina reserves and wasn’t feeling confident that he could go for however many rounds were needed to satisfy that monster hiding within. And yet, from the way that Stella’s eyes were narrowing and one of her hands scratched her chin, she was very clearly considering it... though what “it” was, exactly, still remained up for discussion.

“You know, I think it was the shampoo,” she spoke up, “I heard some rumours that it was supposed to have weird reactions with hypers, but I just assumed it was all scaremongering... guess not though” - the way she said this, so matter-of-factly as to almost make it sound normal, did *not* sit well with Paulo, who suddenly realized he lacked the strength to turn back around and leave the bathroom - “And uh, honestly, I have no clue how to get rid of this. I think maybe if you give it a good rubdown it should go away? That’s what I heard at least, no clue if that’s supposed to work.”

She was being *far* too casual about suddenly developing a cock and balls, and the cat had to wonder if that was the shampoo as well; he himself was having a hard enough time coming to terms with what he was seeing and it wasn’t even on him, so surely Stella shouldn’t be so open

to the prospect of such a drastic transformation that she wouldn't even bother to question it... right? Surely she should be panicking to some degree, questioning how such a thing was even possible, not simply nodding along and asking him to give her a blowjob, shouldn't she? Yet, if this was the case, then why exactly was she acting as if it was all just a regular part of her day... and why exactly was he walking forward when he very clearly had not instructed his body to do so?

It was stronger than him somehow, even if he couldn't quite place his finger on what it was that made him move closer to Stella; was it the faintest hint of musk emanating from her? The sheer absurdity of what was going on and how well she'd taken to being gifted with a brand new member? Or perhaps it was something far more sinister, and the same substance that had equipped her with his extra phallus had somehow affected *him* as well; perhaps he too had used the shampoo that supposedly led them here, and it had eaten its way into his mind, corroding his willpower until there was nothing left of it but the barest, most base desire to wrap his hands around the biggest cock he could find and service it until completion. Whatever the case, it did make him put his finger on something; just something far more physical.

Paulo found himself on his knees by the time he returned to his senses, and once there, his field-of-view was irreparably and irrevocably occupied by a sheath big enough to swallow his entire head, the faintest hint of a cocktip already poking out of it and into the outside world. His hands moved by themselves just as Stella urged him onwards, with the cat practically unable to actually *hear* what was being said; his mind was too focused on what he was seeing directly in front of him, too absorbed by this wonderful sight to do anything other than rub it down, knead it, shove his hands into its folds in his attempt at getting the shaft within to fully emerge. It was easier than expected as well; though the wolfess had appeared calm and collected while talking, it was clear from the way that she was trembling that there was a *lot* of pent-up sexual energy waiting to be unleashed, and the only reason she hadn't grabbed her mate's head and shoved that cock straight down his throat was probably because it had yet to become fully turgid.

Wouldn't take long though. With each heartbeat, that member grew increasingly engorged, visibly throbbing as it picked up in size, length and width in just the right proportions to make it *look* oversized while still remaining on the right side of reasonable that the cat could expect to open his mouth wide and take it all in... which was exactly what he did, not even waiting for it to fully emerge from within the sheath before he eagerly and greedily invited it into his open maw, eyes going half-lidded once he had the first taste of the precum already drooling onto his tongue. It was powerful enough to get him to blank out for a few seconds after swallowing it, which didn't exactly get any better the more he did so; if nothing else, then at least Paulo managed to power through the curtain and become semi-aware of what he was doing, running mostly off of muscle memory and with his conscious mind on backburner, watching what was happening as it was bombarded by the kind of sensations that one could normally only dream of.

There was no reasonable explanation for why this was happening that didn't at some level involve the shampoo also having some psychoactive effect, but that point neither of them were in any position to do anything about that. Whether it was a perfectly natural response to suddenly having a cock that just kept getting bigger and bigger as it was further stimulated, or their brain chemistry being actively frazzled, one thing was for certain: the cat wanted to see just how big he could make that thing, and seeing as it *just kept growing*, that shaft clearly had the exact same idea. Stella was forced to hold one palm against the wall just to keep herself standing up, the other rubbing her sheath and the base of that colossal cock of hers, her eyes too barely open as she felt her new rod extend outwards to an almost unreasonable length; sure, she herself was close to nine feet in height, but typically dicks didn't compete with their owners for size dominance... or at least, non-hyper ones didn't. And she wasn't a hyper, at least as far as she was aware of.

And yet, her member kept growing, far past the point where it would be as long as her torso, far past the point where it would be as *thick* as said torso was wide as well. It looked as if her sheath was some kind of portal from which that enormous thing emerged, almost like it wasn't hers, but rather someone else's, and it was merely using that opening to make itself known... or would be, if the sensations weren't being fed directly into the wolfess' brain, causing her whole body to squirm and practically convulse as she fought against all the sensations being fed directly into it. Her claws dug deeper into the wall, apparently strong enough that they could rip apart some of the tiling, and while it was certainly worrying that Stella had somehow developed extra strength to spare, what was truly concerning was what happened below her waist, because against all odds, her developing a male apparatus was *not* the most surprising part of that evening.

No, that dubious honour went to the *other* thing that emerged from within the sheath, a sentence that, put into words, sounded a lot more ridiculous than it *felt* to those two, being as immersed into their experience as they were. If they had the privilege of a functional mind, they might've found it alarming that the enormous, six-foot-long cock that had presented itself from within that plump sheath of Stella's began to move gently sideways, the opening from which it emerged remaining just as stretched out as before. The reason for this became evident when a second tip, just as canine in appearance, made itself known, followed by a brand new cock seemingly appearing from nowhere as it competed for space with the original one. Stella herself had her eyes glazed over as she looked down; it was hard to tell if she was truly processing what she was seeing or if her brain had just stopped working after seeing something as ridiculous as her cock doubling up, but whatever the case, her whole form froze over, with the only exception being that secondary rod thickening and lengthening to a fully turgid state, reaching the exact same size as the first one within just a few seconds.

Truly, Paulo was spoiled for choice there. Already so busy with a single shaft that he basically had to wrap his entire upper body around it just to have the slightest chance at servicing it properly, now he had to deal with *another* one right beside the original; rather than try and divide his attention between the two, however, the cat figured it'd be best to alternate between one and the other, a sort of plate-spinning approach if he had to come with a comparison. Meanwhile, the very air around him seemed to heat up just from the presence of those two pillars of cockmeat, their rubbing together and how heavily they tried to squeeze him creating some sort of heavily constricting, yet oddly alluring sense of heavenly bliss that the feline couldn't quite understand; he could barely breathe, the heat was starting to get to his head and his eyes were so unfocused that he had to rely mostly on touch, and yet for some reason he still found it in himself to keep going. Most of the blame for this could be pinned squarely on Stella, whose vocalizations were rapidly approaching the point where their neighbors would be able to hear her; then again, it was hard to blame her when she had to deal with two heavily-sensitive, body-sized, torso-thick dicks that visibly throbbed and pulsated with each heartbeat of hers.

Thick dollops of pre fell onto the ground as well, the clenching of the wolfess' similarly-swelling nuts aided along by Paulo's frantic ministrations, leading to the leakage only growing in intensity as time went on; the wolfess was thus placed between a rock and a hard place: she could stay still and enjoy herself, but risk becoming immobilized as her sack continued to bulge out, or try to move in order to avoid getting stuck, but gamble on potentially losing control of her muscles and ending up splattered across the ground, pinned down by the weight of her own assets. In the end, her indecisiveness between the two was resolved by the former option rearing its beautiful head; it didn't matter what exactly she picked when her nuts were still bulging out regardless, and within a couple of short minutes, not only was the bathroom floor seriously coated in her surprisingly thick and savoury precum, but the wolfess' legs were being spread apart by a pair of balls so stuffed that it was getting hard to reach the floor even with the tips of her toes.

This was fine though. More than fine, in fact, as far as Stella cared; no longer having to worry about standing up meant she could put her paws to good use rubbing those cumtanks of hers, and with her head getting dangerously close to the ceiling, she could just rely on *that* for balance, giving her more room to lean forward and stroke herself, or maneuver her twin cocks so that she'd be rubbing up against the poor cat caught between the two. It was a sort of external fucking, if that made any sense; rather than shoving her brand new dicks *into* something, she had a fucktoy ready to be grinded upon by her double shafts like a life-sized scratching pole, quite fitting given Paulo's species.

Paulo himself was effectively lost and adrift in the ocean of hormones that had flooded his brain, fully unable to direct his body to do anything in any conscious way. He had become a creature of instincts, guided purely by his horniness and muscle memory, and frankly, that was

all that he or Stella needed. No thoughts, no concerns, no worries beyond how hard he had to make the next squeeze, just a complete focus on what he should be *physically* doing to maximize the pleasure that both he and his lover were feeling. This was made significantly harder by having two shafts to attend to, especially when the two balls keeping them stuffed with freshly-pumped pre and later on proper cum grew so large as to enable take-off, with the wolfess rising in such a way as to drag the cat along while he hooked his arms around her twin cocks. After a while, it was less a question of what he wanted to do and far more him trying desperately just to hold on, which presented plenty of opportunities of its own, doubly so once his flailing accidentally started reaching the churning cum factories underneath him.

All of this would be rendered moot, however, when the sheath that caused the whole thing to begin with began to shift and change again. Much like the last time, the two rods began to move, this time upwards, while leaving behind a large, cavernous opening at their base, the sheath itself stretching *massively* in order to accommodate... how many new cocks? It couldn't just be one, both of the ones that were already there had moved up, so clearly it *had* to be two more! The thought alone was enough to get Paulo's face burning, a bright flame that grew brighter still once his narrowed, half-lidded eyes caught sight of the couple of tips that confirmed his suspicions; within moments, a brand new pair of thick, canine rods had emerged into the world, turning what used to be a head-sized base into something that could potentially swallow up most of the cat's body if he dove into it... or if it had any space left, which it most certainly did not.

Now armed with *four* individual members, all Stella could really do was open her mouth, throw her head backwards, and let the whole world know what she was feeling. The orgasmic moan that followed the second multiplication was seemingly so powerful that it reverberated with her own body, causing a single shockwave to course through it before her nuts clenched, the bathroom was filled by the sounds of heavy liquid churning, and suddenly the wooden door leading into the rest of their house was cracked in half by a spurt of cum so powerful that it was a wonder it didn't strip parts of the wall away! With her hands firmly on the topmost cocks, Stella continued to howl and groan as her body was wracked by a climactic release that strained her ability to remain conscious, very nearly knocking her out every other second as the pleasure waves crashed into her from within and without. It seemed that with every flinch, gallons of cum exploded from those four lengths of hers, but it clearly wasn't over yet; there was still something that had yet to happen, something that even Paulo noticed, his mind doing the math and revealing to him just how far away they were from being truly done. After all, if Stella, being a wolf, was truly *finished*, then surely she should have four inflated knots deployed and in full view... but she didn't. They were clearly there, four tiny bulges that were barely indistinguishable from the rest of her cocks, but they weren't inflated yet. And this could only really mean one thing, unlikely as it may be: despite the explosive release, the impossibly quick growth and the inexplicable multiplication, she wasn't even done yet.

She had only started.