

The slap seemed to reverberate off the walls at least half as strongly as it coursed through the bun's body, accompanied by that delightful half-squeak half-moan that Tristan was so fond of producing whenever he couldn't make up his mind on whether to be alarmed or aroused. He only ever seemed to make that sound when she was around, which as far as Vern was concerned was an absolute victory for the both of them. Looking at the bun now, it was hard to believe he'd once been, if not necessarily small, then at least people-sized; after months of the shork constantly "suggesting" that he increase the size of his implants though, those tits were probably the softest she'd ever had the pleasure of playing with on a regular basis (her own included), and that wasn't even getting into that *delightfully* fat ass of his. The bun's boobs had to be artificially enhanced, but his bottom half? All that he needed there was a solid, constant intake of calories for it to fatten up and bulge outwards in what had to be the most delectable, hand-swallowing pair of thighs and asscheeks in existence, and quite literally at that; if not for the slap only making contact for a fraction of a section, Vern would've been able to see her hand vanishing all the way up to the wrist in all of the pudge, and whether it be because of its sheer size or the fact that they were attached to who they were, they were the *best* as far as she was concerned.

The two made for an odd couple, especially now that Tristan was so egregiously curvy when placed next to her. Way back, when the two were still getting to know one another, they were actually around the same size and build; the shark herself was no slouch when it came to her own proportions, having worked quite a bit to keep that perfect blend of a toned physique with just the right amount of fat to pad out those legs of hers, but it just wasn't *enough*. Vern needed more, needed a bigger challenge, and for the sort of thing she had in mind, a long-term investment was required, one that just so happened to line up with her own interests; after all, the only thing better than finding an adorable bun boy with whom she shared pretty much every interest and hobby was to find one that was not only ready and willing to grow, but seemed outright *excited* about the prospect of having their curves be exaggerated to the point where it would look comical. Except, somehow, they never did; each inch added to the bun's body only made him even more alluring, even more irresistible, and more than once Vern ended up staring at him trying to get through a door or attempting to put on a pair of pants that had fit him the week before with an open mouth, a toothy, predatory grin, and a non-insignificant amount of drool trickling down from her lips. The phrase "I've created a monster" crossed her mind a few times, albeit with "monster" replaced with a wide variety of descriptives and nouns that no doubt would leave said "monster" feeling both incredibly embarrassed and aroused beyond belief; sometimes, Vern opted to test this by saying a few of them out loud, which almost always ended in the two of them breaking a couple of bedsprings in the aftermath.

All of it, however, was leading up to one thing, one glorious revelation that the sharkess had spent some time trying to think on how best to break it to Trist. She didn't want him to think that everything up until then had been one long exercise in fattening him up for a feast, because it absolutely wasn't; Vern adored every second she spent with that goober, each one more than the

last, and what she had planned was naught but the cherry on top of the sundae. But if there was one thing the shark loved beyond all else, it was pushing herself to the limit only to then break on through it, to achieve not just excellence, but *perfection*, and to that end, her body had to change. Not that she didn't like it; that bod was the result of *years* of hard work and dedication, and by goodness, she was *proud* of it, enough that Vern was probably far more likely to flaunt it at any given moment that Trist was with his. But it wasn't enough; not *nearly* enough.

Vern liked to help push people the same way she did herself, and given that she usually surrounded herself with all manner of hypers, this had a tendency of resulting in her being buried underneath quite a bit of pudge and fat on a regular basis. She liked it, it served as a way to keep herself in shape, but it wasn't the aesthetic she was looking for; if nothing else, it was simply too *easy* for her to give in and go the same route that everyone else did, especially with someone like Trist around her that she could tap for resources whenever she damn well pleased. No, a far greater achievement, and the one she fully intended to aim for, was to find the precise, perfect balance between the hyper-sized look and a "normal" one, that one sweet spot where anyone looking at her would *know* her size wasn't natural, but still have that one smidgeon of doubt that made it all the more alluring for it. She wanted to be imposing, but not excessive, dominant, but not all-consuming. In essence, she wanted to find the perfect compromise... and Trist was going to help her with that.

The bun was incredibly gifted in all respects, yes, but there was one thing in particular that truly made him special, and that was the package he kept between his substantially thick legs. It wasn't *just* big, though it certainly was a massive cock and pair of balls, but it had the curious ability to grow depending on how aroused its owner was; the effect was temporary, sadly enough, but often more than sufficient for the purpose it was intended for, and had given the two of them plenty of sleepless nights followed by snoozy mornings and lunchtime bath sessions. It was hard to keep a schedule around that house, and that was exactly how they both loved it... and that was exactly what Vern intended to use for her own, not-so-nefarious purposes.

"So, I've been thinking," Vern mused aloud, not giving Trist an opportunity to recover as she bent over his wide load of an ass and wrapped her arms around his chest, "you've always been talking about me giving you a thighjob, and I've always said I've been waiting for the right opportunity, but... I dunno, I'm feeling Christmassy. I feel like I should be giving you something special this season."

Poor Tristan was so flabbergasted by this that, despite how hard he tried to tell his partner that he was truly grateful for the gift and loved her more than anything else in the world, the only noise he managed to make was something that sounded like a moaning grunt, right before the shark physically threw him onto the bed, the whole assembly creaking ominously as the enormous bun crash-landed on it with the sort of ease that only practice could provide. This was

perfectly normal for the two of them; if anything, Vern had been *soft* that time around, seeing as she knew how much of a workout they were about to give the bedsprings. It was important to keep from battering the bun too much, lest the mattress collapse in on itself in the middle of their warm-up, which usually took up a couple of hours before they got to the real order of business... but that day, she truly *was* feeling generous. Not only was it the season for giving, but Trist was about to give her the biggest, best gift that he could ever provide, even if he didn't know it himself, so why not throw the bun a bone and go straight to what he'd been begging for like the horny slut he was for the past two or three months? The look on his face when he saw the shark get into position *alone* was more than enough to make it all worth it, as was the stunned, thoughtless expression stamped on it for a good ten seconds when he realized that yes, Vern was being serious, and yes, she fully expected him to get back on his feet, stick his cock between her thighs, and start bucking his hips like his life depended on it. Frankly, the only one to lose out in the exchange was the mattress beneath them, which was probably going to need a replacement or serious repairs by the time they were done.

It was always adorable seeing what Trist tried to do whenever Vern allowed him to take the initiative, especially when it was something special like what she was planning for that day. The bun was so used to being the bottom on the bottom that being given the right to set the pace always revealed how rusty he was... at least until he got his greedy fingers on the shark's perky butt and allowed his instincts to take over from there. It was equally as impressive how easily his muscle memory took over from there, slamming his body against hers as he "bottomed out" between the shark's luscious thighs, his voice cracking as he tried to beg for her to squeeze down on it. Fortunately for him, Vern was quite accustomed to having that three-foot beast of a shaft in far more intimate places, so having it between her legs was, frankly, a piece of cake for her. Bringing her well-toned body to bear, the sharkess closed in on him, excruciatingly slowly at first, then speeding up towards the end after figuring she'd tortured the poor boy for long enough. The sounds that came out of his throat were enough to get Vern to blush, if only for a few seconds, as now control had been placed squarely back in h-wait, what was he doing?

Something had snapped inside Trist, something that up until then kept him from completely losing his mind and going half-feral with lust, and now there just wasn't any stopping him. The bun actually managed to get a short, squeaky "Sorry!" out before redoubling the strength of his grip on Vern's body, only to immediately start jackhammering his cock between her thighs with all of his strength immediately afterwards. It was honestly impressive how quickly and easily he bucked those hips of his, given how fat they were, almost as impressive as the ease with which he plapped that pillar of cockmeat and bowling ball-sized nuts swinging beneath him, slapping loudly against the back of Vern's legs each time he slammed into her. The sharkess wasn't going to complain though; it'd been *some time* since last she had a partner that wild, and seeing as all she had to do was keep squeezing the beastly rod every inch of the way forward and backward, she could let her own body take over while her mind enjoyed the ride.

Didn't take too long before Tristan's unique biological quirks were made evident, with that already-turgid cock starting to thicken out considerably each time its full length erupted from between the shork's thighs, inches upon inches added to it as the nuts beneath it swelled with extra seed, spurts of pre splashing against the wall in front of them before they turned into outright *gouts* of cum, the bun's continuous climax having started quite a bit before it usually did; he must've *really* wanted a thighjob, given the amount of enthusiasm he was putting into it, but unfortunately for the poor bun boy, he was not destined to finish when he thought he was. Oh, he was going to spend *hours* thrusting and throwing himself into those thick love handles of Vern's, all while the shark did everything in her power to keep egging him on and arousing him further, but he wasn't going to blow his final load against the wall too; not only would that be a waste of perfectly good spunk, but it went entirely against the sharkess' plans for the night, plans she wasn't about to give up just yet, no matter how amazing that fuck session was being.

Still, there was plenty of time left for the two of them to enjoy one another's bodies. Plenty of time for Tristan to start slowing down from exhaustion, each throb of his cock growing increasingly more pronounced as he came closer and closer to an explosive finish, each glob of cum that spurted out of him doing so with increasing vigour and distance. It was a sign for Vern to make her move as soon as she could, lest things go tits up in the *worst* way possible; at least she was polite enough to flash the bun a toothy grin before employing what was left of her own strength to push him back using her own butt, flattening the tired bun against the sheets and putting her in *just* the right position to stand up over him, aim that by-now five-foot giant at her slit, and let gravity do the rest. Sure, her insides were stretched out to an absurd degree and the sudden insertion was enough to get those floor-dragging nuts she was gonna milk empty to churn so loudly the neighbors heard it, but at least that way Vern got what she wanted: Tristan's voice cracking as he called out for her name, just a second before the floodgates opened and her insides were painted white with such force and pressure that she actually blacked out for the duration.

Again, this was perfectly normal for them; in fact, it would've been out of the ordinary if one of Trist's finishers *didn't* knock the shork unconscious for the first few seconds of it thanks to how powerful they were. At the very least she always managed to come back to reality *just* when her cumgut was starting to develop properly, each clench of the cum factories she was sitting on adding more inches to that growing belly of hers, its distended, stretched skin shiny and wobbly as the amount of spunk it contained grew higher and higher. Normally this would mean an extended trip to the shower, more often than not with Trist himself there to help her, but not that night; Vern had something *special* planned for that occasion, and she was going to need every drop, every single load of cum that the bunny boy could give her, even if this meant being left with a belly so large she could more adequately call it a cum *dumpster* over anything else.

Quite clumsily, she did her best to dislodge herself from the pole she'd impaled herself on, finding no resistance from Trist after every ounce of strength was drained out of him post-climax. Not that it would be the biggest challenge; no, that one was still to come, after the shork rolled out of bed and had to use both arms to prop herself up against the wall, trying to clumsily bring her back to it in order to free her hands. It was an absurd idea, and one that even Vern didn't know how she convinced herself would actually work, but she'd seen others do it, so... might as well try. The sharkess brought her hands over to that colossally stuffed tum, pressing down on it in an attempt to push down the gallons upon gallons of cum pressure-hosed into it; part of her expected nothing more than a letdown, for her slit to suddenly erupt with the stuff... but instead, and much to her amusement, the fantasy, the *dream* happened: for every inch she pulled back, for every ounce that vanished beneath her fingers, one was pressed into her ass. It was as simple as that, really: get stuffed, push it all down onto her butt and thighs; honestly, it made for wonderful fiction, at least in her head, but never did she expect it to actually *work* for real, especially not to the degree that it appeared to be. Barely five minutes after pressing her fingers against her cumgut and suddenly she had an ass so wide that she had doubts whether or not she could go through doors, and a set of hips to match, if not surpass that! Poor Trist, who couldn't really look away, was mesmerized by this, his dick rearing to go, ready to fill her up again... but this wasn't all of it.

Having a butt that large was nice, sure, but it wasn't the point of her transformation. She was looking for the perfect blend of size and proportions, not just a rear capable of breaking down walls, and to that end, all of that pudge had to go. Once again she put her hands to good use, sinking them into her cheeks, and like magic, the rest of her body responded in just the way she imagined it would: by pushing outwards in every direction, adding inches onto her frame, padding out her toned physique until finally, with a single, final push... she bumped her head against the ceiling.

It wasn't that bad though, nothing that a couple of weeks at the gym wouldn't fix; her abs weren't as obvious anymore, and her arms could certainly use some work now, but at least she was a proper amazon now. Besides, this was only the first round; the bun was ready for another one... and so was she.

Every apartment around Vern's had to deal with what felt like *hours* of the two lovers going at it like... well, one of them *was* a rabbit in heat, so the comparison might fall a bit short. What was worse was that it just seemed to get louder and louder each time, though the unfortunate bystanders were blissfully ignorant of the reason why; the door to the shark's bedroom, however, *wasn't*, especially not when said sharkess tried to open it after the two were finally done in order to go take a shower, and accidentally ended up ripping it off its hinges instead. In ordinary

circumstances, she might've scowled, maybe even cursed it out, but right then and there it served only to highlight the sheer excess of what the two had been doing for the whole day.

Trist was empty, there was no other way of putting it; in fact, this was the only reason Vern stopped at all, or else she would've kept going regardless of how exhausted she felt. Though the bun's cock was still fully erect and at maximum size, his cumtanks were completely drained, having been expertly emptied out by the absolute giantess that was now Vern. The sharkess had to bend down just to fit inside of her room, the repeated cycles of stuffing and mass redistribution having left her at no shorter than an astounding thirteen feet in height, and possessed of an ass and pair of tits that, while not necessarily gigantic in proportion as some hypers' were, were still enough for her to sink her hands into, enough that she was already coming up with fresh ideas on how best to flaunt them... as soon as she bought a whole new wardrobe for herself.

For the time being though, a shower.

“Good workout, bunny boy,” she called out behind her, “same time tomorrow~?”