

It wasn't the warmest of days, but it was still pleasant enough that Gooney got to enjoy herself underneath a tree in the park, completely alone on account of it being the middle of the week and around three in the afternoon. It wasn't as if she disliked the company of others, but that place was so much better when it wasn't overrun by families leaving their garbage everywhere and loud kids screaming as they kicked dirt up everywhere that she took the opportunity whenever she had the chance. With no breeze and just the right amount of sun, the hybrid gal could enjoy herself with her eyes closed and her body so relaxed that it even became slightly meltier than usual, dripping quietly onto the ground before being scooped back up and re-added to her form. Little did she know that she had a visitor, an admirer who had just stumbled onto the park himself and happened to catch sight of that gorgeous beauty lounging about without a care in the world, immediately thinking to himself that if he didn't at least try and strike up a conversation, then his entire day would've been wasted.

The shiny Charizard, however, was not possessed of the best sense of social finesse, and though he tried to be smooth about it, there weren't many ways one could inconspicuously cross several dozen yards of completely empty parkland in order to come sit next to someone else in a large deserted area of it without coming off as at least *slightly* obvious in one's intentions. It wasn't made better by the fact that the poor guy was so very clearly nervous that Gooney herself, watching him through half-lidded eyes, had to stifle a few giggles once he got close enough that she could make out his expression, practically bursting out laughing when the newest arrival almost tripped over a low-lying branch and ended up nearly flat on his front in a mud puddle. She could tell from the way he acted that there was more awkwardness in there than outright lust, which was quite the achievement given the sort of body she liked to sculpt for herself on a daily basis; being as goopy as she was gave her a high-enough degree of control over her form that she *could* remain modest if she wanted to, but where was the fun in that? Better to give herself the kind of curves and bottom that would turn heads anywhere she went, and a bust just ample enough for most boob-lovers to practically salivate at the thought of being able to (literally) sink their hands into it. So, for the Charizard to look more interested in striking up a genuine conversation than to try and ineffectually flirt with her was, by itself, a good first step, even if it came packaged with the most ungraceful and clutzy-looking dork that she'd ever laid eyes on. Then again, this had a charm of its own as far as she was concerned; plus, he looked cute and cuddly, so that was a plus.

Still, Goony chose not to say anything as her would-be suitor approached her and took his place underneath the same tree, sitting at a ninety-degree angle from her and with his back to the trunk. There was an extended period of silence where the Charizard tried to come up with something to say that wouldn't make him look even worse than he had already, with his words consistently getting stuck in his throat as he revised them a dozen times before even *trying* to speak them, resulting in a series of odd quasi-gagging and stuttering noises that were so precious and adorable that the Gooderene had to exercise a lot of her willpower not to just turn around and

plant a kiss on that awkward, bashful little nerd that she was coming to adore so much. Even still, she refused to take the first step; if that shiny-looking dragon was going to get anything done, he'd have to break through his own embarrassment and actually *do* it himself; besides, she wasn't going anywhere.

“S-So, uh...” he finally spoke up, voice sounding far too rough and gravelly for someone who clearly had trouble even initiating a conversation without spending ten minutes preparing beforehand, “c-come here often?”

Well, it was hard not to laugh at that, if only because it was such a tired line that it had circled back from infuriatingly blasé to just plain hilarious. The Poké-gal wasn't even thinking about how it might affect her admirer, nor how offensive it might be for him when the object of his sudden affection laughed in his face, but she couldn't help it; after such a display of sheer awkwardness, to suddenly come out with *those* words, out of the whole breadth of their language, was too good to be true. Nevertheless, he *did* take the initiative to get something done, even if it was less than imaginative, and the last thing he deserved for finally doing so was to be mocked to his face, so Gooy decided to stop playing around and give the Charizard exactly what they seemed to want... or a small taste of it anyways, she wasn't about to give herself up completely without them *working* for it. Still chuckling to herself, the Gooderene turned around and practically flopped onto the fire-type's lap, her goopy self practically splattering all over it and covering their lower body almost completely, while she turned her head to face her suitor's, a wide, alluringly inviting smile on full display for him to know that, contrary to expectations, things were actually going pretty alright all things considered!

“Sorry for that,” Gooy replied, stifling a few giggles, “but you're not nearly as stealthy as you think you are, sweetie” - she punctuated this by booping the guy on the snout, prompting a visible flinch out of them - “But yes, I *do* come here often... though not when most people are around, I find this place is a lot better when I don't have to worry about random kids trying to get their dirty little paws all over me because they think I'm a bouncy castle.”

“Y-yeah, I... u-uh, I guess you're right,” the Charized managed to mumble in response, appearing at least *somewhat* more comfortable now that he knew he had somehow, against all odds, actually captured the attention of the Poké-gal hybrid on top of him, “I rarely come around when uh... other people are... around, yeah. I scare people.”

“You, scare people?” the Gooderene mused, allowing a single chortle to escape from her lips, “Why, from the looks of it you could barely hurt a fly even if you were trying to do it! Not that you would, would you? Maybe I'm wrong, but one look at you and you strike me as the biggest, most loveable goober I've ever met in my life; I bet you even look behind you when you're indoors just to make sure your tail isn't hitting the walls!”

Judging from the Charizard's reaction, that random comment had actually hit the truth spot-on, seeing as he silently mouthed the words "How did..." before shaking his head and trying to regain his composure. This would've been easier if the difference between the two wasn't so... obvious. The fire-type wasn't kidding around when he said people were afraid of him, and indeed, it was hard not to at least be apprehensive of a nearly seven-foot-tall, fire-breathing, dragon-like beast whose tail was perpetually on fire and whose unique coloration made them look like they had just taken a full immersion bath in a tub full of cinders. He was used to being intimidating, and people being afraid of him, hence why the Gooderene splayed all over him activated parts of his brain that didn't see much use; as soon as he saw her, even from a distance he knew that she'd be able to tower over him, and now that he was there and unable to move, with a goopy creature standing over eight feet keeping him pinned down and still able to look massive even when lying on his lap, the certainty was doing a lot of things for his brain that he wasn't sure if he liked experiencing. It wasn't made any better by where the Poké-gal *was*; there was no doubt in his mind that she was fully aware of what was going on between his legs, and that she said nothing about how his shaft was poking at her surprisingly cool, gelatinous body was *maddening*, the fire-type almost preferring if she *had* made a comment or two just to break the ice more thoroughly.

Instead, she just sat there, staring up at him, practically taunting him with how little in control he was of the whole situation, waiting for *him* to make the next move when she could very easily do it herself and move things along without even having to pretend to make an effort. Instead, everything fell onto the Charizard, the very same one who broke out into nervous sweat whenever he merely thought about what he wanted to *ask*, let alone what it was supposed to lead to, something that left him feeling even more nervous thanks to how awful it made him look in front of someone he fancied, and before he knew it, he was stuck in a downward spiral from which he couldn't recover. The world was spinning around him, things were flying out of his control, the Gooderene was staring at him with bedroom eyes and the one thing he could think to do was open his mouth, throw caution to the wind and just outright ask:

*"Wouldyougotoutwithme?"*

"Yes," the hybrid immediately replied, having known this is what her suitor wanted to ask from the very moment she first saw him, "yes I would. But I'm not moving anywhere, so if you're thinking about taking me out to a nice place for dinner and a date, you've got another thing coming; I'm quite comfortable right here, so I guess you're just gonna have to... figure something out~"

Her tone was meant to incite lust and lure him into a state of suggestibility, that much was clear even to the blushing fire-type, but it was also something else: a challenge. She wasn't

merely being obstinate in her refusal to get up from his lap, she was *telling him* that he had a chance to make something good out of it and she was waiting for him to actually go ahead and *do it* now that he had a chance and the most awkward part was over. And there was indeed something about it that managed to assuage some of the Charizard's fears, or at the very least calm him down just enough that he felt capable of moving forward now that he knew that he was safe for the time being... and wouldn't he know it, this realization alone was more than enough for his body to take the lead on its own and make the first move without consulting its owner, at least judging from the Gooderene's reaction when she felt something poking her around the belly area, something far bigger than what had already been there for quite some time!

It'd be disingenuous for Gooy to claim that she hadn't felt her admirer's package trying to force its way into her slimy body by sheer force of arousal alone; after all, she *was* in the best place to experience it *and* her body was the right kind of consistency where it embraced and enveloped that cock and pair of balls just perfectly enough for her to feel its contours as it grew to full mast... or at least what she *assumed* was full mast. Now that the question was popped and the Charizard next to her was finally relaxing a bit, it quickly became obvious that what she thought had been his full size was nothing more than a small appetizer for what the fire-type was truly hiding, so much so that after just a few seconds of his body allowing itself to enjoy the feel of Gooy's own, the Poké-gal had to shuffle off from where she was lying down just to give that immense shaft room to grow, and after flipping back around to face her would-be lover, her eyes opened wide and her jaw practically unhinged at what she saw waiting for her.

She had expected something big, as befitting not just a hunky dragon such as himself, but one of such rare breed as well; it wasn't every day that a shiny Charizard showed up out of nowhere, especially one so bold as to approach her like this one did. But Gooy could *never* have expected to loop back around and find herself staring at a cock that was big enough to rival her partner-for-the-day's entire torso, about as long as his upper body was tall and just as girthy as his torso was wide, accompanied by a set of heavy, obviously-stuffed orbs underneath that were each already big enough that the poor thing would probably have some trouble walking if he got back on his feet and tried waddling around. The Gooderene didn't know if this was their natural size or the result of him being so shy that he rarely had his package serviced by someone who knew what they were doing, but whatever the case may be, she knew one thing had to happen: she had to get her hands on that thing.

Not even waiting for any kind of prompt or permission, the Poké-gal threw herself at that enormous pillar of cockmeat, immediately wrapping her tits around its base and slowly moving up as she kneeled next to it, hoping that her height would be enough to let her reach the tip without too much trouble, something that turned out to be delicious true when she reached eye-level with that bubbling cauldron of pre that was already leaking all over itself and giving her bust something to be glazed in as she continued to work that shaft as best as she could. She

didn't mind the copious covering though; being as goopy and malleable as she was allowed Gooy to make good use of all of that filling precum the moment it slathered itself all over her tits, absorbing it into her body and transferring all of its (admittedly small) mass into her bust. This way, not only could she keep her slimy consistency at the absolute perfect level, but was also able to give her lover a pair of breasts that just kept slowly getting bigger the longer she moved them around, something that was certain to delight him as much as it did her. The hybrid kept this up for quite a while, allowing the Charizard's incredibly hyperactive cum factories to add enough pre onto her breasts that they swelled up at least half a dozen cup sizes, becoming slightly unwieldy to move around but providing for just the right amount of size that Gooy didn't think twice before moving to the next part of her "plan": opening her mouth wide and shoving that cock directly into it.

Given the size of that Charizard, both his body *and* that immense package of his, one could forgive Gooy for assuming that his stamina would, if not match, then at least live up to the idea created by their imposing body. Not only was the fire-type a rare specimen to begin with, but surely someone possessed of a male apparatus of that girth and productivity would be able to go for goodness knows how long before having to blow their load, which is precisely why the Poké-gal decided to give it her all and completely disregard any semblance of foreplay or escalation, throwing all of her energy into the proverbial ring and showing her lover *du jour* just what she herself was made out of. Bouncing her tits onto the male's base and making sure that they kept a firm grip on his shaft on their way up, the Gooderene made short work of the poor guy's resistance, leaving him whimpering and begging for her to keep going in a record-breaking couple of... seconds. It was a bit too quick for her liking, but then again it fit perfectly with the way the Charizard behaved up until then; besides, it'd been a while since she had last been with someone so unashamedly submissive, so it wasn't as if it was entirely without merit. The problem arose when she suddenly felt and *heard* something (or rather, a pair of something) churning and clenching, quickly followed by the cock she had in her mouth bulging out and its tip erupting with a full load of the dragon's cum, delivered without even so much as a warning!

If not for Gooy being as acquainted as she was with explosions of this variety, plus the fact that her body was mostly slimestuff that was barely even properly solid at the best of times, she probably would've gagged with just how much of it there was. The spunk itself was almost impossibly thick, feeling more like syrup than the usual stuff, and yet it flowed with speed that didn't at all mesh with its consistency; one could only imagine that the Charizard must've been desperate for any sort of release, because there was no way any regular partner would be able to take one of his climaxes without having their airways clogged in the process. Perhaps this is why he exploded so quickly; absent any proper stimulation for who knows how long, all it really took was the Gooderene's tender touch for the barriers to be broken and the fire-type to completely lose it. Either that, or his bulky frame was just for show and didn't come with all of the perks attached to it.

Whatever the case, and regardless of how *thick* and viscous that cum was, Gooy didn't budge even an inch. In fact, she made sure to roll her eyes up so that she could have them face the Charizard's own, making sure that he knew just how much she was enjoying having her throat bulge out like that, what felt like gallons of spunk being delivered straight into her body in a way that honestly made it impossible for her *not* to use it. Given her unique physiology, and the fact that she was still holding her tits around the dragon's shaft, there was no reason *not* to divert some of that mass directly into her bust, giving her lover a front row seat to watching those two already-enormous tits quietly bubble and pop as they were expanded from within, the hybrid adding as much size to them as she could get away with, all while still holding onto *most* of the Charizard's release within her body proper, waiting for the perfect opportunity to put it to good use later. In the meantime though, her partner would be getting a nice eyeful of a rack that just kept *growing* towards him, until most of the space between the two was dominated by two breasts that weighed heavily down on the fire-type's lap, and all-but completely enveloped the entire length of his cock, minus the small bit at the very end where the Poké-gal was still hungrily slurping down every last drop that she was given. By the end, after she was certain her lover was bone-dry, she finally allowed her head to move back, loudly popping the seal she had made with her mouth over that gorgeous male's tip and allowing her tits to *completely* bury that wonderful shaft she'd been servicing. It was then, and only then, that Gooy realized that they weren't done yet.

She expected to look down and see her partner for the day was completely empty, and with that came a size like the one he had initially presented himself with: barely there and retracted back into their body like a good overgrown lizard. Instead, what she *saw* were two colossal nuts still at full bloated size and apparently full enough that they managed to hold up her own tits with very little squish to them, still gurgling aggressively even as the dick they were pumping cum into continued to leak with the fire-type's seed. It brought to mind a great number of ideas for what she could do with such a productive partner, all of which required ignoring his frantic pleas for forgiveness for having "failed" to live up to "expectations" that the Charizard was trying to get out in between moans and groans of pleasure. In fact, why should she bother with speaking at all, when the best thing to do would be to just move back, dragging her colossal bust with her in the process, flip around, and then present her so-far untouched rear to the very same male who had just proven to be capable of going for a second round? Her mouth and tits had their fill (and quite literally so at that), so why not go for the other side of her body? The Gooderene could barely hold back her excitement and giddiness as she leaned onto her two chest pillows and allowed her weight to fall onto them, giving her plenty of leverage to wiggle her perky butt around and even plump it up slightly with some of the vast stores of protein she had inside of her, thoroughly confusing the Charizard yet, at the same time, giving him just the right message and signals he needed that he could tell what he was supposed to do. Still took him a little bit before he got with the program and actually sunk his claws into her ass in order to get up and

start plowing it properly, but once the fire-type got into the swing of things, muscle memory took it from there.

She didn't have to give him instructions or provide any more encouragement than she had already; the moment Gooy's partner got on his two feet and wobbled over to get a better grip on both her and the ground was the moment that he put that still-erect, torso-length cock of theirs to good use by sandwiching it between both of the Poké-gals cheeks, hotdogging it so thoroughly that they had to actually put some of their back strength into getting it *out* thanks to the Gooderene's sticky body. Not that they would do such a thing, of course; better that they keep bucking their hips to try and extract as much pleasure and enjoyment out of it possible, better that they keep literally doing what they would do when shoving that member into a hole, but without the need to be inside anything, his lover's ass being of such a grand magnitude that the simple embrace of her supple asscheeks was enough to get him going about as easily as her boobjob-slash-blowjob had. This, of course, presented a few issues when it came to self-control; it didn't matter how much he *wanted* to hold back, his body just wasn't used to that sort of stimulation, especially coming from a partner who was more than willing to make sure everyone in a mile radius could hear her moan and begging for him to go harder. If he didn't do something about it, he'd end up exploding just as easily as he had before... which is precisely why, now that he had surrendered control of his body to his more primal side, the Charizard's carnal senses began to hold themselves back, or rather, hold his next climax back.

Had anyone asked him, he wouldn't be able to explain how that was even possible, but that wasn't the point. The point was that he was now keeping himself from orgasming properly when he desperately needed to, and this had immediate effects on his body the moment it was put into place by his ridiculously lust-addled alter-self that he allowed to take over until he was satisfied. Whatever that mental creature wanted to do, it apparently involved getting his nuts to back up and be pent up so hard that they began to visibly swell, this time not just from arousal, but thanks to all the seed they *should* be pumping out by that point being forced to remain inside of his body, no matter how much that shouldn't be happening. Both orbs slammed into the ground in just a few moments, expanding in every direction as they swelled and bloated with unspent spunk, the Charizard having to readjust himself so that he could have those things *behind* him rather than between his legs, lest he end up being lifted off the ground because of it. Even still, it was starting to affect his performance, especially considering he didn't have nearly enough room between the growing wall of nutflesh behind him, already rising to start pressing against his lower back, and the immense rear that he was thrusting in between right in front of him; and while this might've been doable if his partner kept on doing what she had been until then, that being producing some of the loudest, lewdest noises he'd ever heard in his life, it certainly wasn't possible after the Gooderene decided that the best thing she could do would be to start actively taunting him.

It started off easily and simply enough, with her demanding that he go faster, deeper or harder, but soon progressed to the point where Gooy was actively mocking him (or so he assumed; to Gooy herself, this was nothing but the height of encouragement) about how he was wrapped around her middle finger and would do anything she wanted him to do, or how he was such a “good little breeder” that would do anything for such a “strong, dominant amazon” like herself. And while this was nothing of not completely true, especially given the Charizard’s usual demeanour, the situation the two were in was *anything* but usual; after all, the Gooderene was lying on her front and allowing a draconic fire-type to thrust and buck into the middle of her asscheeks without any kind of safety precautions or back-up plan in case they went feral and started to fuck her in earnest, and given how she was fully aware of how *massive* his nuts were becoming... this might just have been her plan to begin with. All that the Charizard knew was that his mind, his conscious sense of self, very quickly left the building entirely and was taken over by a rampaging sex beast who desired nothing more than to *fuck* and to *rut*, to take this gorgeous slime goddess and show her just what he could do when he wasn’t holding himself back.

With no warning, he leaned forward and grabbed her lower body, twisting her around so that the Poké-gal would be lying on the grass with her back to it, knocking the wind out of her sails and leaving her surprised and stunned for just the right amount of time that he could dislodge his cock from between her cheeks, spread her legs wide open, flash her a large, toothy grin... and then dig right in without any preparation or foreplay either. One moment she was fine, the next Gooy had to contend with a rod too big for her to handle being *plunged* into her form at full strength and speed, her voice cracking as she tried to keep a grip on herself and her physical form, desperately holding onto whatever physicality she still had left before her whole body just *melted* completely from overstimulation. Not that she’d have much of a choice in holding onto her shape, because after taunting and teasing the Charizard for so long, not to mention outright giving him something that pushed every button he had several times over, even his carnal desire for more couldn’t hold back against the literal tides of cum waiting to burst forth and flood not the world, but the insides of that amazingly beautiful creature that he had just randomly stumbled upon not half an hour ago. It seemed almost impossible that in such a short time he went from walking towards the park to barely being able to move his hips after his two nuts became bigger than he was each, but there he had it: countless gallons of his spunk *needing* a place to be vented into, and once that was given to him, once his cock was safely lodged within the Gooderene, fully hilted and ready to go, there wasn’t a single thing on the planet that could hold him back.

By that point, there had been *dozens* of denied climaxes that needed to be unleashed, and unleashed they were; when the floodgates opened, the last thing Gooy saw was her own belly blimping outwards before she was completely buried by it, leaving her stuck to the ground, helpless and unable to move, as she felt her body being stretched to the breaking point and beyond, not just lacking the ability to do anything about it, but the *will* as well. Why *should* she



stop it when it was the best thing she'd ever experienced in her life? Why bother putting brakes on the whole thing when she could *feel* her insides being pumped fuller and fuller with each load, each rope of cum, each ounce of it being made to paint her insides even whiter than they already had been while her physical form became little more than a large, cum-stuffed spherical belly with a tiny torso attached to it underneath? It felt downright criminal to want it to stop, even when it kept going past the five minute mark and the top of her cumgut's curvature was already several feet above the tree the two were near to... or would be, if it hadn't uprooted the damned thing and broke it in half already!

And yet, throughout it all, even when ten minutes passed and the Charizard still showed no signs of stopping, there was only one thing on her mind:

When could they have their second date?