

Eggmergency Recruitment

By

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The following contains: Male to female TG, candy oviposition, public
Read at your own discretion.



“Oh, thank the goddess you're here!”

Runey wouldn't have even known the enormously round bunny girl was talking to him if she didn't grab his paw. He'd barely gotten five feet off the subway before some brown furred girl was dragging him aside with a strength her thin arm shouldn't have possessed. The instinctive reaction to pull away couldn't break her grasp. Heck. The pudgy fox couldn't even hinder her steps even when pulling with both his hands. Following along became his only option unless he wanted to be dragged along the concrete floor.

“Who are you?” He squeaked as they moved down a side corridor between platforms. “Is this a mugging?!”

She snorted without looking back at him. “Cute! But not out here. Get in.”

“But...”

There wasn't time to protest. The bunny woman gave a hard pull that almost yeeted Runey through the door into the women's restroom. She waddled on in shortly after, her other hand cupping the low end of her belly. With a frontal view he could see she wasn't fat but heavily gravid with possibly multiple occupants. No wonder she was so strong carrying that yoga ball around.

“No. Seriously. Are you mugging me?!” Runey repeated his question, head whipping about to find the public restroom clearly empty. That didn't help calm his nerves any.

“Do I look like a thief!” The rabbit snapped with a look that could have melted the glass mirror behind the confused fox. A moment later she gave out a sigh and peeked at the closing door behind her. “Sorry. I'm really stressed out today. One second.”

Ignoring Runey's whimper, she placed a hand on the door. There was a flash of blue energy under her palm and, when she pulled it away, left a burned circle with intricate lines inside it. He was no expert but played enough video games to recognize magic on sight.

“There.” The bunny put hands on her impressively fat hips in a disturbingly small skirt, beaming with what seemed like pride at her work. “That should give us a good five minutes of privacy. Hopefully no one with the runs comes by.”

She whirled with such amazing grace for such a heavy looking figure, fixing an elated smile on Runey that sent his brow sweating. Instead of promptly offering any kind of explanation to her behavior, she advanced upon Runey without giving him a chance

to react. The fox let out a high yip as he got pressed between the bathroom sinks and the taut skin of her belly. Despite that distance, he could still feel the heat of her heavy breath on his whiskers.

“Hey!” she said so casually that it was like the last ninety seconds hadn’t happened. “I’ll try to keep this short. Name’s Brok and I’m the easter bunny.”

“Oh...kay.” Runey didn’t care much for the ‘short’ explanation, but wasn’t sure if it was safe to ask the three hundred questions he’d already raised. His gaze drifted slowly at her breasts clearly defined under the snug blouse she wore, and then drifted lower to her spherical pouch peeking out from the raised hem. The outie belly button pressed firmly into the stomach of his own red hoodie. “Brok? Huh?”

She gave an even louder snort of irritation than before. “Listen, an embodiment of the holidays isn’t set in stone. We appear in a form the subject of our manifestation might imagine us taking. Thanks for expecting me to wear clothes, by the way. Lotta kinky people in this world, if you know what I mean.”

Brok clicked her teeth with a playful wink that went right over the fox’s head. The more she talked the less anything about this situation made sense. All Runey could know for certain was that a pregnant woman was holding him hostage by the sheer weight of her stomach. Not the strangest day of his life, sadly.

“I...I’m sorry, did you actually need something from me?”

“Right. Down to business, I see. I can respect that.” The hard pout Brok sported made her words hard to believe, though it did make her look cute enough for Runey to feel bad for some reason. “So anyway, I’m running incredibly late for Easter and am going all over the place looking for help passing out the eggs.”

Runey checked the clock on his phone. “I’ll say you’re late. It’s already one-twenty-six. Wait. So, are you, like, in a thousand places at once right now? Is that how ‘holiday magic’ works?”

“Yeah. Though I’m really only in about fifty peoples’ faces at the moment. I’ve become very good about managing things based on time zones.”

“And you appear as a pregnant bunny for all of them?”

“Dude! I already explained it’s subjective based on how you see me. Sometimes I’m a big sexy guy and you’d be surprised how often I’m not even a bunny.” Brok coughed, pushing in closer so her belly squeezed hard against Runey’s abs. “We’re also getting off the subject. Do you want to help a god pass out its decorative candy eggs or not? I’m kinda in a hurry.”

The fox sucked in what air he could with compressed lungs. She was even smelling of chocolate and flowers now. “I feel like there’s a lot to this that can’t be covered in five minutes.”

"I'll also pay you twenty grand for the afternoon."

"Buy hey! I'm not doing anything that important for a Sunday!" All signs of apprehension left the fox, leaving his fluffy copper tail thumping against the sink counter. "Where do you want me to take the load?"

Brok stepped back at last, giving Runey space to breath and move again. Her grin, on the other hand, had him instantly regretting such a prompt acceptance. "Just let them fall where they want as you go about your day. You'll know when your job is done."

"What does that even..." The fox couldn't finish his response before Brok had both hands pushed onto his chest. That same blue energy began to shine between her fingers.

"Better clench your jaw. This might leave a burning sensation in your nose."

Runey raised a hand holding up a single finger, mouth hung open like he wanted to say a thousand things at once. Not a single word got out before the bunny's power flow ramped up to the point it blinded the poor fox.

"Oops!" he heard Brok say sheepishly through the blue haze fogging his vision. "I might have put a bit too much effort into that."

"Oops!?" the fox gasped, hands outreaching but failing to grasp the bunny girl. "What oops? What kind of Easter bunny goes oops?"

"Nothing!" Brok's voice noticeably faded faster than Runey's vision could clear. "You'll be perfectly fine. Just try to have fun with it."

"Wait! I think I changed my mind." But the bathroom was already vacated of gravid bunny girls by the time Runey could make out shapes from people again. "Okay. That...happened. Ugh! W-what the heck?!"

Heat exploded across Runey's chest in a way he never thought possible through his hoodie. Falling back against the sinks, his hands came up to feel the areas of his chest Brok has blasted with her weird tricks. The fabric of his hoodie still felt so unbearably warm there it was lucky not to catch fire. Yet, oddly, the heat wasn't so much as bothering him. It seeped through the material, past his fur, with a gentle caress that was almost soothing.

At least, until the muscles of his pectorals twitched and began pushing back against his palms.

"Um..."

Runey stared down at his chest, captivated by the slow and steady way his hoodie puffed out like an inflating balloon. The unexpected sense of bloating coming from his chest compounded with how the increasing mass gently moved his hands further and further away from his body felt pleasurable, of all things. After a few seconds

of this he could see through the subtle indentions of his baggy clothes that these were two distinct lumps he was holding. By the time their swelling came to an end they'd become too big for his fingers to properly hold.

"B-breasts!?" The mounds were easy to recognize, even from this perspective. A peek inside his undershirt confirmed he had just grown an impressive set of mammaries pushing out his hoodie into an impressive shelf. "This isn't remotely what she said her job would require. Ack! Oh no!"

It took halfway through his self-complaining for Runey to realize his voice was shifting. Much like a kid playing with the volume settings, almost every word bounced from his normal deep range to something that sounded airy and energetic. He traced two fingers along his neck and felt the bump of his Adam's apple receding.

"No! No! No!" The fox whirled to look at himself in the mirror, ignoring the hard shifting of fat tugging on his chest for the moment. Subtle but significant changes slowly imposed themselves on his face while he watched. Eyelashes became long as eyes narrowed. Cheeks lost their hard edge. Even the tuft of bangs that was his only source of 'hair' grew a bit denser. "I didn't agree to become a girl, you hack of a holiday spirit thing! What does this even have to do with passing out eggs?"

The tug of war going on with his vocals continued during his protests. His masculine side lost power with every flip until the last few words of his tirade came out in a permanent feminine tone. By all accounts his reflection was really starting to resemble a vixen's. A fairly attractive one, if Runey thought so himself.

"Hrrgg!? Ah crap!"

Things only progressed to their natural conclusion from there. Runey gave out an unintentionally sensual sounding moan as he felt his waist being squeezed while his underwear began grinding into his butt at the same time.

Lifting up the hem of her baggy hoodie and shirt, Runey could only give out a tired sigh. The creamy white fur of her belly now had a slight inward curve in its sides, flowing down into hips that widened more than enough to draw her pants tight. Tight enough to know what had gone on in the crotch region without bothering to check, for that matter. A quick turn for a profile check in the mirror confirmed she now had a plump and perky backside too.

"Unbelievable," she said in a huff.

Granted, she didn't sound nearly as angry as a normal person would have under these circumstances. This was far from Runey's first time getting flipped. Hell. Far weirder stuff tended to happen with the company she hung around daily. It was more the lack of any forewarning that made it annoying. Now there was little choice but to finish up her errands in ill-sized clothes and no bra.

"Hmmm." Her muzzle lips pursed as she continued to admire the pronounced profile in the mirror. A hand absently reached back to rub the curve of her rear. It sent

her tail shivering the way it tickled her fur through the tight denim. "Guess I can't fault the Easter bunny for their quality as much as their tact."

The door chose that moment to fly open, reminding Runey that she was performing self-examination in a very high traffic public transit station. Luckily, the twenty-something crow that waltzed in was more focused on finishing whatever she was texting on her phone than the very flustered vixen nearly jumping onto the shelf of sinks in a panic. There was no longer any sign of a sigil on the door, which had probably been the only thing allowing the vixen to experience their shifting in peace.

She still continued watching the crow move like a machine with beak glued to the softly glowing device into an open stall before deciding it was time to leave. This was starting to feel like some kind of magic prank instead of a job. Only reason it didn't was how those usually involve some camera's recording for social media clout.

"Woof!?"

Runey got two steps towards the door and then staggered back, catching herself on the sink. An eyebrow raised at the loud rumbling deep inside her abdomen. She brought a hand to her stomach through the hoodie feeling muscles inside her flex with such a hard clench she'd thought something had sucker punched her. There was a lot of gurgling and shifting going on. Pointed ears folded back as the vixen could feel her being forced to shift around. An organ she hadn't possessed ten minutes ago stretched into its neighbors thanks to something solid taking shape and growing inside it. She could even feel a subtle, firm bulge under her skin in the area just below her belly button.

"Oh no."

Runey had a few seconds to guess what that meant before the clenching rocked her forward with a loud grunt. This one held on for a lot longer after she'd gotten over the initial shock. Every muscle in her lower body flexed tighter than she thought was physically possible, clamping hard on a solid object filling her up.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" Runey shot both hands to the counter in order to keep herself standing. The strange process taking place released so suddenly that her knees almost buckled. Sweat began matting her hair tufts together. Her boobs jostled with the rhythmic pulses of her heaving breathes. Despite so much involuntary exertion, her blush was more from a mix of irritation and anxiety of being exposed. "Haa-aaah! Y-you got to be kidding me! Haaa. Hnnnngggghhh! Gaah!"

At least she was prepared for when it happened again. The tension seized at her lower back, rolling up her stomach in a hard squeeze. Runey hunched forward clutching an area above her groin, fangs barred trying to suppress a moan. Not that there was any chance the crow in a nearby stall couldn't already hear all the suspicious noises by now.

"Aah?" Eyes bulged out of her skull after feeling a sudden give to the pressure. The growth inside her was getting pushed downwards by the force of her betraying

body, sliding into a tunnel that led between her legs. Runey slapped her thighs firmly together in an instinctive will to resist, but was eventually forced to spread them wide as possible in order to gain some relief.

"Fuck! Fuck!" she yelped, clumsy hands fumbling to undo her zipper. There was only a brief moment of considering what this would look like if any other commuters decided to stroll in before she began tugging the waistband of pants and underwear. Her load was descending fast in spite of her every effort not to bare down with it. The struggle turned out to be almost as hard with how fat the transformation had made her ass. she'd barely gotten them down to her knees when a new tension hit right behind her exposed vagina.

"Hooo boy," Runey moaned with her long exhale. One hand slid in to cup her crotch, feeling her vulva puff outwards with her natural pushes. When the nether lips slowly parted, her fingers were met with the smooth, wet surface of a very large shell. "Hnn hnn! I knew it. Stupid Easter bunny. K-knew I s-should have asked w-w-where the eggs were coming fro...haaaaah!"

Her pelvic muscles gave another hard push, shocking the vixen into a miniature orgasm that had her flexing with it. The egg continued slinking out of her, stretching her lips to their furthest point and pinching her tender clit up against its hood. It was all Runey could do to hold onto the counter with one arm. Rainbow dots decorated her vision with both insides and passage spasming for different reasons. Slowly the heavy ovid inched into her hand bit by bit.

"Meep!" she squeaked from the sudden release. The egg nearly slipped right out of her palm as it shot the rest of the way out of her stretched pussy. Juices that'd been backed up came spluttering out right behind it, making an obvious stain through her underwear and pants.

"Holy chicken nuggets!" she gasped between pants. Runey's mind swirled in a cocktail state of labor exhaustion and afterglow as she held up the giant egg for examination. The damn thing was as large as a mango and, not surprisingly, already decorated in colorful patterns of blue and yellow stripes, with green stars for good measure. Her muzzle couldn't help curling slightly in a smile. Passing something this insane certainly wasn't the worst possible experience now that she had a moment to think about it. Although it was a little weird the shell seemed grainier than like a chicken egg and it was damn heavy for its size. "I still better get that twenty-grand for this."

A toilet flushed, sending the vixens ears and tail straight up. The stall door creaked opened and that same crow woman strolled on out. Their eyes didn't even meet Runey's once while stooping over the sink right next to the vixen, taking care to lather and rinse the down on her hands.

"Oh?" It was only when she turned to leave that the crow was literally forced to glance at the vixen with their pants halfway down. Runey's heart began hammering again with the seconds of silence stretching out between their confused, wide-eyed stares. But then the avian's gaze drifted to the large colorful ovid still being held up.

Their beak clicked a few times before spreading into a big smile. "Thank you so much! These are great fresh!"

Before Runey could comprehend anything that was happening, the crow had already snatched the egg away with both hands. A loud crunch echoed around the bathroom walls as her long beak pierced through its shell with a big bite. She pulled back with an elated moan, chewing ravenously and creating several softer crunches. That was when Runey took note of the long strands of brown muddy stuff dripping off her beak.

Chocolate?

The crow took another bite, this time digging her tongue inside the gaping opening she'd created in the egg. Sure enough, not only was the huge thing filled with melted chocolate, but the casing itself was made out of hard candy. Runey's mouth hung open trying to grasp the fact she'd just laid a candy egg.

"Great stuff," the crow said, snapping Runey out of her trance. She hoisted the partially eaten egg at the vixen like a wine glass toast, some of the molten treat leaking out onto the floor. "Happy Easter!"

"Uh, you too?" Runey gave a halfhearted wave watching the bird leave, still taking bites out of her 'gift' as she walked. So, somehow, this was not only going to be treated as normal, it was also going to be welcomed? That was the only take away she could get out of that little exchange. "I will never doubt the power of holiday magic again."

Pulling up her pants, the fox darted out of the bathroom, face blushing peach over what she'd done regardless. The morning was still young. Runey sure didn't want to spend her whole day laying candy for strangers in a subway. At least the bagginess of her hoodie helped mostly obscure the stain in her pants crotch, along with the more pronounced aspects of her transformation. Her chest still lifted everything in a noticeable bump, but no one cared much for just another fox walking their way two blocks to the general store.

"Hooongh! Oh. Gods damn it! Another one!?"

She'd almost gotten away with her errand when the cramps started up again halfway to the register. The headphones and movies she'd come to purchase slipped from her hands, grasping both knees for support as her hips dipped into a squat on impulse. Another egg could be felt filling up her womb and Runey had a feeling it'd get pushed out just as fast in a few moments.

Yet no one so much as glanced over at the vixen laboring in the middle of the store. Her fluffy tail rose stiff in the air, breath picking up its rhythm trying to ride through the muscle cramps. They were feeling a lot better this time around, almost stimulating to her nerves enough to start getting damp.

Runey had to mentally chastise herself for almost getting drunk on the unexpected pleasure, even though she had little other options. Looking around saw no signs of a bathroom, or anything that might provide the slightest bit of privacy. Even if there had been, the next egg was already pushing through her cervix, virtually locking her into place.

"Next time I get a job offer, I'm demanding payment in advance," Runey mused while she struggled to pull her pants down with legs spread apart.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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