

“This was a good idea.. the air is so clean in Spring. All these roadside shrines need the attention anyway, a good cleaning and some decoration make sure people are paying proper respects when they pass by. I'm glad you talked me into this Lotus.”

It looked like quite the casual family procession with the father at the head of it doing the speaking, at least in terms of mood. When it came to the specifics that image faltered considerably. Goldentail was indeed the family patriarch, for the most part. The straw-haired kitsune boy cut an impressive enough visage by himself, but following along behind him things grew *stranger*. His wife had all the contours and curves a fox too, she was just *shiny*. Mute, also – on account of being an inflated thing that lightly bobbed behind Goldentail, only able to squeak by rubbing at herself and pawing gently at her husband's shoulder.

“Hrm? Yes, I know – the girls are fine though. Yes there they are, waddling along. Adorable, and they aren't *that far* behind us so-”

Goldentail turned to look at how far back his daughters, more inflatable fox creatures akin to his wife, were before he talked himself into a ditch only to find that his wife's actual intent was to alert him to the spirits manifesting around the last shrine. Little wisps of ghostfire, which *immediately* fired themselves at his crotch. Fox boy managed and 'ohgod' before they started him swelling. In the first few instants his kimono was coming undone as his nuts and cock bloated catastrophically, siphoning all the magic and energy of who knows how many seasons and offerings, leaving him with a swiftly crippling case of fertility to deal with. One that left the fox boy gasping and stumbling – and left his wife with the brilliant idea to help of bending herself over and backing toward his now-exposed dick.

It was a palpable relief for Goldentail, his inflatable wife always seemed to know what needed to be done when this nonsense *always happened* around him. Already he was wrestling with his nuts spreading his legs apart and quickly moving toward resting on the ground, dick throbbing and just *seething* with magic inside. Too much of it to leave him any focus to spare for such simple things as 'walking' let alone attempting to counter the possession. This had to be fixed other ways, like Lotus easing her sleek and cavernous cunt onto him and starting to grind away at that unnatural erection of his.

“G-good! Yes. That.. *oh dear*. That's.. helping. Right, I need to *breathe* properly. It.. this is.. it's almost an exorcism, isn't it? H-hah.. You are *amazing~*”

Lotus, who knew full well she was amazing, squeaked her thighs together. That was all it took to set off the first eruption from Goldentail. A deluge of spunk hitting the inside of Lotus' belly and playing it like a drum. Mute as she was, the vixen didn't really *have* to say anything. Just the way the cum hammered on her and the way she creaked and writhed on him sounded enough like a moan for it to do the same job.

At first it was just a swell rooted in the sheer amount of fluids entering Lotus' body, but the inflatable vixen was always uniquely fertile in her own *bizarre* fashion. Goldentail's possessed junk did its job quickly, filling her body and leaving her sluggish and bottom heavy as she rubbed at herself and the fel magics in all that jizz began their work.

It wasn't like it ever too much to get Lotus pregnant, but the speed at which his wife started to swell did alarm Goldentail a bit, as did the utterly relentless overproduction he was suffering. By the time he had gotten in enough grunting and thrusting to regain some clarity about anything other than how good the fuck was Goldentail realized the problem he and Lotus had just screwed themselves into – his cock was still debilitatingly large and cripplingly needy, but she was now bulged and inflated all through her legs and up to her waist – and her belly was stretching past even that.

The inside of Lotus was foggy, humid and spattered in cum. It was also getting crowded, quickly. It wasn't something one could see clearly from the outside but, as Goldentail watched her twitch and bloat, he could tell what was going on just the same. The cacophony of squeaking that built up inside her was from the other bodies, the young she was already cultivating in her womb, it sounded like half a dozen *so far*. All of them writhing about, grinding on one another, leaving Lotus squirming and bouncing gently as she tilted forward. Within a few moments of all that growth she was beached on her own gravid belly and Goldentail was just as stuck..

“Oh dear. Love, we may have.. this might.. a bit.. too much? For both of us~”

As he felt everything between his legs clench up and pour into his wife again Goldentail reached out, finding Lotus waiting to take his hand. Beneath him his nuts were still growing, leaving him resting atop the massive orbs while his wife was stuck beached on the pillar growing from his crotch. Lotus was starting to bounce gently up and down, using the grip she had on Goldentail's hand to buck weakly into him and fill herself even more.

Exorcisms had to be done right the first time after all.

Goldentail was caught off guard by having *yet another* orgasm rock his body. It left him twitching, panting and quivering, grabbing hard at his wife's ass with one hand and holding her thick pawb with the other. He was just adding buckets to the public bath of spunk inside her at this point but the fox boy knew he wasn't going to be able to move and help until he was empty.. and he was *barely* getting any smaller.

“You're.. okay right? I think we may be here *a while*. Perhaps some of the girls might need to help. I.. *goodness* this place is saturated with far too much magic!”

All through that Lotus just *undulated*. Slowly, with purpose, growing a new small army of young. More inflated little fox creatures to spread through their network of shrines and the spirit world to keep things cared for properly fox-kind. Lotus was starting to get downright ridiculous in size now, like a shiny swollen *hill* that was being fucked by a cock that looked like it would be right at home on an elephant but had somehow ended up attached to a fox boy.

If it were any normal woman they'd have been ruined, if not burst, by this so far – but Lotus? Lotus was the perfect wife for Goldentail – she could take this. Even if it was on the big side, even for her. Her next few squeaks were reassuring things meant to make her husband relax.. and get him cumming again.

This was going to leave her beached and birthing for *weeks* at this rate, and she was eager to get to it.

The daughters did come – Lotus had *so many* of them and the couple other consorts Goldentail kept tended to be *fertile* as well. That, or it was all the fox boy's spunk doing the work. This daughter had *hundreds* of siblings at a minimum, but it didn't mean they were all the same. This one liked to think she was a bit smarter than her sisters and that was one reason why she'd brought a small pack of her siblings to check on her parents – and had found her dad beached on his own balls in the middle of a leyline nexus with her mom beached on a particularly intense new brood of her sisters-to-be.

Which was business as usual, really. The daughter had been busy setting up wards and coordinating her sisters to do the same, siphoning off as much of the magic as they could *safely* and letting it seep back into the world like it was supposed to. At least the volume of it that wasn't already in her father's nuts or her mother's womb.

That was the issue right now, coordination. Her sisters were, as far as she could tell, doing their jobs helping solve this little cluster-fuck. All but one who she couldn't seem to find and had just finished doing the job of – which *should* have completed the warding but she could still feel a leak of power heading.. west?

It didn't take long to figure out where her sibling had gotten to – they were pretty obvious. A whole three feet past the warding, the scent of wisps and magic all over them, and looking a lot like their father. Granted, her dad's dick wasn't a shiny spire of inflatable, but it was *about* that size. She couldn't *actually* sigh in exasperation but she went through the motions just the same. Fixing this was simple enough, at least. The little inflatable fox daughter ambled her springy, squishy body over to where her sister had gotten herself stuck and started to work herself over the tip of that massive cock to get it up inside her body.

She barely even *touched* it before her sibling was spraying ropes of cum across her body. That made it take a bit more effort to get herself on, their bodies were *very* light after all, but this was important. A little wriggling, a little bracing, and then came the payoff. A shot of jizz straight into the hollow of her body, bouncing off the inside of her head and pooling.

Just how much this problem had gone underestimated was something the little thing didn't quite grasp until she'd managed to get her stretchy cunt good and snug on her sister's monstrous cock. Her insides were played like a snare drum and it only took *seconds* to end up full, after which the pressure began in earnest. She felt the cum back up to where it was behind her *eyes* first, and then realized how much of a mistake this was when she couldn't pull off that cock inside her. At least not in the first three tries, but maybe the fourth would work?

At least, it would work if she could just get her thighs to stop pressing each other apart and could pull away with *something*. If her arms weren't getting thick and cone shaped, leaving her flailing her limbs uselessly at her sides while her body started to creak and stretch into a sloshy, bloated orb shape. The more she struggled the worse it got, sending her dick-swollen sibling over the edge into a quivering *cannon barrage* of arcane sperm that was starting to take root in the daughter's being. Given that she, like her siblings and her mother, was *mostly* a magical thing herself it was just a little too easy for it to find a home in her being.

What did finally feel like a moment of progress was just losing her balance, tilting forward and ending up resting at an angle while her tits and her belly throbbed and creaked, reaching out

until they were touching the ground and making it thoroughly impossible for her to move herself. Already her limbs barely extended from her body *at all* and between her core and her breasts she was starting to resemble a very curvy tripod. One that was still getting bigger.. her sister somehow still hadn't run out of 'steam' in this little mess.

It had seemed like such a simple idea – just get nudded in until her sister shrank down and they both walked back into the wards bloated but mobile. Now *neither* of them were getting smaller and she was reduced to squeaking in worry while her limbs wiggled. Not much, the efforts were feeble at best, but she tried.. and just *swelled* for the trouble. Sloshed, too. Especially when *something* gave her a good hard yank in the direction of the warding zone. Her *and* her sister.

Even managing to turn her head was an ordeal. The little inflatable fox daughter fought with the dimpled ring where she used to have a neck and tried to see what was going on, only to spot *another* of her siblings. The third one was displaying a sizable amount of brilliance by staying back inside the wards and using a simple bit of kinetic magic to pull her and the dick-laden sibling of theirs toward the wards. It wasn't *fast* but it worked, she was jerked a few inches over with her cum balloon body jostling and swishing inside and the big dicked beast behind her frantically trying to hump harder amid all the stimulation.

A breath or two later it happened again. Another six inches or so of being dragged through the dust and the grass toward the wards, with the sheer volume of the overflow getting a *little* more manageable as a result. At least enough so that she didn't feel like her sister was going to *actually burst her* any time soon. They weren't getting any smaller of course, but as their sibling's rescue ran its course things at least equalized a bit. Leveled off.

Granted, that 'level' they stopped at was with the fox daughter as a bloated sphere of highly pressurized cum mounted on the end of a cripplingly over-endowed fuck toy of a sibling of hers. They looked like a questionable modern art piece more than anything properly alive. Lucky for them their sisters knew what they were and what was going on – and how serious things were. At least, presumably. The one down there that had just rescued them sure did, based on how she was shaking her head and wildly gesticulating at the bloated and beached pair before her.

It wasn't exactly a proper language, they just squeaked and gestured at each other, but the daughters of Goldentail mostly understood one another. There was the fist shake for 'what the FUCK were you thinking?!' and the face palm with squeaky drag of 'look at this shit I have to fix

now' as well, but the worst one was usually the slow collapse backward of 'I am just too done with this to deal with your nincompoopery' and sure enough her rescuer was teetering backward like a falling tree.

The daughter felt *a little* guilty about that, but it wasn't like she could help it. Not while she was bloated to uselessness and nearly spherical. It would have to wait until she was smaller. Though, as she struggled to keep watch, she noticed her sister wasn't done. There was a bit more gesticulating, some of it kind of new, but the gist was simple enough.

'I hope you two idiots are comfortable. You -do- realize this much magic is probably going to make that permanent, right? The shit I put up with for mom and dad, I swear.'

Back behind her, her dick-laden sibling came one more time.