

# The Big Deposit

by Amethystine





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Authorship

*PULSAR*



# WARNING / DISCLAIMER

This story contains subjects of an especially strange and sexual nature. Do not read if you are under-aged or made uncomfortable by fetish material. Be prepared for hyper, hyper growth, multi, extreme multi growth and transformations, hyper-excessive amounts of cum, full-body anal-insertions (anal vore), a few minor instances of hyper farting, increasingly strange and disordered anatomy, parts in odd places and slightly corruptive cum. (So, all-in-all, the usual weirdness written by Amethystine!) The author takes no responsibility for any offence or unease caused by the material found within.

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# 1.

**P**ulsar was late for his appointment. Like, really late. Still-stuck-in-traffic, not-really-all-that-close-to-being-there, meaning maybe it would be a full half an hour after he was supposed to arrive. The kind of late where you feel embarrassed and guilty for making someone wait on you, even if you know the place of business you're going to is going to be open all day and the people who'll serve you are all being paid regardless. They'll be there all day and into the evening, depending on shifts and work-loads.

And this was a re-scheduled appointment too, in Pulsar's case. He fretted, fidgeting in the driver's seat of his tiny subcompact car. Bright red, not unlike his own plumage. And black wheels, of course, he liked to point out. Like his own

contact with the ground—his feet and lower legs. His cute commentary about his precious car were far from his mind in that moment, though, thinking about the appointment he was hurriedly driving to. Desperately, he wanted to go faster than was strictly legal.

He couldn't possibly risk any run-ins with any cops, though, not with the sort of deposit he had to make at his bank. Any delay, any check of his car could be disastrous.

It might also be kind of fun, and would draw a lot of attention. But in all honesty, any encounter with the handsome cardinal had an 85% percent chance of being a lot of fun, in one way or another. But that was typical fun, the kind that no one batted an eye at. Today, things could get out of hand.

A red-feathered hand was digging into black booty shorts, the pressured, panting Pulsar making soft noises of pleasure amid slight bird-song whistles. He needed to get his phone out—but first!

The hand went into the shorts with 5 fingers and came out with six. That's right, six fingers and two thumbs, and it wasn't holding a phone. It had grabbed his brand-new second erection to hold it off to one side of the steering wheel. It had been making a massive tent in his skimpy shorts and the super-stretchy spandex boxer briefs beneath, but it had become too much. It was in danger of blocking his view of the road. The first massive boner was already out, and held to the left, in Pulsar's left hand. (His other left hand was on the steering wheel.) The bird's second right hand was already shoving into the pocket of the shorts, before they ripped

apart due to his blossoming ballsac. The flimsy things! He paid good money for them, too. Good money to ensure they *were* flimsy. Tear-away clothing, like the white tank-top he had on with huge armholes for his arms—however many he would end up with. That’s what he always wore to the bank on a day like this.

Then again, the day was meant to be Wednesday. It was Friday. He had needed to postpone and he was kicking himself in the butt for that now. He probably could, too, given the third leg slithering down next to his two flip-flop clad feet, in the footwell. Those flip-flops were struggling with the thickness of the cardinal’s original black-skinned feet, expanding to support the surge of toe-growth. At least one extra of each size toe had sprouted, already.

Dialing the phone should have been easier with the amount of extra fingers Pulsar now possessed, on each of his five hands. Two on the wheel, two on his cocks held to either side, one for the phone. Too bad that new central cock had flopped out of his crotch, almost as if it had always been there just waiting for the two others to be splayed outward in the throbbing V. He was holding himself back as much as he could, keeping himself from leaking or cumming as he normally might. There was such pressure, it had to come out somehow. So instead of and fluid leaking, his flesh itself was pushing out, in this needy way. He was going to have to go to Plan C soon.

Pulsar made a soft sound of pleasure and grunted restraint as the new shaft-head inched out, extending, erecting inch by inch, with his heartbeat, stretching toward

the steering wheel. He hoped it wouldn't make him honk at anyone by accident. That would just be rude, kind of embarrassing. As the phone rang he tried not to grind his glans on the warm moulded plastic, leaning the phone harder into the smooth, feathery side of his head, listening intently.

A huffy sigh came from the pent up bird as he heard the ringtone cut off and re-start, indicating a switch.

Stopping at a red light, he looked down at his triple-branching crotchmeat, then at his center console, swallowing deeply.

Plan C, for sure. No problem. Just might be harder to focus. Just might have trouble slowing down, in more ways than one.



At Pulsar's destination, the staff member who was the bird's main point of contact was, regrettably, on the phone already. Pulsar's call didn't reach him. The sleek dolphin named Alex was on the phone with his superior.

"Yes sir, he should be on his way now. Yes sir, I'm sure we can see to his needs adequately this time. Yes sir, I'm well aware of his value as a client, a spokesperson, and a depositor. No sir, I don't think *that* will be needed. He's told me he's been following our recommendations, so—mmhmm? Thank you for the support, but I should really be getting read—Yes sir I've told my team all of the—alright, mmhmm?"

Nearby in the semi-dark room, a member of that team was monitoring the control board. The room had a large wall

panel of blinking lights that seemed akin to a subway system, all curving lines and diodes upon nexus nodes. A subway, or a power station—or a nuclear plant. There was soft chatter here and there about pressure levels and the shifting of power to different stations. But all was calm, business as usual. The dimness of the room was to better see the lights on what looked like a large map.

A phone rang and the human woman subordinate answered it, knowing from the ringtone it was an outside call. Hmm! Not many people had this number. “HSB control room, how may I—?”

There was a breathy moan, though it quickly stifled itself, and the caller spoke, “Ah-ah-Alex? Is Alex there? Sorry, I jus-sss-ssst—!”

The woman could clearly discern the sound of a man cumming. She had heard it often enough, just answering phones here—although that usually meant something wasn’t going quite according to plan. Not at all shocked, she smiled and asked, “Is this Mr. Pulsar? Don’t worry your cute little head, honey, he’s right here, but he’s on a call. Can I tell him something for you?”

“Jus-mmmph-just tell him I’m nearly there and: ‘Plan C’, plus—” there was a soft trilling bird-coo and the sound of splashing. “Uh oh, gotta go!” The call ended.

Coincidentally, Alex’s call was ending too. Both workers put their phones down at the same time. Alex’s cell and the woman hanging up the landline receiver. Their eyes met. The marine mammal could tell his co-worker had something to tell him. “Yes, Beth?”



“I don’t know what this means, but that was your golden boy—er, I don’t mean Mr. Dream. I mean, Mr. Pulsar. Anyway, he said to tell you he’s coming and: ‘Plan C’? Sounded like there was going to be more, but he had to hang up. If he’s driving, he must not have wanted to talk and drive too much, calling at a red light or something.”

Alex’s eyebrows lifted a tiny bit. “Oh! Heh, oh that naughty birdy. Wait, did he say he was ‘cumming’ or on his way?”

“Oops! Right, poor word choice. He’s on his way; nearly here.”

“Ah, good! But, hmm, Plan C. He’ll be coming and cumming, to boot. Oh well, that’s why we had it installed. Huh, okay. Should be a good test, actually.” He was mostly talking to himself, at that point.

The dolphin pointed at his two main operators, a spider and a tick, who had looked over, upon hearing Beth and Alex talking about the well-known client. The many-armed pair were poised, at the ready. Good, attentive pair, them. “Warm up the system in Room Zero,” Alex was already on the move toward the exit of the control room as he spoke, and breezed out into a well-lit hallway. The corridor looked like that of a hospital, all white. The level of polish and the way the place gleamed made it seem all the more swanky.

Alex poked his head into a break room. He was looking for help, tossing out the phrase: “The cardinal cometh,” with a tongue-in-cheek delivery.

Normally, he could handle this arrival alone, but just in case, he wanted to have a hand or two. Most of the time,

Pulsar could stroll through the front door, no problem. Though maybe with a boner or two wobbling around in front of him. Sure, sometimes he would need to press a too-tall erection down to fit in through said door, but by and large, he didn't need anything special until later. But, Alex would never forget that *one* time, when he arrived in a state where a whole team needed to peel him out of his car, which was itself flooded with fluids. This wouldn't be that, though, he was sure.

No matter what came of this visit, it would just be business as usual. The dolphin in his blue scrubs and the trio of volunteers likewise dressed, trailed along behind him, still chatting amongst themselves, confident they could handle the one little birdy.

# 2.

In Pulsar's car, there was a heavy droning that drowned out the sound of the engine and of the road. For the most part, Pulsar had calmed, and only let out the occasional pleased bird-trill.

Pulsar was trying to keep all four of his eyes on the road, but it was tempting to look down to see the read-out on the custom display in his centre console.

He drummed a whole percussion section's worth of fingers on the steering wheel and the door next to him and one of his thighs, while also tapping an uneven rhythm on the floor with his idle feet. Just trying to distract himself, burn off excess energy.

The phone rang, which he had given up on trying to

dial with his jumbled phalanx of fingers. He had memorized the noise of the automated message that came on, advising people who ‘may be experiencing a growth potion over-dose.’ A careful press, with a single thumb on a hand that had three, put the phone into speaker mode as the bird answered the call.

“Pulsar! It’s Alex.” The dolphin’s voice half-yelled without waiting for any replies, clearly the bank staffer knew there would be a lot of ambient noise to overcome.

The noise was from a suction-unit mounted in the trunk, feeding into four cups, not unlike a milking machine. One cup was idle, but the other three were latched onto Pulsar’s trio of shafts. The voluminous pulses of ‘pre’ (which were actually runny cum, they just qualified as pre, for Pulsar) were being siphoned away like magic, keeping the cardinal from flooding his car again.

The Bank had been very kind to provide such a convenient system for the hyper bird, after the handful of times he had pulled up with his car leaking from every seam, cum ready to spill out of the windows if they were rolled down far enough, his head just above the level of creamy liquid sloshing around inside, making the car hard to control. Of course, the Bank had their own reasons for supplying such a thing to the cardinal. Still, with the methods and routines they had worked out with him, such arrivals were mostly a thing of the past.

The bank staffer on the phone hadn’t paused, was still talking: “I heard you had to go to Plan C. Don’t worry about it! Just keep calm, remember the breathing exercises I taught

you—and pull around to the side entrance, of course. I’ll be waiting there to meet you. I know it’s very hard—heh, difficult—but just focus on keeping yourself as contained as possible.”

“Okay, see you in a minute! Bye!” the avian called out, over the sound of the vacuum.

In the same moment that Pulsar tapped his phone to end the call, the droning noise cut out.

“Uh oh..”



Alex watched as the little red subcompact crawled up, heavily laden in the back. A loud scraping noise came with it and sparks flew from some of the bodywork around the back. The rear shocks were fully depressed, given the weight held inside the trunk.

Moreover, there were dozens of thick dripping streams of fluid that trickled out of the undercarriage. There had been a slight trail of cum left on the street, which thickened after the little thing had slowed to pull off the road, slowing more to pull up to the side of the HSB facility.

It was the Hyper Sperm Bank. Or just *The Bank*, as it was colloquially known to its hyper clientele.

As soon as the car came to a full stop, Alex leaned down to see as best he could into the windows. There were a number of hands pressed to the glass on the driver-side window, each with quite a lot more than the standard amount of digits one normally saw. And that actually was,

indeed, a trio of feet resting up on the dash, the ball of each foot and all of the numerous toes pressed to the glass. Clearly, the footwell had been cramped. Don't want to crowd the pedals, after all. This situation seemed slightly more *needy* than Alex had thought.

One of the trio of volunteers, a young frog, had hurried to the other side of the car just in case anything was needed there. Nothing jumped out as particularly pressing, save for the fat cockhead pressing up against the glass of the passenger-side front window. It was as big as the frog's own head, and thick globs of cum pumped out, steadily, fist-sized beads, over and over. The frog was honestly a little underwhelmed, given his line of work—even with his relative inexperience. He had heard tall tales about the legendary bird in this tiny car.

He went to join the other two at the back as they opened the trunk. Opening it revealed silvery tech that was nestled in deep black foam. The custom addition left almost no additional trunk space. Four gleaming cylinders were pulled out from the deep holes they were fitted into. The frog gaped at them as a rather beefy hare and kangaroo hefted them out, one at a time. The car's back end stopped sagging in four steps, one removal at a time. The frog examined the central pumping unit that was attached to the four silvery cylinders.

“Aren't those compression tubes? Doesn't that mean there's like... a car's worth of cum in those?”

“Sure is!”

Meanwhile, Alex had knocked on the driver window, and Pulsar was rolling it down. The potent bird musk, the scent

of cum, and another particular smell that the hyper bird produced when experiencing a day like this, all smacked the dolphin in the face as soon as even a slight crack appeared between glass and doorframe. There had been a bit of a build-up, so there was excess pressure making the air jet outward for a moment, instead of it just wafting lazily out. Alex cleared his throat and adjusted his pants, ignoring how his body responded to the cocktail of olfactory input.

“Hey Alex,” the cardinal said, as the dolphin cleared his throat. “I’m sorry, I think I went a bit hard on Plan C. Might have overloaded it, and now—” he glanced down, and Alex did too, spotting the inches-deep pool of cum that was accumulating on the floor of the car. “I kinda thought this would happen, that’s why I said ‘Plan C-plus’ to the lady on the phone.”

“C-plus? She didn’t—” Alex paused and recalled Beth’s exact words, realizing there had perhaps been a miscommunication. Maybe he should have brought more staff.

Into the silence, Pulsar interjected: “But, but! Using the suckers really helped. There’s less pressure—and I have fewer cocks. Well, for now. You know me, more on the way, I think!” he said with a soft titter, clearly feeling nervous and self-conscious about what had happened. “It’s just, I couldn’t stop on a dime, when the tanks filled up and then there was some overflow—” he nodded down at the sloshing pool on the floor, lifting one of his very wide many-multi-toed feet out of the muck, “—before I could slow myself down. I didn’t see how fast I filled them.”

“Hey, it’s okay, you did fine. You’re here now; we’ll take care of you.” The dolphin’s bedside manner was reassuring. But unlike some of the clients at The Bank, he also knew Pulsar personally. Enough to know he could tease a little too. “Too busy to jack off properly, hmm? And with a missed appointment, even!”

The bird blushed, “I knoooooww,” he whined. “I’m just so preoccupied these days, with my commissions and that comic! *I really* do jack off all the time and fill my pumper at home. Or you know, some willing friends’ mouths or butts...” There was a little extra flush in his cheeks as he admitted topping and filling a number of people. The stretchier, the better. His shaft pulsed more strongly than it had been, and disgorged a much larger glob of cum against the window across the way, with that kind of thought running through the fuckbird’s head. “But, it’s just not, you know, the kind of session we talked about. I just do enough to keep from *unfurling*. So, I’m a just tiny, little bit pent up today, that’s all.” Alongside the slight understatement, he made a wavy-handed gesture with a number of hands, while two remained on the wheel and others stayed in his lap. The gesture both gave the impression of something expanding and indicated the state of himself.

“Tsk tsk, silly birdy, you need to be occupied with your pre, not preoccupied. Anyway, back the car up, now that I know what you’ve got in there, we’re gonna put down the mat. I assume you can hold yourself a bit longer. Okay?”

“Mmph, yeah, I think.”

As Pulsar pulled back about twenty feet, his cock



throbbled and drooled more against the window. His body rippled, wanting to relieve pressure, somehow, any way it could. Alex, the frog, the hare and the roo all hopped to it and spread out what looked like a latex tarp of sorts, and attached the four corners to wires that extended down from the overhang that existed above the special side entrance, while Pulsar fought against the urge to rub his shaft, as it pulsed its way up the side of the window, into the corner of car ceiling, across from where he sat.

The want to stroke it was intense. His flesh ached for stimulation, even though he had been cumming slowly for the past five minutes. The pressure had been mounting since he had hit the brakes on himself, holding back once the trunk pumper had filled up. Likewise, he yearned to fondle the fat sac that had popped free from his long-ago-ripped shorts which now felt like it had six balls hanging heavily between his various red-feathery knees and black shins, against the front of the car seat. Oh no, there came another one, now. Well, better to have more balls than big leaky boners, at the moment. That's why he had as many arms as he did. Eight, he thought. All he wanted to do was keep his crotch contained. He didn't mind more limbs. More limbs didn't mean he was 'wasting product.'

He tried to remind himself that soon he would have all the stimulation he and his growth-addicted fuckbird body wanted, from custom-designed machines and trained professionals. Every one of his many parts, even any future potential ones, would be seen to. But thinking about that in an effort to hold himself off was just making him more randy

for it. Dang! He blushed a bit, wondering how much of a slut this made him.

The trio of workers was waving him forward. He quickly pulled onto the massive sheet. As soon as he did, the edges were lifted by the mechanism in the overhang above, thereby forming a makeshift pool. Already Alex was opening the bird's door for him. A viscous little wave of cum spilled out of the lowest reaches of the car, onto the sheet, where it could be collected by a special cleaning team that was just arriving to handle the car interior and any spillage.

One, then another, then three more rather wide, black-skinned feet splashed down in the spreading puddle of seed as Pulsar unfolded himself a bit from inside the car. One of those legs only showed up as the door opened. It just popped out when there was suddenly more room. The progression of hands reaching out to grasp the edge of the door or the doorframe just next to the driver's seat was a bit like a clown car act at a circus. It was certainly more than the frog expected and he stared in surprise. The hare had worked with Pulsar for several years by this point though. He yawned and checked his watch. It was about this time that Alex used his walkie-talkie to inform Team B to join Team A at Room Zero. More hands on deck. Just in case.

As the many-limbed bird lifted and shifted toward getting free, his hips seemed to expand, his glutes growing, finally free to unfurl. Turning half-way in and half-way out of the tiny car, the growing Pulsar was essentially mooning the staffers with his dual buttholes, one on top of the other, between his cheeks.

After the rapid slap-slap-slap-slap of all of Pulsar's right-side feet parading out onto the sheet-and-cum-coated ground, the 5'9" bird straightened up to a more comfortable seven-and-change. His form literally stretched as he flexed his arms. A soft 'oops!' came from him when he realized he had stretched himself so much, his upper torso became a double-stack of chests: two sets of pectorals. His tank top had come apart with how his clusters of arms migrated apart from one another, as well. Oh well, the four sets of arms had become five, and it was so cramped, having them all come from the same set of shoulders. Now three sets had lifted up to the top chest, and three remained below. Oh, hmm, one set was new, then. Still, only 12 arms on two chests wasn't *that* bad, for him.

The relief of arriving at the bank was making him and his form all the more primed to let go. It was like really needing to use the bathroom for a while and waiting to get to one you know. Then when you've almost reached it, it becomes all the harder to contain yourself as part of you knows it's just about time to unleash what's inside.

The lower set of Pulsar's pectorals were crowning with the first sign of dark nipples that Alex recognized as having the distinct possibility of extending outward into something decidedly more phallic. "Let's get you inside, hmm, buddy?" the dolphin urged.

"Mm, yeah, just gotta..." Pulsar mumbled, stepping backward carefully, to thread his massive schlong out from the inside of the car. With his enlarged pelvis and added height, the boner had gained some girth. Back and back, he

stepped, and more and more of the black fleshy pole pulled out. The car was five feet wide inside, but when five feet of shaft was free, there was still about another two feet that came along. The effect was like that of the hat rack coming out of Mary Poppin's bottomless bag.

"Hmph, darn thing," Pulsar scolded himself a bit, blushing, not wanting to hold up the process. It was just—all the pressure, all the restraining himself from growing more cocks. It was all pumping into this one, and as the shaft gained room, it took it, repeatedly throb-growing to re-bump up against the passenger side door-arm-rest, smearing it with even more beading globs of cum. He couldn't help it, he was just getting so horny, being so near to go time. It was a choice between more flesh or more fluid, at this point.

"You sure you're not just showing off, mate?" the roo teased, wanting to give the bird a swat on the butt, but he resisted, to remain professional. Good thing, a slap to the ass might have caused more issues, more leakage, maybe even another dripping shaft popping out of the front, as a reciprocal reaction.

Stifling a huff, Pulsar just blushed harder as he swung his seven-foot monolith away from the car-door it was finally free of.

"Hmm, better use the loading cock—" the hare said, then stammered, "I—I mean dock! The loading dock!" He corrected himself while eyeing Pulsar. The musk might have been getting to him, moreso than the sight of the fuckbird. That fuckbird musk, it did things.

The group left the cleaners to their job with the car and

the cum pooling onto the sheet. Off to one side, they had Pulsar push his glans down from its wavering height of about 10 feet in the air so the frog could extend the nozzle from the roo's backpack unit. A long hose extended out from the pack, and the leaking cum was captured by a new suction. Pulsar grunted softly at the pleasure of that snug, sucking dome capping his cock. Still, he held himself back. He didn't want to fill the backpack in mere moments, the way he had the first time the staff had used one on him.

Of course, any leaking in the halls by any hyper client was easily captured by a floor-vacuum unit. It was just a secondary method of retrieval—not 'straight from the tap'—and so it led to a second-tier product. But much like the milking unit installed in Pulsar's car that fed directly to the cylinders in the trunk, what was sucked into the unit on the roo's back would be grade-A.

Pulsar paused at the threshold. His desire to be a good bird and go get his treatment was conflicting with him not wanting to inconvenience the whole ward he'd be walking through as soon as he got inside.

"Just a moment, guys," he waved, with various hands and pointing or waving fingers, motioning Alex and the others to stand in front of him, inside the building.

With a bit of grunting and flexing, there came a deep rumbling and gurgling through Pulsar's gut. He bent his knees just a bit, pushing his butt backward, two hands clasping his cheeks and spreading them apart to expose a triple-stack of buttoles.

There was the briefest pause in the steadily increasing

flow of cum pumping out of him and into the securely sucking nozzle, as Pulsar unleashed a different pressure. In his report, ‘*a tremendous off-gassing event,*’ is how Alex would categorize the exceedingly lengthy fart venting almost visibly and entirely audibly out of the tripe-backside of the fuckbird, just outside of the loading bay door. The cum started coming thick and fast again as the hyper flatulence went on for a handful more seconds, amid a small wave of bliss.

It is well known, at least at the HSB, that hyper levels of bodily growth creates a surplus of ‘internal air’, alongside the ample additional anatomy. Hyper anatomy doesn’t just apply to the reproductive systems, in many cases.

With the relaxation and pleasure Pulsar felt washing over him as he was able to finally let all of that particular internal pressure go, he was letting his backside become a bit *too* relaxed. Those two hands spreading his cheeks slipped off of his rump. His fat, plush behind pulsed bigger, wider, before flowing organically outward, straight back. No longer was it simply an expanding ass, it was a full new formation of more bird-body. Half of his thighs trailed back with the new hindquarters, drawing the lower legs rearward, as Pulsar became an anthrotaur, a new horizontally oriented, humanoid chest-section existing between his original hips and his displaced extra large rump. Four legs in front and four in back.

“Oof! Oh boy—” Pulsar moaned as a fat cock flopped out of the new rear crotch, which nearly reached the ground and his front feet even while being stiffly diagonal. The new shaft

came with a fat three-ball-filled sac, though a fourth orb rolled and dropped into existence within the scrotum, after another moment.

Almost as soon as the first gush of cum sprayed out of the new shaft, the frog helper had snatched the nozzle from the hare's backpack unit and slapped it onto the new member.

"Just a little pent up today, hmm?" Alex asked teasingly, with a smirk at the edge of his bottlenose beak, as they got underway again. "Naughty slutbird."

"Maybe a little more than a little," Pulsar confessed, a few hands holding up thumbs and forefingers near together, to express the minuscule nature of his biological backlog. A number of hands were also bashfully rubbing the back of his head. All in all, he was thankful he could let a bit more out, into the other unit, with the recent expansion. "Easier walking this way too, y'know," he half-joked as they headed in through the garage-like loading zone, trying to come up with a reason his inability to reign himself in was a good thing.

# 3.

Nothing ever really prepares you for the smell of the Bank. There's just no containing that amount of cum-stink and male or intersex musk and female pheromones, produced by the whole a city's worth of hypers. The name was Hyper Sperm Bank, but that's only how it began, they collected milk and female fluids too, as well as pre and a few other materials that could be recycled into useful core ingredients.

Still, the scent of it can overcome people, leave them horny for days, with erections that would be worrying or need medical attention if this unique medical facility weren't already there to advise you on how to deal with it—or to milk it for you, themselves.



Pulsar was used to the scent. But being in that environment, hearing what was going on in the many rooms, seeing attractive mega-producers like himself as they arrived to or departed from their own appointments—perhaps even sensing the flow of so much cum, even if it's hidden within the walls, within the network of pipes—it did something to him. Of course, it may have all been in his head, but breathing in the melange of musk did seem to affect him. He tried to be good and not take in obviously heaping beak-fulls of it—or Alex might ask him to use the oxygen mask again. But still, he sniffed and trilled a little, happily, when it first hit him upon entering from the loading bay. To be frank, the rest of the world smelled a bit boring to him in comparison.

There was a dual line of dampness down Alex's blue-clad back, from the twin jets of cum that came from Pulsar's dicknipples. They had cropped up without anyone noticing, and shot thick wads of cream onto the dolphin's shoulderblades, a few minutes ago. The lead handler shook his head when he realized what happened, digging two mini pumpers out of his pockets, slapping them into Pulsar's hands.

Chagrined, the cardinal had self-applied the little sucking heads to the little pair of outward-jutting, throbbing penises. The miniature storage-tanks were slung around his chest like holster straps. The nipple-cocks had pulsed bigger and gained their own little ball-sacs that jostled with Pulsar's gait. Similarly, those chest-mounted shafts wobbled and shook, pumping out decent-sized shots of jizz as they walked all the way down the long corridor to Room Zero.

With a sigh of relief at being in his room, Pulsar's voice gained an echoey quality, given how big the space was. The 'echo' also came from two beaks, both letting out that sound of relaxation. There was the effect of being so near to the goal again. Crossing the threshold seemed to be when the second mouth flexed away from the first.

When Alex glanced back to him, Pulsar fully had two cute crested heads.

"Try to keep it together until you're all situated, hmm?" the dolphin lightly chastised the tall cardinal-taur, while they all walked across the 50-foot cubical room, toward the milking bay in the centre of it all.

Alongside twin blushes there came a muttered, nearly identical pair of "Oops!" as both heads noticed the other as if they were both the original, realizing they had sprouted a 'brother'.

He wondered how he could show his appreciation to the team at large for being such a big cum-gushing mess, as the last of his extended rear end stepped through the door to his special milking room. A short, chubby goat girl and her tall skinny horse companion walked in alongside the last two taur-sections of cardinal, both laden with backpack pumpers which were handling the gushing erections each of those newer pelvises possessed. They didn't need any special treatment from their patient, of course. It was part of the job. They didn't mind being recruited on the fly as the little Pulsar procession had paraded past and they had seen the additional augmentations slipping slowly into being, gushing out hall-spanning puddles of cream.

Everyone went down into the middle of Pulsar's milking room. The middle of the room was three steps below floor level, a lower shallow pit of sorts. Around the edges of the steps that led into the 25' × 25' pit, were an array of machines, octopus-like. Each large apparatus possessed many tentacles, which were, of course, extensive and extendable pump-hoses with thick dome-shaped nozzles of varying sizes at their ends. The only thing in the pit itself, before Pulsar's arrival, was a vast, squishy-looking grid. The thick grey grid had many black cables, mostly around the corner-zones, attaching it to the ceiling high above. The lowest portions of the cables were padded with the same grey pillowy material.

Knowing the routine, Pulsar stepped his way carefully into the grid, coming to stand with each of his many feet threaded through the grid onto the empty square spaces of the floor. He thought he was up to about 16 legs and feet by now, but maybe nearer to 20? And each with perhaps 22 toes. Give or take, of course! They grew so unevenly, he found.

The team around him was quickly peeling parts of the grid apart, directly under him. Each cell of the grid was connected by strong velcro and could be torn apart by a milking tech, or would naturally peel away, via growth-related pressure that might crop up.

Alex gave the order to hoist and the pillow-grid was lifted, supporting Pulsar's form easily, with plenty of room left. The spaces the team made allowed for cocks and ballsacs to hang below the grid, for easier access. As Pulsar was hoisted higher, he moaned and shivered, finally letting more length flow free, his six shafts throbbing out beyond where

his countless toes dangled in the air. Already, the team of techs stationed in the suite were swapping his assets away from the mobile units that the escort team had hefted with them, with the escorts' assistance.

The 'pit crew' were so efficient, so quick! Not unlike the team servicing a high performance race car. Pulsar was always pleased at the thought that he, and his body, were akin to a tightly-engineered machine such as that. In no time, all of his various bits—even the brand new ones just flopping out in that very moment—were attached to the various sucking, pumping milking machines within his special suite.

Finally!

Pulsar truly relaxed into the surprisingly comfortable supportive grid, leaning back a little as he watched Alex and a rhino swap the last nozzle on his twin frontal phalluses. At long last, he could just let *go*. The meager, restrained pumping into those limited mobile backpack units was such a tease, only able to collect a dammed trickling of the rivers within him. Now that he knew it was safe, true geysers blasted out, into each of the heavy-duty, pseudo-flesh-lined, sucking nozzles. Proper relief, proper pleasure, washing over him, at long last.

A brand new boner blossomed from between the frontal pair, a fountain of forming flesh flowing fast, already shooting a thick wad of cum right toward Alex. He calmly dodged the rope of jizz that jetted out and struck the wall,

20-odd feet away, and likewise he stepped out of the way of the massive new cardinal penis bobbing past his head. Just behind the dolphin, the elephantine member of the room-team handily caught the growing cock in another nozzle. The pachyderm had been ready for what the cardinal was packing.

However, the dolphin didn't manage to dodge everything. He was being doused by Pulsar's new nipplecocks that sprung up just as fast. A female viper member of the team passed Alex a handful of medium nozzles, up through the grid-holes. She already had to stand taller on her long coils, to reach up far enough. Alex applied the nozzles to those new chest-mounted manhoods, each application stemming the tide of cream hitting his own chest. But the dolphin wasn't concerned about the mess. This was what they paid him for, after all. The dolphin's shirt was soaked and his member tented his pants all the more than before, But he did his best to put all that out of his mind as he worked, while Pulsar's trio of faces and his ten eyes watched.

That triumvirate of cardinal-heads made soft noises of pleasure as the newly applied suction was felt upon his quartet of nipple-nethers. "S—"

Alex cut off Pulsar, "Don't say sorry." He smiled up at the bird with a streak of cum on his neck, leading into a stain of dampness on his blue scrubs. "I know you're being polite, but you never need to apologize, in here. This is where you can be yourself. The best producer we have, Big Red, the amazing fuckbird, my favourite patient!"

Pulsar fluttered a whole series of tail fans and cooed

from his four heads. The control room registered a marked increase in production, while those in the room itself heard the machines chugging a bit more loudly as a particularly heavy flood of fluids came to be. The room team scrambled to capture the new twin cocks that schlopped out of taur sections 2 and 3, not to mention the two brand new ones from the new taur section four.

“Aww Alex, you’re just saying that,” Pulsar waved a few hands dismissively, one of which was splitting into two. That arm had two forearms extending from one upper arm for a moment before it split into two, fully.

“No, I really mean it! You’re the most interesting thing that happens around here,” Alex said, slipping the extra nozzles he brought with him onto a cockfinger, and a forearm that had mutated into a shaft itself.

“Shucks, I’m sure you’ve got plenty of other really cool patients,” the central head said. The one to its left sighed and let its tongue loll out—and out, and out even more, showing a marked increase in length since he had sucked it back in. The hyper-lengthy and hyper-drooly tongue wrapped around the base and balls of a nipple cock somewhat below it, fondling the sac while squeezing the shaft.

“Eh, they’re all pretty much the same,” Alex said. “A single massive cock, or two or three.” The dolphin had ended up perched on a fourth monolithic cock shaft that had poured out of Pulsar’s original crotch. “It would be pretty repetitive without your weekly stops to liven things up. So thank you. But I better get down and go get cleaned up. I don’t mind being cum-stained for hours at a time, but I also

know you're not going anywhere for now."

"Haha, of course!" Pulsar laughed.

Alex half-crawled, half-climbed back to the edge of the grid. A multi-level scaffolding had been moved into place by the rest of the team, allowing even more technicians easier access around the growing bird on all sides and from above. Alex hoisted himself clear of the squishy netting and up onto the scaffolding.

By then, the grid had been lifted even higher as the many taur-section cock shafts pumped away below, supplied by an innumerable and growing number of balls in a jumbled jungle of fat black ballsacs. The bell ends of those growing cocks bobbed and bucked away near the pit area and all the milking machines.

Pulsar sighed happily and felt his backside ripple. Ooh, they were clamping on the massage-collars now. Mmm, yes, that was nice. Thick padded rippling things wrapped around meter-long sections of his numerous shafts, milking him all the more. He let out another taur-section, relaxing into the pleasure of all of his parts, and all the pumping, all the cum he could finally release. Arching his back, he grunted and sighed with relief as elegant and expansive wings pushed their way out of his upper and lower backs with a feathery flourish, a quartet of almost angelic additions.

# 4.

The milking machines around the sunken pit area were just pumps. They ferried the fast-flowing fluids from the phalluses into the network of pipes below Room Zero. The pipes connected together from all the rooms of the facility to storage tanks where it would be stored, separated or pre-processed before being shipped off by tanker truck or train. This was all coordinated in the control room. The technicians there were in charge of ensuring the systems were ready for all the cum from all the hyper clients at the bank—or on a day like today, all the cum from their prime provider. Within that darkened space, the spider and tick were working together to handle the cardinal load.

“Subject just surpassed his record of 1,437 gallons per



minute during stage one of treatment,” reported the spider. “More importantly, subject exceeding tank six—”

“Mmhmm, typical,” replied the bored tick.

“—and tank seven. *And eight.* Simultaneously!” finished the first arachnid, with a smirk in his voice.

“Oh. Well, opening pathways to tank 10 through 20 for you, then.”

“Yeah, someone was a bit more pent up than he told Alex, I guess.”

“Guess so.” Seemingly having had enough of the Pulsar talk, the tick added: “You think we’ll get out of here in time to get dinner at that new place you mentioned?”

The spider sighed and glanced at the clock with a few eyes. The others kept watch on levels that kept spiking and falling from yellow to red. The clock read 4:00pm. “Yeah, I don’t know. With these numbers he’s putting up now, and projected estimates... I don’t think we can make a 10pm kitchen close.”

“Dang. Guess I should have known, when I heard he had missed Wednesday. At least I’m not on shift tomorrow. Still, what a way to spend a Friday night.”

“Overtime pay, though?”

“Yeah, *‘Red always puts us in the black,’* as they say.”

“Sure does,” was the last word, as they settled in for the marathon that always ensued with a shift like this. Heavy work-loads, indeed. Or loads at work, anyway.

They both knew this is what they signed up for. It was all part of the job and it didn’t really bother them—not any more than any typical workplace to-and-fro.

Without mentioning it, the spider saw and responded to a blinking light on his panel. Someone in Room Zero was finally getting around to turning on the special units and he had to tap a button to let them finalize activation. He ensured that the secondary capture path was open and functioning. Tank X was ready.



In Pulsar's room, up on the net-grid, the viper had slithered out from the scaffolding onto the suspended squishy material. She had no issue moving around up there, unlike a legged worker, so she was ideal to help with the new machine being added to the mix. She was carrying a barrel-like thing with a long hollow prod sticking out of it, and heading toward the new rear situation Pulsar had developed.

The back of the bird had begun to branch, the newest and rear-most ass was a double-rump. Or rather, it had three thick rump-cheeks, with two cracks in between the triple-buns.

A nearby torso, a few taur-sections away from the end, twisted around, seeing the viper coming. "Oh nice!" this more recent Pulsar-portion exclaimed, upon seeing the barrel-like thing with the thick flexible tubing attached. Similar to how that torso had appeared minutes prior, another one seemed to unfold from within the flesh of the taur-train's spine, lifting and peeling upward out of it, to sit atop the very last ass, the one that the viper was approaching. In another moment, it was as if he had always

been there.

“Thanks, Hannah! That’ll certainly help,” Pulsar said. He knew the names of most of the team members milling around him. Well, mostly below him. The local legs of the multifarious cardinal happily swayed in place, below the pillow-netting, balls jostling, occasionally tensing and rising, as so much spunk was pumped down the meters-long poles, hanging so far below.

The pit-area where the grid originally laid was rather full of cum by that point. Only the lowest step, though. It was an overflow zone, for the new boners blooming from the fertile form of the fuckbird above. The first massive blasts from new nethers were never caught, and splashed down into the pit, before additional nozzles could be slapped onto the dark, deluge-disgorging, descending dickheads. It’s worth mentioning that the dedicated Room-Team all wore what looked to be hip-waders over their scrubs, as they trudged around in the boot-deep mire of manhood-muck. Cum-walking was good cardio, they all agreed.

Although, Hannah couldn’t wear such a thing; she wore only a scrub-shirt over her streamlined, rather flat-chested torso. But, she didn’t spend time in the pit anyway. She had mostly worked up on the grid, occasionally coordinating the placement of massage machines, or nozzles lowered from the ceiling, which she slipped onto those newer torsos’ nip-dicks, or the rare hand-or-finger-shaft or cum-spitting-tongue-cock. A bit more of those than normal, today. Someone was pent up! Oh well, nothing surprised the serpent anymore in this line of work.

With Hannah jockeying for position, Pulsar asked, “Need any help back there?”

“Sure, spread’em for me, darling,” Hannah said, tapping his left-hand butt. That rear-most Pulsar-torso obliged, twisting slightly to peel that side apart, while a few others in the nearby meters trilled at the feeling of being spread. He knew what was coming. This ass in particular had been chosen, as it happened to have a truly massive doughnut, perfect for harvesting what was destined for Tank X. As Pulsar spread himself, the sphincter winked and gaped open, strands of slickness stretching between both sides of the thick, puffy ring.

It was the butt-lube that this fuckbird produced on his own. This hole had been glazed with grease as soon as it had come into being, and had only moistened further as he saw the snake coming, with that collection tool. Hannah didn’t bat an eye. She guided the tree-trunk-thick nozzle right into that gaping asshole. It sank in easily. “Mmmph, that’s nice...” the ass-capping Pulsar torso said, with agreement coming from another one, a few taur-sections away.

Within him, a part of the custom medical tool inflated: a pseudo-knot, which would keep itself tight and prevent it from being sucked in or falling out as the bird-butt inevitably grew. The prod began pumping away, stimulating the already very stimulated cardinal, making him trill and coo. It upped his production a bit more, mostly in the cocks just below that rear-most section. The mouths in that zone all moaned and groaned, huffed and sighed, as they tensed and let go of that *other* pressure again. A rapid series of squelches, bubblings

and gurglings came from within the long cardinal form before the barrel-shaped prod-machine nearly popped out of him. The tube leading away from it flexed, seemingly coming to life. It was merely being pumped full of ass-gas. A truly voluminous fart was thundering out, much larger than that minor one he let off outside the loading bay. It was sucked up through the hollow dildo-like tip and pumped off down the pipe to tank X. Pulsar produced a good percentage of the country's supply of the most natural gas one would ever care to light a stove with, after all.

As that pressure was released, the other ass—the one not tapped—gradually popped out more sections of taur-body, curling its way around onto other areas of the grid. Fat shafts flopped down through the holes, unleashing their torrents of stickiness onto the pit below, and those working within it.

A trio of nimble insects with four limbs for climbing and two for working had been crawling around underneath the grid with some of those delightful massage-wands. They were rubbing over his cockbases where-ever they could, not to mention fondling his balls, encouraging such production, with well-trained ease. Hannah and another naga were slithering around atop the grid as well, with long dildo-like prods that were equally useful for gaping asses or drooling beaks, and Pulsar didn't mind when those tools were swapped right from one to the other.

Somewhere below, someone called out to bring in the gauge 4 and 5 tubes, remarking how little use the 0 through 3's had all become, as time wore on, and the jizz kept coming.

# 5.

It was dinner time, and up front, Pulsar was having a little snack fed to him—into a few different mouths, on a few different torsos. The meal was a delightful affair, especially while he was being massaged all over, by his helpers and their machines. The scientists at The Bank had developed these special food items just for him, since his visits always lasted through at least one meal break. Obviously, it was impossible for the bird to just stop and go to the cafeteria, so they brought something to him. They also specially designed it to be easy to serve to him, and give his growing body all it needed to keep pumping away, to fully drain itself for another week.

The meal included huge, four-foot-long, girthy tube-

like meaty meal-units that looked like giant hot dogs (or, unsurprisingly, giant cocks), but contained much better nutrients than actual cheap sausage. These were being fed to the upturned beaks of the fuckbird. His orange ‘lips’ stretched amazingly far—he was a pro at consuming such long, thick things, after all. And he very much enjoyed the feeling of his numerous throats being smoothly distended. The elephant tech, as well as a horse assistant and a rhino all stood in front of those six heads, offering out the giant cylindrical, round-ended things into the seemingly bottomless, suckling, swallowing, gobbling throats.

The skinny equine watched in awe as a giant hyper tongue wrapped several times around the massive snack he was holding, before it pulled the entire thing into a wide-open beak. He imagined it could easily swallow *him* whole, given the thickness of the plump things the cardinal consumed. He couldn’t help but wonder if this was anything like that ‘vore’ thing he had heard about once.

After having two or three of the wieners, each of the six heads (some with extra eyes or beaks by now), would turn away and put up a hand to be polite—as they let out a room-filling belch. Even if a lot of the burping was due to all the swallowing he was doing, it was as if Pulsar had been holding some of this back within himself until the appropriate moment to let it out: during meal time. The pumpers below chugged away as the burping seemed to coincide with ever-heavier sprays of spunk out of the dozens of various-lengthed erections. Some of them were cresting 40 feet, as the grid was nearing the top of the 50-foot room.

The nutrition was certainly welcome at this point too, with how much the cardinal had grown. The fore-portions of the bird had doubled, with the whole front of the taurtrain splitting into two. Each of the two forward-facing upper bodies were made of triple-stacked torsos, with each lower torso thicker than the one above it. The lower instances were broad and buff, with massive pectorals, tight abs, and four arms sprouting from each. The layer above those twin giant chests were double-wide versions of Pulsar’s original chest, with four pecs side-by-side-by-side, supporting six arms.

Atop those double-wides were single ‘normal’ chests, in the place of the thick necks one might have imagined the double-wide ones should have had. Each of these had three heads. Well, they did, but when the meal started, a fourth beak wormed out of the shoulder-flesh on one side, so now it was three and four.

What’s more, one head had been subsumed by the upward-growing flesh. It was as if that one head hadn’t managed to keep up with the flow upward like the rest of its eight mates, and it had left a beak in the seam of one level of chest and another. To the topmost layer, this orange mouth-remnant was basically at crotch level. This, of course, meant that soon enough a cock came slithering out, one that strained the beak open as wide as possible and was gushing spooze before Hannah got to it with a nozzle.



“Offloading teams are reporting another spillage,” the



tick in the control room mentioned, after listening into his head-set.

“Another? Sheesh, I guess the first one just made things slippery down there,” the spider reasoned. “It’s not a problem, right? This always happens.”

“Oh yeah, they’ll manage. They just have to report it, you know, so I did too. Just making conversation.”

“I guess we should expect an uptick in the staff draining ward.”

“For sure, I was just wondering how many of them’ll be marching down there, tents out to here,” the tick held out a hand in front of him, mimicking a massive boner.

“Well, that’s what you get when you get doused with Pulsar-cum straight from Room Zero.”

“Do you ever think that management *wants* the offload team—and the room teams—to have these little accidents? You know, so they can milk even more, from our guys? If they didn’t, wouldn’t they have everyone in full-body suits all the time?”

“Shh, someone’ll hear you,” the spider shushed, then motioned his co-worker closer, “I kinda think our guys like to have the accidents, to be fair. It’s a nice break to go and get milked, you know,” he whispered. “They all would’ve asked for the full suits instead of just waders, if they thought it was a hassle.”

The tick mulled it over. “Oh yeah, I suppose it’s a win-win. Save for the lost spunk on the ground.”

“Most of that’s sucked up by some vacuum, too. Just Grade-B stuff, then.” The spider looked at the Room Zero

gauges. All of them still showed output was at peak levels. He added, “And I don’t think old Fuckbird is ever gonna run out of Grade-A stuff, any time soon, d’you?”



A lizard, part of the team assigned to Pulsar’s semen-siphoning suite, was wading through knee-deep cum in the pit area below the grid. He was trying to keep up with the spouting cocks that needed capping when he was struck full in the back by a gusher of cum from one he’d missed. The lizard splashed down in the deep cream, face first. “Whale!” someone had called, but it had been too late for the lizard to dodge the dick’s thick deluge which caused him to take a dip in the dump zone. A number of others rushed over to help the reptile up and cap off the new geyser.

As they peeled their fallen fellow out of the opaque pool, the team got a first-hand look at the effects of direct exposure to such a late-stage cardinal load. The reptile had fallen down with a raging boner already, but as he came up it was throbbing up through his shirt, forcing it away from his cum-drenched torso, before ripping through the fabric as it split into two hemi-shafts. Meanwhile, his panting snout was stretching open with an ever-thicker and majorly lengthening tongue, with both tips plumping into something veiny.

“Whoa now cowboy,” A thickly-built panda said. He was trying to keep the twin tongue-tips from docking into the pair of prominent poles jutting up from the lizard’s hip-

waders. “Let’s just get you over to the staff milking station outside before you—oop, never mind.” The panda ushered the moaning lizard out as thick goutts of cum began to flow.

The lizard was a pretty new hire. He probably shouldn’t have been working in Room Zero at all, but he had been pulled onto the team at the last minute, when Alex realized the level of pent-up Pulsar was, that day. A more experienced staff member would have a much higher tolerance to exposure such as that. Of course, the reptile may have swallowed a snoutful of spunk when he went down.

He may have even done so on purpose—which would explain the speed of his release when the panda’s paw had grasped his forked tongue-tools.

The panda, on the other hand, had been on this team for years and had been withstanding the thick shaft straining at his pant leg for the past hour. It had been slithering down there bit by bit for ages now, slowly growing longer and more needy. He could work with that easily enough, but the fat dick nipples tenting his red scrub-shirt were harder to ignore.

Up on the scaffolding to one side of the grid, the rhino, the elephant and a mouse were dealing with a slight mishap of their own. The ass end of one taur-train had managed to slip off the edge of the grid just as it was beginning to branch out into more. Two massive shafts below the dual crotch meant it wouldn’t be as light as it could have been, had they caught it before the shafts expanded so much.

Pulsar’s natural inclination to grow in the correct direction may have been stymied when this split of form

was approaching, around the same time his back end was reaching the edge of the grid after snaking around atop it. The cardinal was plenty distracted by the bliss of the milking process, so no one blamed him. He hadn't really noticed until he felt all those nice strong hands on this particular double-wide ass.

The rhino and the elephant's plan was to try to lift the butt, and divert it to one side. Unfortunately, they both thought they would head to *their* side. As luck would have it, in trying to lift the heavy trio of rump-cheeks and the many legs attached to it, one of the rhino's arms sank into one of the truly massive and multi-holed bubble butts that existed at the end of the still slowly expanding taur-train that was Pulsar.

Three ass cheeks made for two cracks, each with a triple-hole-stack nestled between them, pulsing and dripping with lubrication of their own. The accidental arm-insertion caused a flurry of cooing and a renewed hose-like sound from a cluster of cocks that dangled below the final hindquarters, not yet capped—although the mouse was trying to reach them from a lower level of the scaffolding.

The many black nut sacs jostling back there tightened in sequence. The elephant could almost track the progression of that orgasm from one pair of balls to the next, through the dark forest of hanging fruit that existed there. Some sacs held many pairs, while still other sacs hung nearby, with just two or three balls filling their loose, stretchy scrotums.

Instinctually, the rhino planted his other palm on Pulsar's left ass-crack and pushed, to give himself leverage

to pull his massive, muscular forearm and very trapped hand out of that hungry, topmost hole. Steadily, the strong male was able to extract himself, until a surge of growth and flexing from the cardinal-butt took place. Even though that broad hand had definitely had more than a wide enough finger-span to keep from falling into the valley of flesh, the sudden throb of change meant that the rhino was suddenly shoving that very spread set of fingers into an enormous, puffy black hole.

As always, Pulsar grew to fit his surroundings, or have his surroundings fit (into) him.

“Rrrrghh! Damn this butt!” he grumbled, and gave up getting free. Insetad he pulled backwards and to the left, using his trapped arms as anchor points to achieve his original goal. It was just as well, the avian flesh had such an intense need to clamp onto intrusions, to keep them nestled deep in their heated, endless, tightening, rippling depths. The rhino wasn’t worried; he couldn’t possibly be pulled in, given that his arms were buried in two *different* holes. His just-past-elbow-deep arms were in the top and bottom holes of the triple-stack. That meant the middle one was winking, over and over, as if it hungered for that horn-capped snout that was so teasingly close to it. Slowly, the rhino lost his arms bit by bit, the assholes creeping up over the pleasantly thick biceps, inching butt nearer to nose.

The rhino still felt safe. This wasn’t exactly cause for alarm or worry. It’s just that he was almost off the clock. He had a date and didn’t have time to get caught up in all this. With both arms embedded and a massive boner nearly

ripping out of his hip-waders—and what felt like a second on the way—he pulled harder.

The elephant was likewise hauling mightily, even with his trunk stuffed into a buttock. He will later claim he has no idea how it happened, blaming the bird-butt for latching on, somehow, by accident. The elephant would never admit he was getting a heavy sniff of the bird's musk, drawn to the legendarily slutty piece of ass he had never been up close and personal with before. His tongue was growing to a point beyond what his trunk was originally, and his trunk, too, seemed longer than it should have been. His enormous gray-skinned cock had already broken free of his waders, but the pachyderm was diligent, heroically avoiding the urge to wrap his augmented tongue down around his never-before-longer schlong, nor was he giving in to the ache of his blossoming ball sac, which had three—*fwoomp-plop!*—no, four huge testes tight inside it. That fact was visible to an outside observer, even through the scrubs and erection-tightened hip waders.

Seeing the issues his larger team members were having, the rodent junior tech leapt into action, wanting to help. He scrambled up the steps between scaffolding levels to see what he could do. He imagined he could get a hand between the grid and the empty area that Pulsar's double-ass possessed. Thanks to the slightly different pull-vectors of the very distracted elephant and the rhino, the double taur backside was dividing into dual discrete derrieres, branching as they knew it would. One could easily imagine that the back end of the hyper-grower would become a Y shape with two asses.

It was with some chagrin that the mouse noticed that instead a third ass was being created. Rather than the three-cheeked double-butt becoming two totally separate backsides, it was becoming a quad-rump affair with three ass cracks—and the centre crack was spreading apart, all on its own, apparently. In truth, the spread came from what grew out from between those cheeks: a truly unfathomably large and sweaty pucker was pulsing into life, before the mouse's eyes. The whole transformation seemed to occur in slow motion, just as he moved forward to try to help!

Distracted by such an enormous growing bird butt, the short rodent tripped over a thick rhino foot which had slid out in a wide stance under the distracted and well-muscled staffer. The mouse fell just as the whole of Pulsar's triple-backside was heaved upward, one last time. As if choreographed, the smaller male went where he had been looking: into the abyssal, gaping depths of the dark ass-tunnel. The initial trip-plunge shoved his arms and head into the sphincter.

The small furry shape sank swiftly, as the rippling, ravenous cardinal flesh sucked and swallowed beyond Pulsar's conscious control, pulling the scrub-clad mouse straight out of his waders. Realizing what was happening, some fuckbird heads murmured a menagerie of apologies while even more others moaned at the sensual penetration, stretching and inward-sinking of a whole person into that particular colon. The mouse was no doubt being tucked deep, *deep*, inside. A series of extra-forceful ejaculations came from the many shafts that lined the underside of Pulsar's body,

travelling along from the rearmost toward the middle of that train length, clearly following along where the little rodent's form reached, making a slight bulge as it went.

As the junior staff-member sailed past him straight into the multi-rump, the rhino was helpless to do anything about it. Both his arms were still trapped in slutty butt holes, and the elephant was just too slow. He had tried to grab at the mouse with an arm, his tongue, and his semi-prehensile member, but had only managed to catch his coworker's leg with his tongue. He felt his tongue wind several times around the mouse's ankle, but it was too slick to hold on. The latex-wader-coated-limb tugged out of his slippery tongue's grip. He knew it was best to keep his tongue away from that rump, lest he become *infatuated*. Even so, when he pulled his long, thick tongue back into his mouth, he realized he now had a decent mouthful of Pulsar's cum. It had been all over the mouse's legs from walking around in the cum pool below.

*Oh dear.* He'd soon be off to the same room that the lizard was taken to after he fell down in the musky muck. Although even without that inadvertent taste, the elephant would have been going to the staff milking station, anyway, thanks to the throbbing state of his trunk—which was still stuck fucking the bird's ass. He and the rhino were still totally stuck.

As soon as the mouse had vanished into the depths of the fuckbird, the horse—who had seen the whole incident—was on top of it. “Oi! Hannah!”

The slinky viper-girl was the designated Search-and-Rescue respondent for these sorts of situations. She slithered swiftly up the scaffolding, ripping off her shirt,



stripping down to only her smooth scales. Before her shift, she had applied a special coating that was meant to help keep the effects of Pulsar exposure to a minimum. It was still experimental, but she insisted. “The suit just slows me down” she had said, and it was true; they hadn’t yet come up with a good way to make a suit that could slither.

Without any checking with Pulsar, she slunk up behind the bird and shoved her hands, face and the rest fast and deep into his backside. Her flat bust was an asset, being no impediment to her entrance.

Such a long, forceful, and squirmy-slithering penetration brought no end of extra pleasure to the cardinal. His whole triple backside quivered as he came again, and again. It started to overtax the dozens of pumping machines below—some of which had been brought in from other wards by then. There was a round of moans from Pulsar-heads as the snake sank swiftly down into that middle mega-doughnut. Additional shafts and sacs erupted out of crotches all around, already gushing with cum as they grew.

At long last, the rhino and elephant managed to first heave their respective back ends onto the grid again. As if burping after the ‘meal’ of the mouse and serpent, that huge hole released a billowing cloud of gas. An internal dam had burst—far more air blowing out than had been swallowed alongside the two vanished team members. More pressure to release, which Pulsar hadn’t realized he had been holding onto. The fart was quickly capped; the horse was already fitting a gas-capturing and butt-pounding device into the massive asshole that sat at the edge of the grid, on that

single rump which remained between the branching bodies. For the time being, it was just a legless butt, but the horse figured it might soon grow legs, a shaft, a sac, even perhaps another cardinal torso atop it.

The enormous fart also released enough pressure for the rhino and the elephant to pull free from the sweaty holes. Now well clear of those hungry bird butts, they had a chance to examine their bodies. The rhino found that one arm had split after the elbow, and both of his hands on that side had fingers in the teens, with extra knuckles on many of them, along with a surplus of thumbs. On one hand, it was a thumb on either side of the palm, on the other, it was two on the regular side.

The rhino's other arm, had the normal number of fingers. It's just that each one was a penis. In another few moments, perhaps all of those cock-digits would have merged into one large shaft mounted on his wrist? Who knew what could happen. As he carefully climbed down the scaffolding to head to the Mutation Ward, he wondered if he should cancel his date—or offer her a brand new bit of fingering fun. It was all part of the job, but that didn't mean he or his curvy camel paramour couldn't enjoy some fringe-benefits.

The elephant's previously trapped—and now extra-long trunk—had become tipped with a very mobile cock, complete with two pre-leaking urethral-slits which used to be his nostrils. The big male stared at it, transfixed. As his tongue lolled out slowly, absentmindedly, the skinny horse swatted him on the hip. “Get to the Mute Ward already. They'll milk

it for you. You don't need to do it yourself, as much as you want to. You'll get bonus pay for the product you're no doubt about to start producing."

# 6.

As the rhino and elephant stepped out, Alex was stepping in. He had just returned from his own quick meal break and was assessing the situation. Looking up, he saw how much of the grid's many many holes were penetrated by cocks of varying sizes and lengths, along with the sheer number of balls hanging through the soft, plush grey squares. A dizzying amount of flexing, squirming feet tipped with splaying, wiggling toes rounded out the selection of black cardinal parts. It was like a dark, upside-down jungle, complete with dense humidity. The whole giant cubic room had a steamy, musky atmosphere.

“Time for the next step.” He glanced at his watch. “Already? He was really pent up. Silly birdy,” he muttered to

himself.

“Phase three!” he yelled, but only to be heard over the gushing and pumping of cum. He repeated it into his radio, alerting a nearby team waiting on stand-by.

The new workers quickly arrived. Alex hit a button on the wall next to the single set of double doors that led back into the corridor. Yellow lights in the corners of the ceiling and in the centre of each wall began to spin. It wasn't an alarm. There was no sound or klaxon.

No one panicked; they had all been through this drill a number of times. The doors shut and a protective shell lowered in front of them, on the inside. All the stim-team members were now trapped inside with the fuckbird as they shifted to phase three. The door-shell inflated a thick, tight rubber bladder to ensure the seal, as all the staff climbed onto the scaffolding that surrounded the grid and the pit.

The immense noise of the pumpers died down, and the nozzles all hissed, releasing their cushiony holds upon Pulsar's dozens of cocktips. Rapidly, every one of those many long cum-sucking apparatuses flopped down from Pulsar's form (or retracted into the ceiling, away from various dick-nips or tongue-cocks), leaving his lengths to simply piss out cum, without limit or any attempt at collection. In response, several shafts surged longer, thicker - flesh no longer corralled inside of the milkers.

“Mmmm, yesssss,” hissed the cardinal, from many mouths atop his many many torsos, panting with pleasure. His fore-body had gone from two main torso-stacks into three some time ago, and the central one was just then

splitting into two once more, leaving him with four. What a joy it was to finally get to just unload, and unwind, *fully*.

He loved phase three. Numerous torrential streams of semen shot freely into the pit, which quickly overflowed. The network of nethers, free from the nozzles, still pumped in cyclical phases: random fleshy faucets flooded fluid out of themselves before slowing somewhat, while others jacked out their jets of jizz and lessened while the first half redoubled their intensity again, over and over, back and forth. It was as if an invisible set of hands were pumping this or that random assortment of dicks for their precious, creamy product.

As the lower portion of the room filled and the cum swallowed the lowest level of the scaffolding, some staff were overcome with the smell of it, and wished to just dive in, perhaps suck down a mouthful or three. What could it hurt? To become briefly immobilized by one's own massive junk? Or to grow so many fun new parts? When else would they get the chance? Where else but The Bank would be the perfect place to let it happen?

But no, they had to do it the right way. They *would* be exposed, soon. Just not in such an uncontrolled manner.

The level of cum only rose as Pulsar was lowered into the thick soup he had been creating for hours by that point. The splashing sounds of jizz-shots hitting the surface of the pool diminished little by little, as the tips of massive manhoods descended and submerged into the growing reservoir of semen. Instead of fat ropes firing down from throbbing veiny poles, one could soon only see those long shafts bobbing in

place as they added their continual, periodic loads directly down into the murky depths. The room became gradually quieter as more and more hyper members were swallowed up by the creamy sea below.

“Someone was a bit more pent up than he thought, hmmm?” Alex called out to Pulsar, noticing how many rows of water-proof tiles had sunk beneath the rising tide of bird cum.

Even now, the cardinal blushed on many faces, but others just grinned. “I’m not sorry!” he called back, laughing here and there from so many beaks. The torsos that had peppered the various taur-sections’ pelvises were themselves doubling, spreading apart, able to turn to one another and meet in passionate kisses. The aforementioned various ‘twin-sets’ fondled and rubbed together, letting cocknips grind against pectorals, the occasional pair of tits blossoming between the slutty self-loving birds, beaks sucking on fingers or dicknipples or cockfingers or cocktongues or hypertongues. Pulsar, as always, was a sucker for sucking.

Rarely, a second face would appear on the back of a head. Said heads had linked mouths, such that if the front face was sucking a cock, that shaft could flow out from the rear-facing beak, so that two tongues and two beaks were seeing to that shaft’s needs, making it pump all the more cream out, spraying onto taur backs or onto the grid, dripping down into the rising surface of seed below.

Faster than it ever had been, the cum was up to the top level of the four scaffolds. Typically, the level of cum wouldn’t have been so high. But it was a rather heavy day.

The Stim Team each had a collection tool on their person. They were simple but special tools—essentially a cup on a long rod. The size of the cup was suited to the owner’s size and tolerance level. Quite simply, they each lowered their cups into the cum, to scoop up a sample of the cardinal load.

It was simply part of the process. The routine always involved at least *some* level of the Fuckbird’s fluids filling the huge cubic room, to some level, even if not so high, so fast, as it was that day.

All of the Stim Team partook of Pulsar’s cum at the same time and began to feel the effects immediately.

An intersex poodle staffer moaned, feeling her hips ballooning outward, her ass swelling, her thickly knotted cock straining. Her growing body ripped out of her scrubs, while her breasts ballooned, blossoming outward. A third tit pushed out between the original pair, growing all the faster to catch up and match the first two. As soon as all three jostled into a comfortable position, three heavy cock nipples pushed free. She panted as she grew, keeping her hands up until the expansion slowed. When the growth seemed to be over, she put her hands on her hips and caught her breath, saying, “Mmm, nice! Not as much as last time, but still nice.”

The skinny horse was filling out with muscle near to her, sprouting a triple-cannon out of his thick, stretching sheath, and additional balls plop-plop-plopping into his outward-billowing sac. The way he had smeared the excess cardinal cum directly onto his crotch was surely to blame. Then again, watching the poodle certainly hadn’t helped.



Meanwhile, a stag's shaft thickened and lengthened alongside each of his thudding heart-beats, while his antlers twisted and branched into a longer and ever more complex network of sharp points. Twisting around to put his hands on the wall, his white-bottomed tail flagged up, exposing the enormous asshole he was growing. The size of the pucker put his cock to shame. With a gasp and a bleat, his body warped all at once, flexing fast into a tauric shape, which allowed for even further expansion of his balls, his backdoor, and his boner.

Several others swelled and shifted, in their own unique ways. Mostly, their sexual aspects were massively augmented, to better serve their client's needs, one way or the other. With the reproductive-based hyperizing, many of them also underwent heavy multi expansion. Multiple arms and extra fingers on so many hands - all the better to stimulate the patient.

"Aw hell, I'm gonna do it.." muttered the denuded poodle, who was just stripping herself down to only her fur. She dove into the cum, then quickly returned to the scaffolding to climb out, while her companions looked on, with a mixture of awe, concern, or envy.

Standing and looking herself over - mostly feeling herself - the poodle found that bathing in the Pulsar product had plumped her naked body even more. Her little dalliance swelled her various shafts and hyperized her tongue, but she felt otherwise unaffected. "That's more like it," she whispered to herself, rubbing her four tits with two hands, while reaching down to caress the two massive members

stemming from her crotch with two other hands. Mmm, all those new fingers upon her flesh felt fabulous!

The cum-level was inching up over the toes of the stim team and the wader-boots of those few who still wore them. The air was thick with the powerful musky scent of the fuckbird and the sea of fluids he had generated. Those who had partaken of Pulsar's jizz were already getting antsy. Their various hyper, multi, or multi-hyper-shafts, or tongues or asses, all ached for attention.

Likewise for Pulsar, his cum had already risen up over his many lengthy cocks (and the relatively shorter ones) that dangled below his multi-faceted form. An untold amount of toes, feet, and legs had been swallowed up, within the semen sea. So many sacs were cradled in the warm embrace of his creamy product.

From within the ceiling above, there were sounds of metal clasps unlatching—noticeable 'ting's and 'snap's—as the grid's many anchor-points came undone. Pulsar sank into his own cum somewhat, but the lengthy taur-train sections all floated, thanks to the density of the fluids, and the lightness of the avian anatomy.

The grid fell away into the depths, untethering the multi-grower entirely, while he was massively exposed to his own corruptive product.

Pulsar is not affected by his own jizz the way others are, but he knew what was coming and felt that much more free to grow. Cocks pumped longer, balls swelled bigger, extra buttholes blossomed, new taur sections slithered into being. Much of it happened invisibly, below the surface of the

musky spunk. A few rearmost taur-bodies could only grow down and the scant new Pulsar-torsos spawned into being in that moment were born within the depths. They didn't need to breathe; their counterparts did that for them. But they did partake of the abundant cum around them, even as they pumped all the more out of throbbing, brand new boners.

At the forefront, the handful of multi-stacked Pulsar torsos found that their crests were brushing the ceiling. Many hands were lifted to touch the ceiling, to keep from bumping his various heads against it.

He shivered, loving the act of touching that upper surface. It wasn't so much the texture, but the knowledge that he—thanks to his body's output—had reached it, again. The cardinal was always pleased to fill the room.

Still, he ached to stretch himself, just a touch more Always just a bit more—!

There was some relief for the fuckbird's itch for further expansion and for the sensitive noses of the team around him, when three of the four walls retracted. The south wall, which contained the entry door, remained steadfast, but the west, north and east walls all shifted swiftly. East and west swung like massive doors, folding flat against what was revealed to be a much larger south wall beyond what had been seen beforehand. The north one retreated further north, on a track.

With the walls cracking themselves open, the obvious occurred: the roughly 100,000 cubic feet of cum that was nearly filling the 50' × 50' × 50' room came cascading out. The sound, in that contained space, rivalled that of any

waterfall. The sonorous sluicing sperm-tsunami splashed and crashed in two tidal waves, to the east and west.

Given his size, and thanks to the equal evacuation of ejaculate in two opposing directions, Pulsar was not swept violently to east or west, but sank downward with the lowering level of liquids in the middle of it all. There was some jostling and choppiness as various parts of him were awash in this or that current, but the ebb and flow around him cancelled itself out for the most part. The effect was merely stimulating, invigorating—exciting! Seeing the space open up so much was always a welcome sight, knowing he could drop all pretense of propriety and just *explode*, in as many ways as he could.

Although their movement was hidden under the rapidly shifting, cascading surface of Pulsar's seed, the steps and all that existed upon the floor above the pit had also swung away with the walls. In truth, the base of the pit was an actual floor, while the steps and floor where all the machines rested and the scaffolds were locked, were all platforms to be moved as needed. All the pumping machines and scaffolds were moved out of the way for phase three. All the workers on the scaffolds knew to brace for this movement, too, and held on as everything repositioned.

The true form of Room Zero was unveiled. It was a stadium's worth of space. The cubic milking enclosure had sat in the middle of the field that was now flooding with thick, warm spunk.

And *field* was a fitting word, for the revealed space was almost the size of a football field: a massive elongated area,

fenced in by 20 foot walls. All the cum from the old cubic shell which was draining into that space filled up the field to a more manageable two foot depth.

Additionally, via the work of the spider and the tick back in the control room, even more of Pulsar's cum was being pumped into the field, from dozens of ports just above the solid, water-tight perimeter fence. Pulsar himself was adding all the more from the midst of the floor, as his truly complex form grew even moreso, stretching outward, into the vast wading pool of jizz. So many of his truly hyper shafts had been dangling below his body while he was cradled within the grid, but they had become straddled by his own legion of legs, rubbed on by so many taur-train sections, or caressed by an army of excessively-toed feet.

With the expansion of the space around him—all that freedom—Pulsar felt another surge of pleasure, pushing free of the limitations of the grid and the former size of the room he had been contained within. Waves of growth washed over him, spreading so many pairs of actual wings while stretching metaphorical ones, soaring higher into the sort of extremes that were only possible here, in Room Zero's expanded state.

If one could pry their eyes off of the spectacle of the cardinal, they would look up to see the upper reaches of the room and realize that Room Zero was slightly more expansive than the football-field area below. It was a domed stadium of a place, with two massive curving arches meeting in the middle, forming that lower point where the original ceiling that supported the pillowy grid was still

anchored. With the walls moved, the ceiling of the old shell was revealed to just be a hanging platform in the middle of the stadium-sized space. One could easily imagine centrally located scoreboards suspended there, like those in a basketball arena.

In another minute, the 350' × 150' field had been filled halfway to the top of the 20 foot fencing. At long last, all the pumping ceased.

All the pumping—save for Pulsar's on-going dumping of jizz, into the middle of it all.

The four—now five—uneven branches of taur-train body all thickened, undulating in every section, growing longer, with wider haunches, more endowments flopping into being, and bursting forth more fluids from so many more balls.

Meters upon meters of extra length cascaded out of the various back ends, red-feathered flesh billowing backward from butts, forming nascent sections with newfound feet (or the occasional hand on the end of a leg), which slapped down into the cum, already overloaded with toes, or fingers. Sometimes whole legs were replaced by shafts, or whole other torsos, the chaos of the body no longer regulated by anything. Arousal overtook anatomical sense. Atop some taur sections were more torsos, but even there, massive manhoods sprouted, straight upward, to gush geysers of jizz into the air, which rained down on the local body-area.

The fast-flowing flesh came out as easily as cum itself, in heavy throbbing waves. The transformative expansions sometimes felt like orgasms: grow-gasms, capped off by the actual sperm-launching pleasure of the many rods rippling

out of those new areas.

New taur-train elongations finished with huge farts, as new, extra-thick butts formed at the end, perfect for plowing. The flatulence sometimes ended as massive black cocks shot out from the dark anal rings, or whole new greasy Pulsar-torsos became wedged in the tight, puffy sphincters, stemming out from within. Such lewdly ‘born’ bird-bodies drooled cum from beaks, before the source was revealed: thick cock-tips embedded in their mouths. Not tongue-shafts, just swelling, gushing tips that were framed by beaks. Of course, other butt-borne boys had long tongues, or cocktongues stemming from their mouths. More often than not, the butt-slick torsos had assholes in their armpits, disgorging more gas, as well as tendrils for arms, or feet at the end of their jointed limbs, and tail-fans atop their heads, in place of Pulsar’s typical crest.

Some limbs in the handful of mid-body zones extended out on their own. A few arms continuously extended by constant recursive, fractal growth. A huge long arm with a hand would have its fingers extend into small arms, each ending in a smaller hand. Most branches would end there, but there was always one that did the same, extending further, perhaps next growing a fat foot with a dozen toes, some of which mutated into more many-toed feet, or little heads, or throbbing, gushing shafts. One big toe would extend out into another leg, which would then blossom with another foot—and so on, extending via quick, seemingly random branching, tracing a path outward.

Between a few of the thicker branches of taur-train,

truly titanic shafts pushed free, as if the branches had been crotches themselves. Such things were perfect fodder for the fractal limbs to entwine and caress in their own odd way—if a whole taur-train didn't wind itself around one, to have so many legs or torsos cuddle the gargantuan girth.

The cardinal—the *fuckbird* was becoming a many-sectioned flotilla of pure, uncontrolled sex, floating on a football-field-sized lake of his own cum. An armada of exaggerated, erotic excessive anatomy, that continued to evolve throughout the ecstasy of it all, in wild wondrous waves. The lapping waves of jizz may not have directly caused transformations in Pulsar, but it certainly was an environment that encouraged him, reminded him just how free he was to flourish, and release *everything*.

An expansive self orgy was under-way. But it would not be just himself for long. At the forefront of the chaos of carnal unspooling, the four torso-stacks shuddered and cried out with what sounded like an actual climax, as a new torso pressed itself free from the extra-thick first taur-body they were all stemming from. It was shooting out, another grow-gasm, which almost seemed like a heavy, throbbing cock ramming itself free from the front of the form, the tauric chest. More aptly, it was the crotch those four torsos all shared, and which already housed quintuplet cocks. Amid the five fat phalluses, this new torso seemed born to do nothing but pleasure his brothers' boners there. Long, many-sectioned arms with multiple elbows, were able to wrap around the shafts around him, stuffing fingers or fists into gaping, drooling urethrae.



There was a single, somewhat large head atop the new torso, and it was clearly destined to suck upon the immense shafts it had been created amongst. Its neck was obscenely thick, its beak was its most prominent feature. The torso amid the shafts was long, almost serpentine, and would be able to curl about and latch onto the other fleshy structures that stemmed from that same crotch.

Sharing the pleasure of the five cocks it was so near to, the new head opened its mouth wide to moan—but then began burping massively instead. Something was coming up out of his throat. For a moment, he thought it was a new tool for him to plunge down into any cock he might suck, so he would be sucking and docking at the same time. As he flexed his diaphragm to hasten the escaping gas, augmenting the hyper burp a touch more, he waited for a cocktongue to shoot out of his maw, oh-so ready to put it to use!

But then, the thing coming up out of him was squirming, slithering free, out into the cum lake just before his eyes, as his beak stretched and stretched and stretched, to allow the thing out. God, what a stretch! A magnificent use of his hyper-prepared neck and throat and mouth, even if he hadn't suspected the first thing through them to be going in this direction.

It was something slick, long, undulating. Something hissing.

“Oh! Hey Hannah,” the big-beaked one chirped. “Long time no see!”

Panting to catch her breath, the viper moaned softly, coiling up to better float on the cream-pond she found

herself in. The heavy exposure to Pulsar's lake of cum, however, was nothing compared to having been within his body for as long as she was.

Her body was pythonic in length after her trip through the bird and her formerly flat breasts had been replaced by a four-pack of hyper-worthy tits. The top set was a touch larger than the lower pair, but both pairs were outrageously massive. Despite how she must have had them for quite some time, she couldn't keep at least a few of her six scaly hands off of them, enjoying the sheer sensitivity present within her warped, stretched scales. No nipples crowned the tops of her expanded bust, though.. and they shifted and rolled just a bit like the roundnesses a male might dangle between his legs.

A massive black Pulsar-like shaft was there on the end of the snake's tail. Her form flowed seamlessly from scales into black cockflesh, which explained why her breasts looked a bit like balls. A hybrid fluid storage situation, one had to assume. Too much longer, and even more of her body might have been stiff, throbbing, veiny and phallic.

Seeing the state of herself, she had no reaction other than to reply to her patient. "H-hey Pulsar, hun. Sorry that took so long."

"Oh, that's alright! I didn't mind having you worming around in there at all." The fuckbird admitted.

Hannah suddenly widened her eyes as if remembering something important. She twisted around to face her snout down and lifted up above her coils to deposit something within them. She groaned, opening her snout wide. Stretching between her lips was not exactly a standard

serpent oral landscape. Instead, black, simplified flesh had a thick puffy ring at its centre. A cardinal-derived butthole was the entrance to her throat and it was stretching open for something to come out.

The mouse from earlier schlorped, then tumbled wetly out of the snake's maw. He came to rest with his back cradled in the scaly drool-and-cum-drenched coils, with two huge tools wobbling in the air. His sac completely filled the space between his legs. Compared to some of the other workers' mutations, those were minor changes. The serpent swallowing him had shielded him from any more intense transformations.

"Oh good, you got him. Thanks, Hannah!" The big-beaked Pulsar said, beaming down at the much-enlarged viper. "Let me thank you properly, though."

A long, supple pink tongue reached out to treat the snake's fat, phallicized tailtip to an expert session of sucking. Hannah could hardly say no.

All in a day's work, she supposed, relaxing, letting the incorrigible slut do his thing. Slowly, she pumped her huge, elongated tail-cock into his appreciative, murmuring maw.

# 7.

While a good portion of the Stimulation Unit had been on the scaffolds in the milking room, even more had been waiting in the wings. They descended from the catwalks in Room Zero's rafters on long ropes, with the other half marching forward on long telescoping gantries. The extending walkways were like diving boards that clanked forward and dipped downward, allowing the latest crew to proceed forward, into the vast cum-pool, toward their writhing target.

The majority of the Stim Unit arriving in that moment were strong swimmers, species specifically chosen for this stage of the procedure: Sharks, otters, seals, whales, sea-snakes, eels, and so on.

The many unit members were either snatched up by stimulation-hungry portions of Pulsar or rushed to join little cuddle-sessions between twin- or triplet-torsos. Others—who were hyper-endowed either naturally or from gulping a generous helping of bird cum—moved to find any asshole that needed filling. They weren't just at the tail end of the bird's long bodies. The most common option was to seek out a doughnut where ever one may have sprouted, which could be just about anywhere: mid-chest, at the end of a cock, upon a palm, the back of a head. There were also countless butts to stuff at the base of the many many torsos that lined the long taur-train sections. Each of them had the potential to lean forward, stretching a new pair of plump buns up from within the body they were perched atop, with a plump asshole just waiting and winking.

Champion dick suckers and unbelievably stretchy-pussied feminine workers descended upon the fuckbird to help him along toward his final release. A handful of cephalopodal caretakers were the prized members of the Stim-Squad, for their sucker-lined tentacles were oh-so-versatile, able to massage feet, knead expansive hands, stuff holes or wind around shafts—or all at once, all while so many soft rings of muscle applied dozens of kisses to so very much flesh.

Whole nagas or eels shoved entire tails into the major butts at the end of trains, or threaded their bodies into gigantic beaks.

An entire team manned the pair of Thruster machines that were mounted at the edge of the cum field. Long, *long*

arms telescoped out, guided by eagle-eyed avians, plunging their immense sex-toy-tipped rods into their black bullseyes.

Still more of the dozens-strong Stim Team were not at all specially endowed but brought thick puff-cuffs that could be wrapped around the endless Pulsar-spawned shafts, inflated, and set to vibrate. The team members who brought such things into the fray were meant to retreat once they had run out of the totally mobile units. They could only carry so many. The order was to pull out and gather more, to add more of the rippling pleasure-rings to Pulsar's plethora of pricks. But pulling out was always hard—for various reasons. The overwhelming scent of the whole field, the cooing pleadings by so many mouths to come and help the cardinal finish—always needing just one kiss or one little extra hump. The stim staff felt compelled to help. It was part of their job, after all.

In rare cases, Pulsar couldn't help but pull said staffers closer, wrapping them up in wings or arms or legs or the odd tendril or tongue, promising them it would *only take a moment*, moaning about how close he was.

He was really going to climax, he groaned, from so many mouths, whichever weren't full of cock.

The Stim Team were doing a bang-up job that night. Their goal was already in sight: the total drainage of the fuckbird's seemingly inexhaustible reserves of cum.

"The volume and repeated chantings are reaching a 90% likelihood, Alex," reported the bat dispatcher over the radio from the stadium-skybox-located observation room. "The threshold is coming."

Alex had remained on the north scaffolding and clutched his radio in one hand while his other hand remained... occupied. He finally was allowing himself his own little break while staying on watch. The hand that wasn't holding the radio was in his scrubs, just groping himself. Clearly visible as a bulge in his pants, his prehensile shaft writhed this way and that, but his grip was seemingly reigning it in.

“Mm, good, good! Open the blast doors.”

In no time, heavy mechanical thudding and clanking echoed throughout the whole of Room Zero. Its name was, in fact, *Room 00*, but it saved time for people to just say “Room Zero” or “Room Oh.” Some had called it “The O Room” for obvious reasons.

To know why it was Room 00 was to see it from above. A police helicopter pilot was there, above The Bank. It was a standard patrol. He had flown over the Bank dozens of times. The long low building had a sizable semi-domed atrium at the front and huge dual-curves of the stadium at the back—all in the middle of a vast empty field. Just in case of overflow, of course.

The lupine pilot was surprised to see the hatch in the middle of that dual-egg-shaped portion of the building spreading open.

“Isn't that usually Wednesdays? Someone's pent up, I bet,” he muttered to himself, and gave a wide berth to the vast opening atop the Hyper Sperm Bank's twin domes.

Inside, Pulsar's many heads were panting—those that weren't kissing or sucking on something. He was nearly hyper-ventilating, the bliss shooting through so much of him

was becoming unbearably intense. Oh god, it was coming. He was cumming. *Really* cumming. Flesh flowed, billowed out. Muscles swelled. Cocks thickened.

The whole of him, the whole network of torsos and arms and heads and feet and toes and hands and fingers and cocks—all of it tingled as one. It all paused, all primed, to unload all at once.

A fractal-growing limb dove under the surface of the semen-sea, entwining around something. The whole of Pulsar squirmed as he twisted himself around, to float on his endless, multi-branched back. The fractal-tendrils of countless varying limb-sections had wound around a cluster of cocks and was pulling them free of the depths of the cum, grinding them together in the process. Writhing to re-orient himself in a splashing tidal wave of cum, he squashed that cluster together tight as he could, causing them to re-merge into one massive, growing shaft. A new grow-gasm ensued and a unified cock surged upward with alarming speed. It swiftly rose above the opening of the stadium roof into the night air.

Pulsar jerked the gargantuan column with all of the fractal-grown limbs he possessed feeling them unfurling all the more, endless hands and feet and tongues from heads along the chaotic, oddly jointed appendages, all wrapping around the mega-shaft, all worshipping that one massive maleness towering above him. Everywhere else, there was endless stimulation from his many aspects and the huge Stimulation Team—but the fractal-attended tower filled his mind most of all.



It only took a moment for it to erupt into the sky—a geyser to end them all. All over the rest of the infinitely multifaceted form there came highly pressurized streams of jizz. The sound of spraying sperm was omnipresent alongside a joyous chorus of cooing, trilling beaks: a symphony of orgasm-sounds from the army of moaning mouths, all of them sounding off.

All in all, Pulsar was an undulating red and black island chain amidst the suddenly choppy, creamy sea.

Bliss overwhelming rippled throughout the fuckbird. It was the high he had been chasing all day, that which so often eluded him: a true release, a climax that lived up to the *max* within the end of that word. So often he had to hold back or his body itself was not adequate, did not contain the panoply of pumping poles needed to properly put out the ocean of orgasm within him.

But that was not the case then, not there. He unloaded all that he had, finally in a form that could do just that.

Heavy jizz-jets launched all over the interior of Room Zero, splattering into the large outer space. Those spaces would have been the stands in a normal stadium, but here, most of it was vacant, just slanted sterile surfaces, which held sluice-troughs for the unending amount of cum to flow down toward the drains below. Far far more fluid was pumped directly into the pool of product. The ‘sea-level’ rose to nearly overflow the massively reinforced water-tight fence. The cream could have easily begun to tip over the lip of the football-field-sized pool, if the drains hadn’t been opened, to offset the intense influx of fuckbird-fluid.

“Glad I wasn’t over there..” muttered the wolf in the chopper, watching another jet of jizz launching out from the dual domes of the Bank’s special stadium. He could *hear* the heavy splashes of hyper jizz splashing down on the exterior of the domes, coating vast swaths of the metallic surface. He was hovering over top of the long private street that ran alongside the Bank, watching the many trucks below. So many eighteen-wheelers lined up down there, hauling liquid-tanker back ends.

Within the stadium, that last sexual satisfaction and its utter succour had lasted two minutes straight, but had finally ended. Errant final squirts of seed shot out here and there alongside some last spasms of pleasure, but the milking was finally over.

# 8.

Pulsar had begun to shrink and compress while the cum drained away. From down in the depths of the drain the drone of pumps had returned. The center of the field had revealed itself to be a massive grate for all that precious product to ooze into. Given how it had all been buried under Pulsar's cum, the obvious incline of the floor to this central drain was not apparent until the last of the fluids were flowing away.

The unfurling was one form of relaxation. But now it was time to go limp and slip all that splayed, stretched flesh back together. To anyone who saw the slow expansion of the cardinal from his original bipedal nature to the state of him at the end, it was always impressive to see the relatively

rapid reversal. For one, the speed of the coalescing was mind-boggling. What had built up in hours was made to condense in mere minutes. It was a mesmerizing dance of dwindling body-parts and portions marrying together, unifying, merging seamlessly back from where they had emerged. One could say that Pulsar grew via budding, but he liked to call this opposite stage *nestling*.

It was fitting for a bird to have chosen such a term. Once Pulsar was well and truly drained he got so sleepy. His body wanted to relax in a more traditional sense. There was an urge to curl up in a bed or in the arms of a lover, or in the deepest instinctual corner of his avian mind: to cuddle into the comfortable confines of a nest.

It was a joy in and of itself to feel himself morphing and flowing back down during his afterglow, so many things pleasantly tucking into so much else. It was a warm embrace from himself, in a way, his many hands and feet and heads and cocks all rubbing together nicely as they sank into each other or inward, downward. So many things folded down and sank away, or fused with neighbours, re-unifying into single thickened shapes which grew more slender, ready to re-join with another neighbour that had grown similarly slim.

So many hands rubbed so many parts, and found that those hands had slipped back inside, naturally, pleasantly.

The most pleasant aspect was to feel his many torsos embracing one another and sinking into each other while sharing a kiss or a cheek-to-cheek nuzzling, before the singular form that remained then pressed itself down into the main body it stemmed from. It was a soothing sensation

to experience, returning to the embrace of one's self, able to simply fit back inside.

Seeing out of fewer eyes was also calming to the single cardinal mind that inhabited the whole of the form.

Other torsos merely retracted, much like a softening shaft being drawn backward, inward. Black ballsacs and beaks and heads and arms and legs all experienced a similar pleasant tingling and tugging as they simplified and shrank, unmaking themselves while thinning and shortening, into a body that was doing much the same on a more massive scale. Waves of self-compression swept through the field-filling form. Torsos on the extreme end of a train section folded swiftly away for those taur-trains to tuck up and up and up into each successive section. Whole meters-long areas seeming to accordion inward upon themselves. It was as if whole swathes of cardinal body were being anal-vored by the more forward-located rumps they flowed into.

The relative quickness of the compression depended upon how far from the middle of it all those portions lay. It only took about five minutes for Pulsar to return to a shape rather close to his original form.

From there, the Compression Team had approached him with gloved hands. The special material of the gloves and their trained wielders helped the cardinal's remaining extraneous aspects become folded inward, as well. Their touches were soothing instead of stimulating, and they wrapped strips of hyper-compression material around parts that needed extra guidance. Pairs of arms would be enfolded together within sheets of compression fabric which

tightened via careful knot-tying, applying enough soft pressure to make the limbs sink together again. Sometimes only simply clasping a handful of toes within a handful of the material was enough, and removing the strip would reveal a seemingly normal foot. Such procedures were needed to fit the patient into his compression suit, which was the final portion of any visit to the Bank.

In most cases, the temporary compression fabric could be removed before the bird was fitted into his full body suit. Although typically, it was a good idea to maintain a sort of loincloth around Pulsar's crotch until the last moment of the suiting process. Just in case.

The cardinal was now dwarfed by the size of the stadium he had occupied fully just moments before. He stood in the center, with several of the staff around him, helping the last of his arms and legs into the compression suit. The strength of Pulsar's final climax was a double-edged sword: As much as it calmed him down, the long process to get there and the memory of it all was a bit exciting. As much as he wanted to rest, some other part of him wanted to go for more. Spending all day in various stages of 'unfurled' made it hard to go fully back to just two arms, ten fingers and two legs, ten toes, and one shaft, with only two balls.

Alex did the honours, slowly zipping up the front of the suit while other helping hands clasped the edges of the long vertical opening that ran up Pulsar's front. The way that the bird's massive package sunk deep into the crotch of the suit to show no bulge at all was always the most fascinating aspect. The first notches of zipper popped together, little by

little, up over his crotch flesh. After that, it got easier and easier, until the individual ‘tip-tip-tip’ of the interlocking metal clasps ran together into their characteristic *zzzzippppp~!*

As was policy, one last compression method had to be put into place. Keeping something oversized in his butt helped the cardinal relax too. It also helped him stay focused enough to complete the recombobulation process over the next day, until he could safely remove the suit himself. To this end, four of the staff was carrying in a massive, smooth butt plug the size of a hot water heater. They lined up the blunt tip between the bird’s compression-suited butt cheeks.

Suddenly from between those cheeks came a bulge, stretching out the rubbery fabric in the distinct shape of a hand. Clearly, five points were tenting the super-stretchy material. It clearly showed the impression of a grasping paw, moving around blindly, reaching for freedom from within the fuckbird’s colon.

Pulsar didn’t notice at all. He didn’t realize he had an entire person trapped within his rear, or feel the fist-sized stretching of his back door. One of the techs let out a surprised, “Ummm—!” Several others turned to look at Alex for a judgement call.

Pulsar was happily chatting away to someone else around front, unaware of the little mini-drama surrounding his butt.

The delphinic lead tech shrugged. “Yes, I see it. But we have to finish the procedure.” He nodded to indicate the gigantic butt plug should be slid home.

Two of the smaller staff, an otter and a hare, positioned

themselves on either side of the bird. The grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled them wider apart with a squeak. Quickly, the elephant pressed the butt plug's tip into the center depression of the glossy black fabric.

The blindly groping hand caught the tip of the huge buttplug just as it pushed deep inside. The super-stretchy seat of the suit was tucked inside by the plug, thereby lining a section of his hungry colon with the suppression effect of the suit as well.

This wasn't always the policy for Pulsar but he had found that his asshole could easily multiply itself and become quite a distraction. A trio of winking, greasy buttholes aching to be filled, the slutty fuckbird couldn't be blamed for ripping his suit off a bit early. With the soothing suit fabric in contact with his interior, the cardinal's bodily shifting would be completely contained, and his butt-hungry urges safely and nicely sated. A nice two-in-one solution.

In no time, the elephant had shoved the toy fully inward, hilding and concealing the whole giant cylinder of molded plastic within Pulsar's ass, while his torso showed no signs of expansion. His rump-cheeks almost managed to fully conceal the modest base of the massive plug, upon full insertion. They squeezed around it reflexively, tucking it between them nice and snug.

Extra-dimensional, bigger on the inside. Compression suits were based on exactly that type of hyper body ability, in fact. They weren't based on Pulsar necessarily. The technology had been around before him, of course. Although there may have been a little advancement or two made



thanks to the cardinal, but that's another story.

Meanwhile, Alex was thinking about the owner of that unknown hand. He was surprised, but not alarmed. "Hmm, I thought my head count was accurate," he muttered. Thinking back, he remembered how there were a few people from the Stim Team who had swam to the edges of the cum-lake, with an extra head. Maybe one more or less than he thought?

His phone rang, and he answered. "Oh! Doug? That was you? Yeah. Sorry man, you're locked in there."

A pause.

"No, we can't do that. You know we can't. We just got him all zipped up and plugged. But look, I know you've never been in this position but you were told the same thing as anyone else on the Stim Team: You get overtime pay the whole time you're in there."

Another pause.

"That's right, just part of the job. You'll make it out okay, don't worry. Try to conserve your phone battery. Turn the brightness way down, try to catch up on some sleep. Think about the big fat—"

Pause.

"No, the big fat paycheck, silly. Okay. Okay, you take care in there."

Alex ended the call and looked up to find Pulsar looking at him intently. "Another one? Gosh! I really didn't feel anyone moving around in there. Who is it?"

"Doug."

"Which Doug, though?"

“Oh, Doug Haber.”

“Aw, poor kitty,” said Pulsar. Inwardly though, he had to chuckle about his little bird-butt eating an entire cat. A bit of role reversal.

“Don’t worry about it. You can’t be expected to keep up with every little thing going up your butts all at once during all that. And, hey, you usually get ’em all out.”

“Well, okay. It just surprises me every time to realize someone’s still inside! But I guess I barely feel that little plug you put up in there, too.” Pulsar blushed a bit, tugging the collar of the suit, looking like he wanted to peel it off.

Alex wagged a finger at him. “Hey now, Mr. Cardinal, you’ve got to keep that suit on until you’re home, at least.”

The team that had aided with the suit application were cleaning up and about to head out. They wanted to get home. It was after normal closing time, after all. They had no choice but to leave Doug to his fate, trapped deep inside that bird butt for the next few days. Although some of them may have been a bit jealous of all the overtime he’d be getting.