

Darktrunkers

With a gleeful sigh and purr, Felicia closed the door behind her, clutching the bouquet of flowers in her hands and staring off into her hairdressing lights. She felt loved! She felt adored! Her audience had been the biggest it ever had been, and by the end of the show, by the time she had sung her final note and danced her graceful feline dance, the crowd had been in an uproar. Flowers had been thrown, cheers were shouted, and she was grateful that the champagne jets that had unexpectedly launched from several directions from the audience didn't actually land on her.

The were-cat had taken her bow and pranced off stage, and she could still hear their cheers even now! Such happiness was all she ever wanted to spread wherever she sang and danced. Tonight, the largest show of her entire career, filled the Darkstalker with as much happiness as the day she had been officially blessed as a catholic Nun.

Dreamily prancing over to her wardrobe, the white-furred half-human were-cat ran a fond paw across the dark brown habit of her nun's outfit. She was grateful for the support of the church, and felt wonderfully blessed to spread happiness and joy in both these ways. By day, she was a soft-spoken and doting cleric, spreading the Holy word through words and deeds. By night, she was a strong-souled singing sensation. People that were not swayed by the first were surely swooned by the latter.

Her feline smile still stretched blissfully across her face, Felicia set the flowers down on her desk and caressed the golden cross hanging gently on dresser hook. Murmuring a soft prayer, the werecat thanked the Lord for delivering her from her fighting days into the heavenly life she lived now.

Upon completing the prayer, her feline ears perked at the heavy knock on the door. It wasn't aggressive – and it sounded like it came from near the top of the door. It must have been from someone very large and tall. Happiness from the successful show still soaking through her, Felicia didn't think twice about calling out to her would-be guest, "Hello? Who is it?"

The moan that spilled through the door filled Felicia's heart with even more happiness. It sounded *just* like she always imagined it would – of a fan so enamored with her that to hear her address them directly was pure bliss. "Oh, Felicia... mmh... I'm... I'm just a BIG phan of yours...."

"Aww, thank you so much sweetie! I'm getting changed right now – is there something I can do for you?"

"Mm..mmph... a-actually, miss Felicia...I was hoping... to see you... even less dressed than on stage."

A hot blush flushed through the were-cat's cheeks, and she felt another rush of warmth much further down below. This really *was* a fantasy coming true. Normally so chaste, she was freshly exulted in glee from her show, she entertained the idea - and found she liked it, very very much. An evening of dreams did mean all of them should come true! Abandoning her assembly of her habit and nun's

clothing, the perky cat pounced up onto her immense, broad, white-furred footpaws and padded over to the door.

“I think a back-stage *tour* is a fine reward for such a forward fan!” She said, reaching the door and grasping the knob with her large white hand, twisting to open it, ensuring her abundant god-given cleavage would wobble when she pulled open the door.

“Good, I w-want a tour of your back stage!”

A wall of gray flesh surged forward through the door, or at least tried to, barely able to fit through the frame. Huge, muscled arms reached forward to openly grope and squeeze Felicia’s body, hot and demanding in their powerful grip. Massive gray-fleshed breasts swallowed Felicia’s head and swarmed her sensitive feline nose with powerfully pungent scents of musk, spunk and fuckstank. Yet her own breasts were smished against her chest from the profoundly immense belly that poured through the frame, heavy and thick, and round in that too-telling way of obscene pregnancy. Although she couldn’t see, she could certainly *feel* the juddering mass of elephantine cockflesh that thwacked her muscled thighs and was already belting fat ropes of gluey spunk across her skin and fur.

“I’m your BIGGEST Phant!”

Any shouts Felicia might have emitted were clogged into whimpering mewls as her open mouth was swiftly crammed full of hot flesh and pouring cum, the thick mass of an elephant’s trunk ramming past her lips and bulging her throat lewdly with the sheer mass of ejaculate that forced its way down. The meaty pachyderm hands that grabbed at her hips squeezed her closer, already trying to maneuver her hips to the right position to let the monstrous slab below move past her thick thighs.

Instinct kicked in. Felicia was a Darkstalker, and her body reacted accordingly. Her hand was still on the doorknob; a doorknob of now crushed brass as she squeezed it in her paw and PULLED. Her other hand balling into a powerful fist limbed in a blue flame, sending the massive elephantine creature stumbling back from her. She’d fought bigger. Her head popped free of the breasts that entrapped them, and the thick fleshy hose of trunk was heaved from her gullet, spewing white cream from her lips and its thick nostrils alike. The door slammed shut and Felicia stumbled backwards, coughing and gagging.

Yet, the pussy’s pussy was on *fire*. Despite the sudden assault on her body and all of her senses in the previous few seconds, something about everything that just happened had the adrenaline-filled demihuman sloshing with carnal desires. Staggering towards her dresser, spitting up a few more streamers of distinctly sweet’n’salty spooge, she slammed her hands on the wooden table and looked in the mirror. A fleck of spunk landed on the golden cross and hissed.

Instinct retreating as she looked in the mirror, Felicia began to regain her senses... just in time for her to feel the heat swim from between her thighs to within her tummy, and from there, out to the rest of her body. It was such a similar sensation as having just performed for the best crowd in the

world, but far more *physical*, far more primal. A moan spilled from her lips as she lifted her paws and looked at them. Was her snow white fur always this.... Gray?

It was such a pretty gray. Pretty like that gray thing outside.

No! Tossing her head and trying to ignore the growing ache in her body, Felicia reached for the cross on the dresser, planning her escape through a nearby window. Yet before she could reach it, she paused, staring down her arm, at her muscles. Muscles that were bulging... and swelling.

The warmth that soaked her inside and out was turning to a pressure, a thickness, a gray fullness that spoke to her at a basic, spiritual level. She was accustomed to speaking here, but never being spoken –to- in this way. Whatever was in her was on this level, and as her skin grayed and smoothed, not even her Darkstalker days could prepare her for the emotions that swelled with them.

Felicia stumbled backwards and sat down, hard, on her chair. She looked down and watched as her thighs thickened just like her arms were, pumping fuller with muscle and size. Size that her hands and feet had always had, disproportionately large for the rest of her. Now the rest of her was catching up. She looked at her feet and stared at them as the white fur grayed, the claws began to dull and blunt, the toes themselves growing larger around. Whatever size she was going to attain, her paws would still stand out as tremendous.

The chair below her creaked in warning – whatever size she was going to attain, the chair would not survive to see it. As pounds of gray weight and elephantine power poured into her body, the poor wooden object began to crack and creak, hinges bending and wood splintering. Only by the grace of her diminishing feline reflexes was Felicia able to pounce forward as it fell apart beneath her, the arm-rests snapping to either side as her immense smooth gray ass ploughed up past them.

Panting, mewling, Felicia gave a heavy grunt as her biceps bulged once more, round and massive, strength born of immense size. Likewise, her thighs twitched, and the floor creaked beneath her mass. Her eyes focusing once more on the mirror before her, Felicia felt the heat within her body spread up her neck and into her face like a heavy blush.

Gray color poured up where the heat passed, adding size and strange beauty with it. As she watched in the mirror, her nose began to itch, nostrils flaring as if she needed to sneeze... and then continuing to stretch wider still. Dizzy pleasure swarmed her head, her vision somewhat blurring as her nose had never felt so fucking *good* before. Her blunt fingers reached up to touch the strange viscous fluid that dribbled from her nostrils, fluid that was coming from somewhere and felt good to make.

Tentatively, she touched the goo to her lips – which grayed immediately, plumped in juicy whorishness, and then were spread by two pearly white additions that began to stretch out from her face. Tusks. The realization of it all caused two twin splurts of ivory glop to spew from her nose – and in the bliss that followed, stretching. Pushing. Pulling. Grabbing her steadily elongating nose, Felicia moaned, eyes lidding as her trunk surged and swelled, growing longer in her hands, belting out fatter

and fatter ropes of cum, her face flushed red from the freakish orgasms. Thick veins webbed their way down her new appendage, tapering near the fat tip and plump openings of her nostrils.

Just as her trunk reached its full, massive size of over a yard long, Felicia found an even hotter pressure building in her lap. It felt like a volcano was sucking on her clit. Frighteningly enough, Felicia found she wanted *more*. Releasing her trunk, the massive werecat-phant buried both of her huge hands into her lap, thick and stubby fingers fumbling around and pressing at her erogenous flesh – flesh that swiftly pressed back.

Lurching from her lap and filling her eager hands, thick gray cockflesh blossomed. Like a blooming spire of fuck, it careened forward every inch as long as her trunk, and soon boiled over with fresh ejaculate with even more fervor than her face was spewing. The source of this ivory fuel was blatantly apparent – slapping and gurgling against her thighs, massive gray-fleshed testicles ballooned, gaining size again and again despite unloading gallons of spunk at a time. One fumbling hand stroked behind her new sac, to press at her slick folds and still aching clit, her pussy plumply swollen and inviting.

Overwhelmed by the sensations, dizzy from the transformation, and finding herself swimming in thoughts of lust and need, some small part of Felicia was still fighting the corruption within. That small part of her froze as the heat spread to her belly... and melted as it swelled.

At first, it only appeared to be a muffin top on an otherwise trim and athletic feline stomach. But as gray flesh piled on and pushed out, as the lewd gurgles and rumbles of healthy, happy elephantine production creaked through the skin, the distinct shape of a gut formed. Moaning and softly trumpeting to herself, Felicia's massive hands feverishly stroked her new cock as she stared down at her rising gut. Her trunk curled tenderly under one large breast and petted the blossoming pregnancy, stains of white cream dribbled down from her swollen gray teats, much of it lost from the still spattering surges of white cum from her cock and cocktrunk.

Soon, Felicia could no longer see even her massive feet, and her head was beginning to bump against the ceiling. She turned her gaze to the window, her thoughts of escape utterly alien to the thoughts of escape she had just moments before. Stomping forward, the glass promptly painted with spunk, she pressed her huge hands to the wall – and pushed. Creaking, groaning wood buckled against creaking, groaning elephant, and the entire window frame and wall fell out, exposing Felicia to the outside.

Now outside, Felicia's huge ears fanned wide, and she could hear the cheers of the audience once more. No, they were not cheers. They never had been. She knew that now. The champagne that had sprayed on stage was not champagne at all. The cheers were squeals of ecstasy. The audience had not celebrated her performance; they had celebrated the beautiful corruption that had swept through the auditorium, which she had not been able to see, so swept up in her own performance and likely the stage lights too.

Soon, Felicia's own sounds were adding to that of all those around her – as the immense mass in her stomach blossomed yet further, distinct shapes and sizes shifting around, grappling, squeezing, hugging and pressing each other against her womb walls. She ran her hands and trunk over the immense dome of her belly; in their wake, large feet, heavy faces, and fat-veined cocks were outlined by her skin. She must still have some were-cat biology left in her, for she was going to have an entire litter of phants in just moments.

Reaching back, Felicia giggled – a sure sign of how far gone she was from her former self – as she felt the growing strength of the juices and fluids oozing from her pussy. Her offspring were cumming, and she was running out of room to store them all. She was certain several of them were already fucking each other, and she hoped their bellies would fill as big as hers soon.

Bending her massive legs, Felicia placed both hands on her knees, lifting her ropey tail, exposing massive gray asscheeks wobbly and plump for prime fucking, and spreading her cunt as naturally wide as she could. Thankfully, the powerfully muscled arm and trunk that erupted forth from her passage helped to widen her tunnel sufficiently. Trumpeting sound and cum up into the air, Felicia tilted her head back and sang her blissful joy to the world as her clones pulled themselves free.

The first was easiest, only half the size of her mother, sliding to the cum-slicked ground with a thud and a moan, landing on her back. Her aching cock throbbing straight up in the air, fountaining ejaculate; a fountain that was soon buried in the pussy of the second offspring, pulling herself forth from Felicia's snatch to seat herself right on her sister's pole. In this upright position, one growing *more* upright as both elephants continued to increase in size, the second clonedaughter reached her hands up to grasp and knead her mother's huge ass, spreading those cheeks wide and stuffing her cocktrunk helpfully into that plump pucker, probing to the prostate and pouring in with powerful pumps of elephant spunk.

Felicia giddily trumpeted at the sensation of something else inside one of her many needy holes, but her massive belly still had more to offer. Her pussy had further to stretch around another clone, the long wait for birthing having swelled her to three fifths her mother's size, making it a delightful chore to squeeze those huge breeding hips out of those even bigger breeding hips. Landing on knees and hands, the third offspring hiked her tail in eager anticipation, glancing back at her mother's snatch.

Clone number four emerged cock-first, the fat bell tip plunging into her sister's cunt before even her pubic hair was in sight. Heavy balls and powerful legs next, her feet were on the ground and her hips were ploughing her clonesister before her tits and hands were free. In a sight that made Felicia orgasm even harder, she could see that this daughter was so far along in her growth, that the exposed belly was swelling in pregnancy. A heavy grunt and a long push later, she was fully birthed; and already an arm and a trunk was shoving forth from her fourth clone's fat snatch.

Stumbling forward, empty of her litter, Felicia swooned and stood up, a hand on her belly, ejaculate drooling from her nose, cunt, ass, and cock. She could hear the growing chorus of her elephant brood just behind her, fucking and cumming and still growing as large as she, bringing their own

daughters to the fray. Pride swelled in Felicia's heart, the same spiritual pride that had filled her before she had opened that door, only now from a completely different source.

A crack, a thump, and several trumpets turned Felicia's attention back to her ruined dressing room. The wall that separated her room from the hallway had been shoved over – by the immense mass of the brood of the elephant fan that had infected her. Her eyes widened in disbelief – and intense lust – as she saw the results of her earlier rejection and door slamming.

A hallway is a cramped space, and when cramped, elephants have little room to go, or grow. So these elephants were closer than ever... if they were even separate elephants at all. Eight massive feet had pushed down the wall, all on the same side of the huge, elephant-centipede like body they were attached too. Massive erections and bloated balls wobbled and grew between each set of legs, several of them throbbing free and hosing with cum, several others stuffed up behind their forebody's balls into heavy pussies that took those dicks and would be eternally fucked and cummed into. The creature was laying on its side, exposing its underside, but now rolled over and rose up on seventeen pairs of legs, stomping and crushing its way free of the hallway and dressing room, and fixating a dozen pairs of eyes on Felicia standing before them.

“I told you” “I was your” “BIGGEST” “PHAN!”

Four heads giggled in unison as the four others spoke their lines – and the remaining four were too busy clogging as much of their sisterselve's cocktrunks into their throats to make any intelligible noise. Six pairs of arms openly molested their huge breasts, while eight more pairs of hands stroked the prodigious forebelly that gurgled with life and production. Felicia could see them all suddenly surge a step closer – as from their pussy, they birthed another set of hips, a huge cock and balls flopping free, another head pushing out among the crowd, a few feet adding to height and length.

“But we still” “Want to get” “That backstage tour” “You offered us.”

Felicia stared up at her fan, and beamed. So did her second head. Turning around on all six feet, she reached back with eight arms and displayed her five oozing pussies, fatly swollen with lust and need. Her twelve pairs of breasts wobbled as the immense elephant behind her surged forward and stuffed her full, grinding over her, pressing huge belly against her back, and playfully intermingling feet with Felicia's signature massive toes and soles. Hot moans erupted from Felicia's seven heads, while her remaining eight unfilled pussies distended and stretched open around swarms of arms and trunks yearning to stretch free in the open air.

Felicia felt loved, felt adored, and if she had anything to sing about, and by the grace of Phant, so would the rest of the world.