

At least in part, the Lugia felt like he should get up *purely* to keep Mika from going away; he couldn't think of any reason why they would do such a thing, his being mind slightly too preoccupied with what it was going through to draw any conclusions from anything, but Kinachi *did* know that if the skunk went away, then the two of them couldn't experience this blessed outcome together. If that were true, than what was the point of it? Surely, Mika realized that the Lugia had brought this upon them purely because he wanted the two of them to relax and spend some time unwinding, even if the unfortunate side-effects were entirely accidental; why, then, would the skunk want to just walk away from that, to throw himself into the bathroom and go through this blissful ascension into the halls of utmost, divine pleasure without their friend by their side? Granted, it wasn't as if either of them could really *do* anything in the state that they were in, but surely the thought counted, didn't it? Kinachi assumed it did, but then again, almost immediately afterwards forgot what it was he was supposed to be assuming anything about; the entire train of thought that led him to the conclusion that Mika should remain seated lasted about as long as any given thought could, and then immediately vanished into the aether as it was consumed by yet another wave of electrical discharges firing up his spine, duly overriding anything but the intense, unwavering need to cum even harder than they already were. Such was the Lugia's fate, surrendered as he was to his basest desire and most animalistic of motivations, that he was entirely unable to *hold onto* a thought for much longer than it took to formulate it; he'd probably end up crafting that string of conclusions regarding his friend several times over again, and each and every single attempt would end in the same way: his mind blanking out, his body telling him to stop thinking, and then the cycle repeating itself, albeit with each iteration robbing Kinachi further of even more of his reasoning ability. To some extent, Mika was aware of this, even if he couldn't quite put it into words; it was more of a subconscious realization for the skunk, a vague awareness that if they stopped moving and let their body dictate the terms of what happened going forward and how, then they wouldn't have a chance in hell of ever returning to normal. The assumption that this endless discharge would, in fact, be endless became the foundational principle for everything that Mika did in those critical moments, driven by the fear that they were cursed to cum their brains out at every second of every day for the rest of their life; assuming that held up, then clearly they should at least *try* and stop their spunk from flooding their apartment... even if only to help prolong the eternal orgasm for as long as it could go. After all, if the two of them put together could easily fill up all available volume, then they would eventually be forced to stop once they were fully encased in virile seed, whereas if Mika went to the trouble of heaving their body into the bathtub and unplugging the drain, then at least the house had *some* way of venting all of those excess fluids. It was utterly nonsensical as a "reasonable" solution, plus it was predicated entirely on unknowns that even the skunk realized they had no way of knowing for certain, but it was preferable to having nothing at all... at least in their mind. It could be that the only reason they felt this way was because it gave them something to work towards, a *goal* to be reached rather than just an empty, mindless need to sit around and let themselves get covered by their own cum like Kinachi was doing; it could be that, as soon as they reached the bathtub, there wouldn't really be anything there for them, that for all

of their brave and genuine attempts at fixing their problem, it would only get worse over time. But as Mika dragged themselves out of the living room, keeping at least one hand on the wall next to them at any given time, as they forced themselves to walk through the hallway and into their bathroom, as their face broke out into a shambled smile when they finally saw the tub... well, at least it was *something*. Not a lot, but... something.

They knew that the instant their butt was firmly inside the bathtub, it would all be over. Their muscles would go limp all control over their body would be rescinded, and there would be nothing left in their mind but the incessant *need* to cum, to always cum, to never *stop* cumming no matter how tired they were; this was something they had accepted from the moment they got up from the couch, however long ago that had been, and though part of them wanted to stop and reconsider this approach, perhaps even suggest that the best course of action would be to just walk around the house instead of settling in, the truth of the matter was that Mika was... tired. Tired from a full day of work, tired from having their body slip away from their control, tired because their whole form had been assaulted by some kind of backfiring magic curse and now they couldn't stop unloading their spunk wherever their cock was pointed, and frankly, they just wanted to rest. There was a very good chance they wouldn't be able to fall asleep regardless of how exhausted they were, given the sort of sensations that kept crashing into them from seemingly all directions, but at least when they finally climbed into the tub and allowed themselves to sink into it, they could *try*; maybe they would succeed, and wake up who knew how many hours later completely coated in their seed? Maybe they'd be roused from their slumber when they were so caked in the stuff that they couldn't even breathe properly, and whatever was left of their sense of self-preservation jolted them back to the waking world so they could do something about that. Or maybe they just *wouldn't* wake up, not until it was all over, only to find out that it had been several days, they were immensely dehydrated, and everything underneath their home had been flooded by the inevitable infiltration, seeing as the structural integrity between different floors wasn't exactly the best and insulation good enough to keep *those* amounts of liquids back would be prohibitively expensive. Whatever the case may be, Mika only *knew* one thing: they not only *wanted* to get in the tub, they *needed* to get into it, because it was the only way that they could ever, possibly survive whatever came next; were they to keep trying to stand up, there was a reasonable chance they would eventually trip and crack their head open on a sharp edge, especially with how slippery all of that cum on the ground was, so really, giving up and throwing themselves into the bathtub was the *better* option. At least, that's what they kept telling themselves as they carefully, yet haphazardly hoisted themselves over the edge and into the tub proper, fumbling the landing and ending up having to turn around while having their face blasted with thick ropes of their seed; ultimately though, the lubrication helped them get into a much better position, and as soon as they got comfortable, Mika felt their consciousness very quickly begin to ebb away, replaced by an overwhelmingly comfortable sensation of warmth, of softness, of being carried atop an ocean of velvet... if only they surrendered themselves to it, of course. The skunk should pay no heed to the occasional dripping

of spunk from the ceiling, nor the odd rope of cum striking them directly whenever their dick twitched in just the right direction, they should just go with the flow and enjoy things while they lasted... so they did. The thought of going to sleep and only waking up when things were done didn't seem so bad if they could do so while in the comforting warmth of that tub, and so, within *seconds*, Mika was already well on their way to going under for the foreseeable future.

A similar process took place back in the living room, albeit only after Kinachi tried to get up to follow his friend, only to immediately trip and fall face-forward onto the thick pool of cum that covered most of the floor around him. Part of his mind had insisted that he at least *try* to ascertain where his friend might've gone to, but seeing as this cordoned-off section of his sense of self was in no way in control of his muscles, it didn't take more than a single attempted step before the Lugia's whole body collapsed into a crumpled heap and his nostrils were filled by the overpowering, musky scent of the unholy mixture of the two friend's spunk. It was more delicious than it had any right to be, though Kinachi knew better than to try and taste it; if he did, then he'd end up gorging himself and not be able to stop, and that would put a damper on the main attraction of the show, that being the actual cumming itself. He knew that, if he was just patient, then he would eventually be covered in so much of the stuff that really all he'd have to do would be to open his mouth and gallons of it would flow freely down his throat, so really, why even bother with the small stuff around him? Better than he focus entirely on getting as much of the house flooded as he could, as a sort of investment into the future; after all, the only thing needed of the Lugia was for him to turn back around and let his back be flat against the floor, with his body happy to take the reigns past that point. One twitch at a time, rope after rope of cum, endless, bottomless, seemingly produced from thin air, fired from the tip of Kinachi's cock, never to stop no matter how much it should've already; the curse was potent, that much was certain, so much so that the Lugia felt a certain twinge of pride in what he was able to accomplish. He was certain that, if he'd actually *tried*, he would never have been able to do it, no matter how much effort he put into it; this sort of thing was entirely the product of random happenstance and copious amounts of luck, and if there was any negative aspect about it, it was the realization that he wouldn't be able to replicate it later on. No, this was a one-time affair... which, frankly, only made it more important for him to enjoy it while it still lasted, assuming that it wouldn't just keep going permanently (or at least until someone found them after they were declared missing); if it was a case of him being unable to call upon this sort of madness whenever he damn well felt like it, then the only logical conclusion to this, at least in Kinachi's mind, was that he should make the absolute best of it, much like he assumed Mika was doing in the bathroom, whatever it was he was occupying themselves with in there.

Maybe it wouldn't. Maybe it wouldn't. Maybe it shouldn't end but eventually the entire apartment collapsed under the weight of several days' worth of constant, non-stop climaxes. Maybe the two of them would become encased in the stuff, like insects in amber. Many

possibilities, none of which truly mattered, because in the end, only one thing was even remotely important for the two friends at that stage:

They had to cum more.