

The sand swirled around Smokey as he stepped over the final dune. Sparse vegetation dotted the rolling hillsides of Ashen Wastes. This close to the Crimson Highlands, the ground was turning rust red, the meerkat having taken several turns through rocky ravines just to get to his designated meeting spot.

He grunted, the scarred meerkat shifting his heavy pack over his shoulders as he approached the ramshackle fence surrounding his supplier's home. Most of the plot was rotting away. An old stable that hadn't been used in years looked fit to collapse along with a water trough so bone dry that it made Smokey's throat sympathetically scratchy. He had to wonder if the hyena lived here legally or if he was just squatting. Considering his nature, it wouldn't surprise him if it was the latter.

He stepped past a pair of lit braziers marking the entrance, smoke wafting in the dry desert wind. Beyond was a large bedouin tent, the front drapes drawn shut. Before he could raise his voice, they burst open dramatically in a flourish of red furred arms.

"Come in, my friend! Come in!" came an overly cheerful voice. Odie grinned from the other side of the threshold, showing off pointed fangs in that charismatic expression. Smokey felt a slight weakness in his knees, his short ears pinning back to his skull. He couldn't help but notice the crimson-maned hyena was wearing nothing but his usual loincloth, the rest of his lightly muscled body framed by the setting sun's light.

"You think you could live any further out of the way?" the exasperated meerkat grouched as he approached.

"*Aaah*, my friend!" the hyena said with a giggle, stepping aside for his guest. "You know as well as I that our business flourishes in less traveled places!"

He let the drape drop shut behind them, shards of light blue magicite providing adequate lighting inside the tent. It was roomy, with soft rugs acting like carpeting with a ceiling that would accommodate someone twice their respective diminutive height.

"Have a seat! There's plenty of them," Odie said with a giggle, vanishing into a side room, flitting behind dividing curtains.

Smokey pulled his pack off, dropping it next to one of the large cushions. It acted like a beanbag, threatening to swallow him up as he sat down into it. He grunted under his breath, trying to push away the stupidly attractive images of Odie from his head. He must have noticed his lingering gaze during their past dealings. There was no other reason why he would meet someone who should be their business partner nearly naked at the door.

"Just calm down, Smokey," he said to himself placatingly. "You'll get your herbs and be back in time to make dinner for Meerky."

Thinking about his adopted son was a worthwhile distraction. Meerky had practically climbed his leg, begging to go along with him. It took some convincing, and a favor from *Alsa*, one of the

young leaders of Clan Uru, to babysit the pouting pup. Thankfully, the flow of favors was still in Smokey's favor, so he managed to pawn him off on her for at least a little bit.

Not that he enjoyed leaving him behind. There was hardly a moment when they were separated. Even then, sometimes a parent needed a break.

"Aaand, here we are!" that happy-go-lucky voice chimed. Odie practically twirled out from behind the curtains, deep violet curtains flapping behind him. A haphazardly sealed crate perched in his arms as he sauntered in, dropping it onto the floor with a muted thud.

"... Here's what?" Smokey asked, leaning forward in his beanbag—or as much as the grabby blob would allow him, the padding inside of it rolling and fighting against his movements.

Odie put a hand on his chest, big ears pointed skyward as he showed off an array of sparkling whites. "Whyyy, the best thing you've ever laid eyes on, of course!"

Smokey scoffed, the dreadlocked meerkat tilting his head to one side. "Looks like a box to me."

"Think *beyond!*" Odie said, tracing fingers along its edges. "It's what's inside that matters! And, trust me, you've never seen herbs like this!"

The meerkat snorted sharply. "I'll be the judge of that."

"Hehe, I was hoping you'd say that! I know you're the *foremost* expert on herbology on this side of the sands!"

Smokey's brows flattened. "Do...you even know what that word means?"

"Do I need to? Sounds fancy! And most people buy it!" the hyena cackled. He cracked open the lid, pulling the old wood from the top of the box to reveal dried herbs of various shades of darkened green and earthy browns.

Leaning further forward—seat be damned—Smokey took a few cautious sniffs. "You dried these out yourself?"

"A'yup! I wouldn't be a very good supplier if I couldn't let my clients test the wares, right?" He dropped into a cross-legged stance opposite Smokey, putting an elbow on his knee as he plopped a chin onto his palm.

"... You're serious? You want me to try smoking these?"

The hyena nodded as if there was nothing wrong with that, a false-innocent smile pulled across his tan-furred muzzle. "It's rumored that these were blessed by *Magister Merlin* himself! Ain't that a treat? Imagine how much it'll sell for!"

Again, Smokey's brows flattened. "I don't believe that for a second."

The hyena giggled excitedly. "So? You just gotta convince your customers!" He leaned forward, giving the nonplussed meerkat a playful punch on the shoulder. "Besides! I've seen you work!"

You're not just a master apothecary; you're a master salesman, too! I'm just givin' you your sales pitch!"

Smokey grunted in irritation, rubbing at his stinging shoulder. The flattery had found its mark, however, his ears folded back again, cheeks warming as he muttered something unintelligible.

"Aaaand...did I mention *handsome*?~"

Those jade green eyes were locked on him, that smile half-cocked to one side. "You knowww... I've also heard—from a very reliable source—that these herbs can act as an aphrodisiac."

Smokey sputtered, his face turning red as he fell back into that all-consuming seat. "*Clearly!* You must have been huffing them before I arrived!" His heart thudded in his chest as the hyena crept closer, fingers spread as he crawled on all fours salaciously.

"C'mon! We've been business partners for *how* many years now?" The hyena was only inches away now, sitting right at the foot of Smokey's seat.

"I...*Uh*..." He was at a loss for words—a rare experience for someone like Smokey. "*Uhhh*..." Those toasty-brown fingers caressed the outsides of his dark gray pants, creeping their way up slowly.

"Don't you think you're entitled to a few *perks*?"

Desperate for a distraction, Smokey lunged for his pack. He unfurled the top flap, pulling out his trusty brass censer. A strike of a match later, he had the bottom of the almost egg-shaped device heating up.

"Ohh, I get ya. Want to try the wares first, huh? That's fine," Odie said with a smirk, pulling his hand back before patiently dropping into a cross-legged sit. He watched eagerly as the meerkat expertly scooped a measured helping, dropping into the top of the gently sizzling censer.

"Wh-what, uh..." Smokey cleared his throat. "What other properties do these herbs have? I can't say I've ever seen anything like these..."

"Oh, the usual! They increase the stamina of the user. Strength too! Makes the blood flow a lil bit more, y'know? Probably why it makes a great aphrodisiac. Can't go wrong with a helping of herb-boosting virility!"

Smoke rose from the brass sphere, filtering through the small slits that ran around the top perimeter. Smokey's nose twitched, picking up on earthy, musky tones. "Well, if it's poisonous, you're the one who's going to suffer."

"Mmm, don't worry! You already told me about your little superpower," the hyena said with a playful titter, tracing the insides of Smokey's thigh, sending a shiver up the meerkat's spine. "Having a partner essentially immune to poison is fantastic for business."

"*Fantastic*," Smokey reiterated flatly.

The smoke swirled around them, filling the space with a light haze that clung around the glowing magicite like fog. "Ooh, I think I'm already starting to feel it," Odie said with a little chuckle, nodding down below.

Smokey nearly choked on his own spit, a solid lump sticking up from between the hyena's thighs. It arched the fabric of his loincloth lewdly, the hidden endowment underneath twitching a few times, a little damp spot starting to form.

"Like you need an excuse!" He huffed softly, taking a deep breath of the fumes while at it. Everything spun, that hammering in his heart seeming to spread to his head.

"Aw, seems like I'm not the only one, hehe!"

"What are you talking about—*ouughh*..." Smokey groaned, nearly falling back completely in that chair as Odie's damp, padded nose pushed against a surprisingly hard crotch. His endowment ached, stretching the front of his pants to the point he was almost afraid they were going to burst. He couldn't remember the last time he had been this hard—years, maybe.

And now he had a wet mouth wrapping around the end of it. He wasn't sure when his pants had been pulled down, but the cool air of the tent was wafting over his bare, exposed thighs. The hyena nuzzled his endowment, dragging his tongue along the underside. The vibration from his amused giggling caused Smokey to twitch.

"C'mon. You can't tell me you don't want this."

"I..." Smokey found it hard to grasp coherent thoughts, the blood rushing from one head to another, "don't know what you're talking about."

"A single father like yourself has to get lonely at night, right? Nobody to share your bed with, and certainly no ladies hanging off of your arms."

Smokey twitched, taking another deep inhale as Odie gave his length an agonizingly slow lick.

"And all those hungry looks you keep throwing my way! It's flattering, really~"

A deep-throated moan bubbled out of Smokey. His eyes rolled back in his skull as Odie's warm mouth wrapped around his shaft, bobbing up and down before dropping down to his crotch. He barely had time to put the censer safely on the ground before gripping into the flowing fire-red mane. Half-formed words spilled out of him, utterly incoherent as he hunched forward, hugging the hyena's head.

"Having a daddy like you all to myself..." Odie muttered, giving the tip of that leaking head a lustful lick, savoring the salty taste. "Almost seems a little unfair! Though, you know me—I hate to share~"

It seemed having a big mouth had other advantages as Odie plunged back down over Smokey's shaft. It wasn't just his cock that was beginning to ache, but the rest of him as well. Everything

felt tight, his clothes, even his own pelt as his heart banged like a hammer in his chest. Whatever was cooking away in his censer was hitting him *hard*.

"*Mmng...*" Odie pulled off of the saliva-slicked endowment with a wet pop, giving that sizable shaft a respectable look. "Oh, yeah... This stuff is working better than I expected!"

"What do you..." Smokey managed to realign his eyes just long enough to look down. His cock was nearly double its usual size, flesh an angry red near the tip with several fat veins tracing down the length and into his lower stomach. "S-Sweet sand spirits...!"

"Sand spirits be damned, this is *all* mine," Odie said with an impish giggle. Wet *shlk* sounds echoed through the tent as the hyena wrapped his fingers around the sizable sausage, giving it a few slow pumps. He huffed, licking his lips as he continued that jerking motion, amusing himself with the splurts of precum jetting into the air and spattering over Smokey's stomach.

A smile curled the hyena's lip as he caught a glance of his arm in his peripheral vision. A modest bicep was starting to swell with every pump. The little lump bulged, a thick vein surfacing under his sandy pelt. "*Oohhh*, here we go! Now we're gettin' somewhere. Told ya this stuff was—*nnhh!*—blessed!"

That feeling that everything was too tight redoubled. Smokey clawed at himself, grabbing at his vest as it clung restrictedly to his chest. A set of pectorals bulged from his once flat frame, swelling mounds pushing his once roomy vest into the corners of his broadening shoulders, fabric cutting into his pits. Breathing was getting difficult; the beaded necklace that once draped loosely to his chest pulled snugly around his throat. Fattened fingers fought to get under the taut twine, but the less dexterous digits were unable to fit.

Beads burst, shooting across the room like buckshot as the twine snapped like a rubber band. Smokey's once-thin throat swelled, his neck bulging into a meaty pillar as traps rose around it with every deep breath. "Uugh... *Mngg...*!" His voice dropped as his Adam's apple swelled, jumping with a deep gulp.

"*Mmfff-!*" Odie struggled with the swelling shaft in his maw. His throat bulged, the outline of veins from that monster schlong etched along the inside of his neck. He barely managed to pull off of it, gasping loudly. Strings of saliva connected his maw to the end of that precum shooting shaft.

"*Haah...* Even I can't handle something *that* big," he said reverently, taking nearly two feet of cock between his padded hands. He marveled at the heft, unable to touch the tip of his fingers together as they wrapped around the length.

The hyena rolled his shoulders, taking in a deep breath of the fogging incense around them. His body swelled like Smokey's, those delts developing around a rising mountain of traps. He giggled in amusement as taut pecs ballooned as if someone were pumping air into them. He rolled his meaty shoulders forward, his chattering growing more excited as he made those inflating mounds dance and clap together.

It gave him a delicious idea.

Smokey's eyes fluttered, the muscled meerkat falling back with a breathless gasp. All of that expanded length sank between creamy-white fur. Odie leveraged his deepening cleavage to swallow up Smokey's shaft, the hyena perching his hands underneath those bulbous pecs to press them together.

They were growing huge. Every labored breath brought more of the transformative herbs into their system, imbuing them with muscle and masculinity. The latter was undoubtedly hitting Smokey hard. The meerkat's jawline swelled subtly as he shifted it uncomfortably, dark stubble taking root and spreading across the lower half of that slowly swelling plate.

"*Ohhh...* Lookin' good there," Odie said with a reverent, breathy huff. He watched as that jawline popped, growing wider. Cheekbones swelled, growing prominent under Smokey's rolled-back eyes. His brows thickened a little, pushing forward as a light cleft split his thickening chin.

The meerkat's vest tore, fabric shredding until the last strands broke off. Pecs ballooned out, the same dark stubble covering over swelling, banded mounds. The looping unfurred scar warped around traps and a fattened neck, showing off striations that his short pelt still hid.

Smokey was becoming decidedly top-heavy, partly thanks to the natural build of his species. His long torso beveled, abdominals springing into existence, popping out one by one. Obliques flanked them, spreading like scaled armor as lats widened like sinewy wings to support his expanding ribcage. Ballooning glutes hefted the meerkat up, supporting him on deeply dimpled boulders.

"*Heheheh,*" Odie giggled. "Who needs product placement when we're walking testimonials, right, *Daddy?*"

The term tickled something primal in Smokey. His brain swam in a soup of hormones and testosterone, blood flowing through his engorging body making it difficult to think.

A swollen bicep bulged as Odie stroked his jawline curiously. "Though...results may vary, apparently!" Unlike Smokey, his facial features hadn't undergone a radical transformation; they were thicker than before, but nowhere on the league of the meerkat's manly mug.

"But that's okay." He said breathily, climbing up onto meaty thighs, caressing swollen, feathered quads as he did. "I think I prefer this dynamic anyway. Much more exciting," he said with a tittering giggle.

Smokey moaned, his hips bucking as something warm and wet caressed the underside of his pecs. The tip of Odie's tongue worked slow circles around coin-sized nipples, leaving a little damp streak wherever it traveled. He could feel the hyena straddling his length, grinding engorged glutes around the end of it eagerly.

Precum gushed freely from Smokey's shaft, some of it pooling across the rug-lined floor, staining and dampening the hatched fabric. A fat foot kicked over the crate and nearby table, thickened soles stretching as Smokey's toes splayed. Before he knew it, the hyena was stretching around him, warm, soft insides swallowing up his length as Odie bucked and jumped.

"*Mmph!*" Smokey's face was smothered in pecs, furry mounds wrapping around either side of his face as Odie clung to him. The size difference between them had become noticeable. While the hyena had also packed on an absurd amount of muscle, he was a good quarter smaller than the massive meerkat he was riding.

Smokey breathed heavily, catching whiffs of earthy musk and salty sweat. The heady aroma shorted out his brain, the meerkat reaching around to grip the bucking, moaning hyena. His arms were so thick with muscle that he had trouble bringing them forward, deeply split biceps almost instantly crashing with bloated pectorals. Fingers thick as a man's forearm gripped at Odie's meaty back, digging into the rolling, snaking hills of muscle that pulled his pelt taut.

"*OOhhh...!*" Odie gasped slack jawed as his flowing mane was yanked, tugging his head back against his own traps. "*Ooh...Oh yeah, Daddy—!*" He gave his hips a twitch, thrusting his own oozing endowment against Smokey's midsection. Once taut abs had beveled outwards, swelling and growing without stopping. It gave him a prominent gut, the entire thing made of solid, rippling muscle as it domed out like a tortoiseshell.

The beanbag was nothing but a perch for Smokey's ass now. His mammoth legs overflowed out across the floor, the meerkat propping himself up with his elbows as he leaned back. Tendons bulged, feet digging in as he used those powerful thighs to thrust up into the hyena.

Odie's stomach stretched, the hyena letting out a yip as his abs distended and bulged. The sound of Smokey's hips slapping against his ass echoed across the tent, the hyena's glutes rolling and wobbling from the impact.

It quickly became repetitive as Smokey began to jackhammer into Odie's ass. The hyena gasped and moaned as his head was yanked back again by his mane. He whined as the meerkat leaned forward, nuzzling along his meaty neck before biting down. Meaty paws slid up and down his back before squeezing his ass possessively.

Smokey's knees hiked up, thighs rippling, hamstrings rippling like piano strings as he threw his hips up into Odie's quickly reddening ass. "*Yeah,*" he grunted, a deep growling voice unrecognizable. "*You like that?*"

"*Nyyess!*" Odie gasped as he shuddered, arms thrown around Smokey's monstrous shoulders and traps. The two were muscled titans, creeping up on 7 feet tall and just as wide—but Smokey was decidedly bigger, creeping up on double Odie's width as the meerkat eagerly sucked in more of the growth-inducing haze.

The band holding back Smokey's dreads snapped at some point, thick columns of braided hair dropping over his shoulder and back, fanning over the muscled expanse. Sweat rolled down the curves and valleys of his body as he pistoned his hips like a machine. The heat between them was turning the tent into an oven, their bodies like living furnaces made of swollen sinew.

"*O-Ohh...!*" Odie gasped as he was lifted into the air, his legs scrambling to wrap around Smokey's hips. His ankles locked over those glutes, nestling just underneath the meerkat's thick

tail. His ass shook as it clapped with enough force to break boulders, his stomach stretching and warping with every absurdly powerful thrust.

There was no doubt in Odie's sex-addled mind that Smokey could go toe-to-toe with the likes of Brutus now. He would loom over him with shoulders over twice as broad as the battle-seasoned lion's. Even Orson would have a tough time; his monstrous build and huge belly wouldn't be a match against Smokey's unrivaled muscular bulk.

The air was knocked out of him. Odie saw stars, the world suddenly flipped upside down on him.

His back was pressed into the floor, the crate having shattered underneath the broad expanse. The wood had been crushed to splinters, the rest of the herbs scattered around them. His eyes widened as he was grasped, thick hands engulfing his ankles. He was forced to curl onto himself, his legs brought up high as Smokey leaned down over him.

Odie could only moan and gasp as he was put into a mating press. Smokey spread his stance wide, monstrously thick thighs rippling as he bucked and thrust, pile-driving a cock as thick as a man's arm into the wailing hyena.

*"D-Daah—Daddy...! Haaah!"* Odie gasped, muscle grinding against muscle as he was rolled into an orange-and-tan-furred meatball of himself. He couldn't move, toes splaying as his knees hovered around his peripheral vision. His world had been condensed down to just the hulking meerkat over him, the bearded beast growling and thrusting into him in a mating frenzy.

*"Mmph..! Mmlfff-!"* Odie's obscene moaning abruptly ceased. Smokey managed to lunge forward, locking muzzles in an awkward, yet ferocious kiss. His tongue filled the hyena's mouth, rolling around, pinning his appendage every so often. Rivulets of drool formed from the corners of their mouth even as Smokey's rippling, mammoth arms encircled the balled-up Odie.

Precum backwashed from Odie with every pull of the meerkat's massive member. It splattered onto the floor, adding to the mess of sweat and smattering of dried, discarded herbs. At some point, the censer had burned out, knocked over, and kicked aside. The smoke had been replaced by a musky miasma of masculine odor, the scent of sex overpowering anything else.

The two took up the majority of the floor space. Seats and tables had been knocked to the wayside by their raucous fucking. The disparity between what they had become and what they once were was staggering. One of Smokey's enormous arms was enough to compete with his previous stature. Swollen sinew flexed, banding and rippling as it was put to work.

Poor Odie couldn't see straight, fighting to unroll his eyes from the back of his head as Smokey plowed him senseless, tongue still delving deep into his maw. He practically choked on it, their kiss growing so deep that it actually dipped down his throat.

Odie's toes curled and splayed, feet twitching as he squirmed. He was allowed a reprieve as his legs dropped around Smokey's broad shoulders, heels looping behind a neck as thick as a



bull's. Their kiss broke as he was lowered back to the ground, strings of saliva snapping as he gasped and panted for breath.

"*Nnhh...Mngff...*" Odie clawed at the ground, tearing and bundling up fabric between his fingers. "D-Don't know...how much longer...*Haaahh...*" His stomach was already starting to look swollen. Abdominals stretched, his turgid midsection rounding out, sloshing and wobbling with the consistency of a water balloon.

Bloated balls swung like hefty pendulums, crashing against the base of Odie's tail. Every plunge of that slicked shaft caused precum to spurt out around the unsealed edges. Smokey's mammoth chest heaved, swollen, hirsute pectorals blushing up against his blocky chin, threatening to wrap around it.

Every instinct told him to mate with this hyena—to mark him as his own. A deeply primal instinct that demanded he breed, to dump the heavy load in his overstuffed balls. Saliva flecked from Smokey's jaw as he panted, thick dreads dangling around him as he loomed over the moaning mass of hyena.

And then he went over the edge.

Tendons bulged obscenely as Smokey dug his knuckles into the ground, taking on a hunched posture similar to an ape. His glutes clamped together, rippling and feathering in waves as his herculean body locked up. Smokey's turgid balls jumped, hiking up as the base of his shaft ballooned and jumped to the hammering tempo of his heartbeat.

"*Ooughh...UUggmpph-!*" Odie clutched at his stomach as the dam broke inside him. It swelled, visibly churning and beveling with every gushing spurt of Smokey's gushing seed. His digits sank into the swelling expanse as his stomach turned spherical, navel popping out from the pressure. Skin turned rosy pink, stretched taut underneath tan stomach fur.

The rest of it back washed out of him from pressure relief, spraying like a geyser and flooding the floor around them. The ordeal was so intense that Odie didn't notice his eruption. His cock arched around his stomach, denting the underside of it, velvety soft fur wrapping around it as he blew like a canon. Ropes of sticky white hit the ceiling, causing the tent's fabric to ripple and wobble as it sprayed back down over them.

Bubbling white churned in the back of Odie's throat, some of that excess cum dribbling down the corners of his mouth as he gagged and coughed, the hyena filled to the brim.

The tent was a mess. Sweat and cum mixed together, coating the floors and furniture. And it only got worse when Smokey finally pulled out. An absurd length of cock slipped out of Odie with a wet pop, leaving a gaping hole you could easily put a fist through. Half of the gut-busting load came pouring out of him, spilling out across the rugs, utterly ruining what was left of them.

"*Hhuughhh... Hhuh...*" Odie panted, tongue lolling out of his mouth as his eyes rolled, his legs finally allowed to drop to the floor with a weighty *thump*. When they finally straightened, he saw the muscled monster that Smokey had become. The meerkat was checking himself out, blocky

jawline slacked, eyes wide as he checked out one of his arms. He had it curled, meaty fist clenched, a bloated bicep swelling up against a nearly equally thick forearm. Veins ran like roadmaps up that limb, a few fat hoses trailing over the split peak of his bicep heads. They pushed up under his fist, the meerkat curiously unfurling fingers to stroke along the bloated mass of muscle.

"I'm *huge*," he whispered, his voice a bassy growl of reverence. "...I don't know anyone this big—I've never *seen* anyone..."

Odie giggled from the floor, his voice barely changed and still light and playful as ever. He struggled to stand, legs wobbling even with all their newfound muscle-mass. "*Heehee*... Really deserving of that title now, eh, *Daddy?*"

Smokey's sunken eyes swiveled under their shaded brow-shelves. "...You really like that, huh?"

"Heyyy, but it's true, ain't it? You were a daddy even before, well..." He let his words hang as he sauntered closer to the hulking behemoth. A sultry finger traced along the generous curvature of Smokey's swollen pectorals, tracing the individual bands that rippled underneath his taut pelt just from breathing.

"Did I mention you look better with your hair down? Makes you look *wild*," Odie said with a giggle.

"Yeah, well. People are gonna go *wild* when they see...uh, me." He huffed under his breath, looking from one swollen pec to another. On command they danced, jumping and rolling like sinewy ocean waves. "I can't believe all of this is...well, *me!* And my voice..."

"Yeah? What about it?" Odie egged on, tracing slow circles around meaty nips that jutted from those bouncing boulders.

"What," Smokey scoffed, "Perfect for calling you *Pup?*"

"*Oohh*..." Odie shivered, slipping his arms around Smokey's sides and locking them so his meaty biceps pressed under those wing-like lats. "Say it again~"

Despite the dismissive grimace plastered across Smokey's testosterone-addled face, he couldn't help but slip an arm around the hyena, tucking him closer to his side. "I'll rail your ass again, *Pup*, if you keep that up." The words felt strange tumbling out of his mouth, but the authoritative bass behind them didn't care. It still made Odie shudder, the smaller hyena clinging to him tightly.

"*Mmh*... Please do, *Daddy*," he said with a sultry grind of his hips against Smokey's enormous trunk-like thigh.

The meerkat snorted but otherwise didn't entirely dismiss the idea. He felt himself slowly getting hard again, that two-foot-long sausage already starting to pump into the air. "I just might. Still feelin' some after-effects of those herbs. Speaking of which..."

"*Mmm?*" Odie hummed questioningly, seeming too fixated on grinding his crotch between meaty pillars.

"Where's my censer? I don't think we've sampled enough of these herbs yet," he said with a toothy smirk. "We should...test some more of it—you know, just in case. We don't want to leave our premium clients wondering, now do we?"

Odie giggled gleefully, peeling himself off of the behemoth just long enough to reply, "Of course we don't! I think I got an extra box in the back...~"