

Elephants

More elephants.

Introducing the twin sisters.

Elly.



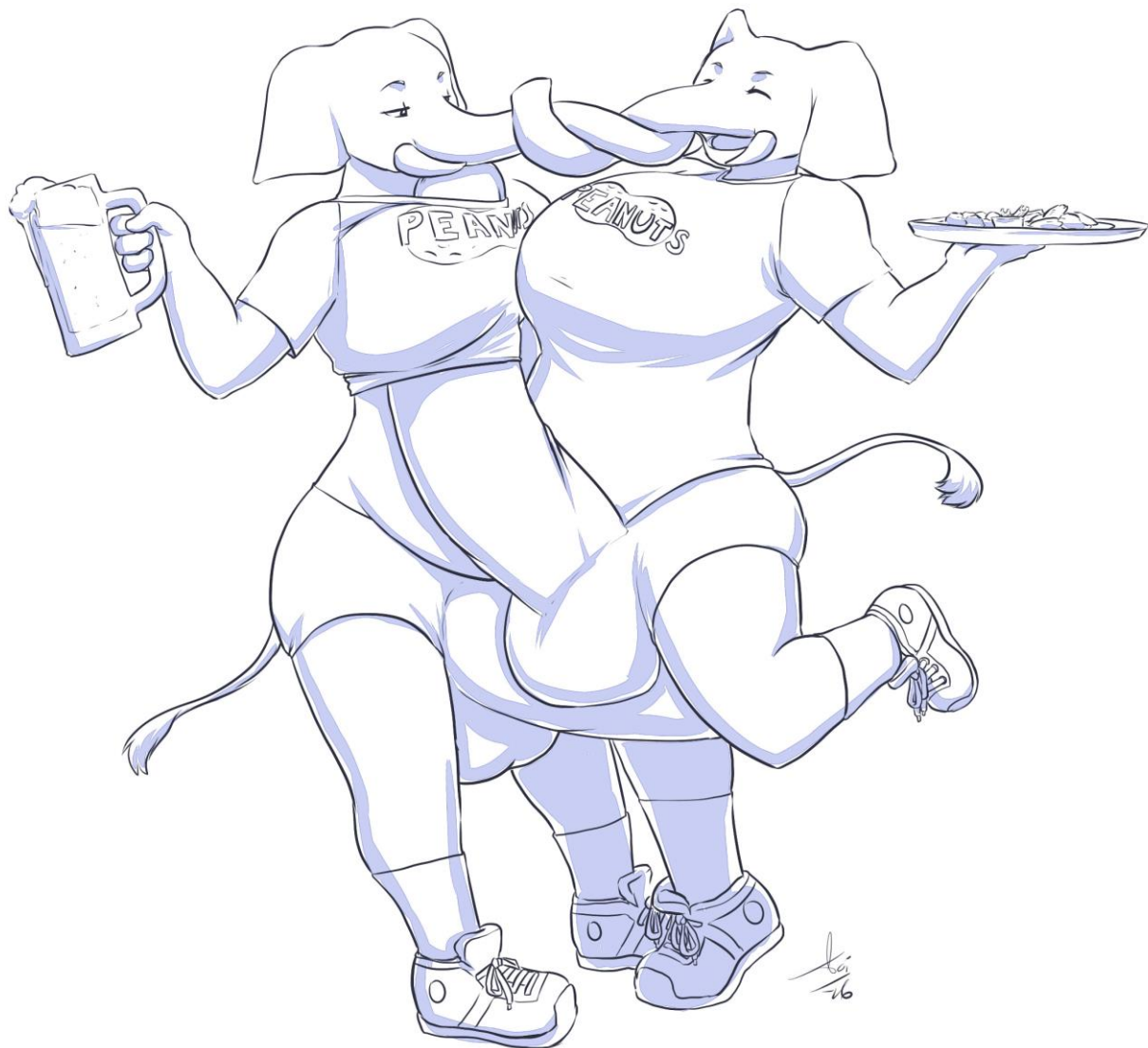
Pasha.



Together, they run a tavern.

The sign says "Trumpet's Call."

They run the place like a Hooters, but elephants only.



They have a great time and get a lot of business.

Turns out, “Elephants Only” isn’t a problem when your restaurant’s main theme is to turn people into elephants.

A Typical Customer:



One Drink In



2014
Snao

Likely a repeat customer



The Elephant Infection

Often referred to as “elephant plagues”, these scenarios are the true treat of the Trumpet’s Call.

When a particularly distinguished guest arrives at the Trumpet’s Call tavern, they will be prompted with a set of options, to express their preferences. Employees and regular attendees of the tavern all offer their own versions of the fantasy.

“Someone else came in just before you. A pretty human female with orange hair and dark skin. She doesn’t appear to have been here long – she’s still looking around in surprise at what she’s found.

However, as she turns to you, her gaze locks with yours for a brief second. How fast will her transformation proceed?

(Immediately!)

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As the transformation process continues, she grows and changes further, increasing in might and need.

Her clothes cannot withstand her size and might. The air cannot withstand her increasingly pleasurable scent. Her mind is agush with elephantine thoughts and lusts.

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She slumps to the floor on her knees, belly wobbling in fertility, huge body aching for you. Her gaze locks with yours once more, and you can tell she wants you. She craves you. She yearns to be with you and hopes you like what you see, but still so shy of whom she used to be.

As she poses for you, winding her soft trunk between her heavy breasts, gently lifting one to proffer its fat areolae and nipple to you, you can see that she continues to grow larger.

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In the few seconds that pass, the fact you have not immediately begun to copulate with her sends her transformation further, desperate to please you. The only possible reason you're not pleasuring hir to orgasm is because shi's simply not attractive enough for you. Shi needs your arousal to keep growing, and needs to grow to keep your arousal.

That need for you defines hir more than reality does.

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Physics no longer apply to hir. They haven't since shi arrived here. Growing not just in size and lust, but creating more of hirself for you. More powerful arms to hug you, more soft, strong hands to pleasure your body. More breasts to entice you, more cocks to impregnate you, more balls to impregnate everyone around hir, and much more belly as plumpness and life bloomed within hir. More of hirself for you, in every way that there could *be* more of hir.

Perhaps your lusts for her peak just there? She pauses shortly after finding her new shape just perfect for you, and invites you with her to a private room for more intimate friendmaking.

“As far as you want to go, as deep as you can handle. Pleasure these, and I’ll take you to the next level.”

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“What, not even if they’re willing and wanting you?” A rude-looking rat man stands nearby, hanging by the front door. He smirks at you nastily.

“You’ll have to do better than that to impress me ‘round these parts!” He says, loud enough that everyone in the bar can hear his squeaky voice.

not



He should not have said that during Happy Hour. It wasn't a very Happy thing to say.

not



“Challenge Accepted, Trainee.”

"Welcome to the Herd."

10/17



"She's turning!"

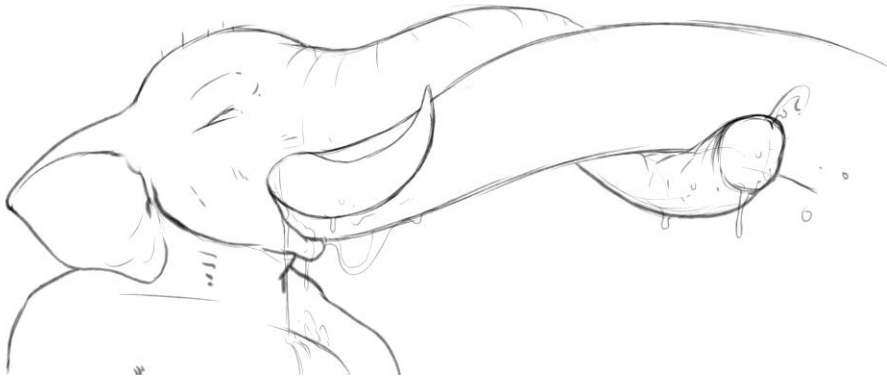
"Lookit'er swallow. So eager!"

10/17



"Nice tusks."

"She'll make a good matron."



“Elly, care to assist our new assistant in finding a seat?”



“Sure, Phara, but your responsible for her.”



With a thick slurp, another trunk plunges into the rat, pumping and spooging with deliciously thick phantspunk.

His body swells, thickening rapidly, as well as surging upwards. Rounder. Fuller. Softer. Gray and fleshier.

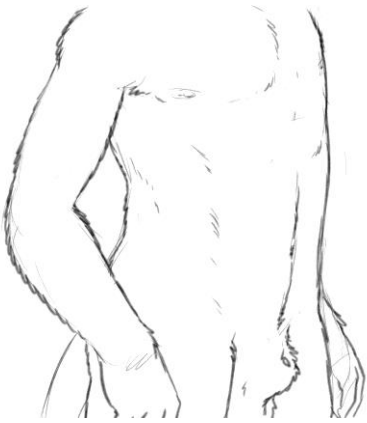
The smell is incredible, as his pheromones pour from his aroused body. They seemed attuned to your nose, inviting you to enjoy this new servant, one who was unwilling to go the distance. Perhaps his... her, new attitude would entice you to join in the fun?



mặt



mặt



1001



1002



1003



1004

“Pasha, I think shi’s about done. What do you think?”

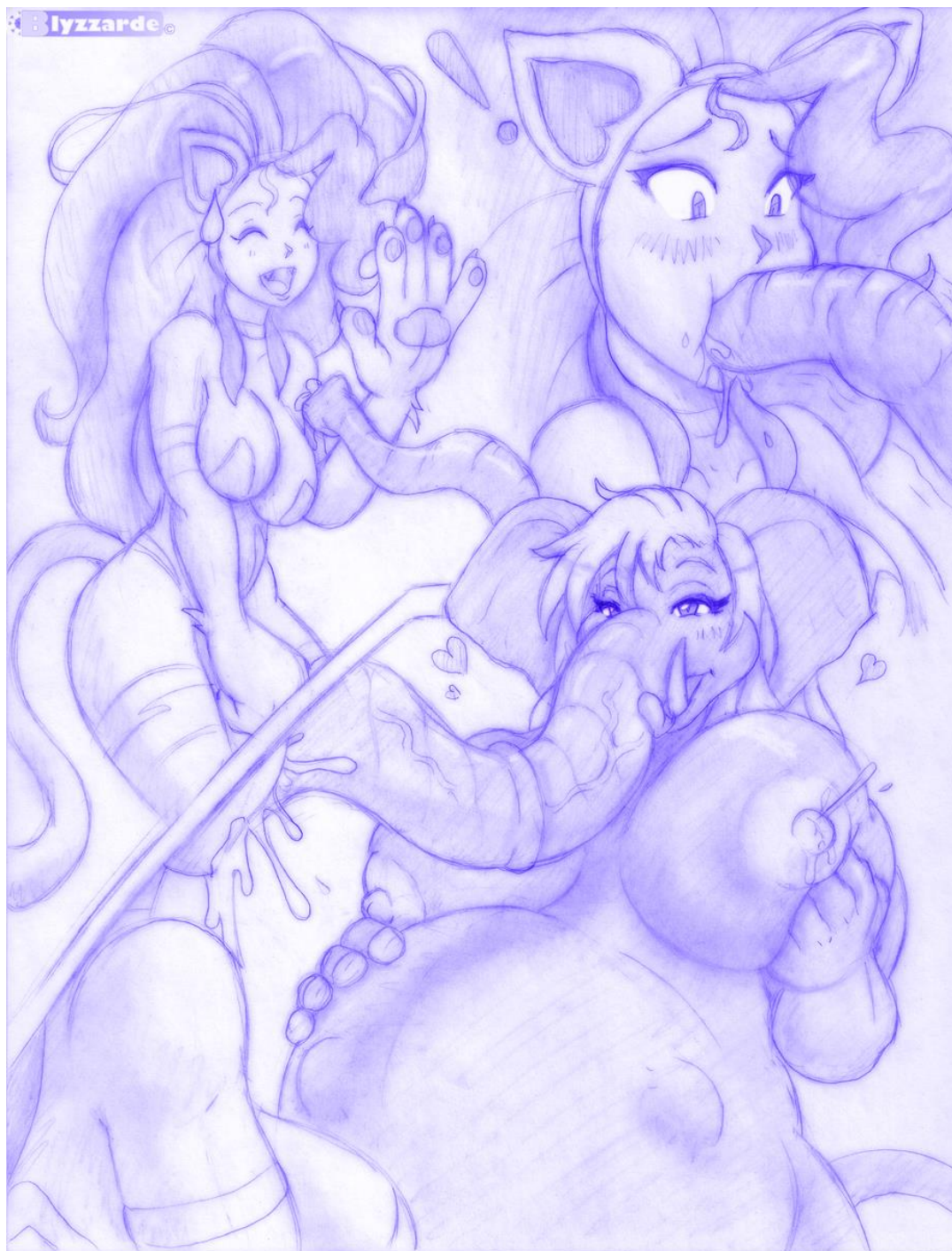


“We have a valued guest in the back room. Go pay her a visit.”

Sometimes, popular stars like to come by the tavern to put on performances. They are very well paid.

One such guest of honor would be Felicia.

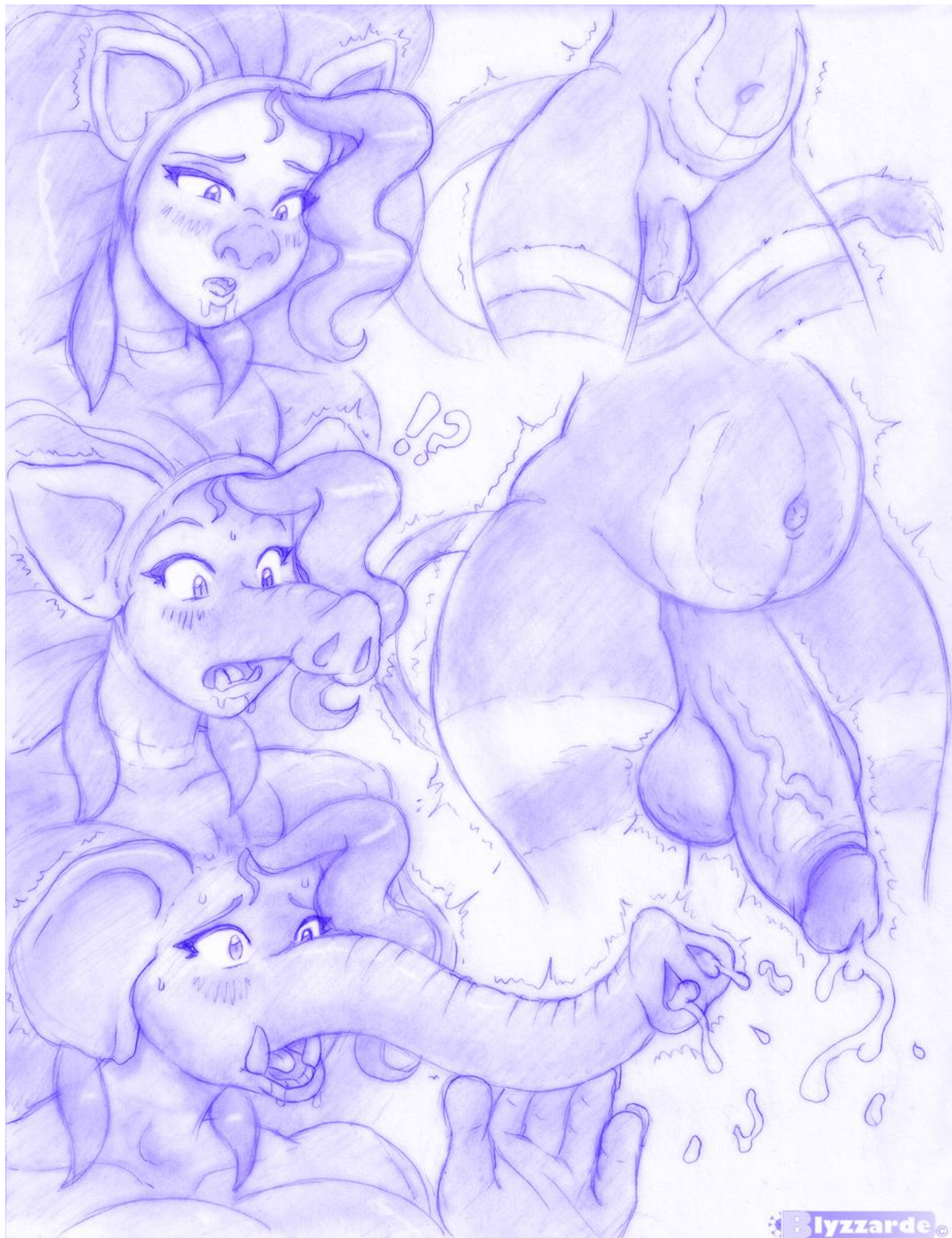
Here she is, being greeted by her biggest phan.



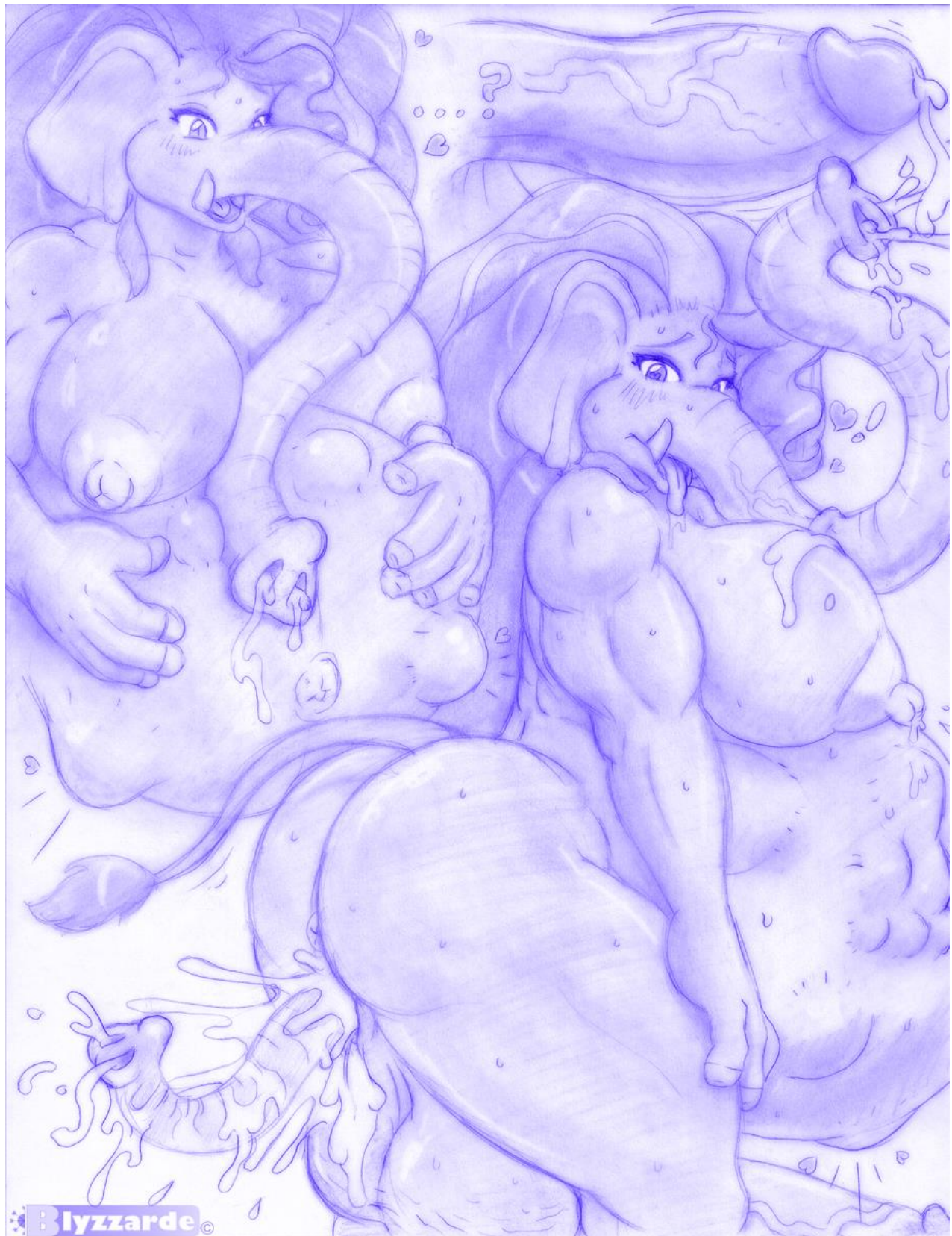
Felicia underestimated the potency of the effects, and how rapid the changes would be.



She is shocked by how good it feels, and how fast it is.



The intrusion all but forgotten



Ah, as it turns out, those at the Trumpet's Call are often rendered *extremely* fertile.





Thus begins a new Elephant Plague. Endlessly growing in size, sexuality, sensitivity, and multiplicity.

Eager to spread their contagious lust and infectious pleasure. The potency of the contagion is often pondered.

For some, one must have sex with an endlessly birthing, multiplicative, lust-addled mutant elephant in order to be transformed.

For others, you must simply be splattered with juices... or smell their pheromones... to be turned. The faintest exposure ensures the longest, slowest, most pleasurable corruptions possible. A huge dose all at once is enough to change someone utterly, giving birth before the sentence has even been completed to describe it.

Read the full story here: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/21094764/>

Some infections take place during the midst of other outbreaks, as tangential side-arts that bloom into their entirely new, distinct flavors of plague.

Who is she? Who was she? Was she even a she a moment ago? Did she *exist* until a moment ago?



She pins him, thrusts, and is ejaculating immediately. He is orgasming too and can't stop.



It's only been a few thrusts, but hir beautiful daughter is already on the way with daughters of hir own.



"That's it sweetie, let your new body fill in. There you go..."



They are both pregnant, and about to birth more daughters. His mind is consumed with pleasures.



The mother looks on in bliss at hir gorgeous daughter, and the birth about to happen. The daughter has now been fully converted, but isn't done growing.



POV from momphant. Shi was fucking hir son's ass from the getgo, but shi's knocked up anyway. That's what being an elephant means.



It also means that shi'll always be growing needier. Hornier. Fuller. Plumper.



And always, always growing more pregnant than the last. Here comes another elephant into this world.



Almost full grown, and rapidly getting bigger and bigger. The elephant below hasn't stopped growing, either.



"That's it, Mom, let my hips open you up good. I gave birth to a couple litters while I was waitin' for ya. Oh, hey Grandma."



Slurping sounds from gushing estrus, pumping spunk, and flesh sliding across flesh herald the arrival of another elephant, arousal filling all three of them.

Shi steps forth, made for pleasure and eager to copulate with everyone nearby.

“Wanna fuck?”



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