

The old cat finished disrobing, loose and airy vest and sash cast aside and savoring the rapidly cooling air of a desert evening as he looked out from his bedroom window. The tiger clasped his hands behind his back and was, for the moment, content. He was *not* alone though, the second person in the bedroom was a little less coordinated about her approach.

“Mmmnrh, sneaking up on the predator are we, little Porkpie~?”

The plump sow wasn't really *successfully* doing anything of the sort. She did curl herself against her lover's backside and let her thick, flat nose rest over his shoulder though.

“I'm not much good at that – even outside of armor – but I *did* bring a surprise~! Just hold still right here and I'll get it ready.”

Something a bit like a purr rumbled up in the old cat's chest as he felt his lover's plump frame squeeze him from behind, then draw away for whatever this bit of fun she'd planned was. When he heard what was *obviously* the spidery, wandering language of the arcane rolling off his wife's unpracticed (at least regarding arcane magic) tongue the tiger's fur rose up and he started to turn around as a jolt of concern ran over his nerves like a stampede.

“D-darling! That isn't how that's pronounced, if you don't careful- c.. carefully- oh~”

The spell went off like an wild firework, slamming into the tiger's being and winding its way through the flesh and magic he was made of. Ordinarily he could resist this kind of thing with some ease, but he tended to have his defenses lowered around his Porkpie.. Which was why he was stuck watching as the awkward, stumbling bit of spell work left the old cat with an overwhelming sucking feeling between their legs and a thrumming heat all through their skin. **Especially** on their chest, right around where the two big tits were growing in.

By the time the tiger managed to turn around they were already sporting broad, soft curves and their hair was falling well past their shoulders. The first step they took toward their porcine partner nearly led to falling over as the brand new cunt between their legs flooded them with sensation they had no way to be prepared for, and plenty wet for other reasons besides.

“Porkpie, careful! I -love- the idea of us having a bit of fun with things but if.. If you mishandle this kind of power it can, oh my~”

Somewhere between realizing the problem and turning around and grabbing the two swelling, head-sized tits for emphasis the tiger realized that might've been a mistake. It robbed her of her concentration and did the same exact thing to the sow with the spell book. Mid-chant she trailed

off and stated staring and muttering quietly-

“-*incognitenit.. t-tenit.. tiddies for days* and.. oh-oh dear! Uhm. I can fix this!”

If she hadn't been wrapped up in groping herself for that split second the tigress could've probably warned her partner that she was mishandling the order of operations for counter spelling. Not that the problem wasn't made obvious *really* quickly, it was hard to miss when the tigress started to quiver and moan as her body swelled further. She had looked like an impressively stacked matron a moment ago, but now? Eyes rolling back in her head, the tigress curled her arms tight around her chest and tried to breathe evenly enough to recover her mind.

Managing that was probably asking too much. The tigress' whole body looked to be rejuvenating itself, growing visibly younger as it became *wildly* feminine. Her hips sprawled out wide and her thighs plumped up to cover every inch list and ensure they stayed pressed together between her legs. Her newly formed pussy was already drooling over them and a soft little belly formed to go with them and complete the look of ripe, fertile woman. Overly so if one looked further upward, the tigress went from cradling her chest to needing to use both hands to hold it up as her breasts kept growing well past anything remotely reasonable.

Even taking another step or two closer to her partner took focus she didn't have. The tigress nearly fell, needing to reach out and grasp at the posts on their bed to stay on her feet. That left the whorish mounds on her chest free to tumble loose though – and *that* was yet another distraction.

“Dear.. stop, p-please. I need you to- to~”

The pig with the spellbook was in a mild panic – but that state of mind was fighting with the way her blood was thundering watching the results of her badly mishandled spell casting. She didn't even really *think* about what came next. One of the downfalls of an arcane weaving half-finished is it tended to want to resolve itself, tension formed, it tugged on fate and chance and willpower and the plump sow wasn't really paying enough attention. It was hard to think with those big fuzzy tiger breasts swaying to and fro like that and the sound of her partner moaning.

“Oh no. Uh, you.. you need me to..?”

Somewhere between the *thought* about how she couldn't focus or think straight with those tits there and the spell itself pursuing completion the pig managed to set off another surge of power in the room. One the tigress only half understood, despite her long years of study as an arcanist.. but she sure *felt* it when the magic got inside her head as well as her body. That one got a quiet 'oh no'

right as things started to get fuzzy in there, fogged over and hot, throbbing.. horny. The tigress tried to think of a counter spell or something that would at least serve to let her resist a little better but as soon as she even *tried* to look inward all she saw staring back was the image of her own tits, of her partner's face between them, or buried between her legs, or just.. dozens of her, some of them with *the biggest cocks* to stuff inside every hole and-

“Oh... f- *ffnnggh*- fuck! I need you to fuck me, that's what! Please~!”

Pitching forward, the tigress crawled onto the bed as her dim, vacant expression grew more needy and desperate. She was growing again too, her tits swaying to and fro at first but by the time she got all the way across the bed and up next to her partner they were resting on the mattress below her and *still swelling*. When she started bouncing her ass up and down that got to thickening up again too. The pig found herself with a constantly swelling heap of whorish moaning and pillowy, hungry flesh rubbing all over her body while she tried to find a page in the book that seemed likely to fix this whole problem.

“U-uuhh.. I uh, I think I can.. j-just.. hold on okay? This'll be *fine*. I promise, I-”

The tigress pressed her muzzle against her partner's chest and whimpered, pushing firmly, then curling her arms around the sow and squeezing them tighter together.

“*You're fine!* So.. so, ya know.. c'mon! Let's *do the thing!* Stuff something in me already, please! It.. It's too much, a-and hard to reach, and~!”

Another wave of energy ran through the room and the tome of spells slammed itself shut, bouncing out of the sow's hands and to the floor. Meanwhile the tigress was pulling her against the increasingly impossible chest she was growing into. They'd started looking like full pillows for a while but now they'd eclipsed any sense of reason or practicality. Both tits were massive, two feet around apiece and showing no signs of slowing down their growth, already *much* too heavy for the tigress to stand up with.

Trying to stand would've run into other problems though. The tigress' ass hadn't fallen much behind her breasts when it came to outlandish growth. At first she was energetically bouncing it, bucking her hips against her own tits and the bundles of cushions on the bed as the wild needs of her transformed and rejuvenated body overtook her. That had started slowing down as her butt got heavier, but she was still trying. It was just longer between thrusts now, with heavy fleshy clapping sounds coming with every down swing.

“M-maybe you can.. can make a dick for you with that? A-and stick it in me? Maybe then I can think a little.. g-gotta.. think, b-but dick first! *Breed me~!*”

Something broke in the tigress after that, nothing else coherent was *left* to come through. She just kept squirming, trying to keep humping at things and pawing at the sow while she tried to reach the spell book with her toes so she didn't have to break out of her lover's needy, bimbo-brained embrace. It wasn't working though, and the tigress was *surprisingly* strong like this.

“I.. I maybe could if.. If I could reach it, though it might be a bad idea..”

A string of unhinged, guttural moaning that had the tigress nibbling at the sow's arm briefly only broke when some small part of her understood the bit about needing to be let go to reach the spell book. Even if their reasons for wanting that were wildly different.

“It might be the best idea! Big dick spell! C'mon!”

Once she had freedom to do so the sow ducked down and grabbed the book, prying it open and finding it somewhat reluctant to let her do so. It took a little force, a little intent, before it recognized her focus and opened..

..To a page that looked suspiciously like 'Big Dick Spell'

“..You have to be kidding me. That can't be an actual thing.”

Looking at the tigress lying there, the sow watched as the dim horny fire behind her eyes consumed even more of the brilliant arcanist that had been there a minute or two ago. Their lips were swelling now and they seemed to have an awfully hard time holding them in any kind of shape other than a nice, comfy looking 'O' that was just begging to have something fill it. Almost literally.

With how badly her last spell had gone the sow was nervous – there was no keeping the tigress quiet like this for one thing, but she probably need to go find properly magically educated help anyway. Someone who wouldn't get swept up in a mistake and make the problem even worse than it already was. Or..

A twinge and a flutter between the sow's legs left her biting her lip and looking at the quivering, beached monument to horny need that had been her partner.

“..Or I could cast Big Dick Spell and just.. let this sort itself out.”

A heady, humid breath later the sow felt the book opening itself in her hands.