

Asriel's arm throbbed, and began to slowly pull inwards towards his shoulder. His fluffy goat ears flopped up and down as his head bobbed back and forth around the delicious slab of cockflesh that fattened inside his throat. He gazed up at his mother's face from her lap as he swallowed spurt after spurt of thick seed, his lidded eyes meeting hers. He couldn't get enough of her new dick, shuffling forward on his knees to press her testes against his swelling breasts.

Toriel grunted, placing a gentle paw on the back of her son's head, cramming his cute face firmly against her crotch as she unloaded cum down his throat. Facefucking her son was all she could think about - even watching him mutate was turning her on. From her vantage point, she could see the phallic girth of a new cock push from Asriel's puffy tail, gaining size and spurting spunk across his white-furred back even as his left arm sunk fully into his shoulder.

The goatboy's body shuddered as his belly flooded with corruptive cum. On his knees, his hips fattened and flared, thighs thickening and toes engorging double, triple their former size. With his remaining arm, he caressed his mother's immense balls, hugging the fluffy spheres to his breasts and sensitive, swollen nipples. Any gag reflex he once had was subsumed by a new suck reflex. A thirsty sensation that grew in his throat and between his thickened rumpcheeks as well. A horny moan bleated from a fluffy goat muzzle that pushed out beneath his cocktail.

The goatmom spread her thighs and crouched, pressing her soft belly against Asriel's face. The feminine goat muzzles that pushed from her nipples added to the growing chorus of corruptive lust, but she silenced her own moaning face by stuffing Asriel's now two-foot-long tailcock into her maw and gulping his seed, too. What remained of their outfits fluttered to the spunk- and milk-splattered floor, green sweater and blue dress soaking under the unending splatters from their mutating, growing bodies.

"H-how... how was college, my child?" Toriel asked, lips and tongue and teeth forming from the fluff of her tail, pushing out into a muzzle not unlike the one emerging from Asriel's rump. Her new tailmuzzle was slightly larger than her original head.

"It is nice to be home for Winter Break!" Asriel chuffed, seemingly comfortable with the obscene mutations running rampant through his body. As he spoke, his rumpmuzzle pushed larger and split into two muzzles side-by-side, giving a slight echo-like quality to his unearthly voice. "I missed spending time with you and Kris."

Toriel shuddered, her lips pursing around the four-foot tailcock that rivaled Asriel's torso for size and thickness. With every quaff of her son's mutagenic cum, her belly fattened fuller against his face, giving her a somewhat severe pregnant shape. The flesh of her face and throat began to merge with the throbbing, pulsing dickmeat she sucked on, her eyes fluttering as her face and her son's tailcock flowed together. She could feel the same happening with Asriel's head, blending with her sheath. His one remaining arm had grown into a single, muscular fore-leg, playing footsies with her legs.

“We’ve.... I’ve missed you too, Asriel. Ohh, your father used to do this for me...” Toriel sighed, sinking herself lower down to press and push more of herself against Asriel, absorbing his still-growing flesh into her abundant body. Where there had been two freakish-looking goat-like boss monsters, there was only a vague resemblance to their original forms. Both Asriel and Toriel presented a highly sexual amalgamation of each other, their SOULS quivering as they fluttered and sparked together.

“I know it’s been a while, Mom!” Asriel spoke, though both his buttozzles had some difficulty, his tongues stiffening and pushing past his lips into cock-like appendages. “I’m Determined to show you how much I love you!”

Toriel’s body shuddered as most of Asriel had been absorbed by her, leaving them both a five-legged, double-rumped amalgamate of breasts, cocks and shifting white fur. Her large belly was framed on all sides by four equally sized breasts pouring with milk, while sheaths and ballsacs grew from between each pair of cleavage. Juice poured from her pussy in waves, and began to disgorge dog-sized furry orbs that thumped on the floor. Each sphere wobbled for a moment and then rapidly expanded, growing into fully adult Asriel clones that eagerly lept upon their mutating mother and re-merged with her.

“Is Kris still at school?” Asriel asked, though from which muzzle he spoke from, even he likely didn’t even know.

“Alphys is watching over her, so we have some time.” Toriel spoke in chorus with herself, having formed three heads to look lovingly all over her freakish body. Two of them began kissing, while the third head began to gradually shift to adopt Asriel’s facial features, growing new eyes and seeming to be a blend of them both.

“I’ll try to hurry up, I want to take her out for milk shakes at the diner, like we used to!” Asriel spoke, as if to himself, spreading his mother’s thighs and forming several new pussies to more rapidly birth more of himself. Toriel’s expression changed, growing brighter, as if reminded of pleasant memories.

“Would you like me to take you with me? You can be my sheath.” Asriel asked, his room-filling hypergoat body beginning to coalesce into a more recognizable shape. Throbbing, pulsing, and bulging, both their body masses condensed into two nearly identical herm goats, their differences almost imperceptible.

“I would like that very much. I will leave this body behind to bake a pie. Do you think she would like cinnamon, or butterscotch?” Toriel asked, as her lips formed around Asriel’s crotch, his sheath replaced by her face. The remaining goat corruption walked unsteadily out of the room to put on a spare blue smock.

“I’m sure she would like both!” Asriel spoke, as he pulled in his breasts and regrew his arm, then left for his room to pull on a spare green striped sweater. The spunk- and milk-drenched rooms dripped heavily with musk, potent enough that Asriel couldn’t help but bulge his clothes lewdly until he managed to get out the door.

“After all, once we spike the milkshake, she’s sure to want to join us for dinner AND dessert!” Mother and son shared a gurgling giggle, then hopped into Asriel’s car and began a slow drive across town, offering howdy’s and hello’s to the monsters in town.