

Cracked Egg

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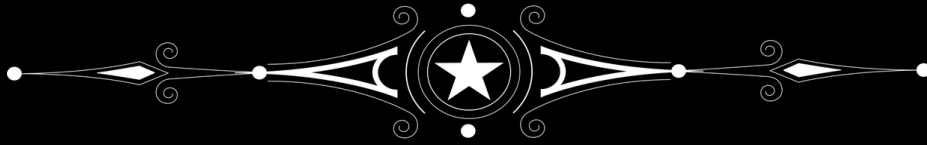
Cracked Egg

By

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The following contains: Male griffon to female bunny TFTG, hyper, forced orgasm, egg laying

Read at your own discretion.



Very few things gave Albion more joy than bringing home a few duffel bags full of junk. Another great Saturday spent looting the local swap marts and farmers markets for anything that looked remotely shiny. Not to mention some freshly grown reagents for his booming alchemy business.

A lot of people would just sneer at this kind of stuff. Pass it off as useless trinkets barely worth the material they were carved from.

They'd probably be right...

For this beefed-up griffon, that was half the fun. He didn't like to brag, but when one masters a multipurpose skill like alchemy, everything can be used in some way. Besides, there was rarely a weekend spent shopping that didn't bring back a magic item or six. In most cases the original owner never even knew what they had simply because they didn't know how to activate such magics.

"Oof!" A soft grunt escaped the mythical man's beak as he dropped the two bags onto his couch. They weren't heavy by any means with all that muscle mass broadly stretching out his shirt. Having to walk back and upstairs to his apartment with them, however, did leave him a bit winded. He took a moment to let his wings stretch out to their full length in the open living room. Hands reached around to help push a crick out of his back, thrusting his pectorals further so they showed under the tight cotton covering them. "Now...let's see what we got...oh..."

The smile plummeted off Albion's beak soon as he unzipped the first bag. Plenty of metal and plastic bobbles spilled apart in greeting. On top of it all crumbled the remains of what he'd assumed was a silver painted egg. Apparently, it had been silver painted over a very thin plaster shell. Talk about a letdown. That had been one of his more expensive purchases today.

"That's a shame," he mused while picking up a large chunk of broken egg. It barely got up to his face before even the tiniest of pressure made it disintegrate through thick scaled fingers. Another common occurrence like this didn't faze him that much anymore. Such was the risks of his passion. "It would have at least made a nice gift fo-ACHOO!"

Maybe bringing it up to his face wasn't that great an idea. The griffon didn't even have time to sniffle at the particles that blew right across his beak before they tugged at his nostrils. His whole body hunched forward, wings flaring out behind him from the strongest sneeze he'd had in ages. A second later it was like his face got hit with a

sledgehammer. An ache spread across his beak, making it feel compacting in on itself. Unusual amounts of drool for an avian leaked off to the sides while his nose twitched out in front of his mouth.

Wait. That's not where his nose usually was.

Albion opened his eyes and promptly crossed them. No wonder his beak felt strange. It wasn't even there anymore. A hand timidly reached up to stroke the chin of a much shorter, mammalian, muzzle that'd replaced his face. The fur coating it was still colored the same dark red his hard shell used to have, except now there was a cute pink nose at the tip decorated in dense whiskers.

"Huh." Was all he could comment with, mostly trying to test out having a fresh set of teeth. The front ones felt exceptionally large and flat on his tongue. This was hardly the first time he'd turned into something with chompers, but it always felt off at first.

Albion casually strolled on over to the bathroom for a better look. Yup. That was definitely a muzzle fidgeting back at him in the mirror. He couldn't help smirking at how adorable it made him look.

"Aah!?" Eyes popped open from a strange tugging at his ears, forcing them forward and erect. Then they just kept going; stretching one, two, four inches longer. Their pointed tips flattened to a more rounded end befitting wider lobes. It didn't take a veteran alchemist to recognize such enormous ears on sight.

"An Easter egg that turns you into a bunny? How traditional!" he giggled, especially the way every word he spoke grew softer, edging more towards a feminine tone. He could literally see his Adam's apple shrinking away in the mirror. Even his eyes were looking a bit narrower. "Hope breaking it didn't void the magic. It'd be a shame not to sell...sell it...mmp!"

Tension rolled down Albion's back, making him roll his shoulders on reflex. There came a satisfying series of pops that caused his form to shrink in the mirror. The griffon wasn't losing a lot of his dense muscle, just becoming a lot less broad and smoother around the edges. A feeling better complimented by the way his waist narrowed. Most of the mass looked like it fell into his hips, spreading them out drastically while his thighs plumped.

One hand rubbed along his butt, making Albion moan in delight. Ample amounts of fat were billowing out the back of his shorts, forming a soft layer of bunny flesh over his taut glutes. The rosy lion tail wagged in delight, even as it dwindled away until only the red tuft at the end remained. He spared a glance over his shoulder at it flicking about atop the well-rounded ass like a nubby flag.

"Whoa!" Albion braced against the bathroom counter after his stance did a hard shift. Knees felt compelled to press closer together when he moved. Toes flexed for a moment and then he giggled when his paws popped wider across the carpet mat. Can't be a rabbit without the trademark lucky feet, after all. "Oooh. Haa haa!"

Pressure mounted across the changing man's chest, making him reel back to witness what was obviously coming. With every heated breath his pecs drew his shirt tight. The ridged muscles softened, pushing more and more against the stiff cotton. With a few hard shivers they suddenly fell into a short drop, becoming a lot rounder in shape.

Soft mounds continued swelling as Albion bit at his lower lip. Giving his shirt an impromptu stress test was causing a different kind of growth in his shorts. The tent slowly pitching out between his thighs stretched the waistband enough that plenty of red skin bulged out from within.

"GWAH!" Just when he thought the pressure might damage his ribs, the front of Albion's shirt exploded open. Two very generous breasts eagerly spilled out through the new opening. Their sheer mass left enough hang that they almost fell into the sink had he been hunching just a little more.

Gorgeously red nipples peaked out from around the soft white fur that used to be feathers, looking plump and inviting around such wide, sensitive areolas. He ran his hands over the perky little nibs, eliciting a throbbing from his aching dick. That was when he noticed his hands. the former griffon raised them up, twisting them back and forth to watch the fine red bird scales on his forearms and hands break apart into soft fur as well.

"Whoaf!"

Another hard throb down below punched the air out of Albion's lungs. Both hands struggled to pull down his shorts with such thick hips stretching them skin tight. When he finally got them down meaty rabbit thighs, the length of his red member promptly sprung out to greet him. Its full impressive erection allowed it to bang into the underside of his equally heavy endowed tits, already leaking bits of pre onto them.

"Whoa now!" he gingerly placed a suddenly slenderer hand on his shaft. It's rhythmic throbbing rocked through his jiggling pelvis, drawing its inner muscles tight. "Settle down big guy! You don't...have to...aaaah fuuuuuuck!"

Tension clenched at his balls too fast for Albion to react. His head rolled back so that bunny ears slapped against his shoulders with a high-pitched sequel of ecstasy. With one hard throb, his orgasm splattered the bathroom mirror in a rush of milky fluids. It lasted for several long, agonizing seconds before the muscles relaxed enough for him to draw a breath.

That was about all his climax allowed. Another hard pulse sent fresh bunny spunk filling the bathroom sink. This time Albion could feel with his hand resting on it. His member was dwindling with the release, balls deflating as they pulled up and inside his body. The third shot barely managed a few weak sputters. A final send off as his fingers pushed into a set of puffy lips to feel the head reshaping into a sensitive clit.

"Huff!" She groaned with a drunken smile at the mess now decorating the bathroom counter. Much as Albion was tempted to explore her freshly made vagina, she tore the soft paw hand away trying to regain some coherent thoughts. She gave her

body a hard shake, enjoying the sloshing of weight pulling down her chest while a lot of junk jiggled across her behind. Wings flared out, bumping into the bathroom walls and settled back folded behind her shoulders. It was kind of neat those stayed of all things during the transformation. It gave the bunny look an almost angelic touch.

"Dang egg could have given me some warning," she huffed at the cute muscled bunny in the mirror. Much as the look was sexy with all that beef, having a drying layer of spunk muddying the view was less than welcome. "Unloading in the bathtub would have been a lot easier to clean up."

Now that feeling was returning to her legs, Albion hefted her breasts and dropped them in a dejected sigh. She moved out of the bathroom with a natural bounce to her big paws steps towards the kitchen. Like any sensible person, there were plenty of cleaning supplies stashed under the kitchen sink. Many of which came in handy even against magical mishaps or alchemical mistakes.

"Dook!?" She'd just straightened up when something punched at her from the inside. Cleaner bottle and sponges dropped from her hands in shock. "What the...gaaah!?"

Another punch, much stronger, had Albion hunched while hugging her chiseled stomach. No. Her hands roamed slightly lower. Something was shifting under the soft fur. If she pressed enough there was a hint of a mass large and firm growing within.

"Oh no!" she gasped when her loins gave a hard spasm. Liquid spilled out of her vaginal lips, drizzling on the tiles between her clenching paws. Tension rolled down her stomach across her entire pelvis, locking her legs from leaving the kitchen. "You've got to be kidding me!"

The strongest muscle clench yet sent Albion sinking into a squat. Her body moved almost on its own trying to relieve the mounting pressure. Breasts slowly came to rest pushed against her knees while she gave in and pushed with the tension. Slowly but surely the lump slid down into her tunnel, tearing her open from the inside without needing much help on the bunny's part. Hips gyrated slowly with her strained grunts. Thighs spreading wide as they could go.

"Pah! Pah! Pah!" Drool trickled down the bunny's chin with her hard panting. One hand came to rest on her loins. The area bulged out against her palms, slowly, teasingly, until pussy lips began to part from the large object inside her. Fingers traced along the emerging wet surface. Hard and smooth textures confirmed what she'd already figured was happening. "Stupid...dang...E-Easter! Aaargh!"

Albion took a deep breath and gave the hardest push she could muster. Her lips stretched wide with the objects drastic heave, quickly followed by a rush of relief as it fell into her waiting hand. Another rush of musky fluid gushed out for good measure, coating her fur before she could pull away.

"Phew!" The winged bunny let gravity flop her fat butt onto her messy kitchen floor with an exhausted sigh. Sore legs remained spread while she looked over the

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brightly painted striped egg she'd just laid. Thank the goddess it was only the size of a softball, though getting it out still left her heated.

"Ah heck!" Wings flared when another cramp struck her lower abdomen. Paws instinctively drew back, raising her knees and fully spreading them against the returning pressure. It wasn't long before she witnessed another egg crowning from the space between her boobs. "C-course the spell couldn't let me pop just one!"

She barely needed to help push with the tight body muscles. An egg decorated in blue and pink spot rolled out against her ankle within a few seconds. Something told Albion she'd be sitting here a while even before the cramps started up again.

"Dang bathroom is going to be dry and crusty before I can get back in there," she groaned while a solid yellow egg inched out of her opening.

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Afterward

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