

Winning the Special Prize

"Two tickets please."

"Five dollars each."

Austin took out his wallet with a steady, shaky breath. He felt like he was disarming a bomb. His crush, the taller, handsome Casper he invited to the carnival was doing much of the same. The lovestruck man quickened his pace, trying to get the cash as soon as possible.

Nearly slamming it down, the ten dollar bill waved with the winter wind while Austin pinned it with clammy fingers. "I got it," he said to his 'good friend,' his voice nearly cracking.

He could see Casper's expression, slightly confused at how serious his buddy was, but grateful nonetheless.

Austin turned to him while the boothman dressed in cold clothing processed their attendance stubs. "I invited you, didn't I? The least I could do is pay for your ticket."

"Yeah." Casper nodded his head and smiled. Inside Austin's heart, a bright glow shined from seeing the grin. "Thanks man."



The two took their tickets and entered into the boardwalk carnival, its sturdy wood still creaking as they stepped along. To their right, the waves of the ocean subtly pushed against the wooden poles underneath.

Today was a special day for Austin. The 6'1" human male was here on a mission. He met Casper in one of his college classes, the duo hitting it off immediately as they went from lab partners to fast companions in no time. Austin always thought he was pretty straight... until recently. The more time he spent around Casper, visiting his dorm, taking in the auras the other man gave off. He was never sure if the homoerotic tensions were shared, mostly because the two played everything off as a joke.

Yet, there was a yearning deep within Austin's core, the lustful need of a larger man to hold him down... and fuck him. There was a shame in his mind considering he had his awakening so soon, but the carnal core inside him yearned for it. It's why he set all this up. To have a great time, hopefully, and then admit his fondness. If it was mutual, then Austin might cry, but if not... then he'd beg to keep their friendship going even if these feelings continued.

Austin's blue eyes looked all around the linear carnival. It appeared as one of those traveling circuses from the sketchiness of the operation. Although there was a nostalgia to it all. Buttered popcorn, pink *and* blue cotton candy, which Austin couldn't



wait to devour later, and all the carnie games one could imagine. There was no dunk tank though with it being winter and all.

Which is why Austin was happy to be wearing his hoodie, his dirty blond hair waving in the breeze. Casper's clothing was much the same with a big gray winter coat that Austin severely wanted to cuddle and hold. He didn't know how he could make the excuse to hug him constantly and not make the other man creeped out. He just had to take it slow, let the feelings naturally happen, and most importantly — *enjoy himself*.

They started first with a ring toss, banded hoops of differing colors to throw at revolving pegs situated in a plastic wonderland of faux frozen lakes and various ice-themed decorations. There were no prizes to win. A dollar per person to make a red-cheeked, underpaid worker clap their hands and say “good job!” if you got them all in.

Like showing a friend a video you thought was hilarious, and they... did not seem to share such laughter as you did, Austin easily noticed Casper's lack of ‘proper’ interest in the current game. He was smiling! That meant he was having a good time! But from overthinking or just a want to make a bold impression on his love interest, the male who organized this date for them both pulled the pair off to another place.



Yet like the nervous wreck he was, Austin couldn't help but seek validation.

"Enjoying yourself so far?"

The other man nodded, his large hands within his coat pockets. "Seems like a nice novelty, a little small town occasion."

Novelty? 'Small town?' Did that mean he was enjoying his time? Or... was he bored? Austin was already within the stages of exploring his mind to see how he could've messed this one up. He needed a gamble, or some kind of event that could really bring this all together. Make their time here worth it! He wanted this work so badly, even if in his mind he constantly daydreamed the two of them living in a nice gay little cabin in the woods. Being together for the rest of their lives, and... just existing with one another.

Wouldn't that be nice?

"Hey, what's that over there?" Casper pointed out, sticking a long finger in front of Austin's face, a booth in the direction of the digit with a small crowd of around ten people blocking parts of the view. "That looks like fun. Looks like there's even prizes to win as well?"



The other blue-eyed man got on his tippy toes to get a better view of everything. From large bunnies to thick, fluffy wolves, even inflatables like a big beach ball and a cartoony smiling shark, there were several prizes many people from all walks of life could enjoy to have, if they could win it.

Austin was not one to let his crush's attention be wasted, especially since it sounded like he was eager to check out the stand. Pulling him along by the sleeve of his arm, but not too hard, the human duo found the small cracks in the mass of people that got them to the front. Both Austin and Casper, in their eagerness, now had a front row position near the concession's front table, right in the center. Their sense of smell was immediately assaulted with the scents of a garbage dump as the carnie managing the booth came into view.

Under dull, yet transfixing eyes, were dark circles almost like makeup in how heavy it was on him. He wore no coat or jacket, something Austin picked up on quicker than the others. It allowed him, and the rest of the people here to be exposed to what was not hidden. Cargo shorts...? A simple tank top? Flip flops? And that wasn't even the biggest kicker, his weight. The sleeveless shirt barely hid the booth attendant's gut, the border splitting on the belly button. A pot belly in the greatest sense of the term, from the lower half of the belly button down revealed hairy tufts of thick black curls and just the general bulge of it all. Austin couldn't compare it to a spherical food or object, but... like a bean bag chair. Yes, a very bloated, outward extending bean bag chair.



And that wasn't even the extent of this man's weight either. Two gigantic ass cheeks in the back like cuddly, mastercrafted ant hills. Whenever he'd turn around, Austin would get a good look at them. It wasn't... reasonable, or... quantifiable. The carnie was extremely obese but not in a ridiculous sort of way, like on some of those shows you might watch about those who struggle with their mass. This worker made it work for him, his flabby layers of back fat shuffling along with his hips to collect the baseballs along the ground. His gait, his frame, his... everything.

Something was off about him, but as Austin took in a *deeeeeeeep* breath through his nose, all was better. A pungency in the air was sharp to his nostrils like an extremely aged cheddar. There was a sourness, but it wasn't entirely unpleasant. This booth was a ball game it looked like, with cups at the far end.

An elbow tapped his stomach. "Up there Austin! That's such a neat thing isn't it?"

Gazing his opal eyes over to the spot in question, Austin could see a ginormous plushie in the style of a cartoonish badger, his black and white fur fluffy while the thing was packed to the brim full of stuffing. Its eyes were almost manic, the rest of the expression happy, but in a... forced way? Austin wasn't sure how he could've ever noted that, but he just felt it seemed that way. Another trail of acrid stink whiffed up his nose, his nostrils drinking it eagerly without his consent. A tick went off in the back of his



neck, and he wanted to stay here, right here, in the very spot his feet were planted on. He told himself it was for Casper's sake.

It was at this time the swollen, porcine-shaped man from the inside of the stall approached, the smell from before getting fairly strengthened. "You got something on your eye I see?" His voice was crunchy, unrefined, an essence from his breath heavy with alcohol, as if by merely talking to the man, Austin's brain cells were dying. "That big ol' badger up there?"

The man looked over to his crush, realizing how much Casper saw in this plush. He had been staring at it, biting his lower lip, sniffing once, twice, thrice, again and again. Austin failed to perceive that while his buddy was glancing up towards where the large, man-sized toy was hanging from the black square-grid rafters, it was more like he was peering through it, focused on something... much more pleasing.

"Yes!" Austin shouted out. "My friend Casper here would like that badger you've got up there!"

The people around the duo were not normal in the slightest. They chatted amongst themselves, some staring at plushies and other toys, but many were just gawking into the unknown, like mannequins waiting to be used. There were still individuals that walked on by, staying, and carrying on with their day, but whether Austin



Casper knew it or not, they both were not going to leave so easily. Not without a prize that is.

“Ah! That one,” the carnie said with a bout of gut-busting laughter. “Eh, he’s one of my favorites recently, I must admit. You wanna win him?”

“Win *it* you mean?” It was the first words his friend had said since arriving at this booth. His stupor broken for now, but he was leaning towards the counter. It was a surprise to Austin as he was damn close to plugging his nose. It was like a skunk had given off some kind of spray under the boardwalk, and it was wafting up from beneath the slits of the wood.

“Oh...” the worker shrugged his shoulders. “Yeah sure, whatever. Call me Bishop!” he stuck out a hand, both men taking it and giving firm shakes. It was interesting to observe the fat man’s hand felt much more fuzzy than it actually looked. “It’s a pretty simple game, yeah? I give you some balls, you throw the balls at the cup. If you knock them all down, you get a prize.”

Bringing the same hand to scratch at his nose, wiping at the area, Austin soon couldn’t escape the smell. He wrinkled his sniffer, but it did nothing. From this point on, every inhale was infected with the unknown sharp stench, yet it was easier to deal with the longer he breathed it in. His eyes began to water, compelling him to glance upwards,



now looking at the badger once more. A small tag was by its leg, the barely noticeable letters on it spelling out... 'Tom?' He had to comment, it was too peculiar, but not in a suspicious way. "Tom?" he said, squinting his eyes before returning them to the so-called Bishop. "Why is he called Tom?"

In an action swifter than Austin could ever have expected, the carnie slammed his hands on the table that separated the inside from the outside. His piggish face now closer than ever to the blue eyed human's. "Wha'cha on about? Named him Tom I did, is that a problem?"

While he did not notice his crush subtly moving closer towards Bishop's armpits for a closer sniff, he saw many of the other prizes here. They all had tags on them in some way, from the smallest bag of marbles, to the ginormous badger above, but even a few... copyrighted characters from different entertainment that Austin figured would... not have been entirely allowed to be sold here. A green dinosaur typically ridden by a red-themed plumber with just one example.

"Isn't that just... Yo-"

Before he can say anything more, his words were silenced by the louder, more pronounced and downright rude interruption of the obese carnie. "Ah-ah-ah! That's not



who you think, that's... uh," he grasped the green creature's plush leg, looking at the familiar tag. "Danny. Danny the... uh, Emerald Dinosaur... thingy."

So it wasn't just the badger then? Austin thought in his mind. Now his gaze went to all of the prizes in the room. Why would someone name a beachball 'Robert?' Or a puffed up orca inflatable 'Carmen?' Prior to really registering it himself, the confused male understood that each and every prize here shared that same characteristic. Jake, Peter, Jessica, Abby, Miguel, Tanya, there were endless amounts of... normal, typical names that you just wouldn't expect on-

"Eh... hello? Are you gonna drop your jaw at each one of my *prizes* or are you gonna play my man?" He was crossing his arms now, one fat palm holding three baseballs out before him.

Casper spoke up, clearing his throat as he coughed out his first few words as if taking a deep drag from a cigarette. "Is uh, i-i-it, it free to p-play or?"

"How about this? For you two? You're both on the house!"

Without warning, Austin's anus flexed, the ring twisting and puffing up against his will. It made him stumble forward, a hand going out to prop him up before he nailed his



head against the stand but it instead caught the carnie's handful of orbs, a chortling laugh then heard.

"You look pretty excited there Austin... you wanna throw it that badly? If you can get it on your first try, I'll let you have that *cuddly* badger. Kind of a steal if you ask me." He lifted his arms up, stretching as his armpits were so fuzzed it was like someone had painted the whole area with charcoal as black as night. His head turned to Casper's piercing eyes that were stuck, spiritually glued to the overwhelming stank that spiraled through the air and around them. An invisible cloud of spunk that clouded *everyone's* minds.

"Come on Austin... your friend here *really* wants this."

Austin just nodded, ignoring how dark and scruffy Bishop's beard was becoming, the hair there almost as thick as fur. "Yeah... yeah I'll do it. I'll... I'll play the game." All three balls were now cupped in his hands. To his right, Casper was moving closer towards him, his friend's crotch running against his leg, a throbbing sensation easily detected as a boner flexed and popped along Austin's thigh. The latter smiled with tense embarrassment, blood rushing to his face within microseconds, the pulse in his neck jumping up by nearly thirty beats per minute.

"Aye what a good lad you both are! Relax Aussie, you're standing like you've got a stick up your bum." Austin wanted *something* up his ass in the moment. His own erection was



revving up, and he was too flushed to realize that Casper's arousal came from the very same scent that was prickling at their minds.

Just throw some balls... hit some cups... get Casper's attention and love... and get him to fuck me!" Austin shouted in his mind. He played a bit of baseball when he was younger, but in this moment he wished he had played in the major leagues just so he wouldn't mess this up.

He took in a deep breath, another wave of the perfume traveling to his brain. It was eight cups stacked in a pyramid. All he had to do was aim for the bottom and the rest would fall. It would be so simple. Get the prize, get the badger, and get Casper's heart. And his fat fucking cock still twitching against his leg.

"Come on... come on Austin..." his friend droned out, either half-asleep, half-drunk, or both. "I need this..."

Bishop bobbed his head, more necks appearing under his fattest one, a small appendage swiftly rising up and expanding with fur and flab, growing like a stalk of corn until it widened at the base. A thick, bushy tail wagging excitedly behind the worker now. "Just throw the fucking ball you half-wit!"



Without warning, Austin brought his arm back, hand tightly gripping the baseball, heaving his limb forward as his palm twisted awkwardly at the angle, the hard sphere sent right at Bishop's gut. It made contact, sinking in like it was being coated by batter for frying. Staying held within, it eventually popped out and hit the ground, rolling awkwardly for a second before stopping.

"Wow. You're *really* good at this aren't you boyo?" the worker with a... huge.. black and white furred tail said...? There was fur all over his body in fact, shaggy, dark hues all around, the smell radiating around Austin's entire being became that much more concentrated. A nose like the nighttime sky, c-shaped ears that were now on the top of his head. No one else around seemed to care as much as he did. Bishop's cheeky grin grew, as if he saw the look on the human's face. "Something caught your tongue Aussie? I thought you wanted that thick rump of yours pummeled by your mate here? Can't do that if you don't get that *Badger*..."

Austin jerked his entire head left and right, the pupils within his drooping eyes alert. He saw these cups as the worst enemies of his life. With a huff, and a puff, he took his second ball, and put the force of his whole person behind it, nailing half of the bottom row as five cups came tumbling down.

Many in the crowd roared with celebrations. It gave the blue-eyed male quite the fright, his attention so focused he forgot there were more than just him, Casper, and



the... skunk? He blinked. Where there was once skin, normal hands, a normal face, well normal for a supremely overweight human, were... features that belonged on a skunk. A thick muzzle with sharp teeth creeping out from the sides. The silvery tips of claws on the ends of porky fingers. Even by leering over the stand, Austin could see how monstrous his feet look. Talons the size of human toes, not even counting the pudgy toes the skunk had. Nobody else seemed to care... and for some reason, he didn't think it was that big of a deal either.

He tried to say... something, anything. "Uh... Bishop?"

"Yes Butt-bitch?"

Austin swallowed; it was getting hard to breathe. "I... why are you...?"

The skunkman moved in closer, blowing the air from inside his muzzle all over the human's face. From how much it reeked, Austin gagged, trying his best to stop retching as his cheek felt a large smack. Casper's own head slammed into his, rapidly sniffing like a dog who had found a luxurious steak all for himself, his crush panting eagerly to take in as much as Bishop put out.

"Be more like Casp here. Do as you're told. Throw the fucking final ball."



He moved his head with agreement. Just three more cups, and the badger would be his. Everyone was watching him now. All he needed to do was hit it center mass and all three would be obliterated. Austin closed an eye, trying to train his throw, giving a few mock attempts until, with all the power and strength he could possess. No matter how much the distractive miasma tried to sidetrack his want, his need to win, the ball was released from his hand.

It went... spinning like a fast ball, everyone holding in their lungs, even Bishop. With a single blink, Austin cheered prematurely as the sound of the connection made him jump. The top and bottom right cups went scattering back, but the last cup, the bottom left plastic chalice spun around in circles, craving to fall onto its side with how it leaned on its lip.

Yet, no dice, the cup revolved around itself, almost breaking the laws of physics before resting right back onto its top. Three balls were thrown, and one cup out of eight were still there. At that moment, Austin felt like he could die. Literally.

Tears were swimming to his ducts, even the skunk could notice this easily enough. The anthropomorphic creature's expression changed from a smug beam of yellow-white teeth to a reserved sadness. Anyone still around this booth were already goners, but that didn't mean he couldn't give those here a happier end to their inevitable fates. With a clap of his hands, Bishop pressed his gut against the table, his very much



exposed belly button steamy with a rightfully apt skunk stench. “Hey-hey-hey, come on there Austin. No need to go about doing that.”

To Austin’s immediate left, the closest man there was constantly sniffing, cotton beaver teeth elongating down past his bottom lips, brownish fake fur puffing up his shirt as his clothes became much bigger than himself, shrinking in real time until he was a doll fully obscured from his former apparel. Nobody noticed his change, even those that walked by, even those that stared directly at his transformation. A small tag on the beaver doll’s leg said ‘Garret.’

“I’ll do anything to win that plushie Bishop. Anything.” Austin appeared to be the only one still coherent at this point. All humans near him more mindless than even zombies. Just gazing ahead, devoid of thoughts, even Casper.

The skunk’s smile turned back into that devilish demeanor. “Good. I’ll let you have one more ball, but you gotta let Casper suck on my pit. Let his tongue get real nice and deep in there, a heavy cleaning. Gods know how long I’ve cared in washing that place.”

Bishop had a way of luring your gaze towards his with every syllable, but upon feeling a wet spot against his thigh, the mesmerization that the carnie had on him stalled. Looking down, he immediately could tell where the wetness was coming from. Casper’s cock twitched in his pants, the premise of getting his wet, pink appendage far



into the fuzzy fatman's armpit was divine. It was then that Austin understood something about his crush, who was huffing the air harder than anyone else around them.

For Austin, who loved the idea of getting fucked in the ass to such a degree he'd try to turn a supposedly straight good friend gay, Casper must've... loved smells. Aromas like the one all nearby were enduring. And to put that tongue where the sun surely never shined, to grind it up and down and all around, it was... what he wanted.

"Sure." The only true semi-conscious human remarked. "He really... wants that plush."

"And my fucking pit stank. Get over here." The skunk used a thick, meaty hand to wrangle around Casper's neck, but not much force was needed. It even surprised Bishop slightly. Like a dog that hadn't been given attention in weeks, the male who could evidently cum hands free from the strong, stinky funks dove his nose right into the black tuft, moaning loudly as soon as his skin touched Bishop's hide.

Austin was at a dark crossroads. He grit his teeth, reaching a hand down to touch himself as he viewed the situation unfolding before him. His crush, the man he wanted to come out to today in the hopes of mutual love and attraction, was instead greedily licking the foreign pit stains of a obese skunk in the design of a humanoid. The arm flab hanging off of the back of the furry's tricep smothering Casper's whole head, muffling his groans and cries for more. A reserved jealousy took hold of Austin's heart, but this



was needed. How else would he win his friend's love if he didn't... let him clean the skunk's pit with his... tongue.

The words were so foreign to think in his mind. The profound nature almost made him think clearly again, but even though he was nauseous, on the verge of throwing up from both heads, he still let it happen. And he enjoyed it too. Bishop had grown taller *and* wider from his revealment. His ears scraped the hollow ceiling of the booth, and he was half the width of it too. All it would take is two big steps and his arm could touch the other wall. Yet with how meaty his frame was, every step was more like a wobble.

Various noises could be heard from all orifices and origins on the skunk's form. His ass quaked with small poots, he casually belched like the gas bag he was, and while he had been doing this the entire time now that Austin examined everything further, it all only began when his true form was uncovered. Even his gut grumbled, his neck purring like an engine.

Casper had been in there for almost two minutes now without any other air. Not unless you counted the perversive, contaminated oxygen brimming with skunk foulness. It was like a gas mask except the front canister contained the horrors of body odor. Well, for his crush it was less of a horror and more of a wet dream coming true.



Next to Austin, a woman's abdomen was blowing like a piece of chewed up bubble gum, her head deflating in a most atrocious manner, the dumb smile and dormant eyes switching and merging as fast as someone blinks. A single sound was made, a squeak, and she... no, *it*, was floating upwards, its former legs tied into a bright red knot. The skunk quickly turned his attention to flail a finger, using the gusts of his own stink that laid thick in the air to bring the bright balloon over to him, grasping it, and throwing it past an open door behind him as it bumped against the ceiling without care.

With a sweaty pop, Casper was free from his desired cage, his face and tongue covered in black strands. He tried to throw himself back into it but a quick reaction from Bishop stopped him. "Ah ah! Casper come on lad, be a good sport for your mate. Let him throw the last damn ball."

He nodded his head, slapping Austin's shoulder. "COME ON! THROW YOUR FUCKING BALL!!!"

The other human, erection still throbbing like a trapped snake in his pants, hastily took the final chance from the skunk. All the anxiety was oddly gone, as if there wasn't a single possibility of failing here. Like his fate was... already determined. With that feeling blanketing him, he gave no practice or run-throughs in his head. Austin brought his hand back, and threw it, nailing it dead and center.



All the humans around him cheered, Casper included. Even a few people passing by that were just starting to get entangled by the skunk's aerated mark praised and celebrated along with them. Austin then realized just how fast his heart was beating, all the adrenaline ruining his energy, tuckering him out as if... he was being set up for the prospect of escape to be a non-factor.

But a part of that went away when he felt Casper's arms wrapping around him. They had hugged before but never during such a high-stakes moment. Austin mentally cooed, reciprocating the hug as his hoodie rubbed against the other man's winter coat. The winner noted that his crush's arms felt... more airy, or malleable. But he just chalked that up to the coat's texture and formation. Although, what he could feel was Casper's erection, something that felt almost permanently stuck within his crotch. It pulsed and grinded up along Austin's own groin, and he repaid the throbs in kind with his hard cock. Both men homoerotically hugging, and thrumming their genitalia together in harmony.

"Well well well, you actually did it Aussie!" the skunk said with excitement. To Austin, he was showing legitimate admiration for him. As a father gives to a son. Or... a creator gives to his creation. "So you want that *biiiiig* badger then? For you and your..." he coughed, "buddy here?"

They both nodded, Casper hearing different words entirely but still agreeing with the overall tone.



“You really want it don’t you? It’s my biggest creation you know? The most special prize I have to offer, and *you* won it, Austin. *You* did it.”

“I... I did!” Near his leg, a red hose with a gold nozzle on the end was carried via the winds of change, or more like a condensed skunk fragrance. In the shape of a long garden hose, its origin stretched to the back of the booth. For now it was silent, completely inanimate and genuinely mundane. “I want the prize! I want... I want Casper to... to...”

“Oh you’ll get what you want my friend, and more. But...” the skunk’s brow lowered, his face switching to a more stern expression. “But I must say, getting the prize? That’s really what you both want?”

They nodded once more.

“Are you super sure?”

Again. More bobs up and down, the two men now in sync with each other, their eyes glazing over, the white parts changing hues into a sickly green. The skunk’s scent was almost... sweet.



“Don’t you two think you’re better off *being* prizes?”

The two didn't hear the question, but did nothing but nod. It wasn't until the fifth bow of his chin that Austin comprehended what was asked. The clearest his head had been since arriving at the park. And it didn't help that the humans around them clamored in cheery chants like drones.

“EVERYONE A TOY! EVERYONE A PRIZE! CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TRY ON A NEW SIZE!”

The man who had regained his composure looked around his surroundings. A person directly behind him continued the saying, even as his mouth collapsed and his body turned into goo. A big ball of green play-clay with the vague shape of a human body and face until it all morphed together into null. Then, his terrified gaze turned to Casper, who was mouthing the words of those around him, even as others were turning into toys and various objects. The ones... important enough to actually be given a name tag were lucky in that regard. The woman before, now bouncing as a balloon, and the pile of goop behind him the size of a single scoop of ice cream? Nobody would remember them.

But his crush was... wanting this... why shouldn't he want this? Austin's mind had two voices, his own, and the one manifested by skunk fumes. And only one voice had



actual control of his body. It was then that his own lips were replicating those of the people around him. He smiled.

“Well! Seems like the both of you have made your decision! The badger is nice, but it’s for prize winners, not *prizes* if you get me?”

One last nod was shared by them both, and now was the beginning of the end — of their humanity. Yet, one could see it as the end of the beginning — of their life as a **prize**.

“Austin, below you is your hose. Do what you know you want to.”

The human in question looked down, seeing a fat red tube. The metal beak at the end tapered towards the tip, but was still wide enough to be inserted... and to allow something to exit the hose, and insert what it dispensed. As Austin smiled, internally he was screaming at his body to do anything else. It did not listen, and the thing was scooped up into his palm. It was too thick to surround his hold on it completely, but it was enough to grasp in one hand. He unbuckled his belt, unbuttoning his jeans and holding them down, still conscious and in control enough to not let it fall to the floor. He brought the nozzle behind him, slithering it and the tubing into his underwear, the cold metal sensitive to his skin. It brought his briefs down to show the world his ass crack,



but nobody was going to say anything. In actuality, everyone was imploring him to stick it up his ass. Their chants switching to the very words.

“SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!” Even Bishop was roaring along. Even his crush... was watching him do this.

Austin felt the golden alloy’s tip rub against his puckered anus, his top row of teeth biting against his bottom lip. With one good thrust, he gasped heartily, and removed his hand. It was stuck in him now, and he couldn’t be any prouder. Even the look on the skunk’s face told him that this should be considered the best achievement of his life. What good was a degree for? Especially when you don’t have a brain anymore.

In the back, plugged into a machine full of white cotton, a series of components engaged. One by one, puffs of fluff traveled down the hose and towards its destined holy land. Looking to his left, Austin could see *it*. A bulge in the tube, one that bloated the cylindrical chute by nearly thrice its size. His smile wilted as the connotation of what was about to begin broke the hold on him for just a second. Right before the first of the stuffing entered him, and even though the top of his ass was exposed to the cold wind, he felt *warm*.



Very warm in fact. The bristles tickled his insides, making him giggle not from said pearl colored hairs, but just how his intestines swelled. He could already feel his stomach enlargening, and it was just so new, so fresh, that he couldn't help but laugh. A red face, the blushing on his cheeks to the max, and all around him were in approval. The smile came back in full force as he felt his asshole stretch out to what should've been a painful circumference, but he welcomed it, for it made the whole thing that much more euphoric. Every time a piece of fuzz entered him, he moaned in a high pitch like an effeminate male.

Yet, the sensation had distracted him from the words said to Casper by the skunk. Austin was confused as his crush, the one person who was the sole reason they were here, climbed up onto the table, grinning like a wild animal as Bishop dropped his cargo shorts. Like a busty woman, he picked up his colossal rear and slammed it onto the stand, right in front of Casper. The smell was worse, much worse. Austin's face corrosively turned to the color of vomit rather literally as he watched his friend, his... lover move in towards the fat cheeks. To him, it must've looked like a decadent roast.

Which... it was, to Casper. He was here because Austin, someone... he did like being around... and one person who gave him thoughts he never believed he'd ever have, invited him here. But here he was now, right in front of the smelly, porkish ass of a creature that he had never seen before. It was okay. It was okay. Sure, he liked huffing



his own dirty underwear, or perhaps some gym jock's socks, but he'd never been given the chance to actually smell another's ass.

Casper moved in. The fur was black all around, with a bit of white towards the bottom trail that led to the skunk's gooch and crotch. Using a hand to move the right cheek to the side, he could see that the same trail was hidden underneath all the juicy mass. It was like a road just for him! The taller human pressed his nose and tongue into the bun he held, licking at it, the flavors twisting inside his mind to be like food from the Gods. He could hear the skunk above, coaxing him to go in further. To "go all the way." The man's heart was about to beat out of his chest! He was sorry to Austin, but at this point his friend couldn't see him anymore, his head completely engulfed by a fat, furry ass. It felt like a conveyor belt, just sucking him in farther along. More fuzz and more sweat and more fat and the smells were like an endless drag of a smoke. Probably more of a joint since Casper sure as hell felt high.

His sight went dark, he was moving on pure instinct now. Using that sniffer of his to find the source of the hypnotic smell that had brought him this far in. He lifted his head up slightly, and his lips met something equally as meaty. It vibrated as he kissed it, and in his mind, soul, and body, he knew this to be the skunk's... glands and anus. He kissed it again, pretending a tongue was inside as he sent his through, lapping as far as he could go in. The whole complex his upper body had entered shuddered, and that meant Casper was doing the right thing.



He didn't know how long he had been down here, but a blast of gas hit his face, almost destroying his mind from the pure shock of it. Even if somehow he was pulled back from this, and brought home, theoretically "saved" as one could say, it would not matter. His IQ was dropping, his memories fading, simply replaced with a devotion towards his new master. *No*, his creator.

Another rumbling came, this one Casper instinctually knew as a long one. It was now or never. He took a deep breath, and shoved his mouth right over the asshole of Bishop, and within seconds, the fart flowed into his mouth, his lungs, and the... rest of his body. His chest expended, eyes beginning to inflate, and Casper the human, at this point, would be nothing but history.

To Austin's point of view, Casper's head had been in that ass for almost three whole minutes now. That was alright. He was still moaning from the stuffing entering his body, straight into his rear as it was like his own anus was changing to be... more comfortable with the concept of taking all of what it was giving to him. It was the one hundredth pump now at this point, and much more to go.

He looked down to his shoes and pants, seeing at how they were slightly expanding from within, puffing up like bread. However, with the more he felt, the more he oddly... felt less? Like his lower body was getting numb. Reaching down to lift up his



pants, he gasped at seeing two dark brown fat pegs. He flexed his toes in one second, and then in the other they were no longer responding to him. Austin yanked up a leg with a muscle that barely obeyed him, and... he soon figured out why his toes couldn't be felt.

It was because they no longer existed. Lowering his neck down and raising up his barely responsive limb with a hand showed a cute paw stamped on the bottom of a stub that was now his 'foot.' He felt so much more fluffy, especially around his head as the human coughed, a piece of cotton flying from his mouth and onto the floor.

"Ah! I'd close your mouth there Aussie! Can't have you getting all flat now eh? Be more like your good friend here."

As soon as the words were said, Austin looked up again, noticing that he couldn't smell anything. Not like his nose was literally stuffed, but as if the concept of smelling was utterly erased. While it did mean the stench was gone, one could say that if the origin of all the stink came from Bishop's ass, then the male puffing up with plushie lint knew of another possible reason why the smell was no longer detectable.

Casper's body was growing, developing into a miniature blimp like one might see above sports stadiums. His gray coat bloating, getting dangerously close to popping off as the fart sucking man's arms and legs shot out with squeaky black plastic stiffening them into a fixed position. Austin could literally hear the gas being concealed into small,



barely audible noises. Silenced toots as if his shine-coated friend was a suppressor for Bishop's ass. All the while with the hose still stuck up his own rear made him feel balls of thick cotton forced upwards, prickling at his brain. His ears started to be blocked by it all, muddling any noises around him.

It was... interesting to lose feeling where the plush had completely converted his flesh. His legs were no longer cold at all despite the cold chill brushing against them. No matter how much was happening to him, he couldn't stop that stuck smile on his face, nor his raspy, shrilling groans at each pump of wool into his now dilated sphincter. The ring had flared and reddened with use, expanding out to the roundness of a soda can, quivering at the actions done to it.

Each push of fluff had the nozzle flow back, only to sink in deeper like he was actually being fucked by it. While his underwear showed a plumping up and squishy ass to the world, which a random human hand obliged by coming to touch and feel how little resistance there was to it, the front of Austin's undies were drenched in precum and actual cum. With his dick slowly being covered in fake fur, the sensation and feeling there was equally leaving him, yet giving a slight buzz to his head as if the remnants of that part of his nerve center still was rewarding him with a reserved climax. Plus, even with the reduction in feeling, it all still was somehow the best sexual experience he'd ever gone through.



Looking back up, his glare became broad, his crush... the man he wanted to love so badly, was no longer human. The large coat sprawled for as long as it could along with Capser's other clothing. It all held onto him, his form like a bulged sausage with a set of limbs as equally as porkish. A malleable muzzle was soon seen as he slowly was pushed from Bishop's ass, the skunk's fur grinding along the rubber, fanning it up from the static electricity. Pool handles and nozzles dotted his friend's new body, and the wide, happy, painted on bean-shaped smile looked like it was the happiest his soul had ever been. In a fit of extreme narcissism, the carnie had made Casper into what he was.

A big, rubbery skunk full of glee... and Bishop's gas. All motion stopped as the living Mephit took shaky steps forward, giving yet one final belch before turning around and closing the open entrance on Casper's merry muzzle. On his stitched and inflated thigh were not only his name, but... instructions on how to use him safely, and properly for all persons who'd happen to enjoy him. An object. That's all his love interest was now.

"Gotta be one of my finest creations I think." The skunk said, his rear properly massaged from his own ejections. "What do you think Austin? You agree with me? I hope you don't think he's not still as cute as you thought of him before! Probably cuter now!"

Casper was merely floating in the air, the chemical makeup of Bishop's tart exhaust letting him not fly towards the ceiling, yet not fall to the ground either. While the



taunting anthro was obviously more... anthropomorphic, the other skunk had the appearance of one you might see in the forest. Just plenty more cartoonish in design. The fat worker lightly pushed on Casper's head, twirling him around until his smile was sent in Austin's direction.

The human with bearish, plush legs opened his mouth to try to respond, only to feel a load of white, fraudulent fleece spill from his mouth that was beginning to slowly push out into a brown, fuzzy snout. Attempting to say anything only resulted in more fluff falling out, his throat making odd, horrifying gagging noises. He wasn't feeling that retching one might when vomiting, but his ears noticed it.

Half of the humans around him were either changed or in the process of it. A dog-toy in the image of a fox fell to the floor, making a loud squeak. Someone walking a nearby German Shepherd kept on doing so, not realizing their dog had taken the smiling vulpine with one lengthy midsection, giving it a few chews as it was rewarded with cutesy noises that implored it to continue. Bishop put up a paw, acting as if he'd stop the canine and save the new toy seconds into its new life. But alas, it was not worth the effort, especially since he was in the middle of a long burp.

The skunk decided to focus more on his special prizes. Using one of his padded paws, he flung Casper towards the back with all the other curios, which left him, and Austin. "Careful! Whatever falls out will have to get back in somehow." He laughed at



seeing the changing man snap his lips tight, unknowingly melding them together so such a mistake could never be intentionally repeated. “Aw... look how cute your tummy looks!”

The half-plush had already lost his sense of smell, but with the development of the muzzle, his tongue morphed into mere cotton, removing his sense of taste. Wherever the transformation was, it still muted the feeling there too. To even hear Bishop now made him tilt his head out of instinct so his ears could understand what was being said. Two out of the five senses, and the third and fourth already on the way out. What might happen when the fur reached his eyes?

The skunk clapped his hands, breaking the bear’s stupor. “Look at your gut!”

Like a robot obeying simple orders, Austin looked down, noticing that while his clothing was loose around the sleeves, there was quite the bulge on his belly. It was taut, as if he’d spent the last thirty years of his life drinking his way to such a prime stomach. Using his right hand, he tried to lift the hoodie up, failing to note the fingers were already gone, and the nub at the end joining the same fate his feet had already gone through.

“Your other hand you silly bear!”



His smile never left his face, not that it could. He was less of a teddy bear in shape, and more like the caricature of a feral grizzly bear. Still adorable to hold, but not something too unintimidating. His other hand, pretty much a paw, had two deformed, stunted fingers that allowed him to lift up his hoodie and see... a bewitching amount of synthetic fuzz. His asshole was something more friendly to all audiences, a hole to fill him like all plushies would have. His butt, his entire lower body, his arms and the stuff traveling up his shoulders... so much of him had changed.

Austin looked to Bishop, one eye going black as it turned into a glossy orb. Half of his vision was gone, but a saving grace had occurred right as he discovered it. The jingling of metal hit the ground, his dumpy head with its endearing ears fluttered with the frigid wind that no longer bothered him. The nozzle that was causing his transformation had fallen out, ceasing the changes as they were. Several parts of his brain no longer existed, and so it puzzled him on why it fell out. Had his mind been more... *there*, he could've attempted to run even as his legs felt shaky, like his whole body wanted to flop over.

Thankfully, one of the humans converted to Bishop's way of thinking solved the situation so the man turned plushie didn't have to think on it for much longer. Reaching from behind, in between Austin's legs, he grabbed the beak, and the bear's shoulder, plugging it back into him with a creepy grin and nod. Instantly, the subtle pump of cotton started again, and the nearly changed man felt light-headed. Quite faithfully so.



"I think it's just about time don't you think? You happy that you're a special prize?"

Austin took a step to his left, then his right, feeling so hard to move as his hoodie, his only clothes left stretched around the neck and armpits of his cushioned body. His stomach not only was pushed outwards, but to his sides and back as well like a giant meatball.

Despite his face almost completely that of an ursine toy, there was more expression than any of the other things here. His blushes were coming through, and the franticness of his eyes still had motion. The hypnosis didn't need to happen, because what mind working at twenty percent of its capacity could reason its own existence? For how large the plushie was, he still felt... empty in some way. As if there was much more that could enter him. The fact that he could even walk was a miracle.

Bishop picked him up without any effort at all, his balance and the perspective of the world updated in that moment, to know that if anything had a want with him, it'd be able to achieve that want with little issue. The skunk flicked a finger, and the hose was once again removed, stretching its way back whence it came to meet the two individuals in the rear of the booth where the machine existed.



Looking around to his left thigh, Austin could see while being held a white tag popped out from his dense, mocha hide. Training his single working eye, he noticed his name, along with the words on the back of the label. *100% Cotton!* That didn't seem good, but what did the word good even mean anymore? ***Do** not bleach.* Language was becoming lost to him. He only understood one of those words, and because it was an integral command in the remnants of his flatlining brain. Lastly, there was another sentence, but... he had no clue what any of the terms meant. *Do not refer to **it** as *he* or *her*.*

It was placed on the ground, and it took nearly ten seconds to stand back up. Its eyes were level with the top part of Bishop's gut, the most extended point of the belly casually rubbing against its body, even the grumbles within impeding its poise. Beside the carnie was the happy skunk known as Casper, carelessly spinning as gravity revolved its body around and around in the air. Its bloated body big enough to fit two grown adults on its seat, the inclusion of four handles along its back giving that much of an implication.

"Now, uh, you," he said, pointing at the lifelike bear. "I'm going to give you a choice!"

Austin looked down as the nozzle was resting right before it, its shine calling for it to complete his destiny.



"You have two choices. Either you don't put that hose back up your rear, and you and Casper both get reverted. I wipe your memories, and you... live the lives you were going to have." The skunk stopped his smile, gritting his teeth. He was superior to them, to all humans of course, but that did not mean a part of him could not ache at how he had become a catalyst in their new fates. "Or you put that big tube back up in you, and it finishes the job. Your choice, big guy."

While the skunk was optimistic that the plush still had enough brain cells to consensually choose its want, Austin could only really work with basic notions. It was a bear, and if the job was not done, then it had to be done. The residue of its humanity screamed out - "what about Casper? What about college? What about life? Breathing, living, to be *alive*?! You love Casper!"

And that was true. It did. But the plush that settled in it, the feelings, while deadened to almost a complete loss of touch altogether, was too much to handle. The bear bent over, trying to grasp the thing as if it still had the digits to do so.

Bishop gave the bear nearly a minute to confirm its decision. He cringed, reaching over to assist. "Here, let me help you there... uh," he looked at the tag near its hip, "Austin..." The toy promptly turned around, looking back with lifeless eyes, and bent over. The skunk made it quick, the machine starting up again. Yet this time, the carnie



flicked a switch on the back, causing it to go into overdrive, and fill up Austin within seconds. "There you go... my big *bear*."

The bear's final moments were here. The sparse breaths it took ceased. Its face made one final twitch of pure panic and embarrassment as if the throes of humankind, its own life, and the lives that lived in the past to birth him, all become terrified at the same time. Its fat black nose became calm, its body relaxing. The brain was covered in snow-colored wool. All feeling was gone. Its hoodie ripped and tore, snapping off of its puffy body as the scraps laid upon the ground. It lost its footing and fell to the floor. With a few, slow blinks the last eye glazed over, turning onyx.

"Goodnight fella. Hope you enjoy the-"

All sound was cut. Touch, smell, sight, taste, and hearing... were all gone. Like it was exiting the final door of its reality, the brain clicked the last light as it left. All activity terminated, and the sitting bear plushie flopped over onto its side. Gone, now and forever.

Bishop lurched his body over, inspecting his fabrication. With a nod, he grasped it. "Fuck... it always gets me going doing all this shit. You were just fucking *ALIVE* and now here you are? Not so alive anymore are you? Well, I guess you're still *somewhere* in there aren't you?" He flicked the bear's muzzle, giving a quick "oh shit!" as he heard a



straining noise, quickly running over to the plush-pumping device to shut it off before Austin exploded into shreds. At least it would be less horrific had he still had flesh and blood.

In his haste, he had dropped the toy back onto the ground, but his erection had pulled down his shorts, and the skunk's hefty testicles bobbed with every step. "Gods... can't believe I'm into plush shit..." he admitted out loud. Lowering his pants further, pushing Casper out of the way as it floated in his path, he got on his hidden knees and throttled his smelly body against the bear's. It had grown slightly taller, but much fatter. It was a proper body pillow, but that's not what he was going to use it for.

"Such... such a fucking bad bear aren't you? Looking at me like that from the stands?" Fake words, but ones that pushed his hard, uncut, *unwashed* cock into hyperdrive, revealing itself from under his fupa where the fat masturbated it. Precum soaked into the plushie's pattern, the foreskin peeling back to mark each tuft it touched.

Bishop groaned, attempting to reach down to stroke himself off when he realized that just would not work with his weight. No matter, for it meant he had to try harder. He put *all* of his weight onto Austin, grinding his cock and stomach as the toy became perpetually smelly. Whether one would use the strongest of detergents, it would still smell like the skunk, which is exactly what he wanted.



“A fucking SLUT is what you are! A godsdamned menace and you need to be...” a moan cut into his porn-tier monologuing, a dollop of creamy pre firing out like a ropeish loogie onto the plushie’s chest and lower neck. “F-f-fuck!” A blast of gas came from Bishop’s ass, a rear so large it could hide portals to other dimensions within. The potent wind hit Casper, knocking him into a nearby shelf contained within where they were, an apparently crowded and messy back room with many other transformed objects.

The pace of the carnie quickened, his black and white fur fibers peppered all across Austin’s faux coat. Back and forth his bloated penis went, enlarging and swelling with every thrust until he moved at speeds one might go to create fire in the forest. With the actions, he was sweating buckets down his neck, his moobish breasts, the stomach and rank belly button, passing his acrid crotch as it all pooled and bathed the bear in a stinky, skunky brine. It’d be hard to sell it after this.

Especially as Bishop came. Crying out like a nerd losing his virginity, the hyper-obese carnie roared and shot his seed repeatedly against the plushie’s face, falling on top of it as his body encompassed it totally, not relenting in the pistoning cracks of sperm coating... the *special prize*.

Bishop was using his pinkie claw to dig at some kind of food embedded between his fangs. Humans had been playing his game all day, and he picked arbitrarily at who would be ones to join his flock. He had millions in the back, stored within the crevices of



a void realm where they all kneaded against one another until he felt like they had a purpose. Already the one he chose to turn into a baseball was finished, and with a crisp bang of his hands, he was speaking to his next victim.

“Ah! Look behind you my good sir! It seems an admiring benefactor left you one last chance to get...” he snapped his fat fingers, “which one did you want again?”

The red-haired young man aimed his digit at the large bear behind a black grid rafter, a place a forgotten badger was once located. “That one! That one looks amazing! Smells... amazing too...”

“Oh? That’s right. Well, you know that’s a special prize yeah?”

The human nodded. “O-of course! That’s why I want it!”

“A-huh, but it’s your lucky day you know? This special prize is even... *more* special you could say!”

“MORE SPECIAL!?” It was like he was going to ejaculate right here, right now.

Bishop was already revealing his true form to this *lucky* contestant. “You are... correct, but you don’t have to shout it.’ He cleared his throat. “You see, this prize, comes



with another.” With a flick of his wrist, Casper the happy skunk floated out with the smelly gust of wind the carnie used with his magic. “You win one, you get this one included. They’re a... couple you see? Inseparable.”

At that, the human’s eyes lit up. It did not matter whether he wanted it or not. He *had* to have both. “Yeah! Yeah! Can I throw the ball!? I want... I want both of them! Two special prizes!!!”

“Well throw the damned ball you dunce,” the skunk muttered under his breath. “Go ahead! Give it a try! Let’s see if you can-”

It was directly centered, just as it was planned. All these humans had such terrible throwing skills, but thankfully his aroma quite literally was used to help adjust things as needed. Or keep them as dramatic as he liked.

“Look at that! You won, my friend! Are you happy?”

“YES! I’M SO... SO FUCKING HAPPY RIGHT NOW!!!” He wasn’t lying, his eyes were shedding authentic tears of joy.

“So you want your special prizes then?”



The other man nodded. It was already over.

“It’s important... that you get your special prizes? That big ol’ bear and his stinky lover?”

Another nod, another futility.

“Are you sure, super sure?”

The next winner in a long line of... “winners” moved his head up and down without pause, many others around him falling to the ground with the new inanimate forms they had.

This was always the best part. Bishop smiled upon saying his next words. “But... how about *being* the special prize?”

A final nod was given. For the ginger, his end was now beginning... or one might say, his beginning was coming to an end, and a new life was soon to come.

