

The Hypnotic Consequences of a Recursive Loop

Cobbler scratched at his blueberry colored belly fur, the young Hyena checking, double checking, triple checking that all was correct in this small, private room within his house. He would idly play with his breasts, the trans man unable to contain his excitement at the new piece of fetish gear he had bought. Several gas canisters laid against the wall in a corner of the room. A large LED screen was mounted above him, hugging the ceiling. It was on, and the buzz of its electronics matched the eager noises in his throat.

The Hyena had organized the hoses all around the room, the autonomous code within each hose would allow the enthused furry man to be pumped full of gas even after he had done completely immobile. The canisters hooked into the machine contained a vapor that was some of the highest grade on the market. A mixture of helium, some of the purest THC known to man, and a special synthetic gas that was said to absorb into the skin. To make any body part it would touch balloon and bloat slowly but very surely.

The chubby Hyena did not waste a single second more as he placed himself onto his back, feeling the cushion of the machine behind him to be so soft and squishy.

One of the greatest things about being on testosterone was when Cobbler was aroused, his clitoris, a piece of him he likes to refer to as his 't-dick,' would swell just like a cock. It had already grown a few centimeters in his pants, seeing it past his slightly



extended belly as he took off all his clothes. Pressing a thick digit against it caused mini volcanoes to explode all over his body, making the rest of his genitalia ooze out liquids that were already staining against the floor. Cobbler blushed as he put both paws over his eyes in embarrassment, wiggling his toes and shaking his legs as he felt so joyous.

The Hyena daintily picked up the hose, the nozzle at the end being rather flexible so it would have a constant lock on whatever it was growing. He brought it down near his slit, his t-dick flaring just as fast as his heart pumped, and tightly connected it to the inflated nub. All it took was a single finger on a single paw to activate the machine, and begin the process.

Cobbler's eyes immediately went cross-eyed as he felt a cool air touch his sensitive pink bean, the television above him turning on as a red and yellow swirl spiraled around and around.

"Well hello there you little critter! We sure are happy that you decided to join us today!" The Voice had a country twang to it, the epitome of friendliness as almost immediately the Hyena lowered his shoulders while his eyes adopted the same swirls that were on the screen. "We sure do hope that you remembered to bring a friend along! Or else you might be stuck as one big plump ball for all your neighbors to see once you burst through that ceiling of yours!"



Two other hoses sprang to life like nosy snakes, slithering around as they leaked out small traces of the same gas that was now inflating Cobbler's clitoris. The room was quickly beginning to stink like a skunk but in a good way as the THC wafted around, the Hyena breathing it through his nose and maw. He couldn't stop shaking his arms and legs, curling his toes and fingers while mewling out in high pitched squeals.

"It seems like you're having a fun time there ain't you!? Shaking like a leaf in the thunderstorm! You've already gained 50 pounds! Although that's a little on the other side in terms of body weight don't you agree?"

Cobbler spoke in an excited voice, shaking his head as he repeated the machine's suggestion. "Yes yes yes! I need to get bigger! I'm like a stick!" He was already quite chubby before, and now his arms were beginning to grow in fat, the biceps expanding in all directions, the fur growing like a heavy jacket being filled with lard.

Yet despite the general increase in his size, the most dramatic of changes were from what the air was pressed directly onto — his t-dick. Its original purpose was now being converted in the most harmonious of ways, the bead rounding out to be thicker, stretching the elastic seal of the hose. It grew forward and outward in a pensile direction, plumping up to be fatter and fatter as it grew heavy with meat and pleasurable nerves. It was rubbing up against his thighs, the fur tickling at the pink rod turning crimson and stimulated, looking abnormal to any passerbys but to Cobbler It could only



feel like the most natural thing in the world. His testosterone supplements combined with the gas that was leaking from the tip the nozzle was still hooked to as all of the vapors came down and made the thing pulse, pulse, pulse again and again.

The Hyena would make another moan as the words playing in his ear from the Voice turned into something similar to instrumental music, not completely understanding the meaning or even what was said thanks to his mania, but all of it felt so right. A second hose slammed itself into his rear, immediately making his buns grow a few sizes larger, the hefty bouncing spheres inflating along with the rest of his body. His breasts were joining them as he had packed on nearly 300 pounds in such a short time. A great deal of his form was starting to become rotund, as his back was now no different than the base of hot bread rising in an oven.

The man found it difficult to see below him with his chest so heavy, his boobs like two large mountains that sacked and throbbed with air. Cobbler's mind was flushed with the Intensive effects of weed, the Hyena feeling like he was floating in the air even though his weight was still keeping him low to the ground. Although it wasn't just his imagination that made him feel like he was flying as the helium made its way deep inside him. His center mass was a few inches above the ground but with how far his body stretched, the edges were still grinding up against the cushion that was becoming less and less soft compared to the rest of his body.



"I'm such a good balloon... I'm going to fly so high..." Cobbler's voice had lost any realistic pitch as the helium had caused his voice to sound like the keys on the right-most side of a piano. From the curvature of his own frame, he could just wiggle his hands into vision, seeing how round they were, how each individual digit on every finger we're being swallowed away by the advance of fat, looking like five balls adorning two gigantic ones. Trying to even bring them closer to his breasts to play with them was impossible and so they dangled where they were as Cobbler's body officially made liftoff. The Hyena's blimpy frame slowly rose to the center of the room, and closer to that beautiful swirl that had replaced the color of his eyes.

On the horizon, like the sun itself, was his clitoris. The hose that popped off, digging down through the fur and flab to connect with his belly button, pumping in giant gusts of air that made his stomach nearly the size of his own body. Scrunching along the blue fuzz was his t-dick, inching closer and closer as it was the only thing that kept his mesmerized pupils from the television on the ceiling, and on to the tip of the buzzing clit that was approaching his lips. Cobbler's hands flexed as if they were about to grab it, like a kind of a phantom spatial awareness that still thought they could grab things even though it was blocked by hundreds of pounds of mass.

A meaty spear of massive proportions approached, an Ouroboros of sex with his high pitched groans rivaling the silliest of cartoon characters as he tried to push forward



to catch it in his mouth. However it was unneeded, as a single spasm made it shoot directly into his mouth, the Hyena seeing Sparks as he suckled on it like a pacifier.

A bulbous blue ball floated in the middle of the room, its squeals muffled as it lightly kneaded its t-dick with dull teeth and a fat tongue. A series of commands was ringing in its mind as it stared up into the ceiling, listening as if every word not followed was the worst calamity it could experience. The gas pushing into its rear, its belly button, only made it that much larger. A gigantic blue beast nearing around a ton of simply pure air and stretched, plump flesh. In its head, it was experiencing a level of consciousness no other living being had ever undertaken; its t-dick, its clitoris, its massive rod of pure pleasure, was being stimulated by every single kind of stimuli available. Every square inch of its meat was being tickled or prodded in some way. It would only make sense, with Cobbler's muzzle stuffed with so much of his own t-dick, to the point that it gagged his throat, that an orgasm was literally impossible to stave away.

An explosion of fireworks on the level of one million plutonium warheads made his brain a catastrophe of complex and simple emotions. Carnal instincts unlocked from billions of years ago unlocked in a single second as Cobbler thought he could see now in the fourth dimension, a dimension he experienced while drooling down his t-dick, all the while down below an engorged vulva sputtered out liters of seminal fluids.



Cobbler's eyes did not see stars, but nebulas, galaxies, the gaseous vacuum of space as his room became black, purple, green, and other astronomical features with his own body like a planet in his new vision. He couldn't tell if this was because of his gigantic clit, which his body wrapped around like a hot dog, the tip still being tenderly kissed and sucked in his snout. Or if it was because he was getting full grams of marijuana pumped into his lungs with every breath, making each whiff pucker at his senses while his body got one size larger. A teal blueberry, whose fur was now touching all corners of the room.

Like a black hole does to a physical body, the spherical Hyena's eyes were now physically touching the swirling screen, sound itself becoming white noise as the Voice repeated the same phrase - 'balloon.' Another orgasm hit Cobbler's brain as the concept of a refractory period didn't matter anymore. A third orgasm started even before the second ended. As soon as the cracks in the ceiling began and the orb's body groaned from the pressure, a cycle of recursion initiated. Every knock of his tongue against his inflated t-dick was another climax of what felt like every orgasm from every living being combined all at once.

Cobbler's head felt so inebriated that he didn't even know where his mind was, where anything else was. To him he was a cloud of gas in space that couldn't stop firing out cum, blanketing the walls and his crotch fur with sticky webs of sexual liquids. His body was stuck against the ground yet yearning to break through the roof.



Which is... exactly what happened. The television snapped into two, the walls crumbling into chips as the hoses popped out from the Hyena's ass and belly, falling back to the ground as the ginormous globe floated upwards into the blue sky. He spun around, revolving like a baseball in flight as he'd fly up a few feet, descend a foot or two, and then his whole frame would throb as he'd climb even higher than before. All the while the winds blew him far from home, a home he didn't need anymore.

He just needed his *t-dick*, and the body that had grown so large. Everything else didn't matter even as he still saw the spirals in his eyes, and the commands in his ears. The stratosphere awaited him, and perhaps... a life amongst the stars themselves! Just as he perceived in his permanently maniacal state.

A big blue ball, to rival our own. High and free, going where everyone else wishes they can be. A grand Hyena seeks to blot out the sun, but you can expect that his growth is nowhere near done!

