

Kawakami's Bulging Birthday (Futanari, Cowgirl TF, Doggirl TF, Blueberry Inflation, Succplant TF, Persona)

Of all the things that could have rudely awakened her, a party horn was pretty much last on the list of things she'd expected.

Sitting up with a groan, Sadayo Kawakami rubbed her head and looked around blearily, wondering what the hell was happening. Where was she? Where had that awful catgirl put her now?

The answer, it appeared, was in the seat of a little table. A little table bearing lots and lots of gift-wrapped boxes.

The party horn blew again – right in Kawakami's ear. "Suuuuuuuuurprise!" cried Princess Futanari, giggling. "Happy birthday, nya!"

"I-it's my birthday?" said Kawakami. Oh God, she'd been in the Princess's captivity for almost a whole–

"Nyes, that's right, nya! And, as a kind and dutiful mistress, I've arranged a surprise birthday party to celebrate it, nya! ...Surprise!"

Kawakami swallowed. "A s-surprise birthday party?" That could only mean bad things, especially when Futanari was involved.

The Princess giggled, her twintails shaking (almost harder than her balls). "Oh, and I invited all of nyour friends as well!"

"M-my friends?"

As Kawakami stared in shock, the princess snapped her fingers, and with a flash of pink light, who should appear but Ann Takamaki. Not that you could recognize her: blown to a fat blue sphere the size of a small house, with a massive blue penis throbbing between her legs, she looked no more like her former self than the boxes on the table did. Only the hint of blonde hair where her stem should be hinted at her old identity. Moaning, she rolled forward, coming to rest with her cock pressed against the table, and squirted a thick rope of blueberry cum all over Kawakami's gifts.

Snickering, Futanari snapped again. This time, there were two flashes, and when they faded, two more guests:.

"Mooo-ooo!" "Mooo-ooo!" Mooing like the cowgirls they'd become, Sae and Makato Nijima sniffed the air and poked their heads under the table. It didn't take long for them to find her feet, which *still* smelled of vanilla from the taste-testing. Before Kawakami knew it, she could feel the tickly tingle of cowgirl tongue against her soles and had to leap away with a squeak. "St-stop...!"

“Oh, and it’s nyot just them,” continued Futa, sounding amused. “I’ve brought a couple of people nyou haven’t seen in a while too.”

Kawakami went white. “Wh-who...?”

Another flash, another new guest. This time, it took a second for Kawakami to recognize her. “N-no. No, not you too!”

“Woof!” Dropping to all fours, Haru Okumura wagged her tail happily at the smell of her old teacher. Naked save a collar, with a dog’s ears on her head and a matching tail sprouting from her coccyx, she threw herself at Kawakami’s leg with a bark of happiness, and as she struck her, Kawakami realized the dog parts weren’t her student’s only addition:

“Woof! Woof... Nnn~!” Gritting her teeth, Haru humped her, slapping the tip of her massive canine member into Kawakami’s legs and leaving her pantyhose sticky with precum. With a squeal of disgust, Kawakami used her foot to push her away. How could this get any worse?

“Oh, and there’s one more,” said Futanari, looking smugger than ever. “Hold tight!” *Snap!*

This time, the flash was much smaller. And instead of appearing beside the table, the new guest appeared on it instead. As the light faded, Kawakami blinked, struggling to understand what she was seeing. It looked like a plant, a potted plant – a pitcher plant, or something similar – though she didn’t think they normally came with hair. And they *definitely* didn’t come with gigantic boobs!

Kawakami swallowed. “Wh-what is...? What is that?”

Somehow, Futanari’s smile managed to grow even wider. “Don’t nyou recognize her, nya? But nyou were such good colleagues!”

“C-colleagues!” Kawakami studied the strange plant again, but only when the awful thing smacked its plump, red lips did she recognize it. “Ch-Chouno?”

Futanari burst into laughter. “That’s right, it’s nyour colleague, Ms. Chouno, nya! Look, she’s so happy to see nyou!” She pushed the plant forward, and its awful lips smacked, aimed at Kawakami’s nipples as if planning to latch onto them.

Kawakami pulled away with a whimper. How many more of her friends was this monster going to transform?!

“Alright, that’s the last one for nyow,” said Futa, clearly sensing the question. “Which means it’s time to bring in the caaaaaaake!”

With a snap, a gigantic birthday cake covered in candles appeared on the table – Futanari, grabbing a knife, set about cutting it. “Here nyou go!” she cried, handing Kawakami a slice. “*Enjoy~*, nya. I know I will.” She winked.

Kawakami gulped as she accepted it. Futanari had said there were no more guests, but her word wasn't worth the breath it took to say it. Who knew which of her friends or family this awful confectionary was made from?

Still, she had little choice but to accept a fork and start digging in, grateful for the fact that, whoever the cake was made from, they were at least anonymous. And it was tasty too!

As she ate, Futanari and her guests enjoyed themselves in their own special ways: Sae approached Ann, visibly drooling as she sniffed the blueberry's cock, while Haru mounted Makoto and started to pound her ass. Futanari, clearly enjoying herself, picked up Chouno and planted her between her legs: in seconds, the former teacher's lips were latched to her cock, latched tight and sucking hard, desperate to empty the catgirl's balls.

With a hungry desperation of her own, Sae Nijima mooed and wrapped her mouth around Ann's swollen cock, making the blueberry girl squeal as she sucked with a *gluck-gluck-gluck*. As she drank, the cowgirl's skin started to darken, slowly taking on the same shade of deep blue as Ann, while thick globs of blueberry juice poured from her swollen teats.

Meanwhile, Haru continued to pound Makoto, making the cowgirl's asscheeks ripple with the force of each thrust, and Futanari massaged Chouno's head as the former teacher sucked away at her eagerly, making the catgirl whine in pleasure. In the end, it was Futanari who came first, if only barely: even as Chouno's head bulged, Haru gave a loud bark and emptied her balls in Makoto.

Kawakami swallowed her cake with a sigh. She supposed things could have been worse – at least the cake tasted good. On the other hand, it was a little salty...