

# Voodoo Dolled

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There was an old row house downtown, the kind that stuck around after urban redevelopment as a relic of the quaint housing conditions of yesteryear. Of course, most of the time, they weren't even homes anymore, as their simplistic room layout made them perfect for renting out to fly-by-night group meetings. This was one such place: Inside the second floor room of the old brick building was a small but well-lit and clean room, devoid of much furniture save for four art stools, four easels, and the ergonomic lounge meant for the model.

It was the regular meeting of the Life Drawing Club, and today's model was Crazy. No, literally, that was his name. This grey and green-furred wolf had been invited to pose for the members of the club because, well, he had one of the biggest "memberships" they had ever seen! After watching him shove one of their former members down his cock and churn them into lupine cream, the rest of them just *had* to immortalize the beauty of that magnificent shaft and those thrashing, sloshing balls.

Crazy, naturally, had been treated with luxury. He was being paid a nice sum simply to sit here with a powerful, quivering boner, and had been promised a meal in addition. It wasn't hard to keep a man like him interested when the basics were taken care of, so he simply grinned with pride as the four pairs of eyes in the room drank in his masculine power and beauty. Their rapt attention kept him nice and hard, and the manspreading meant that the place had smelled strongly of his personal musk within mere minutes.

There were four of these eager little artists trying to capture the beauty of his member right now: Brian, Debbie, Remi, and Scarlette. Brian was a Greninja, trying with difficulty to draw around his own erection, his yin-yang balls swinging every time he adjusted his position on his stool. Debbie was a very thick Snorlax girl, well-stocked in her breasts and cheeks, and who seemed to be actively drooling at Crazy's cock from time to time. Remi was a cute little avai, seemingly too excited at the opportunity to draw to remember that the wolf's cock was a sexual obelisk. And then there was Scarlette, a self-obsessed Eevee girl whose usual boastful nature had been cowed by the looming might of the model's member.

And... one other. There was a fifth person who wasn't a member of their Life Drawing class, a modestly curvaceous fox lady in secondhand linens whom everyone -- especially Crazy -- had encountered during the weeks leading up to the class. They had been soft, brushing encounters for the most part, but there had always been a slight degree of pain. Debbie thought her left breast was just a touch lighter than her right for a moment, Remi had lost a feather on his right wing, Brian felt like a bit of his tongue had been scraped with a tongue depressor, and Scarlette thought her tail was missing a lock of fur... though how she could tell, nobody could say for sure.

It was an unusual thing for each of them, but the real significance had been lost on all of them, Crazy most of all. One night, when he had been drinking heavily and enjoying the company of a modestly curvaceous but kinky fox lady in the night, she had asked him a question: "Do you believe in juju magic?" The wolf had just laughed, automatically responding, "What, that voodoo shit? No way... the only magic is in how my balls will melt down anyone I want them to." The girl, who had been stroking him off into a condom so expertly, had given him a sly grin and said, "I'll remember you said that, honey."

Today, that same fox was in a darkened room many miles away, giving that same sly grin to a hand-made, button-eyed doll of Crazy. It was a big enough doll to hold in your arms and was stitched of green and grey fabric, but between its legs was a stiff, fabric-lined shaft and a deep pocket below for its balls. This cock's shaft had a channel running right down into the balls, with Crazy's real cum bubbling and frothing at the bottom. She had personally milked it from Crazy's member herself on that sexy night, though it had been a dangerous effort. Without that milky herbal tea to keep the wolf's reactions lethargic, she might have been donating herself to his spunk, rather than extracting it. But it was something she had to do, if she wanted the voodoo doll to work as it should.

Her name, predictably, was Voodoo, and this fox had been counting the minutes up until now. "Well, well," Voodoo grinned, turning her eyes away from her wristwatch. "Looks like I've got some time to play with you, Crazy..." She looked across the table to the four dolls on their little shelf. "You and all of your little friends." Sure enough, there were similarly made dolls of the artists in the Life Drawing club, smaller but with the same magic inside of them. Brian's doll had a tongue that smelled like his, Debbie's doll had breasts that might have sloshed if the milk hadn't soaked into the stuffing, Remi's doll had his feather stitched inside of it, and Scarlett's doll bore a similar fate with the tuft of missing tail fur. All of them were just as alive as the Crazy doll, and whatever Voodoo wanted to do with them would have noticeable effects upon the people they were spiritual effigies of.

If someone had been noticing, each of the non-Crazy dolls looked just small enough to fit inside of the cock and balls of the Crazy doll. It wasn't hard to guess what Voodoo's naughty plans were as she reached out for the Remi doll. "Let's spice this art class up a lil' bit..."

Back at their de facto art class, Crazy was enjoying the attention, reaching over to a bowl of grapes and cherries to keep his stamina up. Not that he needed much help to maintain a boner, but trying to keep it from throbbing too hard still demanded a fair amount of blood flow and personal concentration. He had asked for some beef jerky in addition, but apparently they hadn't gotten the memo. Ah well...

As the wolf's attention was turned away from his thick, heavy cock for a moment, the happy little avali felt a strange and frankly irresistible compulsion to get up from his stool. His pencil dropped onto the easel as his legs moved in a slightly jerky motion, like someone else was lifting them with a set of strings. Brian was the first to notice, looking up from using his own member's curve on the paper to get the angle of a line just right. "Hey, you doing okay Remi?"

The Greninja asked, almost offhandedly. It was the way that Remi replied that kept him from just looking back at his page.

"O-Oh, I... I think so! I just..." The avali blushed a little nervously as he found himself walking up toward Crazy's place at the head of the room, his cock looming up above him. "I guess I wanted some inspiration, is all?" Remi's hands found themselves placed on the thick, pulsing member, and Crazy nearly swallowed a cherry pit from the sudden sensation. "Wow, you're hot to the touch!"

"Ulp! G-Gack!" The wolf coughed, spitting cherry chunks. "Be careful, I nearly... Woah, what are you doing?" It wasn't an unfamiliar sensation, feeling someone climbing up his cock. It was so natural to the predator that he instinctively leaned his hips and back into the seat to better anchor his cock and balls for the incoming prey's descent. At the same time, when he decided that maybe devouring the art class's members might not be the most neighborly thing in the world, he tried to pull himself out of the stance... and realized that he couldn't. "Huh? What the..."

Voodoo smirked sadistically as she put two fingers behind the Remi doll's head and calmly pushed it face-first into the cock of the Crazy doll. The doll's head looked a little big for it at first, but slipped in rather easily for its size. The wolf doll's member seemed almost to twitch as the vulpine trickster gently coaxed more and more of the stuffed little effigy into the thick tunnel. "Go on now, little one. I don't think you'll last," she chuckled, watching as the fabric avali slipped deeply toward the thick pocket below, plush hips sliding in the cloth cock now. "But I don't need ya too. I don't need *any* of you to..."

In the art room, everyone was surprised when Remi gave a muffled yelp. At the end of climbing up Crazy's member, he had shoved his whole head into the slit at the tip. His cries of alarm were as confusing as they were muffled, everyone had seen him deliberately dunk his own head into the wolf's member, but now he was giving out a stifled shout for help here and there. It would have been easy to run up and assist him, but Remi's body was still climbing into it, his paws pushing past where his head had entered and slowly diving into it with both paws tucked against his ears!

"W-What the fuck?" Crazy grunted, his eyes wincing and teeth clenched as he felt the sudden willingness of the avali to be inside of him. "Well, he's gone..." There was a good bit of Remi still outside of his cock by the time he said this, but the wolf knew his own power. If any of the other artists tried to intervene when Remi was up to his pectorals, they'd be pulled in right along with him. Crazy couldn't stop his cock's hunger, and even as the assembled Pokemon watched him, the thick pink shaft of the lupine began to gorge itself on this willing prey. The avali's wings were sucked down into his meaty pole, his cute legs kicking and tail flailing as Crazy's hungry meat gulped him down in thick, powerful bulges...

The long, somewhat ratty dress that Voodoo wore did a lot to hide a delicate and delicious figure. As she played with her dolls, a small little trickle of her own brand of juju juice hit the

ground below the between of her legs. She hadn't worn pants in a long time and had no need to start now. Not when the gettin' was so good... "Ooooh, yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about," the distant vulpine grinned, as she watched the avali doll's body slide into the Crazy doll's deep and hefty balls. "Let's listen in..."

The doll's sac was carefully stitched and magically reinforced to behave just like the real sac it was trying to imitate. When Crazy's cock slurped down Remi's long tail, so too did the doll's. And when Voodoo could hear that sac start churning and bubbling heavily, even as the doll had just slipped inside, well...

"Remi!" Scarlette shouted, shaking a bit as she, like the others, saw the avali's body sliding down out of Crazy's pole and bouncing into his huge sac. As soon as he'd landed, those great heaving orbs began to churn deeply, and Remi could barely press his face and paws against the weight of his powerful balls before those balls started powering through him! "G-Guys, what are you doing?! Remi needs help!"

"Ngh... it was his own damn fault for climbing in, if I'm being honest," the wolf reminded her, breathing a little quicker than before, but not really bothered by what just happened. "If any of you tried, you'd just be churned into nut too. I think the best thing you can do is add a few bulges and movement lines to my balls in those pics now..."

"I hate to say it, but he's right," Brian chimed in, shaking his head. "It's very hard to pull someone out once they've gone in. Just easier to squeeze them out when you're done with them." He remembered the week when he had cornered a lovely-looking doe prey just outside in the back alley, gasping and croaking softly as the pleading mammal had slid down into his froggy sac. His strokes had been long and deep, she was churned away quickly without him even spilling a drop. Of course, it had been a bit embarrassing when he realized that she was supposed to be their model for that session. Awful lot of yin-yang themes in the resultant pictures for some reason.

"That's easy for you to say, Brian, or do you remember Lucille?" The Eevee hissed, her tail flapping angrily behind her. "Well, you can do what you want, but I don't need this right now!" She made to leave, but found her feet just wouldn't lift off of the ground. It wasn't even as if she was tired, some force was just keeping her from walking. The sensation tickled her fur in a concerning way, nothing had ever tried to stop Scarlette from having her way before. Well, at least not anything that wasn't a person by itself. "What... Brian, you didn't squeeze yourself out on the floor again, did you?"

"What? No... that's..." The power of Brian's reassurances faltered as he too started feeling a tingling, pervasive power acting on his limbs. His own cock started to throb softly as he automatically pulled his strong legs up onto the stool, and was alarmed to feel his jumping muscles tensing up. He was aimed toward Crazy, especially the head of that pulsing, pounding cock of his. With Remi gone away, the wolf's musk was starting to spread again, and he was throbbing a fair bit. "O-Oh, no... I don't know what's happening, but... I think I'm about to-"

"What, you about to dive in too?" Debbie laughed teasingly, her beautiful Snorlax curves bouncing from her boisterous chuckle. "Why don't you dive into me instead? Watching Remi slide down made me wet as hell!" Debbie honestly wasn't kidding; her art sheet now had a very weak patch right in front of her at hip level, and she was smelling like her still-warm female ejaculate, probably because once she'd pulled her shorts down to let it out, she hadn't bothered to put her deep cunny back under the covers. Her easel was smelling like a hot night back home, her lips quivering, aching for something... no, *someone* to fill them, and the only other possible candidate aside from Crazy was marching jerkily up to the only cock in the room that could swallow him down.

"I... I don't want to alarm anyone, but I'm pretty sure I am, actually..." The Greninja tried valiantly to wrap his tongue around the upper side of the wolf's cock and slow his own ascent, but all that did was make Crazy's accomplished member quiver a little stronger, and Brian's amphibian hands and feet stick a little better. He shivered helplessly as he carried himself adeptly, with a ninja's agility, up the sheer underside of Crazy's shaft, and upon reaching the head, he looked down. The dark pinhole of the model's member looked down into a deep, dark tunnel. Deep inside, he thought he could hear Remi splashing around far below, but that was just his mind painting the darkness. In truth, Remi was nothing but spunk now, and Brian knew it.

And he wasn't the only one with this intrinsic knowledge. Voodoo grinned as she took the smaller but still admirably-padded cock of Brian's doll in between two fingers. She had eyed his and Crazy's sizes, and found a neat little trick to enjoy tormenting them. "Before I slide these frog legs of yours into the gumbo... how about we spice things up with a little bit of frog juice? Daddy's secret recipe..."

Crazy was still stuck to his chair, arms gripping the seat tightly as he stared up at Brian, and he opened one eye up toward him in his struggle to move, just in time to see Brian's stance on top and his equally perturbed expression. Maybe if he'd noticed those eyes then, Crazy might have had an idea of who was behind these phantom sensations, but instead his eyes were staring at the reared-back thighs... and the still admirably thick frog member pointed right down the barrel of his own. "H-Hey, wait a minute- A-AAAHHHNGH~!!"

Brian's hips had thrust down, sinking the head and pole of his own brilliant blue cock down Crazy's person-swallowing pink monster. The hot, wet sound of his cockhead taking in the meat of Brian's shaft made the wolf's hips shiver and his balls bubble with relentless and aching pleasure. If Remi hadn't been out of the picture before, he certainly was now, with the churning slosh of his cum flowing and swaying heavily against the floor in a wall of trapped liquid. And now Brian was gasping and croaking with surprised but inescapable amphibian pleasure, his balls smacking into Crazy's cockhead at high speeds as he gripped the shaft around him with every limb and pounded down into the model's hungry thickness!

"Ooooh, that's a nice little ability you got there, big boy! Of course..." Voodoo grinned mercilessly, twitching the hips of the Brian doll up and down into the Crazy doll's cock. "After

seein' the kinda stuff you get into, I think I'd have to walk quite a while to find somethin' this cock DON'T wanna do..." The fox licked her lips as she eyed his sack-sewn sack, shoving the frog in deeper and deeper, letting his cock send vibrations along the greedy pipeline in a way that nobody was expecting... but that Crazy honestly couldn't complain about. He was having a hard time speaking, he just gripped his cock with both hands and drank in the feeling, saliva dripping lethargically from his maw as his lust overwhelmed his senses.

"B-Brian? What are you doing?!" Scarlett shouted up at him, incredulous at both the action happening in the room and her inability to just walk away from it. She couldn't even tear her eyes away, the magnetic pull of the one cock penetrating the other making the flesh beneath her fur start feeling sensitive.

"Who cares? It's hot as hell!!!" Debbie cried out, now with two fingers buried in her eager cunny, fingering herself hard enough to make a little bit more lady-water squeeze out onto her crumbling sheet. One more jet from her snatch caused the sodden part to fall off completely, her old picture landing on a ground in a sad, illegible heap. It didn't matter, she wasn't content with a two-dimensional cock picture anymore. She had to get the real thing all up in her three dimensions!

As for Brian, he couldn't even speak coherently, his eyes closed so they wouldn't roll back in his head and his gasps and shudders carrying little croaks and ribbits under his breath. His plush blue rump wiggled like it was a good party as his cock pounded more and more down Crazy's member, and the wolf was very hard and eager for everything he had to give. As he rode closer and closer to orgasm, he could feel the the gray-and-green monster's tunnel gripping him tightly.

*"Whatever you do, don't stop! AAAANNNGGH!!!"* Crazy howled with desire, his eyes rolling back as he felt the Greninja's sloshing sac start squeezing itself deep down into his shaft! The wolf's tongue hung out and his cock throbbed magnificently as the smaller member somehow made the bigger member its little bitch, if only for these long, drawn out seconds of Brian's orgasm. His blue hose pumped condoms' worth of spunk down into Crazy's cockhead, and every last drop flowed down into his balls. It wasn't much compared to what the wolf could produce, let alone put out, but to their model, that handy little shot had thrown Crazy headlong into this kinky game of Voodoo's, now helpless to resist his cock's own desires.

"Mmmhmmhm, that's it, baby..." Voodoo purred happily, approving of the way Crazy's balls looked bigger than when she started. "You've been a good boy, now it's time to eat..." The thick cock pulsing between the doll's legs soon felt those smooth frog legs pressing down into it, and once she started feeding it, the doll quickly took care of the rest. Heavy throbs, hungry gulps, and the Greninja's stitched form started to be squeezed down that eager shaft. The fox even had the free time to lean down to that shaft and give it a longing lick, from the base of the doll's pole to the tip.

The girls in the room were watching with awe as the shadow of Crazy's looming cock grew, with a tired, helpless frog-sized bulge sliding down bit by bit with each eager pulse of the shaft. Brian

tried desperately to be heard, but the gray wolf moaned loudly and slapped both hands on his cock, pushing down on Brian's struggling form with all of his might. As he did so, he felt the dancing ghost of a great tongue dragging up his shaft, great accelerating the rate at which the Gren was gulped down. The Water-type splashed down heavily into a Cum-type pool of frothing Crazy spunk, and from there, he had a very hard time being noticed as he got softer and softer.

"Nnnnnngghh~!" The wolf panted hotly, his breath steaming and his tongue wagging as he looked down at his shaft and balls, feeling the wriggling that was starting out so strong and already starting to diminish under the force of his heat. "Fucking frog got me riled up! I feel like I could churn down anyone... even you, big girl!" He gave Debbie a naughty grin as his bouncing balls churned and gurgled sadistically. "How about it, jiggle-tits? I guarantee I've got enough space to hold you, I can feel it~!"

The Snorlax gave a smile as wide as her ass as she stood up, actually kicking her easel out of the way and showing off the sopping wet pussy she had been fingering since this hungry escapade began. "I'll do you one better than that!" Debbie shouted proudly, ripping her yoga pants off with so much ease, they must have been tearaways. "I'll shove your cock whole down my pussy and drink you dry to the bone!"

A very bold statement when confronted by a member that was so thick, it could pin her to the ground, and Crazy gave a bewildered laugh. "Are you sure, sweetie? My cock could wear you for a condom!"

He was more than a little surprised to watch as the surprisingly spry Debbie leaped into the air, hiked her legs up, and pulled her lips open with two fingers. As she sailed through the sky, on her way to visit him with the curves of doom, the Snorlax shouted back, "I know, big boy! That's what I'm counting on!!!"

Crazy started to watch his life flash before his eyes as he felt the pressure wave of Debbie's thicc and heavy curves plummeting down onto his cock from above. It was so surprising to feel so threatened when the girl was *clearly* about to be harpooned by his massive dick, but then he remembered that he was in a chair with only a certain amount of load strength... and his hips and thighs probably wouldn't slow her down if her deep-looking snatch somehow managed to swallow his cock.

But as the Snorlax's thick lips engulfed his head and her eyes rolled back, a curious thing happened: Suddenly, she lurched in mid-air, her heavy ass slowing to a stop and hanging suspended upon his shaft, almost like a bunch of invisible wires had suddenly hoisted her to a standstill from above. Debbie looked just as surprised as Crazy did, and shouted with deep sexual frustration as she only felt the head of Crazy's cock pushing into her. "Hey! What the hell gives?! Let me down, Scarlette!"

The Eevee, who was watching with horror as the unstoppable force was about to meet the immovable object, blinked hard and snapped out of her shock. "Y-You think I did that? No way!" Scarlett stammered, pointing a finger at Crazy. "It must have been him!"

"What the fuck? No way! How..." The wolf decided to take a moment to catch his breath, masking his sigh of relief pretty well. "How the hell could I do this shit? Why would I *want* to? Just to tease myself to death?"

Meanwhile, Voodoo was holding the Debbie doll by the scruff of her neck, giving it a sidelong look like she'd just caught the cat about to knock over her good china from the mantelpiece. She shook her head and squeezed her grip around the stuffed Snorlax hips, letting the opening for her cunny lock tight around the Crazy doll's cockhead. "Now I don't know what you thought you were about to do, but this is *my* show, little one," the vulpine smirked, using her other hand to start stroking the cock beneath. "I do admire your spirit, but that cock's gonna be mine here in a minute..."

Crazy felt his eyes bug out as a large phantom hand started stroking off his entire cock, drifting up and down his pulsing member. Since he was so stimulated by Brian's sweet cock-fucking already, Voodoo's hands didn't have to try very hard to make the big boy leak, and Debbie gasped as her greedy cunny swallowed up the hot leaks of pre escaping from his shaft and into her fertile crescent. "Oooh, fuck~! Trying for a bun in the oven, baby~?" Debbie laughed, her frustration starting to get drowned out by pleasure again.

The wolf grunted hard as she ran his hands over his cock too. He didn't know what was going on anymore, but whatever was looking out for him tonight wanted him to survive and succeed, so... as long as he could walk after this, Crazy was calling tonight a win. "More like a Snorlax in the kiln, beauty! Nnngh... Think you'll be able to fit?"

"Oh, honey, trust me..." Voodoo grinned, licking her lips at her naughty dolls. "I *know* you'll fit..."

Just as Debbie started to feel a splash of her insides across the tip of Crazy's cock, a firm force tugged her off of the pulsing, rigid member she was camped out on and upended her, causing the Snorlax to yell as her vision was thrust into the tight opening of Crazy's tunnel. The wolf clenched his teeth and moaned through them as the heavy weight pushed itself right down onto his whole length, working hard to will himself to stay upright and not be shoved through the floor by all of this mass. His cockhead locked its greedy ring around Debbie's neck and started opening wider, and he would have felt light-headed had it not been for his extremely active libido and the feeling of a strong hand keeping his cock pointed skyward.

"Uuunngh! *Fuck*, Debbie, what in the *fuck*..." The wolf looked down at his balls, the same ones that had churned away two whole men by now, and looked up his shaft at the girl who was stretching out his cock meat. Would a simple thicc prey's fat overcome all of his **muscle**? His sheer **power**? Fat needed gravity to be powerful, but **muscle** could swallow gravity and fat



together... he grinned and took a deep breath as he locked eyes with Scarlett. "Hey, Eevee girl! Spot me!"

"Spot... Wha... What the hell do you mean by-" But it was too late for clarifications, Crazy was giving Debbie the deep dive with his cock now. He leaned against his chair, pressing his hands against the cushion, and the floor beneath them creaked as the wolf thrust back up against the cellulite bombshell with all of the force he could muster. The jiggling Snorlax was being squeezed now, her fat compressing against the walls of his hungry and merciless cock. The girl a supreme heat, much like a steam box, as his body burned hot in its concerted effort to swallow her down!

"Ooooh, yeah, there you go..." Voodoo chuckled, gently pushing a broomhandle against the bottom of the Debbie doll's pants. "Just needed a little more *stuffin'* before you went down..."

The Snorlax moaned with delight for some inexplicable reason as her thick ass was forced down Crazy's quivering, pulsing member. It didn't matter if she felt good or not now, though, because the middle of his shaft was gulping down her mass-heavy belly, and once the thickest bulge slid over halfway down, the weight of her own body made her slide down the lupine's shaft like a tall and strong long-necked dragon swallowing a... well, a much fatter dragon. The bulge slid down the underside of Crazy's cock like a bunker buster and slammed down into his balls hard and heavy enough to cause a shockwave across his beautiful beauties!

**"MMMMMGGHH!!"** The wolf's eyes screwed up with the heavy feeling of Debbie splashing down, but once she was down, she was down. And boy did his balls feel some kind of full! When he was eating people en masse, he always felt like maybe he could do with one more, but with the Snorlax weighing down his massive orbs, her curves so easy to spot against his compared to the others, why... he could probably skip dessert and be good! Probably... but when you had gulped down everyone else, why leave anyone out? "Ooooh, honey... Eevee girl..." Crazy licked his lips hungrily as he let his shaft lean down, his meat stretching over the hardwood floors for multiple feet as he aimed himself at Scarlett. "Why don't you come over here and make yourself comfortable in my balls?"

"No... I don't want to! I... hey... stop it!" The Eevee looked at her body with revulsion as she felt her legs slowly start trodding over toward Crazy, the powerful musk from his loaded balls starting to flood her senses. "I don't... I don't want to do this! You can't... make me, I... aaaahh..." Scarlett shuddered as she felt her pussy suddenly release a bit of cum onto the floor. She didn't know she was that hot and bothered... and as she approached closer, the quick shot turned into a slow drip. "Nnngh... What kind of... black magic is this...?"

As Scarlett's legs were dragged across the floor against her will -- a state of being that was common even when she wasn't being remotely controlled, as Scarlett might have you believe -- Debbie was down inside of Crazy's balls but certainly not out! She had splashed heavily into his hot tub of frothing, bubbling cum, stretching out his orbs quite a bit, but the girl had so much thick fat that she knew it would take his steam and cream a while to work through all of it. As

such, she felt fairly confident that she could execute a rather naughty plan to secretly feed the need her dripping pussy had just been denied!

"Heh heh, I know that Eevee's gonna be dropping in here soon!" The Snorlax said to herself, licking her lips as she spotted the two tight entrance holes to Crazy's balls. It was a good thing he had a shared sac, otherwise this would be an even tighter fit than it was now! "Hope she doesn't mind if I extend her trip down a little bit! My pussy is just ACHING for some filling!"

Even with the sizzling cum surrounding her, Debbie's pussy was dripping at the thought of stealing an extra meal before melting away. It was gaping wide enough that all the Snorlax really had to do was back her hips up against the entrances and wait, which she did as quick as she could! Her heavy asscheeks pushed out against the back of Crazy's balls from the inside as her broad cunny drooled over the entrance ports. Her body was tingling quite a bit, but she wasn't worried. In fact, Debbie was chuckling at the thought of what look would be on Scarlette's face, but she didn't even think the poor girl would notice the change-over even as she started melting! And she'd be melting, all right... Debbie's body was a fast eater, probably even faster than the balls that were trying to slosh her to bits!

Scarlette, meanwhile, found herself staring into the head of Crazy's member as it loomed over her like the anaconda it really was. The shadow it cast in the room's light was powerful, and the sound of its sloshing, jiggling force deep in the wolf's orbs was like the groaning of a great beast's belly. The Eevee wanted to be able to pull herself away, but now that she had been made to stand before it, she realized with shame that her nipples were erect and her clitoris was feeling pretty energetic too. She wasn't a leaker, but... if she was going where she knew she was going, her body at least seemed to be enjoying the idea.

Crazy grunted as another strange sensation washed over him, his cock moving back and forth like a provoked snake. Steam seemed to rise from his meaty pink pole as his balls jiggled and ground against the floor below. The Eevee had to ask one question, as she was unfamiliar with her predator's tendencies. "Does your cock usually hover over someone's head like it's about to strike?"

"Ungh... Not usually..." The wolf panted, his voice dripping with a distinct lack of care on whether it did or not.

Meanwhile, far away from them, Voodoo was holding Scarlette's doll in one hand and playing snake with Crazy's cloth cock in the other. His sac still seemed pretty heavy, and the vulpine's thighs were anointed with anticipation. It was about time to stop just playing with dolls and start getting into some real action. "Nnngh... time to put the last of you toys away so I can play with MINE!"

"Aa-!" **SCHLOMP! SCHLICK! SLUUURP!! SCHLORP! GLURK... GUUUUUUUULLP~!!**

Crazy's cock moved like a mythical beast, slamming itself around Scarlette's head and shoulders in an instant, pre-cum oozing into her voluptuous fur. As soon as she was lodged inside, his hungry member began to suck her down, pressing down around her as much as it was pulling her inside. The bossy Eevee found her arms pinned to her sides as the tunnel, widened by Debbie's passage, found room to spare to swallow her down. And then as soon as her body was slurped tail deep, Crazy's well-hung pole lifted up to the sky, engulfed the rest of her on the first gulp, and sent her all the way down his shaft with the second one!

"Aaaaaaaaahhhnng~!" The wolf moaned, blissfully taken by the smooth descent of his cock's final meal.

And unbeknownst to them both, deep inside of Crazy's sac, the still very-solid Debbie was on her hands and knees, her gorgeous ass pressed against the entry point into those balls, pussy lips still gaping and drooling with barely-contained excitement. Her stomach was almost on the verge of growling when she heard the deep swallowing happening above, and knew that she had to be ready!

"Oh, finally! Come in, Scarlette, the water's fine!" Debbie panted, pulling her cheeks apart and giving her ass a good smack. "That's all you're gonna be in a few minutes anyhow~!"

Sure enough, when the Eevee's bulge started pouring into his balls, only Debbie was aware of the sudden change in lanes that suddenly hit Scarlette. Both tunnels were spicy hot and coated with sweet, wet white stuff, and neither the weight and volume of Crazy's balls, nor the tightness gripping Scarlette's helpless body, had changed. But the Snorlax's eyes rolled up into her head and she moaned out with delight as her moist pussy caught the drenched Eevee like a bunny racing right into a box trap. Her oozing lips gulped down the haughty evolutionary just as effortlessly as Crazy did, and her lower belly started feeling the gentle growth of someone sliding up toward her stomach...

"OOOH, *Scarlette*, you minx! I can't believe you'd just *feed yourself to my pussy* like that! Aaaaahh~!" Debbie gasped, her thighs shaking almost theatrically as her greedy snatch gaped between her legs. A juicy orgasm was quickly squeezed into the great pot of spunk surrounding her, the lady fluids mixing quickly with Crazy's virile seed. As her cunny oozed out its delicious nectar, she could practically feel the Eevee shouting that she never expected him to be so big on the inside. "Mmmhh, like throwing a hot dog down a hallway, huh? You're probably about as filling as a hot dog, if I'm being honest~!" She teased, knowing that Scarlette would never hear, what with the sound of their bodies gurgling so heavily. In truth, Debbie had taken far bigger, but if she couldn't have Crazy's cock up her cunny, she was happy to have taken the next best thing!

The Snorlax flipped herself over, her chubby figure bouncing delightfully in the almost luminescent pool of nut juice, and watched as Scarlette's bulge slid up under her navel and spread out. "Of course, with me, you'll always end up in my stomach no matter what hole you're swallowed by. And I know you'd love to hear the show, but my belly needs a snack after all that!

Hope you enjoyed the ride~!" The 'lax patted her stomach and gave it a greedy rub, her bottomless appetite locking onto Scarlett almost immediately, and soon the only sounds that Debbie had for company were the deep, sloshy gurgles of her own ravenous gut. That Eevee hadn't even lasted a minute, but then again, the Snorlax's stomach could churn even a Legendary into soup after about three. **Buuuhraaaaaaap...**

Meanwhile, with all of the other dolls gone, an interesting change was happening at Voodoo's place. Crazy's doll was in a simple armless chair, its sac overswelled and sloshing loudly with the melted slag of the other voodoo dolls. Standing in front of him was Voodoo herself, but she was peeling off her clothes in the style of a private dance. One by one, her curves came out to play, and by the time she was finished disrobing, her modest hips and lips were out in the open, looming over the helpless doll's naked shaft.

*"Now then, Crazy... I think it's time Mama Voodoo sucked the livin' soul outta you..."*

The fox twitched her tail up as she spread her legs, her thighs descending carefully but confidently upon the doll's member. It twitched with surprising might for a little doll, but her tight lips had him trapped in a vise. The power her otherwise modest curves and depths had over him was no surprise whatsoever. This wasn't the first time she'd done this, and she sure as hell wouldn't stop after him. It was too much of a fun way to break... sorry, break in a boyfriend.

Voodoo's smooth stomach stretched over the Crazy doll in the dim light of the room, breathing softly as her fingers locked around the top of the chair. Her breasts bounced softly as she pulled her pussy up and down the member, moaning slow and deep, her tail waving in a controlled manner behind her. Her teeth gently dug into her lower lip as she felt her cunny tugging at him, almost lifting the doll off the chair at a couple of points, but always managing to get enough lift to plunge herself back down his shaft hard and fast.

*"Aaaaaahhhnn... My connection with you is only gonna break one of two ways, little wolf..."*

The doll was dragged forward on the chair as Voodoo angled her hips to slam down harder on him, her belly pressing against the button-eyed face of Crazy as she gyrated and ground her hips devilishly into every inch of his cloth effigy's stiffness. It wasn't surprising how thick and full the doll's balls were now. Even now, she could hear the last doll left inside audibly churning into mush... a little later than the loa-courting fox had actually expected, but nothing that could bother her now. The gray and green lobo's sac was entering dangerously overfull territory. Something was gonna give.

Voodoo was panting by now, blushing hard as she felt her own desire mounting. But she was determined to break this wolf one way or another, and her legs were pulled up so that she now squatted upon the seat, her wanton pussy shoving the doll against the back of the chair hard enough to make it creak. Her asscheeks jiggled silently behind her as, one black magic slam after another, she drove both herself and the subject of her voodoo doll toward an explosive orgasm.

"Haaaaahh... See? My pussy IS big enough to take you all the way..."

Her hips quivered as she approached her finish, her tight tunnel gripping the Crazy doll's shaft with the strength of iron wrapped in a velvet glove. Voodoo could feel the pressure building beneath her and suddenly dove to the ground, her pussylips never letting go of the doll. Her body arched and her hips ground deeply into her cloth effigy like it was her highest-paying lover, the moans drifting out of her mouth real indeed. Voodoo dolls were wonderful for the sense of power, and the helplessness of her victims. Plus, the vulpine felt three times taller while fucking them.

"M-Maybe when I get bored of this cock of yours... I'll let my pussy show you... *just* how deep you can go! Until then... Aaaaaaaaaahhhh~!!"

Voodoo slammed her hips down on the doll's one more time, and suddenly her voodoo doll was pumping. The cum that rose out of it came in thick, almost packet-like globs of goopy white spunk, and they were glowing with some strange energy. The fox gave a loud gasp of joy as her pussy greedily drank it up, the light extinguishing as the fluid disappeared into her depths. Her long cries of pleasure were interspersed with a few soft grinds against the floor to drag the Crazy doll's orgasm out, her pussy gently shaking out every last drop even as her lips gripped him like it was a matter of life and death.

A number of agonizingly long but very productive seconds later, a panting Voodoo slowly picked herself up off of the ground. The Crazy doll, surprisingly to anyone but Voodoo herself, came with her, its disheveled and sweat-slicked cloth body trapped by just one thing. The fox gave a soft sigh, then pressed both hands against the back of the doll's hips. One last little shunt forward of her hips, a flash of light, and when she let go again, the doll fell unceremoniously to the ground, just as spent and empty as its owner was. All of the juju was locked back up inside of the vulpine's cunny, and the little toy that held it beaten from its part in the experience.

"Haaahh... Well, well..." She smirked, picking the doll back up and smiling as she walked to the sink to wash it. As she did so, not bothering to get dressed at all, she spoke as if Crazy were still in the room with her. "I hope you look me up soon, Crazy... That's just the first of *many* lessons I'd love to show you..."

... And as for Crazy himself? Well...

The art room was drenched in spunk, an exhibit of raw masculinity painted across the floor almost an inch deep, as well as three walls and *even parts of the ceiling*. There was no witness to how this had happened... no conscious ones, anyway, and nobody would be around until at least the next morning.

In the center of the circle of inspired and messy havoc, Crazy was absolutely *wiped out*, his typically powerful cock now... still very large, but hanging in an uncharacteristically flaccid state.

It was still a fire hose, and could still be dangerous, especially if someone started playing with it, but the wolf couldn't remember a time when he could last think of something he wanted to eat and had it not simply mean a person or an object slipping down his cock. He had a real craving for gumbo that he couldn't quite explain. Very *specific* gumbo, too.

As he opened his eyes to see the ceiling and walls swimming, Crazy said one thing before drifting back off to la-la-land once again: "Okay... I've *really* got to look up that voodoo bitch..."

~ Fin