

Eevee's EVs

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Wren was practically bouncing with every step as he wandered through the forest. It had been a great day – the weather skies were clear, the air was warm, and the birds were singing. The shiny Eevee's silver and blonde fur were practically glowing, he was in such high spirits!

As he danced through the woods, the Eevee carried with him a basket of produce he'd selected from the farmer's market that afternoon. Wren's mind was wandering and he couldn't help but think about all the attention he'd gotten in the marketplace today. Shiny Pokémon were rare enough on their own, but Wren was a bit more eye-catching than your average Pokémon in a few other regards, as well.

The Eevee knew how to dress for attention. He was wearing nothing more than a pair of black nylon stockings with matching arm warmers, as well as a slim thong with an oversized pouch for his most generous assets. The simple, dark attire highlighted the lustrous sheen of his magnificent fur, of course, but the plain, pattern-less garb also had the effect of drawing attention to his prodigious bulge.

As expected, the Eevee's generous assets were a focal point for most of the attention the 'Mon had garnered in the marketplace today. After all, it was hard *not* to stare at the bulge made by a pair of balls the size of two cantaloupes! With a self-satisfied grin, Wren paused to adjust his heavy, cum-laden nuts. Already, they were starting to feel a bit larger than most of the cantaloupe melons he'd inspected at the farmer's market today.

Wren had a particular condition – the longer he went without release, the larger his balls swelled. Even at their smallest, the two hyper-productive cum factories were six inches wide apiece, and they only grew from there. Now, after an hour or so without release, they were between seven and eight inches wide, each. Already, the femboy was thinking about how great it would feel to relieve some pressure at home – maybe he'd go for a round with his new Charizard dildo in the shower...

The constant sexual neediness that underscored every one of Wren's excursions might have been an inconvenience to some, but it was a source of endless fun and flirty entertainment for Wren. The slender Eevee loved highlighting his overly generous endowment wherever possible, taking every opportunity to tease other guys with his huge nuts. But even for however much he loved showing off his balls, Wren was a dedicated bottom. And that was why the trip to the farmer's market had been so fun today; for every glance stolen towards the Eevee's obscene bulge, just as many guys had been admiring the soft, pillowy ass nestled beneath Wren's bushy tail.

Now, with groceries in hand, Wren could think of nothing but emptying his heavy nuts with a nice, hot shower. As he daydreamed about his upcoming release, his pink shaft was already beginning to emerge from its sheath, the swelling tip forming a small tent above the massive bulge of his nuts.

Actually, why am I in such a rush? the Eevee thought to himself. It was a struggle Wren often encountered, especially whenever he let his mind wander like this. *It's such a nice day today, I should slow down and admire the scenery a little more. I walk this path pretty much daily, but I've barely stopped to admire it before today.*

Slowing down, the Eevee looked around as he walked at a more ambling pace. He was surrounded by naught but nature, and he could hear a stream gurgling somewhere in the distance. As he took in his surroundings, he saw a short bush, adorned with several large, lush-looking fruit. Crouching down, Wren inspected the plant more closely. Each of the plump, red fruits was about the size of his fist, adorned with soft, nubby protrusions. They were soft in his hands,

fully ripe and almost ready to fall right off the bush. Wren plucked one from the bush easily.

"I wonder how they taste," Wren murmured to himself. As if on cue, a small grumble emanated from his abdomen. It *had* been several hours since he'd had breakfast. "It couldn't hurt to give one a try," he reasoned, bringing the fruit up to his lips.

Wren gave a small, tentative nibble at first, tasting the fruit cautiously. It was mostly sweet with a bit of a tangy, salty undertone. Satisfied that the plant was edible enough, Wren took a much larger bite, chomping off about half of the fruit in one go. A bit of the large berry's juices dribbled down his chin as he polished it off with another bite and then a gulp. Licking his chops clean, Wren could scarcely believe how wonderful the berry tasted! He eagerly picked the rest of the fruits off the bush, stashing the berries away in his basket.

"I'm *sure* I could make something delicious from these!" he exclaimed as he continued down the path. That one berry had been so satisfying on its own, and now he had about a dozen more in his basket, to enjoy later.

As Wren continued his wander through the woods, enjoying the scenery around himself, he gradually grew aware that his cheeks were flushing more and more. The temperature was as pleasant and balmy as it had been all afternoon, but the Eevee was beginning to feel inexplicably warm. Not only that, but his balls were beginning to *ache*. He'd felt this way before, but only after several days without release. His balls felt so *full* now, even though he'd gotten off right before his trip to the farmer's market.

Glancing down, Wren was shocked by just how far his package distended his stretchy thong. His nuts were at least a full inch wider than they'd been just moments ago! It looked like he'd stuffed a pair of honeydew melons into his underwear, at nine inches wide apiece. Not only that, but an impressive damp spot was spreading through the crotch of his thong. His cock's tip was barely poking free of its sheath, but he was drooling a near-constant trickle of precum.

“Nnnhh... Just what were those berries?” Wren huffed under his breath. He paused, leaning against a nearby tree as he assessed the situation. His balls didn’t seem to be slowing in their slow, steady growth, but if anything, the growth seemed to be picking up pace as the weight at his crotch grew heavier and heavier.

Eventually, the Eevee was forced to pull his thong off. It was already soaked through with precum by this point, and it did nothing to preserve his modesty. He was better off stashing it away in his basket, to wash once he got home. Free from its cloth prison, his pink shaft began to swell towards full erection in earnest, pulsing bigger and harder with every heartbeat. In fact, it wasn’t long at all until the slim Pokémon’s shaft was throbbing at its full seven-inch length, his knot swelling up a little.

Wren couldn’t believe how excited he’d gotten, just from that one fruit. It must have had some truly potent aphrodisiac properties, to make his balls swell so quickly and his cock throb so hard. What few inhibitions the flirty Pokémon had were quickly falling away as he stepped around to the back side of the tree and fell down onto his ass, letting his heavy nuts rest between his wide-spread thighs. He was so horny, he could barely think straight – maybe he just needed to empty the cum in his over-full balls. That was it, if he could just empty his nuts once or twice, that would clear his mind.

One of Wren’s hands found its way down to his shaft, wrapping all four fingers around its throbbing, leaking, precum-drenched length. He began to stroke it, closing his eyes as he exhaled in quiet bliss. His other hand made its way over to his heavy nuts. They were so huge, so heavy, so *full* – each one was over a foot wide by this point. Rubbing his hand over the surface of his overgrown sac, every touch sent jolts of electric pleasure up Wren’s spine.

The shiny Eevee’s balls should not have been so huge. It ordinarily took hours and hours to get this backed-up. Yet here he was, having transformed from totally sated into a quivering mess of horny energy within the span of 15 minutes, while his balls had more than tripled in weight. And they were still swelling as desperately as ever, the seed within each testicle multiplying at a frightening rate.

Wren took his hand off of his cock for a moment, stopping to massage his watermelon-sized balls with both hands. They were so much bigger than even basketballs by this point, so full and so desperately needy. The audible gurgling of potent seed in his enormous balls had long since overtaken the sound of the distant river's gurgles and babbles. Wren's overgrown cum factories were so full, and massaging them felt so much better than Wren thought anything could possibly feel.

Just then, a flash of inspiration struck the Eevee! Adjusting his legs a little wider still, he brought his feet in and pressed both paw pads against the sides of his 14-inch-wide balls. Now, he could finally put his hands back to work on his shaft, letting his paws do the hard work of massaging those needy balls of his.

One hand stroked up and down his length while the other squeezed and massaged the sensitive knot that had long-since swollen to full erectness. Wren's eyes were squeezed tightly shut and he bit his lower lip as he careened towards the edge of an enormous climax.

Ordinarily, Wren might try to stave off his release for as long as possible, hovering on the edge of climactic bliss for as long as possible. Today, though, he was as horny as he could ever remember being, and he *needed* this orgasm as quickly as it could come. The Eevee sped up his stroking a little more and began to arch his back. He couldn't hold back any longer.

Thrusting his hips up into his stroking hands, the Eevee's overgrown balls didn't budge from their position in the grass. They were just too heavy. Still, a lurid moan escaped the Eevee's lips as he began to shoot rope after rope of hot, thick jizz into the grass. He kept stroking, coaxing more and more cum from his over-full nuts. As orgasmic bliss washed over his entire being, Wren squeezed as much cum from his shaft as possible – and then kept stroking.

This had never happened before – where was his refractory period? In the moment, Wren couldn't bring himself to care. His nuts had emptied slightly, but only just slightly. As he kept stroking himself, squeezing his balls between his

soft paw pads, pushing all the buttons he could, Wren felt himself edging towards another climax even faster than the first.

And so the Pokémon kept stroking himself, his moans filling the air as he brought himself to orgasm after orgasm. Each time, his balls shrank only slightly, and it was only after what must have been nearly a dozen releases that Wren's mind felt clear enough he could finally stand again.

The entire area was absolutely drenched in cum. His balls felt well and truly empty for the first time since he'd eaten that fruit, but even so, they were still bigger than they should have been. Rather than cantaloupes, they were closer to honeydew-sized. His balls may not have shrunken down to their usual baseline size, but it was at least enough for Wren to get himself home. Picking up his basket, he rose to his shaky legs and continued his stroll home.

Over the next few days, Wren did some research on the berries he'd found. Through his sleuthing, he found out that these were *Tamato Berries*, and according to the testimonials and blog posts he found online, some others had reported similar reactions to the berries – though none so extreme as his own. The Eevee surmised that his own unique physiology had predisposed him to have such a potent response to the berries.

Wren glanced down at his nine-inch-wide balls. They never had shrunken down to their old baseline size, even after several days, and he still hadn't gotten quite used to their new heft. Though somehow, the Eevee didn't mind. A pair the size of honeydew melons looked good on him, he figured. If nothing else, it would be fun to see how others reacted to his recent gains below the belt. And, well, if Wren's friends liked what they saw, then all the better – he still had several more Tamato Berries in the fridge.