

# The Hyperthetical Hour

## Interview I

### Woffle Sylvan

*[Sounds of applause explode across the stage, the stock sound echoing across the room]*

“WOW that is much louder than I thought it would be. Is there any way to turn it down?”

“I-It doesn't seem like it.”

“Welllllll ain't that fantastic. I guess these are the kinks you expect from the first episode, huh? Either way, let's get this started!”

“Heelllooooo all you horny huns and salacious sweeties. I am your host, Celeste, trying something new. I was told I would make a good show host, and considering the topic of this one, I figured I could at least give it a shot.”

*[Celeste claps their paws together]*

“Might as well start off with introductions - I'm Celeste, I most commonly look like what you would call a white tiger. Not too unique, maybe a few pink stars across my fur, but that's about it. Other than that, I'm just here to have a good time.”

*[Silence]*

“Oh shoot, I keep forgetting this is audio only. That's going to take a bit to get used to.”

*[Soft shuffling of paws fondling a mic]*

“Now then, let’s get into this, shall we? I’m going to be running the one and only show focusing on the things no one talks about - hypers! Sure, they may hit the news for flooding a metro station, but have we really looked into what makes them tick? Has any one given them the time of day beyond seeking them out for cum damages? That’s what I’m setting out to do. I will dedicate an hour to see what makes these people tick. And maybe we can find the answer to this hyperthetical question...”

“What happens if you explore your most carnal desires?”

*[Stock sound of balls slapping wetly against hips]*

“That’s what we like to hear. Never turn that one down, that’s a meaty impact. I’ve been practicing this intro for a while, you have to tell me if it’s good or not, okay?”

“Mhm, I’ll let you know.”

*[A soft exhale hits against the mic]*

“Well helllooooo to all the horny hunns and salacious sweeties listening, I am your host, Celeste! Your reality-bending tiger who has way too much fun with their own divinity. You’re listening to the Hyperthetical Hour, the show where we interview the biggest of the biggest; the growiest of the growiest; the largest lads to be found in the area! All to see what makes them tick!”

“And today we have a very special guest, someone who looks very nervous to be here-!”

“Y-You don’t have to tell them that...”

“-A samoyed as beautiful as a flower blooming in the middle of Spring. The deity imbued with the virility and fertility of a nature goddess themselves. And with a lovely flower tail to match - it’s my buddy, Woffle! Cmon, let’s give him a round of applause!”

*[Stock claps fill the studio, followed by a chortle of a third party]*

“Oh s-shush, you. I don’t deserve that much praise.”

“Oh come oonnnn. The blush is evident on your face. Plus, your tail seems to be enjoying your struggle.”

*[A soft groan sounds from Woffle]*

“Don’t even mention him, he gets worse when he’s acknowledged.”

*[A wet chomp sounds]*

“It always amazes me how much he eats. Never a dull moment with him, is there?”

“Not at all. At least food keeps him quiet for a little bit.”

“It definitely seems like it.”

*[Sounds of paper shuffling]*

“Now then, why don’t we get started. We are here to discuss your day to day activities dealing with your generous size. Would you

care to talk about how it's like being hyper and how it affects your day to day life?"

*[Shuffling and gurgling sounds emanate from the guest]*

"Woff, there's no need to be nervous. It's nothing you're not used to."

*[A soft sigh sounds from the guest]*

"Y-You're right... It's not too hard."

*[Shuffling can be heard as the samoyed moves around]*

"Well - I own a small shop that almost completely deals with... bigger clientele. Ummmm... it's a bit hard to get around most days, my um... balls are pretty much constantly slapping against my knees. I can usually keep my, how do you say... d-dog bone muzzled, so to speak."

"You mean your cock?"

"Y-Yes, of course I mean my cock."

*[Celeste chuckles to himself]*

"Cmon, man! You're here to talk about yourself, no need to be nervous. You have balls the size of watermelons yet you're afraid to chat about them? You have the whole bounty of the forest dangling between your legs, be proud of that!"

*[Soft whimpers are accompanied by louder chitters]*

"O-Okay. I'll loosen up a little."

“Good. Now then, you were saying?”

*[Woffle clears his throat]*

“Well... I own a hyper clothing store and massage parlor. It’s a small business, I don’t have that many clientele. But there are days when it’s... hard to hold back, so to say.”

“How do you mean that? You see some hot men walk into the store and you can’t help but pop a stiffy while ogling their orbs?”

“Y-YES, if you want to put it right out there! I have some really attractive furs entering the store, and it can be hard to control my urges.”

“You see guys, he’s an excitable type. Pops a boner at the slightest amount of stimulation.”

*[Silence]*

“Wow, way to prove me right! My lurid listeners, Woffle’s shaft is peeking out of its sheath. You didn’t tell me you had another visitor primed and ready for the show!”

*[Soft whimpers are heard as a soft splat sounds in the mic]*

“C-Celly, pleeaasseeeee...”

“Fine, fine. Please, tell me more about your shop. Are both stores located out of one location?”

*[Woffle clears his throat, rubbing his paws together]*

“Why, yes, actually. We don’t have that many clientele... I may have said that already, but y-yes. I run a not for profit focusing on the care of certain hyper individuals. Whether it be emergency clothes store visits to say... I guess, replace any clothes that a client may burst out of in a rampant fit of growth. Or it can be a trip to a masseuse! I have a specialty blend of all-natural oils and lotions to help soothe any ache or pain that a fur may be experiencing.”

*[The soft splat of pre hitting the floor can be heard again]*

“A-And yes, sometimes my eyes wander. It’s a part of the gig!”

“Awww Woff! You’re leaving out the best part. You’re not gonna tell them that those, ‘all-natural’ lotions and oils are actually highly potent growth serums? Or did you just forget like you did when you brought me in for the first time?”

*[Another whimper can be heard as Woffle struggles to find a answer]*

“Your silence speaks wonders, hun. So everyone listening knows, Woffle’s shop is open almost every day of the week. Visit him and experience the luxury of having your balls fondled in every way possible while he calls it a, ‘necessary step in the process.’”

*[Heavy chortles emanate from the samoyed’s tailmaw, a wet chomp followed soon after]*

“H-How else am I supposed to get appropriate pants sizes and work out all the kinks...”

“Trust me, sweetie. No one can get rid of every kink.”

*[Rim crash]*

“Unfortunately, the half hour mark is already here, so we’ll have to skip ahead a bit.”

*[Sad trombone]*

“But there will be a second episode before you know it! So don’t get too upset now! In the meantime, Woff, do you have anything you would like to promote?”

“I mean... you sort of talked about it a little, but visit Samoyed Sympathies. I don’t take cash payments, just like, come by the store with a treat for Gulchin. He gets hungry, and he’ll literally swallow anything whole. He’s quirky like that. Come by, get a new pair of clothes made on the spot, and maybe get a massage while you wait? As Cel kind of rudely interjected, we use all-natural lotions and oils made from flowers bloomed on my bushy mane. And we have a special package to take care of your... special package, I guess you can say. And with the growth oils we have on hand, you’re bound to leave begging and bigger than you were the last time, so that’s pretttyyyyyy cool.”

*[Woffle shuffles a bit, orbs churning softly]*

“...Was that good? I don’t really have anything else to promote.”

“Yeah, hun. That was great. As long as you think it points out all the key components of your shop.”

“Yeah, I think so! There’s only two parts to it, so there’s not much else that could be said-”

“Woffle, I have a hyperthetical question for you.”

“Hehe! Ummm... okay? Are you doing okay? You seem a little... off.”

“What would it look like if you truly let go of all of your inhibitions? Finally let yourself release all of your sexual tension that you’ve been building up without any fear of consequence?”

*[Stars flying by in the night]*

“W-What? What kind of questions is that?”

“I see in your heart you already have the answer. Do not be afraid to let go of your inhibitions and submit yourself to your own pleasure. I see your deepest desires and your most salacious imaginations. You are not immune to the feeling of complete and overwhelming sexual desire. All you have to do is...”

“Let go.”

“Celeste, I mean it. T-This wasn’t talked about beforehand!”

*[Wind wooshes past, Celeste speaking into Woffle’s mic]*

“You can’t hide your desires from me. I know about how much you want to be filled beyond your wildest imaginations. You haven’t been dicked down in a while, have you? No one has railed those supple cheeks, and gosh have you been wanting that lately.”

“R-Rurf...”

*[Wind rushes past the mic]*

“I know how lonely you are cooped up in that shop, no one to fulfill your most basic of desires. No one has given you a cock in months, maybe even close to a year! And by god is that a travesty, because maannnn you want nothing more than to be filled like a used condom, don't you? To be bloated past the size of a mountain all in some vain attempt to fill up that void in your stomach that can only be filled when you are speared on a cock bigger than an entire state.”

*[Heavy whimpers]*

*[Hearty chortles]*

“Cel-Celeste... I-I-”

“This is not a tease, this is an offer. I know you want nothing more than to be filled beyond your wildest dreams. To be bloated past the widest reaches of the galaxy. To be used as nothing more than my personal plaything as you feel every rush of cum rocketing into your stomach. Light years of size compounding on each other as every jet of cum fuels your libido and pushes you to want *more...*”

“...And all I have to do is say yes?”

“It cannot be any simpler than that.”

*[Palpable silence combined with cacophonous sound]*

“I... I accept.”

“Good.”

*[Space crashes in on itself in one quick motion]*

*[Surprised yelp!]*

“H-How did you get behind me??”

*[Meaty slap and a soft **squelch**]*

“I am only fulfilling your deepest desire. Answering this hyperthetical question of...”

“How much cock can Woffle take before he is finally sated?”