It began with a drip.

*“Containment Breach.”*

A facility that could handle anything, couldn’t handle this.

**Two days ago**

Marl felt the pangs of jealousy course through him as he stared at his girlfriend, or girlfriend-to-be once he worked up the nerves to ask her out, leaned back on the bar as the muscular lizard leaned over her curvy pangolin shape. Why did he come to these places? It was simply subjecting him to his own personal torture, to see all the cute girls and hot guys picking up one another. He didn’t really have a preference – to him, everyone was either a pocket pussy with extra pieces, or a Bad Dragon with its own thrusting action. If only he could get with someone and score, might his raging hormones settle down.

Little did the fox know that the scantily-clad, sweating woman in the corner was staring right at him thinking the very same things.

Patricia was in a perpetual fog, waltzing through the night on an unsteady record player and wishing desperately for a cold shower. The condition had overcome her a few hours ago, and if she had much capacity to think anymore, she would have reasoned it started after she had sucked off the too-eager-to-pay-by-half cougar in the ill-fitting business suit behind his car. He’d been rock hard before she even started to take off his pants, and it’d been the fastest blowjob the mink had ever given. Ten seconds with her succulent lips wrapped around his throbbing, spined flesh and he had gripped her ears, yeowled in a dual-toned masculine and feminine voice, and blew a prodigious load down her throat. Or, it would have, if she had not smartly slipped a condom on with her lips, and every drop of his semen had gushed into the rubber that bulged down her throat, slid down her esophagus, only to slide right back out when she pulled off of him. It was her favorite trick, to protect herself while simultaneously amazing her clients both with the quantity of the load and how good it felt. It was amazingly easy to convince them to shell out another ten bucks “For the expense” afterwards.

When the cougar had left, saying something about “It’s getting worse” to nobody at all, she’d knotted off his condom and had held it up to peek at the off-white goo that filled it. A single drip escaped the poor knot, releasing such a potent, virile scent that the mink hadn’t known she was licking it off the side of the expanded rubber until she had found herself frantically untying the whole thing and pouring it down her throat and face like a desert wanderer finding a canteen. The stench of it had filled her, the taste had, within seconds, brought her to her knees with girljuices splattering from her pussy, and the other prostitutes to back away from her exulted moans of ecstasy.

From there, life just got… simpler. She’d risen to her feet as a heat built within her, along with a growing desire for more meat and the cream that was oft found within. As she’d wandered the street towards her favorite bar, every step caused her ample body to sway and her skimpy clothes to strain to contain that which they were meant to barely contain in the first place. Her panties had dug into her soaking crotch as her pussy lips swelled, and further retreated into her swollen asscheeks as her hips gradually expanded. A curvy muffintop plumped between her miniskirt and blouse/jacket, navel hinting lusciously at the fertile treasures it held behind that padding, and she had giggled airily when she felt her boobs snapping her bra and stretching her cheap upper wear. She’d felt like heaven when she stepped into the bar and felt like bliss when she sat down, panting and sweating as she looked out for a suitable new patron.

She had found it in Marl, the only other person in the bar that hadn’t come with a date or suitably hooked up with one.

Patricia’s new instincts told her to wait, to plant the seeds of a good time. Her tail had been aching strangely, but as she waved it gently back and forth in front of her legs under the table, the ache had turned to pleasure as she’d filled the bar with her scent. Subtle at first, the mink’s rising pheromones washed over everybody and her target fox, though she ignored how boyfriends and girlfriends were slutting it up with each other and playfully teasing one another with innuendo.

As Marl stared sullenly at his crush, his affections increasing exponentially as the scent in the bar grew thicker, he scoffed and looked away as the lizard and pangolin kissed and ground against each other, staring down at his drink. He took a deep swig and resolved to get out of here and buy a dirty movie. Spinning in his seat he rose to leave… only to find his vulpine muzzle buried cheek-deep between the mountainous swells of white fur and flesh, the scent of sex and lust stuffing up his sinuses like two fingers up the third stooge’s nose, a too-soft wall of fur pressing to the rest of his body, and a tall, moaning mink-woman looking lustfully down at him with pink eyes.

At the same time that Marl would feel his jean-clad crotch gushed upon by two pints of pussyjuice, the bar doors burst open, and a tide of grey metal men flooded inside. What words Patricia said to him as she leaned down to kiss him were lost in the sudden chaos, but in the split seconds that her open muzzle loomed before his eyes, her breath washing over his face… her two tongues lapped either side of his cheek.

Tongues?

That one-word thought was all Marl had time for as grey-banded hands of steel heaved Patricia away from him, and further bands stapled him to the wooden bar. Shrieking in terror, Marl saw that other patrons of the bar were being similarly separated by the machines, tables and chairs being crushed under metallic feet. Yet to his horrified curiosity, the other patrons were not fighting back – they seemed entirely bent on reuniting with one another, attempting to ignore the machines that assaulted them. Expressions of desire transformed into a sort of crazed lust as arms and tails stretched out to try and gain contact with one another, paws reaching into bulging pants, hands slipping across swollen breasts, moans lighting the air as those isolated and bound tried to find ways to touch themselves instead.

A heavy snarl in front of him reminded the fox that he had his own problems, as he was stapled to the bar with a large metal band, and not two feet in front of him, the monstrously tall white mink was straining against six of the robots to get at him. He stared at her in shock as her muscles swelled and bulged, empowering her to bend the banded metal arms that held her back, until more were added. He watched as her hips swelled, her panties and miniskirt erupting off of her engorging waistline. Her legs stretched further apart, exposing the fat mound of her pussy, coated in thick white pubic fur, pouring a heavy stream of estrus onto the floor. Whole robots had to cling to her limbs to restrain her, and more were pouring in through the back door to restrain the Amazonian mink.

As if in answer to the reinforcements, Patricia’s belly… ballooned. She stopped fighting to reach him, her muscular arms instead reaching around her massive breasts as they too grew and grew, fists grabbing her teats and pulling on them as she swelled with milk. Five more robots piled upon her and brought her to her knees, and still she was taller than Marl. As the minkwoman’s belly filled out further and rounder, the robots beeped alarmingly. Suddenly, Marl’s world became a blur as his metallic band dug into the wood and it splintered, and Patricia’s swelling form quickly retreated as the machines pulled him away. Yet he could still see her in the continuing melee of machines and… horny people, he saw how she leaned back in her crouched position, her hands massaging her belly, and two additional hands stroking her breasts. The last he saw of her, was a beautiful, large mink’s face pushing out from her pussy, shoulders shoving forth, B-cup breasts surging to D’s the moment they bounce into the air. The last he heard was the alarmed beeps of the machines, and the chorus of moans that rippled out through the rest of the patrons.

As a metal band clamped around Marl’s eyes, the last thing he saw at all was his pangolin crush making out with herself with both her heads.

*“Phase 0 Subject Aquired.”*

**One day ago**

Marl woke to the whirring of machinery and the soft buzzing of monitors. Blinking his eyes slowly open, his vision adjusted to the harsh glow of the room, his head spinning and his body too warm by half.

The room he was in was bare to its metallic bones, not a hint of anything other than corrugated steel that gave the room a hypnotic, vertigo-inducing disorienting effect. As he tried to look around he could feel his brain shutting down, as if they overwhelming patterns of wavy metal were designed to keep him so totally clueless, escape would be impossible.

Closing his eyes, Marl would feel little better, the external dizziness of his vision replaced with the internal dizziness of a heat too great and a bubbly sensation swelling within him. Taking stock of his predicament, the foxmorph would feel the restraints around his body, clamping his thighs, ankles, wrists, shoulders, neck, and waist. His feet were firmly planted on something cool and flat, likely more steel, though he could feel that his bare footpaws were warming the flat surface.

*“Individual quarantined.”*
If Marl could move, he would have jumped at the electronic voice that piped in through somewhere. He tried to open his jaw to yelp as well, but it too was held shut by a metallic band clamped around his upper and lower jaws, so it was all he could do to peel back his lips and whistle out a wheep.

The act of moving his lips immediately told him something was wrong. Since when were his lips so soft and sensitive? They felt like thinly inflated tubes of gel layered in satin, sliding against each other and his pearly whites. It was too bad his jaw was so tightly clenched, he would have liked to taste them. Pucker his lips, maybe make a kissy face in the mirror, or wrap them around a cock…

Quickly inhaling, Marl felt a thudding in his chest, blood pumping in his ears, his chest rising against the metal band wrapped around it, as he thought of that imaginary cock. He felt his own shaft rise, and the vulpine realized he was completely naked as his shaft nudged firmly against his belly, aching dully.

“*Subject responds to audio stimuli with arousal. Infection confirmed. Continuing evaluation.”*

Marl opened his eyes and tried to turn his head to look for the source of that robotic voice, fear rising in the back of his head. Infection? Evaluation? Why was he being restrained and stuck in this dizzying room? What had happened to the robots that abducted him? Why did his cock feel so **hot?!**

As the fox strained against his restraints uselessly, the heat within him built and grew, swelling like so much popcorn in a popcorn maker. A general juxtaposed sensation of fullness and emptiness permeated his body, spreading outward from his lap, and Marl was vaugly aware that he was hearing a soft creaking and gurgling, the growl of flesh and organs as… something happened to them. He knew he hadn’t eaten anything recently, but he felt his tummy fill like he just ate a meaty dinner. Satisfaction flushed through him and he relaxed involuntarily, bringing his attention lower and forward, to the ache of his erection.

As Marl’s fear trickled out of him, his cock swelled larger. Heavy veins bloated alongside it, his blood pumping with an unnatural vigor, his sac swelling with a weighty tightness. He tried to shift his stance to get his cock to rub up against something, but the metal restraints prevented him from moving more than a few inches, and not enough to get his cock doing much more than drooping forward from its own increasing girth and weight.

*“Infection point: Male genetalia. Reviewing data: Scanning for infection cause…. Located. Estrus fluids from Phase 2 infected female mustelidae, pre-penetration. Subject was retrieved before further infection could be applied elsewhere”*

The mink! The mink from the bar! She had been infected with something, there had been no way she was normally so big and so… lusciously curvy and….

Marl’s thoughts could hardly get any further as his physical form reacted once more to his treacherous thoughts. He gasped through his lips again as the satisfied sensation of fullness expanded outward from his loins and belly, flowing into the rest of his body like a burst water balloon. He felt the restraints shift as his body swelled, softness coating his lean vulpine muscles, soft fur and softer flesh pillowing out around the tight bands. His toepads felt new areas of the cool metal they were standing on as his footpaws grew, toes spreading outwards, soles plumping, the fur across his paws fluffing out thick and curly.

Each of his legs throbbed and grew, muscles pushing outwards around healthy, swelling bones, most abundantly across his calves and thighs. His foot-long shaft thwacked his softening tummy as his hips wrenched outwards, spreading his stance further apart, and gallons of flesh flooding in to take up all remaining space. Pillowing the base of his sheath and shaft, his fluffy balls blossomed, titanically heavy with seed yet some new, strange muscles allowing them to bounce and slosh about as if they were helium-stuffed wrecking balls, bound to the laws of inertia but hardly respecting the laws of gravity.

Pleasure shot up Marl’s tail as the foxfluff floofed otuwards in every direction, and a distinct wetness formed, as it began to drip musk, liquid pheromones. He could tell as much as he inhaled vigorously through his nose, each breath building a craving for more within him. He gave it a single experimental swish, splattering heavy droplets of liquefied musk across the metal, but smaller clamps quickly locked around his tail and held it from moving further.

Most profoundly, Marl felt his chest puff out with every new breath, never coming back down, but always expanding in every direction. His nipples puffed out and widened, pink areolas crawling across his flesh to cover his forming breasts, for a moment making him look like a cow with too few teats. But as Marl thought of a cow and how much he’d like to fuck one, his new breasts surged forward with a violent burst of growth, as if angry that they were not being played with and sucked. Marl whined – why *weren’t* they getting played with and sucked? He would rub them with his hands if he could! Or stuff his cock between them and tittyfuck himself…

The sensations of growth never stopped there, as his shoulders widened and slumped down slightly into effeminate curves, the metal band around his ribcage digging almost painfully into his flanks. The collar around his neck went slack as his Adam’s apple vanished with a soft pop, opening up his throat for what he would soon would be filled with tasty cock. Dully, Marl felt his hair cascade down his shoulders and back, like his tail the follicles suffused with his scent. He couldn’t even see himself and knew he was beautiful.

Pursing his lips together, Marl felt them grow as well. Filling and bloating steadily with plush size and a silicon-rubber texture, his lower lip felt like a tiny waterbed while his upper lip not much lighter. They rubbed and pushed against each other in a way that tried to open his jaw, straining against the metallic band that wrapped around it. Despite everything, the edges of Marl’s muzzle curled upwards in a drunken smile.

“*Patience is experiencing symptoms, progressing to Phase 2. Applying experimental vaccine.”*

With a lurch, Marl was forcefully bent at the waist, his swollen ass hiked into the air. Any discomfort he felt was quickly replaced with bliss as a heavy, rubbery object plunged into his ass, stretching him wide, grinding against his prostate and delving deep into his altered guts. His pleasure was further enhanced by the warmth of another silicone object, this time a sort of tube, pushing between his sensitive, bloated lips, gliding past his teeth, and sliding deep down his throat. He sucked diligently on it, his fingers curling against the open air as he craved more.

Yet, there were more invasion to be had. Thrills shook up his spine as a silicon loop wedged around the glans of his massive two-foot erection, holding it in place even as his shaft grew, and a rubbery pipe pushed past his cocklips and sank deep down into his shaft. Precum bleched out past it, further adding to the heavenly scents wafting around the room, a room that still made him dizzy but was significantly smaller than his first impression. He saw that the tubes and contraptions came from panels on the floor, walls and ceiling. He hoped that behind those panels there was somebody fun waiting for him.

As the tubes wiggled further in, his beachball-sized breasts, sporting traffic-cone sized areola with soda-bottle sized nipples, easily welcomed their own invading tubes, rubbing at his oddly sensitive mammary glans, glans that should not have feeling and should never have welcomed any intruder so easily. Yet as marl grew taller, lusher, thicker, and fuller, he wished that there were more tubes and he had more holes.

A creamy goo began to flood into him, at a pace and volume that would have burst any fox within seconds, but flowed easily into an accepting foxslut, disturbing none of her complexion or expression. Her ass and thighs engorged heavily as if in reward to her mechanical lover, his shaft expanding to twice its previous size as if eager to suck down the tube filling it. Her balls wubbed heavily against her bloated calves, the goo coating them from the inside, soothing the needy ache. Her soft throat sucked at the hose within her gullet, her lips wobbling around it in a feeble attempt to slip more inside.

*“Ineffective; Patient exceeding boundaries.”*

*“Applying 10x dose.”*

If Marl thought her world of gulping and growing to be heaven, she quickly learned that she must have only been in purgatory. The flood of creamy gloop rushing into her body doubled, then doubled again, and increased yet further, to such a volume per second that the silicone itself was straining to maintain its structural integrity. Her cockvein bulged lewdly and she thought it magnificent when her cock grew longer and longer, fatly mashing the ceiling panel from which the tube sprouted from. Her laden balls drank in the cream and billowed out hugely behind her, cushioning her swollen ass. She wished someone was looking at her, and appreciating how wide her hips were getting, three feet across, perhaps four after a couple more seconds.

Her restraints creaked, the metal bending uselessly as her body grew. Her hands flung free and she immediately grabbed at her breasts, squeezing her nipples to clench at the tubes within, honeyed milk erupting forth around the flood of cream as if she was trying to compete with the inward flow of fluid with her own outward gush of juices. And competing she was, wanting to outpace the flow of everything gushing into her with the fluids pouring *out* of her. She knew she could do it! And to make it a challenge she would-

“*Inffective; applying restraints.”*

Marla’s arms were slapped together, her hands clamped at the wrists by a thick bent metal slab, not unlike a twisted girder. Heavy circular rings were fitted upon her cock in six places, and three more upon each breast, with two clamping about her bloated nipples. Heavy steel was folded around her swollen legs, which in their continued growth, bulged around them. As if in response to the restraints, Marla’s footpaws erupted in size, toes swelling thick and heavy, dripping with musk between them. As a metal ring tried to clamp around her fat lips, she thrust her twin tongues between the ring and her bobbling lip, greasing herself up with saliva to slip free. She laughed giddily as heavy hypodermics plunged into her thighs, buttox, and lips, and several new tubes rammed up into her cock, nipples, and at least four more into her clenching, sucking asshole.

*“Applying 30x dose.”*

The chemicals rushing into her grew no more in volume, but dramatically in density. What was a gluey blue gloop became a deep purple paste, weighing her down. Her muscles ached as they filled, her flesh creaking in every direction as she bloated up; with new foxflesh or the vaccine, she couldn’t tell. All she knew that her massive lips were still growing, and her three tongues lapped along them, feeling them bubble and grow further, sloshing with the vaccine and their own juicy flesh. She was gulping down the hose’s contents almost as an afterthought, using one of her now three throats to inhale the fluid, the other two sorely desperate for something new to suckle on, jealous of their sister tunnels.

With a watery giggle, Marla’s ass slammed into the corrugated steel ceiling, the distance from floor to ceiling nearly fifteen feet, and she was still bent over at the waist. The girders clamped about her flesh creaked dangerously, straining and slowly unbending as her hips wrenched even further apart, seven feet from leg to leg, the space entirely filled up with her gargantuan balls and twitching cannon of a cock. She made no effort to pull her arms apart, enjoying the position of being held out in front of her.

*“Vaccine ineffective. Subject entering Phase 2…”*

Marla was hardly listening anymore, hoping that sexy computer voice would come down and fuck her! The walls creaked as she grew against them, filling more and more of the room, her breasts pushing against the floor to grind her head against the ribbed ceiling. As her ass kissed the wall behind her, her fat lips kissed the wall in front of her, her lust-addled mind imagining the wavey walls as thousands of pairs of lips, and she began to kiss them. What pretty sounds they made as they moaned! Their lips flashing a pretty red, reflected from that silly flashing light. Those angry sounds must be their moans, they must be so happy to be kissed by her, if only she had a few more heads with which to kiss them more…

*“Terminating subject.”*

And as Marla’s shoulders widened and new lumps grew forth, thoughts of bliss were her very last, as the ten-foot thick walls gave her a great big bear hug.

*Infection analysis incomplete. Sample gathered from Phase 0 Subjects 1-40 show unpredictable variance in gestation time until Phase 1 begins. Samples gathered from Phase 1 subjects 1-89 show common traits including transgender shifting, generation of mass to all body parts, and greatly increased sexual desire and aptitude. Detected possible inverse correlation between macrotosis, when subject’s height and size increases, and mitosis, when subject generates additional appendages and/or undergoes asexual replication. In layman’s terms: The longer they spend growing, the slower they are at splitting.*

*Phase 2 analysis incomplete. All subjects terminated within minutes of Phase 2 activation due to facility integrity risks. Phase 2 subjects 1-692 all exhibited unique traits that, if prediction algorithms are correct, if left to run for any extended amount of time would end in global extinction of multicellular life.*

*Containment potential: minimal. Infection does not take standard biological prepositions. Preliminary tests on subjects 1-10 indicate that even watching other subjects undergo transformation is enough to induce Phase 0 leading to Phase 1 and so forth. Sound recording tests on other subjects indicate similar transfer, as if the carrier is the mere concept of the infection.*

*Further testing required. Current global population: 7 billion. Current infection population: 4000. Long-distance communications disabled.*

*Further testing is required.*