

R-Virus Outbreak

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A Patreon Vignette for Echoen

A vixen holes up in her apartment as a fetishizing plague sweeps across the city, hoping to avoid exposure and weather out the storm. Despite her efforts, she was unable to avoid exposure, though she learns to enjoy its benefits as she searches for a cure

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Fox, TF/TG, Intersex, Breast growth, Cock and Ball Growth, Hyper Growth, Infectious Transformation, Exhibitionism, Self-Fertilization, Excessive Fluids, and Clone Birth

A faint scrabbling sounded just beyond the apartment door, growing louder and louder as its source approached. Weighty thuds accompanied the sharp click of claws against tile, and their hurried rhythm only broke when they reached the locked entrance. The faint jingle of keys broke the uneasy silence, followed by the explosive boom of a doorknob slamming against the wall. Light flooded into the room as its owner stumbled inside, only to be banished immediately when she slammed the door behind her. The vixen lifted herself from the floor with what little coordination she gathered in her panic, then clicked lock after lock shut in her wake. Her breathing only eased once her solitude was secured and protected, and her pulse gradually slowed as her shock faded. The vulpine woman wiped her brow and pulled the torn mask from her face, allowing it to carelessly flutter to the floor. A look of exhausted relief crossed her muzzle as she slid down her wall into a crouch, which faded when her gaze drifted down. The vixen froze as a torrent of emotions washed over her, hardly any of them good, then planted a paw on her middle. The tangible bump only confirmed her fears, and her heart skipped a beat with realization.

Her escape hadn't been as clean as she hoped.

The vixen's paw idly rubbed the firm bump as she grappled with her reality, at a loss for words or action. Pangs of motherly bliss crept into the back of her mind while she gently raked her claws through her plush fluff, softening her thoughts until she shook them from her head. Her resolve recovered with her wits, and her panic eased in the presence of a developing plan. The vulpine picked herself up and briskly walked to her living room, unknowingly trailing russet fluff in her wake, where she turned her TV on and grabbed her laptop. The news station's soft glow filled her living room while she scoured the internet for answers, bouncing from article to article while a wolfish anchor spoke of the day's most obvious event. Fortunately for the vulpine woman, she was far from alone in her condition. The mostly male canine threatened to burst free from his shirt while he discussed the plague sweeping the city, urging citizens to remain indoors and wear protective masks. Statistics flashed across the screen while he expanded on probable causes and origins, though his speech drifted from the topic as the segment continued. The vixen split her attention between the show and hundreds of articles and forum posts, only glancing up when the canine went particularly far off the cuff. She rubbed her eyes and chanced a second look when she didn't believe the first, which only confirmed the impossible.

During one of her many moments of distraction, a rounded set of rodent ears replaced the canine's pointed pair. The vixen's baby bump rolled over her keyboard as she leaned in with morbid interest, and her eyes widened as she watched his muzzle lengthen to a distinct cone. The anchor's eyes fogged and dimmed as elongated teeth poked from beneath his lip, and to his credit, he did his best to remain on topic. His allegiances shifted as readily as his form however, and instead of espousing the plague's dangers, he sang of its pleasures. The vixen's own set of rat ears escaped her notice as the former wolf tore his shirt free and hopped onto the news desk, earning a audible gasps from his mare co-anchor and everyone else on stage. A look of conflict crossed the equine's eyes as he shredded the rest of his clothing, and with only a token amount of persuasion, she joined him on the desk. Her growing rat tail swept the table clean as she stripped down with him, then bent him over

and plunged her hardening rodenthood between his thighs. A mix of chittering and howling poured from his chest as she rutted him immediately and shamelessly, spurring their shared transformations onward on live national TV. Chaos erupted behind the camera as the crew struggled with similar conditions, until eventually, someone knocked the camera over and cut the signal. The vixen stared with wide eyes for a lengthy moment, until her subtle transformation became decidedly less so.

Heat kindled in her conic snout as arousal surged and throbbed between her legs. Her gaze fell to her laptop with equal parts lust and dread as she lifted it away, granting her bulge the space to grow. Copious streams of pre launched from her spire and soaked through her shorts, marking her with a decidedly male scent. The need between her thighs surged at her own fertile aroma, fogging her thoughts from two points of weakness. Notions of curing or slowing her state fell aside as she wiggled her hips and disrobed, a task complicated by her softening love handles and rear. With the exception of her growing cock, her figure tipped toward that of a fertility goddess, softening her features as her unexpected pregnancy advanced. The battling hormones of rut and heat swamped her senses and charged her hide, elevating every little touch to the highest forms of pleasure. A needy groan resonated in her chest as she tore her clothing away and writhed upon her plush couch, stoking her needs until her fading self-control collapsed. The increasingly rodent vixen wrapped both hands around her shaft and pumped its pre-slicked length, coaxing out thick streamers of lust and orgasmic cries. Despite the carnal assault on her senses, she mustered the coordination to curl her tail around and bury it beneath her balls, stretching her fluttering passage to its limits. The twin pleasures twisted together in a rapturous lance and shattered her stamina, plunging her into chaining climaxes with no end in sight. Her colossal balls throbbed larger with every pulse of cum, spreading her thighs and flinging her into a rapturous abyss

The former vixen's sense of time dissolved as she came over and over again, saturating her seat with lust and filling her apartment with twin scents of sex. The sounds of muffled breeding penetrated the walls as her gift seeped through air vents and spread to her neighbors, who delightedly passed it on to their neighbors as well. The firm swell of her middle bloomed amid her softening rolls as their carnal chorus filled the building, though the spread of her influence hardly mattered to the pudgy, hyper-virile rat. Her world of indefinite rapture began and ended with her, until her belly reached a size that rivaled the rest of her. A rush of broken water mixed with the tide of her sexual fluids, almost completely unnoticed, and with it came a pair of hands and a pointed nose. The former vixen's climax resurged and tripped over itself as her clone shoved her tail free from her fluttering passage, then stretched her with her shoulders and hips. The vaguely vulpine rat could only squirm and writhe in breathless bliss as she passed a pair of breasts and a cock that surpassed her own, until her doppelganger wiggled free and gracelessly fell to the floor. The full-blooded rat crawled out from under her counterpart's floor-dragging balls once free, then stood and faced her panting twin.

The pair shared a comparatively quiet moment of understanding, before the clone leapt into the original's grasp and speared herself on her cock. Their moans and groans spun

together in carnal harmony as they rutted and bred without care, more than eager to bring the next generation of corrupting rats into the world.