

Corrupting Studies

By Victor Waite

21-03-03

A Commission for Thofriend

After fumbling a sample of strange crystal, a vixen scientist and her fox coworker get exposed to a burst of corruptive energy. The exposure goes unnoticed at first, but it surely had some effect on them.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Male, Female, Fox, Vulpine, Corruption, Hyper, Hyper Growth, Breast Expansion, Hip Expansion, Cock Growth, Ball Growth, Masturbation, M/F Sex, Inflation, Cum Inflation

The ever-present hum of fluorescent lights filled the small lab, bathing its sterile surfaces in harsh light. White wall tiles and chemical-safe flooring cast muted reflections onto back counter-tops, and bland, grey cabinets joined the walls to the ceiling. The scent of sharp cleaning chemicals lingered in the air, a smell the vixen struggled to scrub from her perception. Her joy drained from her posture as she set her things at her desk, and she stretched the sleepiness from her muscles as she turned to her locker. Several safety garments hung ready for wear, and she ignored nearly all of them. The vixen plucked a simple lab coat from the back of the line up, then slipped into its sleeves and pulled it closed. The garment clung to her tall and slender frame, fitting well but highlighting her lack of curves. It suited the vixen well, but that didn't stop her coworker from commenting on it.

"Hey Joan," the fox snickered. "Lab coat's looking a little tight this morning. Might want to lay off the extra snacks."

"Can you wait until I'm on the clock to start your shit," the vixen groaned. "I'm not dealing with you unless I'm getting paid for it."

Frank put his hands up defensively. "Alright, yeesh. I'll wait until your sense of humor wakes up."

Joan scowled. "My humor isn't the issue here. You are not and never will be worth laughing at." She punctuated the statement with a glare, effectively quieting her coworker for the moment.

The vixen took in a deep breath, held it in until her pulse slowed, then calmly let it out. She powered her work station on, clocked in, then dove into her in-box. The clicks and clacks of her keyboard filled the air as she tore through email after email, updating reports and answering questions for the third and fourth time. Frank meanwhile reclined in his chair and buried his muzzle in his phone, doing everything in his power to drown out the irritating ambiance. His patience wore thin as the noise dragged on, which built to a sudden, abrupt silence. The fox's gaze lifted from his social media, thankful for the reprieve, where he saw his coworker stand from her desk. Realization donned on him while Joan walked to a large, shielded metal container, and the wheels of mischief turned in his head.

Standing before the lead-lined storage locker, Joan fished her ID badge from her pocket and swiped it through the mechanism. A sharp beep sliced the air and a red light turned to green, followed by the faint noise of turning tumblers and spinning gears. A light thunk announced the door's opening, and the vixen carefully reached for the handle and swung it open. A glowing crystal rested within, contained in a clear cube of its own. Joan reached to her side and grabbed a pair of tongs from the wall, then gripped the glass box with them. While she focused on transferring the sample to the lab's test station, Frank rose from his seat and gathered a stack of files from her desk. He crept up behind the vixen as she painstakingly withdrew the box, both careful to avoid any sudden movements. When Joan drew the crystal to the threshold of the larger container, Frank threw the stack of folders

down, slapping them against the ground.

A loud thwap shot through the lab, and Joan jumped from her hide.

Heat filled her cheeks and anger narrowed her eyes as the crystal bounced across its box, spurring her to face Frank and let loose months of pent up rage. The vixen spat a vile string of curses while an unnatural light gathered in the corrupted sample, freed by its careless handling. In the midst of her rant, neither Frank nor Joan noticed its bright flash, and by the time the vixen calmed, the crystal's energy had long since faded. A heavy moment hung in the air while the tension dissipated, and once she gathered herself, Joan finished transferring the sample and sequestered herself away in her office. Frank let out a sigh of relief and picked up the thrown folders. He gathered them in his arms and brought them to his work desk, then decided it was time to get some work done. The fox loaded the crystal into its test mounts and started the day's battery of experiments.

Joan opened her email the instant she sat down and began typing up a report of the near-incident. In a lengthening letter to her supervisor and HR, she called Frank's competency and professionalism into question. The vixen detailed what had just happened along with multiple near-misses from the weeks before, until she had a document that bordered on a novella. Despite it all, the vixen found herself unable to press the send button once finished. Perhaps she didn't want to make such a consequential decision while angry or maybe she had some misplaced sympathy for the pudgy fool, but for whatever reason, she saved the ranting report to her drafts instead. Another calming breath came and went, and she turned her attention to the data streaming in from the test equipment. The vixen watched numbers come and go by the second, and as they blended together into an indistinguishable mass, her mind began to wander.

She first pondered the possibilities of transferring to a different lab, though she dispelled that notion quickly. Working on such an unusual sample was its own reward, and the vixen knew the actual awards and accolades would rain down by the end of the project. Joan only wished working with that meat-head Frank was even a little bearable. A scowl crossed her muzzle as her train of thought circled the fox. She loathed his personality most of all, but his appearance wasn't far behind. Endowed with a figure fitting of a fatty father, the fox's body simply wasn't her type, nor was his hygiene up to her standards. The vixen shook her head and banished those thoughts as her blood pressure spiked, determined to prevent him from further ruining her day. The hope of salvaging her morning shattered when her attention returned to her computer, which had gathered enough information to begin aggregating it. The values were far outside of her expectations. Joan stood from her desk with a huff, then stomped into the lab's main room.

"What the hell are you doing out here Frank," she half shouted. "These numbers are all wrong."

The fox shrugged. "I don't know what to tell you babe," he offered. "Everything's set up right and I ran the experiment to the letter."

"Bullshit," Joan grumbled.

Frank grunted in protest when she butted into his personal space, shoving his chair aside with her hip. Joan leaned in and inspected the test rig, and the more she saw, the less she liked. Just as her coworker claimed, everything appeared to be in order. The crystal was properly mounted, the parameters were set to the stated values, and the calibration was properly documented. The vixen's eyes narrowed as she scoured the machine for anything wrong, fully prepared to fault her coworker, until an enticing scent pierced her thoughts. Joan took in a deep breath to place it, which proved to be a mistake. Her cheeks flushed and a bolt of arousal lanced down her spine, infusing her with a need like no other. Joan's words died in her throat when she placed Frank as its source, and a potent mixture of arousal and shame flashed across her eyes. A broad, smug grin spread across the fox's face as she disengaged, and she retreated back to her office, tail between her legs literally and metaphorically.

The vixen took her seat at her desk and reached into her bag, producing a container of chilled water. She took a deep swig and shoved the last few minutes from her mind, repressing that memory away. The heat in her core remained however, blazing despite her attempts to douse it. Joan clenched her jaw and dove into her apparently accurate data, then scoured every possible angle for an explanation. Joan's burning quest successfully occupied her mind, but her body was not so easily distracted. While she ignored her carnal hunger, her mundane appetite bloomed. She placed a hand over her stomach to quiet its low rumbles, but it became apparent only a substantial snack would sate it. The vixen huffed to herself and reached into her belongings once more, then fished out a breakfast bar. The sounds of crumbling plastic filled her office and she tore its wrapper away, then stuffed the entire snack into her muzzle. She chewed and swallowed without truly tasting, determined to sate her appetite at least until lunch.

The meal substitute bought Joan only a few minutes of relief, however. Her focus wavered as she waged a battle on two fronts, and in the back of her mind, Joan knew she would eventually cave to one of them. In the interest of maintaining a mote of professionalism, Joan opted to find more to eat. She darted into the break room and threw open a long-forgotten cabinet, then dug out a case of high calorie energy drinks. Purchased for those no-longer-legal all night lab sessions, the cans greeted her with a layer of dust. The vixen cleaned the cap of her first shake and opened it with ravenous haste, then lifted it to her muzzle and tipped it back. She emptied the container in the span of seconds, and her stomach rumbled as the drink spilled into her. It only sated her hunger for an instant however, and found herself reaching for a second bottle before she tossed the first to the floor.

Distantly, the vixen recognized something was wrong. She tore through the case of shakes at a breakneck pace, chugging as quickly as it poured. Her appetite never waned, and it soon became apparent where the calories were going. A tightness developed in her chest, a building tension that released in a blinding flash of light. A gasp leapt from her

throat in the same instant, and when she could see again, the curves of her breasts crept into the bottom edge of her vision. The ties of her lab coat hanged loose at her sides, but the shirt and bra beneath compressed her growing assets. The straps of her undergarment gave way with another blinding burst, leaving the straining fabric to hold back the tide of her chest on its own. It stretched to the point of transparency before another pulse of growth bested it, releasing her breasts with a resounding snap. A deep groan leapt from her throat, tinted with a combination of lust and relief. One of her hands flew to the twin swells while the other kept a drink at her lips, where she struggled to hold back the tide of her expansion. Another groan tumbled from her muzzle when she let loose another flash, and with it came a rush of pleasure that chipped away at her resistance. Her focus frayed when her hips began to spread, enhancing the hourglass started by her chest.

Much like her shirt, Joan's skirt stood no chance against her corrupted expansion. Splits opened in the sides of the unfortunate garment as her ass pulsed larger in waves of growth, counterbalancing the weight of her colossal breasts. Her hips and thighs widened as well, bulking up with muscle and fat with every corrupted strobe. The vixen stumbled with a shift in her balance, though she adjusted just before the bottom of her lab coat burst open. That white garment clung to her figure like lewd parody while her skirt approached its limit, filling the air with percussive pops each time she flashed. Its fabric yielded before she reduced it to a belt, and a second set of scraps gathered at her feet. The cool air of the lab cut through her open coat and soaked into her bare fur, a stark contrast to the inferno raging between her thighs. A needy whine resonated in her chest while she finished off the last drink of the case, and the instant she finished, her attention turned to her second hunger. The last of her willpower flashed across her eyes as lust overtook her, and once it faded, she enthusiastically gave in.

The vixen leaned against the wall of the break-room and shamelessly masturbated, one hand on a breast and the other between her legs. Her tongue lulled from her muzzle as her jaw dropped in a silent cry of bliss, and she threw head back in rapture when she slipped a second finger into her sex. Despite her best efforts, the vixen only teased her needs higher, and her desperation grew as she added a third and fourth. The corrupted vixen squeezed and squished her breast in a bid to push herself over the edge, but no amount of pumping or humping brought her closer. A desperate groan sounded from her chest, loud enough to echo from the smooth walls, and sharp enough to pierce into the next room. Frank's ear twitched at the curious noise, and his imagination ran wild with possibilities. Its repetition spurred him to investigate, and with a mixture of worry and curiosity, he opened the door to the break room and stepped through.

A wave of corrupted pheromones and aphrodisiacs washed over him, leaving him defenseless against the vixen's flash. The fox's expression blanked and a bulge swelled in his pants at the sight of his masturbating colleague, and without a thought, he rushed toward her. His heavy footfalls broke through the lustful fog shrouding the vixen's mind, earning her full attention. She hopped up onto the table and spread her thighs wide, then reached down and parted her sex with her free hand. The fox left a trail of increasingly ill-fitting clothes in his wake, until he reached her embrace and hilted himself in a single

motion. Their moans filled the break room for a brief moment, though the sounds of their clashing hips soon overpowered them. The pair started slow, adjusting to each other's girth and tightness, until a feedback circle of need drove them to a frenzied pace. With each cycle came a burst of light from the changed vixen, driving a similar change in her partner.

The fat swaying from his belly burned away as he bulked with muscle, exposing a layer of abs that flexed with every pump of his hips. The fox's chest hardened and his arms swelled with strength, allowing him to pick his partner up from the table. He sank his fingers into her colossal rear and lifted her from his lengthening spire, leaving only the tip in before dropping her down. Each repetition exposed more and more newly grown shaft, which pulsed and throbbed with barely-contained lust. The fox's legs toned up and built out, gathering the mass needed to support his growing balls. His most obvious change filled the space between his thighs, where his sac swelled with virility to rival the vixen's fertility. The fox's balls dropped toward the floor and rocked between his knees, round and firm with a vixen-filling load. His muscles tensed and drew them upward just after their descent, and he hilted himself deep in his mate's warmth as he came.

A rapturous shout filled the break room when climax crashed down on the fox, and a blinding light filled the room as the pair discharged. With it came blissful moan from the vixen that coincided with his first shot. The rounded swell of his tip lost its definition in the vixen's belly as seed flooded in around it, and that bump gradually dominated her figure as his climax persisted. The fox kept his hips planted against the vixen's, ensuring not a single drop escaped. She wrapped her thighs around his waist and pulled him close, relishing the sensation of her middle expanding against his. Her toes curled when he set off her own orgasm, drawing her partner's release out as long as possible. The pair groaned and moaned in each other's embrace until their stamina waned, allowing a hazy afterglow to replace the carnal rush. The fox stumbled back against a wall and slid down it to the floor, where the weight of his mate kept them both pinned in place.

Containment breech alarms sounded through the facility as their combined influence tripped safety sensors, and the sound of rushing footsteps beyond their lab opened their minds to the infinite possibilities of other potential mates.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker/>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

<https://furrylife.online/profile/12672-victor-waite/>

If you would like to support my work, I have a Patreon page and I'm usually open for commissions

<https://www.patreon.com/WaiteInkworks>

<https://commiss.io/victorwaite>