



Castus shivered as he wandered down the empty sidewalk, searching for any vestige of familiarity in the surrounding buildings. The slim teen was clearly out of his element, and every step he took came with apprehension. The white mouse had been dropped off by his “friends” in the seediest part of town as part of a joke, and no amount of rationalization eased his fears. The sights of barred windows and metal shutters did little to lift his thoughts, and by the time he had reached the end of the block he was mentally prepared for zombie attack. Castus’s hesitation remained with him through the second and third blocks, but his concerns at least became more realistic once his imagination settled. Getting home supplanted survival as his primary goal, but it seemed that reaching the suburbs would not be as simple as he hoped.

The rodent sighed as he jammed his phone back into his pocket. The small device was unable to find a signal for whatever reason, and it lacked the power to make a call even if it could. Castus’s only practical option was to find someone and ask for directions, but even that would not be straightforward. He had yet to see another soul on the evening streets, and part of him doubted he had the nerve to even approach someone anyway. The mouse tentatively clutched his golden cross necklace as he silently prayed for salvation, his eyes shut in concentration while he pleaded to his favored deity. Whether by divine intervention or simple fate, his request was addressed almost instantly.

Castus stumbled as he bumped into the only other fur on the sidewalk, breaking his concentration and forcing him to catch his balance. For a second the highschooler wasn’t sure what or who he had encountered, but a small cough drew his attention downward. The mouse’s cheeks flushed bright red when he realized that he had buried a bunny’s muzzle in his crotch, and shock kept him from stepping back. The other anthro seemed reluctant to move, and he swore he heard her taking in his scent. Eventually the pint-sized lapine opened a space between them, revealing her complete disregard of appropriate dress.

Her garments weren’t actually clothing by most standards, but twin strips of tight latex and some sparse fishnet. One of the ribbons wrapped around her torso in a constricting hug, sandwiching her ample breasts and proudly displaying her nipples. The other stretched along her wide hips, but it did not reach low enough to hide the lower curve of her generous ass. A curtain of mesh connected the two rubber sheets, showing off her tan hide and little paunch to anyone with anyone with enough bravado to drink in her features. Her tail wiggled cutely as she bathed in the boy’s hungry gaze, and his head swam when her melodic giggle rang in his ears.

“You might want to watch where you’re going,” she said with mirth. “Wouldn’t want such a fine young man bumping into anyone unsavory.”

An awkward silence hung in the air before Castus realized she had spoken, which only flustered him that much more. “Sorry ma’am, it won’t happen again,” he eventually stammered.

“Let’s not be hasty now,” she purred. “It’s not every day such a gentleman falls into my lap. What brings you to these parts?” The bunny squeezed her breasts together with her query, deepening her already extensive cleavage.

The teenage mouse was having trouble focusing on her words, but a strict upbringing kept him rooted in civility. “I’m a bit lost to be honest,” he confessed. “My friends just sort of left me here.”

“Aww, poor thing,” she cooed. “You must be terrified wandering around alone.” The longer the boy stuck around the bolder she became, and before Castus could object she was running her paw up and down his thigh. “Do you need to call someone?”

His eyes glassed over at the doe’s touch, and his thoughts fogged as a powerful scent rolled into his nostrils. It was a distinctly musky aroma, but Castus found it bizarrely appealing. He relaxed and leaned into her as much as their heights would allow, but his hands stayed resolutely off of her. “Yes, but my phone is dead” he murmured. “Do you have one I could borrow?”

“Of course sweetie. It’s in my apartment though. You’ll have to come with me if you want to use it.”

The short bunny bounded off before Castus could reply, and it took him a moment to start following her. The sight of the curvaceous stranger walking away inspired a torrent of unfamiliar desires, and the thoughts that came with them made him feel like a stranger in his own mind. His gaze stayed locked on her hips while she sashayed before him, the dark rubber clinging to the broad flare even tighter than before. Her breasts showed on either side of her torso, and there was no mistaking the small tears opening up in her top. A thrill of perverse pleasure lanced up his spine when she looked back and gave her tail a playful shake, beckoning him with a call words could never hope to match. He had no idea how far she planned on leading him, but he increasingly hoped that it was a long way.

A cloud of musk billowed from the bunny’s front door, dissolving what little fortitude Castus could gather on their short walk. The diminutive lapine bounded across the threshold as if it was nothing, but the slender mouse was immobilized by sensory overload. A cocktail of pheromones enveloped his being, immersing his mind and body in foreign pleasures and primal desires. The normally timid rodent wasn’t completely in control of himself when he eventually followed, and he found himself surprisingly comfortable with the turn of events. She had shown nothing but hospitality since their meeting, and her capacity to do harm seemed nonexistent. Plus, her mere presence was enough to stir his blood and Castus was developing a taste for it.

The bunny led him to a small living room where she motioned for him to sit, and Castus did so without hesitation. Rather than fetch her phone however, the small lapine climbed onto the

sofa with him and planted her hips squarely in his lap. The boy's cheeks flushed as his clothed length slid into the valley of her latex-clad rear, and his arms stiffened when she leaned back against him. She simply sat there while she waited for her catch to make the first move, and thanks to the enticing scent pouring off of her that wouldn't take long. Castus's eyes rolled back as he was hit with a second wall of undiluted lust. His modest spire instantly hardened under her plush ass, and the bunny playfully ground her rear against him. The mouse only had a loose idea of what his body wanted, but his companion was more than happy to guide him.

The relative silence was broken by the sound of straining rubber, briefly drawing Castus's attention from his budding desires. She spun to face him while her clothing stretched around her growing endowments, giving him a perfect view of her literally seam-destroying breasts and ass. Small tears in her top grew into substantial divides as her bust raced through the alphabet, and soon enough the garment yielded completely. The latex sheet shot across the room with a sharp snap, freeing her heavy chest to fall against his front. Her skirt met the same fate shortly after, and once the fishnets fell from her middle she was completely exposed. The mouse froze with residual apprehension when he realized what had happened, but the bunny wasn't about to let him go this far and stop.

She tore his clothes away with feral need, shredding his street garb in a matter of seconds. A low moan rang in his chest as she lowered her hips back into his lap, and he squeaked with surprise when her sac brushed against him. Any protests he might have had were quelled by her advances, however. Castus's head fell back as she stroked her feminine sex along his throbbing length, nearly frying his nerves with raw pleasure. The sensations she inflicted were far beyond anything the previously chaste rodent could have imagined. Years of religious upbringing eroded in a few rapturous seconds, and the bunny watched every bit of his sexual awakening play across his eyes. Castus finally reciprocated after a few cycles, letting loose the most dominant squeak he could muster as he grabbed her hips.

The bunny let out her own little squeal at his surge of enthusiasm, which blended into a moan when the tip of his spire found her dripping sex. Castus knocked the breath from her lungs as he hilted himself in one smooth thrust, but that was as far as unrefined instincts would take him. The lapine wrapped her arms around his middle with a breathy giggle, slowly bouncing her hips as she took control. Her initial gyrations were slow and languid, mostly limited by her lack of leverage. She was only able to increase her pace when she stood up in his lap and squatted over his member, putting her specie's signature strength to work. The wet sounds of rutting drowned out their groans and filled the small apartment, their copulation adding to the fog of musk brewing around them.

Castus's world was reduced to the bunny on his thighs, and he was keenly aware of her every movement. Her passage rippled around him with frenzied urgency as she approached her climax, and it was obvious that her male aspect was not far behind. Her thick equine spire rose through her cleavage, parting the soft pillows and coming to rest just below the mouse's chin.

Each ripple of her feminine passage was mirrored by a throb of her member, which painted Castus's muzzle with her thick slime. The bunny's musk was on the edge of overpowering as it was, and proximity only strengthened it. The aroma was powerful enough to strip him of rational thought, and it began to affect him physically once it soaked into his fur.

The young rodent lacked the experience to know something was amiss when his face and cock began to tingle, simply writing it off as a consequence of the bunny's skill. He lost the ability to question the sensation as it strengthened and refined under her touch. The source between his thighs was naturally the most potent, and her corrupting fluids drove him towards both change and release. The mouse distantly realized that his member was expanding, but he was in no state to do anything about it. Every pulse of his growing pillar of lust disrupted his thoughts, and raw carnal lust filled the resulting vacuum. Any resistance Castus may have mustered evaporated with his climax, and he handed himself to the lapine without thought.

His small rider cried out with rapture as the first bolt of his seed shot into her belly, the rush of molten heat triggering her own orgasm. Her passage hungrily milked him and swallowed every drop of seed, and she pulled his mouth over her flaring tip as her masculine climax hit. Castus's cheeks swelled to capacity with a single blast of her hot goo, and he did his best to drink it as fast as she produced it. Her output was almost impossible to keep up with however, but what he managed to swallow outweighed what leaked from the corners of his lips. His middle bulged out with her prodigious load, and he was powerless to resist the wave of corruption that came with it.

The mouse's muzzle and spire gradually morphed into a mirror image of the bunny's, his snout shortening while his length took on an equine flavor. The transformation advanced through his body from there, fuelled by steamy weight in his belly. The mouse's spine and limbs shortened to a length on par with hers, and his subtle muscles melted into plush fat. A little paunch pushed into his companion's by the time he matched her stature, and the difference was made up while he processed her thick ivory slime. Castus's hips widened significantly as a feminine sex blossomed between his legs, and his sac swelled out until it parted his thighs. A massive set of breasts pushed out from his chest to complete the alteration, and the only distinctions that persisted were her cum-swollen belly and his glittering cross necklace.

Castus was left winded by his change, and his corruptor eagerly seized the chance to turn the tables. He squeaked in surprise as he was spun about and lifted from the couch, and his body went rigid when the bunny slid her dripping length into his newly formed pussy. The former mouse took her girth just as easily as she had taken his, and she gave him no time to rest before pumping in and out of him. Their sacs swayed in rhythm with her thrusts, knocking into each other with a pleasant rhythm as they refilled with lapine love batter. They each looked like they were smuggling basketballs by the time they topped off, but the original bunny wasn't done growing yet. Her belly inflated grandly as his virgin seed took root in her fertile womb, the firm

swell pressing into his back as she blew passed full term. Her middle was large enough contain either of them, and Castus was about to learn exactly why.

Orgasm tore through the rutting bunny as she fell into labor, soaking the floor with her feminine slime and flooding Castus's middle with aromatic cum. Her stomach receded while his filled, the life within reaching from her convulsing lips to pull itself out. She cried with rapture as the fully-grown clone struggled against her rippling walls, his wide hips spreading her passage and compressing her g-spot. Their identical offspring eventually freed himself and slid to the ground in the wake of his mother's climax. Shi rose from the floor, dripping with viscous goo and thick seed, and immediately set his sights on his father's bobbing spire. The matured clone hilted himself on Castus's length just as his belly grew firm with pregnancy, allowing the expanding globe to rest in the small of his back.

The trio of bunnies had some difficulty coordinating their movements at first, but they eventually fell into a stable rhythm. Castus was bounced between the other two herms at a languid pace, too overwhelmed by dual pleasures to do anything else. The original lapine's paws roamed over his gravid middle while she sawed in and out of him, massaging his stretching hide and groping his heavy breasts. The clone bent over before him lacked the range of motion to tease him, so shi devoted all of his energy to milking him dry. His impossibly experienced sex rippled around him in time with his mother's thrusts, relaxing as the former rodent was driven in and tensing when he tried to withdraw. Castus fought to postpone his release and prolong the moment, but the other bunnies were far too skilled in the carnal arts to permit that.

The threesome launched into climax in unison, flooding the room with the heady scent of infectious sex. Castus was filled to the brim with the older bunny's second load, and he in turn rounded out the clone with his own masculine release. Mixed fluids dripped from the trio as they ran over with pleasure, saturating the carpet with their combined lust. The lapine matron and her clone let out quiet churrs as they slipped into their afterglows, but Castus groaned with renewed orgasm as he went into his first labor. The other two bunnies gently lowered him to the floor as he let loose a wave of fluids, grinning to each other as the fourth member of their warren extracted himself from his contracting passage. The newest lapine was just catching his balance as the first clone started birthing his offspring, and before shi could finish the orgy resumed with enthusiasm.

Walls couldn't contain the potent fog of musk and lust that accumulated around the growing horde, and it soon wafted through the building and flowed into the streets. A cloud of undiluted primal desire encompassed the block by the time the lapine population reached the double digits, and come morning the furs commuting to work would fall prey to their olfactory siren song. The mostly empty neighborhood was completely oblivious to the cauldron of corruption brewing within it, but the source of lust could not be kept a secret for long. Worried shouts for Castus filled the air as a car slowly drove down the street, which gradually diminished as urgency was overtaken by baser desires. The former rodent's friends were eventually drawn to

the doorstep of the deceptively quiet apartment, where a bunny wearing a gold cross greeted them with a dripping cock and slavering pussy.

By the time the morning sun graced the shady neighborhood, the streets were overrun with lusty bunnies and filled with musty slime. The diminutive lapines bounded down sidewalks in droves, fucking and corrupting the few that crossed their path. The initial wave of horny chaos advanced slowly, limited by the lack of furs up at the crack of dawn, but the warren easily expanded its ranks from within. Voluminous moans of ecstasy reverberated between buildings as gravid bunnies birthed their clones in the open, who immediately mounted their mothers and perpetuated the cycle. The lack citizens meant they were free to move and disperse as they pleased, and they suffused the metropolis in a matter of hours. Their small stature allowed them to hide in all manner of nooks and crannies, giving them the option to lie in wait as long as their wild libidos would permit.

One of the more curious bunnies discovered this first hand when shi squeezed into the air duct of an office building. Hir potent musk wafted through numerous cubicle farms on currents of chilled air, but the lapine herself wandered the maze of vents for some time. Shi eventually passed over a grate that overlooked a copy room, occupied only by a heated vixen. The vulpine secretary was struggling to keep her paw away from her soaked thighs, and her concentration faltered when the bunny dropped in from the ceiling. She rubbed herself through her skirt as the short herm gathered himself, too stunned by hir aura of lust to do anything else. The fox's fingers increased their pace as shi approached, but bunny did not immediately mount the trembling female.

Instead, shi hopped onto a nearby table and pressed the globe of her pregnant belly to the vixen's trim midriff. She moaned and melted in the bunny's presence as slimy musk soaked into her blouse, unleashing a torrent of pleasant sensation. The vulpine openly groaned as the lapine's thick equine spire rose between them and belched slimy pre onto her breasts. Her legs wobbled as the undiluted scent of corruption flooded her nostrils, eliminating any fear that may have developed. Her downy cream fur was languidly overtaken by a rich tan hue as the first of the bunny's gifts took root in her willing flesh, the majority of hir influence converging on the inferno in her womb. Her belly pushed out with new life as she was impregnated by touch alone, fostering a clone that would aid hir father's efforts.

The vixen's cries of bliss reverberated within the office as she flew into orgasmic birth, and her bunny corrupter erupted with sympathetic climax. Heavy gouts of ivory goo arced through the air while the new clone hauled herself through hir mother's sex, much to the delight of the fox. Her muzzle dropped in a soundless groan as her sex rippled around the fully grown herm's hips, unable to fully process the pleasurable assault on her senses. The older lapine climbed up the vixen's front before hir release could completely taper off, coating the secretary's

expanding chest before sticking her equine flare between her lips. The vulpine's moans were effectively muffled by the masculine spire, but that did not stop her from trying to announce her bliss. Seed poured into the vulpine's belly in thick spurts, rounding her middle out with a fluid weight. She lapped up the last of the bunny's climax as her child popped free, and the agent of corruption bounded off into a cluster of cubicles while mother and offspring got better acquainted.

Meanwhile on the other side of town, a family of wolves was getting ready for a lengthy vacation. The father, sister, and brother were waiting in the car for their mother, each lost in their respective daydreams. The lupine trio thought nothing of the passenger door opening and closing, simply assuming that the matronly canine had snuck in without a word. The illusion shattered when the husband leaned over to kiss her however, finding a short, tan muzzle instead of the grey one he expected. The bunny did not let him retreat so easily however, wrapping her soft arms around the wolf's head and holding him tight. Her musk rapidly filled the enclosed space while the pair wrestled tongues, and her influence easily spread to the other two passengers.

The adolescent male leaned forward to help his father, but his efforts were curtailed. He was caught off guard as his sister lunged at him, pushing him away from the older wolf and attempting to pin him against the car door. Her eyes were glazed over with feral lust, and it became abundantly clear that the bunny's pheromones had the strongest effect on her. The female's breasts filled out as her frame shrank, setting her on the path to becoming one among many lust-driven lapines. The brother's resistance wavered as she tilted her shortening muzzle and locked lips with him, and nearly faltered entirely when her skilled tongue wrapped around his. The girl's ears were lengthening by the time he collected himself, and his father wasn't faring much better.

The male growled as he pushed his lust-addled sister away in a burst of panicked strength, but the hybridizing wolf would not be so easily deterred. She giggled at his attempted reversal, and simply grabbed him by the shoulders to turn the motion against him. He let out a stifled yelp when he tipped forward under her efforts and her weight, and he quickly found himself even worse off. The distinctly lapine canine wrapped herself around her brother's prone form, flattening her growing bust against his chest. His struggles waned as she exuded an alluring musk of her own, overwhelming his sensitive nose with a second conquering scent. Her brother returned her affections as her rising equine spire slipped under his shirt, the accompanying fluids soaking into his chest fluff and igniting his corruption.

The eldest wolf could hardly be called canine when the mother eventually arrived at the rocking vehicle, and the instant she threw the door open, the twin lapines in the front seats were upon her. Their scent alone was enough to overpower the matronly lupine, and she quickly gave into their desires when they took her from both ends. Her muffled cries of lust poured across the front lawn as the two miniature herms pumped in and out of her holes, giving the rest of the neighborhood a preview of what was to come. The transformed siblings snuck off as their mother

was filled with twin jets of heavy goo, which endowed her with a middle as gravid as theirs. Similar scenes broke out all across the community as the bunnies multiplied and spread, growing the warren to unthinkable proportions. It was only a few short hours before they surpassed the city's original population, and by nightfall the metropolis was filled with perpetual cries of ardor and ecstasy.