Vincent stared at the chubby rodentthing, which stared back at him with big, expressive eyes – even as its fuzzy jaws spread wide over a gaseous belch, the force of it blowing firmly on Vincent’s face as the squirrel burped. Vincent coughed at the musky odor, something too pleasant for what it was, stirring a lewd gurgle in his own tummy. By the time Vincent got another look at his… capture, he felt a healthy rumble rise from his belly and escape out his throat, burping right back onto the squirrel.

As the gas left his mouth, Vincent felt his face stretch forward, long whiskers spreading out across his widening nose, fur crawling down over his face and muzzle, spreading across his chest and the warm, rumbling dome of his swelling belly. The squirrel in his hands, too, seemed to swell, its feral tummy rounding out, heralding another grand belch from its maw – an oddly pleased look on its face, too.

Vincent shuddered as he inhaled this next dosage, his shirt rising up as his furred belly expanded greatly, hot and musky air rumbling in his broadening bowls, escaping in an even larger “urrrrupt!” from his squirrel face, and pushing down pleasurably against his prostate until it thundered out from his bottom.

The pleasure of it caused Vincent’s shorts to bulge forward firmly in arousal, jamming up against his distending gut, and more every second – he was growing down there, as well! He felt his hips jamming against the threads of his pants, his bottom filling out, his testicles glutting themselves on size and seed. His erection bulking prodigiously, ballooning in size even as the rest of him continued to swell.

The squirrel he held in his hands, too, grew. Not just rounder and fuller, but larger. Its sheath and sac swelled to rival that of a human’s, and its whole body creaked over a foot tall, if it were to stand. Gas billowed from its open muzzle right onto Vincent’s face, deliberately, seeming to aim right at him no matter what angle it was being held at. As its erection swelled, thick globs of prespunk splattered down over Vincent’s belly, soaking into his body and causing the former human to groan, creak, and swell even faster.

Vincent groaned as his shoes felt tight, his legs thickening with muscle and power, especially as his ass and thighs ballooned with girth. He felt his toes swelling, bulging his shoes, and with a delicious release of pressure, he burst them open, taking a new step with both of his enlarged feral squirrel paws. In an almost celebratory fashion his ass erupted with a heaving billow of gas, so forcefully potent that it spread open his star. Making him feel his rump, how it grew larger. His pants bulged to their limit as his new tail shoved up and up, growing into his pants until finally his own hugeness proved too much for his clothes and he burst out of them too.

The squirrelthing in his hands shuddered and swelled to a huge two feet tall, placing its small paws on Vincent’s broad, somewhat muscular chest, pushing its muzzle as close as it could to Vincent’s much larger scuridae face, constantly gushing with heated gas from its maw. Vincent loved it, craved it – he hugged the squirrel, squeezing it to his chest, feeling the bloated rodent squish against him and \*gush\*. He sucked up what he could, in between his own monstrously huge belches, his belly distending forward over a meter from his body.

Vincent couldn’t see his erection, but he knew it was huge. His balls thumped on the floor behind him, and he liked the sensation of the massive, furred orbs rubbing against his greatly swollen anus. As his hips and rump grew, he shifted himself forward, pressing down on his cock with his belly… chittergroaning as he pressed his massive erection to the floor with his churning tum, and grew against it, applying more pressure. The squirrel in his arms shoved to three feet tall, and yet Vincent was growing much larger, eight feet tall and not even standing completely straight up.

Hot, thick gas billowed from Vincent’s bottom and maw, fed and encouraged by a likewise erupting squirrel. The sensation grew stronger as he ground against the floor, his massive sac tightening – thick, rich squirrelspunk blasting from his member to splatter gooeily across the floor, walls, door.

A door that opened mid-burst onto Vincent’s roommate, Balros. Blasting the poor human with several gallons of squirrelcum, and yet Vincent only giggled down at him, and squeezed the four-foot large squirrel on his chest, causing it to billow a geyser of gas right onto Balros’s face.

The doorway creaked as Balros thickened right in it, his new squirrel hips jamming against both sides. He groanchittered as his shirt swiftly rode up his expanding chest, with his bloating belly beneath, and a massive bulge of male squirrelflesh stretching out his pants below. A bit of spunk flung off of Balros as he grew so fast, the formation of his new muzzle also quick enough to send some spunk flying off his muzzle – and more, as he belched.

Vincent’s head bumped the ceiling, and soon his shoulders – Balros’s shoulders were also crunching against the doorway, and it took a thick shove to push his ass back outside. The relief on his hips was soon stolen away by the pressure in his belly, gas billowing from his thickening bottom, his pants bursting open around his own new tail.

Vincent looked down at his squirrelfriend, blinking as the four-foot tall feral squirrelcreature looked… deflated. Its massive balls hung very low in its huge sac, and its cock looked swollen, sore, spent and happy. It had a near drunk expression on its face, and even its belly seemed to be greatly swollen and yet, loose, like it could be filled with so much more.

As Vincent pushed up through the second floor, he felt the pressure in his gut tighten – his gas began to slow. Something much, much more solid was forming inside of him. He could see out the second story window that Balros was coming to the same conclusion, the new squirrelferal sprawling out on the walkway up to the house, gushing out a billowing cloud of gas, even as his huge rump and anus began to spread over the beginning of something solid.

With a happy grunt, Vincent bulled through the back of his house, heaving his gargantuan ass into the air. Like a cannon, his rump was aimed, and like a train, his waste surged forth from him in a great, solid line. It bulled into the house behind him, and the house behind that, shoving out nearly a full block long before it broke off, and more billowed from his butt.

Balros had a similar experience, but his smaller size and different position caused his own wasteburst to fire into the air and arc long, three houses down, landing heavily on roofs, cars, roads. Vincent grinned, watching from above the rooftops as all around him, his waste, and even his former roommate’s waste, other people were starting to tighten out their shirts, pants, chitter their need, belch their excess, and stroke their bloating figures…

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Echoen smiled as shi watched from hir binoculars from greatly afar, giggling as flufftails began to rise in an increasing radius around the mountain of squirrel that was Subject Zero, and the clouds of gas that spread out from him.

Shi put them away and scribbled a few notes, giggling again as shi had hirself a happy, musky, oddly warm-feeling burp…