For many bright-minded and ambitious researchers, getting stationed at Installation Omega-42 was effectively a death sentences. Located in a planet covered with dense tropical jungle with a name that was not even worth mentioning and within the fringe of the galaxy, the facility barely got interests and funds from corporate. The disgruntled faculty spent their time doing researches that nobody seemed to care, living almost day-to-day with meager payrolls.

Everything changed when Spinel arrived on the station. She certainly had quite an image; being a draconian, she was blessed with the supreme physical qualities found in that race. People found it hard to draw their attention away from her hefty breasts, the pair juggling and bouncing up and down every time she sauntered around swaying her picture perfect bubbly butts with thick and yet muscular thighs supporting her sizable frame, having the body of a fertility goddess.

The bright and glossy red scales with sculpted muscles and smooth scales told her of the time and care she invested in cultivating her tantalizingly athletic figure, the kind both males and females would envy, and the way she paraded around with visible curvy outlines of her body spoke volumes about the confidence she had with her physique.

But those who got chance to talk with her would realize she was not some voluptous empty-headed girl whose interests mostly concerned with experiencing carnal pleasure. Yes, there was the unmistakable maleness whose bulging outlines was quite visible through the tight pants she wore and which could grow up to her navel and her ponderous orbs hanging quite low when she was aroused. On her crotch was a massive equine cock that could flare to incredible shape with veins popping from the dark surface, and below were two juicy glossy orbs begging to be worshiped.

Yet just as she relished in sating her flesh desires, Spinel also indulged in her intellectual ones as well, or otherwise she wouldn't have come to the Installation Omega-42 at all as a new head director right after graduating from a prestigious educational facility that everyone knew.

She was a breath of fresh new air to the research station. At the reception party, she spoke with everyone, saying how it was honor to work with such distinguished academic peers. As there were other dickgirls in the lab, they didn’t mind her having a sizable bulge on the dress she wore, which also showed a good deal of her cleavage. Spinel mused how they didn’t pay that much attention to her rather revealing dress as well as her particular condition on her crotch. Perhaps that was a good sign.

Many at least appreciated her eager spirit, wondering how long she would last before she would become like them, working on some projects that no one ever gave a damn about. Some even made bets how long she will last before leaving this backwater facility for other more cushy and prestigious position.

Everyone lost the bet, including the most optimistic one. Even after 2 years, Spinel was still the head researcher, showing others what a determined leader could do to an organization. Under her guidance the researchers discovered new species that could be used for diverse medicine. The facility was now buzzing with a sense of purpose that many researchers had never felt before. Many intergalactic companies were now funding the researches, and the facility was heavily renovated with the new flow of cash hitherto thought impossible with new group of eager and bright personnel coming in.

“Come in!” Spinel said as she heard several taps on the door to her office. Soon a purple avian came in wearing a crisp uniform—one of many boons of having famous sponsors—that did nothing to hide the bulge on her crotch and the huge bouncy tits. The bubbly butt swaying was a nice bonus and eye candy for Spinel, who grinned as she saw that delicious booty and other desirable assets

Like Spinel, Sate was a dickgirl with an insatiable appetite, a feat she came to cherish during the many romps she had with her. Of course the isolated station with many dickgirls present were bound to have some lax code of conduct, and Spinel did nothing to change the state. Actually, she actively encouraged others to become more open about sating their urges, a fact many came to greatly appreciate including herself. She could already feel her cock getting hard at the sight of the researcher.

“Oh, I’m afraid you’ll have to wait, director.” Noticing the salacious look she gave her, Sate said in a sultry tone, deliberately showing more of her growing cock and balls dangling on her crotch as she sat on the chair, her legs open wide. “It is just as you’ve predicted it. Our scouting team has found a new mushroom in an previously unexplored area. I assume you will retrieve the samples like always?”

“Correct. Send the data to my device.” Even as she gave a playful smack on her secretary’s taut butt and fondled her massive dong and making her moan slightly, Spinel was already what new fame and honor the discovery would bring to her and the facility. “I’ll make sure to give compliments to the team and you.” Spinel winked, giving another good grope at the crotch and skillfully inserting several fingers to the anus as she walked past towards her, making her cross her legs and moan.

“Thank you, sir.” Sate blushed, spending a good time staring at her superior’s ample hips swaying and bouncing, her hands jerking on her growing member.

As much as Spinel wanted to push Sate down and fuck her right on the desk while fondling her throbbing cock on the spot, she left the office, quickly getting ready to move out to the site where a new specimen was discovered. The jungle here offered many things that could be used to benefit society, as well as increase her prestige and fame in the academic circle. Perhaps that was due to her draconic heritage; like dragons of ancient legends, she hoarded others’ recognition, and her researchers were her servants in a way.

Half an hour later, Spinel in her suit descended from the aeroplane. The protective suit with latex suit tightly clung to her body and revealed the outlines quite explicitly. There were the bulges of her balls and cock were visible, as well as the back part even showing outlines of the crack nestled between her butt. Well, hardly anyone could resist her sexy body, so that was actually a plus. With a body like hers, there was no need to be ashamed of showing her physiques to the fullest; besides, it was really fun seeing those who saw her first time go wide-eyed at the show she was giving, wondering where to

And without the suit she could be exposed to potentially harmful stuff, so she had to wear it anyway. She took extra steps as well, wearing a rebreather mask that looked like a gas mask, connected to a sizable backpack containing fresh air for her to breathe.

The heat of the jungle quickly permeated the suit she was wearing. Her body odor wafted in the air, and Spinel tried not to notice it too much. One of may dubious perks of being here was that it was realizing how much one’s body could stink. One would get used to it after a while, but the sweaty ‘aroma’ was always quite a punch whenever one got sweaty. A shower was definitely in order when she got back. And perhaps she could call her secretary and ‘reward’ her while doing so. That made her cock twitch and grow, and her suit expanded a bit on the crotch area to make room. Such flexibility was one of the saving grace of the sweaty and smelly suit.

As Spinel approached closer to the site, she saw a bright red thread wrapped in one of the trees forming a dense foliage. True to their words, the scout team did a good job marking the site. And there it was, the new fungus species that could promise her another fame and prestige.

She chuckled as she saw the fungus. There was no other way to describe it. It was definitely phallic. Mushrooms were often compared to male genitalia, but this took the top notch. It looked very much like an erect cock with a slight bend and the crack at the cap looking like urethral slit. It even had bloated orb-like shapes attached at the bottom that could very well be a pair of testicles dangling below.

Oh well, time to get the job done. There was a reason why she didn’t ask the scouting team to bring the sample by themselves. With years of experience joining the expedition teams to many planets collecting specimens, Spinel was quite adept at the task, her hands working wonders where expensive tools had failed. As she got close, she took her rebreather mask off. This was a delicate task, and she wanted to see the entire process with her own eyes. The mask’s glasses tended to get blurred a lot with how hot and damp the air was.

Perhaps it was her luck finally running out. Or maybe she was too distracted thinking about plowing her secretary’s plump ass while being fucked by another researcher. All it took was a fraction of second for her to slip.

“Ugh!” It happened so fast, giving no time for her to react. As she adjusted her position, one of her feet landed deep into the muddy ground, making her trip. Her hands bumped against the fungus as she fell. What happened next seemed like a slow motion happening before her eyes.

She saw as the stalk visibly shuddered, the ‘balls’ part at the bottom churning like a cock getting ready to ejaculate. And ejaculate it did, the thick white spore coming out from the tip of the cap, being suspiciously sticky and white in color. It landed right onto her face.

“Ugh!” She reflexively opened her mouth in disgust at getting a facial, and that was her second mistake. Soon more slimy substance splattered on her skin, some going right inside her agape mouth. It was too thick and solid to be called as spore, more like... She tried to ignore the word that came almost on the tip of her tongue. The powerful smell that drove out her sweaty bodily odor didn’t help.

She grunted as more and more dose of spores entered her mouth and nostrils, some gaseous, others definitely chunky enough to remind her of a peculiar stuff, even having that distinctive hazy male scent.

Cum. Yes, this spore smelt and tasted like cum, as she involuntarily gulped down trying not to gag. It seemed her accidental prodding had triggered the entire fungus colony to release the spore all at once, like aquatic creatures releasing thousands and hundreds of eggs on their death throes: the last ditch attempt to preserve its existence, just that Spinel happened to be in the way and get directly exposed. When she thought she could stand up, there was another blast happening, hitting her with quite a force and blocking her vision with the sheer sticky volume. She had to keep swallow it not to get overwhelmed.

After what felt like an eternity—though she knew it probably lasted no more than several minutes—the relentless ejaculation of spores had stopped, allowing Spinel to wipe her messy face and stand up. She scoffed, unable to believe what had just happened. She was bukkaked by the mushrooms! She was glad there was nobody accompanying her, otherwise they would’ve made plenty of jokes until she grew sick of them.

At least the spore that she was blasted with seemed harmless. So she relaxed, wondering if there was a creek nearby with water deemed safe enough to wash the sticky stuff off. With the strong smell coming off her, she had to find a way to neutralize it unless she wanted to see the researchers grinning awkwardly when she got back.

“Ugh... What should I do...” Spinel looked around while still covered in the sticky substance, not realizing the spore she had inhaled and unwittingly swallowed was affecting her. But it was by no means entirely harmless, for it had a very specific purpose...

Inside the draconian’s body, the spores spread rapidly, the minute particles easily passing through her scaly exterior and permeating to her insides. Once they were inside her, each spread its microscopic roots like a fresh seedling finding a fertile soil, secreting a tiny dose of powerful anesthetic to make her body unaware of the freakish process that was going inside.

If she realized what was actually happening, Spinel might’ve screamed in terror or left utterly speechless; the spores’ tentacles spread incredibly fast, and soon her body had tangled fungus appendages literally from head to toe and affecting organs that regulated the various physiological functions of her body.

After the quick initial integration, the spores quickly worked on to their next step by sending special signals to their roots intertwined with her hormonal organs, making her body secrete a certain kind of hormone.

“?!”

As the hormones started to flood her system, Spinel now realized, at least partially, that something strange was going on. She suddenly lost the control of her body. Her legs gave way despite her brain trying its best to give command. Was this some kind of poison paralyzing her muscles? Or was it some kind of neurotoxin messing with her head? Will her body be wrecked with pain? Or will she be at least granted painless death like her mind and body being switched off?

She closed her eyes and bit her lips, expecting the pain or nothingness to completely overtake her.

But what she felt was the burning sensation. By now she was used to the merciless heat and humidity of this planet, but what she was experiencing at the moment was no simple hot sunlight glaring down upon her. It was the primal and physical need, something that she caught glimpse of when being forced to the path of abstinence for too long after losing a bet.

“Ahh...” She panted, barely able to suppress the moans coming out from her mouth. What the hell was going on? First the cum-like spore, and now this?

The clothes felt too restricting on her skin, so she hastily took of her tight uniform, almost tearing it in the process. As she got naked, she was greeted with her cock fully erect with veins popping on its side. Her tip had flared fully, the urethral slit constantly twitching and gaping with pre and cum leaking out without any stimulation.

Her hips buckled and swayed, like she masturbated with her huge dildo when no one else was available to sate her lust. She groaned as cum squirted out from her tip, which shot high enough to give her a real facial this time. Moments later another fresh, hot, and steamy seed landed on her lips, the salty taste confirming that she had just came. She had a hands-free even without fingering her ass and getting that sweet spot inside her touched!

But still her cock remained hard, already pre leaking out from the tap. Her body was coping fast. While her shocked mind was trying to find out what was happening, her hands touched and rubbed her engorged cock, making her grunt again and shoot out thick volumes of cum. The sudden heat confused her, but soon the immense pleasure and lust took over.

She growled like a beast, her both hands busily stimulating her throbbing maleness. How did she get suddenly this horny in all of a sudden? She didn’t have time to answer her own question, because her mind was soon taken with a feral need to sate her lust as the roots inside her body made it release sexual hormones. Her cock was now as erect as it could be, the stiff rod almost making her ache and desperate to relieve the pressure.

She kept groaning while frantically rubbing her twitching cock, making it squirt cum at certain intervals and making her doused in her own seed. But at least at the moment, she no longer cared, only focusing on trying to take care of the burning need on her groin.

Her hands moved to her ass and then to her quivering anus. Years of penetration made her back door open easily, sucking on her fingers without any preparations. Soon she came as her fingers wiggled as much as they could. But it wasn’t enough.

“Gah...” Spinel panted heavily, still unable to feel the satisfaction despite having her cock squirt out volumes of cum that would’ve left her exhausted. Her cock continued to throb and ache, making her go mad with the painful pleasure it was offering. She needed something to fuck... But where? Or at least some soft mushy thing to envelop her maleness...

Something clicked inside Spinel as she saw the ground she was standing on. A soft and muddy soil, perfect for fungus to grow—but that fact was nowhere in her mind right now. Soft soil that she could bury her cock... As her mind registered the fact, her body was one step ahead of her.

It was quite a sight to see, the hefty draconian grunting as she adjusted her position on lying on the ground on all fours, the erect cock and dangling ballsack soon buried inside the mushy soil. This was one of the method she used in her younger days when she couldn’t find mates that would easily spread their holes for huge cock, grinding the soft bedsheet with her rod.

Actually, it felt better this time with how soft the soil was, enveloping her maleness as she lowered her entire body, having her face nearly on the ground level. The fact that her naked scales were touching the ground that was probably littered with the fungus’ spore was conveniently ignored.

She huffed, thrashing madly on the ground and feeling the soft embrace of the soil covering her cock. Yes, this was certainly better than just jerking off. Her humping continued, the thick meat leaving a wide horizontal mark on the ground.

“Yes... Fuck... Damn it!” Spinel closed her eyes the moment her cock twitched and sprayed cum deep into the ground, imagining she was fucking someone with a tight passageway. While her urethral slit opened, the spores went inside her genitalia as well, starting the same integration process while she was lost in bliss. She lied down for a while, letting her cock occasionally let out thick strands of cum every once in a while, not realizing the spore was now inside her cock and balls. Onto her body another freshly produced spore landed from the cock-like mushrooms above her, but right now she was too much basking in the afterglow to care.

“Ugh...”

It was a while before Spinel could stand up. Not much time had passed as she checked the watch on her suit, but she felt quite drained like after exercising for several hours. Her cock was still semi-erect with cum still pooling out from the tip, but at least right now she wasn’t compelled to hump anything in sight, and her cock didn’t throb making her head dizzy.

Eventually she found a stream that was safe to bathe and had the mess cleaned up. She vividly recalled what she did back then, moving her hips like a frenzied animal trying to mate... That was no hallucination, as evidenced by the sticky mess that had been covering her body and the potent smell still clinging to her body.

Surprisingly, Spinel wasn’t alarmed at all. Why would she be, actually? The spore wasn’t obviously lethal, and there was nobody witnessing her ridiculous act. Her body felt oddly relaxed instead of panicking like she should do as she was exposed to some unknown substance.

After the incident, she had safely removed one of the fungus stem and placed it inside a sealed container. Maybe this could be used to create a new powerful aphrodisiac? Th spore had only made her horny and nothing else. Ever since she came here, she had developed several new medicines that brought her prestige. This could be the next wonderful discovery of Dr. Spinel!

When Spinel returned to the facility, her cock was still quite hard and forming a noticeable outline on her suit, making the researchers blush as she passed by. Perhaps she could us this to her advantage, Spinel thought, as she returned to her office and picked up the phone.

“Hello? Ah, yes, Sate. Thank you for your concern. Oh, yes. I got what I need. I’ll have to study it, but I think I found a jackpot. Speaking of which, I think it’s about time for you and the scout team to get their reward... Uh-huh, yes, that should be enough.”

Even before she hang up, her hand was idly brushing her cock which was already poking from below, lifting the skirt she wore. Pants were too tight to hide her massive member, so she usually chose to go for less restrictive clothing. The mast stood proudly erect coming all the way to her navel, the thickness comparable to her arms. Even her plump balls were ready, the fist-sized orbs resting lovely between her legs as she adjusted her position to make it visible while she sat.

“Come in!” When she heard the knock, Spinel said cheerfully, eager to test her tool to action. There was the tingling sensation on her scales, a slight nervousness of anticipating something she was really looking forward to.

“Ah, good afternoon, my dear researchers. Thank you for locating me this specimen.” She said as she placed a transparent cube with the fungus on her desk.

Spinel enjoyed the blushing looks on the trio who entered. There was Sate, her trustworthy researcher who was talented both out in the field and in the bedroom. The other two—an avian with deep cool blue feathers and a lupine, were also dickgirls as well, well accustomed to the life of living in a facility faraway from prying eyes and restrictive social conventions. The newcomers would be surprised at first, but everyone ended up loving it, appreciating casual groping and fucking much to their liking.

They were all naked, grinning sheepishly as they saw the magnificence maleness sprouting between the draconian’s legs. Though every researcher had to wear rebreather masks, there were certain places where the rules were ignored, one of them being Spinel’s office.

“Let me reward you all for your hard work... Yes, go on...”

Spinel crooned as they approached her, lowering their faces. Everyone knew what to expect. Soon three wet tongues began to lap her cock and balls, making her croon in satisfaction.

“Good, good...”

Like petting dogs, Spinel gently touched their heads, getting a renewed licking on her private part in return. While Sate was opening her mouth wide trying to suck her massive rod, the two scout team members, Anais and Sarah, tended her balls, giving the pair a good stimulating oral sessions. She continued to brush their heads, imagining them as her own faithful kobolds servicing her, eagerly having their necks filled with her virile member or caressing her balls. It was a guilty pleasure of hers, a sort of recognizing her draconic ancestry.

She pushed her body forward, knowing very well Sate could take it more. The avain’s grip on her butt became tighter, and the draconian’s bestial member was now barely visible, swallowed up to its root. And as Sate skillfully used her dexterous tongue to coil around the shaft like a snake and applying gentle pressure to stimulate it, Sarah now moved onto Spinel’s back, spreading open the plump butt to reveal the anus. She first greedily licked around the wrinkly flesh, making Spinel moan. Soon her tongue pushed against the tight passage, which pushed wide from the intrusion.

Assaulted from both ends, there was no way she could hold on for long. After a while she huffed, and moments later Spinel came, her secretary’s bulging neck showing the volumes she was producing from her rod. She gulped and gulped, but Spinel’s balls were producing so much, and soon she had to withdraw. Spinel didn’t care, knowing that others would quickly fill in and change position to tend her on the back as well. And fill in they need, opening their mouth to allow her cock to reach all the way to their neck. They were learning so fast, deepthroating with ease after spending many months sucking on her cock.

“Fuck...yes!” Spinel’s lust wouldn’t abate with just one shot. Anais hungrily suck on her cock, and again she came, painting the inside of the avian’s mouth with sticky white seed. Of course, the process was repeated with the anthro wolf.

Now was the time for the main course. Placing Sate on the desk, she spread the avian’s leg wide, getting a good view of the wrinkly anus twitching excitedly. Her secretary growled happily as the equine cock touched her cunt. Spinel could feel the burning heat, not unlike the one she felt when she was first exposed to the spore. After rubbing the swollen flesh near the asscheek, Spinel gradually pushed her rod inside the anal passageway that easily gave way, tightly squeezing on her member.

Spinel and Sate both moaned in unison, finding great pleasure in the penetration. Despite being pried open many times, the avian’s hole was still elastic, the inner flesh almost molded to her girth and size. No other males or dickgirls would please this bird, unless they had cocks as thick and big as Spinel’s.

Anais and Sarah wasn’t being idle. While Spinel moved her hips and had one of her hands touching the avian’s dick, the scouting team was pleasuring Spinel down below. Anais was again fondling and slurping on Spinel’s massive orbs, applying plenty of saliva and giving a little pressure to pump the cum inside.

Meanwhile Sarah grabbed the thick bubbly butt of Spinel again, her face almost being buried inside the plump cheeks. Spinel’s eyes rolled upwards as the thick tongue came inside her anus, the wet object making sure to touch all the wrinkles and then go deeper. Now she was a veteran, knowing how to press her tongue all the way, liberally slathering the inside with her saliva.

But this time she wanted more. After she withdrew her face, she placed her own canine cock on the wet hole, making Spinel mewl with delight. As the cock entered, Spinel’s movement became faster. While the canine knot inflated inside her anus, making the passage swell, Spinel kissed with Sate while roughly manhandling the plump breasts, lost in the passion. Each knew how best to pleasure the other, making sure everyone involved derived pleasure and felt good.

With such stimulation coming from all at once, Spinel came after thrusting in and out for several minutes. She tried to hold it as much as she could to savor the moment, but with the fleshy prison closing down on her cock, balls constantly being sucked, and a tongue rimming her hole down there while her butt being fondled, the onslaught of continuous touches and responses triumphed in the end.

With a grunt, Spinel shove her cock deep inside Sate’s inside, feeling her balls slap against the avian’s thigh. Her rod was almost buried to the base, a testament to Sate’s incredible elasticity. As she came, Sate’s cock twitched, joining the ejaculation as her prostate was mercilessly rammed. At the same tie the wolf behind her came as well, joining the ejaculation.

The anthro bird’s stomach bulged quite noticeably—of course, the same process was happening for her own belly, coming all the way from her anal passage. As much as she loved fucking others, she also relished in being filled, her inside getting all warm as the hot liquid poured inside and make her belly swell a bit.

And the sheer amount of cum erupting from Spinel’s cock leaked to drip on Anais who was still faithfully servicing her cock. She opened her mouth to taste the salty substance, smiling as she did so. Her cock was dripping and creating a sizable stain on the floor, having cummed multiple times on her own.

Spinel thrashed as she kept fucking Sate while cumming. This was the best feeling, of humping even while her cock came, feeling the rod being smeared by her own seed. It spoke of her virility, and that made her horny and go for even more, a grin forming on her face as she shoved her cock as deep as she could inside her secretary's ass, making the desk shake.

And as it did so, the cube containing the mushroom fell to the ground, the frantic movement for four people proving too much for the furniture to handle. With a crack, the cube’s layer shattered, the fungus inside hitting the ground. Immediately a thick wispy smoke emanated from the specimen, enveloping the four anthros still locked in their carnal embrace. And if that wasn’t enough, it suddenly released a surprising amount of sticky white substance—the same cum-like stuff that had covered Spinel.

“Oh... What is...”

“Ah...”

As the spore enveloped them, their movement became more frantic. They all thought something had to be done, but as their nose registered the sweet scent, a vacant smile formed on their faces. Spinel knew they had just been exposed to the spores, and by the time she realized the fact, there was nothing she could do.

“Don’t... Ah... Worry... Nggh! It’s just... an... Argh.. aphrodisiac...”

Spinel was barely able to finish the sentence. Her researchers probably wasn’t even listening, exposed to the maddening effect of the heat for the first time as they breathed in the thick smoke coming out from the container.

Their movement became even wilder. Sate’s leg closed down behind her, pushing her cock deeper. Might as well enjoy it—it didn’t hurt her last time anyway. Spinel eagerly returned the favor, thrusting with gusto to make the secretary’s stomach bulge slightly, enjoying the flesh closing around her member like a vice and constantly stimulating it. The wolf and the avian anthro down there were now switching positions, making sure her balls and anus were continually tended and contributing the pleasure.

It was several hours later when Spinel and others were finally able to move away from each other’s lustful advances and grasps, all now thoroughly covered in each other’s fluid and spore. The same process that had happened for Spinel was happening for the trio, the spores now full nestled inside their bodies with roots spread out to the innermost part. Of course, there was no way for them to realize the changes happening inside their body, which was subtle at first as the spore spread its tiny roots all over their bodies.

“Uh... So this fungus’ spore can...?”

“Well, I don’t think I need any further more demonstrations.” Spinel grinned while others blushed, remembering what they had just went through. “I definitely think this warrants further research though.”

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A week passed. True to her words, Spinel began studying the specimen right away, trying to figure out how to extract and the spore to make a powerful drug for increasing sexual appetite, spending hours and hours poring over devices and books to do so.

Of course, there were plenty of times for her to ‘test’ the effect of the spore. It was really potent, and the fungus seemed to never run out of its storage. Every time Spinel called one or two researchers into her lab for some ‘testing,’ the fungus let out thick spore after some prodding, filling the entire room with its miasma. The researchers left with their bellies full and cum leaking from all of their holes, having silly grins on their faces, not knowing the fungal infection spreading further.

Even the most hesitant researchers grew lax under the influence of the spore, eagerly submitting to Spinel and begging to be taken, feeling strangely relaxed as the sweet smell crept up their noses. Their bodies felt extra sensitive, making them experience a whole new range of emotions and sensations while they fucked like monkeys in a rut. The researchers would have funny faces as her cock slid into their ass or cunts, feeling hornier than ever, begging to be taken and have their itch scratched.

Sometimes it was she who took the role of bottom, shaking her huge ass seductively while the once shy dickgirls licked all over her butt and anus to make it slick, then inserting their cocks into her awaiting depths. The initial hesitant movement soon turned into wild and frantic mating, her prostate getting touched repeatedly and allowing her to cum buckets of cum without using her hands as her cock swung heavily. It felt so satisfying to have her inside filled to the max and then have the remaining amount leak out from her gaping hole. And she was sure to return the favor by switching position, shoving her own member inside the depth...

All in all, the days passed much like they had been done in previous times. Sure, she was now fucking others more often than before, but she was still doing her job as a head researcher, studying the fungus, wanting to utilize its potential to the fullest.

Perhaps that was why she was rather oblivious to her body showing the result of getting exposed to the spores with the roots reaching deeper and deeper.

At first the influences were subtle. The day after she woke up after being exposed to the spore for the first time, Spinel woke up with a hard on, her sheet curled into a tent-shape with a wet stain on the top. Spinel’s face blushed at the sight; her cock was leaking so much cum in its erect state, the blotch going all the way through the sheet from her underwear! As she touched, she winced as her cock let out a steady flow of cum, already so hard and needy. A sheet had to be washed, but not before she would relieve herself... A lot of grunt could be heard inside her room for at least half an hour that morning.

Little did know that it was a sight she was going to see quite often from now on, now more readily aroused by the roots controlling her bodily functions.

With all the cum she ingested with the frequent ‘bonding sessions’ she had with her researchers, the spores were having enough nutrients to increase their grip on draconian. All the substance she was getting fed were used to boost her in certain kind of ways...

Just after few days, Spinel began to notice the changes happening through her body. Was her body getting... fatter? She preferred not to use that word, but it seemed that her body was indeed increasing in volumes. Every day the clothes became tighter, forcing her to take a deep breath as they tightly dug on to her flesh. Yes, she was starting to eat a lot and having more snacks during breaks, but there was no way her body would so quickly react to the increased intake.

Yet why did her bras and panties no longer fit, and why did her pants and skirts refused to be closed down fully? When she looked at the mirror, her breasts and ass seemed to gain a few pounds, making them look rounder. Or was just her imagination?

“Ugh...”

Four days had passed since she brought back the specimen. She was currently looking herself in the mirror, going through her new routine. After waking up, she had to relieve her erect cock by going straight to the toilet and rubbing with her hands. The wet sheet had to be washed soon as well. And then she checked herself in the mirror to check her body.

Yes, it was indeed growing. Especially on certain parts. Now she looked like a bimbo with ass and breasts that wobbled just by walking n the streets. And what was with the sudden dough-like flesh on her belly? She was known for being curvaceous, but now this was an alarming sign. She could grab the layer of freshly added meat around her waist, making her look like those plump girls she once saw for brothels for people attracted to certain kind of chubbiness that was on the borderline obesity.

It wasn’t just she noticing it. Every passing day, her increasing mass became the subject of discussion among the researchers. In narrow corridors she bumped into others despite trying her best to pass through, her bottoms now having extended sideways considerably. Her chests bounced up and down with the huge mass, especially more so if she ran.

Within a week, she had to change her bra, going several levels up in the alphabetical size chart. But the growth didn’t stop. After a while her butt grew to be almost the twice the size of her waist, and she had to order a new chair because she couldn’t fit her bottom in the old one. Certain doors had to go through emergency repair and widening process after she got stuck.

But it wasn’t just her who was having trouble with the sudden large growth of one’s bodies. In fact, almost everyone seemed to be growing in mass and size, their body shapes becoming quite similar: huge curvy mounds on both top and bottom, with body becoming rounder and curvier with ample breasts and childbearing hips.

With the researchers’ bloated body came increased appetite. Almost everyone went for a second round at the cafeteria, and many researchers soon found themselves munching on snacks whenever they could, wobbling their fat breasts and asses as they walked around the facility.

Not that their ‘growth’ made them refrain from sating their urges. If anything, Spinel and others found themselves more prone to indulge in other types of appetites. Everyone liked each other’s body growing plump and sexy, with more flesh to fondle and grope during foreplay. And huge breasts and butt meant more things to suck on and easier penetration; the increased mass allowed more researchers to take Spinel’s sizable cock deeper or allowing their member to hit Spinel’s prostate easier. It was not that ugly fattening, but sexy swelling with curves becoming more accentuated.

And their wanton indulgence would not be without consequences. Within just few days since Spinel was first exposed to the spore, she had had sex with literally everyone in the facility. And so the fungal infection spread like an STD would do so, making everyone’s body have deep and wide roots inside them.

And as the roots spread to their body, everyone was gaining more body mass, the extra flesh providing space for small alien sacs to develop, connected with the roots. After the initial growth they lay dormant, but it wouldn’t take long for them to activate under certain stimulation...

2 weeks after, Spinel announced in front of researchers who were becoming a lot like her in terms of round and curvy physique that there would be mandatory exercise sessions from now on. Too many of them—including Spinel herself—was needing new clothes and chairs.

“I expect everyone to be more mindful of their bodies.” Spinel said, sighing inwardly as she saw her researchers having to sit apart due to how wide their ass had become. It didn’t help Spinel’s own gigantic ass and breasts were the largest size among the researchers, the mound of flesh now enough to obscure her vision when she looked down and make her constantly bump into others.

What they didn’t realize was the spores inside their bodies were controlling their bodily functions, constantly making them hungry and horny to consume nutrients as much as they could. Every meal they had and every sex they had with each other fueled their growth, making their body gaining more fat. Exercising wasn’t going to help, as Spinel herself was to find out...

When Spinel entered the gym, there were a couple of people already on the gym equipment. As she glanced around, she could see how much they had changed. Her eyes rested on Sylvia, one of the junior researcher who had come to the facility several months ago. At first everyone mistook her for a male due to her rather diminutive chest and straight waistlines, but now she had bubbly round butts drawing graceful curves starting from her thin waist as well as breasts that were now at least c-cup just from a glance.

Others weren’t much different. Their bodies looked bigger, rounder, and plumper, all taking the shape of a fertile female screaming to be bred. Their huge ass could easily swallow her massive cock, fitting to carry many children. And their plump breasts would produce lots of milk for the babies to suckle onto...

“Uhm, chief? You okay?”

“H-Huh?!” Sylvia’s words snapped her back from the daydreaming she had. What was she thinking? Why had she just been thinking about breeding them? Yes, she fucked them regularly (and fucked by them too), but never did she ever consider about knocking them out. She and others all took pills to specifically prevent such an incident from happening!

“Ah, I-I was just thinking about something. You know, the maintenance stuff.” Spinel muttered, knowing that the monstrous bulge on her tight training pants would belie any of her meager attempt to remedy the situation.

Well, it was their fault for becoming so sexy and breedable, showing off their curves! They were definitely teasing with their sweaty bodies with clothes sticking to show cameltoes, cocks, and anuses, fuckable holes so visible! Were they teasing her or what?

She had quickly gone to the corner of the gym, trying not to stare too much at the voluptuous bodies of her subordinates. She didn’t know she were subtly producing a very small dose of spore, and that the others—who had infected by having an intercourse with her—were doing the same.

“Ngh...” Spinel bit her lips, wondering why her cock wasn’t going down. She was lifting dumbbells! Why was she getting horny by working out? She was deliberately lifting heavier equipment than she usually chose, hoping to ignore her arousal. But her eyes kept wandered to others working out, their tight gym uniforms explicitly showing the curves and the holes... She failed to notice how others were eyeing at her crotch with visible cock and ball shapes bulging out. If she did, she pretended to ignore it, just like everyone else.

And what was this strange smell? Strong and potent, mixed with a bit of sweat, but somewhat sweet and delicious... Everyone was thinking the same thing. As the room was filled with the spore, people started to notice something strange.

God, the smell! Was the ventilation not working properly? At last Spinel stood up, still having the erection on her crotch as she moved to the A/C controller. According to the screen the device was working fine with the air quality being supreme.

Then what was this awfully powerful stench? As Spinel and others desperately tried to not to notice the teasing they were giving to each other, another issue was being noticed. The gym smelt really bad. How did they had not notice before, no one could understand. In reality it was the spores stimulating their bodies, now making them realize the strong pheromones coming from their altered body mixed with the spore.

Spinel’s hands curled into fists. Ugh, smells so bad... and so goooood... She thought, wondering why was her cock growing even more as her nose was assaulted with the acrid stench of sweaty bodies huddled together. It was the smell of unwashed armpit and crotch after several hours of being outside in the jungle, the addictive guilty pleasure smell to sniff. It was such kind of smell that was enveloping the room.

The panting grew sultry and more exaggerated. Those with cocks were sporting boners clearly visible with the impressive bulges with stain forming at their crotch, shamelessly releasing their pre. Almost everyone had a black sweaty patch under their armpit and crotch, sweats continually rolling down.

“Nghh...” Spinel’s cock was leaking a mixture of pre and cum. The circular blotch that appeared on her crotch grew wider as her cock finally gave way, her balls churning to let out more. It was like there was a thick fog covering the room, which was not far from the truth as spores subtly produced from bodies were surrounding the entire room. And this was affecting others...

“W-wait, what are you...” Suddenly the draconian found herself surrounded by others. Everyone in the gym was near her, looking at her stained pants with wide eyes and hungry look that made her cock squirt out another dose in excitement

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“Oh, chief, please, let us help...” Anais spoke, her eyes twinkling with excitement.

“H, hold on...” Spinel’s weak protests were swiftly ignored. The potent smell of her cum was driving her wild, and it was probably having the same effect to others. “N-no, something's wrong...” She tried to push others away, but even a draconian couldn’t hope to overpower several people at once.

And as others approached, Spinel was blasted directly with their potent musk, overloading her senses and reasons. As the researchers hastily pulled down her pants, her cock was finally revealed, along with the musky smell that almost seemed to create steam around her private part.

Spinel could only moan in protests as the researchers groped and took deep scent of her sweaty and fermented crotch smell. Some part of her was getting turned on by this novel experience—it wasn’t often where she got to be the bottom in the kind of literal sense, helplessly watching as her body was getting taken advantage of.

And god, why did it feel so hot and sexy? Spinel watched as the researchers’ hands shamelessly touched and fondled her crotch, all muttering some bullshit excuse on the line of ‘relieving her pressure.’ Well, it felt good, so she didn’t mind. And they were very forward about smelling her... This was something that she had previously only allowed on select few individuals. And yet now she was being sniffed like some kind of perfume...

Her body stank! She had been exercising for an hour at least! And why were the others moaning as they happily took a deep breath? And why did it turn her so on?

“Keep... Keep going...” Spinel huffed, satisfied that others were encouraged by her words. Into her sweaty armpits and crotch the noses came in, taking as much as they could of her intoxicating odor. As she looked around, the draconian could see them getting aroused, cocks poking out from the sheath and becoming longer and thicker, and female cum trickling out from pussies.

“Ah... Yes...” Spinel crooned happily as many hands rubbed her erect cock, making her leak more of the mixture of pre and cum. The sticky liquid came out naturally like she was taking a piss, flowing down on her body and making her smell a lot worse—much to everyone’s liking.

Spinel moaned in approval as some decided to get even more forward. Onto her smelly body cocks were placed, which were also leaking and marking her further. She grabbed and rubbed two meaty cocks with her hands, smiling as she realized they were bigger than the last time she saw them, now well beyond her grip. Onto her face someone’s sweaty cock was shoved in, and the draconian gleefully opened her mouth to suck it, gulping down the pre. Someone spread her legs open, revealing her twitching anus. She moaned as the hole was swiftly plugged in as well, the flesh passage making way for the enlarged rod moving to and fro.

Those who weren’t lucky enough to occupy her holes got creative. Her smooth scale felt really good, so people rubbed their cocks unto her armpits and thighs, hoping to get some stimulation. Others were content watching, whipping out their cocks or fingering their cunts and watching the exciting scene unfold.

The onslaught on her body which seemed to last an eternity to Spinel eventually came to an end as she sensed her holes getting filled one by one. The cocks gripped by her flesh unleashed their loads, the bulge appearing on her neck and belly showing the impressive amount she had just consumed. The cocks on her body came as well from the pleasurable friction, covering her body with extreme amount of cum. She vividly felt the hot liquid filling her from top and bottom, giving that final push needed for her to cum as well. Those masturbating came as well, blasting Spinel and others with their seed, but no one seemed to mind.

When the door opened, the newcomer stood there in shock, before the cum-covered researcher dragged her to the mess. It didn’t take long for her confused look to change into a lustful smile. By now the exercise session had devolved into an orgy, each empty hole stuffed and cocks stroked. The warm flesh touched against others, everyone lustfully fondling and grabbing others and having the fulfilling sensation of their holes stuffed to the max.

And as they lost in the frenzy of mating, their body changed further, this time on the outside as well. While they were lost in the intense orgy, small swellings happened on their crotch on armpit, the places one usually don’t notice. They soon developed into wart-like shapes. For now that was all the change, but soon Spinel and others would find out it was but a prelude.

It was several hours later when everyone was finally completely spent. By that time the miasma had somehow disappeared, making everyone think if this was one wacky tripping experience or something. But the proof of their vigorous and lustful lovemaking was present all over the place.

No one said much words during the clean-up process, their faces heavily blushing vividly recalling what had happened. But another threshold had been crossed that day. While Spinel was in no mood to continue where she left off, she was still stroking her massive cock while taking a shower in her cubicle. The lustful moans and panting indicated that others were doing probably the same. From that day on, the mandatory exercise session became an excuse for the researchers to get together and fuck each other senseless, filling the room with spores coming from their bodies...

And as Spinel and others continued to engage in their debaucheries goaded by the spores controlling their bodies, the changes progressed further.

Spinel nearly screamed when she first discovered several swollen parts growing on her armpit and crotch, which were now as big as her pinky. And while she slept, the swollen flesh grew slightly bigger as they sucked up all the cum she had ingested during frequent orgies and fucking she had before.

The air in her room was now almost always damp and foggy, even when she had turned the ventilation and air conditioner on. Every few hours she felt compelled to call up some researchers and have a ‘quickie’ that lasted at least for an hour as she was feeling so horny, leaving everyone involved absolutely drenched as she fucked tight holes and cumming continuously or getting spread her asscheek open by meaty rods.

It was at this point Spinel discovered something strange. Up uptil now she was content having her holes filled or fucking others savagely. It was the researchers’ way to blow steam off, and build a sort of camaraderie. But when one day Spinel happened to come later in the gym having to take care of an urgent business, Spinel discovered how bad the situation actually was.

Even before she opened the door, Spinel could see thick smoke coming out from the gym. The particles were visible. Small wispy things floating around, continuing to spread further. And the smell! The sweet and yet pungemt smell of concentrated sweat clung in the air, leaving a tang that made her sniff her nose instinctively.

Something was not right. When she opened the door, she stood froze at the entrance. The sight of the researchers sprawling on the floor fucking each other mindlessly did not shock her at the slightest; she regularly partook in such activities, often being at the center, fucking others and being fucked in turn, getting covered in cum from head to toe.

The scene she was seeing was similar: six researchers were currently engaged at sating their lust. One dickgirl was on all fours having her mouth and anus stuffed with fat cocks. Beneath her was a smaller female moaning loudly, the bulge on her stomach swelling as she happily meweled, a cascade of cum falling from her cunt. Not far from them were two dickgirls kissing each other while rubbing their cocks on each other’s genitalia, the frottage enough to make them shoot cum all the way to their faces.

Again, this was pretty tame, something Spinel herself did while lost in the passion. Already her cock was leaking pre just at seeing the wanton scene. And there was that familiar sweet and deep smell, reeking of unwashed sweaty body.

But she saw something that made her temporarily forget about growing need.

As one of the researchers lay on the floor, her arms and legs spread out and basking in ultimate bliss while her pussy and anus leaked out cum, Spinel saw small stalks growing from the armpits and crotch. It was like watching a growth of a stem in fast motion, the white thin shapes even forming a round mushroom like cap at the tip. And from those caps came out a thick layer of white spores.

And it wasn’t just them, but every other researcher who was now getting up and start another round of fucking. What could be no other than small mushrooms bloomed and did what mushrooms did, that is, spreading spores all over in a great quantity.

“No...” Spnel walked back even as her cock was as hard as it was, now leaking fully cum from the intense stimulation.

“H-hey! Get a hold of yourself! S-something’s not right!”

Spinle’s shouts fell on deaf ears. They breathed in the spore, finding the musky and sweet smell irresistible. And as Spinel’s nose registered the presence as well, she too was drawn to the scene, wanting to smell more of that odor...

It didn’t take long for her to join the fun as well, taking off her clothes while many snouts were pushed to her smelly and sweaty armpits and crotch. Onto her body several cocks were being rubbed, smearing her scales with cum. The thought of having to tell others to stop was gone as her body was being molested and she made no attempt to resist, enjoying the sweaty smell getting stronger.

From her body the same growth started to happen, the stimulation and fresh supply of cum triggering the stubs to take into proper shapes. As the stalks finished forming mushroom caps on the top, they too released spores that were being created by spore-sacs inside her body, adding to the contamination that was taking place.

Like the last time, Spinel and others could only leave after several hours of fucking non-stop, basking in the spores being produced from their own bodies. Perhaps it was her draconic heritage working, but Spinel felt a bit clearler on the head as she stood up. Surprisingly the mushroom stalks were less obvious, returning to wort-like swellings. When she asked others about the spores, most of them had a confused and funny expression on their faces, asking if she was high and making silly jokes about shrooms. Even Sate laughed it off when she asked her if she was feeling okay. If it were not for the lingering spores she swa, Spinel might’ve thought this was just her imagination.

Later that day, Spinel was inside her room, wondering about the scene she saw earlier. Mushroom growing on bodies? She remembered the book she once saw when she was young, the one that made her drawn to studying plants and fugus: spores taking host of animals and growing on them, used for medicine for its special properties. The mushroom stalks sprouting from bodies reminde her of the disturbing and yet fascinating image of a dead insect husk growing with several mushroom stalks from the book.

Were Spinel and others becoming like that, hosts for mushrooms to grow? This planet had many exotic species not found on anything else. She remembered the fungus she brought, and how she and others inhaled the spore... They must’ve been infected and spreading it via all the rampant fucking they had.

The right course of action was to call the parent company in charge of the facility. But no, that wouldn’t do. Spinel looked around her office. There were many prizes she had won on academic conferences, as well as clean and neat looking certificates framed on the walls showing off her deeds. If she contacted others, Spinel and others would all be taken off to a quarantine ship, most likely never to return here. No, she couldn’t let that happen. They weren’t mindless slaves to mushrooms, at least not yet. She could find a solution. She would, and then she would get recognition again, just like she deserved...

And so Spinel took out some pills from the desk on her room and swallowed it, hoping the medicine with several curative properties processed from the plant she discovered on this planet would work.

It didn’t.

Several week had passed. By now Spinel was forced to acknowledge that the pills did nothing to stop the strange bumps growing on her body. They were now bigger as well even when she was not busy fucking others, each the size of her fingers and making their presence as they brushed against her arms and legs.

And they seemed to trigger another change; Spinel wasn’t sure how, but ever since the bumps appeared, her armpit hair and pubes grew more tangled and bushy, emitting a strong smell whenever she got sweaty that was noticeable by everyone. The stinky smell was potent; it made everyone blush with the powerful odor, sending a signal that was rather hard to miss. On most occasion she appearing with steams rising from her body was enough for others to grope her butt and breasts, making her cock grow and fuck others in the ass and stuffing them full. Or she could always offer her own hole while sucking cock and rubbing cocks, taking many seeds all at once.

The more she did so, the more her body changed. The fungal bumps grew bigger in size, making her move awkwardly as it kept brushing against her arms and legs whenever she moved. And more started to appear, now also showing on her belly, thighs, and arms.

“Uhm, I think they are also growing on my body as well, chief.” When she asked her secretary, that was the answer she got. “And it’s not just us. Everyone, and I mean EVERYONE, is reporting signs of strange stub-like growth on their body parts. But others just don’t seem to notice them. They just have this funny expression on their faces, and that’s when the mushrooms get more noticeable. And, as you know...”

Spinel nodded. She too had experienced it several times on her own. She would at first hear the moans and white wispy miasma coming from somewhere. At the end were always several researchers not paying attention to anything else but sating their lust. And once Spinel’s nose registered the sweet smell, it was over for her as well, forced to join while her own body added to the thickening of the spore-filled fog, lust overriding everything else inside her body and mind. Every time she resolved to do something about it, the results were always the same, her own cock going inside someone’s ass or she on top of a dickgirl and hopping madly while her mouth was greedily sucking on another cock, gulping down cum with all the gusto she could muster.

“And the shapes resemble, uhm, you know, that thing...” Sate glanced at the specimen on Spinel’s desk. “At least it doesn’t seem to do anything harmful to us. Well, besides making us real horny.”

Spinel nodded. The answer seemed pretty obvious. After all, they were scientists. This hypothesis was the most likely explanation for their strange growth. After the gym incident, Spinel ordered everyone to wear a rebreather mask, but not many followed her command, citing many reasons. Spinel herself didn’t feel like enforcing the rule, so she let the matter drop.

Still, something had to be done. There were a definite change in the atmosphere, and it wasn’t just about the facility seemingly having more and more random spore particle floating around everywhere. People were behaving differently. It was hard to put it in words, but to Spinel, it felt like her researchers were becoming... more lax? She wasn’t sure if that was the right word, yet still, there was a change that almost everyone could feel.

It wasn’t just everyone fucking each other. They had been doing that even before Spinel came here; being enclosed in a facility with no one else to interact but other researchers for years and years tended to do that. But now the sex was happening more casually. No one batted an eye when two researchers were lewdly touching each other in the hallway. While some still exercised in the gym, it was now becoming a common sight for people to get playful and make out while others were still there; Spinel saw—and later joined—when Sate was facesitting one of the researcher’s face, grinding her huge ass. The smothered canine anthro was having a massive erection with cum squirting occasionally accompanied by white miasma.

Even during the meetings where she talked about the needing to wear rebreather masks as the facility was being littered with some strange spores, there were people masturbating or touching other researchers lustfully. Before people had had sex in the bathroom, but they were at least discrete enough to close the door and only leave moaning sounds and shaking door. Now they were doing it outside the stall, not minding when Spinel came to wash her hands!

...And it didn’t help Spinel soon joined the fun by fucking the dickgirl fucking the female researcher from behind, turning the romp instantly into a threesome with everyone getting satisfied in the end, covered in cum and having to go to the shower room right away. And of course, there was a second round waiting for all three of them, now in the form of an orgy as the researchers who were there before them were busy sucking each other’s cock...

Well, if it was just people becoming more open to having sex, maybe Spinel wouldn’t have minded at all. There was other unwelcoming changes, the most obvious one being people sprouting mushrooms—and no one seemed to care! When Spinel asked other researchers, they all had a goofy and nervous smile, muttering something she couldn’t remember that well. Actually, every attempt of her questioning ended her having a quickie with the researcher. It was that damn smell; it must’ve had other effect besides making her horny, because a whiff temporarily made her unable to think anything but sex; only having her holes stuffed or savagely thrusting into others would suffice for this sudden urge.

All of this started when she brought the fungus, so there was only one thing to do, Spinel thought. One day she called Sate to her office. When she came inside taking her mask off, Spinel didn’t instantly make her suck her equine cock.

“Get the research jet ready in half an hour.” Mustering every ounce of her restraint, Spinel spoke, fighting hard to keep her veiny cock leaking pre with white particles coming out from the swollen tip.

“Right away, sir.” Sate gulped, also showing the signs of her inner struggles as her cock was clearly visible latched onto her belly through her uniform.

But it was several hours later when Spinel finally left the office leaving her twitching secretary behind, cum oozing from her hole and cock. Spinel’s own belly wobbled, having taken in plenty of Sate’s thick seed. Yes, this was definitely a becoming a problem, Spinel thought. It was supposed to be a quickie for 10 minutes or so, but one thing led to another, and soon they were busy groping each other and grinding their cocks, smiling as cum easily squirted out from the stimulation. And then it didn’t take long for Sate to raise her butt in the air on all fours, and then... There was that sweet smell, as well as the thick spore floating around...

“Gah! This has got to stop!” Spinel sighed as she saw the bulge on her cock rising again. Nowadays it was almost permanently half-erect, leaking pre at the slightest provocation. Just her recalling the intense fucking she had with Sate was enough to let her cock squirt pre, staining the uniform.

When Spinel arrived at the site, she rushed to the site where the fungus had been first found. By now it was pretty obvious the fungus had to do with their strange condition, so she would need many samples to study them to find a way to counter their effects.

The site hadn’t changed much, the damp and shadowy place covered by tall rainforest trees providing an ideal spot for mushrooms to grow. By now the spot where she had removed one of the fungus had another almost identical one growing, the non-descriptive white stem with cap greeting her.

But as Spinel got near, she saw something strange. The mushrooms visibly shook as if noting her presence. She stepped back, instinctively realizing something was wrong. But it was too late; from the cap thick white substance shot out, covering Spinel in the sticky mess.

“Ugh... damn it.” Well, that was somewhat expected. This was how she got drenched in the first time, after all. And like that time, she started to feel the heat rising up from her groin. Yeah, maybe she should hump the ground once again, Spinel chuckled, failing to notice something growing out from the ground.

“Yeah... I guess I can stay here for a wh— Hey! What the...?”

Suddenly, something grabbed her arms and legs all at once, easily lifting her from the ground despite her bulky (which had gotten chubby and curvaceous lately, to be frank) frame.

The draconian let out a frustrated growl, her limbs moving pitifully suspended in mid air. Was the fungus predatory, luring victims via some kind of sexual arousal and curiosity? The answer was no, as she was soon about to find out. With a rumbling sound the ground tore open, revealing thick and long vines.

But as they got closer, Spinel realized they weren’t just regular vines, their tips having suspiciously bulbous look with liquid oozing out from the slit at the tip. It didn’t take a genius to guess what their purpose were, which were now touching her body parts in a very lewd fashion, especially around her private parts...

“H-hey! Nggh...” Spinel couldn’t understand how the tentacle-like appendages knew how to touch her body in such a delicate way, slithering over her anus and balls like a lover stimulating her partner’s genitals. That sure got her in the mood. Right after the vines made her immobile, they went straight to caress her erect cock, some groping her balls and applying just the right amount of pleasure to make her cum and have her seed splatter on the ground.

Her token protests were completely gone as the tentacles slid inside her anus, making her cock cum again as it quickly slithered deep inside her anal passage, the tiny bumps scraping against her inner flesh making her cum.

“Gahh!!!” But that ejaculation was nothing compared to the next one. Several tentacles had gone inside her anus, and each prodded her prostate in a single shove, making her cock squirt out volumes of cum. The process was repeated several times, each time her cock finding spare cum to ejaculate.

And while her anus was being stuffed, other parts weren’t being neglected. Spinel’s massive breasts were being fondled, and unlike the tentacles penetrating her ass, the one at her chest had little suction-like cup shapes attached. They soon latched unto her nipples. Spinel grunted as the the tentacles sucked on her breasts like a newborn child, stimulating her inverted slit. But they weren’t just sucking her; inside the each suctions there grew a small needle-like structure.

Spinel yelled in surprise as the pricks started to push against her nipples. She tried to move away, but the tentacles still held her fast, and those stuffing her anus redoubled their effort to fuck her, making her unable to resist. Meanwhile her nipples were keep getting prodded, the inverted spots being pushed deeper and deeper.

Strangely, there was no pain; the spores inside her body made sure to that. And they did more, in fact, as she was about to find out. By now the spores had gathered enough nutrients and control of her body to alter her body on the outside as well, the spore-sacs producing enough spores.

“Nghh...What is... Aghhh!!!” Spinel drew a sharp breath as she felt a weird sensation on her chests. It felt like something was pushing her nipples backwards! And that was actually true. Cum squirted out from her cock as her breastflesh started to retreat on her nipples, creating a small hole that kept growing depth as her flesh retracted to make way. And into that passageway the suction cups’ needles went in, like a worm burrowing into mud and creating a long hole.

Spinel grunted in intense sensation as she felt new slits being developed on her chests. The flesh became sensitive around the new entrances, with even a clitoris-like part forming on the top to make her nipples look like two cunts. When they were touched, sticky cum squirted from the inside, the flesh quickly forming wrinkly passageways with womb-like organs developing on the deep inside.

The draconian’s eyes rolled upwards in bliss as the tentacle-pricks went deeper, expanding the passageway. Soon she felt her chest getting ‘filled’ as the pricks ejaculated their seed unto her slits, making her breasts sag a bit from the added weight.

Deeper and deeper the pricks went inside, widening her vaginal passage. It event went inside the round-shaped hollow space that would act as her new ‘womb,’ and soon it unloaded the sticky seed in each of her innermost sanctum in her breasts, making her howl wildly in pleasure. Her newly developed breast-chambers would be the perfect place for her ‘impregnation,’ but she wouldn’t know at the moment.

And as her chest slits were securely plugged and fucked by the small pincers, the tentacles found her other holes to stuff. Her mouth was the most obvious choice. When the thick tentacle with dick-like tip appeared on her face, Spinel opened her mouth after few prodding, the intense penetrating sensations driving her wild.

Spinel opened her mouth as wide as she could, putting years of practice sucking hefty equine cocks into good use. Her neck didn’t gag as the thick rod went in deeper, until the outline of a thick appendage was visible through her sleek neck, moving up and down.

Spinel’s cheek soon bulged out as volumes of cum was blasted inside her mouth. Despite her eagerly swallowing the dose, the thick cum continued to squirt out, until the sheer amount made her cough and burp loudly, some of the cum squirting from her nose. She could taste and smell at the same time—which only served to increase her arousal further.

Though the tentacles were still holding her fast, it looked she was enjoying the bondage and penetration. Her hips moved wildly, and her cock flailed madly, squirting out cock as her sweet spot was touched. Her breasts wobbled as the smaller tentacles moved in and out of her slits, making sure the inside was thoroughly coated with the fungus’ seed.

If Spinel thought she was completely stuffed, she was about to find out how wrong she was soon. Why stop when there were other holes remaining?

“Nghh?!?!” Spinel at first didn’t realize what had happened. It was like her nose was suddenly plugged with something, like she had nosebleed on both of her nasal passage and trying to stop the flow. Somehow, her breathing seemed to be okay.

She then realized the new addition on her sight: something was coming going inside her nose as the tentacles slithered through while she was lost in the pleasure of having her other holes stuffed. Spinel could only writhe in the strange sensation that gradually turned into mind-numbing pleasure as the same process that her nipples had gone through was repeated. Each thrust made her nasal flesh sensitive and spread open, allowing deeper penetration to happen while her tight passage closed around from the pressure, the nerves being rapidly developed and connected to her brain.

It should’ve hurt like hell. She absolutely detested it when she had to get some PCR testing for a rabid epidemic that swept almost the entire part of the universe few years ago. Yet why was her cock cumming even more amount and her nipple slits flowing with female cum while her nose was being fucked? And again, the damning, and yet so exhilarating sensation of her holes getting filled happen; the tentacles had unloaded their seed inside the newly formed fuckable hole.

When the tentacles came near her urethra, Spinel now knew what to expect. She wasn’t sure if her body shaking was from eager anticipation or genuine fear. She sometimes let few fingers go inside a bit, but this time, she knew it would go all the way, just like her other holes.

And it did; into Spinel’s urethra slightly agape from her own ejaculation the relatively thick appendage slid in, the slick passage allowing easy access. Spinel body violently shook as if she was getting electric shock. Her cock bulged outwards with the passage that had been previously only used to let out stuff was taken by foreign insertion. The flesh inside became sensitive and soft, now more suited to taking things , especially thick and meaty rods, providing pleasure as the flesh was touched by the tentacles.

It continued to go in, making Spinel to moan uncontrollably while shooting out volumes of cum. The torrent of her male seed did nothing to deter its progression, making her cock passage more and more like a vagina begging to be filled.

Eventually it reached the base of her cock and then to her balls. Now directly exposed to the tentacle, her cum-sack devolved—or rather altered—into primitive and yet effective huge container for holding and producing spore-filled cum, her own seed mixed with fungal materials to spread the infection.

Spinel gasped as her balls actually swelled, the inside being filled by the insertion. They sloshed as she moved, now becoming like balloons that would be always full of water, the liquid inside quickly being replenished by numerous sacs producing spore-cum. She could still ejaculate. But the seed that would come out would be infected with spores.

The filling continued for several minutes, and when the tentacle finally withdrew, the size of Spinel’s balls had grown considerably, dangling around her knees pushed by its newly increased weight and volume. Spinel’s cock had gained a few inches well, well past beyond her navel and placed right below her boobs.

The small mushrooms on her armpit and crotch actually grew noticeably in size, and small stubs that gradually took the shape of various mushrooms started to appear on her arms and legs, places where she couldn’t usually hide the unnatural growth: the fungal infection was spreading. Even her long and smooth horns, the proud draconic heritage, fell under the influence: almost like a mockery, there grew antler-shaped fungus on her horns... Connected to her body, they would continue to release spore, contaminating the air wherever she would go.

The savage thrusts would continue for quite a while, Spinel’s eyes rolling upwards as she was lost to the pleasure for the time being, overloaded by the constant stimulation...

It was almost noon when Spinel had left to the site to retrieve more of the mushrooms. By the time she came back in the lab, dragging her messy and heavy body, the ceiling-glass showed the starry night.

Her body had drastically changed. Her swollen and mutated body was in a constant state of arousal. All of her newly developed and enlarged holes leaked female juice, begging to be filled. Her fingering to relieve the intense pressure only made things worse, as they were insufficient to sate her massively increased libido.

Her huge body wobbled awkwardly. With all the penetration, her body had developed new spore-sacs, making her feel bloated, as if almost every part of her body was sloshing with liquid inside. And everything felt so sensitive; her balls brushing against her fat thighs, and cocks brushing her belly and breast-slits exposed to sudden gust of winds were enough to paralyze her with incredible arousal, her walk interrupted by mini-orgasms and ejaculations.

“Ch-chief?” That made her back to her old self again. She was still stroking her cock, but she recognized the voice, seeing the shocked face of her secretary. “Just what...?”

Spinel couldn’t blame her. At least till now Spinel’s draconic body had minor mushroom growth on areas that weren’t generally noticed such as her armpit and crotch. But after being filled from all angles, her body had progressed in terms of the fungal infection.

Gone was the adequately plump and sexy draconic body, replaced with something utterly depraved. There was the sight of her wide hips and huge breasts making her look like a breeder whose sole purpose was to bear offspring; indeed, even her belly looked definitely more plump capable of holding many children inside. But there was something else to the changes that was definitely monstrous and abnormal. Her nipples were turned into vaginal slits and her urethra was slightly gaping and being increasingly sensitive. Even her nose was still leaking cum, the obvious sign of the intense penetration that took place.

Worse, her body was turning her on. Her huge erect cock and dangling balls were an irrefutable proof of her aroused state. From her cock a steady flow of sticky liquid came as her orbs churned, and with that came trickle from her newly formed slits, forcing her to withstand the orgasms of two genders all at once.

And of course, there were mushroom growth being more overt, as if her body had become a host to mushrooms, which were even now currently releasing spore in the air and making the air dizzingly sweet with its potent pheromone-like odor. And Sate was witnessing all of her hypersexualixed body and the mushrooms growing from her and part of her.

Perhaps just like Spinel, Sate was too shocked to pay attention to her growing urges. While her animalistic cock stood rigid, demanding attention, the avian managed to maintain a relatively surprised face, not rushing to her and starting to greedily suck on her member.

“I can explain.” That was such a stupid and cliche thing to say, but Spinel had no choice. She had to convince her secretary not to run away screaming. “Please listen. I can reverse this.” Spinel tried her best to speak as calmly as she could, despite her holes and cock leaking fluid at the sight of seeing the avian’s breedable body. While not as heavily mutated as her, she also bore some resemblance to her with some fungus stubs poking from her crotch and armpit, looking bigger and more numerous than before; obviously everyone else was probably going through similar changes.

Sate just stood there, not knowing if she should scream and run for it or stay and trust the chief who had done so much for the researcher. Was it not Spinel who had allowed many sponsors for this backwater research station? Because of her, everyone could now have an affordable life. Under her guidance the facility prospered.

And so Sate made the choice: she would trust her chief to the very end.

“O-okay.” Sate said nervously. “But you’ll have to explain what happened at the site.”

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After that day, Spinel spent most of the days locking herself in her lab, trying to stay true to her words. The situation was worse than she thought. As she told her secretary of the incident she had back at the site, Sate told how everyone was becoming much like her, albeit in a lesser intensity. The draconian had to reassure her repeatedly that she had found a cure, and that she only needed a few days to sort things out.

That was a lie.

Spinel wasn’t sure if it was the spore making her say such things. As she uttered, she tried her best to hide the shock. There was no cure. There was no time. Yet why was she saying such things? Was it the spore controlling her to act in such a way?

With her body now having a number of sizable mushrooms, it was now always producing spores, making her shrouded in the white miasma. She always breathed in the contaminated air, exacerbating her condition.

Now the changes were no longer subtle. The mushrooms on her body continued to grow more; the ones on her armpit and crotch now poked their way through, making it impossible to hide them. The mushrooms growing from her arms and legs multiplied like the ones that would grow on dead trees with many stems clustered together. And when her hands touched her back, she could sense similar stub-like growths that soon turned into malleable and yet firm mushrooms with umbrella-like caps, making it difficult to lie on her back.

But the mushrooms weren’t the only thing growing. Somehow the spores were determined to make her body as disgusting and vile as it could be, as Spinel found out. Her eyes weren’t mistaken when she thought the hair on her certain areas were growing, becoming bushier and stubbier. Being an anthro, she had some white hair growing on her armpit and crotch, but it was barely noticeable, with her trimming the patch regularly to keep it tidy and neat.

No longer was that possible, for ever since the mushrooms appeared all over her body, her body hair grew like she had applied hair-growing treatment on the particular area. The white hair was now stained, becoming greasy and slippery covered with sticky saps. The hair grew increasingly curly as well, creating tangled patches of fur that poked through even when her arms were closed and when she wore her underwear.

In fact, the fur soon expanded outwards, now no longer confined to her pit areas, spreading the foulness to her other parts. Her pristine white chest fluff became stained, becoming disheveled and sticky. Around her navel the curly hairs started to grow, eventually forming a dense fur surrounding her belly-slit.

And how she stank! Despite the AC running constantly, her body’s heat—both literal and metaphorical—never went away, making her feel damp and sweaty. And with her fur trapping all the smell, her body odor became fermented and intensified to a great degree. No deodrants could save her. In fact, the fragrance mixed with her own stench, making it a lot worse.

Her nose could register it. The spore made sure of that, constantly regulating her hormones so that her olfactory senses never grew tired of it. It was the sweaty smell of one’s armpit and crotch on a hot summer day, that shameful addicitve smell one had to take a deep whiff and savor the disgustingly deep foetid stench.

Others sensed it too; Spinel noticed how Sate’s face changed for a moment when she called her after few days since she was fucked by the spores. As she entered, the avian’s eyes grew wide and her eyebrows were raised. She sniffed her nose, and stood still. Moments later she said her greetings, but Spinel knew her secretary had just been startled by her powerful odor.

And why did it turn her on so much?

Of course, it wasn’t just her who was having trouble with smelly body and fungus. Others found their body hair becoming more bushier, magnifying their scent to extreme degree. Everyone stank—but everyone also found that incredibly sexy, basking in the smell which was now like acting like a pheromone.

Taking a shower did nothing to alleviate the potent musk, and people were preferring to not wash their bodies anyway; some even deliberately made their smell more potent not taking a bath for several days. As much as Spinel was disgusted, she couldn’t help but sniff whenever she passed someone partaking in such behavior; the fermented smell roused her, and she fought the urge to place her face right into the sweaty armpit or crotch, drinking in the nasty scent to the fullest.

And if she thought the hygiene condition of the facility couldn’t get worse, she was in for a surprise. After being thoroughly exposed to the fungal spores via multiple insertions through her newly developed fuckable slits, her body developed multiple spore-sacs again, all diligently producing spore for her body to release.

As a result, her body was now more than just being fat, bloated with all the spore-gas constantly being created. At first it was just the uncomfortable feeling of her belly feeling heavy, as if she was carrying babies, but soon her situation became a lot more embarrassing.

The gas had to come out. When she was alone, she didn’t take notice of the frequency of her burping and farts was increasing. No one was around to tell her, and she was used to the foul smell anyway, content to burp loudly or raise her ass just a little to pass the gas.

But when she was around with others, it was a different story: during the meeting, she constantly burped, and after a while she forgot to excuse herself. She tried to keep clench her anus, but rank farts occasionally came out when she was at least expecting, the sudden pressure enough to trigger the emission.

If the sound was bad, the smell was worse. It was quite foul, the methane smell that makes your face frown immediately after registering its presence. The fermented smell of sweat and other dirty things concentrated together...

And yet, strangely potent; it was just like the sweaty stench of her body, disgustingly addictive. Perhaps the spores in her body warped her senses as well; sometimes tears formed on her eyes with how powerful the odor was, but still she was deeply inhaling as much as she could, trying to take in much scent.

And she found herself doing it unconsciously even when she was with others; at one meeting she thought her stomach was boiling. No, she didn’t need to go to the toilet, just her belly feeling like it was filled with all the gas that needed to be taken out. She clenched her butthole, trying to be discreet as possible to only let out a small amount of gas.

That had failed spectacularly. Sensing her movement, the gas erupted with a loud brapping sound, making everyone smirk. At least they had decency to not to burst out laughing.

Soon more brapping sound followed. Once her anus had become loose, all the concentrated spore-gas was trying to get out. Some of it seemed to travel upwards; soon she was burping and farting at the same time right in front of her subordinates.

But it would’ve been infinitely better had they looked at her with shocked or surprised faces; Spinel was aghast when they all looked at her with a sultry look, their noses sniffing to get the rank smell... Some of them were pitching a tent at the crotch, and already one was touching her breasts while moaning... It was like they were getting off her scent!

Spinel tried to say something, but she too registered the smell now; so smelly, and yet so powerful and arousing... Her odor was like a signal for them, making them all horny and go into rut. It didn’t take long for others to join her by farting and burping, intensifying the smell. And of course, the smell made everyone horny enough. Everyone took of their clothes, lying on desk or on floor on all fours, giving those with dicks an irresistible signs to fuck them right on the spot. Spinel and others were in no place to refuse the offer.

After that, people didn’t care if there were others around; they would burp and fart freely, continuing to worsen the air quality of the place.

The researchers still wore masks, but they did nothing. The clean air inside the rebreather gadgets turned into the same stale air just after a few hours. The combined smell of reeking bodies overrode any new source of smell, making them constantly aroused and more susceptible to rampant fucking. They were still doing their jobs, but they—Spinel included—were devoting almost entirety of their spare time sating their base urges, engaging in smelly sex and getting off by each other’s fetid odor.

Spinel too wore a mask in a vain attempt to regulate the air quality. By now the whole facility stank wherever she went. But it ended up making the situation worse: with her face covered entirely by the rebreather device, she ended up breathing in the burping that came out from her inside, constantly renewed by her constant belching.

The gas went inside, making her feel even more bloated and like a balloon that was pumped too much air. Her farts became louder and ranker, the smell making her take deep breath and momentarily dazed by how stinky it was; she was infact making the smell more potent. Eventually she would give in to the tempation as she produced a series of loud burps, her cock leaking cum by the concentrated smell inside her rebreather.

A week passed, and Spinel was still unable to do anything about her worsening condition.

With her body feeling almost always horny, giving scent of bestial rut, and letting out gas from her mouth and ass to contaminate her surroundings further, Spinel found it nearly impossible to concentrate enough to do anything about the fungal infection.

When she was alone, her erect rod constantly brushed against belly, making her moan constantly and leak male and female cum simultaneously. Her hands kept wondering off to one of her slits or cock, fondling and rubbing them. Then she would close her eyes and take deep breath of her hands a while after to take a deep whiff. It was disgusting, but dangerously addictive.

When she couldn’t take it anymore, she called one of the researchers, like a customer at a restaurant trying out different menus. Always they would come, offering their bodies upon her. Well, it wasn’t that much different even before the infection took place anyway. The only difference was that the fucking became more depraved.

Besides spreading open their tight holes and enlarging their passages significantly with her grown cock, and her inflated balls allowing her to make others’ bellies swell like they were several months in their pregnancies, Spinel taught them new pleasures of fucking breasts, bellies, and even cock.

Almost everyone gasped and broke out from their lust-addled state when she first showed her new holes. But her pheromone-like smell and the dense spore-fog made it difficult for others to resist. All it took was her hands guiding their shaky cocks near one of her slits, teasing them by grinding it near their anus or cunt. The rough groping of their butts and breasts made them prisoners to her touch, making them eagerly present themselves by assuming positions.

At first her partners were hesitant, but the sweet smell of her body soon took over. They plunged their cocks inside her breasts or her own cock, and upon discovering the holes were fuckable indeed, they vigorously moved their hips to penetrate her slits to their depth, unloading copious amount of cum inside her, gripped by the inner flesh that always seemed to remain tight and flexible despite being continually gaped by probing insertions.

Now freely accepting their smelly bodies, Spinel and others liberally spread their scent via incessant passing gas through their mouths and butt. The disgusting and nauseating smell made them get turned on even more, their cocks constantly staying hard as the nasty smell produced the sacs inside them to produce more spore.

And as she engaged in savage and frantic sex, she sensed the mushrooms grow all over her, instinctively feeling them feeding on the cum shot inside her. Even that her body somehow translated it as pleasure, making her feel like as if there were multiple cocks growing and going erect, heavy with cum. The feeling only resided for a while, and thus she kept trying to go back at it by fucking and being fucked senseless. When the researchers left, the case was almost always the same: cum leaking copiously from the holes of everyone involved, the mushrooms looking larger and thicker.

And how pleasant it was to release the gas inside her! Soon Spinel gave up feeling ashamed; when there was a signal, she opened her mouth or relaxed her anal muscle freely, enjoying the rank air escaping from her body and the space being filled around with thick miasma. Her cock and slits gushed with cum and pre, showing that she actually got off from spreading the stench. Others were pretty much the same, as if taking pride in making the place reek of their scent. There was a sort of competition going between

Everyone was getting used to this new normal of rampant sex and infection, as well as the damp and sweaty smell perpetually hovering around nearly all parts of the facility. Actually, they were making it worse by adding to the smell; no one washed anymore except on very rare occasion, a sort of competition going on between the researchers to see who produced the most foul and fermented smell.

Spinel was the one who stank the most, and others loved her for it; now it was a normal occurrence for researchers to shove their nose into her armpit and crouch, taking in her powerful scent. That made Spinel hornier even more... She felt so powerful, like the dragons of the old commandeering her host of kobolds to do whatever she pleased. After all, didn’t they listen to her commands? Didn’t she offer them protection and prosperity? Yes, she would continue to lead them as their master...

And thus Spinel and her researchers continued to accept the spores’ influence over their bodies and minds, as she was about to find out one day. That day Spinel had been chosen as the one preparing the meal for everyone in the lab. She didn’t use her authority to be excused unless on very special occasion, and it was one of the reasons why others respected and followed her commands.

As she stood in front of a large pot holding a steamy porridge, Spinel was busy jerking off her cock with her hands. She was supposed to pour the food for the bowl and prepare a meal, but the permanent and ever persistent arousal was impossible to ignore. Up uptill now she refrained herself from touching her body in the cafeteria for obvious reasons, especially when she was the one doing the meal duty, but for that day, her arousal didn’t go down to the level she could bear it.

Without realizing properly what she was doing, Spinel guided her erect cock unto the pot. Already pre leaking from the gaping urethra was falling into it, making a sizzling sound. But that wasn’t enough. Spinel grunted as her hands furiously rubbed her member, adding more of her own ‘sauce’ at the porridge, the thick white goo floating up and down.

Spinel was barely able to contain herself as her cock came literal buckets—her balls capable of making such unnatural feat happening, making the brown-colored porridge turn into creamy white shade after several minutes of ejaculation. And all the while her hands were fingering her slits and anus, making sure to derive maximum satisfaction from it.

When she later came to her senses, Spinel blankly stared at the mess, wondering what she should do. The researchers would come soon, and she had cummed in their food!

...And why was that a bad thing? Her own thoughts spoke to her even as she couldn’t stop jerking off to drain her balls more, which were being rapidly refilled by spore-sacs deep inside. Didn’t her minions, well, her researchers, drank her seed all the time as they willingly sucked her member? They didn’t say no! They skilly used their tongue, worshiping her rod with all the sincerity! They kissed, sucked, and swallowed her cock... So what could more cum hurt? And the food would be tastier mixed with cum!

With such thoughts Spinel let herself indulge further, allowing more of the primitive and depraved side of her infected self take her. She grunted as thick white blobs sprayed on the soup, more dropping at regular intervals as her cock continued to unload its seed for few minutes.

When the researchers came in, their mushroom stalks looking bigger and taller, Spinel didn’t even try to hide her fully erect cock nor the pot with the cum-stain clearly visible.

Some blushed. Others looked at the pot and then Spinel with a confused look. They all knew what she had done, but was probably too shocked to say the obvious thing. Spinel just grinned, licking her lips seductively.

“Please, help yourself.” Spinel said. As she uttered her next words, she even felt oddly proud, as if she had just finished creating her wonderful dish and ready to present it others. “I’ve even added a special sauce.” She said, caressing her cock that caused a large stain on her apron having a certain raised spot on the crotch area.

No one left. Everyone ate the soup, some hesitating, but eventually gulping it down. And when they did, everyone relaxed. Soon they talked how delicious it was, complimenting and thanking the chief for her effort. Some even demaned more, and Spinel gladly poured some, noticing with delight how the dickgirls’ cocks were creating a sizable bulge in their skirt as they ate.

It didn’t take long for the meal time to devolve into another orgy. When Sate sheepishly asked Spinel if there were more of the sauce available, Spinel couldn’t help herself; her own cock was hard from watching others trying to rein in their lust.

When the researchers asked for more of the ‘special sauce,’ Spinel couldn’t hold it anymore. In an instant she was casually whipping out her cock in front of all researchers and placing it close to the face of the researchers. You want to sauce? Go get it right from the tap! That was what came out of the draconian’s mouth, and Spinel didn’t gave any time for the surprised anthro to react.

With one swift motion she grabbed the avian’s face, shoving down her cock into her long beak and snout. It easily slid in, and Sate’s shocked face quickly changed into a lustful smile as she relaxed and swallowed more, her hands drifting to touch her nipples and cock.

Several more researchers joined the fun. While her cock was occupied, there were many other parts of Spinel for all of them to enjoy. Some took tending her balls, huffing the miasma and spore emanating from her stinky body. They didn't mind the bushy pubes brushing against their faces, happy to get a whiff of Spinel’s intoxicating and infectious scent. Fingers went inside her breast-slits, making them squirt female juice all over, some drops even falling into the soup. Again, no one minded. Actually, after a while there were hands squeezing her chest like she was a cow, ‘milking’ her to add her another special sauce to the food.

Some followed Spinel’s example by ejaculating their own load in their bowl. Yes, such creamy and thick sauce... Why didn’t they thought of it before? Those who had holes offered them to others with cock, flesh touching against flesh, each seeking others’ embrace as they indulged in the carnal pleasure. Everyone’s holes were filled, everyone’s cocks shot their load.

And of course, they freely let out their scent, burping and farting without feeling any shame. Their noses busily huffed and sniffed, trying to take in as much of the disgusting stench as possible. The spores fell into the soup, but the bowls were completely emptied. It was eating, fucking, and smelling all combined into one hectic action, while bodies were covered with sweat and cum. Ordinary people would’ve thrown up, but for the spore-infected researchers, this was of a supreme delight.

After few hours Spinel and others left, reeking of cum and female juice, sweaty form the vigorous and frenzied mating they had. Seeing others smelling of her own scent made Spinel so powerful. They were hers, smelling like her... Yes, she would now keep marking them, showing that they belonged to her...

A new devious pleasure had been unlocked. After that day, Spinel now had new ways to sate her lust: like a feral animal exerting its territory by spraying its urine on the trees and the ground, Spinel now ‘marked’ the lab and its residents by spraying cum with her engorged cock. She and others were already doing it with how often they burped and farted. The facility now smelt of their gas and body odor anyway...

It did not occur to her that such marking were utterly gross and another damning evidence of her accepting spore’s influence. She just whipped out her cock whenever she felt like it, shooting thick sticky cum on the corridors and doors. She was the chief of this place, and that meant she was its lord! Of course a lord should freely use her belongings!

Spinel especially loved ‘marking’ her researchers after a good romp. They absolutely stank, and Spinel knew no amount of shower could erase her scent from them. Like plants absorbing plants, the mushroom grew more as well, becoming glossy and letting out spore in response.

Sometimes she gave the researchers a special present: she would shove their faces into her sweaty ass and relax, grinning deviously as the tainted air escaped from her anus. Instead of putting their face away from her in disgust, the researchers at the literal receiving end of her buttcheek let out a happy groan as their cocks came just from the smell, shoving their face deeper into the foul hole and taste more of the intoxicating smell, pulling their tongue inside her wrinkly passage.

It didn’t take long for Spinel to mark lab equipment as well. While checking out the respirator device, Spinel lapsed again, letting her lust take over her momentarily. The spore sensing her actions overloaded her with hormones. Rubbing her cock and fingering her slits wasn’t enough. That’s when she found the hose connected to the respirator mask leading to the rebreather canister. It looked large enough to accommodate her cock...

Sate knew something was wrong with her chief. It was she who was always by her boss’ side, and from the looks of it, things were hardly making progress. Some time ago Spinel promised her that she would find the cure for the infection. But even today Sate woke up with a huge hard-on with the mushrooms on her body releasing spore, making the room foggy. The ventilator fan was no longer working, clogged with thick spore.

She had been raising up the issue to her boss from time to time, but each time she did so, Spinel said she was working on it. And her own bloated body made her unable to control her mouth and ass passing gas, and before she knew it, the sweet smell enveloping the room made her raise her ass up, screaming in pleasure as her anal passage was filled to the max. Or she would greedily suck massive quine dong, her own cock cumming in response. Or she would...

Ugh, not again! She was daydreaming, probably triggered by the smell. It must’ve done something her, because whenever she smelt that particular scent, her mind just seemed to shut down and only focus on getting pleasure. Why was burping and farting making her feel so horny? Why did the foul gas coming from her ass and mouth make her rub her cocks mindlessly?

Sure, the intense fucking she offered was nice, but now everyone had mushrooms, and no one seemed to care! Her own body stank of Spinel’s cum, and now meal time was another fuck session with cum being used as sauce.

Perhaps this had gone too far; sure, she wasn’t averse to having some fun with everyone, but soon there would be a supply ship coming to check on the lab. What would Spinel say to them? The facility couldn’t hide their abnormal infection forever...

With such thoughts in mind she went to find Spinel. Perhaps it was time for some serious talk. She was the only person that the chief would listen as her secretary. So she headed towards the storage room after one of the researcher said that Spinel was currently checking the inventory. For what, she thought. She should’ve came up with some kind of cure or at least a medicine to slow the infection process! This time, she would not succumb to the scent, or so she hoped...

“...Spinel?”

Sate froze when she entered the room. Sure, Spinel was there, but what she was doing left her speechless. There was the thick sweet smell, but for once, the shock allowed her to remain relatively normal despite the dizzingly thick fog, making her cock drool out cum without any physical stimulation.

The draconian busily moved her hips while something was plugged to her crotch, obscuring her cock inside some long tube that was filled with her cum. From her mouth came out bestial grunts and moans that fitted a mindless animal in heat. Her eyes were closed as she thrust into whatever that was sucking her cock, the huge balls shaking wildly under her thick thighs. And as she did so, mushrooms sprouted from her arms and the existing ones grew; the infection was spreading, and her boss was doing nothing to stop it!

When Sate got closer, she could see what exactly was on Spinel’s cock; it was the rebreather container holding fresh air, reserved for expeditions into particulary damp or toxic area of this jungle planet. And Spinel had inserted her monstrous cock into the storage part, irreversibly damaging it. Worse, whoever wore that mask would be forced to breathe the spore-infected air.

And from the looks of discarded rebreather with boxes open and covered with her cum, Spinel has been going over a lot of them, making them not salvagable.

“Spinel...?”

The voice made Spinel turn back. Even as her body was wrecked with intense pleasure, the shocked tone of her secretary made her realize she had committed a grave mistake.

“Uh...”

“Don’t tell me you’re going to say something like ‘I can explain’ again.” Sate said coldly, her face forming into a frown as Spinel was still humping at the hose while looking at her with wide eyes. The smell was so potent, making her gasp for breath and breathe in more, but she was determined to not to give in.

“I trusted you. You said you were working on a cure! Look at us, Spinel! We’re fucking freaks! Just look at you... Your limbs have mushrooms, you have mushroom growing your crotch! There are stalks on your back! How are we going to present ourselves when the next supply team comes here?”

Spinel didn’t know what to say. To say she was embarrassed was an understatement. She was absolutely horrified and devastated; everything her secretary said was right. She should’ve found a cure...

But as she became agitated, the spore sensed her confusion, immediately choosing her next course of action for her. The fungus interpreted her flustered state as being threatened. Fight or flight? Among the primitive and animalistic responses, spore, or to be more exact, her spore-infested body, chose the former.

“Spinel! Just say someth— Hey!”

Spinel’s body moved on its own. She had to do something about her. As her master, she had to teach her a lesson... A servant shouldn’t disobey her master, right? And she wanted to share the pleasure she was experiencing...

Sate was suddenly pushed to the ground as the draconian easily overpowered her. In Spinel’s eyes the avian saw the crazed glow of someone determined to go over the edge. The fungus attached to her body shook and twitched with frightening intensity, releasing thick cloud of spore that made Sate gag.

The secretary could only whimper her own body reacted to the thick spore surrounding her. She was used to its effect; her mind felt like she was floating in the air, and her body relaxed. Her legs spread on its own, revealing her anus which had grown swollen and black from all the fucking she had received, making it extra sensitive and always gaping—just like Spinel and others who fucked countless times each day.

“Ah...” She felt her boss’ cock smoothly sliding into her anal passage. She was pushed against the wall, but her huge body at least could withstand the dragonian’s massive frame. Perhaps that’s why Spinel relentlessly penetrated her cock inside her, making her stomach bulge as the huge balls slapped against her thigh. The chief knew she could take it almost to the root.

But something was different this time. Her own fungus reacted, also twitching and releasing a thick layer of spores. Actually, they were quite sticky and gooey, covering her body like cum. The infection had reached a critical point, and she was about to go through the next stage of infection...

“Oohhh...” She moaned, feeling her entire body rumbling. It felt strange, like she was itchy and not itchy at the same time, a feeling one might get from a leg cramped for too long and like it didn’t belong to one’s body. The roots inside her thickened as they absorbed the nutrients, sensing the changes; now was the time for the full infection to take place: no longer she would be a threat to her master...

As both were temporarily lost in the pleasure of mating, neither noticed Sate’ monstrous growth and transformation that soon followed after. Sate growled and gurgled as the flesh around her eyes swelled, making her eyeballs distend from its sockets. But instead of popping, they were being lifted by a stalk growing from the inside. Her eyeballs were quickly filled with spores, making new stalks to grow out. They looked just like those strange mushrooms that would grow from dead insects...

Her hands and toes merged together to create two or three thick stumps, which also saw another surge of growth. The tip of her cock became bloated, soon expanding in all direction to create a circular shape, eventually forming a familair shape of a mushroom cap. And from that appendage thick spores begam to be released...

Sate felt like she was floating in the air surrounded by fluffy and comfortable clouds. The roots onto her brain were overloading her mind with all the hormones, intensified the frantic mating she had. Her mushroom stalks spread out its cap like a flower blooming to its full shape, spreading spore all over the place. The sounds she made no longer came out like lustful moans, but bestial grunts and gurgles.

She was now assuming positions by her own accord, getting down on all fours and raising her tailfeather to reveal her swollen anus. As Spinel mindlessly penetrated that hole, the skin around became darker and wrinkled, with stubs popping out and soom forming mushrooms on her ass as well, worsening the infection.

If Sate knew that was how she was going to move around now on, she might’ve screamed in despair... Or not, as her mind accepted being taken by spores for the fullest, her back cracking unnaturally as the roots adjusted her spines, making her stuck in quadrupedal position. Her arms and legs adjusted themselves to be the roughly same height, claws forming on her fingers and toes which were growing big and burly, like that of a wild animal.

Perhaps it was the spores’ intention to make Spinel momentarily bring her back to her senses. Or maybe it was the ejaculation and the sating of her lust for the moment making her more level-headed, the so called post-clarity or something. And so Spinel briefly returned from her lapse, and saw her secretary undergoing the final stage of her transformation.

“...!” Spinel was too shocked to say anything. Instead of eyes, Sate had several fungus stalks growing from her face, coming out from her eyes and nose. The Dragonian witnessed her tongue becoming bloated and its tip swelling, forming the sickening shape of a mushroom cap. Yet even as the changes progressed, Sate was moaning, her cock also with the mushroom head shooting out mixture of spore and cum. It was now she who pushed Spinel to the ground, getting on top of her. She busily moved up and down, ejaculating all over the dragonian’s body.

“No...”

Even as she withdrew from Sate’s ass with an audible pop, her secretary naturally prawled, still on four legs. She then curled her body to suck on its massive cock, like how a cat would groom its body.

“S-sate?”

Instead of answering back, Sate growled, shaking her hips seductively while her ass was still leaking out Spinel’s cum.

“No... H-how...?”

That was the straw that broke her back, so to speak. Spinel was forced to watch as her secretary and closest friend being removed of her sense of self, completely taken by the fungus. And this was all her fault; if only she stayed true to her words...

Yet why was the sight turning on her so much? Why was her own mushrooms responding in kind, sending more spores? Why did it feel like her body was full of cocks and they were cumming all at once, making her eagerly push even deeper into Sate’s inside? Why did her cock seemed to grow a bit more and seemingly sucked into the avian’s cavernous depths?

There was no going back. It felt good, too good. There was no way one could bereft with such amazing sensation. Her entire body was being attuned for the single purpose of feeling pleasure and releasing spore. Everything else could be ignored. The powerful sensation would drown out everything else; her body was being overloaded with endorphin, the spores making sure of that.

And so she accepted just like her secretary did. Something seemed to click. It was like she was taking a piss after having to hold on for so long. Her funguses shot out spores all at once, now like actual cum with how thick and sticky it was. When she grabbed Sate’s butt, spreading open the anus with wrinkly flesh protruding from the inside and creating a smooth looking ring, her secretary cooed, pushing her ass unto her cock and starting to grind it.

This was it, wasn’t it? Her body was telling this was going to seal the deal. Her closest friend and secretary reduced to a snarling beast lost in the pleasure, and she was going to end up the same...

That didn’t sound too bad, lost in the ultimate pleasure...

Spinel pushed her cock into Sate’s ass again. As she did so, her balls swelled to a monstrous degree, now sagging well beyond her knees and touching the ground; always they would drag, the continuous stimulation ensuring that her cock would always leak pre and cum. Gripped by the expanding anal passage, her equine cock was stretched with the pulling and stimulation. When pulled out, it would be long enough to be fully enveloped by her humongous breasts and even allowing self-fellatio to be possible.

Both roared in ecstasy as they came at the same time, the thick cum blasting with such a force, their mind now focused on growing their fungus as they offered them constant source of pleasure.

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For Spinel, time no longer had a meaning. There was no need for her to pay attention to it. No longer she would look at the schedules and form plans for the next week. Now she was content sating her basic needs, and that was fucking anything that had holes on it and spreading spores.

That wasn’t an exaggeration. After turning Sate completely into a mushroom monster, and she accepting her fate, she made sure to repeat the process for others. For some she summoned them to her room, fucking them senseless until they were like Sate and showing complete acceptance, mushrooms growing out from their orifices and having mushroom-like caps on their heads and cocks.

There were others who realized tried to run away or hide, realizing too late that their boss had completely succumbed to the fungal infection and was trying to spread the infection. They had no hope; too long they have spent the time in the lab, eating contaminated food containing Spinel’s cum and continually breathing in the infected air.

It was either Spinel finding them or they coming out after being transformed further and needing spore to sustain themselves—they were now addicted to it, begging Spinel as they presented themselves with face down and ass up. And the draconian responded by stuffing them full of her seed. And of course sometime she let them cum inside her, sating her need to be bred coming from her female slits.

And as she fucked and changed them, Spinel was going through the her own final stage of the transformation. Besides having grown mushrooms all over her body, the addition of so many fungal matters made her inside grow multiple new spore-sac acting as a producer and container for her spores. As a result her belly swelled greatly like she was nearing the end of pregnancy, as well as her breasts which now was twice the size of her head for each one, wobbling as she moved.

Life had become so simple for Spinel, and she absolutely relished it. She would walk around the facility, making sure the place was covered with spore. By now mushrooms were starting to grow all over, thanks to the constant ejaculation she had ‘marking’ the place. Her endless gaseous emission aided as well. She made no effort to stop them; from her mouth regularly came out loud and smelly burps, and from her gaping anus leaked the foul spore whenever there were stimulation. All the gas coming out from her was now creating a shroud that followed her whenever she go.

Sometimes she found others roaming around. Some walked on all fours, their eyes turned into mushroom stalks and relying on other senses to guide them. They would immediately recognize her scent and assume position, growling in satisfaction as her cock spread their holes wide open. And like her, they had plenty of holes and slits that could be filled...

Her body changed even more. More mushrooms were not enough, it seemed. The small bump on the top of her head continued to grow until it covered the entire of her head, looking like she was wearing some kind of mushroom-shaped cap. Yes, it was a cap, but a literal one; it was her mushroom part permanently spraying spore whenever she went. Her tail went the same change as well, making its tip swell into orb-like shape until it fully developed into a round mushroom head, also adding to the thick smog-like spore that always surrounded her.

When her tongue continued to swell, unable to be put down inside her mouth, Spinel no longer cared, having the swollen appendage out in the open. Actually, it was better this way, because now she could ‘taste’ the spore and the smell, her tongue growing sensitive sensory spots for her to process new information.

On her arms and legs grew variety of mushrooms, the jugged shapes jutting out creating frightening and disconcerting visage of flesh and scales littered with mushrooms like clams and barnacles growing from coastal rocks. From her back also grew several large mushrooms, some of them becoming taller than her head. With their added weight, Spinel’s posture became hunched and her once lithe legs twisted into raptor-like bestial legs to support her massive frame. Her tail was always raised to reveal her anus, now becoming much like Sate’s from all the penetration she had, having a donut-like dark ring that would make any penetration go inside smoothly without the need for it to be lubed.

Below her massive breasts which also had a number of smaller mushrooms forming a colony and nipples also looking like mushrooms, there were a sort of pseudo-breasts which were in fact swollen mushrooms growing from her belly. Spinel loved how squishy they were as her massive cock was brushed by them, all constantly spraying spores. It offered a nice titjob—her researchers couldn’t resist getting swalloed by a multitude of soft jelly-like flesh sending them over the edge by having their members brushing against the mounds.

One day—of course Spinel no longer paid heed—Spinel woke up from her lust-addled slumber. Her mind briefly recalled fucking Sate and Anais and then being fucked by them in turn, having nearly all of her slits filled and ready to produce more spore.

Following her instinct, she wandered around the research facility that had fallen into disarray, now covered from the thick white spore and mushrooms growing from ceiling to the floor. Sometimes she found one of her researchers, and she gave a greeting—and that meant fucking them mercilessly for hours and hours. Now that they only needed spores and cum to survive, constant fucking was possible, much to the delight of their bestial minds.

There was an odd sense of pride and accomplishment as her mind registered all the mushroom growth that had taken over the lab. This was her doing—yes, as a master of this place, she cultivated and engineered the growth; her intelligence, albeit heavily modified and influenced by spores, was still there. Yes, this was her realm, her lair... Full of treasures and servants...

Spinel happily took a deep breath, taking in all the nasty scent as much as she could. There were the rotten smell of her sweaty armpit and crotch that she hadn’t washed—why would she try to weaken her smell? Her odor marked her power and authority; her scent rubbing of to others meant they belonged to her. Her servants eagerly serviced her by having their faces buried in her body, taking in the scent.

And there was also the smell of mushrooms, the damp and swampy smell constantly stimulating her arousal. It was at that point her cock suddenly shot out a especially virile load. Then she burped loudly and farted at the same time, grinning as she sniffed her nose to get a whiff of her foul smell and spore coming out from her mouth and anus.

Amidst the mind-numbing and dizzingly potent smell, there was something that her nose caught. She placed her heads near the floor, sniffing it like a dog following a trail of scent. With her back hunched, she was like a raptor running to get the prey.

Eventually she arrived at the source of the smell. She crooned with delight as her eyes caught a sight of something: it was a mushroom that was almost as tall as her cock, and equally impressive in terms of its girth; just seeing it made her anus quiver, she imagining getting penetrated by such wonderful maleness.

She couldn’t get her eyes off it. Something commanded her on a primal level, her body and mind coming to a same conclusion; this mushroom was made for her, wasn’t it? She had to take it. Something felt familiar... Until she realized it was the very fungus that she first brought from the site, the one responsibile for her current state.

Suddenly she was gripped with strange compulsion. Her anus felt itchy, but she knew no scratching would relieve her of the urge. It was a desire to be filled. A maddening compulsion gripped her. Her cock leaked cum as she imagined herself getting fucked by such magnificent rod. It was meant for her, so that’s why it infected her, right?

Now she understood it completely...

Yes, this was a fated meeting. By the spore she found immense pleasure, and by her the spore was able to be spread and propagate, converting the entire research center into its colony of mushroom creatures and fungal growth. As if sensing her excitement, the mushroom stalk bent a little, its tip touching her massive bottom. As it teased over her anus, its wrinkly surface swelled, her body letting out gas in response. She was more than ready.

Spinel grunted in pleasure as the stalk with veins somehow popping smoothly went inside her quivering back door, damning her forever. The fungus instantly moved deep inside her, its single goal now to penetrate her anus as much as it could and touch her sweet prostate to make her cum as her body twitched wildly. She never grew tired of the pleasure, having delight in further staining the floor with her spore-cum. More mushrooms would grow now...

But her anus wasn’t the only hole that was going to be fucked. As the mushroom stalk kept pressing forward, making her anal passage take into the shape of its incredible girth and size, making sure she would never get any satisfaction from any other penetration, the ground softly rumbled as the metallic floor was lifted upwards by a powerful surge, revealing flexible white and thick stalks that was as impressive as the one fucking her from behind.

One by one the tentacles went inside one of her holes. Noses, nipple-spits, cock, and her breast-like mushrooms, no holes were left out, each making her jerk uncontrollably. Spinel’s eyes took the deranged look of one giving completely into pleasure; no drug or aphrodisiac could make her this satisfied, her body going into an overdrive mode as the roots inside her greedily sucked up the fresh batch of spore-cum the stalks ejaculated deep inside her.

The sudden influx of spore made her body filled to the gas even more. She kept burping and farting, releasing spore in the surrounding area. Her entire body was acting like a mushroom cap releasing its spore.

Which was true in a way, because her body was becoming like it.

Lost in the pleasure and her brain completely infected by the spore, Spinel didn’t realize when her feet started to change. Her toes became longer, each growing multiple ‘roots’ that spread downwards and burrowing beneath the floor, eventually reaching the soil.

Spinel could feel her changed appendages firmly establishing themselves in the ground, becoming a firm supporting foundation. She was pushed downwards as her toes disappeared into the ground, making her lower part of the body swallowed up by the soil.

Now she would be forever stationed here. And as her roots took place, her fingers succumbed to the changes as well. They started to merge into one fleshy mass, as if they were being pressed together in a hydraulic press, congealed by some unknown great pressure. There was no pain; the spores made sure of that. And the fact that she had her holes fucked probably during the process helped her to ignore the bizarre transformation.

And the thought was turning her on so much; her cock came buckets as in celebration, and she coated the surrounding with her spores as most of her mushroom stalks released its content. She let out a rank fart and burp at the same time, taking a deep breath of the intense smell that would instantly make normal people throw up and tears form their on eyes.

She relished the mutation, forever changing her to become monstrous. It wasn’t just that her fingers were gone. Now her arms were retreating to her shoulders as the flesh continued to shrivel. Within minutes her arms looked like stubs of people with their arms cut off, and eventually, her arms were no longer present, as if her torso never had them in the first place: there were no cut marks nor any indication of them being severed. They were just gone with not even nubs remaining, her shoulders just having smooth surface on where her arms used to be, which soon showed growth, but instead of her arms, there would be small mushrooms growing out, just like her other body parts.

And even as her arms were literally vanishing in right front of her, Spinel was only focusing on the pleasures her body was bringing. It was quite a sight to see; the once bright-minded scientist now completely giving in, succumbing to the carnal pleasure. Perhaps it was well that her body and mind was heavily modified by the spores, otherwise the intensity of the pleasure she was experiencing would’ve made her gone mad.

Spinel’s fat tongue that she couldn’t put it inside her mouth drooled thick saliva as her eyes rolled upwards in intense and inhuman pleasure. Her slits squirted pussy juice like she was peeing, forming a puddle on the ground of which her roots greedily sucked it up to absorb as fluid for her body to grow, allowing them to grow deeper into the ground. Now it looked like her legs were swallowed up in the ground unto her ankle, when in reality her lower extremities were now completely gone, replaced by plant-like roots ever going downwards.

With her arms and legs gone, the spores redirected that mass into certain other parts of her body since as a mushroom, she wouldn’t need them. Spinel sighed happily as she felt another surge of growth happening, this time around her mammary glands. Now already going over what could be counted as ‘huge,’ her massive chests heaved downwards with their sheer weight, the enlarged areolas forming perfect mushroom caps with gaping cunts at the middle. They now completely blocked her vision, making her only able to see her swollen belly now the size of holding triplets and ready to give birth to them. But of course, inside her stomach was nothing but several spore-sacs, continuously beating like hearts to fill her body with spores.

While her vision was obscured, she could sense another swelling happening. There was a deep rumbling coming from below. Spinel bit her lips in ultimate bliss, sensing her balls swelling even more as the absorbed mass was redirected, more spore-sacs quickly forming inside. Now the pair was half-buried in the ground, but they continued to swell, fully drooping and becoming as big as her breasts.

Her cock, which were now fully flared and always nestling between her massive mushroom-breasts, grew taller and thick. Instinctively she opened her mouth as the tip came out from her huge breasts, swallowing the head without much difficulty. Soon she was rewarded with her thick creamy cum—she stopped eating food a long time ago, and this was going to be her only meal; why would she need more?

Her mind was still there, now working in tandem with the spores. They granted her unending pleasure, and she became their host, spreading fungal infection further. Her desires were now heavily warped, only wanting to spread spores and let others serve her.

Sucking her cock greedily, Spinel let out a thick layer of spore, which began to emanate from her position to the facility. Some researchers, now rooted and becoming stationery just like her, responded by spreading their own spores in response from their mushroom-arms and mushroom body, having the same cap on their head. Others, like Sate, approached her on walking on all fours or in raptor-like bipedal stance, mushrooms growing out from their hypersexualized body, who wasted no time filling her slits and supplying her with fresh batch of cum for her body to produce even more spore.

In her head, Spinel recalled Sate’s words. The supply team would come here soon.. And so they all had to get ready...

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As the supply team arrived at the orbit, they sent a message one last time to the facility. Again there were no answers. When they approached the lab from the spaceship via the cargo ship, the team members were aghast; instead of the researchers welcoming them, they saw the front door broken open with giant white mushrooms growing from the wreckage with thick layer of spores creating a dense mist.

What had happened? After some debate, the team decided to go in. They couldn’t just leave: the company would demand answers, so they would have to gather some data at least.

They were being careful. It was likely the mushrooms somehow grew inside the facility, probably emitting poisonous spore that would’ve killed the researchers. The supply team members all wore rebreather mask, the huge container behind their back supplying them with fresh air. Divided into several squads, they would find out what had happened to the researchers.

And not knowing they would meet the same fate as them...

They were doomed from the moment they stepped into the facility. At first they were fine; the rebreather device they wore constantly supplied them with fresh air. But the spore particles were too minute, passing through the filter. And unlike what Spinel and others had gone through, this time the transformation was going to be accelerated, for the place was filled with mushrooms and mushroom creatures emitting spores 24/7 nonstop.

And so it didn’t take long for the supply team to all fall to the infection. Split into squads consisting of three to four members, they were picked up one by one by the monsters that were once researchers or succumbed to the spore taking them, giving in to the mind-numbingly ecstatic pleasure.

For some, there were no need for the monsters to take them. As they advanced, they were exposed to more thick fog consisting of spores. They found breathing difficult, the fresh air becoming tainted with the spores. Once the spore got inside the filter, it was over; the rebreather tank was covered with spores and mushrooms, making the wearer breathe directly the air contaminated with air. Several of the members found themselves suddenly short of breath, feeling something growing their face. And their faces felt incredibly itchy. Their stomach felt bloated inhaling the spores, their organs rapdily turning into spore-producing sacs and filling them with gas.

Those who couldn’t take it anymore tore off the mask. Those around them shouted, but when they saw faces being covered with stubs that grew into mushrooms, they were too shocked to do anything, even as the transforming members leapt on others, their initial confusion turning into arousal as they gave in, the roots taking in place inside their body.

Soon the corridors they were in would be filled with lewd moaning as the transforming anthros ripped open other members and fucked them outright, worsening the transformation. Mushroom stalks grew on other parts of their bodies, and they liberally burped and farted, letting the gas out. Those who were subdued quickly succumbed as well, the intense smell and sensation making their bodies grow mushroom as well, often becoming feral as they found themselves unable to stand up, forever stuck walking in all fours.

There were those who refused to give in, doggedly marching despite the air smelling really bad like unwashed socks left in the summer heat. Their determination was commendable, but willpower wouldn’t be enough; for them, the former researchers would be waiting.

They came from all directions, some dropping from the ceiling while others hid in the shadows or burst from below to take down surprised expedition teams. The mushroom monsters quickly overwhelmed them, their cock spewing out cum and body mushrooms releasing potent spore to get them in the mood. Even the most resistant ones gave in as their cock was penetrated by clenching pussies or their holes filled with thick cocks making their stomach bulge. And the cum raining down from the watching monsters probably helped them accept their fate, their bodies littered with spores.

It didn’t take long for the transforming anthros to match the eager monsters, moving in rhythm with the creatures fucking them or gleefully accepting their bodies developing new holes to be bred. Like the infected monsters, the transformation varied among individuals, some growing mushroom eye-stalks and others’ arms and legs turning into thick mushroom caps releasing spores. Some willingly bounced up an down from thick stalk tentacles, their legs turning into roots and becoming stationary creatures just like Spinel.

Sometimes the monsters employed more devious method of transforming the visitors. For those who clung into the vain hope that the rebreather would be able to prevent the infection, the fungal monsters had a special conversion process waiting for them. They would pin down their victims immobile, ignoring the screaming and pleas as they detached the rebreather mask from the air container. They would smile as one of them would put the hose into her anus.

The victims would wail loudly, but their shouts would be quickly silenced as the one whose ass was plugged with the hose gave a little push. Instantly the hose was filled with foul brown gas, the stench making the victim gag. The monsters holding the victim would stimulate him by having his cock swallowed by huge booty and his ass stuffed with mushroom-cock, forcing him to breathe in the foul air.

As rank farts continued to fill up the hose and unto his body, he would have a dumb smile on the face, finally giving in as he found the smell disgustingly potent and satisfying, his own cock squirting cum while his body changed, becoming dirtier with mushroom growths. Soon he would join the other monsters, farting and burping to contaminate the air further, grinning as he placed his ass close to his team member who was begging him to stop.

Oh, he would come to like it, just as he did... And so he kept grinding his ass while other monsters held the arms and legs of the struggling anthro. As he felt gas rising up from his belly, he relaxed his anal sphincter, smiling happily as the noxious gas erupted from his ass, blasting his friend’s face. Soon the struggle stopped as he felt tongue eagerly lapping up his hole, pushing the analflesh inside...

Some captured researchers received a special ‘kiss’ from the former researchers. Held securely in the fungus-monsters’ iron grip, the supply team member flailed helplessly as the monster’s mouth elongated impossibly wide, swallowing his face. But instead of getting his face torn off, the captured anthro felt his cock harden as warm and moist air was being blown; the monster’s infectious breath was acting like a pheromon, making him eventually give in to the pleasure.

Being breathed in the intoxicating air for several minutes, the anthro’s body started to develop the same fungal changes. Each time he took deep breath inside the monster’s maw, his body grew stubs like plants growing on a fertile soil, growing longer and thicker. By the time the monster removed its mouth, his face was covered almost entirely in mushrooms, his hands busy rubbing his swollen cock that was now reaching all the way to his mouth.

Without hesitation he eagerly suckled on his member, spraying spore all over. His cheek bulged with infectious cum, but he was more than ready when the fungal monster wigged its ass raised high on all fours. Into the cavernous depth the mutating cock went in, its tip developing a swollen tip to expand the inside, making both partner to growl in pleasure.

Sometimes, the monsters weren’t even needed as one giving in to the pleasure shared the everlasting joy. When one of the squad member started to sprout mushrooms all over and cumming madly, the other female member made the mistake of standing there, trying to help her transforming friend.

And so help she would do, as moments later she was pushed to the ground, her legs forcibly spread open. Several minutes of thrusting was enough to make her more compliant, who was now on all fours, moving in unison with the transforming monster above her.

So lost she was in the pleasure, she didn’t notice her own body going through a peculiar transformation. Instead of her body developing stubs that would grow into mushroom stalks, her body was fusing with the monster taking her! Her feet started to be sucked into the massive balls, her legs soon losing their outlines submerged in the testicles. Her fur and hair started to drop, while her breasts shrunk in size, her torso lengthening and becoming smooth, taking a phallic shape.

It was only when her body was lifted above the ground did she notice the absorption happening. But at that moment, her body was struck with intense pleasure as her insides were being rearranged to become a cock, her body growing sensitive nerves that would be connected with the monster above her to make her function as a proper cock.

Soon all she could think was infinite bliss of cumming and being filled with cum. She gurgled as something came up from her inside. Soon she vomited volumes of cum, her eyes being closed as her face turned into smooth urethral skin with mushroom cap forming at the tip. She felt her own conscious merging with the monster’s thoughts consisting mostly of fucking, breeding, and infesting, and the immense waves of pleasure made her easily accept her fate. Forever she would produce cum and spew it out, for now she would be a cock meant to go inside tight fleshy holes and ejaculate seed to spread spore evermore...

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Because of their porcine traits of fat physique and tusks on their mouth, Orsines were often regarded as a barbaric race inhabiting the outer fringes of the galaxy. The galactic empire ignored them most of the time, since they were content living on the edge of the known world, not causing that much trouble.

What most people didn’t know was their peculiar habit of colonizing other planets. Despite their brutish appearance, they didn’t rely on violent conquests. What they employed was far deadlier and more insidious method: they would use certain fungus species to infect living beings, turning them into mushroom creatures which would spread the infection via the spores. The Orsines themselves were conveniently immune to the spore’s effect, using it as their source of food and harvest. A very few people studying them suggested they themselves had originated from that spore, a fungus given sentience and mobility.

When the Orsines came to one of their farm planets, they were in for an unexpected surprise. They really didn’t expect much from this planet. Originally this planet was uninhabited, so their intention was just to leave some mushroom spores and hope they would infect local fauna and flora, creating a small amount of spores for them to harvest.

But instead of few small-sized infected mushroom animals, they had come across dozens of infected fungal creatures, all of them properly infected humanoids! Upon seeing the pig-like humanoids, Spinel and other infected mushroom creatures instantly recognized them as their masters, some even lying on the ground and wagging their mushroom tails like dogs would do upon seeing their owners.

As for the Orsines, the planet was ripe for the harvest, at least the facility that the pesky galactic empire had erected on their farm planet. Oh well, they were offering their tribe a free source of creatures to continue with their harvest!

And so Spinel and others were carefully taken to the Orsinian ships. The Orsines had a plan for them. In their twisted sense of humor, they would release Spinel and others into their home planets, having them infect their home planets.

When Spinel was launched from the ship in unmanned dropship, there was no thought of coming back to her home plant. Sure, she recognized this was where she was born. But there was no thoughts of longing or elation of coming back in her infested mind.

As the capsule containing her was dropped in one of the mountains surrouned by several rural villages, all Spinel could think was how wonderful it would be to share the gift of fungal infection. As soon as her immobile body touched the soil, her roots spread deep, and her cock shot out its load occasionally to dampen the ground and spreading her spores to grow more of the mushroom that would eventually unleash spores.

For the first few weeks, Spinel was left alone, content to ejaculate constantly and in a perpetual state of arousal by farting and burping, contaminating the surroundings. Soon more mushrooms started to appear, some growing tentacle-stems to fuck her slits and stimulate her to produce more spore, cum, and gas.

Eventually news spread about a sweet aroma coming from the deep part of the forest. Soon several Dragonians from the nearby villages went into the forest in search for the source, leading them right unto Spinel.

It didn’t take long for her former kins to be aroused by her smell, and soon the trio of Dragonians was being fucked by Spinel or fucking one of her holes, their eyes having the same dazed look as Spinel once did, lost in the pleasure and forever tainted by the mushrooms. They eagerly presented themselves, and Spinel was more than ready to offer them immense pleasure.

For hours they were at the mercy of the mushroom creature that were once Dragonian like them. The tentacles slid into newly developed holes, filling the Dragonians’ bodies with spore-sac which made them bloated, adding to the contamination as they found it impossible to stop their rampant burping and farting. For those with cocks, there were fuckable slits all around, their members growing to abnormal degree—their rods would be too big for their own kind. Not that they cared, content to fuck tight mushroom holes that Spinel provided.

They were going the same process that Spinel once went through; small mushroom stubs grew from their armpits and crotches, making them always have lingering musky smell. When they returned to the village, they would spread the infection by putting others in a trance-like state, starting series of orgies that would spread the spore.

And the process was to be repeated again and again like an epidemic spreading. Though being small villages, the towns near where Spinel was had a number of travelers moving from one place to another. The infected brought back spores, which spread in the entire town.

After few months, the planet was suffering from massive fungal infection happening all over the place. Wearing mask did nothing to help, and there were videos of fungal monsters fucking Dragonians senseless spreading, even showing the transformation happening as mushroom stalks grew out of the victims.

Two years later, the entire planet was almost overtaken by spore, becoming a giant mushroom colony shrouded in fungal spore, its inhabitatns solely consisting of mushrooms and fungal creatures that copulated daily, worsening the contamination.

The galactic empire received several urgent reports from other planets suffering from a similar incident, but there was nothing it could do; the Orsine invasion had begun, just not in the way it was imagined to be...

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The door opened. Several burly Orsines came inside a wide and long hallway, designed to look like a museum showing various items to be displayed. But this place didn’t have historical relics or art pieces. Instead, it had dozens of glass containers filled with special liquid for preserving what was inside. Inside them were various races of some sorts, but they all had one thing in common: their bodies were heavily mutated, mushroom stalks growing out from their sexualized bodies; almost every one of them had enormous breasts with massive cock and balls, attached to voluptuous body consisting solely of salacious curves.

Each container had a nameplate, showing the former name and species of the transformed fungal creatures. There were nameplates for Lupines, Avians, and Murids—all of the major races of the galactic empire, now reduced to a horny fungal monster whose only purpose was to spread the infection. And they were getting off by it, evidently shown by their faces full of pure unadulterated bliss, despite being captive in a container and being milked like heifers.

One of them had a nameplate that was written Spinel, Dragonian. This was where she had ended up. On her body were attached various hoses, going inside her slits and holes; mouth, breast-slits, nose, urethra, anus—every hole that was once penetrated by cocks and mushroom stalks was now securely plugged by hoses which were filled with thick whitish substance.

Like a cow in a milking machine, the spore she produced was being extracted. The dragonian had no problem producing cum and spore just by her fungal spore alone. Inside the container she constantly burped and farted, the potent small permanently staying within the confined space, her hormones running wild by the persistent pheromone spore making her always horny and shoot loads and loads of cum.

“And here it is, our most efficient specimen, Mr. Gaurok.” One of the Orsine said to other, a sense of pride beaming from his hoggy face. “Thanks to her, Dragonia fell within 1 year—no other colonization had been that swift. And Dragonian mushrooms are the most potent when in comes to harvesting and spreading its influence. Observe.”

The Orsine pressed a button. The wall near the container slid opn, revealing a wide screen.

Gaurok screen raised an eyebrow. “So, you mean to say this is...?”

“All from this former Dragonian. She’s been going on it for several years.”

On the screen there were multiple Dragonains chained to the cubicle on all fours. Each of them had hoses plugged into their mouths. As Spinel’s body trembled and the hoses attached to her body were filled in an instant, the Dragonians shivered, the hoses in front of their mouth being filled with the thick white spore.

The Dragonians ended up swallowing up all of the spores, mushroom stalks popping all over their bodies as their bellies bloated like they were soon expecting birth. Soon the room where they were being filled with thick white spore coming from their own growing mushroom stalks, while their cocks and balls bloated to unnatural degree, forcing them to surrender to the immense pleasure. They would get a whiff of their body odor turning foul and nasty, and they would get off by that, as shown by their cocks ejaculating cum with such force, creating large white splashes.

“Ah, I must say I’m impressed. This will definitely speed up the process. Well done.” Gaurok grinned as he saw each Dragonian succumbing to their changes. All the spores could be later collected and harvested. The Orsine empire could continue its expansion...