

Frank let out a quiet moan as he paced through the hotel's hallways. That smell was *too good* not to follow, bacon and eggs and pancakes with blueberry syrup was just.. It was a thing that the coyote had loved for *most* of his life but had become increasingly difficult – even impossible – to find easily during the Infection. Luxuries were one of the first things to go in such instances, and that's absolutely what Frank's favorite breakfast was. Except maybe not – *someone* was cooking it here in this hotel and that meant they were *probably* uninfected. Apart from himself and his cousin Ross there seemed to be precious few of those around of late.

“..Gotta be. It's not like Infected are going to eat much that isn't cock, right? Especially not high-effort breakfast stuff. So..”

Another slow breath – the coyote couldn't help moaning after it again. Even if it was a bit of a give-away as to where he was, and tended to be the sort of sound that attracted Infected to begin with, there was just too much of a craving to control himself. Too much time spent away from all the things he'd taken for granted before the Infection and the Quarantine had become the norm. All Frank could do was hope this person was ready to share, or at least maybe let him trade for some. If he was lucky he could get enough for himself *and* his cousin Ross, but if not.. well, Frank had to treat himself sometimes right? Everyone did. The coyote moved through the old cheap hotel's corridors and found what he was pretty sure was the goal – one of the doors was ajar and the smell got stronger as he got closer to it.

Approaching with some caution, Frank poked the door open with his foot first, and made sure he did it slowly. This wasn't going to go well if he surprised them after all.

“Hello..? I promise, I'm not here to be a jerk and try to ruin your meal. My name's Frank, and I uh.. well, the smell drew me in you see? But I just want to know if I can maybe trade for some of what you're having? See-”

As he coaxed the door further open Frank kept talking, intending for the occupant to be able to know where he was hopefully build some trust that way. It was a solid enough idea, a strategy that had merit enough to work.. if the situation was what Frank thought it was. It was not - the lanky coyote nudged open the door and found no hidden occupant cooking up breakfast, but rather a behemoth of a creature so bloated and swollen that Frank couldn't actually tell what species they were.

The creature's whole frame was creaking and taut, its fur thin and stretched over bluish skin.

Some of its features were in the right ballpark to look like a fox, or maybe a dog or wolf.. or a bear? It all blurred together pretty badly under the circumstances. It clearly couldn't stand with its legs looking like water balloons with gravely swollen feet poking out of them and it was leaned back against its own bean-bag chair sized nuts just past the doorway instead.

The rest of it was just as bad, an abdomen that sloshed and violently creaked with even the small amount of movement that resulted from Frank's entrance, arms that stuck out to its sides because they were too thick and round to bend downward – or at all really. It's face was the worst though. The thing's entire cranium was bloated in just the same way as the rest of it, like it was wearing a helmet on the *inside* and the helmet was made of pudding and not so vaguely shaped like a dick. It curled around enough of its skull to make the thing's eyes bulge out and point to the sides in an awkward, walleyed kind of fashion that was making it visibly hard for the creature to focus on Frank. It was trying to though, fighting against its own bulk to turn its head and blinking furiously.

Whether it could focus or not didn't matter. It had still seen him – and it was *after* he realized what he was looking at and that it had seen him that Frank realized the Infected in front of him was rock hard. Whatever strain it was the thing's cock and balls were every bit as over-full as the rest of it, with the nuts being big enough to sit on and the dick looking like an over stuffed person sized sausage that was spewing fluids non-stop.

“O-oh! Jusshht in t-tchime.. Pleash-*glkk!*”

Frank's eyes widened as the thing's attempts to move riled up the apparently unstable state it was in. The thing turning its head, moving its arms a little, having its cock teased by the sight of another person around – that was all it took. An audible sloshing and jostling sound like a water balloon being shaken filled the space as Frank saw the thing get bigger – fast. Its belly and its cock grew fastest, encroaching on everything else and starting to leave no clear borders between its extremities other than shallow dimples where such things used to be. That cock started growing like a circus balloon that had gotten over-filled, and the thing's head was getting the same treatment as the rest, turning into an over-ripe bulb atop the Infected's shoulders that was still struggling to speak even as it began to drool blue syrupy liquid.

“S-sssho full, b-bugg..*ggllk-* g-good! G-*gl-*gon.. b-be better. C-cm touch muh co-*glk-?*”

When all that taut skin started to creak louder and a couple of spots sprung obvious, highly pressurized leaks Frank's instincts kicked in and he turned to run. As he ducked past the doorway

and went to shut it behind him as fast as he could manage the coyote *felt* the explosion as much as he heard it. A wave of pressure that slammed the door the rest of the way shut and almost knocked Frank over as he *just* missed the wet eruption inside hitting him. Frank knew the inside of the hotel room was *painted* with that thing now, a sizable spill had even gone under the door but he'd backed away in time, and while *a little* had gotten through the narrow opening that was there when the burst happened and hit the wall behind Frank it hadn't *struck* him.

It took the coyote a minute or so of standing there breathing to even begin recovering enough to think – to process what happened. Mostly that amounted to realizing he was standing near two puddles of goo and having an immediate second freak out before taking off at a dead run out, away from the door.

“G-f.. Fuck! FUCK! That was too close! Oh god, oh *hell* these things.. oh I hope they're solitary, *dammit!* Stupid, stupid.. Frank come on, that was *too stupid!* Of course nobody had *bacon* or pancakes or..”

Frank wasn't really looking where he was going, he just barreled through space as fast as he could manage. Slamming across corners, shuffling awkwardly down stairs, ending up stumbling at the bottom of them and landing hard over the last two in a painful heap. But he was away – it was quiet – the tension had broken. Which was probably why Frank broke a little when his head stopped spinning. It wasn't a *full* breakdown, but the coyote let out a ragged, guttural sound from deep in his chest and ended up leaving him kicking at the wall and descending into a bit of sniffing. He'd really been looking forward to that breakfast.

The sound happened again, twice more, albeit a bit less loud each time after. Frank did slowly recover though, rolling over on the dirty hotel hallway with the bits of drywall and food wrappers and the like lying around. He reached for a napkin, intending to blow his nose, only to pull back at the last moment. There was no way to be sure what was already *on* something like that and Frank was feeling more than a little paranoid now. The coyote hated to do it, but with his face half smeared in snot from the quick cry he'd had he pulled over the corner of his jacket and buried his face in that instead. Cleaning it up after blowing his nose on the thing would suck a bit but Frank would much rather that than find out he'd blown into an old Infected cum rag.

“Fuck. That's just.. not fair. I can still smell the stuff. That guy *exploded*. He just.. boom, pop, burst like an over-ripe fruit. The *fuck* even is that? Dammit. I need to go find Ross.”

Standing up to compose himself after the episode and the adrenaline both died down, Frank took one more shaky breath to steady himself properly and swallowed. The smell really was clinging to his nostrils, especially the fruity side of it. Either that or it was just burned into his memory after that incident, which wouldn't have surprised the coyote.

“Ross? Hey, cuz, you anywhere around here? I.. look, we need to.. to regroup or something, alright? I've got shit to tell you and it should probably happen sooner rather than later.”

There wasn't an answer right away, but that didn't surprise Frank overmuch. When the two split up it usually meant at least an hour or two of scavenging and then him getting Ross out of some kind of near-miss with an Infected. Frank made a note to not give his cousin quite so much crap about that for a little while. Maybe. Probably.

Frank shuffled through the halls, calling out once more before he exited the hotel and entered the parking lot. The coyote shut his eyes as the cooler and fresher air rejuvenated him somewhat. It gave him a chance to wipe his jacket partially clean on the grass too, and to sit down where he had a good clear view of the area around him. If Ross showed up he'd be able to see it.

“..If he ends up running out screaming with some Infected and its *gigantic* dick swaying in the breeze... I swear that's like a good fifty percent of these supply runs anymore. I mean I guess I get it, from their perspective anyway. Ross must look pretty prime from their view.”

Staring upward, Frank rolled his eyes a little and crossed his arms over his knees. Part of him made sure to think back and actually try to count the last eight or so runs to be sure he wasn't exaggerating and being an asshole about it, but the number came up pretty accurate.

“Big gay idiot with a big gay ass – absolute miracle he isn't Infected yet. I swear if I wasn't around to handle the emergencies he gets into then-”

A tight bit of uncomfortable pressure in Frank's pants left him squinting, looking down to find a throbbing bulge there. One he squinted at in annoyance, almost wanting to swat the thing for being inconvenient, but knowing that probably wouldn't end well.

“Oy. Fucking *quit it*. Do not have time for this right now. Goddamn weird boners..”

Rubbing his hands through his hair, Frank exhaled again and shuffled around to get his pants a little roomier inside while he looked to and fro once more. No Ross. No noises either. Frank didn't really want to yell lest it draw attention, but-

“ROSS! Where are you! If you're hanging from a tree by your underwear again I-”

A hand on Frank's shoulder got a violent startle out of the coyote, but much to his relief when he turned to get a glance behind him as he intended to break into a run it was just his cousin standing there. Ross looked more amused than he should've been about the reaction though.

“Heh, spooked ya, eh Frank? It's fine! No problems – even found these!”

The other coyote held up his prizes – a pair of Slim Jims and *most* of a box of Twinkies along with some bottled water. Which *was* a noteworthy find. Maybe not quite pancakes and bacon, but it was all sealed. Safe.

“...Fuck! Ross, don't DO that! I- alright. No, that's.. that's good. You did good man. I came up.. man I thought I had something *great* but it was just..”

Frank found himself with a dubious meat stick pressed to his chest, along with a bottle of water, and with Ross crooking his thumb toward a nearby gas station that looked like entirely derelict and ruined. At least, it did so from the outside. If his cousin was right though..

“C'mon – tell me about it over food. There's more stuff in there, I think the place looked so ragged and busted that everyone assumed it was picked clean before it actually was.”

As he watched his cousin rush on ahead Frank spared a moment look Ross over. He could swear his cousin had put on weight recently, there was *even more* ass there than usual. Only Ross could somehow manage that while scavenging to live. Frank didn't quite catch the stray thought that crossed his mind about his cousin and that cushy posterior. 'No wonder the Infected want him so much. Must be comfy inside that thing..'

“..That.. makes sense. Alright, coming. And uh, thanks, okay? Seriously.”

It being a short walk was a small mercy. Frank didn't feel up to a lot of exertion, not after what he'd just gone through. Everything inside him felt kind of like Jell-O and his gait was unsteady as a result, but he'd been on the other side of the crash after an adrenaline rush before. This was just a bad one compared to most, it left him feeling a little sick to his stomach and more than a little tired. Frank just hoped he'd keep the food down.

That worry proved to be unfounded rather quickly. By the time Ross had shown him to the gas station's back store room by the rusted chain and broken padlock he'd gotten over the queasiness and had a case of warm soda, another two boxes of *mostly* not stale twinkies, and more cured meat laid out in front of him. Enough of the stuff to make sure they either ate well for a day or so or could ration things out for quite a bit longer than that. It was a *great* find, one both coyotes got busy

enjoying for the first few minutes without saying much. When one of the did break the silence it was Ross, looking concerned despite the cream around his lips.

“So uh, you.. you alright man? You seem like maybe you had a rough bit there.”

Frank, with a Slim Jim in his mouth, shut his eyes and covered his face as he sucked on the over-spiced soft jerky. It took him a moment to gather himself as that whole thing replayed itself in his head. The fear, the fall, the freak out.

“..I, yeah. I uhm.. Fuck man I've never seen anything like that one before.. It was *huge* Ross, I mean I know a lot of Infected are big but it was.. too big for its own skin? Like.. it was too full, and still conscious and wanted to get off? And then it *exploded*. Goo *everywhere*. If I hadn't been right by a door and already starting to run...”

With his eyes still closed Frank didn't see Ross' worry step up a notch. Other things were on Frank's mind than how his cousin was taking this though, like how he *still* couldn't get rid of that erection and how he felt weirdly bloated but also starving. It occurred to Frank that the best place to store food was probably inside himself, can't have it stolen or lose it in an accident that way. Having Ross surprise him with a hand on his shoulder made his eyes snap open abruptly and interrupt all that internal debate. It also left that problem with the boner worse than it had been. It surged up his pant leg another whole inch or so and left Frank outright befuddled for a moment.

“That.. man. That sounds like a *bad* close call. But you're good, yeah? I mean, you're *always* good. Don't feel bad about being spooked and shit, that's just.. Man you'd be crazy if you didn't.”

A twisting in Frank's stomach answered that and left him grabbing at his middle.

“Y-yeah. Now I just need to not lose my lunch over it heh – don't wanna waste this good stuff you're made- err, you brought. Even if you did spring for meat sticks and fat, creamy 'cake'. Subtle.”

The verbal slip went unnoticed by Ross – but not by Frank. Frank blinked and swallowed, breathing a little harder, realizing he could smell his cousin *very* clearly which was.. well, Ross was always a little pungent. Maybe that was it. Frank polished off a few more sweet and salty morsels before deciding he ought to stop since his stomach was *not* feeling any less weird. In fact it felt swollen – considerably so. Leaving his hand on his gut, Frank shivered from head to toe as his fingers sank into fur and flesh alike. Ross just pushed more snacks his way.

“That's me! Master of ass, seduction, and subtlety. And bring of *actual food* so shut up and enjoy some meat in your face for once.”

It wasn't that Frank *meant* to slip his hand lower and rub across that throbbing boner of his, it just kind of happened. Something about staring at Ross biting into a twinkie by putting the whole thing on his tongue and making it spurt a little cream out the end of it sent a thrill through Frank's *entire* body. It left him with a big, spreading damp patch on his leg too. *That* managed to snap him out of things, mostly anyway. Frank had to cover the spot with one hand, pretending to spill some of his water to disguise the problem. Ross only half noticed as he was eating, which gave Frank a window to do something more serious.

"I'll uh, I'll be right back alright? I need to clear my head some. Sun's going down so it's getting cool enough outside for that. I'll be back. Don't go letting some Infected climb inside that willing ass of yours while I'm out alright?"

Ross didn't question anything, he just nodded and gave Frank a sarcastic thumb's up with a face full of meat and a stuck out tongue that made Frank's eyes go wide. Rushing outside into the cool air, Frank let out a ragged and confused sound of frustration. The coyote slapped at his face, shaking his head, swallowing. That odd pressure in him was still nagging at his mind too, almost as much as the confusion and the budding pleasure coming out of his dick. Some part of Frank lied to himself that it might just be needing to relieve himself. Wandering around behind the gas station to piss would get him out of sight at least, maybe give him time to think. Thinking didn't happen – after getting to the back lot of the building Frank ended up feeling a tingling buzz between his ears as he looked down on a taut, dome-shaped gut and ended up with almost twelve inches of coyote meat in his hands. He was drooling slowly, from mouth and cock alike, and the pressure? It didn't seem to be in his bladder.

It was *there* though. Nestled up inside him, pulsing along with his heartbeat, making it impossible to think about anything much else. Frank grasped his dick in both hands and shuddered as a cold breeze ran across his nuts – though he couldn't see those with his round belly in the way.

Frank hadn't really been *intending* to end up jerking it behind a gas station with his cousin not twenty feet away, and yet here he was. The coyote felt his thoughts melt away as he let the familiar need take root and start to flood his nerves with little bursts of bliss. This wasn't just a fluke of a thing – it was a *need* that got under Frank's skin and refused to back down once he'd started with it. He held on tight, sliding his hands up and down his cock with his own non-stop stream of precum as lube, letting out strangled little moans into the night air as he did. Maybe, Frank thought,

he was just not letting himself do this enough? Maybe a good jerk now and then was good for him.

Normally it took Frank at least a little bit of effort and time to get off, he'd let out a messy little spunk after at least a few good minutes of work and then the wash of relief would hit. This was not normal – Frank had only been stroking himself for what felt like moments (long, endless ones where time stopped existing, but still) and his dick *erupted* as a result. A jet of cum fired out of clenching nuts that landed almost six feet away from Frank and no post-nut clarity followed. It left him with less of a demanding, hammering boner to deal with sure, but he didn't feel *done*. Frank wasn't going to just perform an encore though, he had to get back to Ross. Cleaning up took three or four salvaged napkins and even then he was still sticky afterward as he worked to cram his churning balls and still drooling dick back into his pants. Frank couldn't seem to stop breathing hard as he did. He was panting, blinking furiously, hackles raised – he was *afraid*.

Part of Frank kept repeating internally, like a mantra, that something was wrong. That voice was getting run over by the rest of the coyote steadfastly ignoring it and trying to maintain his composure as he struggled to get his pants back on. They refused to zip, and he couldn't quite get his belly fully covered by his shirt either. It looked.. odd, taut, lumpy, his fur kind of thin. Frank shut his eyes and forced himself not to look at it. Instead, he just shuffled awkwardly back to the gas station proper as he fiddled and tried to stop his nuts from popping loose of his underwear.

“I'm uh, I'm back Ross. Sorry about that, I-”

Frank came to a dead stop as he got back in. Ross was sprawled out rubbing his own belly and with the button on his jeans popped open – he'd eaten at least two whole boxes of those cakes while Frank was gone and it was showing. Cream all around his face, a dazed and contented look to go with it, a total lack of any meaningful awareness of much of anything else. The coyote was just *vibing*, one hand lazily scratching at his inner thigh while he let a yawn transition halfway through into a *Bwhurphhb*- and then licking his lips.

“H-heh. Of *course* I find you with cream all around your face and your belly full.”

A roll of the eyes from the other coyote was Frank's first reaction. Ross stood up though, sluggishly and clumsily, still not paying enough attention to notice anything wrong as he used his ass to nudge open the gas station's other doors.

“Yeeaaaah yeah, get your jokes in mister tall, dark, straight, narrow, and boring. My turn to drain my *cream filled lizard* outside so hold down the fort for a few minutes.”

Swallowing hard, Frank found himself wholly unable to tear his eyes away from Ross' crotch as his slightly older cousin stood. The bulge there was unmistakable, plus there was that way that Ross licked his lips of all that fluffy white cream and that playful tone he used. Frank felt his cock slip another inch down toward his knee and go almost painfully hard again. Just the sight of Ross turning around and presenting that *cushy* butt as he did made Frank's mind start slipping. His dick *demand*ed attention and as soon as the door shut behind Ross he had to *run* to the back room, dropping his pants on the way, whimpering to himself as he slammed his back into the store room wall and slid down it.

“W-what's going on.. something's *wrong* it's *wrong* I should not.. I **do not** want to f-fuck Ross. That's not.. I like girls, a-a-and.. and..”

Unable to do anything about the ferocious *need* to grab his cock, Frank tried instead to take charge of the things on his mind instead of in his hand. He tried to picture a nice, full-figured woman in a slinky dress being forceful and cute. She'd say something teasing and lean over him and flex – those pecs would pop right out of the dress – there would've been a three foot cock between them and pressed up to that chiseled body by all that fabric so it just slams on the table right in front of Frank. He could feel the weight, he could just about *smell it* in front of him too-

Frank squirmed and writhed on the floor, a jet of cum hitting the ceiling and spattering around. All it had taken was holding himself and *thinking* and he'd ended up with an imagination full of cock in his face, imagining the pungent sweat-musk smell of it, the way it dribbled precum in front of him.. One daydream getting out of control and Frank was feeling his shaft swelling like he'd never seen before, it felt like it was creaking under all the tension. All that overwhelming need was spreading too, after another second his balls to popped loose of his underwear, ending up resting on his thighs like tits that had been squeezed into too small a bra and burst out into freedom.

“Oh no. *Oh no*. W-what did I do?! When.. I.. I got away though! I can't..”

It wasn't entirely clear to Frank what he meant when he said 'can't' because it could've been a couple of things. The frantic and desperate attempts to pretend this wasn't what it was – that he wasn't Infected after all this time - for starters. The half-formed instinct to protect his cousin-

“Can't.. d-do this to Ross, he won't..”

..And the *total* inability Frank was suffering when it came to letting go of himself - physically. He had both his hands around his cock and it was getting hard to keep up with how *big* it was

getting, it seemed like the pressure rising up inside him was *starting* there and it made sure he got a bit thicker and a bit longer with every stroke. It already felt like he was grinding his fingers up and down a party balloon that kept spouting like a little fountain, and the swelling was spreading.

It had gotten into his core pretty badly. Frank was able to watch his belly bloat out further than it already had and start to do some *disgusting* things in the process. It sounded like the worst of upset stomachs crossed with the rumbling of a distant storm. There were visible bulges that Frank was pretty sure had the right shape to be his intestines, maybe his kidneys or something too, pressed against the underside of his skin hard enough that he could make out their shape.

It didn't *hurt* any, as maddening as that was. No, it felt *great*. It was like his whole body was wrapped up in the apex of a fantastic long stretch and it had frozen the feeling in that one perfect moment at the end. But however it felt it really *should* have been horrifying to see, and instead of fear Frank just squeezed and bucked even harder against that merciless imperative while the roiling gurgles inside stepped up in intensity. No amount of that seemed to help though, he could press on himself and watch his hand sink in and the curve of whatever part he'd done so to would squeeze back into shape a second later – and the whole time it would leave him shivering from the intensity of what it did to his nerves. Especially between his legs.

That coyote cock needed to get off.. *now*. It needed to empty everything it could out of him and Frank was in no position to argue. His hands shook and seemed to move on their own toward his dick, leaning over and pressing against the bulk of his bulged out belly to do so. Frank hoped if he gave in he could work his aching nerves a bit more and milk himself dry. Maybe, if he ground away at this and came a few more times, it would stop? It was a struggle now though, with how bulky his dick was getting and how sprawling his belly was things were becoming awkward. Not exactly difficult, but awkward. Reaching things was tricky, and Frank's hands weren't getting any bigger but his cock sure refused to stop doing so, but he tried.

Frank wasn't sure if it was 'lucky' or not that he'd gotten so over-sensitive that even with all those struggles he still managed to cum quite easily. Two or three good firm strokes with both hands, one grazing touch to the crown of his cock when he finally reached it, and then his legs buckled and the jolting, hammering orgasms started. Frank let out a shaky little cry of delight and lost himself in it, seeing and hearing nothing around him while he felt his insides churn and pump. All the coyote could do was buck against nothing and wish he had *something* to be inside of right

now, except..

“Nn-no.. not. That's not.. what I want. I – I just want us to be okay, okay? Ross and me. Okay. A-and that.. see? It's going down. A little. I can just.. milk all the Infected jizz out maybe?”

A bright idea trickled in while Frank was marinating in the lingering afterglow, or at least what passed for an idea in his pleasure-addled state. Leaning down, putting his cock on the floor, using that to keep it in a spot he could reach more easily while he started shakily kneading at it. Sliding his hands up and down the back of his shaft. Every time he got near to the head of it Frank would send a wash of spunk out across the floor and would just about go blind from the ragged bliss it put him through. And the more he did it the more Frank found himself realizing it wasn't getting smaller. Nothing on him was. The pressure was just spreading a little, equalizing..?

It did this until one of those orgasms Frank pushed himself into took a different turn, it lingered as he reached the edge and collapsed on his own cock. Inside him things were moving, sliding, feeling oddly comfortable with the pressure under his skin.

When that came to a head it felt drastically different than the confusing and driving bliss from before, it was kind of.. smooth? All that force knotted up inside of Frank loosened itself a little, it moved in a way that felt fluid, he almost -heard- a 'blorp' inside himself as his belly swelled about an inch wider out and all that definition from his insides vanished into a taut and round dome that was stretched enough that the fur was getting thin and he could readily see the skin under it. Skin that was starting to turn a vibrant shade of.. something purplish, or maybe leaning magenta? It was.. weird - and it was spreading. Reaching past it to get to his cock and try to redouble his efforts to milk this stuff out of his body was taking a lot of effort. Not that Frank had a choice, he couldn't stop himself from reaching – even though he hadn't stopped spraying cum all over the room for the last five seconds or so. The act was pointless, and even cumming like a geyser without touching himself his body was *screaming* for more. All he could do was wallow in the sight, the feel of it, the smell-

“Oh *fuck* that.. that color and smell l-looks like the – it smells just like..”

Frank could smell.. everything he wanted? Not just the funk rolling off his body and the swaths of spunk on the walls but other things.. warm, fresh baked muffins drenched in butter. Little hand pies full of fruit filling. Bacon, sausage, coffee. The taste was *inside* him, and coming out too as Frank's spunk started to take on the same hue as the bulging gut he was sporting. That orgasm he was wrapped up in still hadn't stopped, and yet no matter how much he pawed at his dick and how

big it grew, no matter how furiously it tried to drain him, he just kept gurgling and growing. His nuts had started sagging down between his legs and growing too once his cock looked like a third leg. Frank had to spread his thighs apart and it still felt like he was straddling a pair of basketballs. A little piece of the coyote, what very little clarity was left, tried to pull him back to his senses and stand up.

Doing so was no easy task, the sheer weight of his nuts was making Frank struggle, and other things had kept getting weird while he used the wall for support to manage getting to his feet. He didn't so much have a 'gut' at this point as just a big dome that took his entire chest up, pushing his pecs out of the way while it fought for space inside for starters. Having a dick that stuck *feet* out in front of him and kept sloshing and bobbling around while dribbling cum was distracting too.

That clarity crumbled again when Frank made the mistake of standing still for more than two seconds and thinking about Ross again – it left him reaching for the root of his throbbing shaft and tugging it up as close to his chest as he could. Awkwardly, Frank started to grind his belly along the back of it while he held on and thought about.. nothing, except the way his cousin looked – sounded – smelled. Somewhere along the way the guilt that dredged up started to falter and Frank felt a vast wave of relief saturate his body. The tension under his skin relaxed, his body kind of sagged in every direction at once, but the same buildup just started over again as it did. He felt *thick* and *heavy* and his body kept pressing against itself. Plus, he still had to try and do something to protect Ross from this. Being gone when Ross got back was the best bet for that.

The problem came when Frank realized that after two steps closer to the door standing suddenly felt easier, the weight from his balls eased off a bit.. but that was on account of them getting big enough to touch the ground and rest there. Which made them *too big* to drag through the door to the back room. Frank tried, he did his best to not pass out from the sudden bloat that overtook his core and left his whole body a bit thicker than it should be again. It buried his senses in a dull throb of delight and stalled him entirely for another heartbeat or two, but even when that cleared and he tried to move again Frank couldn't pull or nudge them through. Not without the brief bit of contact they made with the door frame making him slip into a blind moaning haze as he painted the far wall with more brightly colored, aromatic jizz.

In the end, Frank had to give up and hope he could think of something else. Or he could just.. not. Some part of the coyote kept whispering to him that that was an option.

“Fuck. Ro-oss.. s'gonna b-be back soon a-and.. I can't.. oh god I gotta-”

At war with himself, Frank looked to the door and for a moment he froze. Parts of him did at any rate, they stopped moving voluntarily while *most* of his insides churned and throbbed so intensely that he couldn't hear anything but the sloshing and squishing of fluid. Frank wasn't sure how much of him wanted Ross to walk in the door right that moment - wanted his cousin to look at that gigantic dick bobbing merrily up and down and spewing fragrant cum and do what Ross *always* did with an impressive dick, stuff as much of it into his face as he possibly could. Other parts of Frank though? They managed to get him to shut his eyes and pull back from the door to the store room. They got him to shut the door behind himself.

“Come on Frank. Come on – he ate most of the food already anyway – just warn him when he gets back and.. and.. d-don't let him-”

Shuffling backward was one of the hardest things Frank remembered ever doing with himself. Not just because of how damn *huge* his balls were either, which was a many layered difficulty. The things were gigantic, growing larger by the second, like trash bags full of pudding he was trying to gently scoot along – but the rest of him was getting clumsier and slower by the second too as every inch of his body swelled little by little. For a few moments it made him look and feel.. big? Like, muscled even. There were a few seconds there where Frank's sense of urgency collapsed in on itself and he just looked at his chest and his arms, flexing them. The 'muscle' definition didn't last long though. It collapsed into bloated fuzzy bulk and all Frank could do was try to get away from the door and hope Ross didn't open it. That, and try to take the edge off.

“Need this. N-need.. t-this.. Dammit, is this what Ross keeps d-dreaming about? I swear it's like h-hea.. h-head?”

A tickle ran up the back of Frank's neck and left him with a brief moment of *complete* emptiness in his mind. That made it the only part of him that was empty at that point, no matter how much his dick *tried* to relieve things. Even as he reached out for it, feeling himself go briefly cross-eyed, Frank barely had to touch himself for the steady bursts of spunk to turn into a sticky, alluring *hose* of the stuff that hit the wall with enough force to bang loudly.

As he sprayed that much harder Frank felt his head relax a bit, his vision uncrossed and he took an easier breath. It wasn't much, but it left him with just a *shred* of hope. He remembered the walleyed look the other overstuffed hulk of an Infected had. . .

“G-gotta hold on. Tell Ross to leave. Take that.. that *sexy* butt and go, n-not get.. *Infected*. Like *me*. S- *shlgk*-tupid..”

The only reason the effort was going anywhere was a mixture of sheer dedication from Frank and the fact that the act required to resist was to jerk off while imagining cramming himself into his cousin and bloating the slightly older coyote like a sausage casing. That wasn't a difficult task for the coyote right now, beyond the logistical problems his body was creating. Holding his dick up against his own swollen bulk, Frank tried to imagine it was his cousin and felt the sprinkling rain of his own fluids as his spunk hit the ceiling again. Over and over, clench after clench, trying to stem the tide that was welling up inside him. It wasn't going to work, he could feel himself losing ground slowly. That other one, the one he'd run into in the hotel – Frank could tell what happened now. It got too big to take care of its own needs..

Which was precisely what was going to happen to him if he stopped, if he didn't somehow step up his 'production' or ride out this surge and come out the other side maybe. Frank *hoped* there was another side. That would mean-

A knocking sound rang out from inside the gas station, and a voice followed it.

“Uh.. Frrraaaannnk? Frank why is half the store covered in goo? Something smells *great* though! Like.. like pizza and beer and-”

Managing to mouth out a quiet 'oh no' was all the coyote got out before the brief delay cost him his perilously fragile equilibrium. As soon as he opened his eyes Frank felt a spongy surge run up the back of his skull and watched his vision sprawl out into an unfocused mess. Trying to reach up and paw at his face, at his puffy feeling cheeks, Frank leaned back and ended up resting right on top of his balls while all his body began inflating gently outward and creaking here and there as it grew more taut. Frank grasped at his head, finding the top of it soft and round and *excessively* sensitive with an awfully familiar shape to it.

“Fuck.. R-Rooooosss-*shglk*.. Feels *so good* man. B-but *d-hglk* -don't..”

Frank wasn't sure how he felt about it when the door opened. There was a voice in his head repeating 'no, don't do that' like a mantra but his heart wasn't in it. When he saw Ross' face lean in, a little bit of brightly colored goo smeared around his lips, a sizable portion of Frank just felt *need*. Maybe relief, too. The sight of Ross, already looking a little wild in the eyes and drooling, eyeballing Frank's dick with visible hunger left Frank with a desperate and delusional rush of hope.

“F..Frank? Oh. *Oh fuck*. I thought this stuff tasted weird, like.. w-why would it taste like exactly what I wish I was eating, right? But- oh *shit* you're huge. I-”

Actually moving from where he sat was out of the question now. Frank just wiggled a bit, turning his head toward Ross as he felt it filling up. It was kind of a soft hissing sensation, one that wasn't so much in his ears as between them. Frank could barely even coax his arms into moving to reach out toward Ross with how bulbous and heavy they were, but Ross was sparing him that problem by coming to him instead. Ross was shuffling forward, one hand out, the other covering his mouth in shock. He walked just close enough to hover his hand in front of the spurting balloon Frank had for a cock right now.

“R-rss.. *hglk*. T-toomch.. inssiide. *Help*.”

Help. It was the only word for the job. Frank needed *help*. That deluded little part of him that wanted to save Ross latched onto the word even though it was pointless, and the *hungry* part that saw that drooling muzzle and those soft hands and just needed so desperately to get off wanted help too. With his head *full* now all Frank could think about was how he needed to cum *right now* and Ross had to be the one to do it, and his cousin didn't disappoint. One firm, soft hand on the head of his cock and a spray like a fire hose shot loose and hit Ross square in the chest. It just about blew the other coyote back, but Ross recovered.

“Help..? Oh man, man I think we might.. w-we might be past that, right? Holy crap I wasn't gone that long.. Was I? Are you.. you're.. does that *hurt* or..?”

It *should* have hurt, even in his gurgling and addled state Frank realized that much. When his skin started to creak and his limbs sprawled out a bit at a time as the forces inside grew too great to keep them at his sides Frank *knew* it ought to hurt, but instead he was letting out a gurgling moan that still seemed inadequate for how fantastic he felt. Even when he felt the jostling inside become more intense, feeding off itself, turning into an internal storm that created little fissures in his body and sprayed the room around him (and Ross) down further all he could do was roll his eyes and wallow in the sheer delight of it.

“Nnngh*hglk*- n-no.. s-*glk*-”

A kind of rubbery stretching and creaking filled the air of the small room. Ross was feeling *strange*. Conflicted, to be sure. This was a horrific sight and yet his cousin looked like he was smiling, and he was spraying cum *everywhere* too so the chances that Ross wasn't Infected now

seemed like nil. Frank had said *help* though, and while Ross wasn't exactly thinking straight at the moment he could get behind that at least. The coyote put more than his hand on his cousin's catastrophically inflated cock – he plastered his whole body against it and gave it a two-armed sliding squeeze that blew the door behind him wide open and left Ross wallowing in the scent of all that debilitating and contagious desire.

“T-take it easy, Frank! I've got you.

Frank hadn't ever let himself imagine what it would be like before this, to let Ross get at his cock and do what the older coyote always joked about. Now, helpless as he was, it felt a bit like paradise. A kind of greasy, lewd nirvana that Frank really hoped would last.

“I've g- *hoo boy* that's strong stuff man~”

With his head flooded the way it was Frank wasn't thinking at all, let alone thinking straight. The best he could manage as he felt the wild overabundance of buildup inside him finally crest over the breaking point was thinking the word 'good..' on repeat and wrapping it up in a cozy glow of affection for his cousin.

“I've g-got you cu-

All of that lasted right up until the moment the entire room shook from the force of the burst. Curiously though, it stuck around afterward too. Frank still *couldn't* think, he had nothing to *think with*, but he *felt*. A curious all-encompassing afterglow suffused everything left of Frank, along with that sense of comfort that he had Ross here with him, and.. on him.. around him? Something like that, the specifics seemed kind of nebulous and irrelevant.

It was a bit of a different experience for Ross to have been blasted against the wall and painted toes to teeth in the disastrous eruption of Frank's body. The coyote was dazed, maybe even losing consciousness. Ross' senses were filled to the brim as he sank down, he could smell that booze and pizza party he'd been dreaming of earlier, he could *taste* it.. and that dream it was planting in his head made sure he was sharing the moment with Frank.

Ross wasn't even feeling proper panic about his cousin *exploding on him*. Maybe that had to do with how furiously horny he was getting and how impossible it was to think, or maybe he was just in shock and had a head injury? Or maybe, Ross thought to himself as he licked at the coating of spunk around his face and limply grasped at his cock while it started to grow, maybe it was just having a bunch of Frank *quite literally* inside him. The Infected were weird things – and Ross had

had *so many* near misses with them.

..Maybe, once he woke back up, he could ask Frank about that.

There'd been a bit of panic when Ross *did* wake up and Frank wasn't there. At least.. he hadn't seemed to be, not at first. Now though?

*Hey! Do you **have** to keep doing that as you walk? Come on, let it go! Unless you're trying to find some people to have fun with this with – but..*

A whimper rose up from the coyote, Ross wasn't having an easy time of walking right now but he was struggling to make it work. His body was *so much* thicker, and the pressure inside was a constant throbbing in his ears and basically all of the rest of him too. Managing to stay mostly able to get himself around required Ross to jerk himself off almost constantly, shuffling awkwardly about and spraying everything near him with bizarrely fragrant spunk. And all throughout that he was hearing Frank.. in his head.

Literally, apparently.

“Frank this is *weird* man. I just.. I'm not sure about-”

A *violent* pulse of sheer horny terror struck Ross' increasingly frayed nerves. He ended up breathless, leaning on the nearest wall, whimpering as he rubbed himself harder and felt like he was actively fighting against something trying to stop him from finishing. Which was largely true, that throbbing in his body had *purpose* and it wasn't Ross driving that intent.

*Let it go, you big pile of horny butt-loving dick-thirsty yote-meat! This load needs to blow for real so we can really get started! It's been **neat** being inside you finally, even if this is the weirdest way to do it, but I'm getting impatient!*

All Ross could think was 'no shit' about that. In fact a quiet mantra of it was all the Infected coyote could manage as he sank down, rubbing at himself harder, desperation growing by the moment. Of course, it wasn't *just* his desperation growing. The rest of Ross was getting quite swollen at this point – enough so that he barely fit through the door of the shed he tried to hide himself in so he could do this in private.

Not that Ross was going to get what he wanted. The horny wildfire in his blood didn't stop even when he started to pain the walls in more spunk. Frank didn't quiet down about any of the need they both had. The sound of people nearby commenting on the noise being made by Ross

power washing the inside of that shed with cum mean the wasn't really alone and wouldn't have privacy for long. Most of all though, Ross wasn't really seeing any results from the constant orgasm when it came to easing off his growth. Not anymore. It had *kind of* worked for a while.. but now?

Well, now Ross found himself sinking back as his body thickened inexorably around him. Lucky for him there was something back there to sit on, the *gargantuan* nuts that had started fueling this whole mess a while ago. By the time Ross heard someone fiddling and fighting with the door his body was half blocking by way of his sheer size that quiet mantra sounded more like 'oh shit' as he felt his head starting to go 'soft' inside.

Ross couldn't help breaking out into a breathless panting fit as his vision split into a wall-eyed disorienting mess and his head bloated into something distinctly phallic. All he could do was struggle to bend his arms enough to reach up and touch it, pawing at himself as he felt his flesh creaking with the building tension. Something not helped by the fact that whoever was fighting with the door was squishing Ross up against the wall with every bit of progress they made.

“Hey.. hey guys – come help me push through this! I smell something *awesome* inside!”

Here we go big boy, you always said it was me that needed to learn how to blow off some steam or I'd pop someday right?

The creaking inside of Ross got louder, until it was all he could hear. Somewhere inside all that all-consuming pressure inside? Ross could *feel* his cousin smiling as the number of people pressing on the door wedged against Ross' hip increased and the coyote started to spring leaks. A quiet whimper in Ross' mind was all he could offer to that, one *hammered* by ragged pleasure and need even in the face of just a bit of fear when he felt his body failing.

It was deafening. One brief instant of absolute nirvana paired with the sound of an air burst that blew out windows and knocked everything and everyone in the vicinity back and onto its ass if it had one to land on. And then? Euphoria. Floaty, disconnected, bliss-dripping euphoria – and the *bizarre* feeling of being all over the place at once. Ross still felt himself – in fact he felt a little more than just himself? There were at least three heartbeats he was feeling. It was just that none of them were his.

Get ready for a wild-ass ride cousin. This is just the start. See you soon~