

A chittering giggle spilled from freshly fluffed muzzle, muffled further by oversized handpaws smushing to fluffy cheeks. Balros was simply so... so... *happy* to be himself, even as the last vestiges of his former self were fluffed away in a swish of tail, a creak of paws, and a heavy floofing of thickening endowments. What was last left of the former human was wiggled away by an increasingly ecstatic squirrel, newly green eyes peeking abashedly at the openly gawking man trapped in the same room as him. It wasn't just at Balros the man was looking, but at the increasing amounts of Balros that was continuing to swell in excited pleasure, the rising girth the same shade of pink that his former body had been.

Reido nervously glanced at his former friend, and at the doorway the fluffy squirrel was blocking. It wasn't that the transformation into oversized, slightly toony fluffsquirrel had been so sudden, but that it was so fascinating that the human male hadn't thought about escaping until the shift had reached near completion. That, and the potent scents of heavenly male-scent plucked at his nose, made him want to *twitch* his nose and breathe deeply of what it was to be a squirrel, be Balros.

As Balros shifted closer to the spiky-haired, purple-shirted human, Reido sank deeper into his seat, breathing in heavily as his flight-or-flight instincts swelled. That throbbing, plump length of cock was at least as large around as his arm and just as long, and its mesmerizing throbs encouraged a similar bulge to develop in his lap. If he'd been paying attention, Reido would have noticed his bulge was *bigger* than before, and increasingly so as it tightened. Time seemed to skip, as the fluffy squirrel sank himself into the seat next to Reido and pressed in, plunging Reido's hands into his thick pelt in an erogenous embrace. More than fur pressed to the human; that shaft he had been staring at was similarly mashed to the human's chest and shirt, leaking a lewd and potently scented pre-spunk onto his skin.

The way he tingled as he involuntarily cuddled with Balros made Reido gasp – and belt out a chittery, happy giggle far more enthusiastic than he ever meant to. Balros leaned in close to plant a blushy smooch on Reido's nose, prompting Balr- Reido to kiss him right back. As fur scrawled over the human's body and his pants began to stretch and tear from bulging thighs, fluffing chest, thickening paws and engorging squirrelshaft, Reid...rei...bal... Balros hugged himself closer and nuzzled in, absolutely enamored with the sensations of becoming himself.

The two squirrels busily worked Balros's purple shirt off, peeling it up off his arms and tossing it aside, smeared with precum from two throbbing cocks, and proceeding to mash fluffy pectorals together, embrace each other, and scissor muzzles in a gleeful exploration of his own mouth. He was such a good kisser, and the man that had just walked into the room only to get the spunk-slathered shirt plopped on his head soon thought so too. He was a good kisser, and as he watched himself on the couch making out, he wriggled eagerly in place as his new fluffy body swelled and thickened in excitement, ripping through clothes to step out in a third squirrelly body.

All three squirrels sighed happily and descended into a wriggling, fluffy pile of cuddling and groping, soft gasps rising in pitch as eyes flashed and the air became sexually charged. The wiggles changed from excited to inviting, plump and lush rumpcheeks spreading around thick pink shafts, heavy handpaws massaging thick footpaws or fur-puffed pecs, and each squirrel exuding a palpable aura of

gay. It increased in intensity as the three of them bucked and squished together, such that a passerby that was still on the other side of the door stumbled and slumped to a wall, briefly, before he remembered what a happy squirrel he was, and how much he'd like to get both of his erections sucked. Ignoring the remnants of his clothes, Balros squeezed his increasingly thick squirrel taur bulk through the rest of the hallway, leaving raunchy smears of squirrel musk painted across the walls. Heavy forepaws gripped at the carpet and when he went to greet the mailman, the door simply *crunched* beneath the excited bulk of floof.

Briefly startled, the package delivery ma-, squirrel, casually tossed aside his package reader and wiggled his expanding fluff of a rump at himself, happy to finally have a taur version of himself he could fit onto one of his plump buttocks. Sure, seconds ago, he'd been but a man, but as a half-dozen squirrel boys exploded out from a nearby Window and one of the upper story walls *bulged* outwards, the newest Balros hardly cared at the spontaneous generation blatantly spreading forth from the epicenter of squirrel happiness. Even as the lettering on the packages re-scrawled themselves from Reido to Balros, and curious neighbors peeked from windows only to be snuggled from behind by their fluffy, horny, and increasingly self-attractive fuck faggot squirrel boys.

Quickly, the suburbs were flooded with chocolate brown fluffy boys, a veritable fog of Balros-inducing squirrels, and increasing tidal waves of thickly potent boyspunk. Yet, only Balros knew anything about it. The moment a face turned to see the incoming onslaught of squirrel, it was quickly joined with several others and excitedly adding to the rampant production of faggoty boyjizz. Scrambling squirrels eagerly bounced about, eager to meet more of himself, to share in his pleasure and tease himself in all new ways.

Deep, back at the epicenter of squirrel, dozens of Balros cuddled, humped, and spunked into himself, rubbing cheeks and moaning at himself in a myriad, chattering ways. Tails fluffed, paws groped, cocks shuddered and balls emptied only to refill, often with an extra few pairs to provide all the more squirrels pooge. Whatever was left of any former person had long been squirreled away, forever happy.