

# SHAFTED

## A FUNGUS AMONG US

(AKA Sussy Baka with Shroom Fetish)

A GROWING PANDEMIC SHORT  
BY THE PORTLY RABIDBADGER

***This story is a complete work of fiction written by the most portly RabidBadger, set in the world of the Growing Pandemic created by the mischievous and most Troubled of Coyotes. It contains extremely NSFW fetish elements such as Cock Transformation, Mild Body Horror, Muscle Growth, Unusual Themes and Sinister Ends. If this is not something you wish to read... why are you still here? For you pleasure please, sit back, relax, and enjoy!***

Frank rushed past the fences of the yards in the suburb panting, but running on too much adrenaline to really feel the burning in his lungs just yet. It would come later though, the coyote just had to *make it* to later. He heard them behind him still, breaking doors and shoving cars away like they were toys, grunting and huffing and.. and Frank knew *just enough* to know he couldn't linger. Sometimes even *smelling them* was enough to leave you too far gone.

“G-gotta.. get.. away. Damn *infected*..”

Right behind him, in the house he'd just run through hoping to lose his pursuers, Frank heard two doors collapse to splinters and the voice of the head of the pack chasing him.

“Come ooouuu little wild puppy! We're not going to *hurt you*, we *love you*! You'll love *us* too if you just *stop running*.. Unless you've got a thing for being too tired to fight~”

That was not, in fact, on Frank's list of kinks. The coyote scrambled over the last fence line between him and the wilder undeveloped spaces beyond the housing. The treeline was a bit of a ways off and wasn't *quite* as dense as he'd like but it would be a lot better than open streets and small houses with flimsy doors. Better yet, there was a mist that permeated the whole thing and that would probably help matters.. maybe. As Frank broke into a dead sprint on the grass he wished he'd had time to get shoes on before fleeing, a jock strap and a tank top wasn't much protection on a cool night.

The only relief Frank had was that he hadn't heard any of them break through entirely yet, and that gave him time to hit cover. The coyote didn't run straight *into* the mist, that was just a way to get lost, but he skirted the edge. Pushing as hard as his limbs would let him left Frank a heaving, sweaty mess by the time he finally *had* to stop, but it also left him far enough out that he couldn't see the houses anymore – or the lights. Just stars overhead and mist pooled to his left where things got deeper. A dense wall of it, impossible to see more than a couple of inches into, but everything was quiet and still so Frank allowed himself to stop and lean on the nearest tree. He didn't really have

*much* of a choice, not with how exhausted he was.

“S-so.. f-fuck.. l-lucky.. h-hah! S-screw all you.. brutes.”

Frank was just starting to recover when something knocked the wind out of him. A heavy thud on his backside, right below his shoulders, a heavy exhale to go with it and a brief sense of pain.. and vertigo. The coyote let out a little squeak of surprise and would probably have jumped back if he could have. If his legs weren't.. stiff? Numb? ...Gone? Frank's brain went through the list of steadily worse possibilities as to why that might be the case as he tried to move *anything* below his waist and came up with nothing. It hardly mattered, a chill in Frank's veins came tied to the notion that if he couldn't run they'd just find him eventually.. But a wet squelching sound and a sense of fresh pressure from behind left Frank with a much clearer reason for why he was in this state.

There was *more* than enough starlight to see the massive, leg-thick cock sticking straight through his torso. It was pulsing gently, covered in something green and vaguely luminous, and based on how big the damn thing was and where it had speared through his body it had *definitely* gone right through his spine, hit his lungs, maybe his stomach..

“Ohgod.. ohgod. H-how.. am I not.. dead? I- fuck, oh *fuck* please.. p-pl..”

The thing sticking out of his chest moved, it pulled inward, and Frank felt a brief sense of relief as he found the sensation in his legs returning. That *ought* to be impossible though, and as the throbbing juicy looking cock eased back into the wound it had created it didn't *quite* leave his body. Once the head slid into his chest cavity the hole it made pulled shut, apart from a dimpled spot in the center leaking the goo that had covered that shaft head, and then it just.. sat there. And leaked. Frank felt *everything*, the pressure from all that juice seeping into his body and the throbbing of his legs regaining their feeling – not to mention a stiff bit of tension between his legs.

“J-just move Frank.. G- *hwurphhb*- ugh.. g-get out before s-something..”

Frank's head swam as heat seethed inside him. A throbbing inside had started, like a second heartbeat. The hole in his belly was leaking, and so was his dick. The thing, traitor that it was, swelled itself right out of his jock strap and into the cool air with a dribble of something green coming out of its tip.

“This f-feel sso weird. Wh- *Hwurphh- HWURPHHBT*- ohgawd.. C-come on Frank. One foot in front of the other. Away from the.. from what-”

The coyote could at least still move *some* of himself freely. It was hard to miss the pulsing,

meaty looking tentacle nearby. It had traveled underground, emerging about three feet away from Frank and then had shot out at him from the mist. There looked to be a good ten feet of it just lying there twitching and throbbing, and.. filling him. Already he looked like he had a beer gut to go with the tank top and jock strap. Pawing at the thing left him feeling dizzy, or maybe that was just the belching up strange musty fumes, or.. the weird smell of the mist nearby? Frank tried to blink through the haze, but-

A howl in the distance left Frank with a fresh rush of clarity. Ice in his veins, fear, a *need* to flee. It distilled all the confusion of what he was enduring down to just that one impulse and that was enough – Frank took a step forward, and then another one.

“J-just get f- *HWURPHH- ar* enough.. t-p.. pull it out.. “

That little delirious voice in him told him he'd be fine, he could just get loose and recover later. Some part of Frank was acutely aware he was lying to himself – he *knew* that thing had broken his back on the way through but now he just felt.. wrong inside? Heavy, but soft. Another heavy pulse from the thing in his back entered Frank's body, and his work in pulling away from the tentacle by his feet came to a halt.

The coyote shivered, gasping quietly, trying to restart his momentum. The sounds of the pack that had been hunting him were distant but they wouldn't stay that way. That *need* to run was still beating in his chest but all he could do was feebly paw at his own belly and sides.. and that just left Frank faced with *really weird* rushes of pleasure. Everything around his middle was soft and pliant, like a heavy sponge, and he was starting to feel like everything around his wound was turning the same way. It felt *exactly* like the constantly swelling erection he was sporting did.. but his dick was definitely growing faster.

“C-c'mon.. I can feel myself, I should be able to move.. Why can't I *move* dammit! I just-”

It took an act of pure frustration and real effort just to get his hands to respond, but that was enough. Not to make any headway in escape, but to lay them on the head of his throbbing, spurting cock as he started to feel a thick, slimy fluid bubble up in his throat. Not so much as to choke, but enough that it dribbled out of the corner of Frank's mouth as he tried to claw his way back from the dazed state that was setting in again.

Frank wasn't having much success with that. The coyote was feeling out of it, maybe a bit drunk even, or something similar. All he could really coax himself into doing was squeezing idly at

his dick and smacking his lips – though he was at least still aware of his surroundings. Like that howling.. and the fact that the mist around him was getting thinner by the moment. There were definitely shapes behind it.. but that just had to be more trees, probably? They weren't moving and they were about the right size. Frank definitely had more important things to worry about. Like trying to keep his grip on how urgent this situation was, how badly he *needed* to run. Right now. If he was going to have *any chance* of escaping the Infected..

“Infected. B-big.. damn infected. Chasing, want to get.. inside me. Like this thing did. Like this thing *is*.. oh *god* it's too late, isn't it?”

A loud, wet sucking sound behind Frank filled his ears – and his body. The thing in his back pulled free and the coyote was almost relieved.. briefly. If he'd suddenly had the freedom to move again that might've been cause for celebration but his legs still refused to move for any reason. In fact the only things still able to do *anything* were his face and his junk – and he only had control over one of those, and that was questionable. Frank was already drooling more and breathing hard, sucking in the humid and vaguely musty air around him.. but really, he couldn't take his eyes off his cock for more than a couple seconds.

The coyote *almost* shot a load straight into his face as he stared. The steady growth of his junk, cock looking more like a short third leg than anything else, was maddening – it kept flooding his body with bliss every time he thought he had a grip on himself again. It was getting *heavy* too. The longer he stood there, unmoving, legs threatening to cramp on him the more Frank was growing to realize how much having nuts the size of cantaloupe melons weighed. The whole idea of stopping here had been to rest, and as Frank's mind grew ever further away from the idea of succeeding at an escape that need crept back in..

Frank wasn't so lucky, though. His balls were still churning and quivering inside, and every time they did he leaked more. They were building pressure faster than he could get rid of it and the coyote's need was getting desperate. He wanted to touch himself, to get off *properly*.. maybe then he could think?

Staring down at himself, Frank saw the end of his cock wink at him. It fluttered, spat thick ropes of vaguely glowing goo out, and then.. stayed open. Spreading itself wide, like a mouth opening, while something *else* came up through the maw of his cock. Pale, spongy, solid, and shaped not all that different from his dick itself. At least, broadly speaking. Frank's mind felt addled at the

moment but he could tell as the crap pushed up and into the open air that while the thing *definitely* had a phallic shape to it that was the head of a mushroom.

“W-what. What's.. that d-doing? Whyzzit coming *out of me?! I don't.. understand, I can't.. I need to- why can't I touch it..*”

Frank whimpered and tried again, but that same feeling that had started around the wound in his torso was still spreading inside him and it had consumed most of his back now. Everything around him felt stiff – too much so to move – and yet curiously all the pain he'd been harboring from his flight and from all the tension in his body was fading quickly away.

Having gotten free of his cock, the mushroom that was growing out of his body started to thicken up *much* faster than his flesh had been doing. Its production of that ooze was up to a steady pouring from the head of it now, twitching and jerking about and hammering away at Frank's nerves exactly like his own cock would have.. if it wasn't currently withering down to a bit of fleshy folds at the rim of the mushroom that had taken his crotch over. His balls, at least, were still 'his' and those things were so fat now they were spreading his knees apart and felt like a pair of beach balls full of liquid dragging him downward.

“T-this is.. wrong, c'mon.. Frank, snap out of this, do.. something?”

Even moving his head was starting to get difficult now. Frank tried to turn his head and look through the mist, dumb curiosity was at least getting through his mind still just on account of the simplicity of it all, but he just saw.. no, not trees. Mushrooms? *Huge ones*. Tree sized. And kind of..

The thought Frank had been busy having came to an abrupt halt as something wet plapped itself on the side of his head. Moist, thick, sticky.. coming out of something soft that pressed against his ear. The fact that the coyote couldn't move anymore kept him still while it pushed harder, gradually. It was hitting his *skull* though, that wasn't going anywhere. At least.. it shouldn't be. It certainly shouldn't be feeling loose and stretchy, or soft or spongy or..

“Hrk.. k-krng.. *w-whut.. h-headsszz.. d-iffnun.. fuzzy inszzide? So good..*”

That pressure collapsed all at once, leaving Frank cross-eyed as his tongue drooped out of his mouth and the steady outpouring of slime from his mouth started to trickle out of his nose too.. and down his throat, and into his gut. The coyote's head felt *amazing*.. and thick, swollen, throbbing. The haze of bliss was building by the second, wiping out anything else Frank was even dimly aware of before. Or things he *should* have noticed, like the end of his tail starting to open up into its own

mushroom cap. Frank didn't even care about the howling anymore, but it was hard to hear anything past the rushing of fluids and the constant sucking and squelching inside his skull right now anyway. That was too much, rocking him side to side, flooding his senses. Literally.

“S'good.. m-mmre? Szthere more good feeling inszide?~”

Frank let out a slow, shuddering moan as the pressure inside set him to leaking out of the ear that wasn't currently being fucked.

It was a relief when Frank's balls got so large they touched the ground. The weight of carrying them was a bit much. A layer of tension in the coyote's body finally shed itself, which might be why he felt the tiniest glimmer of clarity return to him.

“Ohgawd.. h-heads.. so good, b-but.. Oh. Oh *no..*”

Having the mushroom that had replaced his cock growing so big it rivaled his torso in size - it was *probably* bigger but Frank couldn't focus his eyes to be sure - left the coyote with a reason to grasp at that panic again. The head of that fungal penis was at head level, spraying jets of spore drenched spunk two feet straight upward every other second.

“M-mushroom trap! C'mon.. Frank, t-think.. run! Got to stop..”

It wasn't like Frank could move, that hadn't changed. The panic just left him a bit more self-aware while he felt a second clenching shaft slam into his left ear. With both sides of his head filled Frank's mind went limp. (Fungus. *Penis. Spread spores.*) It took a few moments for the coyote to get enough of the gunk out of his throat and his mouth to speak, asking a question of.. nobody?

The only things around him were mushrooms - the pack that had started this whole thing by hunting Frank was nowhere near him yet.

“Wh-what.. who.. saying things? Just.. squishing in my h-head-”

Frank's head was being rocked back and forth gently by the twin shafts in his ears. The subtle motion made it just barely perceptible to Frank that his whole cranium had gone soft on him, it wobbled just a little on each pass, and he couldn't help but wonder *what* he was thinking with - the two dicks in his ears had to have pulverized anything between them by now. But- (Mushroom. *Penis. CUM. GROW. NOW!!*)

“N-no.. ooutt of my hheead-”

A body-wide shudder ran through Frank, one that left his nuts quaking as a heavier spurt of spunk shot into the air and left the coyote almost blind from the wild intensity of the orgasm. It took

a long few seconds after it hit the breathtaking peak before Frank could even *start* to take in anything around him again, and when he did- (Tooooo. *Laaaate. Ours.*)

“No, l. lemme go.. I wa-want to-”

Frank's hand moved.. just a little. It rose up and reached out. For help? The coyote was trying to think of that word, help. Over and over, like a mantra. But all he managed to do was touch the mushroom growing out of his crotch and nearly cum again from it.

A surge of growth hit as soon as he did that. The coyote's mushroom-subsumed cock sprang up a good twelve inches and thickened up until it was almost as wide as his shoulders. Frank found himself rewarded for touching himself, just a *little bit* more control over his hands came back, provided he used it to just keep doing what he'd already been doing. The coyote put them down by the root of the shroom dick and squeezed a little – and set off another *geyser* of tainted cum.

“Hhhnn r-resist.. b-but can't. Still just.. *here. A-and..*”

More spunk was escaping, but not just from the person-sized penis that had sprouted from Frank's body. His ears were pouring the stuff right out of them, and the coyote felt one more spot too. Right between them, above them? A little clenching burble and a glob of greenish cum dribbling down to roll between his eyes. That soft mound his head was turning into had sprung a leak. Frank tried to reach for- (Embrace. *The. Spores.*)

“Nnnghyes! T-too good.. more! No more resist!~”

With his eyes starting to drift apart as his whole head softened and swelled, overflowing from the inside, Frank got the clearest view yet of the mushrooms nearby. The way their stalks all had that nice bulging streak in the middle, the way their bases all came down to two *huge* orbs side by side with veins creeping up out of them until they blossomed into massive umbrella shaped canopies. It was much easier to see them without the mist. Or.. the spores..? The cloudy haze that had been clinging to the area. (Ours. *Ours. From your first breath, ours!*)

Frank nestled his hands as far down around his dick as he could and gave himself a squeeze, then dragged them up along the underside. His nerves went white again, the whole world vanishing in a flash of ragged, fungus-fueled bliss. The coyote thought, as he drifted in those moments, about the pack that had been chasing him.. and the other uninfected back in town. The little pockets of them that had held out against the strains, trying to stay pure. It all seemed kind of silly now, given how this felt. And besides, they- (Also ours. *In time.*)



“Y-yeess.. All. Corrupt. More.. spores.. *Storms* of them. Blow down.. over town. Go find them myself.. maybe? Could walk a little..?”

The voices in Frank's mind didn't really seem to be coming from any one place. It was almost like Frank himself was thinking these things, just in a different voice from his own? Though that notion felt a bit odd too, sticky even. The pounding, squelching sounds in that corrupted bulge at the top of his neck where his brain used to be didn't have a voice of their own, that was silly.

Trying to act on the idea didn't go anywhere. Frank's body felt heavier and stronger, though the inside of him was *probably* just a mass of fungus in the vague shape of muscle and flesh at this point. It didn't work out, even if he wasn't almost sitting on a pair of garbage bag sized nuts with a cock taller than the rest of his body and spraying like garden hose there just wasn't any point. And that was *before* the rest of Frank's head softened enough that the cock shrooms in his ears popped loose, the holes they'd been occupying had collapsed on them. The coyote's whole head had, smoothed out into another round mushroom cock top that settled after a few seconds and subsumed his eyes while it was at it.

Frank had no idea where to go now, but then, why would he go anywhere?

“So good.. grow more.. head feel *good* now- thanks~”

The only real urge left in Frank's head now was that. Grow, and maybe rest. Resting still seemed like a good idea. (Yes. Rest. *No walking. None of the others walk anymore.*) Dropping down to his ass was a relief still, even if it had a strange ring of finality to it. When Frank's legs curled around his balls it seemed to tell his dick it was time to stop holding back on growing. Blind as he was, Frank just tried to hold onto it and keep it from tipping him over as the thing got to be too broad to keep his arms around.

“More..? More more.. spread spores, spread *gift.*”

Cock, head, and tail – all of them kept fluttering and cumming every other second or so. Frank could even sense his 'neck' getting harder, stretching his head upward as he nuzzled at his own dick's towering form. He had a curious sense that the pack that had been hunting him was close by, but it had nothing to do with sight or sound anymore. They were just.. on the ground, touching the roots, disturbing the earth. Close. More than close enough.

“We.. Fun Guy now, heh. We cum.. They join? Cum join us~”

When the coyote's legs and balls started to take root in the fungal network below he barely

noticed, apart from feeling a little more stable where he rested. Frank just kept nuzzling at his dick, setting his head and his cock alike to cumming as hard as he could coax them into, getting nothing but encouragement from the spores that he served. (Yeess.. *Spread gift. Can feel them.*)

“So close.. chased us all this way.”

Frank leaned in, licking some of his own spore spunk off the trunk of his cock, spattering a fresh load of it on the underside of his dick's hood when his throbbing neck and head came again.

“Now.. they rest..?”

(Yes. *Weary. Panting. Breathing hard, already ours.*)