

DISPLACED: WURM

A Tale of Wandering Dicks

**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!

"Hey Sol, Buddy? You two just about ready for dinner? Also, you seen Murd anywhere this afternoon? I doubt I *have* to ask him if he's up for pizza but, you know, just in case-"

The coyote leaned in around the corner of the kitchen, savoring the breeze coming in from the open patio doors. *Everyone* was wandering around in thongs, summer without Air Conditioning was like that, so seeing the statuesque silhouettes of the tiger and the brown wolf in the fading light of the afternoon was normal. Kind of magical, actually? Chiseled muscle on the gold and striped frame of a tiger and a lean athlete of a brown wolf, both posing just a little, maybe.

"Sounds good man! You're making at least two, right?"

The coyote gave his room mate thumbs up, which covered one of the two.

"And you got olives on mine, yeah? Maybe some mushrooms too?"

Ross switched to a wishy-washy hand motion for that one.

"Market was out of mushrooms, something about a recall on em? Dunno. Got the olives though, I'll just go heavy on those okay?"

And that one got a thumbs up from Buddy. Which *almost* handled everything. Ross was halfway back into the kitchen when one *big* hand on his shoulder stopped him. Gold fur and stripes, and a gentle touch for such a big guy. Sol squeezed both things before giving Ross a quick prod in the backside.

“And don't forget the extra cheese this time.”

The squeak that burst up out of the coyote was half the reason for stopping him, it got Sol grinning ear to fuzzy ear and got a chuckle out of Buddy too. Ross *might* have followed up with an impolite gesture there, but it was more playful than anything.

“Great. Now I have to worry about cooking with a boner. Jackass! Fine, you'll get your cheese.. And I *probably* won't hide any peppers in there. Maybe.”

After that Ross had a bit of peace, the other two room mates and the missing third one kept things quiet and the coyote was free to prepare a couple of frozen pizzas. Getting them doctored like this tended to be a *lot* cheaper than ordering out, even if he almost immediately regretted having the oven on in summer heat. Even just pre-heating it while he got the ingredients spread out was leaving Ross uncomfortable. By the time he was sliding the oven tray in Ross was sweating enough to debate a shower while the things were cooking.

“Hey guys? Is anyone using the bathroom – and did anyone find Murd?”

Ross heard *something* by way of an answer, but it wasn't anything clear. Mumbling, or.. maybe moaning? It definitely *sounded* like it was coming from Sol and Buddy but that was about all he could say for sure, so Ross leaned out of the kitchen and tried again.

“Guys? Am I good to shower do you think? And is Murd back from wherever yet? It's not like him to be gone – or miss a meal. Ever.”

Again, there was *an* answer? Kind of. There were *sounds* and they happened at the right time to be an answer, but it came through just this side of unintelligible. When Ross finally went back to the living room proper it became clearer why. Both room mates were standing, and they looked *wrong*. They'd always been a bit bigger than Ross, a wolf and a tiger compared to a coyote *would* be, but not two or three feet taller and about three times the muscle mass. That was new. Both men were

flirting with bumping the ceiling with their heads, in no small part because their necks looked *bizarrely* swollen and noticeably too long. Around two or three times too long.

..And their throats looked *extra* swollen, smooth too, their fur was thinning out there. Bulging every second or so, right around the pace of a heartbeat. The two were pawing at their necks and faces in visible confusion. Each of them were stumbling there, bumping against each other's hips, stretching their thongs out mercilessly. Ross could see their necks throbbing gently even as a bit of drool started to trickle out of the tiger's mouth when he noticed the coyote and spoke.

“Oh f-fnngh.. b-Buddy, my face feeels shw ww weird.. *good* though..?”

Sol looked to be grinning through whatever was happening, stumbling around awkwardly, drooling a little as his eyes started to bulge and that smooth patch on his neck spread, growing up toward his face and blending around the edges of his lips. It was leaving nothing but pink behind it, subsuming all the golden fur and stripes. The tiger's mouth was shrinking a bit when it reached there, even as the rest of his head stretched and warped and started to look softer than anything with bones under it should. He even got to see it squeeze inward when Sol's hands grasped the sides of his face and pressed on his 'cheeks' flattening the whole thing a bit. That view left Ross with a good idea of what *was probably* responsible for starting this though, the thick shaft of pink wriggling flesh embedded in the back of the tiger's neck worming its way deeper in by the second. It got good and energetic when Sol squeezed, and when the tiger then *abruptly* stopped touching his face and put his hands on his cock instead.

“O-oh.. ah.. d-did my hands.. that wass.. sss'weird~”

Buddy was sporting the same thing attached to the base of his neck, the same changes happening to him, but the gray wolf looked like he was *trying* to concentrate and maintain himself a bit harder than the tiger was. Trying to reach for

the thing on the back of his neck, but having a hell of a time coordinating his hands in the process. It didn't help that the wriggling shaft back there was covered in a glistening slime and had nothing to get a grip on in the first place. Couple that with the obvious difficulty Buddy was having with getting his arms and hands to behave and the best he managed was gently squeezing it a couple times only for his whole body to shudder and his grip to loosen.

“R-Ross?! Need help, man! H-help me, or.. get help? I-”

The big wolf stumbled closer to Ross, with the coyote too stunned to do much of anything but watch as the wolf's neck stretched further outward. He did reach one hand out, maybe some part of Ross had started wondering if he could help pull that thing out of Buddy? Would that even be safe, though..? Ross' hesitation was *probably* not what sealed the wolf's fate. The thicker everything about Buddy got the more his ears and nose started to shrink in, like they were sinking into flesh toned quicksand. It left the only remaining features on Buddy being those bulging eyes and his mouth, each one struggling in some way. The eyes couldn't seem to focus and were set on an increasingly oddly shaped head that had them looking two different direction at once. His mouth kept trying to form words and spitting up that slime. Even when he got a moment where his mouth was clear it was getting smaller, puckering up and then dribbling more pale white-yellow goo. After four or five seconds of watching that play out it was clear the wolf wasn't going to be able to speak again, and meanwhile his whole head was reshaping itself. Flatter on top, a gentle lopsided curve, wider where his 'chin' used to be.. almost a mushroom top.

Ross' own mind really didn't want to think 'that's a dick' – but it was. His roommate's head was dick – both of his roommates' heads were – *gigantic* shafts coming out of their necks and nothing but their eyes left on them. Sol and Buddy were writhing, pawing at themselves, blinking like they were in the throes of some *intense* orgasms but couldn't make sounds anymore to go with them. But every

spare moment of attention the pair had for anything that wasn't their own transformation seemed to be focused on Ross himself – he just wasn't sure *why* that was.

Or whether or not he should be afraid of it being so.

“I.. I think you might be past helping man. Oh *heck* I'm sorry.. I-”

Ross had a little bit of a panic attack when Sol stumbled at him, or maybe lunged at him? More so when Buddy did it too, but neither of them were looking coordinated. It wasn't hard to figure out why, their necks were three feet long and throbbing veined masses that left both of them cumming out of their mouths in a steady, goopy stream that Ross did *not* want to get on himself. The coyote backed off, fumbling for the nearest doorknob, ducking into one of the apartment's two bedrooms and locking the door behind him. At least, as much as those doors locked.. and assuming the two small penis hulks outside couldn't just kick the doors in.

Which they could, he had no doubt. They just.. didn't? Ross could hear them out there, a symphony of wet squelching sounds that really did resemble an orgy. Which it might well be. The fact that they hadn't come in after him was equal parts relieving and concerning – and left Ross at a loss as to what to do.

“..Holy *shit*. Holy shit holy shit that.. their heads.. their *whole heads and*.. I think I saw them losing control too which just..”

The coyote found his way back to a corner of the bedroom, wedged between the wall and the mattress, curling his hands around his ears and tugging on them.

“I.. I need to get out of here, or.. or find Murd? Then get out of here? Oh *crap* what if they already got to him- I-”

A sound nearby got Ross' attention, a rustling of some sort from the sliding doors to the patio. The coyote moved slowly when he stood, eyes peeled wide, ears

keen for anything happening. The patios were pretty big with short solid walls around the edges. Mostly they had some plants on theirs and a couple of chairs for sitting in when it rained out and they wanted to enjoy the smell and the sound of it. None of this sounded like that, this sounded like.. mumbling? And a faint, fleshy slapping noise.

Once he was on his feet Ross approached the door and put his hand up to it, pulling on the handle. There was a musty smell in the air outside, the idea that it might *be* rain coming soon did occur to him and made Ross wonder if he might luck out and get a thunderstorm. The coyote turned his head to look at the bedroom door again, thunder might make for a good enough distraction to run past Buddy and Sol. He just had to wait it out and-

The wet slapping sound came again, louder this time. *Right* on the back of Ross' neck.

The coyote had an awful lot of tension built up in him at that moment. A sudden *moist* thing hitting their neck and sticking there? That was too damn much. Ross grabbed at it while letting out a shocked yelp and that *damn near* made him fall off the balcony as his hands slipped on something smooth and slick. Too much so to get a good grip, especially with it flailing around like it was doing, and with his coordination taking a sudden hit.

"Oh no, no no no! No come on that.. that's not.. Neighbor! R-right, they can' help-"

At least, Ross hoped so. That squirming sensation on his back was terrifying, but not nearly so much so as when it nestled its way in a touch deeper and the coyote felt a twinge. Everywhere. His *whole body* at the same moment – Ross clutched at his neck again as everything tightened but his arms came up short. Part of that had to do with not expecting to curl them and have quite so much bicep in

the way, but there was also a resistance of a different sort. That squirming presence went a little deeper, Ross felt his whole frame throb as it did and could not for the life of him get his arms to reach back properly.. because there was a soft and invasive pressure on the base of his neck.

In fact, *everything* around his neck felt soft, unlike the rest of the coyote. The rest of Ross was increasingly chiseled out of hardwood. Which did at least make it *pretty* simple to get over the edge of their balcony and onto the one for their neighbors' apartment. Ross vaulted, then stumbled, then leaned on the sliding doors and gave them a bang.

"H-heey! I need help, please! I- *glph*-"

The interruption left Ross' eyes going wide, he'd just spit up.. something? A thick glob of it, slimy and slick and clingy, running down his chin. Worse yet, his eyes didn't seem to want to go back from the bulge they'd slipped into just then. As Ross started to yank on the doors for the patio on the neighbors' place he caught sight of his reflection and *that* gave him ample cause for a bit of terror.

His eyes were bulging and large, just like his neck. Thick, throbbing, but soft – and his throat was taking on that same central shaft look that Buddy and Sol had developed. Ross yanked twice more and the door came unstuck enough for the coyote to stumble into the apartment. The whole time he was pawing at his face, trying to get his neck to stop growing, trying not to feel his bones soften and spread while his head shaped itself into the familiar mushroom peak of a cock.

"H-help! Please!? A-are you home...? I nee- *mlphh*- n-need help! Get this thing out of my neck.. I can't reach it, it won't let me-"

A shuffling sound got Ross' attention, something loud, like a snort paired with some rustled clothing. Then some heavy breathing to follow, a cough or two, and a familiar voice-

“Ross?! In here, in the bedroom! You've got to get me out of here before they come back, I.. I can't- by myself.. anymore. I-”

Something akin to hope bubbled up in Ross. Along with more precum and that throbbing, Ross was feeling his neck start to bob and clench at the same time as his proper dick was doing so, and could not remember feeling this horny. Ever. The coyote moved quickly toward the bedroom he heard the voice from, the apartments all had the same layout so he could find it easily enough.

“Murd! What the heck are you over her! *Imph*.. here for?! Y-you've gotta get this thing out of my neck for me, I-”

Ross felt a fresh rush of worry that it was getting hard to bend his neck and keep his head down. He had to put both hands to the top of his.. well, it would've been his skull. It would've been by his ears. Finding his ears took a second, they were small and sinking into him, making it hard to hear anything but his heartbeat – and his skull? There didn't really seem to be any bones left above his shoulders that Ross could find. Managing to look down to where this room mate's voice was coming from meant he had to *push* his head down to see the badger – and that just made him spit up another gooey mouthful. But there Murd was-

What was left of him, anyway. This time it wasn't so much muffled by a dribble of precum out of his mouth at least, since Ross was only mouthing the words 'oh fuck' to himself as he looked down at the fat badger – and the puckered sucking openings on his shoulders and hips where his legs and arms ought to be. And yet, despite him wriggling helplessly on the bed it was Murd looking shocked and freaked out.

It was hard for Ross to really look much of any way at the moment since his face was blurring into the featureless, smooth crest of a dick. That wriggling in the back of his neck was almost gone, just a stumpy tail pulling itself in by swinging side

to side faster than ever, and worse yet Ross' own tail was doing the same.

How could it not? The more of that cock that slid into his flesh the better it felt.

“Oh.. oh that's.. s'what they were talking about?”

Sinking to his knees slowly, right beside the bed with the pillowy mound of a helpless badger in it, Ross pawed at the soft expanse of Murd's belly with one hand while he drooled cum onto his throat with the other. The coyote couldn't remember ever feeling this horny, the dick between his legs was just as hard as the one his face was turning into, but it felt like everything else was getting distant. Disconnected. His hands were moving without his say so, groping at the badger and at himself while his neck pulsed and felt.. loose? Slimier?

“Oh *h-lphb*- heck.. T-this ss'good, you know? What happened anyw-way?”

Ross felt his body slump against the side of the bed, he felt it moving, but not.. him? He was moving too but it was different. Like one smooth, curling motion all through his body from his neck down. Which was all there was. Face, neck, then.. more? He bucked against himself and tried to speak, but his lips just closed together.. and the wrong way? A tight vertical slit.

For a few seconds that was all Ross could manage. Right up until a pair of strong hands grasped him around the neck.. or some part of it? The bit below his face. They lifted and Ross felt himself, what there was of himself, slip free of.. himself? The hands laid him on the bed not far from Murd and he craned his neck back around to see what had just touched him.

“T-there were.. worms. Oh man it's way too late, isn't it?”

As strange as his eyes felt, with as much trouble as focusing was right now, Ross wriggled and tightened himself until he was able to lift his head and see

himself – with all that entailed. His body looked *ripped*, muscles everywhere – except of course for the puckered cavity where his neck ought to be. That was just empty and gently flexing while the rest of his body knelt on the floor and looked.. fine? Despite the lack of a head? And then there was *himself*.

A long fleshy tail leading up to a *gigantic* penis head that felt several kinds of amazing to be inside of. Especially when whoever that was started to pat at his body, squeeze him gently, run their fingers down him. It barely even occurred to Ross that the badger had gone silent right about then – or that the holes where Murd's limbs ought to be looked an awful lot like where his head used to be on his body. Those things would've required a little focus and Ross had none to spare.

“Aren't you just the cutest, most energetic little thing~”

Ross wriggled from head to toe, his body tightening up inside and a heavier burst of cum shot free from him and onto the badger. Then another.. Everything inside him was a pink hued glow painting a body made of nothing *but* the nerves meant for pleasure. This was bliss, even if he was helpless. Even if was just a big, long, slithering cock in some stranger's hands.

A stranger damn near as tall as the room he was standing in, with a mushroom headed shaft that dwarfed Ross' whole body despite him being nothing *but* dick. They were just as muscled as Ross' body was, as his other room mates, but sporting a fat gut to go with it (and a lot more little mushrooms budding off them here and there) and a big grin on their face. That, and a nice red fox's tail to go with it all.

“It's a rush isn't it? The little digger here has *no idea* yet. But that's because we're not done with him.”

The badger swallowed hard and, to Ross' eyes, would probably have been trying to back away if he could. The huge fox reached over with one of his hands to

ruffle the badger's ears and then lift his gut. Under there there was a ferocious erection.. and a few little mushrooms growing out of the badger's plump crotch.

“His body's confused – too many holes, too many of us having fun with them. It'll pick a form *eventually* though. You?”

The big fox grinned, slow and steady, lifting Ross up until he could see him face to face. Ross curled around that muscled arm instinctively – when the fox stroked Ross' head he couldn't help dribbling more spunk all down himself.

“Well, I suppose you get to do what comes naturally now don't you? You're a dick.”

The whimpering from the badger behind Ross sounded horny, but everything felt and sounded horny right now. Ross didn't know if he could feel anything else – but he was pretty sure he knew the answer well ahead of the fox speaking it. Even with those thick fingers teasing at his cheeks and trilling at him like he was a pet.

“Let's find you a nice comfy *hole*. Shall we?”

Ross tightened up, spurted onto the wall again, and turned to eyeball his room mate.. and all those warm inviting holes the fat helpless badger was covered in. That whimpering sound bubbled again.

..Definitely horny.