

The Anthro-Preg Virus (Multi Anthro TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Scientists Juan and Leo are working on a virus that could save critically endangered animals, but when the virus escapes containment it begins to infect everyone it comes into contact with, transforming them into anthro versions of those endangered animals. Worse, it also leaves them in various states of pregnancy, in order to help them avoid extinction! Can the virus be stopped before the whole city is hit by the anthro-preg virus?

The Anthro-Preg Virus

Juan ran the latest test with a pep in his step, and clapped excitedly at the results.

“Look at this, Leo!” he said in his slightly accented voice, gesturing an olive-skinned hand to the large chamber in the heart of their lab facility, where the latest viral creation was being assessed. “This is our best result yet! Cheetah and European Wolf DNA strands are at over ninety-nine percent preservation rates, even *with* the massively increased fertility genes we have added.”

Leo, who was much less-excitabile than his enthusiastic partner, adjusted his glasses and then ran a hand through his dark brown hair. “Hmmm,” he said non-committally, looking over the lab computer’s results. “That is indeed quite promising.”

“Quite promising? Are you kidding! We have the power to save these animals and ensure they never go near endangerment or extinction ever again!”

Leo nodded, still a little non-committally. “Are you sure we didn’t overdo the fertility element? I worry that we might overburden these animals when released into the wild.”

“Nonsense, we need them breeding successfully!”

“You’re just saying that because *you* were responsible for that genetic tailoring, Juan.”

The scientist grinned, then clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “What can I say? I like to go the extra mile! Besides, if there’s anything to worry about, it’s the element *you* introduced: the viral spread. Maybe *that’s* too potent, eh?”

The shorter, scrawnier Leo considered this with a frown. “Perhaps. The intent is that it could spread across the species, but I should run more tests on the adaptability of the virus. Don’t want it spreading to other species now, do we?”

Juan chuckled at that. “No thank you! I think my wife would be most unappreciative if she ended up with an unexpected set of babies, ha! Despite my mother’s pressure, we are going strictly childfree, thank you very much.”

“Lucky you to have the choice,” Leo noted. The scrawnier fellow did indeed want a family, but his love life had been sparse and far between as of late; he wasn’t exactly the most handsome or charismatic individual.

It wasn’t like the Ardyne Genetics Lab gave one much of a social life anyway. It was a cutting edge facility located in Seattle, funded by Eco-concerned lobbyists and public investors who wanted to ensure the survival of endangered, critically at-risk, and even some *extinct* creatures, particularly in the face of encroaching extreme climate change. Juan and Leo were among the best scientists in the facility, and therefore at the head of the most vital areas of research and containment of the many experimental viral forms that the facility produced. They were surprisingly young, both being in their mid-thirties, but their brilliance was clear. So was, however, their sometimes risky elaboration upon the original, rather mild goals of the lab. Juan in particular loved to see how far he could take genetic engineering to achieve potential wildlife preservation goals in his lifetime, whereas Leo tended to be fascinated by the scientific potential of a sort of ‘living virus’, which could spread by air and adapt existing species to become more productive.

“We have quite the extensive library now, don’t we?” Leo considered, watching as the automatic arms of the refrigerated containment took the viral cheetah and wolf concoctions and began to move them to specific trays.

“That we do, Leo,” Juan said. “I’m still so proud of that dodo mix.”

“Well, the Tasmanian tiger is another great success, I’d say. We just need to get the cloning grants, and the species might live again!”

Juan chuckled at this. “See? There’s no such thing as going too far for science, Juan! Not so long as we keep everything safe and-”

Suddenly, the robotic arms shifting the viruses in their tubes seized up, the mechanical joints whirring and struggling. Steam hissed from the joints, and more of the robotic limbs began to extend from the sides of the enormous, room-sized containment fridge.

“What the hell?” Juan said. “What is happening?”

“The machine is malfunctioning!” Leo said, even as the arms began to seize random vials.

“Well, put a stop to it!” Juan said. “You’re the computer guy!”

Leo quickly got on the console, even as the viruses were being shaken erratically, more and more being held up and gripped by the arms. Cracks began to appear in the glass, worrying the pair.

“I can’t! I think we’ve been hit by some kind of hack!” Leo said. “Quick, shut down the room!”

Juan ran to the other side and quickly lifted a small plastic guard, before slamming his hand down upon a red-button. Red lights immediately blared throughout the room and the rest of the facility.

“Warning: Containment Breach. Follow safety protocols. Warning: Containment Breach. Follow safety pro-”

The sound cut out, and the red lights flickered erratically. Leo’s eyes went wide.

“Shit! The hack has hit the rest of the system! The door isn’t closing!”

“And the PPE hatch isn’t opening either!” Juan cried, trying to force open the chamber.

But it was already too late. The mechanical arms were now crushing and smashing the vials, flinging them everywhere throughout the chamber and causing a visibly pinkish gas to rise from the floor. Leo and Juan exchanged a terrified look.

“Let’s run!” Juan cried. “We need to get out of the lab!”

Leo couldn’t agree more: especially since some of the vials were being placed by the malfunctioning machine into the lab’s pneumatic tubes: they’d be smashing their dangerous viral contents everywhere!

“Years of work ruined!” Leo whined as they began to run, forcing their way through the half-closed door that would neither shut itself nor pull properly open. Alarms blared everywhere, and people were already moving, confusion rising in the air.

“I can’t believe this!” Juan yelled as they ran down the corridor. “A goddamned *hack*, probably from some basement-dwelling loser, and all our hard work is never going to be seen by anyone! Not a single soul! Not a single - ughh!”

Suddenly, Juan halted, gasping for breath as he clutched a hand rail by the side of the corridor. Leo stopped beside him, looking for injury.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“I’m f-fine! I’m - aghhh! Ohhhh, s-something’s happening. The virus! I think I inhaled it.”

“But I don’t feel any d-d-nngghh! Oh God, I can feel something t-too.”

The two men struggled to even take more than a few steps. Something was happening in their cells, a new set of changes coursing through their bodies. Leo had been far too capable in his work on viral transmission, and Juan had likewise had far more impressive results in gene transformation than even he could have imagined. The pair sweated, pressure spreading across their skin, followed by a sense of intense itchiness. Juan scratched at his forearms, only to suddenly notice something utterly *wrong*.

“Good God!” he cried. “I’m growing fur! Yellow fur with spots!”

It was true: hair was sprouting all across his arms and spreading up over his palms and down his chest rapidly. He grunted as it continued, trying to somehow force it back in despite the obvious futility of his action.

“The cheetah formula! It was the first smashed! I must be infected with it! Nghh!”

“That m-means I’ve got the w-wolf!” Leo replied, his body tearing through his labcoat and shirt as it expanded. His muscles were rippling, his hands gaining sharp claws that extended like talons from the ends of his fingers, but he too was developing fur. It was the same deep umber brown as his hair, and it was pushing up in great tufts in itchy patches across his body. He literally salivated like a dog in frustration as he tried to scratch these various parts of his body, and yet it still kept spreading.

“Leo!” Juan cried. “We’re m-mutating! We n-need to move before it get wo-ohhh!”

His face pushed forwards, his very skull gaining a slight snout even as the same yellow fur with black spots covered it. The struggling man clutched his head, his own set of cat’s claws forming. He tried to grab his ears as they shifted upwards, but nothing could stop them from becoming flat, pointy rectangles with a far more acute sense of hearing. He now had cheetah ears above his head. More than that, his teeth were sharpening, his nose widening until it had the soft, inverted triangle appearance of a big cat’s muzzle.

“This can’t be happening!” he cried. “*This can’t be happening!*”

The last part was spoken in an impressively high tone, his normally charismatic male voice squeaking up an octave. He gasped, trying to take more steps towards the exit.

“We need to m-move!” Leo said, grabbing one clawed hand with his own. “C’mon! Just ignore and - AAGHHH!!”

A tail began to slide out from below the hem of Leo’s labcoat. It was thick and very furry, that same dark brown colouring, and it instantly began to wage in a panic, lifting up even more of the coat.

“I’ve got a tail,” he said, almost dispassionately, though perhaps more from shock. “Juan, I seem to have developed a tail. Oh, and my ears are changing - and my face.”

Juan was feeling other bones change by this point; even his hips were widening, but he began to run forward, as if fully embracing his new cheetah-like biology.

“C’mon, let’s get out of here! Just like you said!”

The two moved, though it was only at a half-pace at best. With every change to their increasingly animalistic bodies, one of the pair had to halt and groan or even *growl* like an animal. Juan even snarled and hissed like a cat, feeling parts of his body grow and extend. His legs become muscular and fit, his core burning as a very fit six-pack formed. His nipples were beginning to distend and grow from his furry chest, but he could pay that no mind. He didn’t want to end up like an animal.

Leo, meanwhile, was becoming more and more wolf-like. His voice was cracking, as was Juan's, but the fur that grew from his body was longer and thicker. His shoulders cracked wider, causing him to grunt and nearly fall back the stairs they were ascending, and his face was pushing forwards into an impressive wolf's muzzle, complete with sharp teeth. Together, they looked like a pair of male bipedal predators.

Male, that was, for just a couple of minutes more, because as they reached the next sub-basement level, Leo suddenly seized up and nearly fell over. His pointy wolf ears stood on end, and his tongue fell out the side of his mouth as he panted. It was all so wrong, so completely *bestial*, but this newest change was frightening him even more, because he could feel his damn *member* sliding back into him.

Juan snarled. "What are you doing, man! We have to get moving! We're still changing - my ass has this h-huge pressure! Others could be changing right now!"

Indeed they were; already they could hear cries and shouts of horror, and distant moans echoing down the corridor. There was even the cracking of bone as it changed shape, the slurp of new flesh knitting together.

"I c-can't," Leo said. "Between my legs, I'm undergoing a ph-physiological ch-change!"

Juan moved around to inspect the man, who was now naked; the explosive growth of wolf hair and a far more obvious musculature than Juan had tattered Leo's clothing.

"Holy fuck! Your dick is shrinking away, dude! Is it becoming part of a canine sheath or something?"

"N-no! I can feel it - it's going into m-me. I think - ahhh - the gender component of your genetic compound is s-stronger than we i-imagined. It's happening to you, t-too."

Leo tried to be calm about his shrinking dick, but Juan flew into an excitable and anxious state. "No! No, way! No fucking way! Ohhhhh, it's happening. My dick is disappearing. Dude, this can't be true! This is a fucking n-nightmare - I didn't mean for it to be this p-powerful!"

But powerful it was, and soon the pair were hunched over, groaning as the ultimate transition from man to beast, and then man to *woman* took place. Leo shuddered, clutching his crotch even as it inverted and pulled back into him, forming a feminine tunnel located just below his ass. It was already wet with a strange and unwanted arousal, making the wolf-*woman* pant more. Leo followed suit, trying to literally pull his dick so that it wouldn't shrink anymore, only for it to shrink out of his cat claw hands.

"No! FUCK NO!!! NGNHH!!!"

As if finally given permission to grow once the transition to biological womanhood finalised, the pair were hit with a new set of pressures, this time in their chests. Leo gasped, clutching the pair of growths that formed there, and instantly making a calculation.

“We’re growing mammalian mammaries,” he noted, resorting to clinical analysis to remain calm. “Juan, we are becoming new species with female traits.”

“I can f-fucking tell, man! I can feel - ohhh! They’re growing h-huge!”

Both continued to move, running through the lab even as their breasts began to grow, splitting open Leo’s laboratory coat from their expansion. They surged forth on each pair, larger in Leo’s case, though at least hidden partially by her thick fur, whereas Juan’s shorter fur only emphasised her gorgeous breasts, which were easily bigger than Double-D’s by the time they reached the next stairwell. The moaning was only getting louder, but neither paid attention to it, because they were too busy clutching their new, very impressive boobs, and trying to stop them from jiggling and wobbling everywhere. Leo staggered on the stairs, her legs clicking as they reconfigured. Her ankles extended, leaving her on raised paws, but Juan suffered even more in the transformation department: to her horror, she nearly didn’t make it up the stairs because her ass was swelling and swelling and *swelling*, extending behind her rapidly.

“What the fuck!?! Oh shit, I’m gonna die, dude! I’m growing a tumour from my own goddamn genetic compound and it’s gonna kill me!”

Leo helped drag her friend up the remaining stairs so that she could slump on the flat flooring. “I don’t think it’s a tumour, I think - you’re becoming something like a centaur. An entirely new configuration not seen in nature!”

Juan moaned: this was not better news. Soon it was obvious that Juan was correct, however, because his lower half was like a barrel behind him, and new limbs were pushing out, catlike to match his front legs. Those already existing limbs cracked and reformed, and soon, to the poor scientist’s shock, he was raising himself up on a much larger body, one that was without a doubt a cheetah’s body in the lower half, right down to the spotted flanks, the big cat’s legs, and the swaying tail. Only it was bigger than a cheetah’s would be, significantly so, in order to support the still-humanoid cat person torso at its front. She was indeed now a cat-aur, with far more limbs than she was used to. The new taur struggled and nearly fell over, adjusting to have four legs rather than two, and a body that went out way behind her.

“This isn’t possible. Tell me this isn’t possible! What have I done to myself!?”

Leo didn’t even know what to say. She waited for changes to her new female wolf-woman body, but nothing followed, at least for now.

“What!?” Juan cried. “So you don’t have to be a cat-centaur thing? This isn’t fair!” The cheetah woman snarled, and then slowly stretched her legs adjusting to having so many. “Whatever! Maybe I can make up a cure! Maybe it’s not all lost yet. Let’s just . . . keep moving! Not too fast, I’ve got this huge stupid cheetah body down here to adjust too.”

And that wasn't even getting into the fact that it was a *female* one, let alone one with all genitalia far behind her, out of sight and reach. Perhaps that last part was a blessing in disguise.

"Help m-me!" someone cried as they moved forward, Juan occasionally struggling with her rear legs. "Please, my body is m-mutating!"

To their shock, someone with a nametag listed them as Dr Sharon Kahler now appeared to be some kind of orangutan-woman, complete with wild orange body hair and a much thicker waist. Her shoes were off, her feet now possessing hands that were reaching out to grab people in desperation. Her rack had been enormous, and Juan remembered that she'd been big before, and yet now she was over twice that in the bust.

"You've got to help - ahhh! Who are you!?"

"Sharon!?" Leo said. "It's me, Leo. And this is Juan."

"But you're a wolf lady! And a cat . . . thing!"

"Centaur," Leo said in an annoyed voice.

"Whatever, you've got to help me! I'm trying to get up but my stomach is - ohhhhh! It's growing, and I'm a gross monkey woman and I'm all hairy and leathery and - NGHH! Oh God, I can feel something growing!"

Right before their eyes, Sharon's orangutan stomach began to blow up, expanding rapidly and filling out. For a moment, Juan was worried she was going to pop, but Leo's huntress eyes narrowed as she realised what was going on.

"Juan, your fertility changes! It's making her reproduce! Did you have spermatozoa in the mix?"

"Of - of course! We needed rapid breeding using existing samples and - oh God. Oh God, I can feel it too! In my belly, my lower belly! UGHHH!"

It began to lower, as if a great stone weight had settled inside of it. The cheetah-taur woman nearly lost her balance on her four paws, and she writhed her entire body, trying to reach with her hands to grip her underside and failing completely because of her new configuration. Leo was no help, because she felt the same pressure, albeit in her regular belly, since she lacked a taur aspect, thankfully.

"I th-think we might b-be in the same boat, Sharon! Best get to safety! Perhaps if we m-move fast, we won't g-get too pregnant! Ahh!"

She clutched a wall, feeling her stomach bloat up. Little shifting movements were already beginning within her, and she realised with a dawning amazement and horror that her pregnancy was advancing rapidly, and that she was obviously carrying what could potentially be a whole *litter* of pups in her recently formed womb.

More moans continued ahead, and the pair staggered forwards, Juan struggling even more so, since her belly continued to advance, drooping almost to the ground. Their way

ahead was blocked, and it was thanks to another taur: this time a woman with a genetic mix of a rare breed of deer. Her face was cute and doe-like as she looked back at them through the compressed doorway, but her lower deer body was completely stuck, her new hooves stamping useless at the ground, her short tail wriggling in animal frustration. A torn labcoat upon her lower back marked her out to be Matthew Treenes, an older worker in his fifties. And yet this incredibly pregnant deer-aur - so pregnant, in fact, that her body was stuck in the doorway - looked to be in her early twenties. Were they all reverting back to their prime breeding ages as well? Certainly, the pair felt incredibly athletic, though perhaps that was just the muscle growth.

“Oh God! Don’t eat me! Please don’t eat me!” the deer-aur cried in a high soprano voice, totally at odds with the man she used to be. “I’ve been mutated! Please, you’ve got to - ughhh - help me! I think I’m p-pregnant! In my lower half!”

“Same for - ahh - me,” Juan complained, gesturing to her underside, where more and more of her litter were growing. Leo felt a bit self-conscious: her stomach was rounded a little, certainly, like she had just entered her second trimester, but otherwise was not showing too much. Meanwhile, her best friend and coworker nearly had her swollen belly scraping along the ground.

“It’s us, Matthew,” Leo said. “Leo and Juan. We were there at the leak. It just started.”

But the deer-aur shook her head. “No, something weird has been going on for a while! I was ch-changing over twenty minutes ago, it only just ramped up th-then! Ohhhh, God, I can f-feel another fawn forming! MMHM!”

Sure enough, she kicked out her hooves uselessly as her stomach widened, pressing her uncomfortably against the door frame. Already, her belly was literally lower than her legs, leaving her immobilised. “You’ve g-got to help me, here! Change me back, or at least get me out of this d-doorway before I get c-crushed!”

Leo and Juan exchanged a look, then got to work. They needed to escape, but Matthew’s words troubled Leo even as he pushed Matthew’s naked backside, trying to force her forwards. How could the leak be going on longer? Unless . . . oh God.

“The hack!” she gasped. “I know who did it!”

Juan heaved, pushing Matthew even as more fawns developed in her overstuffed womb. “Who? Spit it out!”

“I got an email from an anti-engineering animal rights group a f-few weeks ago, promising an attack on us if we didn’t stop! I thought it was just baloney; I forwarded to my boss but didn’t even flag it as important. They always threaten these things. But then . . . this happened. What if this isn’t a random hack, what if it’s not just our viral strains that have been released, but all of them? Some could be in the air for hours already if the alarms weren’t tripped!”

Juan took in all of this, and suddenly she growled like a cheetah, then pushed Matthew out of her squeezed spot. The poor deer-taur fell on her side on the floor, panting heavily, her body absolutely *dominated* by her heavy pregnancy.

“Ngnnh - ahhhh - thank you! Mhmm . . . thank you!”

“Sorry we can’t stay, man-doe-woman-thing!” Juan said. “But my own belly is goddamn heavy, and I’m sure you can understand I’m struggling to walk here.”

She moved ahead, heaving her sunken stomach along, trying to ignore the alien sensation of kicks rippling within her. Her breasts bounced heavily, slapping against her chest, and the same was true of Leo, though her thick fur gave her a little more cushioning, at least. The last of their clothing was gone, but neither cared about being naked at this point: they needed to lock down the entire facility. If various other viral strains had been out even longer, then it stood to reason that the entire lab was in chaos and failing to communicate. Which meant that there was a chance the virus was already out in the world, which would be an utter disaster.

They passed other coworkers, evidently ones who had changed so quickly and dramatically that they had never managed to flag any alarm. One was the normally very cute Jessie Ortigas, who Juan had been wanting to ask out. Now she had become a rare breed of gazelle with a taur lower half. Her four thin legs were utterly useless because she was mounted on a heavy belly that was larger than the rest of her put together, and her breasts looked far too slim to be able to nurse them. She raised her adorable gazelle snout as they passed.

“Ohhh, I’m t-too big! Someone help me!”

Juan could only give her apologies and keep on moving forward, summoning her reserves of strength to stop her increasingly weighty belly from scraping across the ground. Leo, at least, was fast, moving ahead to try and reach the control room that could remotely lock down the lab. She and her lagging friend passed numerous other colleagues, all of them transformed into female anthro-creatures from endangered species, and each pregnant to a certain range of degrees.

They paused Lily Olson, who was normally so petite but now existed in a large elephantine form, her skin wrinkly and grey, her breasts the size of boulders, her ass huge with a tail. She had a long trunk that she was using to panic drink some water from the fountain to calm herself, her big ears flapping in agitation. Her belly was enormous, and she was rubbing it constantly, even as she urged them forward.

“Keep - going - can’t walk - fast - please shut - it down - before it’s too - late! Nghh! Oh God, I think I’m having twin calves!”

They passed more bipedal transformees, some further behind in their changes, others now fully completed like them. Their supervisor Hank, a good and practical man, was freaking out about becoming a dodo-woman with useless hands.

“Get this shit locked down!” he grunted to them as they passed. “I don’t have the fucking hands to do it anymore, but for some reason I still got tits! If this stuff gets out, it’ll be a disaster!”

They were helped up the next set of stairs to the ground floor by Mia Mathers, who had become a surprisingly beautiful otter woman. She grunted, her own belly expanding, and it was clear that she was already growing a second pair of breasts below her first, but she was admirable as a lab tech could be in helping them up.

“Do you have the code to shut it down?” she asked, collapsing as Juan began to stride forward.

“I do,” Leo said. “And my lanyard. I just really, really hope we can contain it.”

“We can reverse this, right?”

She bit her lip with his canine teeth, then balls her sharp paw-fists. “I hope. But who knows.”

She took off on a bestial run, moving to all fours at points and speeding past the struggling cheetah.

“Hey, I’m supposed to be the fast one!” she hissed, trying to keep up.

Here there were other taurs, including most strangely of all Janice Harker, who had become a powerful rhino-taur, complete with a long pair of horns that jutted out from her forehead. Her upper body was powerfully built from her original petite form, and the secretary only had a slight expansion of her belly, which made Juan briefly jealous.

“You! This was your fault, you two!” she bellowed once they revealed who they were, her voice much deeper than it had been before. “I’ve been trying to get someone to shut this down for a while now, but nothing is fucking working! I swear I’m going to charge you!”

“Don’t!” Juan said. “I’m pregnant! Look at me, I’ve got a whole dang litter here! And you probably have some too.”

That shut her up, and it gave Leo time to get into the control room. Sure enough, a quick inspection of the systems made it clear that this was a wide and chaotic hack, and that it wasn’t just a case of their section going on the fritz; *all* their cold storage sights had vented or blown or leaked in some fashion. The only reason it hadn’t been caught was because the hack had initially disguised itself.

“God, some of these leaks have been slowly emanating for *hours*,” Leo said.

Juan shuddered. Her ass was sticking out of the small office, her tail swaying angrily. She could feel milk forming in her hanging teats, and her own breasts were starting to feel full. It was all too humiliating.

“Just lock us down, then!” Juan said. “Stop wasting time, because as humiliating as this is, we can’t have . . . we can’t have . . . Leo. You might want to turn up the volume on that television screen.”

Leo was about to initiate the shutdown when he paid attention to Leo’s words and saw the true calamity on display. TV reporters were covering *the* story of the century: an entire section of Seattle’s population were transforming in real time, becoming female if they were not already, and then swelling up in various stages of pregnancy. One of the reporters on the ground was herself already turning into a bilby woman, complete with large and oddly cute ears and a pointed snout. Her belly was only slightly swollen, but she was giving updates as she went.

“As you can see, this strange infection is spreading rapidly among the people of Seattle. Already, authorities are cordoning off sections of the city and blocking the highways, but it’s uncertain how this condition is spreading: is it airborne or waterbone? Already, there are fears that it is heading to other cities along the coast. I have already been affected, and a coworker has diagnosed me as seemingly looking like a human bilby of sorts, one who is already expecting despite being on contraception after my second child.

“I am one of the lucky ones. Here is footage of a man turning into a female alligator woman. Here is footage of a female platypus lady who has had to submerge herself in water to relieve the weight of her pregnant belly. Some are even becoming quadrupedal, such as this pangolin woman, who has even gained the trademark ‘armour’ of her namesake. As you can see in this footage, her lower stomach has swollen up with what can only be an entire litter of young!”

More footage followed, and other channels all showed the same. The virus was indeed spreading, countless DNA sequences from thousands of endangered and even extinct species now intermingling with homosapien DNA, providing entirely new results, and very fertile ones at that.

“We were too late even before we started changing,” Leo remarked, the full realisation dawning upon him. “

“The virus . . . it must have acted quickly once the leak dramatically increased,” Juan added, wincing as her belly jostled with her massive litter of cubs. “But it’s been slow-leaking this whole time before the hack went explosive. This has been out in the city for hours . . .”

“With an incubation period nearly as long,” Leo added. “Which means . . .”

“Other cities will be reporting cases soon.”

The pair exchanged glances. The proverbial cat was out of its furry-anthro preg bag, it seemed, and at this point lockdown was an effectively meaningly proposition. Instead, Juan grabbed the microphone.

“Everyone, the leak is out in the city, and it’s too late. Almost everyone in Seattle is changing now, and getting pregnant too! If you can still walk and don’t have a belly that’s too big, get out of here and go find your loved ones! Go check on them, and help them too if they need it. I’m getting the hell out of here, and I’ll be calling the authorities to come back and help anyone that’s still stuck, okay? But for now, just get out of here! Especially if you’re as goddamn prego as my stupid cheetah-taur body is; because I do *not* want to give birth at work!”

She shut off the device, took a deep breath, and looked over her naked cheetah-taur form. Leo did the same to her powerful, athletic, and oddly beautiful wolf-woman body. The impossible had just occurred, and the two, along with all of their coworkers and most of the city, were no longer even human. More than that, they could expect to give actual *birth* in coming months, though in Juan’s case she was already anxiously expecting that her own labor would come on in just a month or two. Leo, on the other hand, imagined that she would be getting a *lot* bigger soon; wolves generally had litters of cubs after all. Perhaps those lower nipples she had developed down her front would also be swelling up with milk as well. It was strange to imagine. Overwhelming, in fact.

“Let’s just get the hell out of here,” Juan finally said, switching off the television as a very pregnant and brightly coloured frog-woman was interviewed.

Leo turned off the other screen, in which the reporter was a slightly pregnant Tasmanian tiger woman, complete with cute stripes along her back.

“Not a bad idea,” she said. “I think . . . I think we may have just caused a national disaster, Juan.”

“It’s not entirely our fault,” Juan said, stretching out her arms as they moved to the exit. “It was those stupid hackers!”

“We should have had better protocols in place.”

“Well, I’m not blaming myself! I’ve already been turned into a pregnant cheetah centaur with - ahhh - too many goddamn little babies inside me to c-count! You think I’m going to revel in sorrow over a security failure!? I tell you, first interview with the news and I’m placing the blame on that group, and you should too.”

Leo nodded, scratching at her fur and occasionally placing a clawed hand over her slightly distended stomach. “Perhaps . . . there might be a cure.”

At this, Juan just chuckled. “You know there isn’t. How could you possibly reverse *this!*? I’ve got a goddamned tail, Leo. I have *back legs!* I’m covered in spots and I’m a woman! Ugh, I’ve even got big tits. Is it weird that I’m jealous about yours being bigger?”

“Very.”

At this, Juan actually *laughed*. “C’mon, let’s get back to where we call home. It’s a good thing we live close by, because I might n-need your help. This belly is so damn heavy, you have n-no idea!”

Leo did her best, using her wolf muscles to help her overly gravid friend out of the lab and into the city. Already, the chaos they had inadvertently inflicted was obvious: people howled in anger, or simply howled like wild gorillas, or brayed like buffalo women. Some were so pregnant that they were like giant wombs with an anthro-female attached, while others were trying to calm their children, who had also changed but were thankfully not pregnant. A teenage girl was crying at a skate park, however, having turned into a swollen gecko girl, comforted by her friends who had become a pair of rare breeds of horse centaurs; the most classic centaur.

“Perhaps I overdid it on the viral aspect,” Leo said.

“And perhaps I did overdo it on the genetic alteration aspect,” Juan admitted.

They both took in the chaos as they slowly ambled home, passing all manner of strange anthro people in various states of reproduction.

Juan yawned, cat-like. “Maybe next time we’ll get it right.”

And this, finally, made the normally serious and clinical Leo actually *laugh*.

Two hundred million. That had been the total number affected by the Anthro-Preg Virus, as everyone was now calling it. It had indeed gone international; ‘only’ sixty million of that number had spread across America, though it *had* provided quite the massive change in the last six months, especially to day-to-day life, disability services, new minority subcultures (wolf people and cat people tried to get along, but some made a cats vs dogs thing about it), and, of course, the population rate.

And porn.

Always with the porn. Furry culture had, for fairly good reason now, outright *exploded* in popularity, and was rapidly becoming *the* most popular form of porn around the world. Peter couldn’t blame anyone for consuming it: he watched more than a bit himself: there was just something about being one of the only human men in an office of very busty and attractive anthro MILFs that made it too difficult to resist. It was a good thing that the virus had eventually petered out, or else humanity might have just succumbed to animal desires entirely and thrown in the civilisational towel. As it was, the virus had become weaker over time, unable to sustain itself outside of a controlled environment, though there were still daily infections. It was now estimated that approximately one in ten thousand individuals would be

'anthro-pregged' in their lifetime going forwards, which was not exactly a huge number, but not exactly a tiny one either.

"Lookin' good today, Peter!" a woman said, pulling him out of his thoughts as he arrived at the office for work. He turned and saw that it was Janita, the rather enchanting cheetah-taur with a very fine set of pert breasts, and a spotted coat that made her upper half in particular look so breathtakingly exotic. She wore a purple office blouse with the top buttons undone to allow her furry breasts to 'breathe,' though it also allowed her to flirt. Her lower half was naked; this was typical of taur types.

"You think so?" he asked her. "I mean, it's just a new shirt and haircut."

"Trust me, a cat sees better than a human," she said, sauntering over on all four paws, sliding against him like a cat. "If you're free after work, we should have a drink."

"Don't you have to get home to your, er, calves?"

"Cubs," she corrected, before sighing heavily and scratching at her fur. "And trust me, they *are* a handful. It's a good thing I've got teats on my underside, because *six* is a handful, trust me! Or clawful, I guess. But I'm delaying the point: I've got a babysitter tonight. I was thinking of going to this cool new taur friendly club. You could be my . . . date?"

Peter blushed a little. He was a single man, and not lacking in the handsomeness department. He also knew that Janita had once been Juan, a geneticist who was at the heart of this accident, but thankfully didn't seem behind it. She had turned out very beautiful, and after giving birth (a protracted affair, to hear her tell it), something in her had changed and accepted her life. Perhaps it was also the fact that her best friend, who she often invited to work events, was a wolf woman named Lisa who now had a passionate human boyfriend, *despite* her now being quite pregnant with her own canine litter.

"Sure thing, Janita," Peter said, smiling and trying to keep his cool. To not think about how fucking amazing it would be to date a sexy taur woman, especially a goddam *cheetah* with tits like hers. "I'd really, really like that. Lemme just get these files over to the B-block and I'll be right back so we can discuss how we're gonna do this."

She purred, a sure sign of happiness. "See that you do. I'm trying to love this new post-preggo furry body of mine, so I want good company. Make sure you bring it."

He assured her he would, and quickly headed to B-block. He passed the genetic filings, the ones that the government was still amassing to help citizen access and census data, over to Liu Changzhou, who took it in her thick panda hands and thanked him. He couldn't find Talia though; the former 'Tabot' was apparently in the pumping room: the kangaroo woman, by her very nature, had allowance to travel with her anthro-joeey children in her pouch while they suckled. Then he dumped off the remaining info to Adelaide, who was one of the only non-transformed women in the office, and yet always talked about the 'anthros' as if she were deeply, deeply jealous of them.

At this point, Peter was finally free to return to Juan. He really hoped that this was a proper date. God, she had looked so beautiful when she was pregnant, and recently he'd found out that human DNA and anthro DNA was totally compatible for reproduction, which excited him further. Not that he wanted to get her pregnant right away, of course, but a man could dream of a life with a beautiful cheetah-taur wife, couldn't he? Especially when -

“Ngh!”

His stomach churned. With a wince, Peter opted to ignore it. He passed Lacey, who had turned into a rare albino batwoman, though thankfully her wings came out of her shoulder blades, allowing her to keep her arms, unlike some bird-folk. She was sniffing some of the delicious free fruit available in the staff dining area, and with a roaring hunger in his belly suddenly appearing, Peter decided to follow her before she ate it all.

“How's it going, Lacey?” he asked her, an eager grin on his features. “Still getting used to the sonar?”

“Oh, please, I got used to that months ago,” she said in a chipper, somewhat squeaky voice. “Though thank God I didn't end up actually blind, though I do need these glasses now.”

She gestured to her horn-rimmed glasses above her woollen sweater. If a furry bat-person with large leathery wings and a pinkish snout could ever somehow look like a librarian, Lacey had managed to achieve it. She was an archivist too, the closest thing to a librarian.

“And when are the little bats due?”

“Pups, they're called.”

“Pups, then?”

The bat-woman signed, rubbing her hugely distended belly, which was pink against her pale white fur. Her ears flopped a little, indicating how completely over her pregnancy she was.

“Two more months, I'm told,” she said. “At least, that's what the doctor thinks; that wolf lady who's friends with Janita the cheetah.”

“Woah! No offence, but I thought you were maybe . . .”

“Overdue?” Lacey said, raising a hairy eyebrow. “Me too. I swear, I said to Harvey, I was done after three kids. Now, we're gonna have *six* more. Lucky him! And the most annoying thing is how excited he and my kids are; they *want* bat babies. Pups. Which means I guess I do, too. Ah well, at least I get plenty of apples.”

“And I need to eat them fast, before you can - nghh!”

He collapsed forward this time, feeling a strange series of pressures running through his body, coursing through his core, his very genes starting to writhe and change on a microscopic scale.

“Are you okay!?” Lacey squeaked.

“Yeah, it’s just a stomach ulcer or s-something, just a - ohhh! Oh, fuck no!”

His skin was growing hair. His skin was growing *fur*. It sprouted from him, a yellow-orange-brown colour with noticeable pale spots. Peter was soon scratching at it, struggling with the weight of the knowledge that he was now one of ten thousand, *he* had been hit by the anthro-preg virus, and on the same day he finally had a date with a taur hottie at that!

“Ahhhh - ohohhh - f-fuck! No!”

The change began in full. It spread across Peter’s form like lightning, startling poor Lacey the bat-woman, her wings extending to lift her into the air momentarily away from the changing man.

“What do I do!?” she cried.

“You’ve ch-changed before!” he grunted, feeling his ankles rising up, his feet taking on a new position. “Go g-get help already! UGNH!”

His face pushed forward, his entire skull and jawline altering. It was the most remarkable, uncomfortable, totally foreign feeling, one that he’d watched many times on news footage and from self-recordings of those who had knowingly exposed themselves to the virus, but this was beyond anything Peter had ever imagined. His shoulders thinned, his waist pinching inwards, and his chest began to push forwards, his nipples expanding. He unbuttoned his shirt, allowing his chest to breathe as it surged forward, bursting outwards until he had a very fine pair of large, round mammaries that hung a little lower on his chest purely because of the pull of gravity.

“Oh fuck, I’ve got tits! Big ones! And f-full!”

Milk began to dribble almost immediately from those nipples, breasts supercharging with produce in preparation for what would no doubt be a forming pregnancy. This was all too close to comfort for Peter, but it got even worse: his ears rose up, tall and triangular and proud on his head. His teeth became canine, sharp and omnivorous. He was trying to figure out in real time what he was even becoming, but he got some sort of answer as his backside suddenly ripped through his shorts, and the transforming office worker *howled* like a dog.

No, he thought, as he saw his changing reflection in the mirrored surface of the staffroom’s vending machine. He was turning into a goddamn *coyote*. A *coyote centaur*.

“NGHH!” he groaned, trying to mentally overcome the changes, for all the good it would do. His other coworkers were gathering round now, even Janita, much to his embarrassment. Not that he would be a *he* much longer now that his back half was forming and his penis sliding back between what would soon be his hindquarters.

“What’s happening?”

“It’s Peter, he caught the virus!”

“Poor thing, she looks like some kind of coyote!”

“That’s another one down. What a shame; there’s not enough men these days.”

“Can we do anything, Peter?”

“J-just give me s-some space!” he growled, even as his vaginal tunnel formed, and his face became slim and feminine to match his upper frame. “I d-don’t know how to control this b-body yet!”

Her voice cracked, becoming a raspy kind of female growl, husky yet oddly pleasant to hear. It was only the most minor compensation, however, because her tail suddenly emerged out, wagging anxiously, and her rear feet followed, pushing themselves into existence so that the new coyote-taur struggled on all four legs, just like Janita had said she had when she’d first changed. It was a taur thing, apparently, and now Peter got to experience it.

“Is it over!?” she managed, as she stood up on all four legs and patted over her coarse, furry body.

Janita bit her lip. “Um, give it a second. This late-stage strain is stronger. The results might be dramatic.”

“What results?” Peter cried, heart beating rapidly in both halves of her. “What could possible - oh, no! Oh, no! I forgot about the pregnancy thing! I can feel it - MMHMM!”

Her belly expanded, lowering almost immediately, and fattening out wider too. Soon it was stretched thin, almost approaching the floor. Her teats down there grew fat also, full of milk that spilled on the ground, and yet her hyperpregnant state only advanced further. Peter whined in her new voice, begging her body to stop, but soon the bottom of her pregnant womb hit the ground and raised her up.

The women gasped; even by the nature of such a change, Peter was more pregnant than most they had seen. Soon, as sweat poured through her fur and she cupped her lactating breasts for sheer relief she was bigger than any they had seen, a true world record holder. Peter panted just like a canine, trying to catch her breath. Her four legs flailed, now over two feet off of the ground, her womb so large that it was bigger than the rest of her put together. It trembled, numerous kicks making her moan, and the crowd gasped, able to make out individual paws and faces pressing against her stomach.

“Ohhhhhhh,” Peter managed, though perhaps she would have to go by Peyton, now.

“Um, about that date, Peter?” Janita said.

Peter panted, and looked the cheetah-centaur’s way, overcome by it all.

“D-date?”

“Yeah, maybe we should hold off on it, for a while.”

Peter nodded slowly, cupping her enormous breasts, which were like damn basketballs in size. Somewhere along the way, she’d grown a second pair below her first,

and they were just as overflowing with milk, yearning to have a whole team of pups ready to nurse at them. Her underside wasn't much better. How many pups could she possibly have in her? It felt like literal *dozens*. More babies than anyone had ever had. And it was *her*, Peter, who was now having them.

"I think . . . a raincheck is in order," she groaned. "At least until the 'preg' part of the anthro-preg virus has run its course."

At that point, the now-completely immobile coyote woman's heart skipped a beat as she realised something.

"Ohhh, I really, really hope these pups are close to birth, crazy as that sounds. Because if I'm only halfway along or *less*, I'm going to grow even bigger."

At this, the anthro women quickly surrounded Peter, to comfort the woman as much as possible. Goodness knows, many of them had been there.

Just not quite so much.

The End