

Breathing in the rich forest air, Travis sighed in contentment as he wandered outside the modest cabin to use the bushes. He could hear his friend Geoff banging away inside, trying his rather laughable attempt to cook them dinner. Geoff's heart was in the right place, but his kitchen skills sadly did not match. Still, Travis didn't mind the subpar dinners. It was part of the ritual they'd come to enjoy.

The two of them had been buddies for a long time. In recent years they shared regular weekend excursions to Geoff's cabin. It felt good to escape their busy city lives and their career stresses at much-needed intervals. Why Geoff owned a cabin was anyone's guess; Geoff was a terrible outdoorsman. His hunting and fishing skills were atrocious, and his ability to cook was even more so. Still, both men enjoyed the weekends they spent out here, even if Geoff was barely able to maintain the place.

As Travis headed further into the bush, a flash of red caught his eyes from a few meters away. He stood perfectly still to try and not startle any animals that might be there. They had seen the usual chipmunks and squirrels up here, sometimes even deer. Travis always hoped to see something more, though he hoped not to encounter a bear by himself!

To his utter amazement, a beautiful red fox slowly trotted into his field of view. Travis had never seen one up close like this and was elated! He regarded the lovely animal for the longest time, admiring its red fur and adorable face. As he stared into its golden eyes, he was hauntingly aware that the fox seemed to stare back at him. It was an incredible moment, though a sensation that made Travis feel a little uneasy. There was an almost human quality to those eyes, one that had the man mesmerized.

Travis suddenly realized that something was hanging out of its canine mouth. It appeared to be a metal piece of jewelry or something, making him wonder what a fox was doing with something like that. Had it been dropped by someone nearby?

All of a sudden, the fox rushed off, as though startled by a noise that Travis couldn't detect. In its haste it had dropped the item it was carrying. Curiosity getting the better of him, Travis walked over to the thing and picked it up. It appeared to be a silver medallion with the shape of a fox head carved on the surface. Travis chuckled at the irony of such a thing winding up in the jaws of an actual fox. He put it in his pocket to take it back and clean it up. Geoff would get a kick out of the story, at least.

As Travis made his way back to the cabin, an odd odd tingling began to play against his leg. He reached in his pocket, wondering if it was the medallion rubbing his leg through the

fabric. Maybe it had been in the sun too long. To his surprise, the tingle seemed to spread up his hand from the brief touch. Must have been a hand cramp or something, he thought.

He walked into the cabin, greeted by the scent of Geoff's burned dinner, thankful he'd brought sufficient snacks to compensate. Geoff looked at him with a hint of shame at his failed culinary attempt. Travis gave him a sympathetic smile before regaling the tale of the fox and the medallion he found, bringing it out for Geoff to see. Geoff thought the whole thing was hilarious but scolded Travis for not taking a picture of the supposed fox. Travis scowled in retort, saying it was pointless without his proper equipment.

Soon the conversation moved on to other topics. Movies and TV shows they'd seen, the subpar conditions of their jobs, the state of affairs in politics. All normal topics of conversation for their weekend. Still, it was nice coming here to the same monotonous routine, their respite from the cares of the world, the one night they could relax and be themselves.

Travis, suddenly feeling sleepy, opted to retire early. Geoff insisted they stay up later, but Travis was exhausted. He couldn't explain it, having been fine until then. He chalked it up to a busy week and excused himself to crawl into his usual cabin bed.

That night, Travis was plagued by dreams, more vivid than he could ever recall. In them, he was running through the woods, low to the ground, as if sniffing for something. He saw a flash of red, and a waking part of his brain recalled it looked like the fox he'd seen that day. His senses were in overdrive, able to hear everything with perfect clarity. Stranger still, he could smell every inch of the vast forest. Every tree, every animal, every...

Travis stopped, nose upturned in the air. There was a particular scent that demanded his attention. It was strong, like a thick musk. The human Travis had no idea what it was that had him so entranced. But another part of his mind was in total control as he crawled over to the source of the alluring aroma.

It didn't take him long to find it. He entered a clearing to the sight of the fox standing on a small hill. Much to his shock and disgust, he could see the fox's maleness standing proud. Except his body didn't feel the same way, clearly aroused from the sight and scent. Yet he couldn't feel his cock harden. There was something else happening to him, however. Something...moist and aching. An alien sensation, yet powerfully arousing all the same.

Travis's body stood as still as a statue as the male made his way over to sniff Travis's backside. He could feel a cool nose goosing him before the fox reared up and wrapped his paws around Travis' waist. And then...

Travis awoke suddenly, dripping in a cold sweat even though the room had been quite chilly. He realized that it was morning, or at least past dawn, the sun filtering through his cabin window. He blinked a few times, trying to adjust his eyes. What a vivid dream that had been!

It was then he realized that he sported a rather sizable erection in his PJs. It was more than just morning wood. He was horny as hell! Travis blushed a little in spite of himself. There was no way he could be excited about that dream, was there? He wasn't bestial. And he certainly wasn't gay! Yet he could still see flashes of the fox's member in his mind. Try as he might, he couldn't get the image out of his head.

His cock was still firm in his pajamas, demanding attention. Travis tried his best to will it down but it clearly had other ideas. Still, he refused to touch himself to something so disgusting. And yet, his erection persisted, preventing him from getting back to sleep.

Fuck it. Despite where the thoughts had originated from, he could at least try to relieve the pressure in his loins. Travis tried to focus his thoughts on things like past girlfriends and some hot pictures he'd seen lately. Yet nothing seemed to quite bring him to climax.

Yet as he touched himself, his thoughts reflexively drifted back to the male fox he'd seen so clearly in his dreams. How beautiful his coat was. How sexy his dripping cock was. How horny the musky scents had made him...

Before he realized it Travis had shot his bolt all over his chest and stomach. He stifled a cry of release, not wanting to wake his buddy up in the other room. He panted, the orgasm longer and more amazing than anything he could recall in recent months. However, he hadn't had the foresight to grab a tissue and he would have to wipe it off with his hands! He berated himself for having to deal with the uncomfortable sensation of drying seed between his stomach hairs. That was the worst!

Even after the orgasmic sensations had finished, his cock tip was still leaking copious amounts of watery fluid. Travis couldn't remember the last time he'd cum so much, not since his teenage years! He was even still cumming after several moments! Damn, he must have been really pent up! That or his dream was especially arousing, he thought to himself with more than a little embarrassment. He shook his head. That couldn't have been it!

As he touched the still drying stain of his embarrassment, he realized his cock looked a little different. He was still fully erect, but his cock seemed...smaller? No, that couldn't be right.

Carefully getting up to creep around the cabin, Travis wanted to make it to the bathroom and clean up before Geoff woke up. Thankfully, his buddy was still in bed. He didn't need the embarrassment of Geoff seeing him in such a state! Worse, he was sure his buddy would be able to smell it on him with how much he'd cum!

As he wandered through the cabin a particular smell stuck out in his nose. It was thick, kinda sweaty, with a deeper quality that Travis couldn't identify. It didn't seem offensive to his senses. Quite the contrary, in fact. It smelled rather pleasant. Travis found himself getting distracted, sniffing around the cabin to find its source. Had Geoff put in a new scented plugin?

Sniffing around, Travis found the delectable odor seemingly wafting out from Geoff's room. Travis crept his way over, not really aware of what he was doing. As he got closer to the door, the odor became more recognizable. It reminded him of...

Travis immediately felt his cheeks flush in embarrassment. The smell was exactly like his own spunk. Geoff had evidently touched himself too. He blushed further when he heard a cough that signaled Geoff was awake.

Despite himself, Travis realized that his already stained cock was tenting in his undies. The pungent scent of male seed was turning him on!

He forced himself to creep away from the door, afraid to make even the smallest sound. He didn't want Geoff to have the slightest notion he had been close to the door. Slowly making his way to the bathroom, Travis gently closed the door and washed his hands, trying to put things out of his mind.

What the hell was wrong with him today? He had never had any homosexual inklings before. At least none he had been aware of. Yet despite having just cum, his cock was already hard again tenting his pants uncomfortably. He couldn't touch himself again, not like this!

Travis splashed some water on his face and glanced at himself in the mirror. He looked tired as fuck, despite having slept so soundly. His eyes had massive black rings around the edges. And his face looked...different, somehow, yet he couldn't quite place it. Still, his nose seemed a little swollen and puffy, and his features seemed a little more angular. What was going on?

A knock on the door broke him from his reverie. "Hey man, almost done?" Geoff asked with urgency in his voice. Travis muttered a brief apology and washed up as quickly he could. He tried not to blush as he opened the door and walked past Geoff, catching a whiff of that musky odor once more.

He felt a little shy around Geoff as the two of them had breakfast. They hardly said two words to each other all morning. Travis kept his distance but could still scent that bit of musk that made his cock twinge a little. Doing his best not to rub his pants, Travis couldn't imagine the horror of having Geoff see!

They both packed their things and said their goodbyes as they headed back in their separate cars. The car ride home was mostly uneventful, though Travis's erection persisted for at least twenty minutes, leaking damp fluid into the crotch of his pants. His cock felt hard as a rock, but to his shock, he realized there was no imprint of his tenting member in his pants. He couldn't be sure but it seemed as though his cock was a little smaller. Yet, he tried to put it out of his mind, not thinking it to be possible.

He got home and unpacked his stuff, realizing his chest still felt sticky and gross from his escapes earlier that day. A shower was just what he needed. Both to clean him up and help remove the intrusive thoughts that were still playing over his mind. He didn't bother looking at himself in the mirror before jumping in. Truth be told, he was a little afraid of what he might see. Although he was nearly certain it had been a hallucination, he still refused to look, on the off chance there was something wrong with him.

Getting into the shower, Travis sighed with relief, feeling the warming water play over his slightly chubby body. He finally allowed himself to relax a bit, having been anxious ever since he got home. Needy might have been a more apt term. But the soapy water soon eliminated all traces of that.

He had just started to relax before the strange image of his groin came back to his mind. Part of him didn't want to check it out, but he'd be remiss if he didn't clean in his private places. Reaching down to wash his member, he took a moment to feel around the area. To his shock, his fingers barely registered anything. Feeling a little alarmed now, he turned the water off and took a long look at his dick. It was still there, but there was...somehow less of it. He wasn't the showiest of men while flaccid, but this was less than half the length he'd been. And where his pubic hair had been clean-shaven now rested a forest of light reddish hairs, a stark contrast to his own brown.

Stepping out of the shower, Travis toweled himself off in a panic. Immediately, he took out his electric razor and set to work removing the patchy red hairs. He made short work of the bizarre growth and by the time he was done, the skin around his cock was bare and raw.

He took another close look in the mirror, a little afraid that his earlier discovery might not have been a sleep-deprived illusion. To his horror, it wasn't. His features were a bit thinner, more angular. It wasn't much, but enough to alter the visage he'd seen all his life. The worst part was how puffy and swollen his nose appeared. Was he getting sick?

Maybe he was just tired. It has to be it, right? What other explanation could there be? Travis racked his brains, trying to think of any affliction that might cause these symptoms. Yet, nothing came to mind. He made a note to book a doctor's appointment the next day, the best he could do in the situation. Plan finally in motion, he set himself to bed for the workday ahead.

The same dreams came back that night. Travis rolled around in a cold sweat as the vivid images assaulted his senses once more. He was back there in that forest, wrapped in the sweet musk of something powerfully arousing. How or why didn't matter under the onslaught of such an arousing sensation. He was so close to the ground, looking at everything from a different perspective. All that mattered was his need. Most of all, he was terribly horny. Yet it was not the pent-up need from lack of a good wank. It was a primal need to rut. To mate.

To his excitement, the rush of red fur caught his attention once more. Its familiar scent was back, thick and rank and musky, all Travis could focus on. It smelled of home and freedom and...something else. Something *more*

The flash of red was behind him now, sniffing around his backside. Yet, Travis stood stiff as a statue and eager for whatever the presence had in mind. Without really thinking about it, something above his ass moved out of the way, and a cold breeze followed by a warm tongue touched his nethers. To his delight, the stimulation of that exquisite tongue was far better than anything he ever recalled.

He moaned a little as the cool air hit his hindquarters once more. Where was that glorious warmth? Yet, he did not have to wait long. A weight fell upon his back, followed by the scratch of heavy claws as something poked at his backside. The sensations of pleasure were cranked up to eleven now as something warm and moist began seeking his insides. He could feel it now, so close...

At that, Travis shook himself awake, the vivid dream taking a moment to dissipate. What the hell was he dreaming about? He had trouble focusing on the images, as though his mind had been somewhere else, or something else. But the more he focused on it, the more the alien sensations seemed to sink into his mind, Where the hell were these images coming from?

Embarrassed, Travis felt his groin leaking into his underwear, the arousal from the dream clearly having carried over into his waking life. He moaned a little as his hands reached into his underwear and stroked his throbbing erection. A part of his mind realized that his cock was indeed shorter, much more even than it had been earlier. He could barely find it to stroke himself off. Yet the tiny cockhead was far more sensitive than he ever remembered. He smashed his fingers against the skin of his groin, moaning and whining as his balls tensed, prepared to finish himself off from the impossibly arousing dream. He was so close...it was so good...if only he had something inside him as well...

“Ohhh fuck! YIIIPPP!” He yelled, a little alarmed as a mess of white fluid shot out of his cock and covered his groin and stomach. Like before, the act of orgasm seemed to produce far more seed than he ever thought possible. It took a full fifteen seconds for his balls to empty!

As he lay there in post-orgasmic reverie, Travis felt an ache in his balls that caused him to become alert. Feeling below the area, he was a little alarmed at what his fingers reported. The contact against his sensitive cockhead sent another shiver of pleasure through his body. Yet there was no shaft, nothing between the head and the smooth flesh of his groin. Stanger still, Travis yet out a surprised yelp as his sharp nails dug almost painfully into the flesh of his balls. And if he wasn't mistaken, that damn soft hair was back!

He wanted to get up and examine the area more closely, but his eyelids were heavy, and the siren song of sleep was too much to ignore. He fell back on the bed in blissful slumber, feeling content that he had cum. Though, there was something else missing in the dream, almost like he wished for the thing residing in it to return, to tease his backside and the altered sex he believed should be there...

The experiences of that night felt like a distant memory when Travis awoke the next morning. He had dimly recalled the erotic dream, but his tired mind could scarcely process what had happened. Sighing, he poured himself a coffee and went through his morning ritual. Yet the memory blasted back when he went to urinate and his stream ended up on his legs. Looking down, he was shocked to see his cockhead was pointed at the ground, missing any ability to move without his...but where had it...why didn't he have his damned *cock*?!

Yet, most urgent in the moment was that he couldn't finish peeing the way he had all of his life. He couldn't aim it at all without a shaft! With an annoyed grunt, he sat down on the toilet to finish his business. It was weird to feel the stream coming from such a location, the strangest thing he felt since yesterday when the whole bizarre scenario accrued.



Fully awake now and aware of the changes, Travis couldn't deny something was seriously wrong with him. He made a point to call his doctor and schedule an appointment, for whatever good that would do. But it was too late to call out of work. And besides, physically, he did feel fine. He just had to ignore the fact that he no longer had a cock, but...

Work, as it turned out, was terrible. He could hardly concentrate with the desperate want to enter the washroom every five seconds to observe the bizarre changes in his groin. Every itch and tingle made him fearful that his changes were accelerating. Weirder still, he normally enjoyed his job, interacting with coworkers and clients as he prepared for shoots and set up his equipment. But today, he felt nervous around so many people, so exposed and out in the open! The need to run and hide with that many people around was almost overwhelming. Once, he even yelped out loud when someone touched him from behind. It was an animal noise that had never come out of his mouth before!

Relieved to be out of the office, he walked out into the parking lot for his lunch to try and escape the oppressive weight of human contact. Yet as soon as he entered the brightly lit parking lot, his feelings of concern were exacerbated. Travis was inexplicitly terrified down to his core about being exposed. He looked around, cautious about the oncoming danger to the point it was nearly suffocating!

Looking around quickly spying, Travis eventually a picnic table inside a small clump of trees. The seclusion seemed to draw him in instantly. He scurried over to the grove, feeling his heartbeat decrease as he finally began to relax somewhat. The almost overpowering fear of things was finally fading, much to his relief.

As he sat there in the small expanse of nature Travis suddenly became aware that everything around him seemed to really *stink*. The stench of humans and their body odors, mechanical smells, and other unnatural aromas had been making him feel lightheaded, though he'd been largely unaware of it until he had been free from their influence. With them out of the way, he was able to enjoy the scents of the trees, even if the stench of tobacco did permeate the place a little.

The day's end could not come soon enough. Travis made his way home the drive particularly difficult from feeling stiff and sore, making it hard to grip the steering wheel properly. The leather felt a little uncomfortable against his rough palms, like a leather on leather sensation that was extremely irritating. Still, Travis did his best to keep his hands firmly on the wheel, though it was taking all his concentration just to stay on the road.



Worse, perhaps the need in his crotch was getting more and more insistent. A heady scent was wafting into his nose, bothering him enough to make him lower his windows to air out his car. However, the action simply served to let in offensive odors of the outside. Still, it was better than the distracting odor of his heady musk.

Travis could not get home fast enough, needing to see what the hell was happening to him. He entered his home and closed the door, locking it in his panic. He finally allowed himself to relax for the second time that day. This place smelled of his scent. He was home, in *his* place.

Still, the real fear of what was happening to him crept into his mind, though he knew that he had to bite the bullet and look. Pulling down his pants and underwear with trepidation, Travis was afraid of what he might see. He braced himself for the worst, knowing the sensations he'd been feeling all day meant whatever was happening was getting worse. Yet nothing could have prepared himself for the sight. His piss hole was wider than the entire surface of his junk by now. It seemed to stretch down towards his balls, forming a noticeable slit. His testicles themselves were nearly entirely deflated, as though they'd been drained of their contents. And to top it off, his entire groin was covered in a tiny forest of reddish hair once more, as though he had not bothered shaving just last night.

Travis shook his head a few times, stunned at the sight of his genitals. He made his way to the phone, forcing himself to dial his doctor and demand he was seen immediately, knowing that at the speed at which whatever was afflicting him seemed to be getting worse. Yet, despite his protests, he was told that he could only be seen at the end of the week and to visit the emergency department for something that urgent. Travis simply slammed the phone down in frustration. He needed an expert opinion, and waiting in the emergency room wouldn't help anything. He sat down hard, head in his hands.

To his dismay, his moist black nose began detecting rich scents wafting up from his leaking sex. Travis moaned again, quickly realizing how powerfully aroused he was. It didn't matter how fucked up his cock looked. At the moment, he needed to touch it! Forgetting about the alien changes, he reached down and began messaging the sensitive flesh just under his soft hair. The fleshy bulb where his sex had been was far more sensitive than anything he could ever recall!

Lost in the sensations, Travis let out a yelp as something sharp scratched his skin unexpectedly. He raised his hands to his eyes, quickly noticing the sharpened, dirty-looking nails hadn't been there this morning. Nor had the several light patches of reddish hair that looked all too similar to the fur on his groin. What was happening to him?

Yet the siren song of his sex enraptured his attention once more and the compulsion to attend to it was far too strong. Travis ceased to care about the changes in that moment. He was completely distracted even about the ache in his hands. He continued to pleasure his reddened flesh, largely ignorant of the bizarre tingles flowing through his body.

Yet, even as he played with himself, Travis was vaguely aware of something digging into the back of his couch, causing him discomfort. Reaching back with his other furry, thick-nailed hand, he brushed against what seemed to be a soft, furry protrusion that had no place on a human body. Yet, lost in lust as he was, Travis simply moved it out of the way, too entranced by the feelings of pleasure in his groin to be distracted by such a minor inconvenience.

All the while, the pleasurable sensations began to build to a climax the likes of which were unknown to his previously masculine sex. He could feel his flesh pulsing, as though his testicles preparing to unload their seed. Though he could not see any remnants of the fleshy ball sack, that was OK. The sensation that prepared to erupt from his groin was all he needed. It was coming so fast...

“OH fuck yes... YIIIIIP!” He yelled as the sensation of orgasm washed over his body and a few spurts of a seminal-like fluid shot from the opening. It flooded over him in waves long after the initial release. It wasn't stopping! Travis writhed on the couch, his hands orchestrating a powerful symphony of captivating release.

He came down from the orgasmic sensations only now starting to get a feel for his body without the distracting pressure from his groin. His hands weren't as altered as he'd thought, although they were a far cry from the human ones he'd woken up with. If he didn't know better the darkened nails reminded him of something an animal might support! They were longer than his human equivalents had ever been, thicker and pronounced into points on each finger. Patches of reddish fur had sprouted up along his hand and even on his wrist and arm. And his palms were darker as though bruised with a leathery texture that reminded him of the sensation against the steering wheel from earlier.

Carefully, he used his altered hands to view the changes to his sex that had so enraptured him not moments ago. To his dismay, there was no trace of the shaft and balls he'd had not a day before. His cock head had seemingly merged into the flesh of his groin while his piss head had expanded, forming a cleft into a moist slit that no born male should possess. If he didn't know any better he'd say it was opening into a vaginal cavity. But how that was possible, Travis had no idea.

A quick examination was enough for him to confirm that was not the only thing that had changed. Looking down at his groin he could see a light coating of that same reddish fur had spread down his legs, though he couldn't tell how far with his pants on. He wanted to take them off and see but a pain above his ass made him pause. He reached around to feel the area behind his back, discovering his tailbone was stretched a little. The realization made him shiver. Was that possibly a...*tail* growing behind him?

In short order, Travis called into work for the next day. The change in his voice was audible but his managers made no notice. Travis breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't need another day of work pressure on top of everything else. That, and the changes would surely raise more uncomfortable questions than Travis was prepared to answer.

Afterward, he made his way into the bathroom to clean himself up from his masturbatory explorations and examine himself further. Yet before he could explore his body fully, his cell phone went off. Checking the screen, assuming it was his manager again, Travis was surprised the display read Geoff's name. At the realization, an intense excitement well up inside him.

"H-hey Travis...umm...I think you left your...umm...p-pants...in my stuff. Did you wanna come...grab em? I'm home...all night..."

"Y-yeah man. I'm on my way. Bye," Travis answered before hastily closing the phone.

He made his way over to his buddy's house as quickly as possible, like a man possessed. Despite his changes, the ride over was relatively smooth. All his focus was on the coming meeting his friend, recalling that intoxicating smell from the cabin, from the dreams he had. Yet he needed more. He needed *Geoff*. And from the sounds of his voice on the phone, he wasn't the only one of the pair with urges.

Pulling up the familiar driveway and parking quickly, Travis could hardly get into the house fast enough, and not only to see his friend. He dashed up the stairs to the door, nervous about being seen or exposed. He opened the door, not bothering to knock, knowing instinctively that he was expected. Better than that, he would be safe here.

The first thing he noticed was the smell, that same stench that had permeated the cabin present here. Only now it was amplified ten-fold. He breathed in the heady scents, his eyes glazing over. In response, his groin began to moisten again, and he longed to reach down and touch it.

“T-Travis?” A familiar voice called out from somewhere inside, before Travis had the chance to deal with the needs in his crotch. He knew reflectively it was Geoff. Yet the voice sounded different, somehow, as though higher pitched. And there was an urgency to his tone that Travis found rather intoxicating.

Making his way to the living room, Travis was greeted to the sight of Geoff sprawled out onto the couch, looking up at his friend with pleading yellow eyes. Weren't Geoff's eyes blue before this? Yet that was hardly the most disturbing part of the sight. Geoff's pants were down, and he grunted as a red-furred, nailed hand stroked off a clearly inhuman cock. He was masturbating with a sex that reminded Travis of his own only...not the same. It was clearly *male*.

Travis couldn't believe the sight before him. Whatever was happening to him seemed to be happening to his buddy, too. Geoff clearly had the same reddish hair on his groin and legs and hand, even seeping into his own like highlights. His nails were darker, almost black, and his reddish, pointed member was leaking copious fluid over his hand. The stub of something that looked like a tail was sticking out of the waistband of his undies. A twitching nose was black and moist and was sat on a face that seemed a little more narrow, as though his jaw had pressed out somewhat. When he smiled, Travis could see teeth that were more pointed than looked natural on a human face. And his ears were a little pointed, reminding Travis of an elf's.

At the sight of Travis entering the room, Geoff looked up, all his attention drawn on his buddy. He sniffed the air with that blackened nose, drinking in the musky perfume that had been leaking from Travis's crotch. Travis blushed a little, recalling that he hadn't had time to wash properly before leaving. Or rather, he'd forgotten in his haste after hearing Geoff's words. That, combined with the pungent stench leaking from his sex was clearly reacting to his friend's libido.

“Hey...b-buddy. I want...fuck...you smell...I...c-can you come a little...closer?” Geoff asked, obviously struggling with the instincts in his mind. His grip on his cock tightened, his tugging prompting it to leak even more clear fluid all over his furry hand.

Travis couldn't tear his gaze away from the inhuman cock that stood erect out of his friend's groin. The tip was pointed, tapering with a head that was no longer bulbous at the shaft. The entire shaft seemed a little shorter, but so did Geoff, if Travis was seeing things correctly. There was a flap of skin stretched over the length of his cock and up towards Geoff's stomach, covered with fuzzy hair that was thicker than the rest growing down Geoff's leg. His balls were still there too, covered in that almost fluffy-looking hair. They jiggled up and down with every stroke, filled with ample seed. Travis found himself wondering how far down the reddish hair went, and desperately wanted to see. Though that might have been an excuse to...

Geoff's musk was affecting Travis as well, though he was only vaguely aware of it. He could feel his crotch moistening at the prospect of that thick cock his friend now sported. Travis wanted to go to him, to sniff it, drink in those musky scents. Maybe even lower his tongue and...

*NO!* His mind screamed. He couldn't do such a thing, could he? Despite his apparent disgust, he couldn't believe how strong the feelings of attraction were. And judging from the red rod jutting out of his best friend's groin, neither could Geoff!

As he watched his friend amidst the carnal act, the changes seemed to be happening across Geoff's body in real-time. His nose was pressing forward centimeter by centimeter, taking with it the corners of his mouth. Several sharp hairs started poking out of his face, looking almost like whiskers. Formerly human ears seemed to slowly creep up his head, growing more pointed as hair etched over the tips. His clothes seemed even looser now like they were several sizes too large for the body Geoff now sported. A wagging tail seemed to be getting longer and longer as more white and reddish hair adorned the tip.

An itching along Travis's stomach broke him from the mesmerizing sight. Reaching up a hand under the loose shirt, he discovered an expanding patch of fur working its way up to his belly and towards his chest. His fingers played over a series of small, protruding bumps, a sensual feeling shooting down his belly and towards his groin. They almost felt like...nipples?

Despite himself, Travis could feel his groin leaking its juices from the sensations. It took every ounce of willpower he had not to touch himself right then and there. He knew he had to get out of the apartment. The longer he stayed, the more likely he'd want to give in. Perhaps even join Geoff on the couch and... *No*. He couldn't think like that. He had to get out of here before the aromas became too much. Before Geoff *came*.

"T-thanks man... I'll...have a good night!" Travis yelled as he forced himself to run out of the room and towards the door. As he did so, he could hear Geoff cry out, primal sounds of release that almost made him stop in his tracks. The sound was higher pitched, but there was no mistaking what had happened. Geoff had cum, shooting his heavy load over his furry groin and belly. Travis shook his head trying his best to erase the erotic images as he made his way outside to his car and drove off.

Yet it was nearly impossible, even as he tried to focus on the road. Travis's groin was still leaking its obvious need. He had never been gay, at least not that he had known of. Yet the sight of his friend changing was more powerfully arousing than anything he'd ever witnessed in his life.

What was happening to them? Travis had no idea, nothing in the world he knew of that could change people in such bizarre ways. It was certainly more than something a doctor's visit could cure, he reasoned. Some unknown force was changing them, some force was making them horny, and... then what? Geoff seemed to look at least partly like an animal. And so was he, if Travis's own changes were indeed following suit. Though the effects of Geoff's body seemed even worse, as though they had occurred faster. Travis could hardly figure out why.

The drive home was difficult, and not only from the sensation of constant leaking from his groin all over his pants. Worse, the arousal was filling his car with a potent musk, increasing his arousal and keeping the cycle going anew. Equally frightening, he was definitely smaller now; It was harder to reach the pedal than it had been when he had made his way to Geoff's place. And the steering wheel still felt uncomfortable against the thick leather-like skin that now adorned his palms.

Travis tried to keep his focus on other things, despite the bizarre nature of the changes. He could hardly wait to get home, to have a cold shower, and try to remove the intrusive thoughts. But the drive home was taking longer than he thought. His thoughts began to drift. It was so hard to think about anything other than the need in his loins. The more he reflected on the sight of Geoff's thick member, the more his own crotch leaked all over his pants. His own stench in the car was stifling! He wanted so badly to touch himself, to just pull over on the road and deal with his lust. Yet some deep-seated need for survival and protection kept his focus on the road enough that he was able to resist.

After what felt like an eternity, Travis burst into his house and headed towards the bathroom, intent on getting into the shower and hosing off the stench of Geoff and his own musk. But the moment he peeled off his pants and the pungent aroma hit him full force, his thoughts of self-preservation were swept aside in a fit of animal-like lust. The slightest touch from his rough fingers sent shock waves rippling through his body. It was too much. Every caress was like a bolt of lightning, charging him and sending him into a frenzy of animalistic need. He whined slightly as his paw hand ran up and down the bulb of flesh that had been his cock head, stunned at how amazing the sensation felt. It was even better than masturbating his male cock had been!

At the simplest of touches, Travis could feel the changes begin to overcome him once more, though was too enraptured by pleasure to stop. He needed to touch himself, consequences be damned. Almost as though in a dream, his paw hand ran over his crotch as his sex began to shift once more. He could feel the opening growing larger, stretching to allow proper access to his insides. Curious, he stuck his hand inside, marveling over the foreign sensation of being penetrated. A moan escaped his lips as juices seeped onto his paw from teasing the developing folds, learning himself all over again. The tiny bulb inside his fleshy fold gave him immense

pleasure, prompting him to rub the area and feeling a wave of powerful orgasmic contractions welling up from the contact.

All the while, he could feel fur sprouting further up his stomach as the slight bumps he'd identified as nipples became more pronounced. A seeking paw hand reached under his larger shirt to rub the sensitive flesh, which in tandem with his fingering brought him closer and closer to the edge of release. The fur brought with it an extra touch of softness and warmth while the nipples increased his sexual energy. He watched his reflection in the mirror as his eyes started changing color and his vision became more focused. His ears were getting higher on his head now, pointed and tipped with red fur. His jaw seemed to protrude somewhat, black nose at its end better able to drink in his potent musk.

A much-needed orgasm was rapidly approaching, and Travis had lost the ability to stop himself from its onset. He didn't care if the changes were etching over his form faster from his erotic actions. He simply needed to cum. Almost...just a bit more...his clit was so sensitive...so close...

“Oh fuuuck! YIP YIP!” He cried out in a distinctively higher pitched voice as a wash of fluid covered his paw. The sensation radiated out from his new opening and rushed over his body in a series of crashing waves. He nearly whited out from the orgasm that wracked his body, eyes fluttered shut in relaxation. It lasted far longer than his male form had ever known. Yet unlike his former male release, he did not need to rest from the release. His crotch was so needy, he figured if he tried, he could easily cum again.

Yet, deep down, he knew the consequences of that. He was certain that his act of masturbation had accelerated his changes. Just like Geoff's changes had been exacerbated while he watched. The feelings of guilt and shame were almost too much for him to bear. Yet he had to see what he had done to himself, had to know how much of his human body the act of self-pleasure had cost him.

First examining his crotch, a high-pitched gasp escaped his protruding lips. Under the white and red fur lay what was now indistinct from a female's sex. He had changed gender! Its shape was clearly inhuman, but there was no denying the femininity he now sported where his maleness used to be. Though he had known all along what was happening, the finality seemed to sink in, making him despair for all he had lost.

There were more changes, of course. Travis could feel the soft white and red fur running down his leg, as an itching seemed to proceed even more growth. And the pants themselves were far looser on his frame than Travis had been anticipating. He could hardly see his ankles below



the cuffs of his pants anymore. As he stood up, he had to hold them up to make sure they didn't fall off completely. He would need a belt for them, assuming he had one small enough to work over his altering frame.

Another look in the mirror confirmed the visage staring back at him was not his own. It almost looked like some sort of alien with golden eyes, a sharp, angular chin, and pointy ears. Like Geoff's, his hair was starting to shrink into the growing patch of animal fur that had slid up his neck from under his shirt.

The sight of his face served to sink in the reality of the drastic transformation that was overtaking him. An immense shame fell over him. He knew what would happen by giving in to the alien urges, yet had no control over his hands, his body. Fuck! He needed to stop this from happening! He couldn't let himself turn into this...this thing!

He looked back in the mirror again, the features obvious to him now that he had the time to reflect on them. The fur, the tail, the pointed ears, and the nose. He looked like a *fox*! Were they were both turning into foxes? Or, in his case, a vixen? But how? How were such things even possible?

Travis's mind drifted back to the other day when he'd seen the fox drop the small medallion that he'd placed on his deck in his bedroom. He recalled he'd felt a slight tingling when he'd touched it, and that his dreams had started that night. Was that the cause of his change?

All Travis knew was that he had to get rid of it. Storming into his bedroom, he didn't even care as his pants fell off his slender waist, simply kicking them aside. There it was, the object of his demise sitting atop his dresser. He stared at it for a long moment. It didn't seem to be glowing or anything, looking like a normal, silver pendant. Travis went to pick it up but then froze. What if touching it caused him to change more? Would gloves help? He had no idea.

He sighed, defeated, as he left his room, tears streaming down his face. There was no way to know what to do with so little information at hand. For hours he sat on the couch as he contemplated his predicament. He wanted to call Geoff but knew that was a bad idea right away. He didn't want a repeat of last time. And besides, if Geoff was turning into a male and himself a vixen, which meant that he...no. He couldn't even think like that, no matter how much his body might have wanted it at the time...

At last, Travis went to bed, defeated and exhausted. The need in his crotch was ever-present but he needed sleep more. Besides, without a clear head, there was no way he could

figure out a way to change back. And the need in his groin had been abated a little from his previous activities enough that he could drift off without having to tend to it once more and force further changes upon him.

Yet, to his dismay, the vivid vulpine visions returned in full force. Though he tossed and struggled in bed, Travis could do naught but stay stuck in the world of his internal conjurings. He saw himself in the forest, black nose sniffing out a multitude of other creatures. But his mind was focused only on one particular scent, so overpowering that he followed it without another thought.

He started running, following the red-furred shape and musky scent through the woods. At last, the male fox stopped in front of a hollowed-out cave, hidden in some brush and roots. The male weaseled his way inside, and Travis was compelled to follow. The burrow was small, yet large enough that the two of them could move around comfortably. It was dark, private, underground. The perfect place to raise kits. And large enough for the two of them to set to work making them.

Travis raised his tail and wafted his own heady sent towards his eager mate. The male fox quickly responded, climbing up on his back and prodding his opening with his slick vulpine cock. After a few moments the male fox hit his mark, and Travis growled with pleasure as he was filled with that magnificent rod. He squirmed, rotating his hips to take it as deep as it would go, clenching his sex as the male's knot struck home. He cried out as his orgasm washed over him, his vaginal walls clamping down to take his mate with him, wanting so desperately to be filled with seed...

“YIP YIP!” A cry rang out, waking himself up from sleep. Travis shot upright, stunned from the vivid dream. Despite himself, he could feel his crotch moisten and ache with the need to be filled. Without realizing it, his paw was already messaging the moist flesh!

Travis pulled back as quickly as he realized what he was doing. It took every ounce of willpower he could muster to withdraw from the promised pleasure. He tossed and turned after that, trying to remove the image of vulpine cock out of his head. Yet sleep would not return to him even as beginning rays of sunlight soak into his bedroom. Travis tried to focus on other things but it was harder for him to think, especially with the overpowering need in his genitals. If he could just touch himself and cum, maybe he would be granted a moment's reprieve!

Despite his self-induced reluctance, his hand kept inching towards the succulent flesh once more, hovering over the bulb-like flesh of his new female clit. He tried to resist but it was getting harder to rationalize *why* with his thoughts this erratic. It wouldn't hurt, this one time,

right? If he did it now, then afterward he could find a cure. It wouldn't change him all the way. It would be OK, just to give in...

Before he realized what he was doing, his hand was already rubbing the moist folds of his clit. He whimpered, a more bestial sound now as the itching of fur growth returned full force. An ache in his feet signaled his toenails growing longer as his heels stretched back somewhat. The bottoms of his feet felt rough as his hands did, while a now-familiar tingling spread over them, coating them in a carpet of red fur.

Meanwhile, the muscles in his body began to ache as his chest compressed, eliciting a squeak from the unsuspecting fox-man. Yet, despite the realization, it felt too good to caress that sensitive bulb of flesh he now had nestled in his groin. He dipped a finger in further as his sex began to close in around it, the sensations incredible. He realized somewhere in the back of his mind that it was his changes accelerating, that he was shrinking, Yet all he could think about was how much tighter his sex was and how much better it would be getting filled by a male's member. He was getting so close, he couldn't stop even if he wanted to.

“OHIIIPPPP!” He cried out as the orgasmic bliss washed over him in a cascading wave. He shuddered violently, wagging his growing fox tail and writhing all over his bed as he came and came again. Masturbating was so much better like this than his male sex had ever been!

Yet, as he came down from his orgasmic high the consequences of his actions began to become clear. Travis tried to kick his sheets off the bed, only to realize that his legs were much shorter than they had been. An audible rip sounded as his toenails became caught in the sheets. He tried to lean down to remove them, but his chest and hips didn't seem to work as well as they should have. A bout of fear flashed through his mind; he had changed so much in the last few minutes!

He got out of bed and almost stumbled, bracing himself on his dresser as his top-heavy body balanced harder on his newer, more dainty paw feet. Eventually, he let go gently, almost falling back onto the bed as he took a few tentative steps forward. Thankfully his decrease in height was sufficient to lower his center of gravity so he was walking somewhat normally after a few minutes of trial and error.

The gravity of his situation was starting to sink in now. If he changed this much after one masturbatory session, how many more times would it take for him to become completely a fox, no longer even human? He had to try and resist. Travis was more fox than human at this point! Yet even the briefest act of masturbation threatened to rob him of the tiniest bit of his remaining humanity.

Desperate, Travis had to figure out with certainty what had changed them, or even better, find a way to reverse it. He was fairly sure the medallion was the culprit but wasn't certain if getting rid of it or destroying it would do any good. He spent the day online, researching everything he could about the medallion, transformation, or anything else that might be causing his change into a vixen.

The transformation angle was entirely fruitless. All he found was old lore, mostly regarding werewolves. That, and some annoying fetishes he'd have rather not known about. Though the sample size was small, there were images and stories that depicted similar scenarios that seemed to glorify the notion of becoming a mindless, horny beast. Travis wouldn't even wish the experience on someone that seemed to want it in fiction!

The medallion, too, was a dead end. There were no images online, no links to stores where anything of the sort could be bought. In his desperation, Travis even researched some common facts about foxes. He knew there would be nothing in that information relevant to his situation. Still, he was curious to learn about their lifespans, their dietary habits, and their mating cycles. He was in heat, he was sure of it. And there were some links to videos of them mating in captivity, males with their eager pricks... Travis slammed the laptop shut as the images threatened to prompt him to touch himself once more.

Feeling defeated, Travis spent the day indoors, trying to immerse himself in human things; his computer, his TV, his games, and his music. Yet they seemed bland and uninteresting to him now. His nails and paw pads were constantly in the way of operating human things. Besides, they simply lacked the scents or sounds that sparked attention from his altered senses. Everything stank of humanity!

Travis briefly contemplated visiting a doctor, or maybe even the town library to research more into what was happening. But apprehension hindered his action. What if he was discovered, taken to some sort of facility to be studied, robbed of both his humanity and his autonomy as a beast? And besides, what could anyone do to help him? How often were doctors charged with finding a cure for such a total physical transformation?

He was also concerned of the effect of added stimulation on his enhanced senses while outside. His new mind was so cautious of things beyond the confines of his den. And the smells and sounds might threaten to override all control and drive him further into the mind of an animal. Travis concluded it was his safest bet to stay put, at least until he had a plan.

Even when night came, sleep would not quiet the need in his newly formed vulpine cunt lips. He could feel how loose his folds were, how moist his crotch was. His clit and the surrounding folds begged, *screamed* at him to be stimulated at all hours. It was nearly maddening as he lay there and tried to sleep against such an onslaught of need.

Travis knew he couldn't touch himself. That he mustn't. There wasn't much humanity left in his body, almost halfway changed towards the foxy form he would wear the rest of his days if he didn't stop and find a cure. Yet the need was maddening, as though a starving man was presented a feast. All he had to do to alleviate the ache was to touch himself...

As though in a trance, Travis's furry hands were already messaging along the length of his changed sex. Of most interest was the fleshy bulb nestled at the tip but every part of his vulpine vagina begged to be explored. It was as though he could feel every inch, every crevice from even a minor caress as he messaged the sensitive nub with reckless abandon.

True to form, as he touched himself, Travis slowly became aware that his fingers were shortening, whittling away into his wrists as their nails sharpened further. His thumbs were actively crawling up his wrists, becoming stiffer and shorter the more he touched himself. The compressions to his chest troubled him further even as more and more waves of pleasure built over his shrinking, changing form.

The part of his mind that was concerned for his humanity was whited out in the face of such pleasure. He didn't care that his growing tail was beating against his bed frantically. He could scarcely mind that his face was stretching out, or that some of his teeth became sharpened under his flattening tongue. The humanity was literally being drained from it, and in the moment, Travis was willing to let it go for a modicum of the pleasure that masturbating his female sex could give him.

Mind awash in bliss, his thoughts started drifting back to the dreams that had him so enraptured. Images of being safe in his den. Of having a lovely vulpine cock stimulating his folds over and over while his mate bred him. Of being a four-legged vixen, devoid of any nasty human thoughts, with a wonderful mate to look after all her sexual needs...

"YIP YIP YIP!" He cried out as the orgasmic bliss washed over him once more, slowly quelling the ache in his loins as he thrashed and writhed for what felt like hours before they finally subsided. The feelings of release and pleasure felt worth it at the time!

Yet as he came down from his orgasmic high once more the realization of what he had done to himself hit him full force. He didn't want to look at the changes to his body, yet he could

already feel how restricted his arms were. Could already tell how short and paw-like his hands were. How much smaller he was. How much his tail and muzzle had grown...

Despite his fatigue, Travis did not want to sleep, fearing the vulpine dreams would come back to haunt him. He didn't want to dream of that other world, of the woods, of males, and their cocks. Yet soon he did fall asleep, the needs from his changing body not allowing him to stay awake any longer. And he did dream. The dreams of forests. Dreams of running and catching mice. And dreams of him, the male. Dreams of the life they would live together. The more he dreamed, the more he found those thoughts appealing.

His only reprieve was that he was not compelled to touch himself in his sleep, though his leaky cunt lips filled the room with his potent musk. The stench was almost maddening, though Travis was determined to remain human. He had to, or risk losing everything he had worked for in his life.

Eventually, morning came, Travis wanting to spend the rest of the day researching once more, but he knew deep down it was pointless. Besides, he was finding it harder and harder to focus as time went on. At first, it was his ability to concentrate. That he could chalk up to the constant need in his loins distracting his thoughts. But even simple tasks such as working his computer or tv remote were slowly becoming beyond his abilities. Each time he tried to use such a thing, his mind began to wander to the world beyond his den. Wait, didn't he mean house? It was so hard to separate the fox thoughts from his human ones!

It was a long day, curled up on the couch, trying to think of anything to distract him from the siren song of his sex. Vulpine heat was truly maddening, especially with no prospect of a mate to properly impregnate and quell them! At first, Travis took frequent showers, trying to wash the feminine musk wafting into his nostrils. Yet each time he felt more and more uncomfortable with the water ruining the scents wafting from his fur. He eventually had to stop altogether. And besides, each time his luffa neared his cunt he felt the urge to rub it against his nethers, desperate for anything to stimulate himself and cum once more.

A sudden phone call distracted him from his tormented thoughts. He picked up the phone, fumbling with his shorter, inflexible fingers. Yet, even with his altered vision, he could still read the name on the display. It was the one that he'd been waiting for, and he could not answer the phone fast enough/

“Hey...gggrrran...rrrruck...I rrrreed...mrrrrreet me...I rrrreed rrrrou...rraaaa rrrrabin...cum...” The voice trailed off as the line was cut.

“Geoff! Hey! Gerrroooooff!” Travis cried, struggling with the changes to his muzzle that made it difficult to speak. But it was too late.

As he stared down at the empty call screen, Travis’s mind raced with worry for his friend. Geoff had already seemed less able to resist playing with himself than Travis had been. And he hadn’t heard from his friend in over a day. How much faster had he fallen? Travis was at least thankful that Geoff was still able to speak or even hold a phone. It had to mean he was still about as human as Travis was. For now.

Travis sat there for what felt like ages, pondering the situation. On the one hand, he had no idea what Geoff had wanted. If it had been the medallion that changed them, perhaps Geoff had found something near the cabin that could cure them. But on the other, it was just as likely that Geoff had succumbed to his changes, and he needed to breed Travis into a fox as badly as his transformation dictated.

Travis knew he shouldn’t go. It was taking all his willpower to resist the siren song of the wilderness, the urge to drop down to all fours and run into the woods to find his vulpine mate. Some part of him wondered if that might be better if it wasn’t worth holding onto his humanity. The dreams were so powerful, after all, the urge so intoxicating. Even a step outside might make it too much to resist. But there was his human life, and the life of his friend to consider. They had jobs, families, friends. They’d built lives for themselves. How could he be sure Geoff truly wanted this, as opposed to the instinct telling him so? After all, he didn’t want to be a vixen, did he? But why was the urge to procreate so powerful if some part of him truly didn’t desire it?

In the end, he figured any action was better than none. Come hell or high water, Travis knew had to go. If there was a chance that Geoff had found a cure, he had to know. Otherwise...Travis did his best not to think about that.

The drive was difficult, not only by the fact that his fingers had a hard time gripping the steering wheel. Not only because he was so much shorter that his smaller feet barely hit the pedals. But the stench of his foxy musk in the car was overpowering. He had to keep his windows down, which only allowed the scents of the outside world to waft into his nostrils. They brought with them a wealth of new experiences his dwindling human mind could hardly have fathomed. And his growing fox psyche wanted more.

In his struggles to keep his hands on the wheel, Travis got more than a few glares and honks from passers-by. His driving was erratic, after all, and it was a miracle that he was able to stay on the road this long. One passing driver looked into his open window to yell at him, but then got the fright of his life as he saw the visage of a small half fox-man in the driver’s seat. The



man almost went off the road in his shock! Yet Travis had to ignore it. He couldn't risk the cops being called on him and ending up in jail. Not without seeing Geoff and what fate he had awaiting him.

At last, he made his way to the cabin, pulling up to the driveway next to Geoff's parked car. He couldn't get his seatbelt off fast enough. Instincts assaulted him, and it was all he could do to stay on two legs as he got out of the car. His blackened nose immediately began sniffing the air in anticipation. Part of him was terrified at the strange surroundings, yet another was aware of familiar scents that he recognized as his own.

Through the myriad of distracting odors, one stuck out over all the others. He felt his sex loosen and moisten at its implication. The scents of vulpine musk and urine were all over the inside of the cabin. Yet Geoff himself was no longer there. Travis explored the cabin, resisting the urge to touch himself to toe aromas, though finding it easier this time. With the scent of his mate so close, even the forming fox parts of his mind would much rather wait to be bred by that magnificent male rod.

Eventually, his seeking nose sniffed out a trail that led him out of the cabin and out into the woods beyond. A part of his mind realized he was on the same path that had led him to the medallion in the first place. But at the moment, he was more obsessed with finding the source of the intoxicating aroma. It was so close.

At last, he came to that clearing where he had seen the fox not two days ago. Yet the unexpected sight before him made his mouth water. Geoff was there, hunched over and stroking his vulpine cock. But he was no longer recognizable as Geoff. Had Travis not remembered the scent from the other day he would have no visible signs it was the same being. Geoff was even smaller than Travis was, hunched over and struggling to stand up. He was completely naked with no signs of his clothing anywhere. His near paw-like hands were struggling to pleasure the small vulpine cock he sported. But aside from that, he was nearly indistinguishable from the fox that Travis had encountered the day when his life had been changed forever.

Travis was enraptured by the sight. His mind began to fog. It was getting so much harder to think. Shouldn't he be on all fours himself? Shouldn't he raise his tail for his mate? *Was* Geoff his mate? It was so much harder to rationalize things in human terms!

At the sight of his soon-to-be mate, Geoff let go of his vulpine cock and got down on all fours, sauntering over and sniffing Travis's oozing crotch. With an eager nip, he tugged at the already loose pants and they fell to the forest floor in a heap. His underwear followed suit as the changes began again and reduced his hips once more. It was as though he craved the change so

much that his body was responding in kind. Yet Travis was not inclined to fight against them anymore. It felt right to feel his back arching, lowering him closer and closer to the object of his desire. It felt right to feel his shoulders aching, his chest barreling as his arms began to fit a shape more suited to four-legged travel.

All the while, the fox that had once been Geoff eyed his soon-to-be mate hungrily. The last vestiges of change swept over his form as his fingers shriveled up and became fully formed fox paws. He wouldn't need them to touch himself anymore. Not with the beautiful vixen before him to breed.

Travis could feel the changes sweep over his form as well, his shirt getting larger as his body continued to shrink. His own fingers and toes were reduced to simple vulpine nubs, barring his access to the human world. Yet he was no longer concerned about such things. Thoughts of his human life, his job, his family, and his friendship with Geoff were steadily fading. In fact, his diminishing humanity welcomed the onset of vulpine instincts and drives that were replacing it. His new body was so full of energy, the drives of lust a powerful attractant as his shape reached its final vulpine form.

At last, he lowered himself on all fours, finally at eye level with the object of his desire. He stared at the fully erect vulpine cock, licking his lips hungrily. Though it was smaller, now the proper size for the body Geoff had, it still seemed massive to the new vixen. Travis needed to taste it. His mate would love that, after all, and he wanted to savor the flavor before welcoming it inside his new body. Without hesitation, Travis lapped at the succulent rod, tasting the last of Geoff's human seed leaking from his fully formed vulpine cock. The taste was off-putting at first, but he fought through it, determined to drink down the much more tantalizing vulpine seed within. Like a beast starved, he lapped at the rod, teasing down the length of the shaft and running his tongue over Geoff's thick full fuzzy balls with skill that befit a seasoned veteran. At last, he could feel the reddened cock throb and his mate yip in a release as Travis's muzzle was splashed with warm tasty seed.

The male fox took a few minutes to rest, any human thoughts now extinguished with the orgasm. Yet soon, he made his way behind Travis and started lapping at the moist offering presented, tongue playing wonderfully over Travis's clit. Yet despite his eagerness to sample Travis's sweet juices, both foxes only had one thing on their mind. Travis yipped in contentment as Geoff climbed up on her back, needing so badly to be bred and mated by her fox! Travis had come to terms with the transformation, no longer even saw himself as a male anymore. She was a vixen, a female fox with a sexy male to take care of all her needs!

She could feel the seeking cock tip press against her folds and automatically arched her hips, trying to take that vulpine member. Her quivering cunt lips easily opened to take the male's girth deep inside her, the slick wetness of her heat making penetration easy and painless. Already the stimulation of the shaft against her cunt lips and clit was enough to bring her close! As Geoff's thick vulpine member found its place and started its rapid, eager thrusts, Travis could feel her mind blanking from the orgasmic onslaught.

"YIP YIP!" Travis cried out as her first truly female orgasmic release washed over her. Every cell in her body was shot with an electric charge, all her pleasure centers plugged in at once. She growled a little as the stimulation to her clit became too much, but her mate slowed his thrusts in response, and eventually, the sensations started to slowly ebb. Yet they did not dissipate completely. As the male's thrusts sped up one more, her pleasure only began to build again. The newly birthed vixen found herself in love with her new body and the pleasurable sensations it carried with it!

The sensations welling in her changed sex were heightened ten-fold as something thicker and heavier started pressing into her moist, loose folds. It was just the size her hungry sex craved! She yipped as she thrust her hips back to take the vulpine knot as deep as it would go. With a light *pop*, it entered her fully, and her mind whited out from the second orgasm as her sex prepared to receive its gift of the male's seed.

"YIP YIP YIP!" The male yelped as his own orgasm neared. The vixen came again as her cunt gripped tightly on her mate's cock and knot and she milked it for all it was worth. Her efforts were rewarded as the throbbing stiff rod shot spurt after spurt of thick vulpine cream deep into her eager cunt. She relished the sensations of being filled with life-giving seed, knowing that they would raise their kits together. Not without ample breeding sessions before that, of course!

They stayed like that for a long time after that, the male's thick knot tying them both together. The female laid there, loving the warmth in her cunt and the soft warm fur of her mate on top of her. He would protect and provide for her and the kits he had placed in her belly. She finally felt relaxed and truly happy.

At last, the male's member pulled out, and a small bit of excess seed leaked from her moist used cunt. The Renard lovingly lapped it up, sending another micro-tremor of pleasure through his vixen's loins. She yipped in contentment before suddenly she leapt up to tear through the woods, full of energy and life. She took a moment to turn back to make sure her mate was following before bursting off against at full speed to play and enjoy their new world

As the two foxes rushed off into the woods to begin their new lives together, the necklace that had been in Travis's possession remained on the ground inside his pant's pocket. It glowed a little before cooling down to its regular state. The fox that had been Travis ended up back at the spot, the shiny thing attracting her attention. It seemed to signify something that had been important. But a yip from her mate drew her attention once more. She ran off, forgetting about the small medallion. Perhaps someone else would stumble across it, and in doing so find their way to a simpler forest life as she had. But it mattered not to the nearly minted vixen, happy in her new life and all that it offered them both.