



A TRICKY TRADE



"Wow, such a quiet and peaceful place!" Chester threw his backpack against one of the trees, as he entered the quite impressive glade he had just discovered.

He had grown up not far from here, but it seemed like the forest never ceased to surprise him every time he took a walk. The green grass rustled under Chester's feet, as the young man walked into the warm sunlight. "That's just perfect for a rest!" He took a deep breath, before he went back to his backpack, which was still leaning against one of the trees. After a bit of searching, he found the sandwiches he made for himself earlier this day, but to his surprise, Chester was unable to find his water-bottle.

"Hm, that's weird. I could have sworn I packed it in this morning..." His stomach grumbled, as he walked back into the sun without something to drink and sat down into the soft grass.

Before Chester was able to take a bite off his salami-sandwich, he heard a rustle behind him. There, behind a small rock-formation, something – or someone – was watching him!

A bit afraid, Chester looked back to where his backpack was lying. He was sure there were neither Lyrans, Arboreals nor any kind of Snappers living in this forest, but he was prepared for the case of a sudden monster-encounter. "Damn, The defense spray is still in there... maybe I can.. Ohhh!"

It took a load off his mind, as Chester realized It wasn't a monster race that was watching him: In the shadows of the rocks, in the middle of the glade, he saw the black ears and the red tail of a Quix peeking out from behind.



"Hey! Hey, you there!" Chester shouted. The fox-girl seemed alarmed and a bit of shy, as she realized Chester had spotted her. "HEY! Hey you over there, what are you doing? Come over here!"

Cautious and sniffing, the fox-girl came closer. Obviously interested in the delicious smell of the salami on Chesters snack.

"Hehe, how long have you been watching over there?... wait, is that MY water-bottle?!" The Quix backed off a bit. In her paw, she was holding Chesters open water bottle.

"I found it in a backpack mister! Someone threw it away! Now, its mine!" She grinned, as if stealing was the most natural thing in the world. "You know, its soooo boring out here if you are alone!" She nodded, as if she wanted Chester to nod with her. "Look, We can trade... I give you the water, and I get a bit of your food!"

A little irritated, Chester shared his bread and handed one half over to the foxy girl, before he grabbed his bottle and took a deep sip. He caught, as a weird taste touched his lips. The water inside was tasting horrible! "Wh... ugh... What have you done with my drink... ugh.. it tastes like fish or something..."

The fox-girl smiled in amusement and strolled back to the rocks she came from. "Fish? Ehehe, nahw, Its more something lady-like!" she turned around and let her hand carefully slip over the fabric of the slip between her legs. "You can have more, right after it had turned you Hehehe!"



"T-Turned?!... Wait, does that mean you.. Ugh... what was in my water??!!" Chester tried to stand up, but something was happening to his body! In horror, he looked at his hands, where his fingernails had turned into pointy claws. "What have you done to me, you stupid fox!"

He felt his thighs and waist growing thicker, as his trousers started to rip. Orange-red fur seemed to grow out of every inch of his body. "Please! no... stop it!!!" A warm substance was filling his pants and dripped onto the grass below, as an unknown weight started to grow heavier and heavier on his chest.

"This – this can't be!!" With a lustful moan, Chester ached his back, as a pair of stiff nipples peeked out through his shirt. The weight of his growing tits felt unnatural and he had problems to keep his balance.

His arms were covered in orange fur almost completely now, as he realized his skull was stretching in weird ways: Within seconds, his mouth-area has turned into an elongated snout with sharp teeth. Drool dropped from his chin, as his fingers touched his new, soft and female lips.

Chester looked behind him, and saw a fluffy tail growing from his spine. "Wow, seems like my juices were quite effective!" The Fox girl chuckled, watching her victim from afar. "Not long, and you can have more of my stuff.... I know you will like it Ehehe!"



"This- This can't be!!!" Desperate, Chester pulled out his shirt, the heavy breasts on his chest dangled in the warm breeze on the glade. His obscenely big mound-like nipples looked stiff and aroused, as the wet patch in his pants expanded.

Chester's head had almost completely transformed into a fox-like skull by now, his hair had grown longer and started to curl a bit. The fishy taste of the water was suddenly in his mouth again, as his new, sharper senses smelled something quite similar.

Carefully, Chester pulled his ripped pants further down and finally saw, where the smell came from: His once regular-sized penis, had grown back between a slimy fold, which was soaked in a clear, sticky substance that smelled similar to the water's taste. "Hnoo... Hnoo, you can't make me...!! You make me a girl!!"

The Quix snickered. "And a cute one! Yes, Yes, you will be an awesome sidekick! Just look how messy you are! Ehehe, Your new cunny is really one of the squirt-type I guess!" The Fox licked her lips "I really like that *rawr*" Chester moaned, as he touched his new breasts. His skin felt soft and wonderful. With a slurping sound, whatever had been left of his cock disappeared between the meaty, furry folds that had formed in his crotch.

He felt lighter than before. Softer. A part of him was afraid, but the other part felt like something inside him was finally released from a mental prison. Slowly, Chester let his hand travel down from his quite handsome breasts to his soaked crotch.



A patch of dark fur had grown right above his new female sex. The smell of pheromones filled the air around him, quite similar to the taste in the water. The hot, soft mound between his legs was aching to be touched. It felt like small electric impulses as Chesters fingers carefully stroked over the soft, wet fur of his cunt. He moaned, as one of his fingers accidentally touched the wet meaty lips that were hanging out of his pussy. Before even thinking any further, he pushed his finger deep inside the wet, warm slit, as his palm started to massage his hard-growing clit. "Hrrr Gawwd...!" Tears of lust filled Chesters eyes, as he felt his own finger fucking his tight vagina.

He picked up the pace as a slimy, almost farting sound escaped his new hungry fuckhole. "I... Ugh... I never wanted a cock so badly before..." He closed his eyes. Imaginative pictures of a hot and stiff cock drilling deep inside the sweaty hole between his legs filled his mind. Pictures of filthy, thick semen squirting inside his needy cunt...Chester tumbled a bit, as he was losing himself in pleasure and screamed, as a gush of clear liquid squirted out from his depths.

Pleased and still wobbly on his legs, his fluffy tail wiggled in the breeze and his new foxy ears perked up. "I can hear... everything!" Chester said, surprised by the female voice that had come out of his long snout.

"of course you can!" The other Quix answered. "We are Quixes!, That's why we are so good at sneaking. Come with me, and I will teach you how to survive out here!" She dashed into the forest. "What are you waiting for? We will start with stealing some clothes for you! In your current state you should be an awesome distraction for any traveling merchant with a needy cock!"

