

Comfort Zone

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Contains: Male / Female -> anthro fox transformation. 18+ only.

"You're sure we're all alone? No one's going to interrupt us?" the woman asks, following you into your bedroom.

You shut the door behind you. "I'm sure."

It's nice to see the floor of your room without laundry on it; you should clean more often. Of course it's not every night that you have strangers-- especially strange women-- in your bedroom, but tonight is special, and this woman is strange.

Her name is Shay. You learned that just tonight. She's wearing a black tube top, black lipstick, and a black leather collar with a silver star. Her movements have a nervous energy, like a cat dropped in unfamiliar territory. She glances about, but her eyes always return to you.

"Go sit on the bed," she orders. You sit on the edge, feet on the floor. "Are you ready to turn your fantasies into reality?"

You nod eagerly. Shay has a special gift. You didn't believe her when she first messaged you, but the photographs were too real to be manipulated, and the video. . .

She reaches into her cleavage, retrieves a tiny leather pouch, and, with a flick of her wrist, sends a cloud of lavender powder billowing toward your face. It smells like saffron and alcohol. You go to wipe your face, but your arm doesn't move. You want to ask why, but your jaw is locked. Frozen, all you can do is blink and breathe as the dust dissipates.

Shay waves her hand in front of your face and taps your forehead, confirming your paralysis. She breathes a heavy sigh of relief, and her tense muscles all at once relax. Gazing down at you, her lips hint into a smile.

The timid cat has found a mouse.

"The boy who wanted to become a sexy fox man." Her smile widens. "We are going to have fun tonight, you and I."

The woman surveys your bedroom. She speaks smoothly, savoring every syllable like she's performing a monologue. "You spend a lot of time in here, don't you? It's cozy. Makes me want to get comfortable."

Any anxiety you have about being paralyzed dissolves as she grips her shirt and pulls it up over her smooth stomach. Shay moves slowly, sensually, turning the simple act of disrobing into a strip tease. She sheds her shirt, leaving her bountiful breasts covered only by a minimal, red brassiere. Next she turns around and slides her jeans over her shapely hips, butt bouncing as it's freed from its prison. She kicks off her pants and faces you, lacy panties not quite concealing the smooth, hairless curves of her sex.

"Like what you see?" Shay asks in a sultry voice. "Or would you prefer something a bit more exotic? Something like. . . this?"

Shay turns around and pushes her round bottom toward your face. One dainty hand reaches back to rub her lower back, and then, after a slight pause, you notice movement in her panties. It starts just below the waistband. A small bulge begins to form, twitching and wiggling as it grows. Your stomach jumps as you realize what you're watching. The sight might confuse some people, but you've fantasized about this exact thing a thousand times before.

She's growing a tail.

The nub sprouts quickly, filling and stretching that lacy fabric triangle. The growth snakes up and out, pushing her panties' waistband down under its thickening base. Shay exhales and lets the sinewy length fall between her legs. It stretches toward her knees, little bumps of freshly forming vertebrae stippling the supple skin.

She bends further forward still, palms on the ground, downward dog, raising a foot inches from your face. She stretches and flexes it, and you stare, amazed, as it takes on an inhuman shape. You eagerly anticipate each incoming change: the lengthening of the arch, the thickening of toes, the swelling of pads, the curling of the nails. Every aspect is precisely on-script, and the show ends with you staring at a hairless paw.

The paw is lowered, and you see her other foot has changed to match. Her naked tail sways back and forth, giving glimpses of more movement in your guest's panties. A subtle triangle swells under the silky fabric. The gap between her thighs fills with her freshly plump pussy, and a subtly shadowed divot signals her shifting sex's teardrop shape.

The witch turns to face you. She presses a fingertip against your lips and drags it sensually down your front, bringing it to rest on your jeans and the aching bulge within. She smiles showing pointing teeth as she unbuttons your pants and opens your fly, her forming claws lightly tinkling against the metal zipper. She slides a hand inside, over your underwear, and gives your straining penis a single stroke and a gentle grip before withdrawing.

"I must admit, you aren't what I was picturing when we had those. . . *conversations* online. You're rather plain-looking. Just a normal everyday guy," she says as she tugs her ears into triangular points. "Luckily, in *my* line of work, the way you look at the start hardly matters."

With that, she opens her mouth, inserts her fingertips, and hooks them behind her teeth. Then, with a firm and steady pull, she starts to reshape her skull, drawing her jaws forward into the beginnings of a muzzle. Her other hand molds the rest of her head to match, compressing her forehead and widening the bridge of her nose. For a moment, she is hideous, sporting the uncanny in-between face you've seen online, drawn by the artists you tend to avoid. But it's gone the moment she finishes her muzzle. Soon you're staring at a fox's face, albeit a hairless and human-sized one. Her eyes change from brown to greenish-yellow with a single fluttering blink.

Her hands drop to her sides, and she pants, flat tongue peeking from her new maw. "The face is always the hardest part."

Her voice is not so different, less sinussy now that she's opened her nose by molding it into a moist black snout. Her animal face looks surprisingly natural forming words, the way her lips move, the way her emotions come across in the rising and wrinkling of her brow.

Still, she's not quite beautiful, that lady-skinned fox. She has freckles instead of whiskers, a pink blush instead of orange flamboyance, blonde curls instead of a white collar. Without fur, the shapes are as wrong as a hairless cat's.

"Now to finish up."

Shay presses her fingertips to the tip of her nose and drags them up her muzzle, leaving trails of fresh, rust-colored fur in their wake. You don't see it growing; it flows from her fingers fully formed. Delicate filaments near her lips cascade into full fluff around her cheeks. She paints it on like an artist. Her palm is the mop brush, laying down a lustrous coat. Her dark claws are the riggers, pointing fine details like whiskers and trim. Always her hands move with the grain, gracefully petting on a pelt.

It's something like watching a woman shower, you think, seeing her stroke her hands across her body, lathering a layer of fur instead of soap. She props each foot upon the bed and pulls on orange and white fur stockings topped with black toe-tips. Her tail is the last to get its coat. She makes an O with her fingers around its base and slowly draws her hand down its length, long, fluffy fur popping free as she goes.

Hairs poke through the fabric of her undies. She adjusts them, taking an extra moment to touch a curious finger to her altered mound.

“That’s better,” she says, turning towards your mirror and posing like she’s trying on a new dress. “Not bad.” She turns and cranes her neck to examine her tail. “Not bad at all.”

She’s a real-life anthro vixen, formative furry fetish fuel in the flesh. Your heart pounds as she pads across the carpet with sensual, digitigrade steps. You want to touch her, to run your fingers through her fur, to wrap your arms around her and feel her tail flick against your thighs, but you still can’t move a muscle. It’s a cruelty, to be close enough to reach the woman of your fantasies but unable to move your arms.

She spins slowly. “Now I suit your tastes.” She looks at you and licks her lips. “I spent a lot of time looking through your favorites online.”

Hearing someone speak about that part of your life in-person makes your skin crawl.

“It was full of people transforming into foxes and wolves. Not a lot of variety. Other species don’t quite do it for you? You know, you can get a pair of these on any model.”

She reaches behind her back, unclasps her bra, and lowers it from her breasts. Two dark nipples peer out from the fluffy white fur.

“Maybe. . .” she mumbles to herself, cupping her mounds and hefting them gently and dropping them. When they settle, they’re ever-so-slightly bigger. It’s less than a single cup size difference, but she seems satisfied. “There.”

She looks down at you as if waiting for a reaction, then chuckles. “Look at me, almost naked, and you’re still fully dressed. Let’s fix that.”

She bends and tugs off your socks, unceremoniously tossing them over her shoulder. She examines your feet as she brushes the extra lint from them, working a blunt claw-tip between your toes with the skillful efficiency of a tailor preparing a piece of fabric. Next, she sticks her fuzzy fingers down your waistband and pulls at your pants. You want to help her by shifting your weight, but she manages quite well on her own. She tilts your stiff body left and right, pulling your arm here, pushing your shoulder there. She’s a master butcher handling a slab of cold meat. It’s unsettling being so completely at her mercy.

In seconds, she’s pulled your pants and underwear past your butt cheeks. Then it’s tug tug tug, and you’re completely naked from the waist down. Your penis, still erect, stands proudly in front of your t-shirt. You and the witch both examine your freshly uncovered member, and you begin to feel self-conscious. Your dick is average. Your legs are average. Even your dusting of wiry human body hairs is average. Under the gaze of the vixen sex-goddess, average feels inadequate.

But the witch's muzzle doesn't show a single sign of disappointment. Her eyes aren't judging; they're measuring. They're soaking in every freckle, curve, and wrinkle.

"You're a perfect canvas," she concludes. "I can't wait to shape you. I have so many ideas!" She tilts her head and touches your skin, tracing the outlines of the muscles underneath. She spreads your legs to get a good, close look at your crotch. Gently, she cups your balls, little hairs on her palm tickling against the sensitive skin. Her other hand wraps around your penis and strokes slowly-- teasingly, painfully slowly.

"Yes, yes," she whispers as a droplet of precum forms at the tip of your dick. "You're going to love it."

She gives your penis another pair of charitable strokes, then stands.

"Now where were we?" Her fingers slide southward through her fur, leaving little trails behind. "I know you prefer human pussies," she says, hand gliding into her panties, "but I couldn't resist. You'll like this one too. I promise."

Shay pulls her panties past her knees and steps out of them. Now completely naked, she looks to you like a model, one that you've seen drawn countless times but never had the pleasure of meeting. Nothing but the very hint of dark, sensitive flesh is visible between her legs, but it's there.

"Want to see?" she asks, turning around once again. She bends over but keeps her fluffy white-tipped tail lowered, showing her curvaceous ass but blocking the view of her most private parts. She traces its tip up your chest, chin, lips, nose, and beyond until it reaches a critical balance point and flops up onto her back, curling like a husky's.

Now you can see everything. Between that pair of perfectly plump butt cheeks, nestled in the fur, is the shadow of her puckered rosebud. She flicks her tail, and its dark, wrinkled skin flexes from the motion, muscles and sinews all subtly connected. Your gaze drops lower, between her fuzzy cheeks, down to her exposed sex. It's less bestial than you feared, but its puffy, charcoal-black lips are certainly not human. The hood of her clit protrudes in a swollen, rubbery point. In the place of inner labia, a line of hot pink flesh lays enticingly between her swollen lips.

"I'm ready for you," she says, turning to face you. "But you're not ready for me. I don't need a lover. I need a mate." She looks at you like a sculptor looks at a featureless block of clay, focusing past you, within you, ignoring pieces of you, seeing your potential.

"Let's get you on all fours. That's a fitting pose for a fox." She climbs onto the bed and starts to reposition you with surprising strength.

“Do you remember the first transformation picture you ever saw? What was it like? It must have been a profound, magical moment, judging from your favorites gallery. Does it still summon that same magic after all these years?

“I suppose if it did, you wouldn’t have risked inviting me over. You don’t know anything about me! I could be dangerous. You knew the risks, but you’re desperate. Desperate to revive the magic.”

She moves you like a yoga coach, curling your fingertips over the edge of the bed and raising your chin so you’re looking forward. Your back is relaxed and curved, exposed hindquarters high in the air behind you.

“There’s apprehension in your eyes. Did I scare you? Don’t worry, I’m not cruel. I’ll put the magic back into your fantasies. I’ll give you the knotted fox cock you’ve always dreamed of. I promise.” She winks and climbs onto the bed, tail sashaying excitedly behind her.

“This paralysis charm is very fragile. My magic will wash it away, one body part at a time.” Her eyes dance over your body. “Let’s start by giving you a tail to wave around.”

The bed shifts under her weight as she crawls around to your backside. She places her palms on your ass cheeks and runs her cold padded fingers up your hips and back down your spine. A shuddering tingling sensation blooms around her touch. It’s more than your hairs standing on end. It’s her magic.

The buzzing intensifies as she massages the base of your spine, growing into a white-hot energy focused on the tip of your coccyx. Then you feel it. Growth. You’ve imagined it a thousand times before, but this time it’s real. It’s the relief of stretching stiff muscles. New vertebrae pop like knuckles as they form. Soon you feel something brushing against the top of your crack, and your crack brushing against your. . . your tail.

“I love growing tails,” comes Shay’s voice behind you. “You’ve always wanted one. I bet you’ve even worn a fake one before, hoping it would be like the real deal. Of course it wasn’t. You couldn’t feel it. You couldn’t move it.”

You wag your tail, testing the motion, excited as a puppy. It thwaps against your hips and butt. Her fingers are still coaxing growth from its base, and it’s getting heavy. You raise it up and brush its naked length against her fuzzy arms, trying to curl it around her wrist in thanks. If your body weren’t frozen, you’d tackle her with gratitude.

The vixen giggles. “Easy there! I know you’re eager, but it’s harder when you move. You don’t want me to mess up, do you?”

She grabs a hold of your tail. You try to relax, but you have so much energy it writhes like a snake in her grasp. She pulls, drawing the length out as if it's always been inside of you, curled up and hidden, and she's simply pulling it free into the open air. The touch of her furred fingers feels natural against your new limb. It feels as right and real as her fox-mouth looks when she speaks. You're being made whole. It's an amputation in reverse.

She releases your new limb, and it flops onto the sheets between your knees, twitching. Its fleshy base lays between your butt cheeks, resting against your taint, brushing against your balls. You can't wait until it's covered in a thick coat of bushy, fur.

The witch examines her handiwork. "That will do for now."

You try to raise your tail, but it's heavier than you expect. It flops. It flicks. The muscles down its length are too weak to lift its weight with great precision. Most of the strength is right at its base. You flex that new knot of muscle, and it jumps to the right, whip tip stinging the bottom of your ribs. That was unexpected.

You're so absorbed testing your tail, the vixen surprises you when she pops back into view. She grins with pointed teeth as she inspects your face.

"Let's do your ears next. You want pointed, foxy ears, don't you?"

She pinches the tips of your ears and pulls. The pressure of her fingertips borders on painful as her magic flows into them.

"I wish you had a mirror to look in, but you've seen a thousand drawings of fox-men with triangle ears atop their heads. Picture it inside your mind. Envision me reshaping your silly, human semi-circles into sturdy, noble points."

Your imagination goes to work. You picture her tugging your ears up toward the ceiling, forming points. But that isn't what you feel. Instead, she pulls them out away from your head. They grow and grow as she smoothes the convolutions from their insides, longer, wider, larger. Then she ever-so-carefully pushes her claw tips into your ear canals, opening them into spacious channels. Her other fingers massage the surrounding scalp, working dormant muscles to prominence.

"How many thousands of drawings of people turning into foxes have you seen anyway? It's like you found a TV show that you liked, and you've been watching reruns ever since. Doesn't it get boring? You stay inside your comfort zone, stick to your tags, and know the ending to each story before you've read the first word. Now, let's see. . ."

She withdraws her hands and looks at your face, beaming. "You're becoming such a handsome, vulpine boy."

You test your ears, trying to fold them back or raise them to attention. You can, but each motion comes with an unexpected wobble, a little extra flop. When you relax, they hang heavily on either side of your head, sticking straight out. You wonder if their position seems strange because she hasn't yet reshaped your skull.

The witch jumps onto the bed and scurries back to your behind. "Time to do something about these boring human feet," she says, gripping your right foot. Her thumb-pads push into your arch, and her magic tingles through your bones. She pulls it like a slab of taffy, huffing and straining as she draws it long and narrow. Next she extends your ankle, pointing your elongated foot so the natural way to stand is on your tip-toes. She squeezes the fatty pad of your heel, and it melts away until there's nothing left but a bony angle.

Her sculpting hands grab your toes next, and your heart leaps. You can't wait to feel them swell into padded, vulpine digits. She clasps them in two bundles, the three smaller toes in one hand and the larger two in the other. Then she begins to squeeze, and as her grip tightens, the pins-and-needles heat of her magic builds and builds. The sensations from each individual toe blur away, and when her hand withdraws, they feel numb. You wonder, is that what it feels like to grow a fox's paw?

You try to wiggle your toes, but it's all wrong. You can stretch them apart, but it feels different. It's like she's squeezed your foot into a too-tight, two-toed shoe. You hear a faint clicking sound as you flex your altered feet. Your ears swivel back to catch the noise, flopping heavily as they do. Growing nervous, you try to point them forward only to have them swing forward and flap against your eyes. You blink reflexively just in time to spare yourself some pain.

Something's very wrong here. Your ears aren't fox ears. Your foot isn't a paw. Everything feels wrong. Everything moves wrong.

"One paw down, one to go!"

Your heartbeat quickens as you feel the witch's cold fingers wrap around your other foot. She's lying to you! What is she doing? You want to scream and demand answers, but all you can do is flail your tail and flop your ears and click your toes in panic.

"Uh oh!" she sings as she pulls your other ankle straight. "It looks like someone's catching on. Don't worry, little one, I'm not going to hurt you." She gathers your toes into another pair of bundles and repeats whatever she did to your first foot on the other. When she finally frees the digits, you wiggle them wildly and hear more clicking and clacking.

The stranger crawls off the bed and circles back to your face. She pouts and pets your head.

“There there,” she coos, “It’s going to be okay. I’m just changing up the script a little. I mean, you just watched me transform into a fox, do you really want to see the same thing again? Don’t worry, I won’t get too crazy. I’ll keep your new body nice and vanilla; I’m just going to add a strawberry swirl.”

Your outright panic dissolves into a cocktail of other emotions. Anger mingles with uncertainty and anxiety, and still, annoyingly ever-present beneath all these feelings, is arousal. You can’t help it. You can’t explain it. But despite the stress of the situation, your penis is still standing rock-hard between your legs.

The vixen pulls up a chair and sits facing you. “Admit it, you’re curious. You want to know what you’re becoming. You want to know how far I’ll take it, which barriers I’ll break.” She lifts your dominant hand into her lap and starts to rub her magic into its delicate bones. Out of the corner of your eye you see them shifting shape, contorting like clay as she massages them into some new, unknown form.

“Don’t you remember the original thrill of it?” she continues. “The thought of being trapped in a foreign body, that it was out of your control. The rush of being seen that way by your friends and family, not recognizing yourself in the mirror.... The thrill of it! Where did it go? Why have you settled into a tired, familiar fantasy?”

She joins your softened digits in pairs until your hand is home to two fat fingers and a thumb. “I’ve always liked this design,” she muses. “It’s a good balance between total uselessness and boring convenience.” She rolls the tips of your fattened fingers between her own, causing them to darken and harden. She rubs the details away, small things like fingernails and fingerprints, until all that remains beyond your top knuckles are simple, brown wedges. Hooves?

You hate hooves!

You move your now-free fingers and watch the alien digits curl and click together. What can you do with these? How will you type? How will you get dressed? Will you still be able to masturbate? You scold your mind for turning to sex, but you can’t help but imagine the mechanics of it. Wrapping your thickened fingers around your dick. . . How would it feel?

The fox-witch squints at her work. “Hmm. . . Considering today’s about breaking boundaries, let’s take it a step further.” She returns to your fingertips, this time rubbing another knuckle-length of humanity away, melding it with the hooflets until each finger is equal parts hoof and flesh. Your heart pounds as she steals convenience away from another unknown set of activities. Now you can hardly move them at all without making that damn clicking sound.

She places your changed hand back onto the bed and lifts the other. “I bet you have a good idea of what you’re becoming,” she says as she molds your off-hand into a matching, useless

shape, “so let’s do your face next.” She finishes hoofing you, stands up, and walks out of view. “One second! I’ll be right back.”

Now would be the chance to escape, if only you could move your body. And by the time she frees your arms and legs, it’ll be too late. The only path to freedom leads in the opposite direction of your humanity, through the witch’s traitorous fingers.

The vixen returns with a handheld mirror and places it face-down on your desk. “No peeking just yet!” she teases, returning to the chair. She centers herself with a few deep breaths, cracks her knuckles, and raises her hands to your face, grinning like the Grinch.

Your eyes widen at the thought of losing your most recognizable feature. You were ready to swap it for a fox’s muzzle, but that’s not going to happen. What creature are you becoming?

“I call this ‘the point of no return.’ Are you ready?”

You are not, but she proceeds. She opens your mouth and sticks her fingers inside, hooking them behind your teeth, just as she did to herself. That dreaded electric tingle worms its way through your jawbone, and she pulls, tugging your mouth into the beginnings of a muzzle. She pushes padded fingertips into your nose for extra purchase, permanently expanding your nostrils as she needs.

You cross your eyes and watch as your mouth and nose stretch impossibly into view. Once your face is long enough, her fingertips flutter about making adjustments, squaring out your teeth, smoothing away your chin, widening your mouth. She slides her thumb along your long upper lip, and it stretches until it droops over your lower one. She cradles your tongue, and it explodes in size, becoming a hefty, meaty mass that hangs limply from your maw.

Frantic stroking coaxes your nose to start swelling. You see it expanding like a balloon, growing wider, rounder, beyond understated, beyond elegant, beyond fitting. It caps the end of your snout proudly, with hefty heaving nostrils and a flat top. She spreads its boxy shape up your muzzle between your eyes, pushing them apart. She brushes away your human hair as though it was never truly connected to your scalp. Then, with a flurry of tiny touches, pressure here, rubbing there, she polishes the proportions of your new, furless animal head.

The witch collapses back into her seat, panting. You try shaking your head, but your neck’s still frozen, and speech is likewise still impossible. Running your massive tongue over your nose rewards you with the salty taste of snot and a scraped snout. Its texture is brutally rough. The vixen fetches the mirror and holds it up to your face.

“Well? What do you think?” she asks as if she’d just given you a haircut.

Staring back at you from the mirror is the unmistakable face of a common cow. A hairless cow. Its mouth drops open in shock. Your mouth. You're a cow.

You hate cows!

"Tadaa! Some of my best work, I think. I'll admit it's a far cry from a slender, sexy, cunning fox, but who doesn't love a big, goofy, docile, cow? Well I suppose you're more of a minotaur for the time being."

A hairless minotaur without horns, you think as the witch tilts the mirror to better show the angles of your face. You glare at her, your frown and furrowed brow coming across nicely on your bestial features.

"Now now," she chuckles, lowering the mirror. "I'm not done yet. I'll pull the look together, you'll see." She lowers your arm and lovingly caresses your oversized head. "No one likes a raging bull," she coos and licks a vulpine kiss onto your cheek. The touch calms you down somewhat. You do love foxes.

"You've been such a good boy," she continues, hands stroking down your neck and across your body. "I think it's time to give you a reward." Her finger traces a trail down your spine, past your tail, across your asshole and taint. One of her soft hands cups your balls, and your breath catches. Your soft, forgotten maleness throbs as blood fills it once again.

"Let's get you into a more comfortable position."

She pushes you over sideways, and you land with a bounce on the softness of your bed. "Sorry. I've always wanted to go cow-tipping." The world spins as she repositions you into a half-sitting position at the head of the bed. She stuffs a few pillows behind your back and relaxes your legs and arms.

Now you can see the rest of your changes. Between your legs, stretching halfway to your hoof-feet, is your hefty, naked tail. Your balls are resting on it, and each twitch jostles them. That little detail drives home just how far from human you've become, how unfamiliar you are with your new body, how vulnerable you are. The thought is terrifying, and yet your penis is still erect.

The vixen witch drops to all fours and stalks toward your exposed privates with a predatory look in her eye. She practically pounces on your dick, wrapping her fingers around it and starting to stroke. As much as you want to hate it, her touch is bliss. She seems to know how to please you better than you do yourself, and the fact that she's a real life anthro vixen makes it all the better. She keeps her claws and paw pads away from your sensitive flesh, but her fur, that luscious, angora fur, caresses you. You lift your tail and slide it up between her hanging breasts. They're as luxuriously soft and warm as you imagined. She moans at the touch.

Her fluffy tail raises high into the air as she ducks her head between your legs and adds her tongue to the equation. She starts with a long, slow lick across your balls, shifting them atop your tail. Her teasing tongue multiplies the pleasure flowing from each stroke of your shaft, but you want more. Using your tail, you push her chin upwards, and she complies. Her hand holds steady around the base of your penis while she eagerly laps the exposed length. You clutch the bedspread in your clumsy three-fingered hands as your hooves curl in bliss with a click.

An unexpected touch against your tailhole catches your attention, and, peering past your boxy bovine muzzle, you see the vixen pushing a paw under your tail. Her textured pad traces circles over the wrinkled muscle, and you clench reflexively. A creeping heat sprouts from her fingertip and buries itself into your sphincter. Realizing what's happening, you gasp. She wraps her narrow lips around your dick as if to calm you as she continues.

You wonder what exactly a cow's asshole looks like as yours begins swell. It twitches in time with your pulse. Each straining spasm pauses its growth momentarily, but when it relaxes you feel it puffing up, permanently pressing up against your tail and cheeks as it expands into the inelegant, obscene orifice of a livestock animal. You clench again, and it's so big that secondary vibrations echo in its flesh.

The heat of the witch's magic fades, but her touch remains. She teases your tailhole's supple swollenness as her head bobs up and down your dick. Lost in the moment, you allow yourself to enjoy the strange and sensual stimulation. The sensations are entirely alien, and your steak of a tongue lolls from the side of your muzzle as you revel in ecstasy.

You feel your orgasm approaching, and with it, an unexpected tingle in your shaft-- unexpected, but not unpleasant. She's going to change your dick as you cum, and that thought sends you over the edge. Your cock strains and swells and spurts jets of cum into her throat. She gives a surprised squeak but stays and sucks and swallows. Her magic mingles with your climax, sensations fizzing and firing like fireworks, ascending and transcending anything you've experienced before.

You can tell your penis is changing in her mouth, but the details are lost in your unnaturally extended orgasm. Her hand retreats from your shaft and cups your balls. Her lips draw closer until they're kissing the skin of your crotch. Her tongue envelops your length, milking the umpteenth spurt of salty cum from it. Each loving lick feels more intense than the last, more encompassing. You've lost count of the seconds you've been cumming, and still your climax continues. Through the haze, you notice that her sucking has become a lapping. When you open your eyes you see tongue flicking against the smooth skin of your crotch, and there's not a cock in sight.

Anxiety mingles with your arousal. Your orgasm subsides, but another, different sort of orgasm follows right behind. Despite your dick's disappearance, each brush of the vixen's tongue sends

a shock of pleasure firing down your legs. She withdraws her head and you see what's left of your precious manhood, an angry pink button of flesh, disappear into a puffy vertical crease.

Your balls hang just below, still tensing with each pulse of your climax. To your horror, she cups them next, fondling them with her magic touch. She presses them against your groin, gently at first but then harder. Instead of pain, the increasing pressure is accompanied by pleasure. Each testicle lights up with the heat as they're pushed into your body with a pair of jolting thuds. You trace their tingling path through your stomach as the organs that used to be your testicles take on a new role deep inside of you.

The vixen laps at your sagging scrotal skin, and it tightens away, sinking into a continuation of the feminine slit that holds your penis-turned-clit. Her eager tongue pushes between your freshly-formed folds, and the once dull touch begins to feel quite pleasant. You're completely at her mercy as her seeking muscle probes deeper and deeper inside of you. Your forming passage, your new vagina, grips her probing tongue with virgin muscles. You're soon so deep that she has to open her maw wide around your crotch in order to fill you completely.

Her electric magic blooms into your belly as a new organ grows. Your uterus. The thought that you now possess a womb, that you're now a fully functional female, drives you over the edge to another quaking climax.

The witch gives your new pussy a final parting lick and slumps back, breathing heavily and leaving you exhausted, breathless, and fully spent. Your mind is so shattered by the overwhelming orgasms that it's a moment before you begin to consider the ramifications of what's just happened to you. She turned your penis into a pussy. You close your eyes and open them, but it's still staring back at you from between your legs, a neat, classic human vulva.

You hate gender shifting!

The vixen giggles. "Don't you give me those angry eyes, girl. I saw the moment you realized what was happening, and you still came twice after that!"

You blush, the pink no doubt visible on your human-skin cheeks. You feel so exposed sitting in front of her, legs spread, pussy out in the open. It doesn't help that the vixen is looking you up and down like she's at a strip club, or perhaps a cattle auction.

"I'm tempted to leave you like this. Maybe grow you horns, bulk up your muscles, give you that hulking, male minotaur build. You could stuff a packer into your pants each morning before heading out, keep that pussy of yours our little secret. I'd get off on that. And then there'd be that one awkward moment in each of your romantic relationships where you'd have to reveal yourself. . ."

You imagination races to consider the ramifications of living a life with that kind of secret. Will you wear panties instead of boxers? Will you pee sitting down? It awakens a hoard of butterflies in your belly. Anxiety, embarrassment, and arousal, three emotions you'd expect to be as unmixable as oil and water, swirl into a surprisingly sexy emulsion. No, you tell yourself, don't enjoy this! She betrayed you, took control of your body, made you into a goofy cow, and stole away your masculinity! You wonder if you're truly female, will you start having periods? Will you have to buy tampons?

"We love those awkward little moments don't we?" the vixen accuses sensually, "the ones that reinforce your new form? I know a way to give you more of them."

She sits on your lap, straddling your legs. The way she's positioned, you'd be fucking her if you still had a penis. Instead, you feel her warm sex against a now-bare patch of skin above your own womanhood.

She lowers your head until your bovine chin is resting between your pecs. Her generous downy breasts brush up against your shirt and fill your field of view. She slides her dangerous hands up beneath your tee and rubs your chest, a brief shimmer of magic on her touch as she wipes your hairs away. Her pads linger on your nipples.

"Such cute, masculine nipples you have," she says, pinching them playfully. "But you're a fully-functioning female now, and these are going to have a real job to do one day. You need nipples that can *work*."

Your heart beats at your chest like it's trying to knock her hands away, but it's no use. Your nipples are subsumed by a tingle that throbs in time with your pulse. They swell, protruding against her touch, areola gaining territory on your chest. She withdraws her hands from under your shirt and pulls it tight against your chest. The outline of your pecs against the fabric is the same, but now they're tented by a pair of unmistakably feminine, erect, no-bra-on-a-cold-day nipples.

"That's more like it. Now you've got something to suck and flick. You could still hide them with a sweater, though, and I don't want to give you another secret," she says, sliding her hands under your shirt once again. "I wanna give you something that you can't hide."

She palms your pecs and smiles sadistically as a toasty glow floods your chest. Your miniscule mammary glands surge to life with a bubbly vibration as tens of thousands of dormant cells are suddenly urged to reproduce, splitting, swelling, and splitting again. The outline of the vixen's paws lift against your shirt as breasts bulge under them. Your breasts. They inflate with a tickling buzz, rising on either side of your bovine snout. Bigger, bigger, when will they stop? Your budding boobs grow heavy on your chest. Each breath shifts their wobbling weight more than the last. They reach a size that seems reasonable, and still her groping fingers linger, pouring energy, lifting higher.

Finally, she pulls her paws away. You groan inwardly at the sight of your chest. Straining against your shirt are the alluring curves of a woman's breasts. Not a petite woman, or a slight woman, or an athletic woman, but a fully-developed, larger-than-average woman. You're almost relieved. It could have been worse.

"No hiding these babies," the vixen nods. "They really suit you. Not too big, not too small. . . If I was making you into a normal woman, I'd call them the perfect size." A sly smile creeps across her muzzle. "But we're not making you a normal woman. You're a cow. We can't risk anyone calling your boobs 'small' or 'average.'"

To your horror, she slides her paws under your top again. The pins-and-needles magic pulses through your tits, and they expand once again. Leaning back as you are, their bulk starts to squish under their own growing weight. They push forward, but also to the sides, curves extending past your ribs. Your nipples, as they're pulled away from each other, rub against the stretched cotton of your shirt and spark their own erotic tingles to compete with the vixen's magic. She focuses her fingers on the fleshy nibs, kneading, pinching and plucking them. They swell as they harden, but even after they're fully erect they continue to grow. She's making you into a freak!

She pulls her hands away and tugs your shirt down. Your breasts fill it so completely that it hardly reaches your belly-button anymore.

"Wanna see?" she asks.

You're anxious but perversely curious. She pulls your shirt up, lifting your tits until they pop free and drop with a sensual wobble. Intellectually, you note that while they're large, they're not absurdly unnatural looking. Emotionally, seeing them attached to your chest, they look absolutely gigantic. They're perfectly shaped, natural breasts, capped with prominent, meaty nipples that are a size or two larger than most maternal women's.

"You should be able to shop in most stores," the vixen muses. "I could tell you exactly what size you are, but I think I'd rather have you figure it out yourself. I can see you now, sneaking into a dressing room with a fistfull of bras, all different sizes. . ."

She lifts your arms up and pulls your shirt up over your head, bending your big ears uncomfortably. "You should invest in tops with a plunging neckline. Probably a lot easier to get over this head of yours, and you can give the guys something to look at."

The witch sits back and regards your naked body. "It's time to bring all the pieces together. I think you've been frozen for long enough." She rests her hands on your foot-hoof but pauses. "What color fur? Even such a small thing could have a huge impact." She thinks for a moment and then nods to herself. "I've got it! You're going to love this."

She starts at the base of your hooves, stroking a coat of fur into existence like she's spreading lotion over your skin. Everywhere her palms touch, a brief, sharp shimmering marks tens of thousands of follicles firing. Her light touch transitions into a deep-tissue massage as she works her way upward. She shortens your calves, stealing inches from your standing height, then softens them, rounds them out, and reduces their muscle mass.

It isn't until her hands are working your knees that you glimpse the color of your fur. It's a soft coat of milk-white fur, splotted with puddles of bubble-gum pink. The unnatural hue grows directly from your skin, no dye required. Other than their color, your spots have the same careless shape as the markings on any holstein cow. You picture yourself covered snout to hoof in the girlish accents, and your ears fold back in defeat.

But as the witch's fingers work up toward your hips, the spectacle of your flamboyant fur coat is overshadowed by other changes. She beefs up your thighs and kneads them into feminine, doughy curves. She grips and applies some muscle to your hips, stretching your pelvis between the sexes, from masculinity to maternity. A sliver of a gap appears between your upper thighs and frames your puffy pussy, exposing your most private parts as if to advertise availability. Your vulva is kept smooth and hairless, but its skin is bleached a pale white.

"You're shaping up to be a shapely babe," says the witch as she caresses your ass into bubble-butt prominence. "Everyone will look at you differently now. Strangers, women, men, even your best guy friends. Oh sure, they'll try to treat you the same as always, but you'll catch their eyes wandering. The moment you turn your head, their gaze will slide down to your breasts, your wide hips, this beautiful behind." She spans your expanded ass playfully, and it wobbles. "That's what they'll want to do. Touch you. *Grope* you. Can you imagine your best friend lusting after you? Picturing you when he masturbates? Propositioning you? Get ready for it."

You stretch your freshly freed legs restlessly and consider kicking the traitorous vixen, but a growing part of you is excited to assume your new identity. Besides, you'd look awkward if she stopped now. If you have to become a cowgirl, you'd at least like to be a pretty one.

The witch covers your tail in white fur, finishing the tip with a fluffy tuft of pink. She moves on to your waist, pinching it narrow, sculpting your stomach into a feminine tummy.

"Don't worry, not everyone will be ogling your tits. You'll make new friends. Girlfriends. People you can feel safe around."

A flow of fur follows her fingers up your back and around your ribcage. She gropes your breasts but leaves them bare, pale cream skin topped with strawberry areolas. They're even more naked than the rest of you, lacking the modicum of modesty your fur provides.

You're no bodybuilder, but you've always been stronger than a woman. With a simple squeeze of your shoulders, the witch steals the gift your masculinity has granted you. Muscle turns to fat or simply burns away as she feminizes your upper body. Her hands knead down the length of your arms, thinning them into lithe limbs that would look out of place on a man, then covering them in pink splotched fur to punctuate the point.

Finally, your arms are free-- arms that ten minutes ago wanted to grope and fondle the vixen and five minutes ago strike and strangle her. Instead, you simply stretch and flex, watching the unfamiliar, girlish arms respond to your commands, hands shaking with excitement. You run your hoof-tips through the fur of your thighs, cold points against your skin. Tentatively, you touch your breasts. It feels improper to grab and grope them, even though they're your own. They're softer than you expected, and heavier. You straighten your back to better hold their weight and they jut forward proudly with a wobble.

"Not to brag, but you are turning out so sexy and unique. I can't wait to hear what the internet has to say about you. Even if you don't post the photos yourself, there'll be paparazzi swimsuit pics and fan art on the sites you frequent. The comments section can get awfully vulgar. Think about the private messages you'll get, the dick pics. I wonder if you'll be tempted to follow up with any of them. . ."

She gingerly strokes a coat of fur onto your muzzle, ears, and head. The last remaining patch of human skin is on your neck, and she converts it to cow hide as she smooths away your Adam's apple.

"Done." The vixen says, sitting back.

You cough and swallow, then speak.

"Why--" you stop. Your voice is higher-pitched and resonant. You clear your throat even though you know it won't help. "Why did yooO-- Why did you dooO-- Why did yMoOoo!?" You clasp your hooves over your mouth in shock. You mooed! You lowed like a cow! It was inhuman, a fully-fledged bestial bellow!

The witch falls back on the bed, rolling and laughing. "I wish I had a camera ready to capture that look on your face!"

"Mooo!" you low in growing panic.

"Don't worry," she says, wiping away tears and patting your thigh. "You'll be able to speak fine most of the time. You'll only be reduced to mooing when you get too emotional, too sad, angry, anxious, aroused. . ."

You take a deep breath and open your mouth to speak, but you can feel the embarrassing animal sound in the back of your throat. You nod in acknowledgement.

“Are you ready to see the new you?” she asks, excitement in her eyes. Your mind is instantly off your voice and back onto your body. What do you look like now? What will the world see when they look at you? The vixen takes your hand and guides you to your feet.

Every motion is unfamiliar: the way your body slides across the bed, the size of your hips, the weight of your breasts. You wobble on unsure hooves, tail flicking behind you for balance. The vixen takes your arm, and together, you walk toward your full-body mirror. Each digitigrade step is more confident than the last. You quickly learn not to resist the natural swaying of your hips and tail or the bouncing of your butt and boobs. Your ass cheeks brush against your enlarged, bovine asshole.

You turn to face the mirror and freeze. You’re nowhere to be seen. Two strangers stare back at you: One a slender anthro vixen, and the other a curvy cowgirl with pink spots. Curvy cowgirl; the words jump into your head unbidden. It’s your new classification, the world’s new first impression.

The look of rapt fascination on the cowgirl’s face matches what you feel. You blink and she blinks back. You move your head and watch your alien reflection do the same. The cow woman is feminine. She has a big pink splotch over her left eye, long eyelashes, and fluffy ears. Nothing about her body is petite, but she’s not fat. She’s voluptuous. Her breasts are generous, bare, and natural. You’re attracted to her. She’s sexy.

You are sexy.

Your heart is beating so hard, you can see its motion jogging your tits. A muscle rises deep inside your stomach, beneath your abs, and your skin flushes with a fuzzy fever. You check to see if the witch is touching you, but she’s just standing back with a smile on her face.

“I was going to ask if you like it, but I recognize that flustered, confused look on your silly cow face.” She reaches over and gives your nipple a flirtatious tweak. A pulse of heat and pleasure spills into your body, and you gasp. “You’re horny, dear. Hot and bothered.”

That couldn’t be right. It feels so different than you’re used to. You peer past your bosom to the puffy slit between your legs and shiver at the sight. Just seeing the feminine sex awakens a host of dirty, nasty thoughts. It’s turning you on in the same way seeing any pussy up close would turn you on, but this one is a part of you. You hesitate to touch it, but your mind is begging you to explore the alluring organ that has replaced your dick and balls. The pale skin of your nose blushes.

Your clumsy hoof is cold against the naked flesh. You've lost all feeling in your fingertips, and so the touch of the pussy between your legs is felt only from the opposite direction you're used to. Your nether lips part eagerly to accept the intruder. It has no way to resist. Your pussy just sits there, ready to admit any object you let near it. You feel protective of it. Your hoof picks up some natural lube and slides easier, past your sensitive clit and over your aching, eager passage.

The vixen circles behind you and hugs her arms around your waist. "Aww, my lesbian cowgirl is getting off to the sight of herself!" Her breasts squeeze against your back, and your hairs stand on end. "I'm making the assumption you were straight before the change, but let's put it to the test."

Shay lays on the bed and spreads her legs, giving you a clear view of her dark-skinned snatch. Her white-tipped tail rises between her legs and beckons you over. She rubs her pussy slowly, taking shaky breaths from the pleasure of it. You approach, and her tail curls between your thighs, tickling your pussy. You spread your legs as she slides her fluffy tail back and forth against your folds. Even the lightest touch is enough to send shocks of bliss quivering through your legs, but you want more. You venture a hoof-hand down and press its cold hardness against your wet folds, mirroring the rubbing motions of the vixen's paw below you. The numb, one-sided touch makes it all the easier to imagine that it's her hand caressing you.

You press into your opening. Satisfaction. You cry a feminine moan, but halfway through it turns into a *moOoooo!*

The witch brings her other paw to her pussy, and her simple back-and-forth stroking becomes a precise kneading. A small gush of natural lubricant wells up from her slit as she pushes her labia together, joining them and smoothing away any hint of an opening. She pinches the protruding peak of her spade, and draws the nub into the beginnings of a shaft. As it swells, its dark skin stretches into raw, vein-traced flesh. Six inches, seven inches, you wonder when it will stop. When it reaches her belly-button, she pinches the tip into a vilpine point as her other hand grips the base, fingers spreading from the girth of a swelling, prominent knot. Satisfied with the beastial shape, she rolls a fold of furry skin around its base to form a sheath. Her new penis promptly pulls itself inside, leaving only the angry red tip exposed.

Lower, she stretches the naked patch of skin that used to be her slit into a wrinkled, empty pouch. Then she massages her stomach, pushing hard, working down toward her groin. She closes her eyes and strains, bearing down. After a tense moment, a lump slips from her belly into her empty sack. Another contraction, another mass drops into her scrotum. Relaxing, she cups her new pair of balls, plumping them up and covering them in a dusting of white fuzz.

Shay looks up at you and winks. "I promised I'd give you a fox cock, didn't I?"

Your hand slows its stroking as you gaze down at the fox's perfect package. You wanted that dick to be attached to you, not *her*! She's teasing you again. It's a flawless anthro fox cock, from the plump sheathe to the full balls, but it does you no good between her legs where you can't get any pleasure from it.

Right?

You're still staring. There's an eager emptiness building inside of you. Your thick hoof-finger slides deeper into your vagina in an abundance of new lube. It's just as thick as her cock, but not nearly as long. It's water on your parched lips, partial relief, but it doesn't quench.

"You want it inside you. I can tell. All you have to do is crawl up on this bed and present that sopping pussy to me, and I'll give you what you want."

This is ridiculous; you're not gay. Sure, you get off to pictures of fluffy bestial sheathes that look just like that one, but that's only because you're imagining yourself growing one. Isn't it? But you're a woman now, so is being turned on by a dick straight? All these questions billow through your brain around a single constant truth: you want her to fuck you with that cock.

Shaking, you climb onto the bed. You're unsure how to proceed. Do you simply lay back and spread your legs? You lean against the pile of pillows and timidly move your feet apart, opening your thighs and presenting your pussy.

The faux-vixen's eyes light up. "You poor, poor dear. You're putty in my hands. You melt for me." She grips her sheathe and a couple girthy inches of her cock slide into the air. "How about we make it interesting. As payment for giving you the satisfaction you desire, I'll also change you a little more. What do you say?"

Change you more? She thinks you're going ask her to change you after what she's done? You pause. You're desperately horny. Agreeing will give you the satisfaction you crave, and the thought of changing further drops a coal into your belly. Arousal burns through your veins like whisky, dissolving your inhibitions, opening your locks, urging you to make a decision you know you're going to regret later.

You nod.

"What was that? I want to hear you say it."

You swallow and speak. "Fuck mee--" you swallow a moo. "Fuck meoOooo!" You let it loose. "MoOooooo!"

She shows her pointed teeth. "Get on those hooves. I wanna take you like the animal you are."

You obey, turning onto your hands and knees. Your tail whips restlessly behind you, fanning cool air on your sopping wet pussy. She positions herself behind you and gropes your large, feminine butt. You low impatiently.

“You’re such an eager slut. I love it.”

She pulls your tail aside and presses her hips against yours. The point of her penis nestles against your folds. You twist and adjust your body, desperate to spear yourself on the hot, solid shaft. Then, you hit the angle just right. The head of her cock slides between your well-lubricated lips and sinks into you. You freeze and gasp, eyes wide, at the alien pleasure of someone else entering your body.

Shay doesn’t wait for you to move. She presses forward until the hairs of her sheathe tickle you, then grabs a hold of your waist and starts to thrust. Each frantic jab pushes deeper into your clenching passage as more and more of her dick is freed from its sheath. She grunts and moans, mating you like a beast, using you like her personal sex toy. The motion has your breasts slapping against your arms.

Your quivering passage eagerly engulfs every inch of her girthy shaft. It’s impossibly hot, and you can feel it deep inside your belly. God, she’s so deep in you. She’s thick too, thick enough that your vagina stretches tight around her cock. Intense arousal converts any pain into searing pleasure. You rock your hips, but she’s in complete control, and you love it.

Soon, the bulge of her knot starts to tap against your outer lips. It’s impossibly large, and it’s terribly insistent. Tapping turns to knocking turns to pounding at your opening as it demands entry.

“You’re pretty tight for a cow,” the witch grunts, “but I like it.”

She leans forward, bouncing breasts pressing into your back, and slides her paw down between your legs. Her pad grazes your clit, and you clench around her dick as you moo a bestial moan. The intense rush of sensitivity from your clit melts into the familiar electric tingle of her magic.

She’s changing you again. What will she make you more feminine or less human? You anticipate your alteration with excitement. Adrenaline shoots through your veins and pools into your pussy and nipples, causing them to flush and throb.

Shay’s hand travels upward to your waistline. She clutches and gathers the little flab you have into a swelling mound. At first you think she’s making you fat, but then you feel that familiar water-balloon vibration in the expanding bulge. It brushes against your thighs and hangs heavily beneath your belly button. Soon it’s large enough to jostle with your breasts as she continues to thrust into you.

You're growing an udder.

You love another beastial, resonant moo, relishing the inhumanity of it. Shay is your owner for the evening, using your body how she wants, deciding your very fate, and all you can do is learn to love it. And you have learned. You can't really hate hooves and cows and gender shifting. After all--

You love being a curvy cowgirl.

When her fuzzy balls start to slap against your new udder, she stops its growth. She pinches two pairs of teats into existence, and each one's a rich erogenous zone. Her hand lingers on your fully-formed udder, groping its mass and teasing your teats just because she's wants to, because she thinks it's hot.

She presses her hips hard into your rear, her knot opening you impossibly. It aches, but in your lust-addled mind, pain and anxiety are reduced to simple elemental intensity, and right now you're hungry for more. You lean back, and that extra pressure pushes her knot past the critical point. It thuds home. Her meaty knot and shaft throb inside your straining passage, filling you more than you thought possible.

Each time you relax your aching vagina, the knot pulls against it, threatening to slip free, but the extra stretching pressure makes you clench in pleasure, pulling the swollen bulb back inside. Every greedy squeeze brings a wave of ecstasy, the next always coming before the last one ebbs, and so your conscious thoughts are submerged in rapture, drowning into orgasmic, rhythmic-clenching bliss.

It's only when you feel a new liquid warmth flooding your passage that you snap back to the present. Shay's balls clench and churn against your udder as she cums, filling you with jet after jet of her hot spunk. She rides out her own climax, then falls against your back, panting, dick twitching occasionally.

"Ahhhh. . . You're a great fuck." Shay says with a sigh. She pets your back lazily, blunt claws scratching through your coarse fur.

You start to sober from your inebriating lust, and the reality of what you've just done, what you agreed to, what you've become, weighs on you. You groan and peer between your legs, pushing your boobs aside to give you a view of your new udder. It's about as large as one of your breasts, light pink, with teats that aren't larger than the ones on your breasts.

"It's smaller than I thought it'd be," you say in a woman's voice that you still don't recognize.

The vixen lifts her leg and turns around, settling on all fours with her ass pressed against your own, swollen dick still lodged inside.

“It’s big enough to fill out some custom mom jeans, I think. Cows have big, swollen udders, but you’re not a cow yet; you’re just a heifer.”

“Heifers turn into cows after they give birth, right?” you ask, tugging fruitlessly to separate yourself from the vixen.

She lays down, settling in for a long wait. “Yup. Of course if you wanna stay a heifer, you might want to drop by the pharmacy tonight for some plan B. . .”

Your eyes shoot open, and you picture the millions of sperm swimming through your uterus seeking out your eggs at this very moment.

She cranes her neck and flashes you a foxy smile.

“That is, unless you’re ready for a whole new sort of transformation.”

-The end.

(Author’s note: I hope you enjoyed reading! Please consider leaving a comment.)