

Golden Fox  
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For centuries, humanity had been regulated by the rising and setting of the sun. Even with candles and incandescent bulbs, society had remained largely in harmony with the heartbeat of the planet for a few more decades... but at the turn of the millennium, the cycle had been broken. There was always light somewhere, and thus always someone awake. Corporations had pushed well past the confines of the evening hours and cities became the place where one never truly slept. The years had compounded the effect and entire generations had grown up un beholden to the power of the sun.

Such was the state of the Bottle Bin Recycling Depot. It was two in the morning but the lights were bright, shining off the lime green walls and the ever prescient layer of gummy, sticky goo that coated the brown floor. Even in the middle of the night, the place was busy enough that August had been forced to wait for one of the machines to open up. His honey blond hair was tied up into a small bun at the back of his head and a straw hat sat atop it. Fair, youthful shoulders extended from a gray tank top, and blue jeans came down to over-worn tennis shoes. Earbuds gently strobed in his ears, playing music that August had grown up with in middle and high school.

While most patrons brought garbage bags of eclectic mixtures, August was the quintessential frat boy. His rolling cart had been filled with cases and cases of the same brand of beer, Dragon's Piss. It was incredibly cheap and reasonably alcoholic, making it a quintessential staple of the starving college student. A few of the patrons gave August a dubious glance. He looked to be too young to be drinking, let alone have that many bottles, but such was the bias of age. The older one got, the younger that young people looked.

With great anticipation, one of the patrons deposited their last bottle, scanned the qr code into their phone and wandered away. August braced his hands on the cart and pushed, then his blue eyes squinted as he nearly left his shoes behind. The floor had been so sticky that he hadn't been able to detach them. Bracing his toes inside the shoes, he gave one more tug and his foot came free with a sticky-pop, followed shortly by the other. August didn't dare lose momentum and pushed his cart over to the machine and began the dubious task of feeding the bottles into the conveyor slot.

Each bottle rolled and tumbled until the barcode was scanned before being whisked away to the molecular furnace in the back. A running tally built up on the screen, along with a holographic bottle with arms and legs hugging a miniature Earth and thanking August for saving the planet. The frat boy was not altruistic, nor was he even in it for the modest deposit the bottles held. No, there simply came a point where there wasn't any more room for any more bottles.

If it hadn't been for the music pumping into Austin's ears, he might have been hypnotized by the drone of the conveyors and the thrum of bottle after bottle being sent off to a fiery oblivion. His cool blue eyes were distant. His youthful, supple skin had grown accustomed to the faint dew of humidity and sweat that clung to it from the warm night air. August lacked the olfactory senses to realize how stale his tank top had gotten, or how acrid his shoes were. Even

the tang of the golden wisps of hair under his shapely arms were beyond his detection, but not to the next patron in line.

Shrewd greenish gold eyes drank in Austin's appearance, a mischievous smile playing across pert, slightly plump lips. Dark eyebrows crossed beneath a sunburst of marmalade orange hair, though the tips faded into a snowy white. The hair was too fine, too luxurious to be called shaggy, though layers cascaded down like golden terraces. Two long strands descended nearly to the male's shoulders, crossing where a human would have had their ears... but this male was no human.

Tall, pointed golden-orange furred ears rose high above his head, the butter cream interior aimed directly at Austin. An enormous, plump apricot colored tail swayed back and forth, the white tip lingering just high enough not to brush the sticky floor. A sand colored sweatshirt hung over a lithe figure, though it didn't quite make it down to the male's waist, leaving room for both his tail and his smooth, flat stomach to be revealed for all to see, along with the gold navel ring. The fox's long, sharp black clawed fingers were entwined in the strings of a bag of recycling. Baggy capris pants hung low and stopped where his human-like thighs transitioned to far more animalistic paws, the paw pads thankfully resilient enough to resist the floor's captivating grasp.

Such hybrids had become more and more prevalent, though Austin had been too caught up in a world of his own to notice until the fox came up to the machine beside him. Austin glanced up, giving the other male a respectful smile. The fox returned a captivating, cloying, predatory smile that looked as though he'd already caught his meal, but then he turned his attention to the machine and started to feed it the random cans and bottles he'd come across. Austin returned his own attention to his machine, at least until that over-sized, over-soft, fluffy tail began to curve around his hip, his ass, his leg, all but drawing him in closer.

Austin's breathing shifted, his blue eyes lifting up, coming to meet with the fox's. The fox said nothing, staring into Austin's soul expectantly. Austin hesitantly reached up to tap one earbud, deactivating them both, withdrawing it from his ear. The fox grinned a little more, indicating the frat boy's cart with the point of his chin.

"You like drinking piss?" The fox asked. His voice was smooth, almost lyrical. He seemed a little older than Austin, though it was hard to tell. Austin grinned a bit in self effacing mirth.

"Hey, some boys are just dirty." Austin said. The fox pursed his lips and made a sound at that, bringing one of his paws up to his chest.

"I don't think anyone could have come up with a better answer... Handsome and charming." The fox grinned. Austin blushed a little, remembering almost too late to put another couple bottles into the machine before it printed out his ticket.

"H-Handsome?" he asked. The fox arched one dark brow.

"Don't tell me this is the first time someone's telling you that." he said, "I'm not sure I'd believe you." he commented.

"N-no, well, I mean, not exactly. I hear it from girls but I'm not... uh, really into that." He said. While the fox's smile didn't quite grow larger, the fluffy tail did constrict, drawing Austin a bit closer. While the fox was thinner than Austin, he was a few inches taller, especially thanks to his ears.

“Lucky me.” he said, reaching a clawed finger up to trace Austin’s jaw. He looked deeper and deeper into the human’s blue eyes, far deeper than anyone should have been able to. Austin felt the gaze pierce into his soul, diving deeper. His jaw began to slacken and he felt weaker in the knees, but still he remained there. The fox’s eyes were almost shimmering with energy, like glitter swirling around in a jar of oil.

Austin gasped slightly as scents, sounds, and sensations began to burst in his mind like fireworks. He remembered things he’d done in his teenage years, things he’d told no one of. He smelled scents far more acrid than the bottle deposit could produce. He felt a forbidden heat spreading across his stomach and loins for a moment before it all seemed to simply evaporate away. He was left standing there before the fox - a fox that licked his lips with delight.

“When you’re done with your bottles, you have two choices.” The fox said, resuming his own efforts at recycling. “Either you take your money and you go back to your dorm room, spending your gains on another drunken weekend... or you give into that thirst you’re feeling for more, and find me in the bathroom.” The fox said. He deposited his last few bottles, collected a redemption slip from the machine due to a lack of a phone, and sauntered away. Austin was left behind, his head turning, his straw hat casting a shadow over eyes that could not peel themselves away from the swaying hips of the golden fox.

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The door to the bathroom lurched open as the two entangled young men came through, their arms around one another and their lips locked. The fox found the frat boy to be clumsy, inelegant, but completely devoted to the kiss. Austin found the fox to be sinuous, fluid, flowing and shifting in ways he’d never even thought possible. The door swung back shut, leaving them in relative darkness. The bathroom had green walls as well, though they were a far darker forest green. Only dim cylindrical lights on either side of the mirrors cast any illumination.

Austin grunted as he was pressed against the cool tile, his bare shoulders exposed. The fox broke the kiss, leaned down and gave his neck a bite. Austin groaned, his back arching. The fox only pressed forward, revealing one of the biggest boners that Austin had ever felt. He only swooned more. The fox ran a tongue over his sharp teeth, grinning. He reached down and slowly unzipped Austin’s jeans, using a claw to flick the button until it came loose. The frat boy’s jeans sagged down, revealing a tent of gray cotton. The fox smirked to himself, reaching down to lower his apparently stretchy pants.

Austin nearly salivated as they came down, though he gasped as an incredible log of a cock sprung forward. It was human, at least in shape, but it had to be the biggest member that Austin had ever seen. It was thicker than either of their wrists, as thick as a can of beer and as long as a two liter bottle. The head was fat and full, the flesh so tight that it pulled back, leaving nothing to the imagination. The fox’s ears were perked forward, his tail swaying seductively, his paws... How had Austin not noticed the paws before? They were bigger than dinner plates, the toes so plump, the claws sharp, the black fur contrasting with the golden hues the rest of his body sported.

“You like my feet?” The fox asked. Austin nodded eagerly.

“Oh yeah...” he huffed. The fox smirked at that.

“You’re such a dirty boy, why don’t you lick them?” The fox asked. Austin’s heart was racing, but it wasn’t serving his brain. Not an ounce of that precious blood was going anywhere near his brain. Instead, it all went to his groin. There was no thought to how dirty that public space was, nor what anyone else might have done there. Austin dropped to his knees, then all fours, leaning forward. His virgin lips parted and his human tongue slipped out, gliding over the smooth black fur that covered the fox’s toe knuckles, then one of his claws. It only took a few licks for the human’s silly straw hat to fall off, skidding over to the floor, revealing his blond hair and his bun.

Izan felt his heart swell, watching the human worship him. His languid greenish-gold eyes slid shut as the tongue plunged into the crevice between his toes. This human slut was above average in quality, and he’d made his decision by coming to the bathroom. The fox slowly worked his massive cock, stroking it from head to base... although it wasn’t so much for personal gratification. The thing was, he’d consumed almost as much beer as Austin had, and in a body his size, his bladder could only hold so much. While Austin was busy licking his paw, Izan tipped his head back. His ears flattened, his tail stretched out, and the urethra on the massive cock fluttered open just before a hot, acrid, amber jet of piss arched out from his manhood and came crashing down on Austin’s back.

The sudden rush of heat and wet was alarming, sending ripples through Austin’s body. It was nearly enough to make him rise up, but as the golden trails followed the curve of his body, seeking the lowest point, they found their way to his own dick. As the fox piss soaked his jeans, it began to course into his bush and down his cock, dribbling to the growing puddle in the floor. What had felt so shocking moments before now felt natural. Of course his lap was wet, of course it was streaming down his member. The stuff was foul, sharp, and wonderful. This was what life was supposed to be at its most simple, at its most primal.

Izan watched with barely contained glee, his nipples aching with lust as he watched a patch of blond fur start to sprout on Austin’s backside. The fuzz was soft and short at first, making a little diamond shape that disappeared down the cleft of his ass... but from that fuzz rose a wriggling mass. There were soft pops and cracks as Austin’s anatomy changed. The wriggling flesh became softer as golden fur emerged, but it grew rapidly. The flesh barely had time to soften and thicken before it was stretched taut and thin again. Bone, muscle and sinew forged itself beneath the hot quenching relief of the fox’s piss.

The fledgling tail flicked and swayed, wet fur clinging to new flesh, but the fur was getting longer and thicker. It went from centimeters to inches in moments, the tail arching backwards, a wet crescent hanging out over the frat boy’s pert bubble but. Through all of it, the boy had been so focused on Izan’s plump fox paws, licking and salivating and sucking. Such a good pup, but Izan wanted more. The fox reached down, collecting the human’s chin with one claw. He lifted Austin’s head directly into the stream of his piss.

The golden shower erupted across Austin’s boyish, good looking face. His youthful vitality was soaked in moments, the stream running down to dribble from his chin and soaking into his bound back hair as well. It glistened across his soft lips, soaking the chest of his tank top before running down to his already deluged groin. The human basked in the shower for what felt like an eternity, but in reality it had only taken a heartbeat before he opened wide and welcomed the tart torrent in. He let it fill up his lower jaw, swimming over his tongue and teeth

before he took a gulp. He reached up greedily, wrapping one hand around Izan's rod, then the other, but the cock was too big for even his hands to completely ensnare.

A few more gulps, a few greedy swallows, and still it came. Izan showered Austin's face with his piss before he brought the head of his massive cock to those pouty lips. Austin latched on, drinking as if he was consuming water from a hose. His Adam's apple bobbed, his throat undulated. Gulp after gulp, his stomach filled with the hot ether of another species. It dripped down from his hair and his chin, his clothes absorbing all of the urine like a sponge. It would have been enough to curl anyone's nose, but Austin's new tail was wagging behind him.

Izan's lips tightened with anticipation as he saw the fleshy semicircles of Austin's ears disappear into his mane of blond hair. The flesh had shrunk down more and more, cells being reabsorbed and repurposed. In moments the sides of the frat boy's head were nothing but messy tangles of blond hair. It took several moments - moments Izan knew Austin would have heard nothing but muffled ruffling from inside his own head - until the tiny pointed tips of two ears began rising out of the top of Austin's hair. The ears rose up, covered in velvet gold fur on the back and yellowish-white fur on the front. The ears twitched discordantly, unaligned at first until new pathways started to form.

Austin had tried to drink it all, gulping it down, consuming everything, but it was just too much. Izan was aware as more of the golden stream began to spill and squirt out from around Austin's lips. He'd enhance his abilities in time, no doubt, but why waste a drop? Izan reached down, petting and stroking the newly forged fox boy's head, paying particular attention to his fox ears. He stepped back, however, and aimed his cock down. The fox peed directly on his partner's dick, hosing it down as it swelled and grew, achingly hard, stretching taller and fatter than it ever had before... but that wasn't Izan's final destination. He drew his stream down like a calligraphy artist, never breaking contact but focusing his ink on somewhere new.

The fox piss splattered and splashed across Austin's shoes. They already had been worn to the point that they were loose and the air holes were overly large. Now the material was soaked in the foul precipitation. It turned the mildly soft interior into an over-saturated sponge. The shoes squished and squeaked against Austin's feet as he moved his toes, realizing the shoes were far tighter than he remembered. If anything, they were almost painfully tight.

"Ungh..." Austin moaned, his eyes squeezed shut, his lips curling in pain. His shoes creaked and groaned until there was a pop, a snap, and a tear. Austin's right shoe frayed and split, revealing a swollen mass encased in a yellowed sock. Plump, round toes flexed and wriggled before tiny black points poked through. The claws made short work of the socks, allowing them to split out, revealing a foot that was rapidly losing its humanity. Calloused paw pads formed on his toe tips and the sole of his foot while patchy black fur sprouted from the knuckles, the arch, the heel, and the ankle. The foot grew wider and shorter, taller and thicker, reshaping so fast it looked like some absurdity from an animated movie, but it was real.

Izan had honed his craft over the years, ensuring his bladder control was beyond measure. As much as he wanted an infinite supply, though, he could feel the pressure finally waning. He took hold of his massive dick and aimed it at Austin's other shoe, hosing it down and soaking the material until it, too, tore free from its confines. The shoe fractured and the sock stretched and stretched until it tugged down from a black fur covered heel, a paw pad, and then eventually plump, full toes tipped by black claws.

The former frat boy sat there with fox ears, a tail, foot paws and clawed hands. A patch of white fur sprouted across his chest and tufts grew out from his elbows. He was a fine hybrid, a fox worthy of Izan's skulk, but he had to seal the deal. Izan moved forward, giving his newly minted brother a playful nip of the neck before he rolled him over onto all fours. Austin could hardly argue, letting out a yip of excitement as his tail was hiked up. Izan gave his pup every last drop before he dragged the fat, large head of his cock over that black leathery tail hole.

Austin had never been a man of sophisticated tastes as his favorite beer was an example. Now, though, as that big fox cock rubbed over his ass, he knew that he lived for the simple life. He wanted sex, he wanted piss, and just enough food to get by. He pushed his posterior back, surprising Izan as the fox's cock head popped into the former frat boy. Izan bore his sharp teeth, grabbing onto that shapely butt with his clawed hands before he thrust several inches inside. The two fell into a riotous rhythm, jutting forward and back, slamming in. Austin reached a clawed hand under his stomach, finding the abnormally long flesh. He gave it a squeeze, a stroke, then started to frantically jack off.

The body heat rising from Austin's skin was enough for most of the moisture to evaporate.. His skin held onto a little of the humidity, forever marked by his fox master. Still, while he smelled like piss, he had dried out enough that his golden blond tail was starting to grow fluffy again. While even the white tip was yellowed and stained, the fur started to split out and separate, growing puffier by the moment. It was a lot for Izan to deal with, though he was used to it. The big, thick tail doubled back across Austin's spine like a body pillow on which Izan rested. Austin's ears twitched and quirked, the young man panting heavily. He wanted to add a second hand to his masturbation, but if he did he would have fallen flat on his face. A three point stance was the most he could muster.

Izan growled and snarled with power and pleasure as he plumbed Austin's depths. His cock was deep inside of his reconfigured anatomy, his intestines having shifted to something far less human. It made room for Izan and he wasn't about to complain about that. He kept thrusting, grunting and growling, watching as black fur crept up from Austin's ankles almost all the way to his knees. His hands, likewise, had gained black fur like gloves, creeping up to his wrists. His claws were curved and wickedly sharp, dangerous... and yet his face was youthful, innocent, enraptured by the debauchery they had just completed. Izan threw his head back and let out a bit of a bark of pleasure.

Once more the huge cock began to quiver and shudder, but this time it wasn't urine. His balls throbbed, his shaft spasmed, and he began to unleash his potent seed deep into Austin's body. Austin groaned as his icy blue eyes began to look like molten metal flake paint, the sparkling blue swirling in mesmerizing colors. The pleasure was too intense, but Austin's orgasm was superseded by something else.

There was a burning, stinging sensation that came from one of his biological stopgaps being overridden. When one was erect, one was not supposed to be able to let loose on one's bladder, but Austin knew exactly what was happening just before that acrid, alkaline amber fountain unleashed across the bathroom floor. It splattered across the half dried puddle Izan had left, renewing it and refreshing it before overflowing it completely. The piss ran into the grout between the tiles, heading out in every direction. It splashed into the grooves below the urinals, it collected in the stalls beneath the toilets. The room reeked of pheromones and of the territorial

marking that foxes could unleash. This bathroom belonged to Austin and Izan and anyone that came into it would be theirs.

Austin's breath was hot and tagged. Even his teeth felt unusually warm as the enamel and dentin stretched and reshaped, taking on sharper tips. He was a carnivore, a predator, a fox. The last of Austin's cheap beer was recycled onto the bathroom floor, the last few drops of piss dribbling from an inhumanly large dick. Austin grinned an almost crazed looking grin, feeling quite pleased with himself. His belly was full of cum, his bladder was spent, and his tail was being used as a bed for his corruptor. Izan leaned forward, burying his face in Austin's blond bun, inhaling his scent. He'd been a dirty boy before, but now he was all fox.

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Time waited for no one. The hours had ticked by and a crescent of copper-green light on the horizon heralded the coming sunrise. The night dwellers were winding down and the day dwellers were rising. Chad was somewhere in between, though part of him was most certainly rising. A gap had been formed between his puffy synthetic jacket and his baggy matching sweatpants, revealing boxer briefs stretched to their limit over a clear erection of a respectable size. Chad's curly black hair had taken on a bit of a mushroom shape, poofing out at the edges but shaved short around his ears and the back of his head. A stubble beard framed his boyish good face and his only regret was that he couldn't hold his phone far out enough to capture his pristine condition kicks in the same holo scan.

"Ready to go to the gym?" Chad murmured with his pouty lips, giving a wink to the cam. They said what was old was new again and fifty year old memes were making a comeback. The joke was, of course, that the workout would be with him rather than in the gym. Chad had, in all actuality, spent an hour in the gym already to keep himself in peak physical shape. He returned his phone to his pocket, tugged his sweat pants up, sunk his hands into his pockets and began a nonchalant walk to the bus stop.

After two blocks, he made it to his destination. He sank down onto the bench in the alcove, spread his legs as wide as he could manage, leaned back and lowered his head to catch some shut eye. It didn't take long for him to start nodding off, although he could have sworn he heard some yips in the distance. In a few more moments, he was passed out. Green and blue eyes regarded him in consideration. Austin was practically salivating, though Izan's arms were crossed, the elder fox looking dubious.

"He's a jock..." Izan protested.

"No, he's a chav!" Austin said. Izan shook his head.

"I don't even know what that is." he mused.

"Okay, old term, but like... He's horny, you saw him take the holo." Austin said.

"Yeah, but he's sleeping in a public space." Izan countered. One of Austin's blond eyebrows lifted, his fox ears tipping forward.

"And you singled me out because I was smart?" Austin asked. Izan pursed his lips a little tighter before he sighed, gesturing with one clawed paw.

Chad didn't wake up when he heard the sound of trickling water. Surely someone's sprinkler had turned on. He didn't even wake up when a wet warmth began to blanket his legs. Truth be told, he still had a few conflicting chemicals swimming through his bloodstream and

stranger things had happened. Izan and Austin stood there, each one brandishing their dicks, aiming them like an artist's tool with a clawed paw. They had coated Chad's designer sweatpants and poured their streams into his shoes. There were changes, clearly, as the legs seemed to bloat and grow, taking up more space, but even as the young man's sneakers groaned and squeaked and strained, they didn't give out. Izan was starting to look concerned, looking over at his partner.

"Shit..." Austin murmured before he stopped peeing and knelt down, using his claws to cut through the laces on the shoes. The first one nearly shot off as the laces were cut, skidding and tumbling across the cement. Austin switched over to the other side, getting it off, realizing only then that Chad had been barefoot. His toenails had already darkened and pushed out into claws as black fur sprouted from them, racing back across the top of his feet as paw pads formed on the toe digits. Bones wrenched and reshaped, popping and snapping. It didn't take long for his feet to end in paws.

"This isn't as much fun with him asleep." Izan said. Austin grimaced.

"Maybe you were right..." Austin said as he stood, reaching up to scratch one of his fox ears. He took a breath, "Bro! Looking fine..." he said.

Hazel eyes opened a little blearily. Chad blinked a bit, looking up to see two fine young men with their dicks out. A grin crossed his lips, although his face screwed up a little as he spotted their ears... and their tails... and their paws... and... his paws?

"What the hell?" Chad asked, sitting upright, wiggling his furry black toes before he looked back at the foxes, then their dicks. "Wow..." he whispered. Austin grinned, running his clawed hand up and down his immense length, his tail swinging back and forth.

"You wanna be like us, playboy?" Austin asked. When Chad looked up, he fell into the swirling, metallic blue eyes of the golden fox. He swam around in there, feeling the currents, the energy, the vitality. He nodded.

"I'm yours, bros, make me one of you!" he said.

"The change has already started, big guy, you're able to fuel it just as much as we are..." Izan said, moving forward. He reached down, pulling down the sweatpants before meticulously unfolding the boxer briefs beneath. Chad's pierced dick sprung upward, wobbling, the ring in the tip glinting in the morning light.

"Let loose my brother." Austin said, realizing what Izan had meant. Chad grinned with a mischievous smile as he unleashed his bladder. An arc of amber gold shot straight up before splattering him in the chest, running harmlessly off his puffy jacket. He leaned forward, opening his mouth wide to catch his stream. The acrid, sharp taste blossomed on his tongue and his eyes went a bit wild. He licked and slurped and gulped at it, taking it down even as golden splatter sparkled and clung to his stubble. He drank his own waste, letting it corrupt and taint him.

Austin bit his bottom lip, watching the chav's ears shrink and meld, disappearing into his skull. Naked virgin flesh closed over where they had been before a stubble coating spread across them, nearly growing as thick as the buzzed hair around it. Chad's eyes were unfocused and glossy for a few moments, though his curly dark hair began to ruffle and shift before tall, pointed black fox ears rose up. The hair inside them was more gray than white, matching his jacket and his sweatpants.



Austin gave his cock a few jerks, testing the rebound he'd managed before he bore down and added his own stream to Chad's, hosing down his arms and his dick. The shaft started to swell taller and bloat wider, making it hard to keep the angle right. Chad grunted, pushing himself up on one side with his free hand, shifting his weight just enough as a dark black fluffy tail began to unspool from his spine. At first it was like a feather boa, wriggling and flexing, but the fur grew thicker as the tail grew longer, spreading outward. Curls of silver fur began to appear along his collar, creeping down across pert pectorals and a washboard abdomen.

Chad shifted, claws scraping the bench of the bus stop as he drank his piss, but it wasn't enough. He doubled forward with shocking dexterity, bringing his mouth down over his lengthening dick. He was like a foxy ouroboros, gulping and guzzling. The sudden change in position led Austin's stream to soak his curly hair, sending piss running down the back of his hairy neck and into his jacket. Chad's big, fluffy black tail began to thwack and slap against the bus bench seat as he got into it, murmuring as his cheeks suddenly bulged wide. He continued to swallow, but it seemed that what he was swallowing was a lot thicker. It took a few more minutes, but Chad licked the cum from his mouth, savoring every last drop.

"How do you feel?" Izan asked. Chad looked up as his irises began to shift, the color in them taking on a metallic hue, shifting and swirling like liquid paint.

"Never felt more alive, bruva... I'm starving." Chad said. Izan ran a tongue over his sharp teeth.

"I think we could hunt something up." he said, reaching out to caress the stubble on Chad's cheeks, only to realize how incredibly soft it had become. It was like velvet, a particularly nice sensation.

"And I could go for some beer. Gotta refuel the ol' tanks after all." Austin added. Izan smirked, his orange tail curling around Austin's leg.

"My unquenchable himbo." Izan smirked, "I think I know a place."

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The electronic chime of the convenience store barely had time to finish its first salvo before it sounded two more times. The clerk behind the counter looked up in time to see three pairs of fox ears maneuvering down different aisles. A pierced eyebrow arched, amazed that the huge, fluffy fox tails that were as wide as their hips managed not to impact any of the merchandise. The golden fox had headed toward the coolers on the back wall opening up the window pane to fish out a few of the distinct white and gold cases of Dragon's Piss beer. The clerk felt as though he'd seen the kid before, something about his bare shoulders and that blond bun, but the young seemed to blur together.

The curly haired fox had come up to the hot case where twelve hour old sausages and hot dogs spun in mesmerizing circles. He licked sharp teeth as he got out the cardboard boat that would hold his purchases, clicking the tongs together before he began his hunt. The clerk envied him a bit. One could only get away from eating that much salt and glycerides for so long before it caught up with one. He hoped the kid enjoyed it while it lasted.

When the clerk tried to track down the orange fox, he felt his heart jump up in his chest a bit. There had been three, he was certain of it. He'd heard it, he'd seen it, he... felt a hand on

his. The clerk nearly jumped, looking up into the mesmerizing eyes of the fox, his hair the color of summer, those claw tips pressing just enough to feel and not hard enough to hurt, his longer strips of hair framing his face. Izan looked into the clerk's eyes, smiling fondly as he seemed to be searching for something.

"C-Can I get you anything?" The clerk asked, beads of sweat starting to form on his bald head. Izan reached up to caress the short, bushy beard that ran down the man's angular face.

"Soon, I think, but tonight I just have to pay for my brothers' purchases." Izan asked, reaching into his pocket to withdraw the slip of flimsiplast from the bottle recycling. He turned it over just as Chad began sliding the cardboard boat forward, filled with three hot dogs and dripping in sauce. Austin was all but waddling over, loaded down with cases of beer in each hand. The clerk looked at them and then back at the slip. There wasn't quite enough to cover it all, something he was sure the orange fox knew already, hence the flirting.

For a moment the clerk considered all the years he'd put into this job, the hours he'd watch people come and go. The fox boys were a lot better to look at than his usual drunks and shoplifters. They weren't trying to get away with anything, at least that he could see... and he did kind of want to see more of them. The clerk shot Izan a soft smile and gave him a gentle nod.

"That looks about right to me." The clerk said. A soft purr came from Izan's throat and he gave the clerk's beard one more pet.

"Such good customer service. We'll have to make it worth your wild." Izak said happily. Austin and Chad began to wander off with their purchases, heading out of the shop. Izan remained just a moment longer, giving a seductive wink to the clerk before following his brothers out. Ribbons of green and gold had begun to thread through the heavens as the sun rose. Izan loved to turn humans, to bring more foxes into the world, but he also liked having a good place to shop. The clerk would get his reward, he just had to give it to him when he wouldn't get fired... at least, not on the first date.