

SINI



KITSUNE GIRLFRIEND
MAKES CANDY IN MALDIVES



THE CHARACTERS



KODA



SINI



RENOKO



GREV



Freya

Height: 6' 8" (203 cm)
Weight: 201 lbs (91 kg)
Species: Horned Long Tail Fox
Gender: Intersex



FREYA



DRAKE



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Chapter 1 ... Orange Creamsicle Flavor!

Koda learned the dark secret of the Maldives resort five minutes after she ate the buffet steward.

“BuoooOOOOOOoaaaaarrrrrrrrghggghh hp,” belched the three-tailed kitsune. She uncouthly huffed a virulent green gut miasma before clapping over her swollen tummy with a groan and rubbing it. The bulge of the guy she’d eaten had forced the linen hem of the shirt to the top of her abs. Beaned footprints kicked against the drumskin-tight skin around her navel. The knobby allusions to knees nudging into the



top of her stomach elaborated on the poor fella's situation; he couldn't even correct the acute fold of his legs because of how tightly-packed he was, impressing and wobbling the nosh-processing orb of fluff. She quickly pivoted behind a corner to hide her accusable girth from her friends.

Sini, Renoko, Freya and Drake had just entered the chic, rustic, whitewashed room centerpieced by a self-serve buffet bar. The place was pretty empty, in part because of the economy; in part 'monsoon season.' You could deem the latter phrase a meteorological error should you look through the many windows of the circular space on this cloudless day. Bright and baby-blue shone the sky, the lagoon crystalline and teal and aquamarine in



shades entrepreneurs could only dream of extracting and exporting. Despite this, the buffet steward was weathering a storm of torpid-bubbling acids impossible to circumnavigate. A storm which made Sini *sure* he could hear something.

“Koda? You in here, love?”

Lips pursed, she blew through her nose as an alternative to moaning aloud, lest the subterfuge be canned. A heavy *GLgh-gh-gh-ghhh-GUGghSHHH* came garbled from her stomach, for the aproned heron was turning to mush *fast*.

“Indigestion troubles only,” she lied. She heard him approaching perpendicular to the hall. “I’ll be out shortly,” she called worriedly. The droning hubbubs and howls of her belly



imaginably resonated far enough for him to hear. “You really needn’t see me this way! It was the carrot smoothie, I swear. D-don’t worry about me—I’ll meet you at the poolside.”

The sound of his feet drawled to a stop. Had her cover been blown? “Smoothie,” he repeated. Thank goodness he had not rounded the corner, thought Koda. If he *had*, she’d have seen him crossing his arms with a smirk.

“Exactly,” she yelped.

BoooOOOuuuurruuuuuggghhhh-lllllhh-g luggck-ggghhuck-ck-ckuh-ckuh-cknnnnnn nnnnn. Her blasted belly would *not* be quiet! Yet, the heron was digesting so fast that at *least* she had managed to tuck her shirt



down some. In theory this provided at least minimal soundproofing.

“Right,” said Sini. “Well, hopefully that food guy comes back from break ‘cause we’ll be needing a refresher on these entrees soon enough.” His footsteps paced off as he presumably he rejoined the others.

Thought Koda: *Oh, he’ll be coming out, alright. Just not in any professional capacity...*

Having belched out most of the heron’s bones and flushed as many as would go down the toilet, Koda washed up. A peevish groan came from behind the restroom door. She had eyeballed herself reproachfully in



the mirror, for glossy black feathers and malachite ones too had sprouted part way up the sides of her forearms and prised to the elbows. Rumpled beneath the sheer linen sleeves, they could be seen through the see-through. And ebon, malachite-tipped highlights had bled out of some of her locks of hair as well. Neither were *those* very subtle.

Oh, why did I wear the see-through? She cursed. Stress sometimes made it difficult for her *not* to absorb the traits of whomever she ate.

Anyway, she didn't regret eating him. He had tasted *great*. (Especially considering she and Sini had drunk smoothies instead of eating breakfast. They had been eager to get



back to bed and make a mess to surprise room service with.) Still, she worried they'd all be booted from the resort and boated home should anyone find out her belly's weekend kill count.

Although, that wasn't the dark secret eating her thoughts when she got to the poolside. The culprit of her squirrely fidgeting was something else entirely when she watched Freya suck and nibble and lick on a brown sugar ice cream bar.

The horned long tail fox sat next to her, enrapt with placidity whilst tending to the melting cowmilk kebab. *Until* she looked over at the other vulpine. They had met enough times on casual outings for Freya to



at least extend *this* degree of lukewarm endearment:

“Koda? What’s the matter?”

Koda balled one of her paws on her grouching belly, dug her claws in a little. Freya’s ears rotated and folded with clement concern.

“Don’t tell me you’ve got food poisoning.”

“Nuh-uh.”

“Hon, then tell me. You’re scratching all over yourself like you fell on a bedbug mattress.”

Huffed Koda, “I better *not* have.”

“Well, yeah—we’re sleeping in the same room.”



“Can you *please* stop eating that?”

Freya raised a brow. Looking over her shoulder, she called out to Grev and extended the bar and asked if he wanted the rest. Tremendous splashes rained upon the coraled teal of the lagoon, the trestle table and everyone sitting there getting a little bit wet. The giant striped wyvern had plodded over to the planked platform and pursed his lips before pulling off the stick the last of the pop.

GULP

Koda gaped as though she had seen something scandalously done. She looked down and inward.

“That better? ... *What?*” Freya scoffed. “Was I s’posed to toss it in the ocean? Let it



melt on this pretty veranda? Where even are the garbage bins? Anyway, you've been in bed all day—it's no wonder you're all fidgety. Let's go on a walk." Their chairs dragged like chalk. "Excuse us, boys."

The two of them started along the terrace. Renoko had barely looked up from his bowl which had in it a barrel-worth of banana sundae. The bowl was big enough to serve a turkey in. He was spooning down that frozen calf food as though removing evidence from a drug lab with an impending DEA visit. Koda shuddered, for the reality of what that ice cream weighed heavy on her dome, and it was far worse than any vegan or federal agent could deduce.

When the vulpines were away from the aquatic cul-de-sac of bamboo-roofed



buildings and when they walked in isolation along a serpentine path of wood (raised about the dip of a foot above the aquamarine), Koda blew out a breath and slumped her shoulders and explained:

“I absorbed the food guy’s power, and I wish I didn’t.”

“The *who*? You mean you *ate*—?”

“*Shh!*” A staff golf cart dawdled past. Koda side-eyed it before answering: “I wish I didn’t *not* because I don’t *want* the power, but because it came with the knowledge.... Maybe this would be easier to demonstrate.”

She whistled. “Yo.”

The cart driver (a sea turtle) heard her. Backing up alongside, he asked how he could assist. She grabbed his shoulders and she’d



show him just how, muttering something hideous and Lovecraftian in his ear!

A moan of despair moved up his gullet as turgidly as he'd take his shell out the closet and slide into it in the morning. He fidgeted in futile distress and shook his shriveled noggin in some apneic way; and he clutched to the steering wheel as a grandparent might clutch to a child in a packed crowd. But he wasn't a grandparent, and the point of saying that is that clinging to such innocence was delusional and the longer he did it the more disillusioned he became until, after a few seconds, he'd become completely disillusioned with being a sea turtle and simply ceased to be one.

A blinding light scored the eyes of Freya, and the fur on her arms prickled as



she processed the terrible new power of her friend, cowering behind her palms. By and by she split her middle claw and ring claw, peeking through. Her pupil shrank with the horror that she saw:

Koda preening a green tea bar!

She locked eyes with Freya—licked the bar with a slow, detached sensuality. Beads of institutional blankness were her eyes, which transferred to Freya the grave knowledge to which she was privy. In case this knowledge was lost in transit, Koda let down the lemon bar and let her have it on the nose:

“This is my burden, Freya—the power to turn people into ice cream.”



Freya concealed a squeal behind the cover of a paw. Then she let her mask down and fanned the air as though to make the revelation evaporate, as things sometimes do in the humid air.

“You—you’re kidding—that’s not actually...”

To answer her, Koda motioned toward the cart. The sea turtle’s shorts and belt and button-collar shirt were strewn on the seat and the pedal but no one was there. She licked the green tea bar again. Her eyes weren’t so dull anymore but they held sultry smolders of light that winked out at Freya when they again met eyes.

“Tastes like him.”



The fur on Freya's cheeks puffed out a bit and she couldn't suppress a swish at the tip of her horsewhip tail.

Koda struck an acute smile. The three-tailed 'sune hadn't been anxious for the suspected reason. Dropping any pretense of shame she offered up the bar and waved in a playful little way.

Petite throat struggling on that lump in the center of it, Freya considered the role of accomplice. That green tea bar... was it technically *alive* still? Did it possess the agonized soul, the mind, of that poor sea turtle who now served his cryogenic sentence within, until the end of his melty demise at the hands of the South Asian heat? Was... was *that* part of the appeal—the fact that she could cease someone's life in her

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tummy just to satiate her curiosity of an answer to that question: *What would they taste like as a dessert?* The scorch of temptation—of the fear of missing out on such an exotic treat—spread from her chest to between her folds. The dribble in her panties was akin to that green tea bar dribbling as she contemplated: amid such heat, the chance wouldn't last forever!

Koda smiled as sharp as a Mako tooth—a *gotcha* smile—and her eyes narrowed with a lush, Evelike nefariousness. “You *doooo* want a taste... You want to know if his flavor is what I've hyped it up to be. And I can *promise* you you'll want to know that knowledge firsthand... o-hoh.”



What is up with this woman?! Freya's lips quivered with equal measures disbelief and flusterment. Not even this humidity could camouflage the hot arousal that reeked from her sex. It was blatant to the nose of another vulpine, the heady perfume ground against her inner thigh and lower buttock. First, she tells me not to eat my maple bar—now all of a sudden she's the garden serpent?

Yet the day was hot and humid—despite the wind whipping her skirt about. Could she really say no to a cold, refreshing treat? One that Koda had made just for her?

The devil in her seemed to grow less timid, for she heard herself think, *The old geezer was past his time and he was meant*



to be consumed. You're a young lady still and what better use could he have than nourishing you for one meal?

Sweating more than a minute ago (despite a one degree drop in the temperature), Freya took it and *took a lick!* She moaned.... Her fur itched and her sex burned at the delight of the taboo.... Just one lick was not enough, so she gulped down to the dribbly bottom and puckered her lips to pull off all the ice cream, swallowing in *one gulp* what used to be the sea turtle. She gasped as the chill went to her belly and blurted in thought, *Wh-what have I done? And yet... th-the luscious, v-v-velvety flavor of the cream, coupled with the contraband vanilla... and that's only scratching the*



surface of the grassy undercurrents: the humbly-toasted homeliness which while bitter remains as subtle and soothing as the first sniff of morning dew. That was the best ice cream she'd ever tasted.

“Koda, *please*—help me to understand: why did you deny me the maple bar, yet you've beguiled me with this kinful ambrosia?”

Touching her palm to her bosom, Koda chortled with suave depth. She stepped to Freya and clasped her shoulder then brushed her thumb along the rayon of Freya's short-sleeve.

“Forgive me, for sometimes I am something of an enigma even to myself. If you *really* want to know...: earlier, I was



trembling at the thought of a decision. A decision *you* have helped me to make. My newfound power is nothing to fear, I accept that now. I'm not going to run anymore from my sweet desire."

A whimper escaped the long tail fox, for Koda gently breathed on her face the warm scent of jasmine rice and wild honey. Koda then drew her tongue between the eyes of Freya to the top of her head, the lick thick with lust that verged on lesbionic.

"I'm simply going to savor it."

The pulse of Freya jumped. She shuddered at the tender, bosom danger that was Koda's presence. She had leaned in so close their boobs of above-average size squished in a snug chest



compression—bellies too. When had Koda started gripping her other shoulder?

There's pudge on her middle. Freya gave a cry and shoved her paws into the tummy of her predatory counterpart. But in trying to push her away she only sunk her palms into inches of tummy pudge. Still warm. Still fresh from *the tributary end of the seabird.*

What had been Koda's amiable leer of voracity morphed into a lush fluttering of the eyes as she let out a groan of lustful camaraderie, clearly aroused by the paws of the other foxlady sunk into the tender recess of her paunchy pelt—that *metabolic altar!* Ushered up from the firm tummy press came a hollow groan of her *tract,*



followed by a grumbling from beneath liters of acerbic digestive juice. Her belly flexed and *quaked*, hungry and riled; droning against the external touch it was *all* too eager to internalize.

“Koda,—nnh-nghhh—Koda... Koda... let go, I’m begging you.”

Even though Koda was only neck-high, she possessed a grip whose alarming strength matched her greed. Freya couldn’t shake her shoulders loose. Backward stumbled the girls. The horned tail fox dug her claws into the sides of the other with a defensive plea. The slender muscles under the soft and scruffy pelt of Koda thrummed with a vigorous and carnivorous pulse.



Predator fell on prey. The vision of Freya fogged with the breath of Koda. Slather dripped on her snout. Pinned beneath this unrecognizable beast, Freya whimpered.

The twisted grin of Koda had the terrifying charm of a hyena having a laugh. She brang it to the ear of Freya and growled with glee, “You’ll not deny me the forbidden flavor in which you yourself have indulged-”



Fighting to apprehend, Freya managed to push her to the bottom position. At this mini win she smiled with wary smugness; though, that look evaporated when the



kitsune smiled back with sharp eyes. “Oh pity, do you not want to be my ice cream, Freya? Well I wonder what else I could turn you into. Turns out my powers can tap into a whole spectrum of sweets-” Wide went the eyes of Freya. So Koda had *more*, yet-unrevealed capabilities? Caught in the indecision of whether to struggle more or to dare further inquire, she was lost. Koda ultimately intervened—breathed that miasma of a language against her ear—laid the curse!

Thus did the face of Freya whiten. She commenced to transform in a cocoon of light. A peal of terror abated in an echo the sea breezed away like a paper plate. All that was left was the sound of the waves and in



Koda's hand a lollipop: *orange creamsicle flavor.*



Colored with duochrome swirls (you can probably guess the duo), it was the size of a... well it was the size of a paper plate, if that analogy has recharged. Koda gave it a



relishing lick, purred and thought: *You and I were always rather alike, Freya.... And I'm not just talking about species. Well, I'm finally going to remove some of that redundancy-* She yawned and took a chomp, crunching into it with pleasure. Pieces of the sticky candy stuck to the cream fur of her chin, as well as the cozy fur tuft that collared her neck.

Hers wasn't just a *sugar* rush. It was a rush of adrenaline as she sucked on the fractured crescent, suckling off all the orange flavor with no one around to tell her no. She cupped and fondled one of her breasts as her cheeks bulged and the only other female of their vacationing group melted on her tongue, *sweet bursts of*



sun-ripened citrus tailed with aftershocks of vanilla. She pursed her lips and slurped down to the tip, ears fluttering giddily.

At last she gave one last *crunch*, and—

****GULP****

A petite groan of her belly could just barely be heard. It seemed tubbier than before.... She hopped back with a groan of abandon. The frame of the golf cart's rear seat gave a plaintive *squeak* as her own rear planted squarely on the cushioning. Koda moaned and reclined a bit, lifting her shirt and spoiling that rowdy hemisphere of tummy between her claws.

Her stomach juices dissolved candy-Freya at an astonishing rate, grumbling deeply as not a sugary particle



was spared. Her intestines bloated a little and boorishly groused, sounding like a band of low-playing horns in an undecided key. At length an “Ah” escaped her lips, as though an epiphany had surfaced. Following that ensued diabolic squirms of pleasure.

The golf cart buckled, the frame sagging toward the license plate. Her bum suddenly rippled and quaked larger, followed by her boobs and all the rest of her: for, the *mass* of Freya became one with her. And thereby were her choice attributes consolidated onto Koda:

As if to remove clashing traits in favor of these better ones, her feathers and the dye of her hair given to her by the heron steamed out of existence as the fellow fox’s signature aspects settled onto her:



The fur-tuft of her neck thickened, the creamy-furred tips even melding with the fire-red that painted the fur closer to the collar. Also, the tufts of her ear fur thickened and turned fire-red. And curved black horns sprouted from her head.



It seemed that Freya had even donated the style of her tails to Koda. Koda's—originally broad and bushy enough to lose one's paws within, had elongated into



long, whip-like appendages akin to the tails of eastern dragons. White-furred were the underbellies, and fire-red tipped with white were the manes running along their lengths, which ended in plumes of the aforementioned color duo.

As for her get-up: all of her clothes had been torn to shreds by the spurt of growth that had coincided; she now stood over a full head taller than before. Only a malachite bikini with ridiculously taxed straps remained, squishing down her boobs and hips. The only things hiding her genitals and stopping the full extent of her curves from being relinquished.

“Well well,” purred Koda, “it seems that you yourself were perfectly fine with me carrying on your legacy as a fox. Which



admittedly does not hold too many accolades. But don't worry, species-sister; *I* will wear your looks *so* much better and do your reputation justice that you could only have wet dreams of- *Oh-?*"

She noticed the creaks of strain the weight of her doubled tush was putting on the golf cart, and giggled into a paw, hopping off—a true act of mercy on her part. “There... will you quit fretting now? *You're* not the one that will be handling the burden of these hips twenty-four/seven; that will be the part of Sini.”

Heading toward the food bar building, she was pondering cheerily who she should next turn into a tasty treat and all the sorts of evil ways she could punish her dragon



boyfriend with her enhanced form. That's when she bumped into Drake, who'd been going the opposite way on the curving veranda of the buffet building.

“There you are. I’ve been looking all over—and this steam isn’t going to blow itself off—” Cutting off abruptly, the male fox looked up with a wince of surprise. For one, he didn’t recall Freya being *that much* taller than him. For two, it *wasn’t* Freya—it was the girl devoted to Sini. That dragon very well might spike his next mimosa with poison if he should see him talking to Koda this way. “Wait a sec... where’s Freya?” Upon asking this Drake gasped, taking a closer inspection of this kitsune; and his face said that he had already surmised the fate of the horned long-tail fox. His shoulders slumped, and he



appeared bummed as though he had missed out on some buffet entree during the lunch rush.

Smugly Koda folded her arms. “Hmph—Need I answer, fox-boy? I take it you’re impressed. Be shy not. I have more chest-fluff than your wee paws could know how to caress, and Freya I must say *was* a big help in fluffing me out.” Drake blushed, for she had clutched the back of his head and buried his snout in her cleavage. The toasty warmth and sweet scent of her breasts bespoke the presence of *both* kitsunes, both soothing and invigorating—like some kind of orange milkshake thickened with cream and sweetened with honey, hints of jasmine and vanilla included.



The tent in the male fox's flowered swimming trunks twitched hard; and a fiendish look took him. In the next moment he had slipped behind her and set his paws on her hips. "Sini will surely kill me for this, but it's your fault tempting me—you've left me no choice but to satiate my need, and *breed...*"

** WHAP **

One of her tails snaked up, cutting Drake under the chin before settling in a sickle shape. The struck fox landed on his cheek on which a bruise pulsed red, his rear hiked in the air. "Now, I understand how... *permissive* you tend to be with your ladies, but, alas for you, my tails object to that sort of decorum." She stepped over Drake, dusted



him off and smiled, rubbing the bruise of his cheek with a thumb. “Though, I must say I couldn’t decline a romp beneath one of our lovely sunroofs. And don’t you worry about Sini. He’ll understand that you’ve a lesson to learn, and I have full confidence that he’ll approve of your *graduation*.”

All of what Drake heard after her agreement was white noise. An albatross may as well have been making that teapot whistle.

The bedroom of Drake, of flooring and walls boarded with pearl-white—was cozily engulfed in shadow, save for a cloister of light which beamed down upon the central bed from the square sunroof. Standing on the contradictory side of the bed from Koda, Drake cracked his knuckles and sipped from



a glass of water, washing down a couple of libido pills. His trunks groaned and strained, for his stiffy grew fuller and fatter with blood. With a sigh of delight he set down the glass.

“Oh Drake” (amusing herself with faux lamentation) “are you here to learn truly, or will you flunk by thinking with your dick? I’m *waiiiiiiting*.”

Stepping onto the mattress, Drake let his knuckles on his hips and cackled with welling confidence. *‘Your girlfriend gave herself up to me, Sini.’ I’ll utter those words to the dragon. He’ll learn that, while he’s been splashing in the pool, I’ve been splashing his girl! I’ll be sure to leave her pelt reeking with a dominant musk. Perhaps then*



she'll decide there's a stronger candidate to choose for a lover.

Sini couldn't stop him now. He was playing for keeps.



Chapter 2 ... *On the Ropes!*

After Drake had undressed, put his things on the headboard and gotten on the bed, a glint went through the eyes of Koda, unsteading him. She leapt on and clasped him beneath the arms and pulled him close—close enough for his face to plant in her fulsome cleavage. Furred flesh overflowing with warmth; with the drum of her heart.

“Lesson one,” she lulled into his ear, “what’s fair is fair. If you try to snatch up a vixen, it is fair game for her to try and snatch you back.”



Claws on his shoulder, she took them into a tumble. She drew her paws down from his collar to his chest and she slowly rose over him, knees fixed astride his thighs. She took up his tender shaft. She squeezed firmly and gave a few pumps.

He had begun to get up as though to challenge for the top, but gasped as her rubs made the rounds from the tip of his cut cock to the base. A dribble of clear pre slid between her thumb and knuckle.

She took a break to open that paw and taste his pre with a lascivious slide of her tongue along the 'C' of her hand, mischief winking in her eyes.

It had taken but a few strokes to get his tender shaft jumping for her at full stature. Taking another grasp, she angled the tip



between her thighs and raised off her knees enough to brush the slick member between her folds, mewling inaudibly.

His boner throbbed and he dug into the bedsheets as if gravity had been altered in there; and then she went down on him with a lush gasp, the male fox hitching his head deep into a pillow and working his jaws in a skewed expression of bawdry bliss, ears flicking. She went down on him, her snug walls coiling around more of his length, adapting its clutch to its imperfect curves and its protuberant swell of youthful passion. He spat on his muzzle with a crass grunt as the rise and fall of her thighs gained rhythm, bending his cock somewhat. He groaned again and felt a chiropractic *crack* he had no idea your dick could make,



followed by an ebullient flush of endorphins to his brain. He caught his breath for a beat, wide eyed, before relenting with a short fire string of groans and grunts of carnal delight. His paws moved to clutch her knees; he clutched as though to brace himself as that pussy swallowed and milked him—bounced and plummeted—sheathing more of his malehood with every voracious sink.

Daintily she panted—blew breaths out through her lips with a ravishing, fluttering gaze of delight falling upon his own. Her fingers slipped over his own knuckles and she grinded lower and adjusted her hips and knees, blowing a few stray locks of ruddy orange-brown out of her face.

A jolt of bad omen seemed to snap between his ears and break through that



elated expression of his. A buzz of trepidation it gave him—something about that look in her eyes. *This is no regular lesson.* Observably she'd already eaten Freya. Of course he knew what the lesson was. He could deny it no longer—she was eyeing him like a snack!

Clammy turned his paws on her thighs. Between fight and flight, he chose the latter—reached to push at her tubby belly. She seized his wrists and she crooned:

“Haahh, hun *I'm the top bitch*” —

—then bore all the weight of her doubled vixen hips down on him. The last few inches of his malehood were slurped up by her slime-soaked sex. She smoothed her laced claws over the impression of his dick



bulging her guts and leaned in with a mocking sigh, luxuriating in her words:

“What are you waiting for, foxboy? Cum, and let my loins consume the very nature of your maleness.” Her loins—squeezing, goading... “Mmmmm hmnn, you can’t hold off much longer; I can feel it. This is gonna be *my* penis to play with.”

The slew of erotic berations coupled with the physical abuse coming from her pussy as it squelched and constricted on his base was too much. Her cunt was greedy to gulp out an orgasm. Too greedy!

The burn snaked out of his crotch and into his chest.

“No... ohh-ughaahh...”



There was nowhere to go. She redoubled her clutch of his wrists, glaring him right in the eyes and conveying that she would get just what she wanted. And all he could do was buck and squirm, grind into her slimy, swollen vulva until his feverish lust bubbled up to an unsuppressable burst.

All of his seed came flooding up. His balls—they clenched in, cradled tight against his crotch—yielded a titanic and orgasmic pressure. The belly of his penis bulged enormously, glutting more than its fair share before—

—before the vixen's gasp; the expansion of her belly. Her womb puffed, filled, roiled with his seed—gulped and gulped and gulped and gained. She yanked on his wrists, reeling him off his back and against her



busty chest, where she wrapped him in a clutch that a more reserved vixen might reserve for their boyfriend; and there she gasped and grinded her cheeks against his as her loins siphoned out his load. Each pump of thick cum flexed convulsively through her folds and further embellished the rotund swell of her womb.

“Fuck... fuck... m-make it... guuhh-oo-nnnnhh...”

Were it not for Koda having his wrists, his body whole would have been pinned slack on the bed. Quivered feverishly, he gave up shot after shot of his fertile seed; gave up what it meant to be a male.

He breathed in her inebriating scent (cream-orange milkshake thickened with jasmine/sweetened with honey); and the



scent of Freya fused with hers stirred the treacly feeling in him until he felt sick and dizzy and his climax gained a second wind. A laugh of endorphin inebriation sputtered from her lips. Finally she dropped his arms then traced mirror circles along that bun-shaped swell of her tummy with the digits of her fingers as the swell increased.

As she drained his seed, he began to sense her body changing against him, soaking up and tangibly taking on the qualities of his gender. Her back muscles groaned, shifted, *grew* with a few cracking noises rapping up her spine. She groaned, rolling her shoulders in vulgar self rapport as her biceps began to do the same—amass muscle and chisel with definition fit for a huntress.



The thighs rocking astride him *also* thickened, turning more toned and fleshed with brawn. Her frame seemed to be packing it on just as fast as her womb could drink them up—the wads of protein he was firing into her. Wads directly converted into muscle, making up a physique somewhere between *graceful athlete* and *professional wrestler*.

And her boobs sagged lower—sagged fuller, larger, heavier. Their increasing volume, mass, *squish* was evidenced as they squeezed with greater difficulty against his own flattening pectorals. Her nipples began to poke out more, growing firm and perky and leaking milk as though enabled to produce more of the motherly cream.



She is using her trait eater magic, he knew at once. Growing muscles, which means... Which meant that he'd become a counterexample; his muscles were deflating. His chest seemed to narrow. His arms bulged less. Overall, his body mass turning more soft and scrawny, many of the joints made prominent. His pelt even seemed to be getting loose on him?

But how would that translate to bigger breasts? I do not have boobs?

Could it be that his seed was fattening her breasts too? Could ball milk translate to breast milk via her draining magic?

These wonderings occurred as her pussy quaked down on his fully-sheathed member, exerting a thirst that



anthropomorphized the organ in a staggeringly frightening way.

“Haaah... your virility... i-it’s delicious,” she groaned into his ear, deepening the red shade of his blush, for her voice seemed to be drawing just a *little* bit lower. Taking on just a bit of the husky boyish quality of Drake’s own.

“Nghh-yaaah,” wailed Drake. “Please, whatever kitsune magic you’re using here... I’ll back down...”

“Oh, I do not think so,” she breathed against him.

She simply grunted lewdly as her grip increased. She was growing stronger. Bigger and bigger and bigger bulged her biceps. They grew burly enough to knock out males



larger than Drake had been. Her build had grown *Amazonian*. And this pipsqueak Drake could no longer hope to squirm free of the sweaty clutch of the robust vixen lady.

*Hnnnhh, it doesn't even feel like we're on vacation, here, she thought; it feels like I've been running and hunting in the jungle all this time. I feel **extravagantly** juiced.*

She let out an orgasmic *roar*—for, indeed, she exuded the physical vigor of both sexes. He felt this as she suddenly experienced her own female climax. Slick juices flooded over his length and spilled over his scruffy crotch fluff, his balls soon drenched with the overflow, her ripe pheromonal juice sopping on the covers.



Ergo, they had spent themselves until they practically gasped in a rhythm of swinging turns, rocking as though on some vulgar seesaw.

She slowed her pumping. She simply, fiendishly groped his back—groped the tangled, sweat-laden fur and growled with content. Basking in the ambience of their musk. Adoring quietly the vigor of their hearts, which had not yet ceased their sprints.

“Watch and learn.”

He gulped and blushed as she placed her paws on her tush and pivoted a knee, pulling off his flaccid dick. A gasp as her walls gradually flexed and slackened, releasing the petered-out cock with a lewd ooze. This was not as difficult as he might



have thought; in fact, the clutch of her sex was not nearly as tight as before, and he was about to discover why.

Leaning back to form an isosceles with her arched torso, arms and shins, she smiled with thrill, looking upon a lewd, slippery, throbbing length which poked free of her labial folds.

For a moment, it measured scarcely larger than her clit—*was* still resembling a clit; but then it throbbed again, growing longer than a finger and thicker than two put together. Pulsating with masculine vigor, it finished forming into a fully-fleshed canid dick. The dick had grown in with a hard-on already included. It coursed with vascularity, equipped with a knot as well. Drake gulped



at the sight of it, for it seemed to be larger than his on the pill.

Wait, what?

Checking his own crotch, he noticed that the length and the girth of his own peen had been depleted. The measly, cut member could scarcely match a pinkie in length. Only double that in thickness. As for his *balls*:

"Hnnngh-"

She gave a grunt and the wet, warm muscles between her feminine flaps were suddenly closed off, her labia sewn up in one seamless zip of magic to be replaced by innocent, genderless fluff.

Until something else ballooned below: a pair of orbs swelling within a loose sac of



flesh. Quickly they began to fill this, much to the blush of Drake.

Beginning at the size of walnuts, they grew to the size of poultry eggs.

And *then* to the size of duck eggs.

Drake began to whine upon seeing how huge her balls were getting.

As for his *own* balls, it seemed that during his climax he had shot all of their size away with all of their cum, for his own sorry nuts could barely be pitted up against pecans.

“Like the pair I have grown?” she purred, starting to stroke her new hard-on.

A funny itch burned in the back of his throat.



“Th-that’s my dick.... Give it back.” His lips fumbled at a smug expression of hers. “Give it back, or I’ll tell Sini of our little escapade.”

“Oohoo, Drake, you sell me short. You know very well I stole more than *that* from you. I’ve got the full set to play with.” She cackled. “As for Sini, did you forget? I have free rein over who I choose to fuck, and he will *more* than approve of how I put my new boy toys to use.”

Smothered was he with an assault of kisses. She was tasting him, sampling him and letting elated gasps of her warm breath gush on him. He could not shove out from underneath her. She had the strength of a



vixen girl *and* a vulpine male now, keeping his shoulders pinned with ease.

Coaxing him with her paws and her soft, sultry words, she got him onto his knees and paws.

She clambered atop him and assumed the dominant station. Her shaft throbbed as she grinded between the cheeks of his ass before she plunged inside. His body reflexively squeezed around her entering length, for he found a terrible pleasure in the idea that he would fuck him using his own inches against him.

Plap, plap plap plap.

She began to plug him more steadily, his butthole being steadily filled more and more with the horny vixen's tool.



He moaned. It took him some time to cum from that pitiful stub of a cock. But he did—it got a batch of cum from those pitiful shriveled grapes to which his nuts had been reduced. All that climax got him was little more than the residual drip of a corked faucet, and he whined like a bitch.

Darkly she growled a tease into his ear:

“Oh, is that it? Now let me show you how you’re *supposed* to bust a nut.”

She dug her claws into his shoulders, reamed *hard*. Sheathing her full, throbbing length inside of his backend. His face grew hot as she bore it into a pillow, his whines muffled as her cumslit issued at least a quart of semen with that first shot.



She pumped and pumped and pumped into his belly and would end up shooting out liters of semen in all. He would pant and moan with indulgence. His tummy would gorge on her seed, steadily growing round and engorged—swollen to the point where he appeared to be several months pregnant with a litter of fox pups.

Eventually that turgid gut gave a loaded *glushing* noise and expanded once more, planting on the mattress and beginning to depress it with its weight in seed.

Aside from a flush of post climax shame, across his face crept dread. If she had eaten Freya, then would she eat him as well?



She leaned in and she simply took his hair between her teeth and pulled on it a bit, neatly drawing out a lock until she spat it out and flicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth. To herself came a thought: *I know **just** what kind of candy you'll be.*

A wail came from him—but too late: for, she uttered in his ear the harrowing string of words. The ones which changed him into a flash of brilliant light.

His neck thickened.

His snout retracted into his face.

His shoulders converged—fused with his head. Magic polished it all into one rounded mass from which the light faded to beads of black and red clustered together like in those pictures you see of atoms.



Pieces of candy they were. Drops of drool splashed on them, wetting the sugar on them, and so turning them shiny.

Drake—formerly a fox of the corresponding colors—had been wholly transformed into a *Nerds Rope*: one more akin to a summer sausage than the traditional ropes, in terms of thickness. A sausage the length of a yardstick. Koda at least hoped that it would not taste so meaty.

Gnawing right into it, she took a chunk out and gulped with immediate approval. *Black cherry flavor*. She sighed and rolled her eyes, spitting a bit on her own chin.

Shuuuuuuuhhhhhhhuuuuuuhhhhhhrrrp. The tail end of the *Nerds Rope* snapped between her lips. With one last swallow it



was gone. She patted her tummy and *belched*. That belch rang out through the sunroof, a declaration to the lagoon that she had *thoroughly* enjoyed putting the cocky foxboy in his place.

Her member had not remained flaccid for long, already jolting erect from the echoes, the last evidence of him ghosting into the far and wide of the Indian Ocean, leaving her with naught but a tongue dyed dark from the artificial coloring and a most *momentous* sugar high. *I really ate a lot of sugar just now*, she thought, head practically buzzing from it all. *Is that what's got me so horny again?* Does sugar do that for one's maleness?



Much awaited her exploration in the exact location of her virile tool; its needs, and its full capabilities, seemed foreign to her, even though it *should* have been simple enough.

I've played with Sini's so many times, thought Koda. *And yet, this one—the tip of it—it's got the shape of my people.* (That is, her vulpine people.) For one, this one hadn't any foreskin. Rather than humanoid, the head of her dick was saddled-shaped, and featured a rounded tip. *And for two, I am thinking my foxboyhood beats his dragonhood by a few centimeters in girth and about an inch in length.* Cooing, she ran a claw along that knot of an enticingly intimidating girth (which, an inch more and



it'd dwarf two tennis balls put together). *And* along the equally-tumid length of what she placed anywhere between larger than Sini's and less than the length of a ruler.

Eleven inches?

With some forward leaning, some squishing-together and stroking of the tip between her tits, she deduced she could titfuck her own tip. At the thought she got her cleavage a bit moist with a couple of offshooting ropes of pre.

Still on her knees and sitting on her heels, her butterfly attention began to drift down to those hefty orbs tugging down the scruffy-fluffed pouch of white that now hung between her legs.



Her ears perked. For a second she fidgeted, raising her tush off her heels and adjusting her palms on her thighs, trying to get a better look at the humongous pair. *I've got a pair*, she thought, the rhetorical statement bringing a flush to her cheeks and a tingle through her tails that got them to flourish.

For a sec there she would lift and fall experimentally, opening and closing her legs at the knees as her balls swayed a bit, even proffering a comparably abnormal *blorp* that stirred the arousal in her length, a gasp escaping her lips. More curious, she closed her thighs a little around them. And then a little more. And then they *squished*—just barely, like balloons full of highly condensed vixen cum.



“Hwoah-kay... ha-ha-”

Her flusterment slowly grew into deviousness. She cupped her palm around her balls, not quite managing to wrap her claws around the bottom of both at once. Perhaps her paw could have handled *one* of them, but two? No, no no.

She tugged on her sac, her cock lurching at the deep erogeny she felt in seeing just how far *down* she could tug them. *“Heavy...” And bigger than Sini’s.*

Grapefruit sized?

Uh, nah; more like mine are in season, and his were picked in the winter.

Most things between the two of them ended up a competition. Naturally, so too would their scrotum size now that she had a



couple of sizable family jewels to pair against his own.

Huuh, just maybe I should rub one out before I put my new assets to use against Sini, she thought. Practice my dragonslaying and all.

By the time she jacked off and was pumping out three quarts of dense, milky semen (into one of the condoms Drake had left in the pocket of his beige trunks), Koda had absorbed even more of the genetic goop which contained what had made Drake Drake.



Groaning in bliss, she rocked off her tush and planted on a pillow. And the locks of hair that spread-eagled were not of the ruddy orange-brown natural to her. Her hair now shone an exaltedly bright red, the sort you might expect a fairytale mermaid to have.

Shins now dangling well over the foot of the bed, she had grown even large. Eighty inches of mattress had not been enough earlier, either, and had left her ankles dangling; but *now* 80 inches was even less sufficient for a girl of her stature, cutting off at her knees.

Grunting lewdly at the giddy reverie of her gains, she had to hold extra tight to the rim of the condom, lest it come flinging off.



I think I've even got an edge on dragon boy now.

If he was eight feet tall, she was *very* likely larger than him.

Tying up the bloated rubber, the giant vixen lady wasted no more time. She slipped from the bedside to go find the poisonous dragon.

On the shore of the isle to which the resort was attached she found him chilling. She gently nudged his belly with the end of a fork-shaped stick to get those eyes behind the specs open.



“Y-you dyed your hair...” Sini smiled sheepishly. “And I can see that Freya has been rubbing off on you in a *totally* benign way. It’s a good look on ya.”

“Dragon boyfriend... *don't* you feign coyness with me. Look how happy I am to see you-” She replaced her stick with his wrist, got him to his feet.

Almost she stood as tall as him now, having grown two heads in height, making her gaze just a few inches short of his own in height. When he noticed, he sprung a boner.

She took his hand and laid it on her *own* boner. Which jutted from *her* boxers. These she had ‘borrowed’ from Drake, since he’d not be needing them anymore.



With a huff Sini petted the bulge of her dick head. The waistband of those undies could barely contain that monster of cock. It did a lousy job of hiding the length of that jumbo canid schmeat—hid merely its head. And the spandex clutched to her fat nuts like they had shrunk more than once in the wash.

Dare say her ‘pair’ was larger than his.

“Gh... so what are you waiting for, girlfriend? Show me what you’re made of”—only for him to be tugged by his ear and toward the resort.

“Just what I like to hear, Sini.”

Back to their villa on the lagoon she led him. Through the glassy rooms they went. They got to the sunroof bedroom, which had



not changed a lick since she'd left it. Still the bloated rubber full of Drake splooge sulked atop the disheveled sheets—even creased them with a slight sink, as though its weight were worthy of consideration.

“Uh-hum, I can't help but note I haven't seen Drake for a while.”

“Oh yeah—I had a *couple* of sweet treats on my way to you, Sini. How rotten of me, ruining my appetite before dinner, nyehh. I am fully confident that you'll forgive me.”

THAT was when he found his scaled tush walloped onto the mattress. Koda sprung to the foot of the bed and crept over him and nosed his face with a frisky swish of her 'horned long tail fox' tails.

“Shorts, hun.”



“Y-yes, love.” He began to unbutton.

“I’m coming for your lair, Sini.”

Their pleasure came as an echoing broadcast from the open sunroof. A couple of herons that had been perched on the water slide darted off into the sky as some particularly feral shouts of ecstasy sounded.

All in all, it was a good, zesty evening astride that greenish speck on the Indian Ocean.

Many plans did the gang of friends still have for the rest of the weekend vacation.

For *NOW*...



Koda and Sini would simply enjoy their latest interspecies escapade.



FIN



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