

# Mini-Story: Becoming a Total Fox

By FoxFaceStories

I folded my arms in anger at my friend Rod, still not used to the feeling of my bright orange fur brushing up against fur, or my slightly pawed fingers.

“Dude, what the hell were you thinking?” I exclaimed. “You’ve turned me into a fucking fox girl!”

We both shared a long look over my body. I was wearing a t-shirt and shorts, the same as I always did, but that’s where the similarities with who I should have been ended. Instead of having the body of an ordinary young man I was now a humanoid foxgirl. Everything had changed. I had a snout that extended from my face, always visible before me. I had large furry ears on top of my head that twitched in response to my anxiety. I had orange and white fur all over my body, thick and soft: white on my belly, chest and neck and tip of my tail, and orange-red everywhere else. I had gone from having just a little body hair to being nothing *but* body hair! I even had a tail, a big long fluffy one that continually swished behind me automatically, reminding me of its present. As I nervously glanced over my form, it wrapped around me, and I began fidgeting with it, as if it were a de-stress device or something. My feet were bare now that they had the arched shape of paws, unable to fit inside shoes, and I even had freaking whiskers which were super sensitive. Everything was super sensitive, in fact: I could not only hear distant sounds outside our shared apartment, but also smell so much more clearly. Rod’s scent was strongest, and it was making me feel . . . odd.

“I didn’t mean to!” Rod explained. “It was the wishes I gave to that genie! They got all twisted.”

I fumed. “You can say *that* again! I’m half-animal, and I’ve got freakin’ tits, Rod!”

I shook my shoulders as evidence, causing my chest to wobble heavily. Chests, really, since I now apparently had more than one pair. They had sprouted as I changed, first the top, ordinary pair, followed by the lower two pairs. The top pair felt massive on my figure, though looking at the mirror it was more obvious that they were simply very ample, not grotesquely huge. Double-D cups, perhaps, if I could remember what my old girlfriend said about her large chest. Though mine looked a little larger. But below them were a set of what could easily have been C-cups, with respectable B’s just below, sitting roughly level with my belly button. They added a weight to my front that led to an alteration in my centre of gravity, and gave me quite the womanly figure. It certainly made sense, since I now had female genitalia as well as a set of wide hips, long legs, and thin waist. I would have been incredibly sexy if I were a regular woman without the extra tits or fox parts. With them, it meant I was taking time to adapt to my new body, since even small movements mean a lot of bouncing, or swishing, or smelling, or hearing.

“I know,” Rod said, “I’m so sorry.”

He smelled sincere, and it was weird to think I could actually *smell* sincerity. And something else . . . something that was intriguing me.

“How the hell did you even wish for this? Why am I this at all, Rod?”

My friend floundered for a moment, looking slightly cute as he did so. Cute? What the hell was I thinking!”

“Okay, so we found the genie bottle from that antique store right? And she said since I was the one that found her I could make two out of three wishes, right?”

I folded my arms, nestling them between two pairs of my furry breasts, their shapes barely hidden beneath my shirt.

“Yeah, and we made them in secret, as part of the rules. I can tell you now that I just wished for a life where I was well taken care of and didn’t have to worry about working anymore.”

Rod gave a sheepish grin. “Yeah, well I was a bit more . . . shallow in my wishes.”

My tail swished a little more angrily. I was furious, but oddly enough another feeling was rising, in my core mostly, but also in my nipples and between my thighs. Like a heat building.

“What did you wish for?”

He coughed. “Well, I wished that I could have a hot girlfriend who was a total fox.”

It took a moment to sink in. “You idiot! That’s why I got turned into this fox girl form with big furry boobs and tail! Dude, you have to turn me back with your last wish!”

An even more sheepish grin. “Um, that’s just the thing. Uh, I already made my last wish, and the bottle disappeared. So, um, I think your change is now permanent.”

My jaw fell. I pawed at my snout nervously, before grabbing my tail and stroking it to soothe myself. And yet still that heat, that *need*, was rising. Rod was looking at me funny, and I was probably looking at him the same way. I never realised how handsome he was . . .

“What - what was your last wish?”

He scratched the back of his head. “Well, I wished that my hot foxy girlfriend would be insatiably horny for me and always be down for lots of sex with me.”

Oh God, so that was what this feeling was. I breathed heavily, and felt my hardened nipples press against my shirt quite visibly. A dampness was building between my legs, and a rising urge to embrace my friend, to rub my chest against his, began to form. An image appeared in

my mind, one in which I was bent over his kitchen table, my sexy furry tail lifted up over his shoulder as he took me from behind.

It was the most deeply sexy, utterly arousing think I had ever imagined.

“Oh God,” I moaned. “Oh frick. I can feel it. I *need* it.”

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t meant it!”

“It’s t-too late. Oh fuck, I need you in me. I can’t stand it, it’s coming so fast. I’m fucking horny Rod. You’ve turned me into a damn fox in heat!”

And this fox needed to be *filled*. I sauntered forward, my tail swishing, and I pressed my snout against his lips, kissing him awkwardly but sweetly. In that moment, as furious as I was, as alien as my body was, I simply needed to be penetrated. I needed to be mated. I needed to be *his* total fox of a girlfriend, and please him.

“Are - are you sure about this?” he said as I removed my top.

“Who c-cares,” I said, “I need you so badly. I’m still angry, but I need you *in* me.”

He looked me in my eyes - my eyes that were now a bright, wide blue - and saw that I meant it. I could smell his arousal, and feel his hardness against my crotch.

“Okay then, your wish is my command.”

“Not funny!” I replied, but in truth I was too turned on to care. We stripped each other of our clothes, and within moments we were making out, and not too long after he was thrusting into me, making me moan as he made me a woman. A fox woman.

One thing was for certain, at least: I would be getting my wish. I would be well taken care of and wouldn’t have to worry about working ever again.

My wish just came true in a very different way than I could have imagined.

**The End**