

candybombed 2

a TF story by Angrboda



18+
ADULT
AUDIENCES



candybombed

written and illustrated
by Angrboda



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Previously...

It's 2007, and Sierra's only problem more pressing than her Grand Am's Swiss cheese muffler or the fact that the global financial system is going to shit itself the absolute second she graduates is that she fucked up and got turned into a candy sex fox. It's been a week sequestered in her apartment since then, and no one has heard from her except her roommate Sofia, who turned with her. Their change also did... something... to their memories...





“Okay, apparently we’re going to let you in but you absolutely totally one hundred percent have to promise not to freak out.”

“Why would I-” Scott began, before being cut off from the other side of the apartment door.

“That’s the agreement, dude!!! Take it or leave it.”

“This is definitely a bad idea,” came a second voice, “We were doing fine psyching him out until you yelled ‘nobody’s home’. Unbelievable.” There was a big sigh and some rustling around. Finally, the *shunk* of the deadbolt and the slide of the chain followed.

“Uh, I’m coming in,” Scott announced before twisting the knob as slowly as possible.

In all respects except the chirpy back and forth between the girls inside, this was horror movie shit. Sierra hadn’t shown up to work or class in over a week (something Scott knew very precisely because he’d gotten stuck covering her shifts at the Taco Trough on campus, and they were in the same, relatively small major) and in asking around, no one had seen Sofia in the same amount of time. Neither girl had been answering texts or calls, either. On his way into the building, Scott noticed Sierra’s teal Grand Am hunkered down in a pile of leaves and debris from a recent windstorm in her parking space at the apartment, seemingly untouched at least since then.

Given all those signs, it seemed insane that the two of them had seemingly just been... hanging out in their apartment this whole time. Hearing Sierra’s voice had filled him with an immediate sense of relief, and then a slightly less immediate sense of being pissed, and to be honest, maybe a little hurt. What the fuck were they doing that they couldn’t pick up the phone? He was going to get to the bottom of-

He looked up as the door finished swinging open, and noticed the room was.... empty.

“Close the door,” came Sierra’s voice from the other room, “and lock that shit. I’ll meet you in the living room. Remember that you promised not to freak out!”



“Hardy Har Har,” Scott snapped back, leaving his sneakers by the door and moving towards the living room, “What’s with the clandestine act? And where have you been? You almost got fired from work - I got them to assume you had a family emergency and took your shifts.” He sat down on the couch. Standing around would only make him more nervous and he was already off-kilter. “You’re welcome, by the way.”

“Dude, I... tacos aren’t really on my radar right now,” He heard Sierra sigh resignedly from the hallway. “I might as well just show you, it’s not like you’ll believe me unless you see... this.”

She stepped out from behind the corner of the hallway, into the center of the room.

She was naked, except for an oversized sleep shirt that she’d thrown on in some concession to modesty. Other than that, wearing clothes was... hard. This at least draped off her and didn’t chafe like most things. It also left room for her tail, which vibrated apprehensively, as she bit her lip and looked down at Scott.

He just stared, unable to say anything. He was clamping down tight on his promise not to freak out, but the only way he could handle that right now was to not let any sound out of his mouth or movement out of his body.

The usual Sierra, the person he had expected to be there just... wasn’t. Instead there was... a... girl? An animal thing. Something with ears. She was pink. His brain was struggling to put descriptors together. He felt the words “Please say something” fall out of his mouth of their own accord. He needed anything to happen that might connect this... uh... phenomenon to the voice of his friend and classmate that he’d heard 30 seconds ago. If that happened, he might be able to stop having a heart attack. Or an out of body experience. Or a hallucination. Realistically, probably all of those.

She gestured nervously. Her hands had claws now.

“Look, I’m sorry, I know it’s weird and we don’t know what happened, really, I mean we kind of do but-”

It was the same voice that had been on his case all semester about needing to borrow her psyche textbook because he’d bought an older edition to save cash. The same he’d heard tell a zillion customers to have a good one after she swiped their meal plan cards and handed them their tray.



Hearing her, some synapse made its connection, and suddenly he could almost see it. He could see her, inside the thing in front of him. Over top of it, maybe. The same hairstyle, build, height, the same nervous eyebrow furrow. All of it painted pink and wrapped in some kind of weird bubblegum animal wearing Sierra's nightgown, standing on its tiptoes.

"You kind of do?" He managed. Somehow he had actually taken in what she'd said, if belatedly.

She glanced over to the kitchenette where a green bottle with a bright pink and purple label sat on the counter against the far wall.

"Sou-Sofia," she corrected her room mate's name midway through, biting down on it as if it had taken some effort, "got some kind of weird liquor from a friend who went away for Spring Break."

Scott raised his eyebrows, urging her to finish the thought.

"We... drank it? And then we... changed," she paused briefly, weighing whether to continue and then seemingly deciding to go through with it. "We also had a lot of sex. During and after. I have no idea if that did anything. It probably didn't help."

There was a part of him that really wanted to fixate on that, from a lot of different angles, but something in the way she was chewing her lip and twitching her whiskers communicated enough anxiety that he knew he needed to table it and help her work through this. Sierra was usually tight, smart, sarcastic, and in control, but right now she was clearly trusting him to be the cool one. If he kept the momentum of that expectation going maybe he could avoid wiping out entirely. He stood up, if a bit unsteadily.

"This happened to both of you? Where's Sofia?"

"I'm in my room!" Sierra's roommate chirped from down the hallway, "Sweets says we need to be separated for now."

Sierra's ears swiveled back slightly, irritated. "We... when we're together something happens. I don't know what it is. Something about... the smell, maybe. It makes it hard to focus and we feel different.. It makes it hard to... do much... besides having sex," her face was already pink but it deepened in a blush. "And licking each other."

"And playing Mario Kart!" Came the helpful yell from down the hall.

Sierra placed a mortified hand over her eyes. "We also played a lot of Mario Kart."

The smell had definitely been working its way into the back of Scott's mind this whole time,

but now that she mentioned it outright he absently took half a step towards her, trying to pin it down. Cinnamon rolls, birthday cake, the sugar churros they sold at work, something about it wandered through his memories like a library, thrumming its fingers on the spine of each recollection, looking for the one with the most positive, comfortable associations.

Noticing his bemused look, she pointedly took a step back, breaking his train of thought.

“Scott! Listen, I know it’s uh... a lot. But if you start letting it get to you I don’t know what’ll happen.” Her face turned rueful, “I think I basically fell for the same thing. Maybe I should give you more info on exactly what went down...”

She ran him through the events of that night about a week ago in as condensed a form as she could manage without leaving out anything that might be a clue as to what the candy fox (*of course, he had thought, that’s what she reminds me of*) phenomenon was. She followed that up with as good of a recap of the intervening period as she could manage, given that she’d been... out of it... for large portions of the time.

“You really did just fuck and hang out,” he replied once she was done, “It didn’t occur to you to call anyone?”

“Who would I call? Who would know what to do with— this?” She gestured at herself. “The police? The government? And tell them what, ‘hey so sorry but I drank a weird beverage and had sex with my friend and now I’m some kind of fox monster?’ I dunno, dude, that sounds like a pretty good way to get fucking X-filed!”

It was hard to argue with, especially given that she’d clearly had a week to consider all of it and he was just getting thrown into it now. “What about groceries and stuff? You haven’t left the apartment.”

“I don’t think we need... to eat.” There was no point dancing around it. “I’m aware how fucked up that is.”

There was an awkward moment of silence. What could he say to that? ‘I’ve changed so much I don’t need to do a basic life function’ was in a lot of ways more dramatic than all the physical stuff he’d seen so far. Every bit further they got into this seemed more heav-

“Aw, c’mon Sweets, you’re clearly bumming him out. Now *nobody* is gonna come over.”

Both of their heads snapped up at the voice coming from the entrance to the room to see.... Sofia. Or what he assumed was Sofia.

Her and Sierra were a matching pair. Where Sierra was pink and red, Sofia was a collection of violets. She was, unlike Sierra, totally naked. Scott looked away quickly, but not before

he registered the pale lilac of her midsection and thighs and the dark purple concentric star markings on her chest. He immediately, involuntarily wondered if Sierra had the same, but tried not to register this thought physically. She was dealing with enough without him asking her weird(er) questions. Sofia noticed his embarrassed glance and gave him a fake little turn around with a wink and a flick of her large, puffy tail for good measure.

“Sour–” Sierra started, too irritated to remember to correct herself, “What are you doing? We agreed that if we let him in you would stay in your room.”

“I got lonely,” the other girl fired back. “It’s not fair for you to get all the social interaction to yourself. I deserve company too.” She stuck out her tongue petulantly.

“And you didn’t feel like you should put some clothes on?”

“If you want me to wear clothes you can come and make me,” Sofia quipped, squaring her hips in a mock wrestling stance. “You’ll lose, but you seemed to enjoy losing a lot this morning as I recall.”

Sierra’s face reddened. “God, you’re such a skank,” she blurted out, but it sounded more like a resignation than an insult.



Being around both of them at once was an extra level of challenge, Scott soon figured out. First of all, however distracting the smell had been with Sierra, the combination of the two girls together was definitely making it hard for him to focus. He was trying as hard as he could to stay on target and ask questions pertinent to the situation to get more info and figure out how to help, but his mind kept wandering to... other things. The fact that one of them insisted on being naked wasn’t really helping, either.

In addition to that, it seemed like being around each other made it difficult for the girls to stay on track, as well. At first Sierra went all out to keep things moving in a productive direction but gradually her serious demeanor softened and her banter with Sofia became jokier and more affectionate.

“What are we going to do about classes? Pssshhh,” Sierra laughed in response to one of his lines of inquiry, making the universal jerk-off motion with her hand, “Nerd alert!”

“Nerd alert!” Sofia echoed, collapsing into a fit of giggles that sent her rolling off the couch. Wiping her eyes, she abruptly added “But, for real, we don’t know how we’re going to participate in society.” She flipped onto her back, absently running her hands down her front. “It’s just been... hard to worry about that stuff. I don’t know.” The tips of her clawed fingers traced elegantly over her smooth, speckled curves while she mused. Scott’s thoughts returned to wondering what Sierra’s body was like now, if it was the same. He imagined coming up behind her, running his hands over her smooth breasts, making her shudder. Craning his head down and licking...

Sofia looked up towards the two people left on the couch “Oh,” she intoned, “Sorry I gave your boyfriend a boner.”

It was his turn to be embarrassed. What was going on with him? This situation was a lot and - What if he made Sierra upset? He needed to go-

Sierra broke his anxiety spiral in the last way he expected. “What?” She looked over at him, “Oh, finally. I’ve been wet since you got here, to be honest.” For the first time since he arrived, she moved all the way towards him, leaning into his space and filling it with the thick, honeyed sweetness of her aura. “Sorry, I guess I’m making it weird. I never wanted to make it weird...” She laughed brightly. “It doesn’t get a lot weirder than this, though.”

Over and above the layer cake of impulses he felt in that moment, he needed to clarify. “You didn’t want to make it weird?” If this was how he was going to hook up with the girl he’d been crushing on since sophomore year- who he should *not* hook up with right now, he urgently reminded himself -

“You two aren’t an item?” Sofia interjected from the floor. “What the fuck, dude.”

Sierra launched a pillow at her in response. “I didn’t want to make things awkward between us because we work together, you ass! And now you and me are... whatever we are. So it’s probably not the time.” She tugged anxiously on one of the pieces of hair that framed her face. He could see that admitting the last bit was difficult.

“Part of the reason I didn’t answer your calls was that I worried if you saw me like this you’d freak out and never talk to me again.”

He wasn’t sure what he could possibly do to reassure her, but after a second of going through his options he reached out and grabbed her hand. It was hard to know what to expect, but the feeling of his fingers brushing her new skin was electric enough that they each jerked their heads up, eyes locking. For the first time he noticed that the color of hers had changed from her original brown to a warm gold.

Something about that moment gave him vertigo. He was clearly standing on the precipice

of something he knew nothing about, teetering over the edge even as his head swam and reverberated through the haze of her scent. He leaned forward, his body on autopilot as her muzzle met his mouth, lips locking in a strange kiss.

She tasted like...

His memory flitted back to four months ago. They'd both just finished a huge paper and she was in the middle of making cupcakes to celebrate. He'd come over to give her a hand. Just two friends making food together. Whatever.

She'd wanted to add something special to them so she was boiling down strawberries on the range, adding in lemon juice and powdered sugar to make a sauce. She turned to him with a wooden spoon covered in hot, sticky, strawberry goo. "What do you think? Too sweet? I can add more lemon."

Their lips parted, eventually. Still half lost in the memory, he blurted out exactly what he'd said then.

"It's perfect."

Staring at her, overcome with the crystallized warmth of that perfect moment in his memory, none of the weird shit mattered. Scott felt innately that this, them meeting in this way, would have happened with or without... whatever this was. Sierra was so hot, and he cared about her so much, and he'd been an idiot not to even *try*, but that was over now.

"Can we—" he started, but she was already pulling him on top of her. He didn't have to ask twice.

He started at her muzzle, kissing and licking a string of spots down to her neck. Sliding a hand under her nightshirt, he pulled it up, revealing her pale pink stomach. He moved his attention there, feeling her squirm and mewl at the contact. She hadn't been wearing underwear, instead relying on the length of her nightgown for coverage, but with her shirt pinned up by his hand, he was getting an eyeful. What he wanted was a mouthful.



MELTDOWN
GUY

His cock absolutely ached. He needed to figure out how to eat her out and deal with his own shit at the same time or he was going to explode. He moved to the floor, his hands fumbling clumsily at the waistband of his cargo pants while he buried his face in her.

He felt a presence behind him, and all the sudden his pants weren't an issue any more. This, he realized almost absently, was Sophia.

"Is it cool if I give you a hand here?" She almost purred the words. If foxes purred. He looked up desperately at Sierra.

"I'm - I'm - good with it," she panted. "Please just keep – keep going."

A curt nod was all he could manage, but that was all she was looking for. Within seconds she was underneath him, sliding his cock into her waiting muzzle.

If he wouldn't have been so wrapped up in his rhythm with Sierra, or was less out of it from the haze of her taste, he would've cum immediately. Instead he held on for dear life while he desperately lapped at the honey sweet pussy in front of him, Sofia underneath him enthusiastically obliging his need for release.

Sierra was enraptured. One of her hands was in his hair, grasping, twitching, and the other was white-knuckle clutching the couch. Scott was a jackhammer, a pussy eating *machine*. Her new body was still much more sensitive than she was used to and having his confident, hungry hands squeezing her thighs while he aggressively ate his fill of her was taking her to a higher plane. Her swollen clit absolutely throbbed, tension building greater and greater with every swipe of his tongue.



His own tension was reaching a fever pitch, even with the distraction in front of him. Sofia was good at what she was doing, and even though it didn't need finesse she was giving it her all. He could feel the vibration in her whole body as her tail wagged in time to her movement, her tongue sweeping over his cock in long, sure strokes. She was careful enough with her teeth to use them ever so gently for a bit of extra sensation. He could sense Sierra tensing all around him, her release shadowing his, almost, almost, almost --

She hit her orgasm only a fraction of a second before he did the same, cumming desperately between Sophia's patient lips. His hips bucked as he unloaded wave after wave of it, his body desperately relieving itself of its unbearable tension. As Sierra's tremors abated, he finally felt like he could do anything else besides devote himself single-mindedly to the task at hand. He backed off, and looked up at her.

"Fuck," he gasped, "Holy shit."

Laughing, she turned her head to meet his gaze, and her face fell. "Scott..." she stumbled. "I think it's..."

"-Hey dude," Sophia interjected as she got up and wiped her mouth, "you probably wouldn't know the answer to this, but has your cum always tasted like Fireball?"



"This is definitely spreading faster than ours did," Sierra mused, running her claws lightly over the patch of red-orange skin running down Scott's entire forearm. He shivered, but didn't interject. They'd adjourned from their activities on the couch once the three of them had realized what was happening, and hit up the bathroom to let him see for himself in the mirror.

"He didn't drink the stuff, though," Sofia puzzled, apparently intrigued enough by this development to segue out of sexy stoner mode. "I thought that was what triggered it."

The girls didn't seem super phased by the fact that they'd clearly passed... whatever this was to him, but the thing Scott kept coming back to as he inspected the changes to his face in the mirror was that he seemed unable to feel anxious about it, either. Ever since he'd fallen into that pleasant memory when he kissed Sierra, it was like he... really had to work at being upset. Happy? Easy. Chill? Simple. Horny? Basically constantly since this had started (which was weird because he'd already cum, but that was so far down the list of stuff he cared



about right now and also potentially a superpower). Something about this was... working on him. He brought the hand Sierra wasn't holding up to his nose, feeling at its black tip. Pulling his blackening lips back, he watched in the mirror as he ran his tongue over his sharp incisors. If Sierra's changes were any indication, this was just the beginning.

"It's pretty clear it was the sex," Sierra countered, bringing Scott out of his inspection. "Which for the record, I feel a little guilty about," she moved in close behind him, her muzzle level with his shoulder, and breathed in. "But, also for the record, I would like to continue," she finished, slightly under her breath.

Sophia smirked and ceded her the space, remaining close. Here between them, Scott could pick out the distinct differences between their aromas. Sierra's was all sweet and light, powdered sugar, cotton candy, roasted marshmallows. Sofia's was... citrus, cherries, rhubarb. Sharp. His own scent had changed completely, the smell of his aftershave and laundry detergent gone, replaced with...

"Red Hots," Sierra purred softly, "apple pie, gingerbread, Christmas..." He could almost feel it perusing through her memories, looking for the perfect match.

"Cinnamon," she whispered in his ear.

A bell echoing on the edge of his awareness. An electric shock down his spine. He quivered. She ran her fingers again down the candy coating of his arm. Something deep and rich pulled at him from perfumed darkness. It felt hungry.

Scott spun around, catching her by surprise, his hands scrabbling their blunt new claws at her back while his face lowered to hers, and then past, pressing himself into her collarbone, licking and nipping. She felt his cock rise between their naked bodies, pressing into her abdomen. "Fuck," he breathed simply. "I can't..."

"We can," Sofia responded, mercifully cutting through to the heart of his need, and the girls ushered him together to Sierra's bedroom, setting him down gently on the plush of her bedspread.

The heat vibrated through him, tipping on the edge of a burning ache. He gritted his teeth and curled his toes, the pins and needles creeping up from his arm and out over his chest as the girls watched appreciatively. The warmth met at his shoulder blades and gushed out down his spine. Something underneath him stirred. The nub of his tail, thrashing at the comforter beneath him. He clutched at his cock, letting out a plaintive whine.



Then, they were there, each to one side. Hands on him, claws gently drawing over his skin, soft as meringue, smooth as cream. Kissing, licking, stroking, massaging...

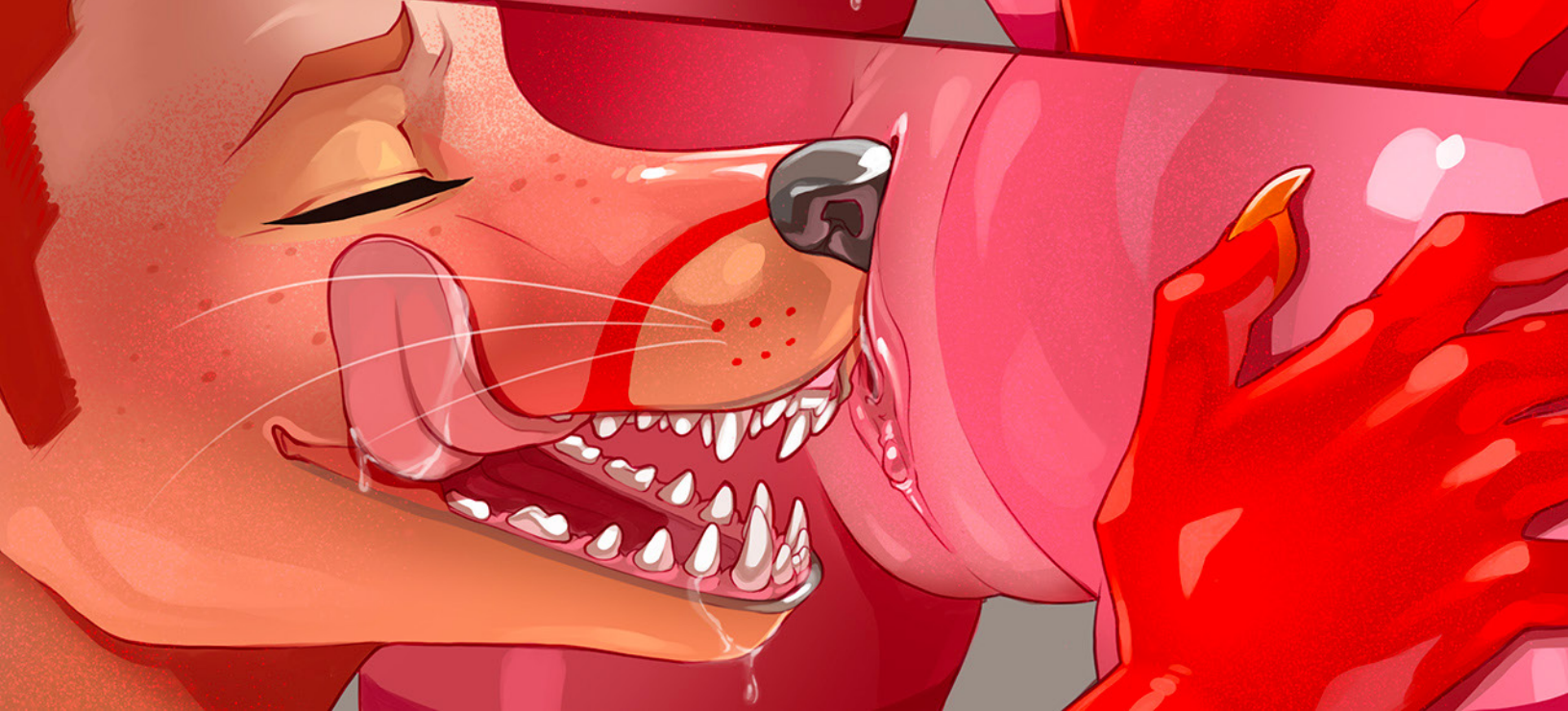
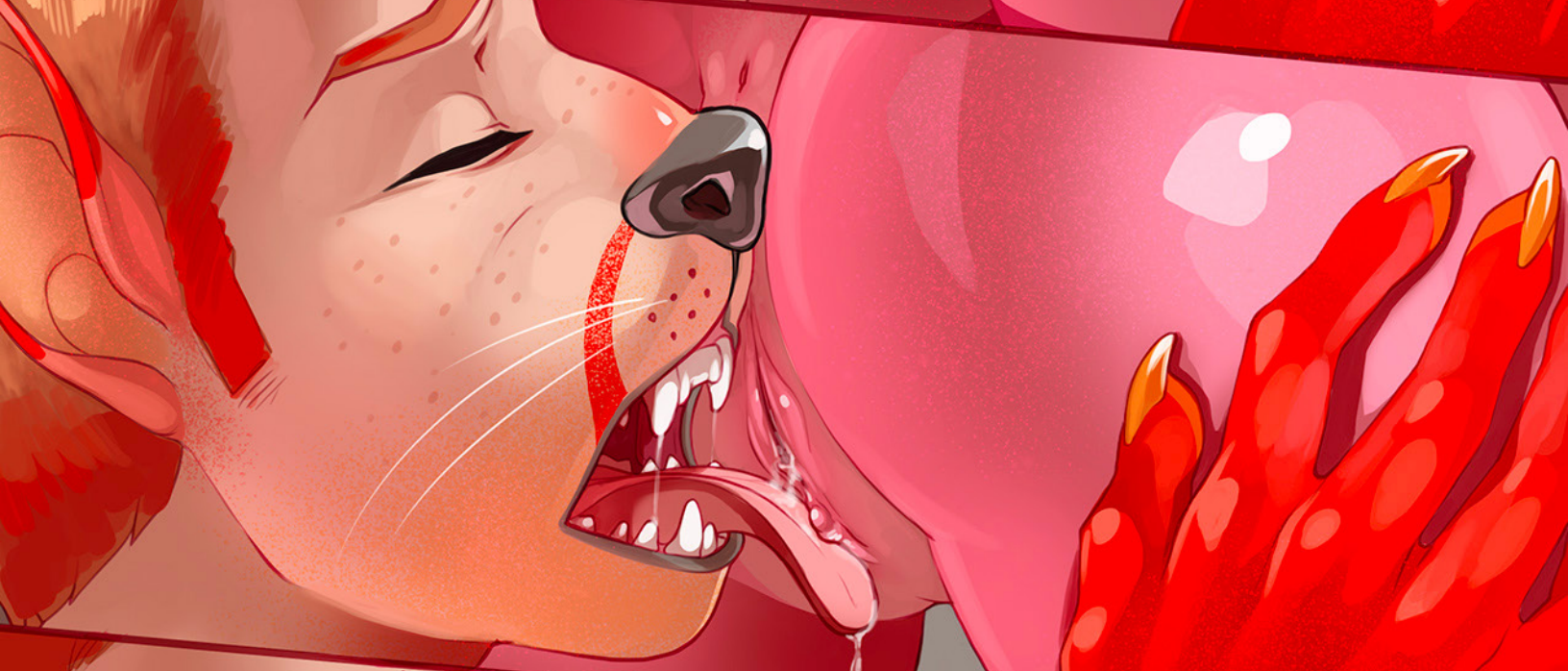
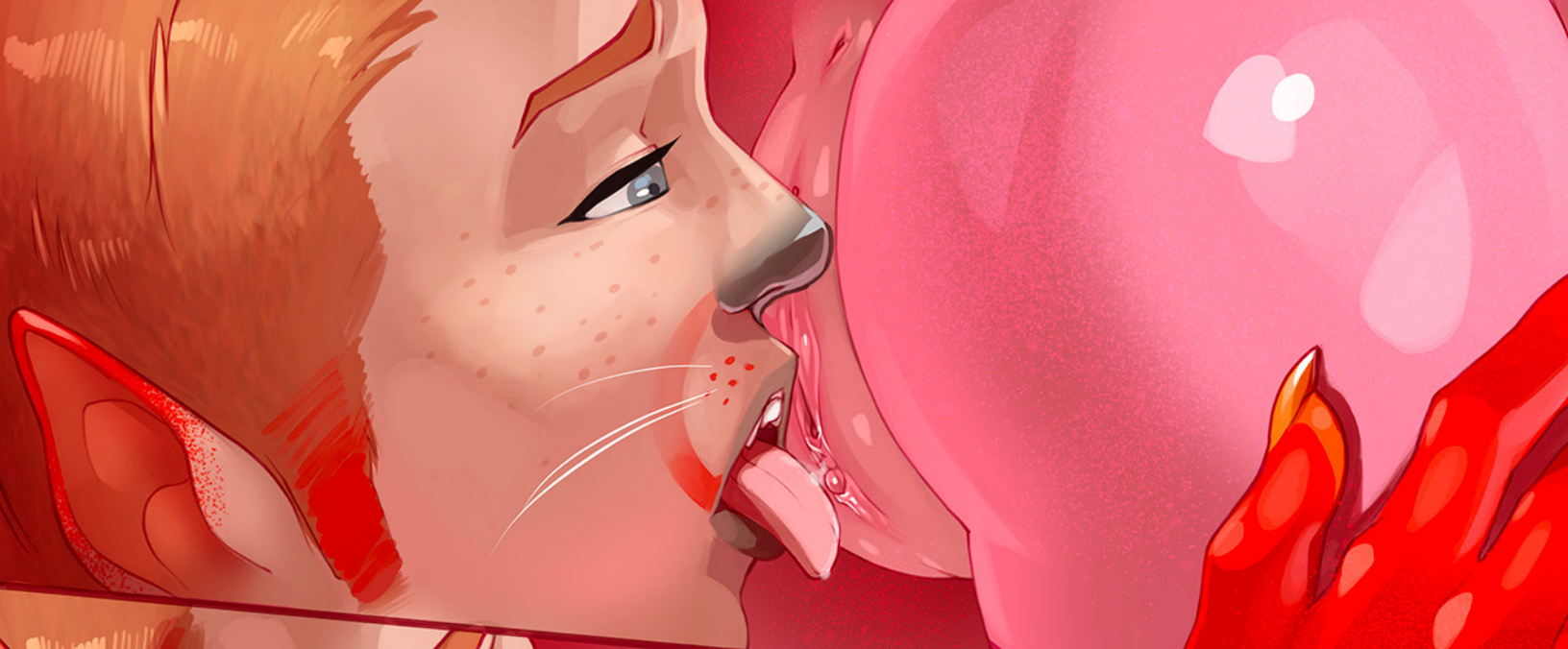
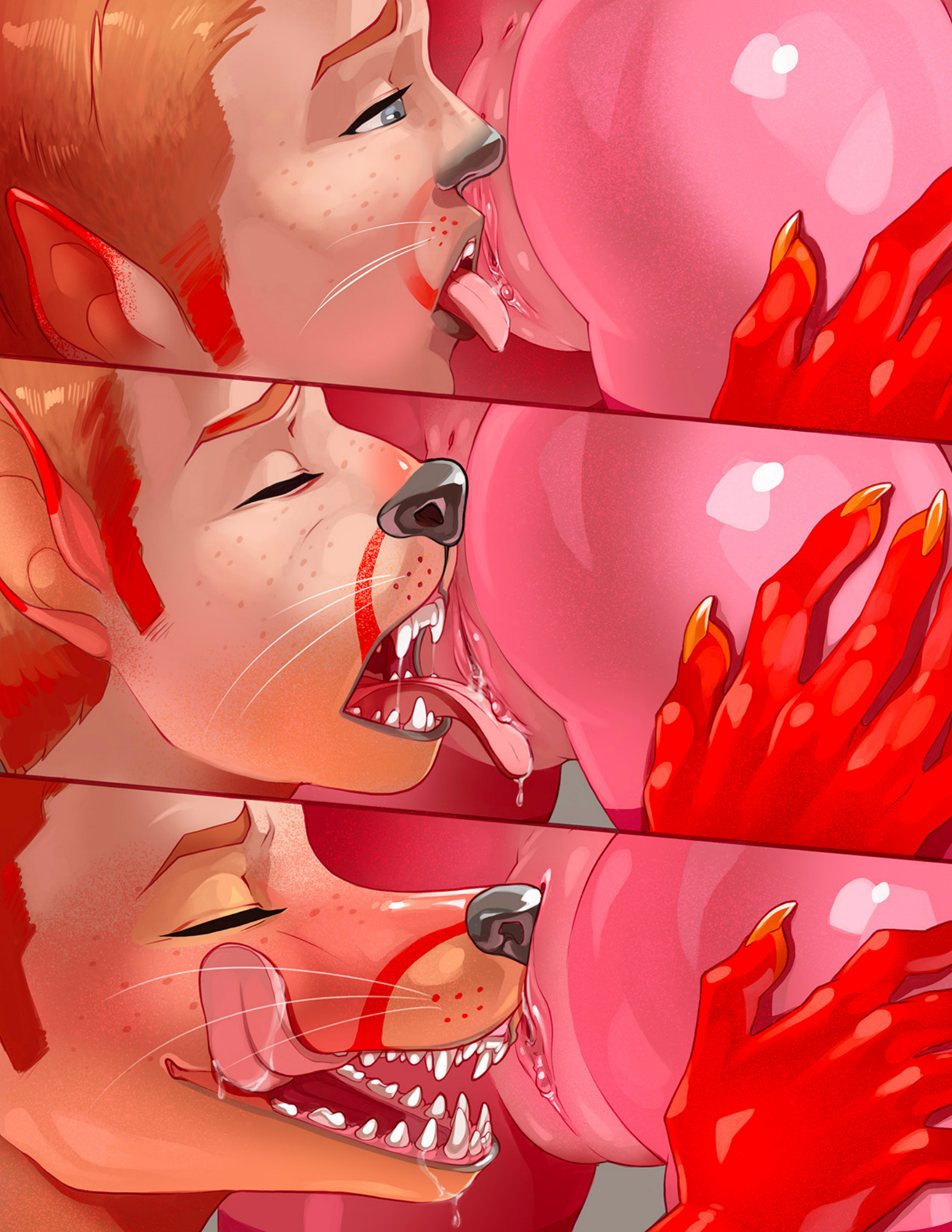
He looked to his right where the pink one lay, and his movement broke her out of her task, drawing her eyes up to meet his. She glinted gold, softly hungry. Waiting.

The strawberry girl. He struggled through pliable, melting, hot taffy memories, looking for something solid, finding nothing but a stomach half full of butterflies. A heart twisted tight like licorice, waiting for her to bite.

“He seems not to know what to do,” the other one, the purple one, said from his left side. “Maybe you and I can get started and he’ll figure it out...?”

The pink girl gave a honeyed laugh, hoisting herself up on all fours, climbing over them both and maneuvering the other girl to the head of the bed, laying her violet head on the pillow with a gentle nudge before pawing her legs open wide. “Sour, you’re so impatient,” she gently condescended just before her muzzle opened, her canine tongue lolling out to swipe at her friend’s slit. She raised the back of her body up, her waiting pussy a clear invitation to him.

He barely had the presence of mind to get on all fours, much less to get on top of her. His face pressed towards her offering inelegantly, bearing down on her with his tongue the best he could, keeping his mouth low to press on her clit, then moving up and burying his tongue in her. The tingling in his face brightened into a popping as his nose and mouth pressed out and out, driving into her, lapping furiously. She quivered as the last of his whiskers grew in, tickling.



His cock leaked underneath him, strained to the breaking point. When he couldn't take it anymore, he climbed up, his newly clawed toes struggling for purchase against the bedspread, until finally he could get into position to fill her. The warmth of her, the syrupy wetness of it, the tension of her muscles gripping on to him as he entered sent all the other sensations crowding his changing body into the background. The vibration of his swelling tail behind him almost sent him off-kilter to the mattress but somehow he hung on, one paw on her back and the other creeping beneath her. He took a second to coat his fingers with her wetness and then, as he thrust into her, rubbed gently at her clit with the padded digit.

She yelled, a pure cry of pleasure, and clenched her muscles tighter, drawing the length of him out with her. Underneath her the other girl moaned, which reverberated all the way back into him. They were all at their limit. His eyes had been squeezed tight with exertion for a while now, but he could still feel the last of the changes overtaking him. Above him, his ears twitched, pressing back into his hair.

None of them could take much more—

It was the purple girl who came first. She cried out, her legs twitching, which sent her friend over the edge. The strawberry girl clenched at him, spasming tightly as her own orgasm rocked her, which finally, finally drew him out into his climax. He pressed himself as far into her as he could and let loose as wave after wave of it hit him, ropes of cum filling her until the tension in him finally subsided.



Spent, they all collapsed in a heap.

“Th-thank you,” he panted, unsure of what else to say. “I think.” He added, as he examined his burnt orange hands, flexing his claws. Was this new? If it wasn’t, why did it feel so alien?

The purple one laughed. “Fucking hell, Sweets! I haven’t cum like that since at least three days ago. You know, when we-” the pink girl - Sweet, he now realized with a weird lurch in his head like the ringing of a bell - hit her with her tail. “He doesn’t need to know about *everything* we did, Sour.”

Sour fake pouted, seemingly happy to have struck a nerve. They were so clearly *fine* and for them this seemed so clearly *normal* that he couldn’t help but suppress a sense of guilt for being so lost. But still-

“Uh,” he interrupted their play fighting, “I um, this is going to sound really stupid, but you two know me, right? I-” he looked at Sweet, pointedly, “I feel like I know you. Like I... more than know you, maybe. But something’s... missing?” He swiped a hand over his face, clearly frustrated, “Argh, sorry.”

Sour hadn’t even formed a snarky retort in her mind yet before she was on the receiving end of a *preemptive* tail swipe. Sweets moved down on the bed to be even with him, taking his head gently in her hands, bringing his muzzle even with hers. She breathed deeply.

“Cinnamon,” she answered, “Of course I know you, dude.”

The only thing stronger than the feeling of his heart in his throat was the tone in his mind. Cinnamon. Of course. Duh. There was a palpable sense of relief. The tightness that had been keeping him going dissipated as his memories slid back into place. What a weird moment he’d just had; Sweets was his... well... they weren’t sure yet. But come on. She was pretty important to him. Even her annoying room mate slash fuck buddy Sour was too close to just forget about, as much as he sometimes wished he could.

God, he was exhausted. Maybe that was it. He’d just been tired. Sweet curled up close to him. “I’m really sleepy, actually,” she murmured.

“Me too,” Sour yawned. “Let’s all take a post-fuck nap.”

Sweet sighed, resigned to the outcome before she said it, “You have your own room. It’s right down the hall.”

But Sour was already out, seemingly like a light. Sweet thought she was being fucked with until she lost her grip on the waking world halfway towards turning over. It was like she was just... out of batteries. Like something needed to reset. Cinnamon was the last to fall asleep, but not before brushing the hair out of Sweet’s eyes.





Sierra would have woken up slower, but she was immediately struck by two things:

Suddenly, it took zero effort to think of herself as Sierra, just like it had for 99.9% of her life so far

The tail of the naked red fox boy in the bed next to her as he thrashed gently in his sleep

She involuntarily rolled backwards and fell off the mattress, softly. She was naked. She was also seemingly human, which was more pressing given what she remembered of the last week or so, which she mortifyingly realized was basically all of it.

She got up as quietly as possible, looking back over her bed. Scott was - her throat closed up a little. It hadn't been a weird... sex... nightmare... he was totally changed. Where she'd been pink and a paler pink with red markings, he was red and burnt orange. The whole room reeked of cinnamon. His paws clenched and his tail twitched lightly in his sleep, like a dog having a good dream. It would have been cute in extremely other circumstances.

Next to him was Sofia. Also human. Also naked.

Sierra grabbed her bathrobe off the back of her bedroom door, wrapping it around herself hurriedly and going to wake Sofia. She wasn't even sure what to say; 'we're people again, dipshit!' was high on the list, but in the end all she did was shake the girl gently until she woke up, and then lead her out into the hallway silently with a finger over her lips. Better to let Scott sleep. They had enough to deal with between the two of them.

"So... uh... sorry we turned your boyfriend into a fox man," was the first thing out of Sofia's mouth once the door was discreetly shut.

Sierra sighed. It wasn't like she even expected Sofia to be subtle. "Clearly there's a way to change back. I just have to... figure this out. In the meantime," she eyed the other girl meaningfully, "Why don't you get dressed?"

Epilogue...

“Okay so,” Sierra started, briskly walking into the living room where Sofia was eating popcorn and watching TV, “sex-”

“Turns us back into foxes,” Sofia finished, her mouth half full. She swallowed.

“How did you know that?”

“I busted out my vibe not long after we woke up to do some personal research,” the blonde retorted, “Also you still have your ears.”

Sierra’s hands jumped to her ears, which had flattened slightly against her head, a posture she was starting to understand meant ‘embarrassed’.

“Also you’re not exactly quiet. It’s not like the walls in this apartment are very thick.”

Sierra’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. “When did you say you got out your vibe?”

“That’s not important,” Sofia deflected, “Let’s move on to more productive topics. What are we going to do about your fox man?”

Sierra sighed. “Now that I know the circumstances that change us back and forth, I think I have a plan, but it’s very stupid, not to mention morally ambiguous.”

Sofia turned around to face her, grinning, “You had me at ‘very stupid’”







***bonus
content***

My original art for the last illustration. I realized before I finished it that it wasn't strong enough so I redid the piece. I wanted to include it, though.





My original drawing of Cinnamon was pretty close to his final design (I just shortened his socks). I tried a ton of names for him but nothing worked as well as Cinnamon. I drew a pic of the girls in Atomic with a guy who is kind of a proto-Scott, but I wanted him to be cuter.



This is what my sketches looked like, more or less.
Figuring out the posing for
a bunch of 3 character sex
scenes was... challenging, lmao







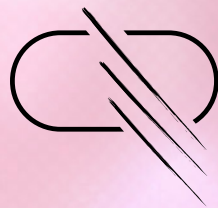
thank you

to everyone who bought this and supported this series. I know people have wanted this sequel for a long time so I hope it lived up to your expectations!



Thanks as always to Abe for proofreading and for keeping me on track. I never trust that my writing is good enough to be in a thing so having him say "it's good" means a lot.

If you'd like to see more of my work, or somehow missed the first one in this series, you can find it at my site below for free along with a catalogue of other projects like this:



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An additional thanks to unsplash.com and their contributors - their royalty free stock was used in the production of this book.

**Sweet, Sour and Cinnamon will
return in Candybombed 3.**