

A New Vessel

He held his rifle with two hands, leaning it against his shoulder. The human male sighed. A small trickle of blood could be seen beneath the fallen leaves. The fresh cadaver of a recently shot fox. Its fur a beautiful mix of white and orange, yellow eyes still open and wide, wondering why its end came today.

Llwyn wasn't upset at the fact he shot the animal. He was upset at how bloated its belly was. Full of kits. And he had just taken their mother. The green and brown camouflaged suit he wore bristled in the wind. The situation had concluded. There was nothing he could do, and because... well, he loved hunting so much. He didn't want to report this. He'd lose his license or hell, even worse. There had been a few times before that got him penalties, and while he was sad at having made another mistake, he was already walking away. Of course, he wished things could've been different.

In the bushes behind him, the father of the kits panted. Its mind was simple, and it did not have the more defined emotions and expressions a human possessed. But it was sad, it did whine, and it too wished that something could be changed. The blood was still fresh, and the young still alive. The hidden fox fell to its belly, holding its muzzle on top of its front arms, whimpering. Today shouldn't have happened.

But it did. Balance *would be* restored.

Llwyn was almost out of the small clearing, his dishonorable actions behind him. It's terrible that it happened, but in the end, it is what it is. Animals are animals, and if it wasn't for him, she might've been taken by some other predator or complication. Who says those kits in her would've even had a healthy birth?

"What do you think you're doing?"

The feminine voice had caused the hunter to grab his rifle in a flinch, the unexpectedness of it all making him take a second before realizing that he couldn't just very well shoot this mysterious person. He turned around. Yet, as his eyes laid upon the body of this unknown speaker, Llwyn winced. It... had the body of a woman, but none of the other qualities a typical human would have.

Green vines descended from a near perfect oval-shaped head, bright yellow orbs the only feature on her face. Breasts without nipples, skin like bark, and her height the same as his. The man only considered her female for her slender appearance and voice. She was so woodsy, so fantastical. He thought he was hallucinating.

"I..."

"Your laws state you are to report your crime. Why are you leaving?"

It was whiplash to the maximum degree. This entity, some kind of forest spirit, was chastising him? "I don't know. I- I just, I didn't mean to shoot her. I just wanted-"

"Cease your excuses." Her voice and the luminosity of her eyes were one, the vibrancy increasing with her tone and volume of her words. "Had you taken one second to notice your prey rather than ignorantly fire at the first sign of a target, you would've realized it."

Llwyn pulled his rifle off his shoulder, aiming it at the dryad-like creature. His camo hat soaked the sweat from his brown hair, the bristles slowly shifting to a more orange color. "You get back. I don't know what the hell you are, but I'm not playing with you. You're... you're not even real!"

The bark-skinned woman tilted her head, slowly approaching. "I'm more real than that weapon of yours."

Llwyn pulled the trigger, hearing a click, but nothing more. From the end of the barrel, a four-leafed clover sprouted, the butt of the gun losing its frame as the stocky form twisted into a simple branch. The metals had withered away and all he was holding was a twig with greenery wrapped around it in the shape of his former firearm. "What in God's name..."

"Look into my eyes." A thin finger pricked his chin, raising his head from trying to contemplate his firearm's transformation to staring right where she wanted. "You can still save them."

"Save... save who?"

"The kits. They are holding on, but they need a new host."

The hunter swallowed. "There's... so many other foxes around. If you can... do that, then you," it was getting hard for him to speak. A feeling in his gut causing his jaw to tremble, as if he was stuck in a blizzard.

"You reap what you sow. It will hurt at first, but this is the way it shall be."

Her voice droned on more and more in his ears, the world around him stretching forward, and the pressures within, it made him buckle, knees hitting the floor. "W-what's happening to me? Why... why, oh..." Llwyn groans intensified, both hands resting on his stomach as in real time it extended outwards, his teeth grinding together from the strain. Something was filling him, and he didn't know how.

“There is a term I find endearing to humans. A great way of accepting the inevitable.”

From behind her, the unseen male fox showed himself, interested in why this human of all things smelled nearly identical to his mate. “Do you know what that term is?”

He fell onto his back, ignoring the question. The environment wouldn't stop churning and swirling around, more perspiration falling from his forehead. Llwyn's tucked in shirt flopped out, rising upwards until his taut, bloated gut was naked and for all to see. As fangs sharpened and developed in length, the male fox that was simply a blur to the changing man's eyes carefully trotted forward, sniffing at the furless belly as it stuck its butt into the air, the front body close to the ground. It wagged its tail, happy in its ignorant mind that its offspring were now in a new home. A new, safe home.

“S-someone, help me!”

“It is, what it is.”

Llwyn looked down, gasping at the sight of his abdomen. It was no different than the appearance of a typical pregnant woman. He heaved out a grunt, roaring out, “what have you done to me?!” However, there was no one who could reply to him. All that was left was him, and the male fox.

Hidden behind his swollen tummy was the body of the female he had shot, her own womb shrinking as her body faded into fallen leaves, as if she never existed. Or... as if she was transferring into a new form.

His body shrunk, arms and legs scrunching down as their width and girth narrowed, tapering. The lessening wrists bent over like a begging dog, thumbs departing as pawpads bulged at the tips of his dulling fingers. The hunter's tongue lolled out from a rapid sense of heat around him, all the while his stomach brought feelings of queasiness. Llwyns' feet easily popped out from his hiking boots, the white wool socks dangling from shortening feet paws smaller than the size of his former human palms.

The legs continued in their shift, the knees and ankles cracking around, turning the appendages into haunches with the thighs long and wide, thinning out the closer it got to his feet.

That heat wasn't only from the changes to his loins as little strands of hairs cropped up like the moss on the trees around Llwyn. The belly was first, that vivid button that became an outie from the internal gestations became as white as snow, covering the human's skin in smooth, soft, vixen-esque fur.

He tried to back up, in some sort of attempt to get away, get back to civilization as if they'd accept him. All this did was allow his wilted bottom half to be free from the

camouflaged pants that took the socks and underwear with them, leaving the fuzzing human nude from his chest down as the jacket and undershirts no longer were worn but rather blanketed him.

Llwyn whined aloud in some mewling, pitiful tone, whiskers forming which made his lips quiver from how sensitive they were. A black snout stretching out as he panted faster and faster, that unnerving warmth within, the kicks of four, no five, *no, six* kits inside adjusting the way he thought of the world. Of his purpose in it.

Or really, *her* purpose in nature.

With half of her body a fox, the next change would be the second-most dramatic. Her legs were wide, the scene of a puny cock and shriveling testes allowed for the development of eight milk-filled teats across her chest. From the top two having their nipples nearly touch the bottom of her muzzle to the last row leaking milk onto her pubic fur.

The male fox took advantage of his, the dryad's influence perking his arousal as a knotted penis slithered out from his sheath, excited and hard. He saw more and more of his mate from how long the changes went on, his mind magically adjusted to forget the entire memory of her sudden passing. She was right here, right in front of him, full of the kits he pumped into her. And now... he wanted to pump even more.

Llwyn's own brain was flatlining, the human's temporal lobes unable to understand what was going on. Everything was happening too fast as she skittered out a moan and a yap, realizing that claws were now on her furry knees. With her belly flattening out to be more uniform, she could easily see the giant rod aligning with her wilted genitals.

The vixen tried to shout out in defiance but a single thrust was all that was needed to stop her. Her yelp whipped into a high-pitched groan, her established muzzle pushing out a series of 'ow-wow-wows' as a single squelch turned what was once her pride into a crevice that'd soon birth free the offspring inside her womb. For now, it was a spade of pure bliss, the two foxes encompassed in the passion of pure love.

Llwyn's memories were fading, overwritten by the vixen she once thought would be a fine pelt on her wall, a wall full of trophies that were posthumously proud. Motherly instincts cropped up in every part of her entire identity. Her foregoing humanity had nowhere to run. Each synapse, every cell, and all functions now tweaked into the role that she had now.

A vixen. Her brown eyes turned into a yellowish orange, extended tail bushy and happy. Ears triangular and pointed. The moist, black nose at the end of her snout detecting the deep rut her new mate had. Even though the fornicator understood

completely that his brood was nearly done forming inside of her, he still felt compelled to keep breeding, to keep fucking. And well, a little push from the dryad surely helped.

The pace picked up, the male between her legs vigorously driving into her as his tip stroked the entrance to her womb. The concept of such a thick member between her legs and held deep in her snatch destroyed whatever remnants of humanness was left. As the fur continued to grow over animalizing skin, it was easy enough to wander upon the sight of these two in their heated yet erotic tension and only take note that it was just two feral beasts deep in copulation.

It hadn't even lasted a whole minute, the pair of foxes moaning out as the male came, and the female took all that he could give. Emptying out those white-furred testicles full of fox seed as the thick ropes shot out and stained the inside of Llwyn's vixen cunt. Her pupils dilated, glossing over with a distinctive intellect. One fit for the body she now possessed. Devoid of former knowledge, and full of survivalist impulses that'd make sure her and her kits would survive until the next year.

The male hopped off of her, yapping as she took a moment to relax before flopping over, standing up on all fours as she shook her head. The human clothing on the ground smelled too awkward to be around, as if it was illogical to be so close to something so foreign.

Taking the initiative, she wobbled along quickly with her mate as the two strolled deeper into the forest. Any evidence of the transformation was erased, the fallen apparel modified to literally be camouflage, altered into mounds of dirt and various shrubbery.

For the new girl? Nothing had changed. There was a small blip in her memory between a loud noise and where she was now, but that was okay. The vixen was with her love, and he was also happy with her. Their first birth would come later in the week, and with that, balance was restored.

There was truly no greater feeling than feeding her young. The father behind her, body up against her tightly whilst in their den. This would be both the beginning and the end.

One chapter's end, and a new story's beginning. The story of six lovely *and* healthy kits.