

„Drop the bike” – Fox Transformation Story by Vieranieva

Man into Male Red Fox Transformation Story | Unwilling | NSFW | 3rd PoV

John jumped off his bike as he reached the depths of the overgrown forest. The path ahead was barely visible and the man was getting worried whether he would get out. Nonetheless the pessimistic thoughts left him quick as he was a sly enough person to take everything in his environment into consideration and to know which path would lead to his destination specifically.

Suddenly strange chimes started to ring around the man, who initially thought it was some kind of alarm from his phone. Unluckily the noise seemed to be something less obvious and more cryptic. John gulped in slight fear and grabbed his bike harder.

“Is anyone there? What’s with the chimes? I just want to visit someone, this route’s supposedly the shortest!” – John tried to explain to the source of the sound around him. Instead of a reply or any explanation in return John noticed some kind of an orange glowing mist bundling up together.

“What the hell...? Alright, time to get the hel- Nyaghr!” – John turned on his foot and was about to break into a run, but in the last moment he got hit by the odd mist, which seemingly entered him. “Shit, shit, shit! What the fuck was that?! Why do I feel so hot all of the sudden?!” – John muttered in fright as he tried to regain his balance.

A jolt of pain shot through his spine, forced the man to yelp and bend over. His back felt strange and his spine felt as if it was elongating at his rear region. Suddenly the man felt something fleshy writhe out of his underwear and shorts.

John slowly turned his head back and looked down, only to see a rather nasty sight. A still forming, slim appendage kept extending from his shorts as it grew. He started to tremble feeling how sensitive his growing tail was. John had to lower his shorts not to hurt his tail as it reached its full length.

“F-Fuck, I have a goddamn tail... I stumbled into some weed and now I’m hallucinating.” – He chuckled dimly as he naively believed that his words were true. In the meantime the warm mist inside him started to change his body further and force it to shrink. John gasped in discomfort as his whole body tightened and lost a lot of weight in several waves of changes.

He just wobbled from side to side as his feet started to elongate, heels began to rise and his tiptoes slowly changed into some sort of canine paws. John had to let go of his bike not to fall over. As he stumbled sideways his shoes and socks flew off his mostly changed feet. Due to his smaller frame his remaining clothes were now baggy and started to slip off the changing man.

“God... If this is just my imagination – Why does it all feel so real...? I don’t want this!” – John whined as he stared at his paw-like feet. His extremities were smaller than before with stubby digits instead of human toes. His toenails were finishing to elongate, curve and change their colour to black. The underneath of the paws felt numb due to the leathery flesh of John’s paw pads.

John opened his mouth to complain about his fate once more, but he stopped as his shorts and underwear fell down to what used to be his feet. “Ah! Nooo...! Anything but this!” – John exclaimed in fear as he felt the warm energies focus on his genitalia.

He covered his crotch, but it only made his shaft come to life. John bit down on his blackening and increasingly glossy lip in humiliation as he stared at his throbbing erection. The flesh of his peeking tip slowly changed hue to red and many webbed veins became visible over the surface.

John's eyes widened and stung as they turned from green to yellow and the human pupils stretched into vertical slits. He started to blink in disbelief as he watched his foreskin start to move and shift into a more pliable, yet somewhat firm kind of flesh. An animalistic sheath began to form and hug John's cock closer towards his abdomen.

Something started forming inside of his changing rod, something that made it stiffen permanently and force it to tilt into a completely feral position – A penis bone. John cringed and his ears started to twitch as they began to grow pointy and thin. They became more attentive and canine and folded backwards in shame and submission as the man continued to stare at his shifting crotch.

At the moment John's shaft wasn't even visible, but that was due to the ongoing changes. The entire shape of his meat morphed to become more sleek and pointier at the tip. Just thinking about this made John throw his head back in lust as the lipstick-like tip of his cock began to come out. The soft sheath he now sported began to peel back and reveal more of his canine pride.

John's heart was hammering and his tip was starting to leak pre. He timidly looked down, only to see his almost wholly exposed length. Almost as something began to form at its base, stiff and round. In a matter of seconds the knot popped free and glistened in the mild sunlight.

John had enough of this charade. If he was forced to endure the

changes, he should at least have a way of pleasuring himself while at it. Just as he reached out for his canine prick however his ballsack tightened abruptly and made the man yelp. His testicles started to churn and shrink a bit as they tightened harder and John came for the first time with his new cock right there on the spot.

Load after load of his human seed escaped his throbbing foxy cock as cum of a proud todd began to form inside his balls. John trembled as he stared at his highly changed lower body and the mess he made. He knew by now that he was turning into an animal. He rubbed his nose instinctively as he felt it start to get wet.

The moist nose however wasn't due to his sorrow. It was due to the changes as the human nose began to blacken, turn more canine and sensitive. John tried to lick his lips due to the stress, but instead his lengthening and thinning tongue brushed the base of his changed nose to his utter shock.

He bit down on his lip again, but this time it made him yelp in pain as his teeth too have started to change and sharpen into carnivorous fangs. For the first time since the beginning of the transformation John let out a somewhat canine whimper, which mirrored his terrified demeanour.

“N-No! I- Should gethr owut ofhrrr-yeeerh. Yip!” – John started, but he covered his mouth instantly as he heard himself. His voice was higher pitched and barely coherent, already sounding like the cute alternative of a fox.

He made a step and finally fell over due to his weight shifting hard at the moment. Several more yips escaped John's mouth as his body shrank further and reached its final size. The man felt as if he was about to puke as his insides rearranged and changed to fit his new

carnivorous diet and a more energetic way of life.

John started to cough and groan as his torso started to become slenderer. His hips crunched inwards and his shoulders followed soon as they diminished in size. His ribcage became rounder and smaller to not restrict his movements.

He started to fight his shirt, but it became harder as his arms started to stiffen and lock in quadrupedal stance, like his digitigrade legs did earlier. John closed his eyes, not wanting to see his hands degrade and turn into paws.

As was expected they did just that as they begin to cramp, lengthen and slim down. The fingers shrank and lost their dexterity as they became plumper. The flesh underneath his changing hands began to bloat and blacken as the paw pads formed. Lastly dark claws shot out from his changed fingertips.

As John knew there was only one part of his body that remained remotely human. His head started to tingle, then throb and finally ache as never before as it was forced to change shape completely. The big human cranium was forced to shrink and lower as John's forehead sloped down.

The changing man failed to notice itchiness intensifying all over his body as whatever body hair he had prior started to shift into full-fledged fur of red, white and black colours. The fur rapidly spread to cover John's entire body in a well known pattern of a simple red fox.

John stared in the distance in disbelief, trying to comprehend what caused him to change, why and whether it was permanent. It all became trivial as suddenly his mouth shot outward and continued to lengthen into a sleek fox muzzle. Whiskers formed on its sides and

slowly the changes ebbed.

John was just panting with his tongue out and his shirt still on. He didn't dare to move, paranoid about more changes. The orange mist left his body and stopped glowing as it began to disperse. John noticed that, but the mist wasn't orange to him since his eyes altered. It just further saddened him to see the source of his transformation disappear and make him more hopeless.

After a longer while he sighed and decided to start living again. He knew he wouldn't be able to just self-pity for all eternity in the middle of that forest. He had to worry about wolves now, huge birds of prey and worst of all hunters that wanted to kill him for fun as he was now just a red fox after all...