

A Foxy Nightmare

By Echoen

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Cheerilee licked the fake plastic fangs that protruded past her lips. She couldn't help but roll her tongue across the pointed tips, licking up the sweet taste of the Nightmare Night candy she'd sampled from one of her student's bags. The sticky sugar stuck the fangs to her teeth, but she didn't want to embarrass herself in front of her students by admitting she couldn't take them off. Besides, they completed her fox costume, so she could always try again in the morning.

Dressed as a vixen for this year's spooky celebration, Cheerilee had adorned a full-body costume that blended her equine features with vulpine ones. Yet, she looked more foxish than she truly meant to. The magenta-furred Earth pony shook her tail, which had felt strange the moment she had attached her costume over her hips. The silky strands of her tail hairs felt fluffier, while her thick tailbase had been itching and twitching as if she had more than one. Glancing back at her flank, Cheerilee wasn't sure where the costume ended and she began.

Trotting over to her desk, Cheerilee shook her forehoof in front of her snout and gave a loud "Ah-hem!" to draw the attention of her students. Bespeckled and ostentatiously dressed ponies scampered back to the desks, and peered past their paper bags of confectionaries to pay attention to their instructor.

"Class! Tonight is Nightmare Night, and you'll... rrrf..." Cheerilee rasped, a throaty growl spilling from her throat. Her students giggled, believing she was playing up her part. After all, her fox costume was very convincing! "Ahrm... you'll having a great time! Remember to stick with your friends, don't get separrrrrrrated!" Cheerilee winced at the end, as the flesh and fur of her tail slowly spread and pulled apart into two tails. Her whole body felt hot and her costume adhered tighter to her frame.

Passing her tongue across her teeth once more, Cheerilee failed to detect the taste of plastic. Her flat teeth were now pointed, prickly fangs of a predatory forest dweller. Quickly faking a cheery smile that displayed her pearly whites on her foxish muzzle, she dismissed her class and stepped back to avoid the stampede of hooves out the classroom door.

Once the last student was gone, Cheerilee let her facade drop - but as the pony-fox relaxed, she felt far more drop than she meant to. The front of her dress heaved outwards around fluffy pink swells of breast flesh, new and sensitive nipples jutting out into the suddenly tight fabric. Cheerilee whinnied in shock at the sudden weight of new breasts between her forelegs, her body shivering as what remained of the fox costume merged with the rest of her body.

Plump, pink digits began to push from her pony forehooves, while her hind legs cricked and stretched into stronger, half-feral shapes. Black clawtips poked from her new fingers, and

Cheerilee's snout wobbled as a black nose capped it, her whole face becoming sleeker, slender, and several degrees fluffier. Baring her teeth and releasing a foxish growl, Cheerilee's head pulled upwards to toss her floofing hair back from her eyes. The motion lifted her shoulders and rose her to balance on just her back legs, now, supported by thickening fox paws.

Reaching her forelegs up to clutch at her foxifying face, the former pony found they were now arms - and her breasts were in the way. Standing upright, Cheerilee's expansive chest wobbled impossibly huge and round, swelling past her elbows and yet not tearing through her teacher's clothes. The clothes themselves, expensive ones enchanted to sustain the wear and tear of teaching every kind of pony, reknit themselves to barely fit her growing frame each time they tore.

Barely adjusted to her new height and shape, Cheerilee twisted her torso to grasp at her splitting, fluffing, monstrous fox tails. She clearly had five tails now, a sixth growing off from her rounded rump. Each vulpine tail was the same glittery pink as her mane, yet far longer and fluffier, sprawling across the blackboard and her desk. What paperwork she had waiting for her was brushed aside by her still-expanding ass. A nudge of her noggin against the ceiling snapped Cheerilee from her reverie, her height now that to the top of the classroom.

Concentrating, the massive fox-woman tried to calm herself. Her transformation slowed, yet she could still feel the steady surges of growth that pumped into her breasts, the heated need to breed hot between her loins, and the creaking strain of clothing atop her expanded frame. Cheerilee breathed in and out repeatedly, each pass of air seeming to puff her larger, and was accompanied by the unpony-like growls of a massive vixen. Finally, as her ninth and final tail sprouted forth, Cheerilee found she just barely fit in half the classroom - her massive breasts took up several desks worth of space each.

The ring of the schoolbell startled her. First Bell? The transformation must have taken all night! As her class scampered back in to take their seats, eagerly chattering and some still wearing their costumes, few of them seemed perturbed at their immensely altered, macro vixen teacher. Addressing her as normal, and even moving her tails or tits out of the way when needed, as if nothing was unusual!

Clearing her voice, Cheerilee shuffled to expose a fraction of the blackboard that she could behind her gargantuan breasts, her ass pressing against the wall and window, causing it to bend precariously. Blushing, she asked what her students learned during Nightmare Night, realizing as she spoke that those students still wearing their costumes, all had costumes that were very similar to the one she chose. Fluffy, cute, and entirely too curvy... and several of them seemed to be filling their desk space with chests that swelled before her very eyes.

“Class, it seems we... rrr... have an important topic to talk about.” Her hand scribbled in the blackboard corner as she wrote out her lesson plan. “The female fox, also known as a vixen, is a woodland creature most often found....”