

Second Chances at the Brilliant Basilisk

Vince was cold, miserable, and regretting all of his decisions of the past six months. It was becoming painfully and frigidly clear to him that he was not a survivalist, and his growing hatred of all things outdoors was made all the sharper by the fact that he had no way of getting *indoors*. He cursed the mad impulse that had led him to quit his job, sell all his possessions, and move out into the wilderness to 'live off the land.' He'd thought it was idyllic for the first two months, and then a flash flood had swept away his poorly constructed cabin along with all his gear - including all the books that might have told him what to do in the situation. He'd laughed when the rangers had towed his car and continued laughing even as he threw the keys into the river. What did he need a car for when he wasn't going anywhere?

Now here he was in the late autumn. Cold, starving, homeless, and stuck in the middle of a state forest with his choice of going to prison for illegally squatting on state land, freezing to death, or starving to death in the next month. He'd found a cave, but it wasn't very warm and he couldn't have more than a few embers going for fear of the rangers finding him. He'd gathered together moss in the warm times and dried them out, which gave him a sort of soft bed. His clothes were tattered, his knife dull, and as he stared vacantly out of the cave entrance, he was coming to terms with the fact that even if he wanted to turn himself over to the rangers it was too late. None of the cars on the highway had even slowed down when he tried to hitchhike, there wasn't a campsite for miles, and not many people camped at this time of year anyway. No one in the nearby town was a camping enthusiast and it was well past the season for tourists. The nearest ranger was up the mountain in a fire tower and Vince didn't think he had the energy left to climb up all that way. He wasn't even sure he could make it to the road anymore without freezing or running out of energy.

He wished he were a lizard. A lizard could slow his metabolism down in this weather and sleep through winter until food came again. Then again, if he were a lizard he probably wouldn't be in the mess at all because he'd have lived in the forest his entire life and be totally immune from the lifestyle worries and existential angst that leads a perfectly respectable railway conductor to sell everything and move into an illegal mountain retreat.

The only good thing that had happened to him was discovering the creek near his cave. He'd taken his canteen with him on the walk that had left him taking shelter for the night and returning to find his cabin gone. There were a lot of things he could die of, Vince reflected morosely, but at least he wasn't going to die of thirst. Sighing, he got up and trudged down the path to the creek for his evening water supply. His feet were numb and he couldn't feel his ears, but there were some roots he might recognize, and he was getting hungry enough to find out by the taste test whether those little wrinkled pointy mushrooms were edible. He'd set some traps, but after two weeks of waiting, he'd concluded that he'd done something wrong, so there was no chance of meat in the near future.

The winding path overlooked a dell as it wended down the hills to the creek, and a strange sound intruded into Vince's reverie of self-pity. Laughter? He braced himself against a jutting tree that was almost bereft of leaves already and peered down, expecting to see nothing and confirm that the leaves he'd ingested that morning were making him hallucinate sounds. The sight that met him made him think that they were very *powerful* hallucinations at that.

Two giant red foxes were locked in a wrestling match in the middle of an otherwise normal looking campsite. Despite the strange appearance of the occupants, Vince was still drawn more to the meat roasting slowly on a grilling tray in the center of the camp, and on the coolers likely filled with vegetables, fruit, and everything else he'd not had since the last berries fell. The foxes disengaged and one went running off on her – yes,

definitely her – back legs. The feminine shape was obvious – and quite pronounced, as well as the back-length brunette hair. She turned in Vince’s direction and quite human looking black nipples stood out on her large, pale red furred breasts. Her partner stood up and he too had some obviously human parts as well. He chased her around the camp and they collapsed again, this time in such a way that Vince could see where their front paws – hands? – were going.

The female nuzzled the male’s chest and he cupped her buttocks, rolling over and pulling her into position to straddle and then sink onto the shaft that was poking out of the furred sheath between his legs. Their giggles, cries, and moans were audible to Vince all the way up on his voyeuristic vantage point. He may have been a failed survivalist, but he had learned *something* from the books, videos, and living out here. His footfalls were silent and his step sure as with renewed energy he crept directly down the hillside, always keeping to the brush and behind trees when he could, and freezing in place whenever the couple might be looking in his direction. Better to be an unmoving oddity in the open than risk being spotted by his motion as he darted towards cover.

He couldn’t help but be aroused as the vixen’s muzzle covered her partner’s crotch completely. The reynard grunted deep in his throat, and then sat up. “Cinna, do stop that! You know I can’t reciprocate and I feel bad.”

“Don’t, honey.” The vixen cooed in a deep, honeyed voice, clear and audible despite her muzzle being filled with her partner. “I want to do this. Besides, you can do just as well with your claw as I can with this snoot.”

The reynard rotated expertly on the axis of his cock and started pleasuring the vixen with his paw. This continued for long enough to allow Vince to make his way with utmost stealth to the very edge of the firelight, crouching behind a shrub. His own sex, dormant for days

because of the lack of sustenance, was stirring and his breathing becoming ragged as he watched the foxes mate, play, and make love.

“Oh, look!” Vince’s blood ran colder, but he then saw that the vixen was pointing inward towards the fire. “I think the sausage is done.” Vince’s nose and rumbling belly confirmed.

“Don’t want to get our paws dirty,” the reynard said. He reached towards his wrist but the vixen put her paw on it.

“I’ll take care of it. I need some breathing space and I know you love to watch me work.” Vince was less surprised than he might have been when she took the mask off, letting it hang by its fur from her back. The foxes’ muzzles hadn’t moved when they spoke, and as he got closer, he suspected that rather than very vivid visions brought on by accidentally eating the wrong mushroom that the creatures were elaborate costumes. The woman shook out long flaxen tresses that bounced and shone in the firelight, then reached to her neck and pulled down a zipper so tiny that Vince hadn’t been able to see it before she started to open the track. She was naked underneath the fur, and he envied how she seemed totally unaffected by the chill air. Her skin was creamy and unblemished, her perfect curves as luscious out of the costume as in it.

She moved with conscious sensuality, swinging her hips and walking with a tiny more bounce than she needed to, setting those curves to motion. Both Vince and the reynard’s eyes were glued to her jiggling breasts and swinging bottom, and both had their hands on their erections. “They are very greasy, aren’t they?” She said innocently, taking each link off and putting them in a tin tray. “I might end up with it all over me, and then you’ll have to get out of your suit after all so you can lick it off.” The moment was broken as she tried to deep throat a red-hot sausage and yelped at the heat of it hitting her tongue. Her partner was next to her in a moment.

“Are you OK, Ellie? Are you sure you don’t want to put Cinnamon back on and let me do it?”

“Oh, yeah,” she laughed and motioned for the fox to stay away. “After all this, I don’t want you to get all gunked up. I’m fine.”

Vince had seen the opportunity of both of them being away. Those fox costumes looked *very* warm, and though he might have preferred it if the male had gone to take the food off the fire as he originally planned, he wasn’t going to be picky about how he’d avoid freezing. Moving with a swiftness and surety born of desperation and what little woodlore he possessed, Vince reached through the shrub and snatched the costume from the chair she’d laid it on. The lovers were so engrossed in one another that neither noticed the theft at first, and Vince was away back up the hill, listening carefully and hearing no sound of alarm.

Vince was breathing heavily when he got back to his cave. He couldn’t believe that with all that food on offer he’d decided to steal a fur costume instead. It had just been sitting here, and he’d been transfixed not just by how exotic it was, but by its beauty when the woman had been wearing it. Aware of how cold he remained, there was no question or hesitation as he stripped down. He looked at the blue eyes under seductive heavy lids, and decided that he’d try not to dirty the costume too much. Casting about for a reason other than his strange fixation, he decided that he might be wearing this thing all winter and he didn’t want it getting scratchy. He sponged himself off with what was left of his water – he’d need to get more since he hadn’t made it to the creek – and one of the blobs of dry moss used as a sponge.

Without any further excuse for delay, he stepped into the white toed foot, which was otherwise black, the dark fur reaching up to mid-thigh in a simulation of sheer black stockings. Those stockings rose up his legs and soon he was tugging the red fur of the hips over his own. There were wide gaps there on the inside, which wouldn’t do. One thing Vince was sure of

was that air gaps in a thermally insulating layer meant that it wouldn't be as warm. He stuffed some of the moss from his bed into the suit around his hips and butt, filling it out until the suit was as shapely down there as it had been before. It wasn't about sex appeal, he insisted to himself, just that it had been sized for a curvaceous woman and he needed to make sure it fit him just as well or it wouldn't be warm ... and it might chafe ... or something.

Being slimmed down by lack of food often worked in Vince's favor and he was thanking it once more here. It had worked in his favor in the early days when hiding from large game and predators during the brief time he'd had the tools to hunt, and it was paying off again in letting him fit into this life saving fur coat. Lucky for him that the vixen's luscious curves were generous enough to give her a frame that his average sized male bones could fit into. The balance he'd developed from walking along the hills and cliffs, too, were well appreciated as the foot paws pushed his feet into a slope as if he were walking on invisible high heeled shoes. The hand paws were done up like black fingerless gloves, with tiny claws at the end of each. These hooked easily into the zipper tab, and again Vince was faced with the pernicious gap. This time, a much larger one where overflowing double handfuls of boob would be. The big, fluffy, soft tail swung from his hips now, long enough to reach all the way to his head if flipped in the opposite direction. After all, he thought as he shoved all his remaining bedding into the suit, he could lie on the tail and it would be just as good a pillow, and the rest of the suit was soft enough to be an even better bed. Cupping his newly minted vegetable pair, he giggled and tried for a girlish moan at pinching the soft rubber nipples that had once covered the real thing.

Again feeling somewhat guilty at enjoying his plumped up feminine charms, he pulled the zipper the rest of the way and then grasped the neck fur of the mask. There was some tiny sop to the fact that it would ward off frostbite of the nose and ears, keep in the suit's heat, yadda yadda, but he

accepted he was just enjoying the illusion now. He probably looked terrible in this suit, but he'd *feel* good and no one else was going to see him anyway. The head sat on top of his for a moment and then with a firm pressure to hair fluff between tall pointed ears the vixen head slid over his own and he was looking through those inviting, smoldering eyes. The only cool thing left was the whisper of air passing over the squishy rubber tongue and past the small, pointed teeth inside the muzzle to play almost daintily on his delightfully *warm* face.

Another cool thing intruded, and he opened his eyes, slipping away from the hot haze of the vixen suit. His paws brushed down the pale red belly and chest fur that outlined the vixen's shape, ending in a rounded v that pointed at the offending cold spot. The crotch was smoothly profiled, meant to cradle and provide access to female lips and folds. Instead, a hairless human penis protruded from the fur covered molded lips. At that point Vince could have put his pants on, but he'd surrendered to the fantasy of being a sexy woodland siren already, and instead grabbed the shaft in his vixen paw. Deprived of sexual pleasure and stimulation for over a week, his cock shot off a load that hit the far wall at the very first dainty touch of the vixen's paw. Cleaning himself off as best he could, he reveled in the sensations as he massaged and stroked his shaft, pressing it between his legs and pulling the vixen's labial entrance over it. With the head now past the opening, it stuck there and he could take his paw away, leaving behind only a slightly thicker mound under the fur than would be there if the vixen were worn by a woman.

Slinging the strap of the canteen over his shoulder, he let it bump his soft, moss filled hip as he skipped out on his high heeled paw boots, hips swinging and tail moving in time. There was just enough light out to see the track down to the creek, and enough for him to see herself for the first time in the surface of the slow-moving water. At the first sight, she cupped her boobs in excitement and the sexy vixen in the water did the same, jumping in place so that they almost bounced right back out of her paws.

Her reflection was all woman, a vixen with fluffy brunette hair spilling over her right shoulder, where a canteen dangled from a leather strap. Excited, she straightened up and turned, peering over her shoulder. Her butt looked magnificent. His giggles spoiling the perfect vixen image, she dipped the canteen, careful to keep herself as dry as possible, the high heeled paw boots along with her careful bending sticking her rear end out, tail gracefully arcing to rest with the tip against the backs of her knees. Her mission fulfilled, she hiked back up to the cave, feeling warm and not even as hungry as before. She was a woodland creature now – a very sexy one – and she belonged. She also knew exactly where her next meal was coming from and she fell asleep cuddling her tail, her excitement and anticipation forming a bulge between her legs. She sighed as she scratched it with a claw and rubbed her legs together, but didn't bring herself all the way. She wanted to be a tidy fox when she went foraging tomorrow.

Cinnamon – she decided to think of herself as the vixen she was – picked her way down the slope. It was early morning, too early for lovers on holiday to get up. She reached the campsite without a peep from the still and dark tent. She was a fox, she told herself, and foxes were naughty scavengers who would steal your food if you weren't careful. The campers had put all of theirs in a latched cooler and hoisted it up a tree on rope to keep it away from bears. Very sensible, Cinnamon thought as she let the cooler down. Bears are stupid and don't deserve camper's food. Foxes are smart, foxes know how to untie a knot and undo even a complicated latch like this one. Foxes deserve the cold sausage, cereal, and everything else Cinnamon had already begun to enjoy. Foxes were bold, she thought as she poured cereal down her muzzle and into Vince's open mouth.

There were stirrings from the tent. Foxes were cunning creatures and knew when to hide their tracks and retreat. Cradling an armful of packaged food, Cinnamon carefully re-locked the cooler and hoisted it back up the tree. Kneeling by the peg, she felt that perhaps foxes could be

a little better with their paws. The tent was just opening when she finally got the knot re-tied and with her hair and tail streaming behind her, dashed off into the brush. Perhaps one or the other would emerge, go to the bathroom, and return. Then she could go back to her pilfering.

No such luck. Both lovers came out – the dark-haired man sans fur and trousers – and potted about the campsite. “Are you sure you don’t remember where you put Cinnamon?” The man asked.

“Yes, Ansen, I’m sure.” The woman said, sounding on the edge of tears. “I’m sorry, I really am, but I just can’t remember where she went. I could have sworn I hung her up next to you when I went to check dinner.”

Ansen rubbed Ellie’s shoulders. “It’s OK, hon. It’s only a costume. We can get another.” Vince privately was jealous of how blasé he was about an obviously expensive item of clothing.

“I want to go home.” Ellie said, depressed. “I’m sick of the outdoors. The outdoors sucks. It steals my fursuits.”

“All right. Why don’t we get changed and I’ll pack us up while you pull the car around?”

That brought a tiny giggle to Ellie’s lips. “Yeah, it’d be a bit weird us going home like this seeing as how I’m the only one with a driver’s license.” Vince only understood this statement after she retreated into the tent and Ansen’s twin emerged a few minutes later, dressed in jeans and a button down checked shirt. Ansen made the same change but in reverse and then Ansen – the new Ansen – took what looked like deflated copies of him and Ellie out and put them on the same chair Ellie – now Ansen – had hung the Cinnamon suit on. “It would be more fun if you could drive,” the former Ellie said.

“It would be nice if you didn’t mislay your costumes and then get upset about it,” the real Ellie called back to the retreating Ansen as he turned to go towards where they’d parked their car, earning a rude

gesture. She adjusted her dress and started towards the peg holding their cooler up.

Vince didn't know why, though he later justified it by thinking that it would help him fit the vixen suit – and thus retain more heat. He just acted. With both of them distracted, Cinnamon darted out from the shrubbery yet again, this time absconding with the Ellie suit.

Unaccustomed to her vixen body, she made more noise than Vince had when he stole her, and both Ellie and Ansen turned in time to see a black and white tipped red tail scoot under a bush and notice that one of their skinsuits was gone. “I guess that explains where Cinnamon went!” Ellie laughed. “See? It was just a mischievous forest dweller. And you were worried about raccoons!”

“Yeah,” Ansen laughed, then looked more serious. “If we've got thieves here, it's probably for the best that we leave.”

“Yeah, though what refined and tasteful thieves at that. Not a paw on our electronics or our car, but goes straight for a vixen suit and now your twinsuit of me.”

“Well, it makes it easy to track them if they ever show up in town.” Ansen said. “I don't think anyone at the Basilisk will fail to recognize Cinnamon. Or an extra you.”

“Looks like our vulpine visitor got our breakfast, though.” Ellie said, opening the much lighter cooler.

“So much for the warning: don't feed the animals.”

Cinnamon caught sight of them driving down the highway in the far distance. Thinking about it, she realized she'd been an idiot not to just ask them for a lift back into town instead of stealing their costumes. He'd taken off the vixen suit and was working his arms into the arms of the Ellie

costume. The padding was so lifelike that as he put the mask on and adjusted the internal pouch which held his suppressed manhood, he reflected that there had been no way he'd guess that the sexy, voluptuous blonde from the campsite had been her own boyfriend. As Cinnamon put the vixen suit back on, she reflected that now she was a sexy lady in an exotic and erotic fox costume. A sexy lady whose breasts were already intruding on her thoughts. The squishy, realistic sacs in the skin suit were so much heavier than moss! She looked and felt magnificent, but how did that help her survive winter? She was going to be warm – even with just the Ellie suit, she wouldn't be worried about freezing as long as she had her small fire to return to. Neither of the costumes helped her get food.

Then again...

Cinnamon returned to the creek and – feeling absolutely confident that there wasn't another person for miles around – stripped the vixen suit back off. The new Ellie was getting pretty good with the costume, and at least she had her moss bed back. Not that she needed it. The naked woman regarded herself in the water, turning, twisting, enjoying her image from every angle. The hidden zipper in the back looked like the curve of her spine and there was no sign even in her voice now that she was Vince, failed survivalist. The suit had given her a voice to match the red lips, lightly tanned perfectly smooth skin, and curves. She brushed back the thick blonde tresses, adjusted her breasts just so, and stood with her legs together, twisted just a tiny bit so that she could see her rear end peeking out. On a lady with slimmer hips and a smaller chest, her midriff might have been a source of disappointment, but balanced with the wider hips and big round boobs, Ellie's middle looked just right. Not as afraid of spoiling the more easily cleaned skin than the vixen fur, she massaged the flesh between her thighs which hid a masculine secret, and despite them being only gel, she rubbed a boob just to watch herself pleasuring herself. White juices leaked from those seemingly feminine lips and trickled down

her inner thigh until she took some water in her hand – reveling as much in how insulated she was as in her self-pleasure – and wiped it away.

She had a fully belly for the first time in weeks, a warm layer, and the beginnings of a plan. Vince might have been unable to get a lift, but ... Ellie tucked the vixen's mask into the suit and draped it over her body. A curvy blonde bimbo scantily clad in strips of fur and nothing else? What man *wouldn't* stop for that?

Vince was, perhaps, still suffering from the lingering effects of his once desperate situation. Doubtless if he'd been well fed and rational he'd have never tied the vixen suit's arms around his Ellie chest so that they formed a band that covered most of what needed covering with the appearance that she was being constantly felt up by a pair of black backed, white fingered paws. He definitely wouldn't have crossed the legs around his generous rear and round thighs and then pulled the tail between her legs, tying the vixen's legs around it so that she could tuck the tail under the chest band so that the white tip peeked out from her natural cleavage. Doing all of this, he would have been terrified of adding only a pair of boots and leaving all his remaining possessions behind to hike up to the road. The only sensible thing he'd done was wait until later in the day since that was when there was some chance of seeing a car go by, it meant he'd be returning to town near dusk and perhaps would be able to sneak around without being seen, and because it gave him a chance to think of what he'd say when he was picked up and if caught. The fact that it also gave him most of the day to fondle a woman in an intimate way for the first time in almost a year was entirely incidental.

However, he was just that desperate, and so there was Ellie, bare thighs and calves, her hips and sides exposed along with the top and bottom of her breasts, standing by the road with one hand on a bare hip, the other sticking a thumb out at passing traffic. The very first vehicle – a

truck with a high cab – stopped. During the half hour wait for the almost deserted highway to bear fruit, she'd refined two stories and was disappointed that she wouldn't be able to use the second. If the driver had been a woman, this might have been less awkward – or at least more fun for Vince. A sob story about being left behind by a rich jerk who decided he liked the girl she'd brought with for 'moral support' to the camping party that had gone out of control would have been a fun one to elaborate on.

She barely had to say anything, which was a relief and a worry. The short, paunchy driver, a blue cap failing to hide his baldness and a T-shirt riding up his beer belly was almost falling out of his seat to open the door and welcome her in. Even in her sex-crazed and food-starved state, Ellie was aware of how much trouble she might be in. A glance back into the forest which would *definitely* kill her if she stayed much longer was enough. "Oh, thank god!" She said in a high, tremulous voice, climbing into the cab and settling into the passenger seat. "I thought I was going to die out there." The short climb caused her boobs to slip somewhat in their band and she adjusted them even as she spoke to the driver, Vince knowing what effect it was having. Not that Ellie expected to be ejected from the vehicle for *any* reason, but best to build up credit as soon as possible.

"H-happy to help someone in need!" The driver stammered, eyes roving over Ellie's makeshift fur bikini, and goggling as she demurely pulled the seatbelt into the tanned cleavage and over her fur-clad lap.

She flashed a smile at him which was mostly genuine. She was getting out of here, and the seatbelt was helping to hold her vixen top and bottom on. "You wouldn't believe how I ended up there." She sighed. "I can barely believe it and I lived it. I'm Ellie, by the way," she said, noticing that the driver hadn't yet put the truck back into gear and deciding maybe she'd better get him a *little* used to her before he had to watch the road again.

“Parron.” The truck driver said, holding out a hand. “Pleased to meet you.”

She shook the hoary hand of the horny trucker. “Likewise. That’s an interesting name.”

“It was my grandfather’s. Not sure how he got it.” A car went by and the sound and motion seemed to shake Parron out of his understandably dazed state. It wasn’t every day that he saw a leggy, curvy blonde in a red furred costume that left little to the imagination trying to hitch, but he still had his delivery to make. “Where to?”

“Not far.” Ellie said. “Just to town. I was on a camping trip when things got a little out of hand and I ended up being left behind. Imagine my surprise when I woke up and everyone had gone!”

Parron couldn’t quite imagine how anyone would overlook someone like Ellie. “Must have been a real fright.”

“You’re telling me! Lucky that the boy I was with set out this rug or whatever it is under us or I’d have frozen to death out there.” She leaned over the vent and let the warm air blow her hair back. She sighed and let out a little hum of pleasure. “Do you like it hot? I sure do. This is just heavenly.” She peeked out from the side of her lowered lashes at Parron. “You might want to look at the road more.” She said playfully. Vince knew he shouldn’t keep pushing his savior like this since he already had his ride back, but Ellie was having fun! Parron was proving to be the sort of man who was happy to have her along and to look, but wasn’t going to risk his paycheck by pulling over again. Ellie didn’t know what she’d do if she managed to tempt him into *that*, but she’d think of something.

She lay back in the seat and let the relaxing heat soak into her bones. It was so nice being somewhere with climate control. She drifted, aware in the back of her mind of the soothing motion of the truck and letting herself relax. As long as that motion continued, she was ... mostly safe. Parron

looked over at her as often as he dared, feeling as much affection and protectiveness as sexual desire for the vulnerable sleeping woman, her head tilted a little to one side and mouth slightly open. He decided she'd been through more than she'd told him. He thought about stopping to put a blanket over her – even in his truck she must be cold in that getup! – but the exit was coming up and there wasn't much point. "Hey," he said softly and she cooed, shifting in the seat and exposing more buttock that she probably should. "Hey ... Ellie," right, that was her name. "We're almost there. Where do you want me to drop you off?"

She stirred, then yawned and stretched, the motion causing her top to slide. Opening her eyes, she was suddenly aware of where and *who* she was. With a squeak, she hastily pulled her breast band back up and glanced with mingled embarrassment and fear at Parron, who pretended not to notice. "Uh..." Vince hadn't thought this far ahead. "There's fine." She pointed at a random house. Worried, she realized how light it was. Parron was a seasoned veteran of the road and had gotten her there earlier than planned. "Listen, um..." She was thinking hard. "You're on the road a lot, right? Like, you have a space in the back where you sleep?"

Parron frowned. He'd been all for sharing his ride for awhile with an outrageously attractive young woman who ... he was trying not to think of her as a bimbo but she did seem a bit oblivious. His feelings towards her as she slept were in conflict with the stirrings he felt at her invitation and the pleading look in her eyes. No, he had a job and a wife, and this wasn't the kind of payment he wanted. "I do, but you really don't have to—"

His reaction broke through Vince's self-absorption. "Oh, no! I didn't mean – you've been really nice but – I just meant – I need to, well, adjust my outfit a little. You've got a nice ride, but after the first few bumps, I think the knots slipped. It might fall off entirely if I just jump out of your truck, Parron. Please?"

“Oh,” Parron wasn’t sure how to feel about her pre-rejection. “No, that’s fine. Wouldn’t want a nice girl like you to end up in jail for indecency.” He pointed behind the seats to a cubby with his bed and a mini fridge.

“Thanks!” She dove back, proving her point as the fur bands undid themselves and she almost left her one piece car lure behind. Parron tried not to look at her bare rump as she squeezed between the seats and overbalanced into the rest area, and she tried not to notice him looking her chest – now only covered by the expedient of her keeping one arm over her breasts – as she reached back and pulled the wayward parts of her outfit from the cab where she’d left them. From then on, Parron looked stolidly forward, driven almost wild by the rustling, zipping, and breathing coming from his bedroom on the road. He glanced in the mirror and then went back to looking straight ahead, his own breathing ragged and his hands straying and then clenching as he struggled against the urge of releasing all the pent up sexual tension of the last half hour.

After an agonizing – to Parron – two minutes, Ellie scrambled back into the forward section and plopped into the passenger seat, now covered in shades of red, black, and white fur from the neck down. “Thanks for everything,” she breathed, pulling her tail – tail? – around her. She reached for him and grabbed his chin before he could draw back. He couldn’t resist anymore and let her turn his head towards her – amazingly her deep green eyes held his even though the black rubber nipples were pressing into him – and gave him the hottest, most arousing and exciting kiss he’d ever had. She glanced down and then back up, grinning. “I think that’s taken care of that.” She pulled back and opened the door. Blowing a kiss with the same white fingered paw that had caused him to almost have a stroke when it stroked him during the kiss, she turned and bounded away.

“Wait!” Parron called. She paused and looked over her shoulder with that gleam in her eye that made him yet again rethink his opinion of her story. “If you could wear it like that, then why –”

“Are you complaining?” She called back. “No? Then enjoy the view and the memories, Parron.” With that, she pulled the vixen mask over her head and Cinnamon dashed away, his last sight of her being her tail zipping between the hedges of a garden gate.

All right, Cinnamon, the vixen thought to herself as she hastily scooted across the suburban yard and out a side gate well out of view of the still parked Parron, *you’ve become an urban fox. Now what?* She was dressed provocatively but in a way that wouldn’t prompt arrest or – she hoped – more attention than she could handle. She was, however, still lacking a means to feed herself, get shelter, or in any way return to a human lifestyle. She loved being a fox, but spending the rest of her life escaping notice while scavenging and stealing what she needed didn’t appeal to her. She was a lovely young beast and she had learned in her brief car trip that she enjoyed warmth, feeding, being taken care of. This wild animal wanted to be domesticated!

Creeping from house to house, staying low and out of the streetlamps, Cinnamon was surprised that no one seemed to notice her. The sidewalks were sparsely after the afternoon commute but before people went out for the night, but a giant sexy vixen who was mostly failing to cover large black rubber nipples was garnering so little attention. She *was* doing her best to be modest, but she also needed to keep her balance when stuck standing on her toes while running, ducking, and keeping below window height. It entirely escaped her notice that her tall pointed ears stuck out even when the rest of her head was out of sight. Cinnamon had yet another brainwave and was looking for a very specific window. After checking over thirty houses, she found it. Cracked to let the air in – which meant that it wasn’t locked – lights out – so no one to have to make awkward explanations to – and with obviously feminine decoration – preferably with clothing on display like the very one she was

looking through. Not only on display but to her unpracticed woman's eyes about the right size.

The window went up silently, and Cinnamon squeezed through, heavy chest threatening to overbalance her and make her fall in with more noise than she dared make. With a jolt of panic, her hips stuck in the just-too-narrow frame and for a moment she was scrabbling and wiggling to force her wide rear end to follow the rest of her into the house. She went over in an uncoordinated roll, with the final effort and ended up sprawled in front of a closet door. Getting up, she brushed herself down and looked around. No one seemed to have noticed the noise. She closed the window and padded to the closet.

She was just taking down a likely looking ankle length skirt when the lights turned on. "Hiya, Cinna!" A bright voice chirped behind her. "Looking to 'borrow' some of your sister's best again?"

Cinnamon turned around slowly and stared at the girl behind her. The source of the voice *did* look she might be Ellie's younger sister, a slighter but very attractive young lady with her golden hair tied back in a tail. To Vince's eye, she wasn't as sexy as Ellie, but then again she was also wearing dark blue pajamas with yellow stars and was holding a teddy bear. Apparently Cinnamon had managed to break into Ellie's sister's house when she was preparing for an early night. "Uh, yeah." Cinnamon put her paw behind her head, letting some of the natural awkwardness of the situation appear like embarrassment at being caught. She was very glad the girl couldn't see her face.

"Hmmm..." The girl hummed to herself. "Cinna?"

"Yes?"

The girl rocked back on her heels with a sudden naughty gleam in her eye which Cinnamon recognized from Ellie's own expression when she was teasing boys. "I just remembered something," she said in a singsong

voice. "I know a secret." Going back to a normal voice, she cried joyously, "Oh, Cinnamon, what happened to you?" She rushed forward, and Vince wasn't sure whether to enjoy or be alarmed at being brushed and petted by Ellie's younger sister. "Oh, no! This won't do at all, Cinna! You can't go out like this. Your fur is all messed up and you've got sticks and dirt and - oh no!" She pulled the vixen back into her bedroom and pushed her into a chair in front of a vanity. "You can't just throw on some of my clothes and go out. You need to get cleaned up and beautiful." She leaned down and whispered, "Mils, by the way. The name you're trying to remember is Mils."

Cinnamon was left stunned as Mils busied herself with gathering brushes and bottles. Still tutting to herself, she left and before Cinnamon could even think of leaving she returned with a basin full of water. "Let's get you all shiny and soft again." She said, mixing several of the shampoos and perfumes into the basin and dipping a brush into it, attacking Cinnamon's head fur to start and then changing out the formula to work on the rest of her body. Cinnamon's terror at being discovered melted away under Mils' expert attentions. The brushes were like a massage and Mils' hands felt gloriously sensual on her vixen body, the first time a real live lady had touched her since she began the journey that had led to this furry femininity she was now experiencing. This was more like it! Being a pampered pet fox sure beat living the lean life in the wilderness.

Mils continued to hum to herself, evidently enjoying brushing and bathing the vixen. Cinnamon began to lean into the brush and purr herself, earning happy giggles from Mils. As the bath and grooming went on, they both got more enthusiastic, until Cinnamon was letting out excited yips and rubbing up against Mils every time the brush or hand strayed into a ticklish or erotic area. Finally, as Cinnamon was growling with need and pushing as hard as she could on a soft brush that Mils had been using to expertly style the fur between her legs, Mils laughed and said, "I think you might need to have your glow enhanced." Cinnamon didn't know what

that meant, but learned swiftly when the brush was traded for a vibrating wand.

With flicks and well-timed changes to the level of vibration, Mils brought Cinnamon in and out of a sexual haze. "Who's my pretty vixen, then?"

"I am!" Cinnamon cried, grabbing at the wand with her paw to try to get Mils to do more and always having it snatched away before she could get a grip.

"Who's going to be a beautiful little foxy girl when I'm done?" When Cinnamon was a little too slow, she started to pull the wand away.

"I am!" Cinnamon shouted, twining herself around Mils' arm.

"And who is going to see you at the Brilliant Basilisk tonight?"

"You are!" Cinnamon moaned, and then let out a screech of ecstasy as Mils switched the wand to full power.

"Yes, I am! And I'm going to have to clean you up down there all over again, aren't I?" She did just that, and with the application of a few more bottles she left Cinnamon to enjoy her fluffy aromatic self while she looked for just the right thing for her new pet vixen to wear. "You're the best, Mils." Cinnamon said as her younger sister came back.

"I know I am." Mils winked. "So, Cinna, I think that you're in a party mood, so let's make sure everyone knows it."

The PVC dress was black, shiny, and as tight as possible without being unwearable. Mils helped Cinnamon to get into it, hiking it past her hips and hauling on the zipper to get it to close around her middle and chest. Even if a nipple showed, it would blend in with the dress itself, which ended above mid-thigh and had a hole in the back that let her tail swing free. "We don't want your feet to get dirty again." Mils said, clasping patent leather shoes around the bottoms of Cinnamon's foot paws.

“There. Simple, but that’s all you need. Your natural stocking and glove patterns really work with this.”

“Thanks, Mils.” Cinnamon said, pressing her muzzle to her sister’s cheek. “Are you coming with?”

Mils looked at her bed. “I was going to turn in early, but I’ll join you later. This has been too much fun to end here.” Waving to each other, Cinnamon exited by the front door after being given directions to the club her sister had told her about. A block out, Vince froze up. Why was he doing this? Why not just make a run for it? Looking down at her red and white furred cleavage, Cinnamon acknowledged that she had nowhere better to go. Looking like this, she thought, she’d easily get some food and drink out of someone at the club and all she had to do was look sexy and maybe dance with them. Her plan had been to steal some clothes and do just that as Ellie at the first bar she saw. Dolled up and given directions somewhere Cinnamon was welcome ... well, that was the same plan but better.

Her newly shod feet clicking on the concrete, she sashayed down the sidewalk, content to let the sexy charm that seemed to have taken over her life guide her. If nothing else, she’d confirmed that both Cinnamon and Ellie were known in town, so while escaping to somewhere else was a good idea, she wasn’t likely to hitch a lift at this time of night. Better to make use of her appearance and maybe trick some of Ellie’s friends into treating her for the night.

The Brilliant Basilisk was easy to spot as one of the few lit up storefronts in the otherwise normal suburban main street. Everyone else was closed, but the Bask was just getting going as she walked with perfect confidence through the door, trusting that her appearance would let her past anything that might stand in her way. No one stopped her as she approached the bar, and the cute boy behind it seemed to know her because a drink was already waiting when she daintily settled her shiny

black clad rear on the seat. The bartender nodded at a sandy haired man further down, and it took the inexperienced Cinnamon a minute to realize what had happened, and then with a laugh, she picked up and took her drink over to the man who had bought it for her. So quick! Vince had been on the opposite end of this, and decided to give her benefactor what Vince had never gotten. "Thanks, handsome." She said, guiding the straw down her muzzle and to her mouth. She dared not ask his name in case he'd bought the real Cinnamon drinks before.

"No problem, honey." He said, smiling as she rested a paw on his knee and reciprocating.

"Too bad the music hasn't started yet," Cinnamon sighed, "I'm really ready to dance."

"I can arrange it." The man said, and with a final gulp of their drinks, he took Cinnamon's paw and he waved to the DJ to start up.

"Mmm," Cinnamon said as they whirled around, already closer than Vince had ever been on a first dance. "I usually only take drinks from carnivores." She said. "But you're cute."

"If it's meat you want..." The man said and they both laughed. Cinnamon didn't protest as he rested his hand lower and lower on her back, and as they pressed closer to each other, her paw began to do the same. A truly unfamiliar sensation was creeping up on her. Cinnamon was getting hot! It had been so long since she'd even felt comfortably warm that the last two days she'd floated in bliss on ever more intense heat waves, but now that she was moving fast and keeping up with a man with no fur at all, she was starting to want to take her mask off.

"Hey, why don't we ..." she didn't want to say, 'get to know each other better' in case they already did, "go somewhere quiet and have something to eat? I missed dinner getting ready to come here."

“Sounds good to me.” The Bask turned out to have a few tables in a side room that muffled most of the pounding beat of the dance floor.

“Oh, lovely,” Ellie said, letting her Cinnamon mask hang behind her as she bent forward over the plate of sliders and fries her date brought from an order window. “I’m *hungry*.” She commented, tearing into it.

“I can tell.” He laughed. “So, Ellie,” that confirmed it, and Vince prepared to evade like crazy, “where’s Ansen?”

“Oh, he’s ... a little tired after the camping trip. Things didn’t go as well as he’d planned, and he’s been bummed. I tried to surprise him as Cinnamon, but he wasn’t really into it and practically pushed me out the door telling me to have fun here.”

“Damn he makes it hard for me to feel right stealing you away like this!” The man said, with a self-deprecating smile. “I’m glad to do it, though, if he’s not feeling ... energetic tonight.” His hand was resting on her knee.

“I’m sure he won’t mind if for tonight...” Their lips met, though not for long because Ellie was back at her food a minute later. “Sorry, I don’t know why I’m famished all of a sudden.”

“I’m sure it has nothing to do with hauling around twenty pounds of sexy fur with another layer of plastic on top.”

“Yeah, but I look damn hot in it,” she winked.

“I’m surprised you aren’t sweating. You stand it a lot better than I could.”

“Let me show you just how much heat I can stand!” Ellie finished off the last slider and pushed her date into the wall, kissing him fiercely in an attempt to take his mind away from interacting with her as a complex woman with needs that he knew and she didn’t and into thinking of her as a sexy vixen with only one thing on her mind. She was fed again and while

the room was spinning – alcohol on top of starvation wasn't her best idea – she was ready to thank him for it and then maybe figure out what she was going to do next.

With her breath back and her Cinnamon mask on again, they returned to the dance floor and this time their inhibitions were gone. She because the accumulated night's events were making her feel frisky again, and him because he thought his crush had just given him the green light on a one-night fling. Their hands traveled up and down, and with a lot of squeaking both of the plastic and foxy kind, his hands made their way over her well groomed and sensitive fake sex. She slipped her paw down his pants and the next thing they knew the differences between dancing and heavy petting were forgotten.

Ellie was just about to take the mask off again to pick up where the last kiss has left off when a loud click and pressure around her neck startled some sense back into her. What was she doing letting some man she'd never met into her pants, a man who she was using someone else's face to seduce? She just wanted food and a place out of the wind. And what was that around her neck?

"Good evening, Cinnamon." Ansen said, grinning as he rounded on her. He was wearing elaborate evening clothes.

"Oh, I guess I'd better get going." Her disappointed date said, seeing what he thought was her real boyfriend taking over.

"Probably for the best." Ellie said, taking up position on Cinnamon's other side. Her floor length velvet dress and tight bodice alternately made her elegant and flaunted the body Vince had enjoyed so much.

"Ellie? Wait, then who's this?"

"A naughty vixen who stole treats from our campsite." Ellie explained. "You've had your fun, fox, but now it's time we had ours."

“Yes, uh...” The man wasn’t used to this level of play. “I think I’ll go now.” He beat a hasty retreat, leaving the terrified Cinnamon in the clutches of the victims of her theft.

“Sorry for the confusion, hon!” Ellie called after him. “We didn’t know this one had gotten off her leash.”

“Hey, Cinna!” A white bunny with a blonde braid called, running up to them. The matching PVC outfit and the voice told Cinnamon that it was Mils.

“Our mutual sister said she had a lot of fun with you.” Ellie said, twining the leather leash around her finger.

Ansen adjusted the studded leather collar. “It looks like you were being very naughty with Jimmy, though. Bad vixen!”

“We ought to be very angry with you, but here you are.”

Mils hopped in place. “I told you I caught you fair and square and asked if I could have a Cinnamon as my full-time pet, seeing as how she’s usually so busy with Ansen’s reynard Pike.” She wrapped her arms around Cinnamon, who briefly tried to pull away before seeing the longing look on the bunny’s face and relented. Unlike the vixen, the bunny’s mask was molded to Mils’ face, expressive and open.

“Can I take my new Cinnamon for a dance. Please?” Mils asked, looking over Cinnamon’s shoulder at Ansen and Ellie.

“All right, dear, but only one. You wanted to go to bed early tonight, remember?” Ellie smiled indulgently and handed Mils the leash.

“EEE!” Mils dragged Cinnamon onto the dance floor, though not with the leash, which she kept loosely tied around one wrist. “I’m glad you decided to come.” Mils said, resting her head on Cinnamon’s shoulder as they twirled. “I knew you liked being brushed and petted and made a

fuss over, but lots of foxes would run away from that once they got outside and tasted the air again."

Cinnamon didn't know what to say; it was all so strange to her. Dancing with men and seducing them was one thing, but this ... this she had no mental preparation for. "I ... I did like it." She said, patting Mils on the back. As Mils held her close, Cinnamon reciprocated. "You're ... you're a sweet girl and I liked having you as a sister?"

Mils sighed. "Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that. I loved being your sister, though I'm more your big sister or your keeper, aren't I? You have so much to learn about being a beautiful fox." They snuggled in each other's fur and for a few minutes Cinnamon forgot being sexy and was just ... fluffy and cute and warm in yet another new way that she'd only discovered that day. There was warmth, warmth, and warmth it seemed. Mils had all of them at once.

Then the dance was over and Mils was handing her charge over to the man of the house. "It's going to be so much fun teaching you to be a good little house fox." Ansen snapped the leash between his hands. "Why don't we go home and get acquainted?"

Whimpering, brought back to the reality that she was really Vince, a thief caught by the people she'd stolen from, Cinnamon let herself be lead by the leash to the couple's car and bundled into the back. She didn't look up as they cruised along, afraid and ashamed at being caught like this. The bunny Mils tried to comfort her, rubbing her shoulder and whispering encouraging things into her ear, but it didn't help. A gentle tug told her it was time to get out and she found herself in the same house she'd snuck into and been given her makeover in.

The moment the door was closed, the stern expressions on Ansen and Ellie's faces melted away. "Let's see." Ellie said, pulling Cinnamon's mask off. "Oh, you really have made yourself at home quickly." She giggled. "Oh, Ansen! I don't think I've ever seen *that* expression on my face, even

when someone else has it." Confused, Cinnamon continued to let herself be led around and was seated in a chair opposite a couch where the other two settled down.

"You're the grown-ups, so I'll let you decide what to do." Mils said, skipping away as if nothing were odd about any of it.

"I'm not going to lie, we were very annoyed at first. Those suits are expensive, but you're not doing too badly for your first try."

"But whatever you think we're going to do to you," Ellie leaned forward hungrily, "whatever fantasy you might be having ... it will only be fulfilled if you want it." She laughed again. "Oh, but I'm going to enjoy seeing all these new expressions my face seems capable of. Honey, we're not going to tie you up and keep you in a kennel while we take turns violently penetrating you in between bouts of making you walk on all fours to fellate one or the other of us."

"Well, not immediately." Ansen grinned.

"There's fun and then there's cruelty. We're *never* cruel to poor, defenseless, needy animals. We *always* feed our strays, and ... well, let's not talk about the ones with the little notches in their ears just yet. If all you do is give us back what's ours and walk away, that's fine. From the way you were putting that dinner away, I'd guess you somehow got stuck in that forest for a long time."

Vince tried to speak, but Ansen broke in. "The way you took to it, though, we think you're not going to just leave. Mils said you loved playtime, and you two were just darling dancing together. I haven't seen Mils this excited since we decided to live together, and she's been pining for something like Ellie and me have. It's not quite the same yet, but maybe one day. To be clear, we'll even go as far as a clean set of clothes and some canned stuff for the road in payment for the entertainment of watching you and how much Mils enjoyed it. Remember, it's because of

her that we're so open to keeping you around. Mils loved having her own Cinnamon to play with, and – well – like we said, she thought you were happy to be her pet fox."

"I – I." Vince had no idea what to say. This was so ... weird. Dancing with Mils, though, and what she'd done before ... It felt somehow like coming home after a long time out in the cold. "You're right. I made some stupid decisions and ended up living in that forest with nothing. It's been fun, Mils was sexy ... I – all right! I can't believe I'm saying this, but being your pet at least until I can get back on my feet sounds amazing." He laughed, conscious of how effortlessly his suited voice harmonized with Ellie's satisfied chuckle. "I mean, it's a better idea than selling everything and becoming a mountain man after a life with absolutely no outdoor experience."

"I could get used to hearing that voice and seeing that face in two places at once." Ansen grinned at Ellie, who punched him in the arm. "In that case, welcome to the family. We're fair here, and if you do a good job as 'pet' you might one day be promoted as far as 'youngest sister who has an annoying catchphrase she's contractually obliged to use in every episode.'"

Ellie got up and pressed the Cinnamon mask back over Vince's faux Ellie head. She undid the leash. "I don't think we need this indoors. Let's go tell Mils the good news. Oh, but perhaps she oughtn't to get her own Cinnamon except as a treat. Once you're settled in, we'll get you measured up for something else."

"She's scrappy, rangy, willing to steal to get what she wants but still cuddly and cute when trying to show affection for food." Ansen said.

"Raccoon? No, she's got more ... teeth than I'd think of for a raccoon. Maybe a coyote. We'll see how things go." Ellie said.

"Should she be your relative?"

“No, I’ve already got a sister. Let’s have her on your side of the family.”

Cinnamon let her new caring owners talk about the future. She was just a fox, and was happy to stay in the present. She hadn’t gotten where she was by planning and wasn’t that the truth! Looking at the two heads of the household deep in plans and conversation, she decided that being warm and full was enough for now. Sleeping in Mils’ bed as her exotic special pet and playing the pampered fox was wonderful, and if their talk was anything to go by, she was going to enjoy getting into trouble and having Ansen and Ellie punish her – but only when she got caught! Were foxes allowed to use the wand on their owners, or was peanut butter going to be involved somehow? As she went into Mils’ room and was showered in kisses and hugs by the bunny who had somehow collared a fox, she decided she couldn’t wait to find out.