

Jack took in a deep breath, smiling after he exhaled "Finally a trip out in the forest, I need to get away from that stressful city." He said to himself. The tall brown haired human sat down on a rather large boulder that was perfect seat. He threw off his pack and let out a sigh, leaning back and throwing his hands behind his head. "This will be a good place to set up for the night." He said once again, no one around, but it made him feel better. He sat back up, took the backpack and tossed it forward. He quickly chased after it and opened it up, pulling out the parts for the tent.

He took no time setting it up and anchoring it down, he quickly brushed his hands off and smiled. He leaped back to his sack and started to pull out his food and he set up a spot to cook something in a cast iron pan. Perfect, he thought as he started to trail around picking up fallen timber that was good enough for a fire at least long enough to warm up his canned food. He spent some time out there, but soon coming back with an arm full of twigs and fallen limbs. Some were rather dry, they'd be great for getting the fire started quickly, but it wouldn't last. Though as he looked up from his arm full as he got back he saw this, furred thing sticking out of his pack, two hind legs and a thick fluffy orange tail with a white tip.

"HEY, get out of there!" he shouted, but the creature didn't seem phased at all. He threw the wood down and quickly reached out, gripping the tail of the fox. It snarled and lashed out at him. It's pointed muzzle was scrunched up. Jack had no way of dodging what came next, the fox quickly curled, and lashed out, snapping it's muzzle around his arm and digging in, wiggling a bit, it all happened so fast though. The human quickly let go and screamed out. The fox darted off quickly now that it had been caught. Some blood was trickling down his arm as he watched for that fox. "God... note to self.. never grab a fox by the tail." he said gripping the spot, trying to stop the bleeding. He shuffled through his stuff pulling out some gauze from his emergency kit. Though he knew he should probably clean out the wound, he didn't. He quickly wrapped his arm up in a few layers before finishing it off.

It hurt like hell but he dealt with it. He looked through his pack to see what all was gotten into if anything. He pulled out container after container of food, seeing nothing more than a few bite marks nothing was really gotten into. Jack sighed and sat down. He looked to the wood and started to built a little spot under his cooker. He might as well get started on getting some hot coals to cook with. Though everytime he reached out, pain shot through his arm. That bite was more than it seemed to make him hurt that much, but he muscled through it and got a fire started. He wasn't picky about what he was eating, he was sticking with the cliched pork and beans. But by the time he started eating, the sun was setting, and the sounds of the nocturnal wildlife started to fill the air. Now this was relaxing, he thought to himself as he started to eat. Though wincing as he moved his injured arm. It was starting to get sore now, not just puncture wound stings anymore. Just a sore throbbing started, going with each heartbeat.

After finishing up with his meal he stared up into the sky, counting the stars. But the sore in his arm was growing more and more painful. He figured he should go ahead and sleep, to get past the pain he was feeling in his arm. He slowly climbed into his tent, turning on a LED lantern,

it was rather bright, but he didn't ever really look directly at it. He unrolled his sleeping bag, but he never climbed into it, it was a bit too warm to really be covering up in it. He let out a sigh as he relaxed his head, though his hurt arm kept throbbing, getting more and more painful. He grit his teeth, he wasn't going to be able to sleep like this. He took out a book he brought with him and held it up with his uninjured hand, he slowly flipped through the pages, until he passed out, despite the pain.

He slowly woke to the sounds of birds chirping. He slowly sat up and stretched, yawned and clenched his fists... something was off. The pain was gone in his arm. He blinked a bit and started to unwrap the gauze. He gasped at what he saw, the wound was completely gone! Not even a scar was left over, the only hint of blood from it was stuck to the cotton of the bandage. He threw the wrap aside and kept looking over his arm. "H-how can this... what the hell?" He said to himself again, he ran his fingers across his arm, feeling not even a twinge of pain. Though after a few minutes, he passed it off, finally getting over it, though as he did his activities of hiking and swimming, that never stopped nagging his mind. It just kept coming back up and he just couldn't stop thinking about it. How could something like that heal so quickly? He wasn't sure if he should just call the camping trip and go to a doctor about it, or just keep on doing what he's been doing.

As he got back to his campsite as the sun was setting, he felt odd, not sick, not hot, just... weird. He couldn't quite place the feeling, but he worked through it and started up another fire. This time he threw up some hot dogs, but a quick twinge took his arm, the one that was bit. He gasped and looked down, but saw nothing. "What's going on?" He asked himself, he clenched his fist, though it was hardly minutes, he pulled the first hotdog off the camp grill and he felt that again, this time it washed through his whole body. He grit his teeth and now he started to worry. "Alright... enough is enough I need to go to the hospital." He said to himself, quickly biting the tip off that finished hotdog. He got up, and started to walk, leaving his stuff behind for now, he'd come back, hopefully with none of it stolen. He did take his lantern with him though. As he passed through a clearing another wave of pain, this time much more intense took him. He fell over trying to get past the pain. He started to breath a little heavily, this time another wave wracked him, but it felt a little different.

He soon put his lantern down, sitting down as another wave of pain... mixed with... what was it?! He clenched his fists a bit as he was trying to bear the pain. He huffed and hoped that it would pass soon, it was just too much to be walking on. But with each wave of pain, it dulled and that other feeling passed through him. It wasn't pleasure, it wasn't... what was it?! He couldn't think on it as they came faster and faster, the pain fading away with each one. He clenched his fists though, the feeling kept coming with each wave, until it hit him. Constantly coming now, the pain gone, and the feeling kept tingling. "Mmng what's going on?!" He asked himself, looking down at his arm, seeing something that was very much unsettling. Dark brown hairs were growing thick around the area he was bit.

Jack heard a rustling behind him and he turned his head, seeing the dim amber eyes, and a pointed muzzle of a fox. Little did he know it was the same fox that bit him. He squinted his eyes, and he could have sworn he saw the fox smiling, but that was impossible! Animals couldn't do that. But his attention was brought back to himself as he felt a strong itch over his arm, his eyes grew wide as he watched the dark brown hair starting to grow in, thick getting soft, and spreading! "W-what the fuck?!" He shouted. He reached over to feel it, it was soft and thick, like fur. "I... I'm growing fur?!" He said to no one. But at this point the little fox that he saw padded up to him and sat right next to him, watching, tail swishing from left to right. Though Jack didn't pay the fox any mind.

As he kept exploring his arm, the fur spreading down and up along it, his ears were twitching, points growing on the ends. Slowly they trailed up to the top of his head. He quickly reached up feeling the pointed ears moving in his hands. His eyes grew wider now. He didn't know what to do, the pain was gone but another feeling was building in its place. Slowly dark brown fur, the same as on his arm was growing over the ears. He felt over one of them and it twitched! On its own! He gasped and quickly pulled his hands away from his head. "N-no no no no! This can't be happening!" he said to himself, the fox sitting right next to him started to wag his tail, not a normal fox behaviour. He looked down at him. "Y-you're doing this to me!" he shouted, and the fox just tilted his head.

Jack soon felt a pressure growing right above his rear, his back popped a bit, and he grit his teeth, his new ears leaned back on their own as he reached back, feeling a nub growing just above his butt! "N-no I can't be an animal!" he shouted, though no one was around to hear his self protests. "Y-you get away from me!" he looked back at the fox as the nub pushed out slowly more and more, red fur growing as it stretched out, much thicker than the fur on his arm which had turned red once it passed his elbow. Though his own tail was much longer and thicker than was expected, it pushed out to about two and a half feet. The fur was fluffing out quickly, though with a little white tip at the end. "I... I'm becoming a fox!" he shouted out. The one next to him only wagged his tail faster. There was something certainly odd about him. Jack reached back and gripped the tail, he could feel it, it was a whole new limb! "Y-you get away from me!" he reached down and pushed on the fox, but he only just stepped out of reach and kept watching as the human was still changing.

Though now there was a pressure growing in his shoes, his feet were growing in length, but the toes were curling up in the shoes and socks, the pressure growing more and more. They creaked and soon, the ripping of fabric was heard, threads giving way under the pressure as his toes pushed through, though something was off about them, they were thicker and one... seemed to be missing. His toenails were turning dark, black and glossy, though they narrowed out growing sharp at the end as the feet grew out further pushing past the edges of his shoes. Dark brown fur once again took over his toes and spread up past the socks and slowly grew up his legs, though his attention was on his growing feet. He reached down to feel them, right at the balls of his feet and under his toes he felt callouses growing, they turned dark, then black. They swelled out a good bit. "A-are those paws?!" he asked, looking up to the fox, and he could have

swore he saw the creature nod. The fur continued to move up his legs, and soon into his clothes causing a really uncomfortable itch. He bared it for now, but as it pushed up past his knees, the dark brown turned red. "P-please stop!" he begged the fox, but it just sat there, watching the man's change.

Though as the fur pushed into his shirt he had enough of the itch, if he was becoming an animal it wouldn't matter if he was clothed. He peeled his shirt off, looking down as the red turned to white as it closed in on his chest. He was becoming a typical fox! He bit his lower lip and clenched the toes on his paws as he threw it off and worked his pants down. his thighs were just now being covered in red fur, moving up, and the same red and white were moving down his abdomen. Soon the feeling he was getting was becoming obvious, his now exposed shaft was starting to grow hard. That feeling was arousal. And the little fox couldn't help but smile and see the male starting to give in. Though Jack wasn't broken, he left his hardening member alone, watching the fur growing up, all that was left human was his head and groin but soon that was going to change.

He huffed as he watched the white fur trailing down to his groin, quickly taking over his balls. His member was rather hard, skin began to bunch up at the base, covering with white fur. He felt the arousal growing more and more, his member throbbing, but he bit his lower lip and fought the urge to stroke his member. He clenched his toes, watching as the flesh of his member grew a bright red, the shape of his head smoothing over, just becoming a point. "Mmph! S-stop." he whimpered out, his ears leaned back on his head, and his tail curled up. He felt all those movements and oddly enough they felt natural despite the fact he wasn't supposed to be this thing. He watched at the base of his member that a knot was growing, it was only small now as he wasn't touching himself. He bit his lip as a pressure took over his head. He clenched his eyes as the bottom of his nose was turning black.

Only his hands explored his dark nose as his canine teeth grew longer, and sharper. He grunted as bones started to push at his flesh, stretching his face out. White and red fur slowly crept up his neck. Slowly his face pushed out further and further, taking on a narrow pointed shape, with that black nose leading the tip. He opened his eyes to see his snout right in his view. He ran his hands over his muzzle as the last bits of fur grew over his head, his ears still leaned back. White fur took over his chin, while the red took over the rest of his head. His brown hair still rested atop, until an unbearable itch. He reached up his claws nearly digging in as he scratched, hair shortening, and turning the same red of the rest. He flicked his tail, his cock throbbed still begging to be touched.

He couldn't fight the urge, but the little feral fox padded up to him and nuzzled into his hand. He looked down and let out a little whimper. Jack just whimpered, like a little animal! He bit his lower lip, watching as the fox stepped up between his legs and nosed at his pointed cock. Jack wanted to rush him away, but his arousal that he felt, it kept him from pushing the fox away from his hard cock. He could only whimper out. "Mmph stop.. please." he begged lightly with a slight squeak in his voice. Though the little guy opened his maw and started to lick at his

throbbing cock. Jack let out a quick pant, shivering as he felt the warm wet tongue against his even more sensitive member. It felt far better than it ever has before. He slowly reached down as the fox kept licking his cock. He gripped his shaft and started to stroke over it. "Nnnnph." He stroked feeling the furred hand against his cock making it throb harder. The fox wagged his tail as Jack was giving into the arousal. He leaned back and stretched out his now digitigrade legs.

The little fox followed his paws and started to lap over the thick pads, making Jack moan, his cock throbbing harder, his tail swishing behind him as he looked down, legs spread. His fingers clenched hard over the red meat of his member as he spread out his toes. The fox lapped between them. Jack leaned his head back as his knot started to swell. He reached down with his free hand, experimentally squeezing the knot with his fingers, making his body tense up, tail raising up some, his toes clenching, pinching down lightly on that fox tongue between them. The fox pulled away and kept licking at his new foxy friend's paws. He huffed and leaned his head back as he kept squeezing over his knot and stroking his average length. He felt the knot swelling up more and more as he kept stroking and squeezing. He gripped the pointed tip of his cock, feeling a bit of pre gush into his palm, which he quickly started to stroke again, slicking up his cock and hand. He pawed faster as his knot swelled out, the bulb at the base now twice as round as his cock. "Ooh gods."

The fox wagged his tail as Jack was getting close, but he never stopped licking his paws. Jack curled his toes tightly as he was getting so so close, pawing faster, and squeezing harder and harder. Pre just started to dribble out of his tip but soon his ears leaned back and his face clenched up tightly as he started to yelp out, his cock throbbed harder and harder. Though it wasn't long before thick creamy ropes of vulpine seed spewed from the tip, landing on the ground between his legs, yelping after every shot and throb. He felt so good, leaning back and letting go of his cock. He looked at his new body as the fox at his paws stopped licking and padded up into his lap. "Well I guess I can't be mad at you." He said rubbing over the animal's head. Jack flicked his tail a bit and decided after that pawing session he should get a good look at his new body.

He slowly stood up, the fox hopped out of his lap. He felt a little off balance as he stood up on the balls of his feet. He turned slowly, his tail swishing to the side, looking over it. The tail helped him keep his balance. The feeling of the soil under his paws felt nice. He grinned a bit, and ran his hands over his body. And finally as his cock softened up enough it pulled into his sheath. This was the first time he saw it. He slowly explored it, playing and rubbing it. He tugged on the flesh, and it stretched nicely. "Mmnn" Though now thoughts went to what he was going to do now? He couldn't go back looking like this. He bit his lower lip and sat back down, trying to figure out what to do. But the little feral fox didn't leave his side though. It hopped back up into his lap, yawned and then curled up. "Well I guess I can join you on that front." He said laying back, relaxing.