

I would say that it was a classic tale of alien abduction, but that wouldn't really be accurate... Not by the strictest definition, anyway. The reason why, as you shall soon find out, is that Earthlings' perception of alien contact could not be more mistaken; they get just about every aspect wrong.

For instance, outer visitors are a lot more brazen than the average Earthling would expect. The setting of this abduction wasn't some midnight hike, or morning hours drive in nowheresville--the poor wolf in question was walking home with a satchel full of garage sale treasures at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I can't believe they had a VCJ that old, and in working condition," the wolf mumbled to himself, stealing quick peeks into his bag, "I can't wait to see what I can do with this."

Not even a second later, and he was gone; the only evidence that remained of the big, khaki-wearing grey wolf was an abandoned bag of obsolete electronics.

In that very same second, and about three hundred thousand kilometers away from Earth, Red was opening his eyes and seeing something that made him wonder whether he was asleep. Dreaming or not, it was immediately clear to him what had just happened: he was teleported onto an alien ship that was currently orbiting Earth. The last part he was pretty confident about, since he could see his home planet through a nearby window.

"Oh! ...I see."

A quick look around did nothing to assuage the many, sudden questions that had just popped up, and neither did the finger drumming he was doing either. Nevertheless, the wolf was pretty calm about the situation he had found himself in. Fear might have dominated the minds of others (which isn't to say that Red wasn't a *little* bit anxious), but this newly minted abductee could not ignore his overwhelming curiosity. This place was incredible!

The first thing that jumped out at him was that everything in this huge room was made out of the same ever so slightly pinkish material--some sort of metal, if he had to guess. It was slightly cool against the back of his forepaw, and his well-groomed claws clinked softly against the surface. It looked so perfectly smooth, and felt that way as well, but it wasn't slippery in the slightest.

As weird as that was, the design of the ship was downright unbelievable. Consoles and, furniture, maybe? It was so hard for him to tell.... Well, *some* sort of structures pushed out of the floors and walls. No one part looked anything like another, and it looked as if the inside of the ship was designed by a huge hand sculpting it out of clay (and then getting bored after the initial attempt). The only way he could think to describe it was like metallic waves, caught in stasis. They looked like they were designed for creatures bigger than himself, and while this was all speculation, he was betting they moved a lot differently than he did too. The desk-like structures jutted out of the walls a heck of a lot further than an anthropomorphic creature like him could take advantage of, even if he was a lot bigger.

There was a soft glow to some of the protrusions, as well as parts of the ceiling and walls, which Red figured was the lighting system. One thing worth noting was that the lights were not static in their intensity--their brightness shifted slowly over time, getting dimmer and brighter at indiscernible intervals. It was a strange affectation, which, when combined with the oddly organic-feeling architecture, only added to the omnipresent feeling that he was trapped in some sort of living creature. A little unnerving, but he had to admit it did look pretty cool.

Here and there he saw symbols whose meanings he could only guess at, which must have been buttons or something. Probably not wise to play with them, he concluded, especially considering one of the symbols was oddly reminiscent of a wolf being sucked out of an airlock. Outside of the stray symbols scattered throughout the room, the wolf couldn't find anything that seemed even remotely control-ish.

Despite how bizarre and unfamiliar this vessel looked, he felt like there was a sort of casual softness to it all. For example, all the desks and consoles looked like they were meant to be lounged upon just as much as they could be used to command the ship. Perhaps it was just wishful thinking, but he was sure that this was not a ship of malign intent.

After finishing his quick pass around the room, Red noticed a few grooves in the floor that he was convinced were made with a particular purpose in mind (though what, he did not know). They were quite uniform in shape, and the handful he found all had a soft glow in the middle of them. The very same style of groove also showed itself on some console surfaces, right next to those aforementioned alien symbols. The picture of these creatures was slowly starting to form in the wolf's mind, and he could scarcely believe the conclusion he was coming to.

"It's almost like they're... No..."

Suddenly, a whooshing sound came from behind the wolf, his body twisting in its direction before he even had a chance to process what he heard. His jaw dropped.

"Oh my goodness."

Where there was once a wall there was now a large, circular, open door, and that wasn't even the most shocking part--that's what was walking through it. It was the last thing he could have expected, or guessed, or... *dreamed* of, frankly, in all his life.

Foxes. Alien foxes from beyond the stars, standing in front of him. Alien foxes who also happened to walk on four paws, just as Red suspected they might. Despite their size (they were huge) and gait the pair of them slipped through the doorway with surprising grace, and every step they took closed the gap between Red and themselves by an uncomfortable amount. It took only a few paces before they were upon him, after which they sat down and stared at him in silence.

They seemed pretty big when he first saw them, but this close, the pair of foxes towered over Red. Their heads loomed at a half meter, perhaps even a full meter above his own--a rather foreign situation for the just under two meter wolf. They weren't spindly, either; even though there were only two of them sitting in front of him, Red still felt like he was surrounded. If he had to guess, they must have weighed at least three hundred kilograms each, and that still felt like lowballing it. The two aliens were a wall of orange and white fur, mixed with little bits of black, looming over him like a tidal wave about to crash.

Their big yellow eyes dragged across his body slowly, studiously. Crossing his arms, the wolf tried to look at something other than their piercing gazes, and found plenty. Like their antennae, for one thing; the sight of them surprised Red at first, but then he remembered that he was looking at aliens, and they made a lot more sense. The nubs were thick, purple, and ended in concave hemispheres; they wriggled almost imperceptibly, and why, he could hardly guess.

Besides the antennae (and tremendous size), they looked more or less like normal Earth foxes. Their snouts were pointed, their ears were triangular, and their bellies were

cream-colored. Yes, everything was just about the same... all the way down to the genitalia, as Red soon noticed. Their balls, which laid heavily upon the floor, looked like they might be bigger than the wolf's entire head. And those sheaths! They were so big, so thick, Red couldn't help but wonder how much of himself could fit inside--he could definitely slip his snout in there, if nothing else.

After a few seconds of shameless staring, the wolf attempted to draw his gaze elsewhere, but goodness it was difficult. He tried to focus on their big paws or sharp fangs or thick tails, but every time the foxes shifted, those nuts dragged softly across the floor, beckoning his gaze. The way the sheaths flopped around was downright mesmerizing too. It wasn't until the fox on the left cleared his throat that Red could finally snap his attention away, his cheeks the slightest bit hot as he faced his captors.

"Hello Earthling," the left fox said in a voice that was oh-so-calming. Wait, said? Is that what happened? He heard the fox, that's for sure, but something was off about how exactly he did so. Red flicked his ears, and shook his head gently; soft laughter followed from the fox on the right, who leaned his head down slightly to be more level with the wolf's.

"You picked up on that much quicker than I would have expected," the fox communicated, somehow, "Your suspicions are correct, Earthling. You're not 'hearing' us in the same way your species communicates. We are speaking directly into your mind, using our... what did you call them? 'Antennae,' yes, that's it." Red nodded excitedly at the explanation, but his enthusiasm tapered off as the implications dawned him. He was suddenly very aware of exactly how long he spent staring at certain areas--so much so that one could be forgiven if, at that very moment, they mistook him for a red wolf, rather than a grey one.

"Your kind typically exchanges names first, is that right?" The fox on the left leaned in closer, so close Red could feel the breath from his nose.

"If so, then allow me. I am Pi."

"I am Cos," the one on the right said, also leaning in. Red reflexively backed up.

"P-leased to meet you! I'm, uhh," the foxes leaned in some more, easily crossing the distance Red made and then some. Red had to stifle a nervous giggle, since Pi's whisker was tickling his ear so much.

"I'm Red. Right, Red." Indeed, he was *very* Red. He tried changing the subject, and fast.

"Those are interesting names! So much more Earth-like than I would have expected."

"Oh, well that is because they *are* Earth-like," Cos replied, before turning to Pi, "I told you the Earthlings wouldn't figure it out." His eyes were full of laughter, while Pi's were rolling so hard it looked like he may strain them.

"Yes, fine. I don't care though, I still like them." Pi stuck out his tongue, just a bit.

"Oh me too! But to be clear: I was right."

Pi could not help himself, and began to chuckle. Cos joined in shortly after, followed by Red. Seeing the two aliens act like such goofballs did wonders for his embarrassment, and after one more step backwards it was all but forgotten.

"Prepped and ready," said a new "voice" in their heads, whose tone was unmistakably miffed, "I'm not sure what's taking so long, but I'm ready when all of you are."

The two foxes halted their laughter while the wolf looked around in confusion, unable to find the source of the irked voice. A paw as big as Red's chest was laid gently upon his

shoulder, causing him to freeze and stare into the eyes of the Pi, whose snout was only centimeters away.

"It would seem the time for introductions is over. Please follow us, Red." The wolf gulped loudly, and nodded. Cos and Pi turned around and walked out, the latter beckoning Red with his gigantic tail. The wolf made sure to follow close behind, but not too close.

As they made their way to the source of the voice, Red could not stop marveling at the ship's design. The hallways were massive, big enough to fit at least four of these extraterrestrial foxes walking side by side, and while he didn't get more than a quick peek into any of the rooms (near as Red could tell, every door doubled as a wall), what he did see made him think the room he started out in was one of the smaller ones. Not only that, but while everything seemed to be made out of that same unfamiliar alloy, the color of it changed so much more than he would have expected. The area he started out in had a pinkish hue, but one of the sections they walked through was more of a chartreuse color; the halls they ended up in were a deep purple, with white flecks and streaks that made him think of the night sky. Red supposed that sections of the ship were colored differently according to certain functions, like perhaps engines, or living quarters... but confirming that would require him to understand a single thing that he was seeing, which he absolutely did not. The wolf had so many questions, but not a single chance to ask them, because the foxes were keeping him plenty busy with inquiries of their own.

"Forgive me, Red, but I must be misunderstanding... There's two different methods? Two different methods that your kind *don't agree on*?" Pi's antennae wriggled as he gave the wolf an inquisitive look.

"No no, that can't be it," Cos piped up, "He surely means that there's two different preferred approaches to the same outcome."

"I'm afraid not. Pi is right," Red said, having to conceal a giggle at the foxes' emerging looks of horror, "Some people use water and wipe, some just wipe."

"But, but," Cos was sounding a little sick, "I admit I'm no expert on your kinds' morphology, but those methods are so different. One must be so much less effective than the other. Surely they know that." Red just shrugged; Pi and Cos shivered, all of their fur standing on end for a moment. It didn't relax until Pi pushed his paw into an indentation beneath a symbol on the wall, causing a door to appear before him.

"Well you won't need to worry about that anymore," Pi said, slipping into the room. Red followed, after Cos nudged him in the back with his nose.

"Yes, you can forget about such savagery now--you're much better off," Cos said smugly, the door closing behind him with the same soft "whoosh" that all the other doors had.

It was another large room, filled with the same alien architecture as the first. There was no window here, but a lot more consoles, and perhaps instruments too, if that's what all that stuff was. It could have also just been aesthetic flourishes to make the ship more interesting, which Red would have appreciated as well; either way, he'd never seen anything so interesting. In fact, it was all so interesting that the wolf looked around in awe for a good minute before he fully comprehended what Pi and Cos had said.

"Excuse me, what did you mean, exactly?" Red was still holding onto the hope that he had misunderstood, but that didn't stop a pit from suddenly appearing in his gut.

"Well, because you're here now," Pi said, leaning over and then tilting his head, "I'm sure you could guess, but species don't tend to get to the interstellar phase of existence without being very good at getting clean. Space is disgusting."

"Absolutely," Cos said, giving Red a wink, "I bet you couldn't even tell that room you were transported into was decontaminating you, could you? Don't worry, we understand hygiene."

"N-no, that's not... I mean, that's good to hear," Red faltered as both fox heads leaned closer to his own, "I meant, what did you mean about me being 'better off?'"

"I cannot believe what I'm hearing," said the finally-identified voice from before, as a door opened in the opposite wall and a frowny fox stepped through it, "You neglected to tell him why he's here? And you're supposed to be professionals?" Cos reeled back, curling his tail around his feet and looking away from the newcomer. Pi looked equally flustered, but at least attempted to defend himself.

"This isn't some fool who was walking out of one of those Earth taverns when we picked him up--look at the profile yourself, can you blame us for assuming?"

"Yes, I can," the new fox replied, his volume low, and his tone scolding, "You never assume, always communicate. I don't care if you're accepting a material shipment from a friend, or abducting a new recruit, or simply taking a break. You always communicate."

"But--"

"No buts," the new fox growled, and Pi fell silent, "When you assume, you not only put our cargo and *your jobs* in jeopardy, you do the same for your crewmates as well." Standing before the trio, the fox-in-charge leaned toward both Pi and Cos in turn, narrowing his eyes as much as he could while still staring directly into theirs.

"This was supposed to be a nice treat for everyone--everyone, not just you two. Please do not make me regret it already. This is a responsibility as much as it is a reward, is that clear?"

"Yes," both foxes' replied, their ears flat against their heads.

"Good." The leader fox turned his gaze towards Red, who looked like he wasn't sure whether he should be snickering or cowering. The alien's expression softened immediately, and he leaned over to address the wolf.

"I'm sorry about that. Not only that you were left in the dark, but that you'd have to see such an embarrassing display," he shook his head and straightened up, his voice dripping with authority while his eyes were full of sympathy, "I'm sure you've figured it out by now, but nevertheless: you have been taken from your home planet and recruited onto our crew. You'll travel with us through space, aiding us as we fulfill our duties to galactic civilization." The fox bounced his head back and forth, deep in thought; then he smiled, and leaned back down.

"Also, you may call me Bern."

Red was speechless; lucky for him, the foxes were patient. After the requisite amount of wide-eyed looking back and forth while his mouth slowly opened and closed, the wolf finally found his voice, weak as it was.

"You want me... to come with you?"

"Yes," Bern explained, sounding happy to do so, "We're an engineering and construction vessel, so we have a lot on our plates. We need all the help we can get to keep the crew happy

and productive, which is why we picked you up. Your kind is one of the only ones in the galaxy whose needs are similar enough to our own to foster a strong working relationship.”

Time for another round of half-formed words and blank stares as Red continued to grapple with the insurmountable task of coming to terms with everything he was being told. Kidnapped by aliens, who he had no idea existed as recently as an hour ago, to help them with their interstellar construction jobs which, if he had to guess, were a lot different from the kind he was familiar with back on Earth. How was he even supposed to conceptualize that in a way that allowed him to think of the short-term ramifications, let alone long-term?

His head was swimming with a thousand thoughts at once, but there was at least one positive one that had managed to push its way to the forefront. He, a simple Earthling that could not comprehend traveling amongst the stars, was apparently of enough use to these alien foxes that they felt it necessary to come all the way over to his planet and pull him, him *specifically*, off of it. As scary and shocking as all this was, he had to admit it was all rather flattering.

“Are you alright?” Cos’s nose came in on Red’s left, pushing into his shoulder gently. Red was shaken from his daze with a soft “Eep!”, and began rubbing his paws together as he looked between his captors.

“Well, uh... I don’t know, if I’m being honest,” the wolf said, trying to give them a reassuring smile, and only managing to bite his lip, “Ow. Um, anyway, it’s a lot to take in at once. Being kidnapped, and all.” The three foxes look surprised, as if they didn’t expect him to use such a word, which made Red oddly self-conscious.

“Not that it isn’t flattering,” he said quickly, desperate to spare the feelings of his abductors, “I mean, how many Earthlings can say that they’ve been scouted by aliens because of their engineering abilities? It can’t be that many, right?” Red didn’t get his answer, because the three foxes were already drowning him out with uproarious laughter.

“What’s so funny?” Red had to ask the question multiple times, and it was only after the third time that Pi answered him.

“Heheheh, sorry Red. It’s not that we’re laughing at you, it’s just that the idea of an Earthling helping us with the actual construction part of our job... it’s funny, that’s all.” Cos let out a particularly loud “Ha!” at that.

“Well, isn’t that why you brought me here? I mean,” Red looked around, more confused than ever, “I thought Bern just said I’m here to help.”

“Ah, forgive me Red,” Bern said, finally stifling his own chuckles, “I misspoke. You’re not here to be an engineer.”

“Well, why did you bring me here, then?”

“We need something to fuck, little one.”

How long Red stood there, staring blankly ahead, he did not know. There was a soft ringing in his ears the entire time, which was drowning out the foxes’ diminishing laughter pretty well. After getting a quick nudge to the back with Cos’s claw, the wolf shook, and spoke in a very far-off voice.

“I’m sorry, what was that?”

“You’re here to fulfill our carnal needs, Red,” Pi said softly, though still loud enough to be heard over Cos’s new bout of giggles, “You see, we’re a very virile species.”

“Indeed,” Bern said, his voice getting matter-of-fact again, “You see, members of our species, especially those who engage in more manual labor like ourselves, tend to get... how

do you say it? 'Pent up,' right? We get pent up very quickly." Bern gave Red a moment in case he wanted to respond, but the wolf did not, so he continued.

"We learned long, long ago that allowing ourselves to get to that point can be problematic; it leaves us prone to making certain mistakes. So, to ensure prosperity and progress, we came up with various solutions, and congratulations," Bern said with a big, toothy smile, "You're one of them." Still nothing but silence from the nonplussed wolf. Maybe it was to try and calm him down, or perhaps he simply liked hearing himself talk, but either way Bern proceeded with his explanation.

"You see, we are a ship filled with foxes of very esoteric tastes, so we needed a creature with equally strange desires. We found you, and we think you'll do the job nicely," Bern leaned close, very close, his nose almost touching Red's, "Your brain is already perfect, we just need to change that body a little. Don't misunderstand, we like how you look now, but there's some concern you may not be able to with-mmm, that is, enjoy the force of our desires as you are now. But we have a solution that all of us will be able to agree on, I'm sure." After giving Red a reassuring grin, Bern walked over to a huge smear of console, while Pi and Cos took a step back. Red stood there in silence, staring, but not really at anything in particular. A quick flash, similar to that from a camera, is what finally brought Red back into the realm of consciousness.

"I'm not okay with this," Red said, rubbing his eyes and looking around, "I appreciate the consideration, but you should have asked me first. I demand you take me back this instant." His hands were on his hips, his brow was furrowed, and his feet had been put down; not a single one of his captors was spared the sight of the most disappointed frown the wolf could muster. It was downright commendable how assertive he was acting, considering the circumstances.

The three foxes exchanged looks in silence (though their antennae wriggled ever so subtly). Bern sat down, and nodded--Pi and Cos nodded back, before turning to Red. The wolf tried to conceal his nervous gulp behind a deeper frown.

"I'm sorry," Pi said, which was the last thing that Red expected to hear, "We made a mistake. Both in bringing you here, and explaining the situation." His voice was apologetic, and his snout was heavy with shame. He could barely pull his eyes away from the floor as he approached the wolf.

"You see, we did bring you here with the intent to take you with us," Pi said, shaking his head preemptively, "But the last thing we wanted was to displace you! We thought you'd be eager to join us, actually." Red blinked and looked at the other two foxes, who were nodding along. Pi continued his guilt-laden explanation.

"We use algorithms based on psychological profiles of other species before we reach out to them, you see. Powerful mathematics, and accurate ones," Pi said with no small amount of chagrin, "But, well, even the best formulas aren't always perfect--"

"We were looking for someone who'd want to be here, our computers picked you, and they were wrong," Cos said, exasperated, "It happens sometimes. Really, really rarely, but it does. This was one of those." The giant fox walked over, plopped his butt down, and lowered his head, somehow managing to look even more humiliated than Pi.

"So yeah, really sorry about that."

"Which is why you don't need to worry; we'll be sending you back to Earth," Bern said from the other side of the room, "We're not interested in spreading suffering amongst the stars,

and an unwilling crewmate hardly serves our needs either. We'll be prepping you to send back shortly."

The last fifteen minutes had been a roller coaster of surprises, so it was nice that this one was reassuring, if nothing else. Red expected at least some pushback from the aliens--what he would have done about that he couldn't possibly imagine, so it's a good thing he didn't have to. The wolf cleared his throat (and then did so a couple more times after that, so his voice would stop cracking), and spoke.

"Well, that sounds great. And don't worry about the mix up. No harm, no foul, right," Red said, trying to ignore the sudden feeling of disappointment that had just bubbled up inside him, "Should we head back to the original room, then?"

"Yes, very soon," Cos chimed in, "But we have a favor to ask, first."

"As you can guess, this is a mistake we're not eager to repeat," Pi said, putting his gigantic paw on Red's shoulder, "So would you mind answering a few questions for us? It won't take long."

"It should only take a couple of minutes," Bern said from his console, his back to the wolf, "We ask a few questions, you prove to our systems this isn't where you want to be, and we send you back." There was something about the way the fox said that second step that seemed strange to Red, but since he was unable to articulate why, he let it go.

"Sure, as long as it helps you find your next recruit," the wolf said with a shrug. Misgivings aside, it seemed like a pretty reasonable request.

"I think it will be very illuminating," Pi said, standing himself back up to full height. He tilted his head down, and flashed Red a smile. With all of his righteous indignation long since dissipated, the wolf couldn't help himself, and blushed.

"First question," came Cos from his left, the fox taking a step towards Red, "Are you attracted to creatures with genitalia like your own?"

"Ex-excuse me?" The wolf's ears were hot, and it was a fight to keep from biting his lower lip with embarrassment.

"Sorry if I wasn't clear," Cos replied, his voice taking on a sultry tone, "Do you enjoy the prospect of pleasuring *this*." The fox sat down, his nuts thumping loudly as they hit the floor--the wolf's gaze was immediately drawn to them, as well as that hefty sheath. Cos dragged his paw across the floor, claws scratching it gently, until he cupped one of his big nuts against the pawpad, and hefted it. He rolled his nutsack back and forth in front of the wolf, working it slowly, whining softly, until the red tip of his fox dick began to push out the top of his sheath. Red couldn't believe what he was seeing, and his mouth was already getting wobbly with the weight of restrained enjoyment.

"Is something wrong, Red?" With sizable difficulty, the wolf tore his gaze away from Cos's shameless show only to find himself eye to eye with Pi. The alien's hot breath pushed over the wolf's front, and Red shivered terribly.

"W-well, if I was, I mean... what was the question?" The wolf's voice was barely more than a squeak.

"Cos was asking if you liked dicks, like ours," Pi said, walking past and dragging his flank across the Earthling's snout the whole time. He smacked Red's face gently with his gut, only to walk over him and place his big package directly in front of the wolf.

"Well? Yes, or no?"

"W-w-well, I mean, y-yes, maybe..."

"Good." Pi's tail swished and he took another step forward, dragging his balls against the wolf's face.

For a second, everything was heat, and weight, a crotch starved for stimulation, twitching as the wolf pushed into it, unable to help himself. Red could hear Pi's moaning join his own, while the smells that surrounded him got more pronounced with each new sniff. Dick, sweat, and a little bit of sweetness swirled in his head, making a fog so thick it obscured everything but the fox's crotch. Nuts so heavy they could crush him, nuts so large he could spend a whole day worshipping them, nuts so virile he might pop while they were filling him. Scores of fantasies, all more shameless than the last, were filling his head... and then just like that, they were gone. Pi had taken another step, freeing the wolf from the weight of his balls, and all the raunchy thoughts they brought. Red quickly wiped the drool from the side of his mouth, though there was nothing he could do about his obvious pants tent.

"Good to know," Pi said, taking a seat right next to the blushing wolf, "Glad our systems got that right at least." He lifted a huge paw and placed it on Red's head, letting it slowly slide down his body until it landed heavily on the other side. The fox flexed gently, and the wolf fell into his chest. Plush fur cradled Red's back, and it was taking every ounce of willpower the wolf had not to sigh, lay back, and let go.

"Mmmf, yeah," Cos said, finally taking his paw off his crotch, "I'd hate for you to see something you don't want to." He shook his hips, and his big dick swayed back and forth. By this point, it had almost completely pushed free of its sheath--all that was left was his huge knot, and that looked like it might pop through at any moment. Red, unabashedly staring at it, swallowed, and then blanched. Did his saliva taste a bit sugary?

"Next question," Pi rumbled from above, "Have you ever wanted to be something else?"

"What do you mean?" The question was clumsy on the wolf's lips, because his snout was slowly getting shorter, and fatter--not that he knew that. His face felt warm and weird, but Red just assumed that was overwhelming embarrassment.

"You know," Cos said, licking his lips and leaning forward, "Have you ever fantasized about being something else?"

Red did not, or rather, *could* not answer. All he could do was stand there and hope, desperately hope, that the foxes did not know what they were implying they knew; those hopes did not last long.

"Have you ever wanted to be something... plumper?" Pi spoke softly, and his paw pushed against Red's softening front. The wolf wheezed, partially from the shock, and partially because his pants were suddenly feeling really really tight. Things were smelling sweet again too--sweeter, at least. The odor of fox musk was still the dominant smell in the room.

"Something juicier?" Cos slid in close, every hot breath washing over the wolf's head. A big white fang pressed into Red's cheek, and a huuuuuuuge tongue slapped wetly against the front of his clothes. Red groaned, and the buttons on his shirt popped from the sudden pressure.

"Ripe? Did you want to be ripe?" Every word compounded the wolf's shame, but instead of turning red, he was turning green. All of his skin was, as the hair that sat upon it shrank down from fur to fuzz. Even without it, he was warm, so warm.

"Please Red, it's a simple question," Pi said with a snicker, as his own dick began pushing out against the wolf's side, "Aren't you sick of being a wolf?"

Some small part of Red knew what was happening, knew what trap he was falling into... but it didn't matter. Everything was so sweet, and smooth, and simple. He was so hot, hot all over, and his body had never felt so tingly from contact. The foxes were pulling his clothes off at that point, but he couldn't bring himself to say stop, or squirm, or fight at all--all he could do was moan, which reached a crescendo when his undies were torn away and he finally got a good look at what was happening down there.

His sheath and balls were shrinking. There was no denying it, especially at this point, since they were half the size they once were. Not only that, but even though he'd never been more turned on in his life, his dick hadn't pushed itself free either. He was leaking like a faucet, but straight from the sheath, and that was all. The wolf's crotch twitched and visibly shrank in front of his eyes, which one made the leak worse. He humped his hips uselessly, much to the foxes' obvious delight.

"Aren't you sick of having that worthless dick?" Pi humped against the wolf's side as he spoke, his knot slipping free in the process. The sweaty thing throbbed and throbbed, matching Red's heartbeat, or perhaps the other way around.

"Don't you want to be simpler?" Cos's knot was free too, and it was pressed against Red's plumpening front. More throbbing, more heat, more of that useless dick and balls shrinking away.

"Don't you want things to be easier?"

"Don't you want to relax?"

"Don't you want to give in?"

Every word dripped across Red's body like honey, and made his flesh tingle. Tongues, tongues were everywhere, big huffy fox tongues sliding up his cheeks, and dragging between his legs. Appendages shrinking into nothing, hips getting so wide and fat that even these foxes' could fit between them, and the sickly sweet odor of fruit filling the air, mixing with the scent of sex into an intoxicating cocktail that Red was already drunk on. No more neck, no more limbs, and no more tail... Those were for wolves, but not for him.

"Don't you want to be a pear?"

"Y-yes, god, yes, yes!" The wolf howled his last howl. As he shook and squirmed, pinned between the fox's slick cocks, whatever was left of his cock and balls disappeared. They shrank into nothing, erased by the foxes' overwhelming need to fuck and his overwhelming need to take it--all that was left was a juicy, leaking cleft, sitting at the bottom of a giant pear that was sporting a wiggly mouth and slightly rosy cheeks.

"Good," Cos grunted, unable to keep the desperation from his voice, "And pears like you want to be fucked, don't they?"

"Please, please!" Red's humped, or tried to, and all that happened was a large line of sweet liquid leaked from his cleft.

"You want us," Pi hissed.

"You need us," Cos snickered.

"You're coming with us," Bern said with finality.

"Yes, yes yes!" Whatever vestiges of self-control that Red had were gone; they'd left with his triangle ears, and big paws, and unnecessary dick. All there was now was a pear, a pear hungry-no, *desperate* to be filled, and it couldn't be written more clearly on his face.

"Glad we got that cleared up," Cos said plainly. After some sliding around (and getting Red's fuzzy skin slick with pre in the process), Cos lined the tip of his dick up right with the pear's split, and pushed in.

"Oohh-! Ohhhhh..." The heat, the throbbing, the weight, pushing Red apart from the inside. It was jarring at first, especially with so many new sensations to get used to, but by the time Cos was halfway inside the pear was flexing involuntarily with pleasure.

"Mmmm, tight little pear," Cos grunted.

"Just turned ripe," Pi said, "Perfect time to get the juice." Pi's open muzzle, with all those teeth and that long tongue, was hovering dangerously close to Red's head. Leaning down, the fox ensconced the pear's snout entirely in his own, and forced his gigantic tongue into Red's mouth. No matter how loud the pear moaned, his pleasure could not escape the thick barrier that was Pi's greedy snout. Between that and Cos's knot pressing firmly against the outside of his cleft, all Red could do was squirm, and leak.

After a few unsuccessful shoves with his knot, Cos couldn't control himself anymore, and just started humping as best he could. That long, thick (even without the knot) fox cock made Red shudder every time it was pulled out, and gasp every time it was forced in. So much heat, trying to get in as deep as it could, filling him up. He could feel his own juices making it slicker, easier. Every conscious squeeze from the pear elicited a soft howl from the fox fucking him, followed by an especially firm hump. Pi's hips rocked with need as well, but he was more than satisfied making that pear drown in his saliva, at least at the moment.

Then, without warning, Cos started slamming his hips as hard and as fast as he could, so much so that Pi had to steady the pear so he wouldn't get knocked away. There was a cacophony of growls, yips, and wet sounding slaps, getting more forceful, more feral, until without warning, Cos's knot pushed all the way inside. What felt like liters of cum soon followed.

"Mmmfmmr, mmfmf," Red moaned, his eyes popping open. Thrusting, deeper, filling, heat, feeling like he was swelling... it was all the pear could feel, all he could focus on; it was what he was made for, and it felt so right. *Fox slut, fox slut, fox slut*, the words were ringing in his ears, accompanying every spasm of pleasure from his cleft. It felt so good, it was paralyzing--all he could do was lay there and twitch, until Cos's cock finally stopped throbbing inside him.

After a few minutes, the fox was finally able to pull himself out, and there was a very loud squelching sound when he did. Fox cum and pear juices were pooling on the floor, while the pear cleft it was all leaking from continued to flex involuntarily. Pi finally stopped his slobbering, but all Red could do was look on at the fox that had just fucked him raw, and huff.

"Mmmf. Man that was good... needed that for awhile," Cos mumbled, sounding absolutely worn out already. He was so out of it that when Bern came up behind him and shoved him aside, he just fell to the floor without complaint. He simply laid there, panting, with a very large smile on his face.

"Well good for you," Bern said, now looming over the pear, "But I think it's someone else's turn." Up until this point, if Red had to choose the fox among them that seemed the most "in control," it would have been Bern. Right now though, the pear wasn't so sure. The fox's chest

was heaving, his eyes burned with insatiable hunger, and his own cock was already free, throbbing angrily in Red's direction. This alien was no longer some construction boss, patient but firm--all that stood before him was a beast, and he looked like he was starving.

"Pi. Help me fuck this slutty little pear," Bern barked, and Pi was right besides him in a flash, licking his chops. They pounced, and the pear squealed.

It was very awkward, at least at first. Red was covered in paws, tongue, and teeth, each testing and teasing every smooth centimeter of his fruity body. A nip against the cheek here, paws caressing his fat bottom down there... it was nothing but hot and horny chaos, but eventually, Red felt the tip of a dick push against his cleft. After some awkward squirming and vulpid whining, a second dick joined the first.

"Wait, wha-mmmfmff!" Red saw it coming, and wasn't sure he could handle it, but the foxes didn't care. A big paw digit found its way into his mouth, and a second later the foxes shoved in together.

The next few minutes were a blur. The tightness and heat, all that weight he felt before, it was nothing, nothing compared to this. It wasn't just twice as much, it felt like ten times as much. Dicks were constantly fighting inside him for the fox's share of his cleft, while all he could smell was the overpowering stink of fox cum. Slobber was constantly dripping onto the pear's head while the two foxes made out above him, and he couldn't tell if it was him whining or them, but there was plenty of it. Red felt sometimes like he might burst, and as fucked up on fox pheromones as he was, that only made it hotter.

Red couldn't tell who came first, but suddenly all he could feel was heat, and pressure... and then suddenly there was a lot more. So, so much cum. An unbelievable amount, it was all the pear could feel, all the pear could smell or taste. Both foxes were yipping and squealing into each other's snouts as they filled their pear up to maximum, and just before Red was actually afraid it might be too much, the orgasms began to taper off.

Red laid there in a daze for who knows how long, two out of breath aliens huffing gently on either side of his head. Time didn't really matter. All that mattered, he was now sure, was these hot foxes, and how often he can get this cleft fucked by them. Bern eventually stood up and pressed his paw to Red's cheek, prompting the pear's eyes to open. The fox was wearing a smirk.

"I think you'll fit in just fine. Don't you?"

So like I said, a classic tale of alien abductions... if you're familiar with the real thing, anyway. I hope you enjoyed my tale, and to whoever finds this log, just in case this kind of life sounds alluring to you, remember: constantly fantasize about getting fucked by aliens, and they'll probably find you eventually. That's how they got me.