

Foxpony Adventures

Irbisgreif
for Damun

Description

DAMUN doesn't get to RP with me as much as he'd like to, so I've written this story as sort of an apology for not being as available as I could be. It's a short scene set on an isolated northern US farm, where the poor fox is about to be transformed into a cute foxpony, bred with a stallions, and then stored while sexily pregnant. Did I mention he's having his sex removed (painlessly)?

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COLD wind blew off the Albertan plains, battering uselessly against the small Dakotan farm. The pair of barns—full of well-bred and trained horses—ignored the chill air, and the small farmhouse simply deflected the air around it.

Inside the house, a large, towering gryphon sits in his lounge chair, propping his feet up on an Ottoman, and eying the much smaller fox that has come to visit him.

"So, let me get this straight, Damun." The gryph nodded and rubbed his beak. "You want to be my pet?"

Damun nodded, "Yeah, it's really fun, from what I've heard."

The gryph rubbed his beak some more, eyeing the fox, evaluating the small, dark, vulpine creature "Well, I have an opening, but not for a fox. I got out of the pelts business."

Damun frowned, looking away from the gryphon's stare "I take it that means that you're answer is no?"

Irb shook his head, "It means you're going to come here and start kissing my feet, is what it means."

Damun yipped in joy and shuffled along the floor, planting the tip of his muzzle—tongue out—against the ball of the gryphon's left foot. As he cleaned his new master's toes, the gryphon laughed softly, and began working his magic on the hapless fox.

The first thing to do was to take away the fox's brush; the appendage was too important to a vulpine's identity as such to be permitted to remain during the fox's appropriation. A long, stringy, and very excitable horsetail would be far more appropriate to the fox's new station in life.

Damun whined, pulled back from the avian's feet, and looked up. He opened his mouth to speak, only to have his muzzle snap shut without him moving it. He reached up to find out what happened, only to feel that his maw had been completely sealed up, rendering him unable to talk!

The gryph's fingers danced around in the air, conducting a fleshy symphony of transformation in the fox's body. First he was placing hooves for paws, both hand and feet, and then he began to make the poor fox whimper as he quickly deleted the poor creature's cock and balls, leaving the foxpony neuter and sexless.

Smirking, the bird pet the fox's ears as they turned into a more equine shape. The transformation done, he collared the fox, attached it to a leash, and began leading it out to the barns for storage.

It was a short walk through the cold air and into one of the two large buildings. The gryph walked in front of the foxpony, pulling the strange hybrid along with a soft clapping sound. Once out of the frigid air, the gryph reached back and stroked the fox, leading it towards the back of the barn, to the breeding stall.

The pet whined, but obeyed as it was strapped up carefully into place, holding its tail up for the clip that would keep it out of the way during the breeding. That done, there was nothing left for the new pet to do but wait quietly while the gryphon picked out a good breeding partner.

The foxpony didn't have to wait long before its master returned with a huge Clydesdale stallion. An endangered and beautiful

breed, the kind the foxpony should be honored to help maintain.

The bay stallion's featherings shifted as it moved to mount the gryphphin's pet. A shaft the size of a human arm soon pressed against the fox, demanding entry that it received shortly after to the sound of a loud whine emanating deep from the fox's throat.

The sex was vigorous and fast as the horse enjoyed itself while breeding the foxpony undertail. After just a few thrusts, the fox was already crossing his eyes in pleasure as it felt a huge equine flare inside his bowels, followed by a rush of seed so large that the fox's nose dripped cum onto the floor.

Shaking as the stallion shuffled off of him, the fox groaned. It's belly was huge, swollen with seed, and judging from the grin on the gryphon's face, it would likely stay swollen as a pair of foals grew therein.

Damun had its wish, it was a gryphon's breeding pet—Irb was quite pleased with the arrangement as well.

