

Ding Dong!

Kilø jumped at the sound of the doorbell, he wasn't expecting someone today. He pushed aside his work, bookmarked his page, and stood to answer the door. He, like most furs, didn't bother with clothing when at home, as long as you didn't get "excited" a fur could walk around the city nude without violating the decency laws, so he answered the door as he was. There was a deer waiting there holding a small brown box.

"Package for a Herr Kilø... uhh" he looked closer to read the surname before Kilø interrupted

"That's me. Strange, don't recall ordering something..." he mused as he signed for the package. The deer left with a "have a good day", leaving Kilø with the mysterious box.

Kilø looked over the package cautiously. He didn't recognise the return address at all. He shook the box experimentally, hearing muffled rattling of small objects rolling over each other. Seemed innocuous, so he deftly slit the tape with a blunt claw and opened the box. Nestled in the packing paper were 4 things, a pamphlet, a large supplement bottle, a small white disc, and a similarly styled larger white platform. Kilø removed the objects then opened the pamphlet. He sifted through it but couldn't find a language he recognized. "The hell company makes something and doesn't put the instructions in Common?" he fumed, throwing the paper across the room. "Oh well, I'm a smart fox, I'm sure I can figure it out. How hard could it be?"

Kilø reached for the supplement bottle first, looking at the label which read

"Cum Enhancer and Refractory Reducer.

Industrial Strength"

Sounded like fun, he turned the bottle over to read the back label.

"Take two (2) capsules up to three (3) hours before sexual activity to enhance semen production and reduce refractory time."

Along with some technical gibberish. He didn't notice any warning though. Kilø counted out four capsules and swallowed them quickly. He tended to need a double dose for everything to get an effect, this shouldn't be any different. Kilø set aside the bottle and picked up the disc. It looked more like a ring really, though much bigger. The thought clicked in Kilø's head, given what the bottle was, it stood to reason that all the contents shared a theme, and this ring must be a cockring! Kilø smiled with excitement, he felt a small button on the ring and he figured it must be a vibrate function. He set the ring down for a moment, instead focusing his paws on himself. He lightly cupped his furred ball sack and teased his sheath, rubbing his digits through the white fur. Kilø murred slightly, his teasing starting to make his black cock poke out. Kilø started to shift his paw's attention from his sheath to his hardening foxhood, stroking up and down the length, remembering every contour and sensitive spot from years of practice.

Kilø stopped, feeling satisfied that he was hard enough for the ring. He picked it back up, stretching it experimentally before sliding it over the tip of his member. It was a tight fit, and Kilø was glad he hadn't teased himself to the point of inflating his knot or it'd be impossible to get on. After a many slow, pleasurable seconds, Kilø finally got the ring to the base of his shaft, secured nice and tight, but not too tight. Kilø murred lightly, closing his eyes while being pleased with himself, before feeling for the button on the ring. Finding it, he eagerly pressed it on, but didn't

feel the vibrating he expected. Kilø opened his eyes, disappointed and looked down. Much to his surprise, there was a solid flat white disc where his dick should be, just above his balls. Kilø fingered at the area, feeling his flesh end at the pliable rubber. Kilø frantically pawed at the disc, mind racing on what could've possibly happened and fearing the worst, until he looked at the final piece that was in the package. On top of the strange white platform, pointed straight up in the air, was his cock.

Kilø teased the head of the shaft on the platform with a finger, sending a shudder through him as he felt his own, almost alien now, touch. It was definitely his, and still connected. Kilø felt another shudder burn through him, but this time he felt something different. Kilø felt his balls expanding, painfully at first, but it quickly passed and felt really good. Kilø pawed at his groin, only to remember that his cock had been moved to the stand. Kilø reached over, only to be doubled over by the growing sensation in his balls, feeling them fill and expand. They had at least doubled in size, but they felt even heavier, reaching the cool hardwood floor even in his kneeling position. The sensation subsiding, Kilø proceeded to reach down to cup and grope his now enlarged balls, a footpaw pushed the box, with his cock still in it, across the smooth floor as he changed position. Kilø's package was much more sensitive to his touch now, and Kilø had to struggle with himself, tearing his attention away from his engorged globes.

He tried to stand, but his quivering legs made it impossible. Kilø slumped to the floor, reaching out in need towards his cock, inching slowly forward until he was laying on his stomach, spread out on the hardwood, grinding his hips fruitlessly against the floor. He made one more stretch for his cock, just making the distance and grabbing hold of the shaft. Kilø half-dragged his arm back, clutching his glorified sex toy of a cock. It looked bigger now that it wasn't connected to him. Kilø set it down in front of him and positioned his muzzle directly above his dick, first admiring his entire length this closely for the first time. Wow, he really was big, huge even. something he never noticed while it was still connected to him.

When his eyes had enough, Kilø snaked his tongue up and down the shaft, exploring the secrets of his foxhood with his mouth, sending shudders rippling through his body. After a minute, he retracted his tongue, looking down on the saliva-coated shaft, literally throbbing for attention. Kilø couldn't hold himself back anymore, and took his entire shaft into his mouth, snaking his tongue up and down, flicking it across the tip. Kilø had lots of practice with that sort of thing, having an oral fixation really helped. Kilø worked his mouth up and down his shaft, hips pushing forward pointlessly, before swallowing the length of his cock in his ready maw. Kilø could feel a slight bulge in his throat, bobbing up and down, deepthroating himself. His tongue flicked over the base of his shaft, feeling the beginnings of his knot starting to form. Kilø backed off enough to keep his knot from engorging in his muzzle, and bobbed up and down on his shaft. He felt himself getting closer, doubling his efforts, sucking furiously on his toy-dick, before pushing himself over the edge, thrusting his hips forward, into the floor, and erupting into his muzzle. The sheer volume of cum took the fox by surprise, but he swallowed every drop he could, suckling on his own jizz-fountain. Despite his best efforts, warm cum leaked from his maw, coating his cock and some of the floor. Spent, Kilø pulled away from his member, now

dripping with sweet salty cum and saliva, a small tendril of cum still attached his lips to his cock-tip, lengthening as he pulled away before breaking under it's weight, sticking wetly to the fox's muzzle. Kilø almost collapsed to the ground and pat his stomach. He must've swallowed at least a litre of spooage alone he thought, licking some remaining cum from his dripping jaw, immensely satisfied at the experience

He panted on the ground, lying next to the toy base holding his cock, which was still prominently erect and throbbing with need. Kilø sat up, a sly grin dominating his features. He reached down and cupped his balls again, they felt a little lighter, but still just as big and full. He kneaded them gently, the sensitive flesh sending shudders through his body. Kilø shifted to a kneeling position, on both knees with his digitigrade footpaws behind him. He grabbed the portal toy base and moved it under him, positioning his posterior just above his detached foxhood. He scooped up some of the slick spunk that had pooled where the "toy" had been and spread it generously around his tailhole, pushing a cum-slick digit inside his rear, lubing himself up nicely.

Gingerly, Kilø used his paws to support the toy base, and the head of his cock as he lowered his rear onto it, slowly guiding the head of his member into his tailhole. The pointed tip making entry into his slick hole smooth and easy, eliciting a short gasp from the fox due to feeling the sensation of both filling and being filled simultaneously. Kilø lowered himself on the "toy", paws splayed out behind him for support, grinding his rear into his toy-cock, moaning and murring in pleasure. Once he reached the base, Kilø raised himself up again, pulling out almost to the tip before pushing himself back in again. He developed a rhythm that he kept up, moaning louder each time he hilted himself, his cock rubbing mercilessly against his prostate. Before long, the combined sensations began to overwhelm the fox, he could feel his knot starting to form again, and he pushed his rear down in response, allowing his knot to engorge inside his bum. That was it, the feeling of his tight, stretchy tailhole embracing his knot sent the fox over the edge. Kilø fell back onto his back with a thump, unable to keep himself up through his ground shaking orgasm, his overfull balls pumping spurt after spurt of cum deep into his being. Slowly, as litres of his foxspunk pumped into him, Kilø's belly began to swell and bulge slightly, his knot keeping the torrents of cum locked within him as he filled.

As his orgasm subsided, Kilø slowly sat up, his balls now emptied to a point where they were about normal again. Kilø settled back in the afterglow, panting heavily, looking down at his bulging, cum-distended belly, rubbing it gently. He fumbled at the plastic and rubber disc at his groin, finding the switch and flipping it to "off", his cock instantly disappearing from the base and popping back into existence right where it should be, still slick with cum which now leaked from his slightly gaped tailhole, coating his rear, the base of his tail, and the floor in warm fox seed. Kilø murred in delight, feeling the cum wash over him, only barely deflating his engorged belly. "Best. Toy. Ever..."